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TALES, POEMS, ESSAYS.

EDITED BY EPES SARGENT.



THE SAPPHIRE.



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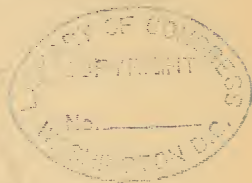
# THE SAPHIRE

A COLLECTION OF

Graphic and Entertaining Tales, Brilliant  
Poems and Essays,

GLEANED CHIEFLY FROM FUGITIVE LITERATURE OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

*Edited by*  
*Essex Sargent*



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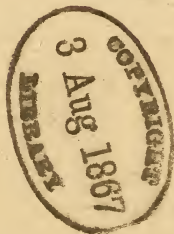
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# THE SAPPHIRE.

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## BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.\*

(Maga, May, 1834.)

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### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW BOB WAS IN LOVE WITH MISS THEODOSIA MAC- NAMARA.

“WHEN the 48th were quartered in Mallow, I was there on a visit to one of the Purcells, and, being some sixteen or seventeen years younger than I am now, thought I might as well fall in love with Miss Theodosia Macnamara. She was a fine grown girl, full of flesh and blood, rose five foot nine at least when shod, had many excellent points, and stepped out slappingly upon her pasterns. She was somewhat of a roarer, it must be admitted, for you could hear her from one end of the walk to the other : and I am told, that, as she has grown somewhat aged, she shows symptoms of vice ; but I knew nothing of the latter, and did not mind the former, because I never had a fancy for your nimini-pimini young ladies, with their mouths squeezed into the shape and dimen-

\* William Maginn, the author of this amusing narrative, which appeared in Blackwood's Magazine, May, 1834, was one of the most fertile and versatile writers of his times. He was born at Cork, Ireland, in 1793; died in 1842. He contributed largely to Fraser's and Blackwood's Magazines.

sions of a needle's eye. I always suspect such damsels as having a very portentous design against mankind in general.

"She was at Mallow for the sake of the Spa, it being understood that she was consumptive, though I'll answer for it, her lungs were not touched; and I never saw any signs of consumption about her, except at meal-times, when her consumption was undoubtedly great. However, her mother, a very nice middle-aged woman, — she was of the O'Regans of the west, and a perfect lady in her manners, with a very remarkable red nose, which she attributed to a cold which had settled in that part, and which cold she was always endeavoring to cure with various balsamic preparations taken inwardly, — maintained that her poor chicken, as she called her, was very delicate, and required the air and water of Mallow to cure her. Theodosia (she was so named after some of the Limerick family), or, as we generally called her, Dosy, was of rather a sanguine complexion, with hair that might be styled auburn, but which usually received another name. Her nose was turned up, as they say was that of Cleopatra; and her mouth, which was never idle, being always employed in eating, drinking, shouting, or laughing, was of considerable dimensions. Her eyes were piercers, with a slight tendency to a cast; and her complexion was equal to a footman's plush breeches, or the first tinge of the bloom of morning bursting through a summer cloud, or what else verse-making men are fond of saying.

"I remember a young man who was in love with her, writing a song about her, in which there was one or other of the similes above mentioned, I forget which. The verses were said to be very clever, as no doubt they were; but I do not recollect them, never being able to remember poetry. Dosy's mother used to say that it was a hectic flush: if so, it was a very permanent flush; for it never left her cheeks for a moment, and, had it not belonged to a young lady in a galloping consumption, would have done honor to a dairymaid.

"Pardon these details, gentlemen," said Bob Burke, sighing; "but one always thinks of the first loves. Tom Moore says that 'there's nothing half so sweet in life as young love's dram;' and, talking of that, if there's any thing left in the

brandy-bottle, hand it over to me. Here's to the days gone by : they will never come again. Dear Dosy, you and I had some fun together. I see her now, with her red hair escaping from under her hat, in a pea-green habit, a stiff-cutting whip in her hand, licking it into Tom the Devil, a black horse that would have carried a sixteen-stoner over a six-foot wall, following Will Wrixon's hounds at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, and singing out, 'Go it, my trumps!' These are the recollections that bring tears in a man's eyes."

There were none visible in Bob's; but, as he here finished his dram, it is perhaps a convenient opportunity for concluding a chapter.

---

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW ENSIGN BRADY WENT TO DRINK TEA WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"THE day of that hunt was the very day that led to my duel with Brady. He was a long, straddling, waddle-mouthed chap, who had no more notion of riding a hunt than a rhinoceros. He was mounted on a showy-enough-looking mare, which had been nerved by Rodolphus Bootiman, the horse-doctor; and, though a 'good 'un to look at, was a rum 'un to go : ' and, before she was nerved, all the work had been taken out of her by long Lanty Philpot, who sold her to Brady after dinner for fifty pounds (she being not worth twenty in her best day), and Brady giving his bill at three months for the fifty. My friend the ensign was no judge of a horse; and the event showed that my Cousin Lanty was no judge of a bill, — not a cross of the fifty having been paid from that day to this; and it is out of the question now, it being long past the statute of limitations, to say nothing of Brady having since twice taken the benefit of the Act. So both parties jockeyed one another, having that pleasure which must do them instead of profit.

"She was a bay chestnut, and nothing would do Brady,

but he must run her at a little gap which Miss Dosy was going to clear, in order to show his gallantry and agility: and certainly I must do him the credit to say that he did get his mare on the gap, which was no small feat; but there she broke down, and off went Brady, neck and crop, into as fine a pool of stagnant green mud as you would ever wish to see. He was ducked regularly in it; and he came out, if not in the jacket, yet in the colors, of the Rifle Brigade, looking rueful enough at his misfortune, as you may suppose. But he had not much time to think of the figure he cut; for, before he could well get up, who should come right slap over him but Miss Dosy herself upon Tom the Devil, having cleared the gap and a yard beyond the pool in fine style. Brady ducked, and escaped the horse, a little fresh daubing being of less consequence than the knocking-out of his brains, if he had any; but he did not escape a smart rap from a stone which one of Tom's heels flung back with such unluck accuracy as to hit Brady right in the mouth, knocking out one of his eye-teeth (which, I do not recollect). Brady clapped his hand to his mouth, and bawled, as any man might do in such a case, so loud, that Miss Dosy checked Tom for a minute to turn round; and there she saw him making the most horrid faces in the world, his mouth streaming blood, and himself painted green from head to foot with as pretty a coat of shining slime as was to be found in the province of Munster.

“‘That’s the gentleman you just leapt over, Miss Dosy,’ said I (for I had joined her); ‘and he seems to be in some confusion.’ — ‘I am sorry,’ said she, ‘Bob, that I should have in any way offended him, or any other gentleman, by leaping over him; but I can’t wait now. Take him my compliments, and tell him I should be happy to see him at tea at six o’clock this evening, in a different suit.’ Off she went, and I rode back with her message (by which means I was thrown out); and, would you believe it? he had the ill manners to say, ‘the h——;’ but I shall not repeat what he said. It was impolite to the last degree, not to say profane; but perhaps he may be somewhat excused under his peculiar circumstances.

“There is no knowing what even Job himself might have said immediately after having been thrown off his horse into a green pool, with his eye-tooth knocked out, his mouth full of mud and blood, on being asked to a tea-party.

“He — Brady, not Job — went, nevertheless; for, on our return to Miss Dosy’s lodgings, we found a triangular note, beautifully perfumed, expressing his gratitude for her kind invitation, and telling her not to think of the slight accident which had occurred. How it happened, he added, he could not conceive, his mare never having broken down with him before, — which was true enough, as that was the first day he ever mounted her, — and she having been bought by himself at a sale of the Earl of Darlington’s horses last year, for two hundred guineas. She was a great favorite, he went on to say, with the earl, who often rode her; and she ran at Doncaster by the name of Miss Russell. All this latter part of the note was not quite so true; but then, it must be admitted, that, when we talk about horses, we are not tied down to be exact to a letter. If we were, Heaven help Tattersal’s!

“To tea, accordingly, the Ensign came at six, wiped clean, and in a different set-out altogether from what he appeared in on emerging from the ditch. He was, to make use of a phrase introduced from the ancient Latin into the modern Greek, togged up in the most approved style of his Majesty’s 48th Foot. Bright was the scarlet of his coat, deep the blue of his facings.”

“I beg your pardon,” said Antony Harrison, here interrupting the speaker, “the 48th are not royals; and you ought to know, that no regiment but those which are royal, sport blue facings. I remember, once upon a time, in a coffee-shop, detecting a very smart fellow, who wrote some clever things in a magazine published in Edinburgh by one Blackwood, under the character of a military man, not to be any thing of the kind, by his talking about ensigns in the fusileers; all the world knowing, that, in the fusileers, there are no ensigns, but, in their place, second lieutenants. Let me set you right there, Bob: the facings your friend Brady exhibited to the wondering gaze of the Mallow tea-table must have been buff — pale buff.”

“Buff, black, blue, brown, yellow, Pompadour, brick-dust, no matter what they were,” continued Burke, in no-wise pleased by the interruption: “they were as bright as they could be made, and so was all the lace, and other traps, which I shall not specify more minutely, as I am in presence of so sharp a critic. He was, in fact, in full dress, — as you know is done in country quarters, — and, being not a bad plan and elevation of a man, looked well enough. Miss Doby, I perceived, had not been perfectly ignorant of the rank and condition of the gentleman over whom she had leaped; for she was dressed in her purple satin body and white skirt, which she always put on when she wished to be irresistible; and her hair was suffered to flow in long ringlets down her fair neck — and, by Jupiter! it was fair as a swan’s, and as majestic too, and no mistake. Yes: Doby Macnamara looked divine that evening.

“Never mind! Tea was brought in by Mary Keefe, and it was just as all other teas have been, and will be. Do not, however, confound it with the wafer-sliced and hot-watered abominations which are inflicted, perhaps justly, on the wretched individuals who are guilty of haunting *soirées* and *conversaciones* in this good and bad city of London. The tea was congou or souchong, or some other of these Chinese affairs, for any thing I know to the contrary; for, having dined at the house, I was mixing my fifth tumbler when tea was brought in, and Mrs. Macnamara begged me not to disturb myself; and, she being a lady for whom I had great respect, I complied with her desire. But there was a potato-cake an inch thick and two feet in diameter, which, Mrs. Macnamara informed me in a whisper, was made by Doby after the hunt.

“‘Poor chicken!’ she said, ‘if she had the strength, she has the willingness; but she is so delicate! If you saw her handling the potatoes to-day!’

“‘Madam,’ said I, looking tender, and putting my hand on my heart, ‘I wish I was a potato!’”



## CHAPTER III.

## HOW ENSIGN BRADY ASTONISHED THE NATIVES AT MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA'S.

“I THOUGHT this was an uncommonly pathetic wish, after the manner of the Persian poet Hafiz; but it was scarcely out of my mouth, when Ensign Brady, taking a cup of tea from Miss Dosy's hand, looking upon me with an air of infinite condescension, declared that I must be the happiest of men, as my wish was granted before it was made. I was preparing to answer; but Miss Dosy laughed so loud, that I had not time, and my only resource was to swallow what I had just made. The Ensign followed up his victory without mercy.

“‘Talking of potatoes, Miss Theodosia,’ said he, looking at me, ‘puts me in mind of truffles. Do you know this most exquisite cake of yours much resembles a *gâteau aux truffes*? Gad! how Col. Thornton, Sir Harry Millicent, Lord Mortgageshire, and that desperate fellow, the Hon. and Rev. Dick Sellenger, and I, used to tuck in truffles, when we were quartered in Paris! Mortgageshire — an uncommon droll fellow: I used to call his lordship Morty; he called me Brad, we were on such terms! and we used to live together in the Rue de la Paix, that beautiful street close by the Place Vendôme, where there's the pillar. You have been at Paris, Miss Macnamara?’ asked the Ensign, filling his mouth with a half-pound bite of the potato-cake, at the same moment.

“Dosy confessed that she had never travelled into any foreign parts, except the kingdom of Kerry; and, on the same question being repeated to me, I was obliged to admit that I was in a similar predicament. Brady was triumphant.

“‘It is a loss to any man,’ said he, ‘not to have been in Paris. I know that city well, and so I ought; but I did many naughty things there.’

“‘Oh, fie!’ said Mrs. Macnamara.

“ ‘O madam!’ continued Brady, ‘the fact is, that the Paris ladies were rather too fond of us English. When I say English, I mean Scotch and Irish as well; but, nevertheless, I think Irishmen had more good luck than the natives of the other two islands.’

“ ‘In my geography book,’ said Miss Dosy, ‘it is put down only as one island, consisting of England, capital London, on the Thames, in the south; and Scotland, capital Edinburgh, on the Forth, in the north; population’ —

“ ‘Gad! you are right,’ said Brady, ‘perfectly right, Miss Macnamara. I see you are quite a blue. But, as I was saying, it is scarce possible for a good-looking young English officer to escape the French ladies. And then I played rather deep: on the whole, however, I think I may say I won. Mortgageshire and I broke Frascati’s one night: we won a hundred thousand francs at rouge, and fifty-four thousand at roulette. You would have thought the croupiers would have fainted: they tore their hair with vexation. The money, however, soon went again: we could not keep it. As for wine, you have it cheap there, and of a quality which you cannot get in England. At Very’s, for example, I drank chambertin, — it is a kind of claret, — for three francs two sous a bottle, which was, beyond all comparison, far superior to what I drank a couple of months ago at the Duke of Devonshire’s; though his Grace prides himself on that very wine, and sent to a particular binn for a favorite specimen, when I observed to him, I had tasted better in Paris. Out of politeness, I pretended to approve of his Grace’s choice; but I give you my honor — only I would not wish it to reach his Grace’s ears — it was not to be compared to what I had at Very’s for a moment.’

“ So flowed on Brady for a couple of hours. The Tooleries, as he thought proper to call them; the Louvre, with its pictures, the removal of which he deplored as a matter of taste, assuring us that he had used all his influence with the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington to prevent it, but in vain; the Boulevards, the opera, the theatres, the Champs Elysées, the Montagnes Russes, — every thing, in short, about Paris, was depicted to the astonished

mind of Miss Dosy. Then came London, where he belonged to, I do not know how many clubs, and cut a most distinguished figure in the fashionable world. He was of the Prince Regent's set, and assured us, on his honor, that there was never any thing so ill founded as the stories afloat to the discredit of that illustrious person. But, on what happened at Carleton House, he felt obliged to keep silence, the prince being remarkably strict in exacting a promise from every gentleman whom he admitted to his table, not to divulge any thing that occurred there, — a violation of which promise was the cause of the exclusion of Brummell. As for the Princess of Wales, he would rather not say any thing.

“And so forth. Now, in those days of my innocence, I believed these stories as gospel, hating the fellow all the while from the bottom of my heart, as I saw that he made a deep impression on Dosy, who sat in open-mouthed wonder, swallowing them down as a common-councilman swallows turtle. But times are changed. I have seen Paris and London since, and I believe I know both villages as well as most men; and the deuse a word of truth did Brady tell in his whole narrative. In Paris, when not in quarters (he had joined some six or eight months after Waterloo), he lived *au cinquantième* in a dog-hole, in the Rue Git-le-Cœur (a street at what I may call the Surrey side of Paris), among carters and other such folk; and, in London, I discovered that his principal domicile was in one of the courts now demolished to make room for the fine new gimcrackery at Charing Cross: it was in Round Court, at a piman's of the name of Dudfield.”

“Dick Dudfield?” said Jack Ginger. “I knew the man well, — a most particular friend of mine. He was a duffer, besides being a piman, and was transported some years ago. He is now a flourishing merchant in Australasia, and will, I suppose, in due time, be grandfather to a member of Congress.”

“There it was that Brady lived then,” continued Bob Burke, “when he was hobnobbing with Georgius Quartus, and dancing at Almack's with Lady Elizabeth Conyng-

hame. Faith! the nearest approach he ever made to royalty was when he was put into the King's own Bench, where he sojourned many a long day. What an ass I was to believe a word of such stuff! but, nevertheless, it goes down with the rustics to the present minute. I sometimes sport a duke or so myself, when I find myself among yokels, and I rise vastly in estimation by so doing. What do we come to London or Paris for, but to get some touch of knowing how to do things properly? It would be devilish hard, I think, for Ensign Brady, or Ensign Brady's master, to do me nowadays, by flammng off titles of high life."

The company did no more than justice to Mr. Burke's experience, by unanimously admitting that such a feat was all but impossible.

"I was," he went on, "a good deal annoyed at my inferiority; and I could not help seeing that Miss Dosy was making comparisons that were rather odious, as she glanced from the gay uniform of the Ensign on my habiliments, which, having been perpetrated by a Mallow tailor with a hatchet or pitchfork or pickaxe, or some such tool, did not stand the scrutiny to advantage. I was, I think, a better-looking fellow than Brady. Well, well — laugh if you like. I am no beauty, I know; but then consider that what I am talking of was sixteen years ago, and more; and a man does not stand the battering I have gone through for these sixteen years with impunity. Do you call the thirty or forty thousand tumblers of punch, in all its varieties, that I have since imbibed, nothing?"

"Yes," said Jack Ginger, with a sigh. "There was a song we used to sing on board 'The Brimstone' when cruising about the Spanish main, —

" ' If Mars leaves his scars, jolly Bacchus as well  
Sets his trace on the face, which a toper will tell;  
But which a more merry campaign has pursued, —  
The shedder of wine, or the shedder of blood? "

I forget the rest of it. Poor Ned Nixon! It was he who made that song. He was afterwards bit in two by a shark, having tumbled overboard in the cool of the evening, one fine summer day, off Port Royal."

“ Well, at all events,” said Burke, continuing his narrative, “ I thought I was a better-looking fellow than my rival, and was fretted at being sung down. I resolved to outstay him ; and, though he sat long enough, I, who was more at home, contrived to remain after him ; but it was only to hear him extolled.

“ ‘ A very nice young man,’ said Mrs. Macnamara.

“ ‘ An extreme nice young man,’ responded Miss Theodosia.

“ ‘ A perfect gentleman in his manners : he puts me quite in mind of my uncle, the late Jerry O’Regan,’ observed Mrs. Macnamara.

“ ‘ Quite the gentleman in every particular,’ ejaculated Miss Theodosia.

“ ‘ He has seen a great deal of the world for so young a man,’ remarked Mrs. Macnamara.

“ ‘ He has mixed in the best society too,’ cried Miss Theodosia.

“ ‘ It is a great advantage to a young man to travel,’ quoth Mrs. Macnamara.

“ ‘ And a very great disadvantage to a young man to be always sticking at home,’ chimed in Miss Theodosia, looking at me. ‘ It shuts them out from all chances of the elegance which we have just seen displayed by Ensign Brady of the 48th Foot.’

“ ‘ For my part,’ said I, ‘ I do not think him such an elegant fellow at all. Do you remember, Dossy Macnamara, how he looked when he got up out of the green puddle to-day ?’

“ ‘ Mr. Burke,’ said she, ‘ that was an accident that might happen to any man. You were thrown yourself this day week, on clearing Jack Falvey’s wall ; so you need not reflect on Mr. Brady.’

“ ‘ If I was,’ said I, ‘ it was as fine a leap as ever was made, and I was on my mare in half a shake afterwards. Bob Buller of Ballythomas, or Jack Prendergast, or Fergus O’Connor, could not have rode it better. And you too’ —

“ ‘ Well,’ said she, ‘ I am not going to dispute with you. I am sleepy, and must get to bed.’

“‘Do, poor chicken,’ said Mrs. Macnamara soothingly; ‘and Bob, my dear, I wish it was in your power to go travel, and see the Booteries, and the Tooleywards, and the rest; and then you might be, in course of time, as genteel as Ensign Brady.’

“‘Heigho!’ said I at once; and left the house in the most abrupt manner, after consigning Ensign Brady to the particular attention of Tisiphone, Alecto, and Megæra, all compressed into one emphatic monosyllable.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH BARNEY PULVERTAFT, ASCERTAINED THAT HE WAS DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

“ON leaving Dosy’s lodgings, I began to consult the state of my heart. ‘Am I, really,’ said I, ‘so much in love, as to lose my temper if this prating ensign should carry off the lady?’ I was much puzzled to resolve the question. I walked up and down the Spa-walk, whiffing a cigar, for a quarter of an hour, without being able to come to a decision. At last, just as the cigar was out, my eye caught a light in the window of Barney Pulvertaft, the attorney, old Six-and-Eightpence, as we used to call him. I knew he was the confidential agent of the Macnamaras; and, as he had carried on sixteen law-suits for my father, I thought I had a claim to learn something about the affairs of Miss Dosy. I understood she was an heiress, but had never, until now, thought of inquiring into the precise amount of her expectancies. Seeing that the old fellow was up, I determined to step over, and found him in the middle of law-papers, although it was then rather late, with a pot-bellied jug, of the bee-hive pattern, by his side, full of punch, or rather, I should say, half full; for Six-and-Eightpence had not been idle. His snuff-colored wig was cocked on one side of his head, his old

velveteen breeches open at the knee, his cravat off, his shirt unbuttoned, his stockings half down his lean legs, his feet in a pair of worsted slippers. The old fellow was, in short, relaxed for the night; but he had his pen in his hand.

“‘I am only filling copies of *capiases*, Bob,’ said he, — ‘light and pleasant work, which does not distress one in an evening. There are a few of your friends booked here. What has brought you to me so late to-night? — but your father’s son is always welcome. Ay, there were few men like your father, — never staggered in a lawsuit in his life, saw it always out to the end, drove it from court to court. If he was beat, why, so much the worse; but he never fretted: if he won, faith! he squeezed the opposite party well. Ay, he was a good-hearted, honest, straightforward man. I wish I had a hundred such clients. So here’s his memory anyhow!’

“Six-and-Eightpence had a good right to give the toast, as what constituted the excellence of my father in his eyes had moved most of the good acres of Ballyburke out of the family into the hands of the lawyers; but from filial duty I complied with the attorney’s request, — the more readily, because I well knew, from long experience, that his skill in punch-making was unimpeachable. So we talked about my father’s old lawsuits, and I got Barney into excellent humor by letting him tell me of the great skill and infinite adroitness which he had displayed upon a multiplicity of occasions. It was not, however, until we were deep in the second jug, and Six-and-Eightpence was beginning to show symptoms of being cut, that I ventured to introduce the subject of my visit. I did it as cautiously as I could; but the old fellow soon found out my drift.

“‘No,’ hiccoughed he, ‘Bob, ’twon’t — ’twon’t — do. Close as green — green wax. Never te-tell profess-profess-professional secrets. Know her expec — hiccup — tances to a ten-ten-penny. So you are after — after — her? Ah, Bo-bob! She’ll be a ca-catch; but not a wo-word from me. No, never. Bar-ney Pe-pulverta-taft is game to the last. Never be-be-trayed ye-your father. God rest his soul! He was a wo-worthy man.’

“On this recollection of the merits of my sainted sire, the attorney wept; and in spite of all his professional determinations, whether the potency of the fluid or the memory of the deceased acted upon him, I got at the facts. Dosy had not more than a couple of hundred pounds in the world. Her mother's property was an annuity which expired with herself; but her uncle by the father's side, Mick Macnamara of Kawleash, had an estate of at least five hundred a year, which, in case of his dying without issue, was to come to her, besides a power of money saved; Mick being one who, to use the elegant phraseology of my friend the attorney, would skin a flea for the sake of selling the hide. All this money, ten thousand pounds, or something equally musical, would, in all probability, go to Miss Dosy: the five hundred pounds a year was hers by entail. Now, as her uncle was eighty-four years old, unmarried, and in the last stage of the palsy, it was a thing as sure as the bank, that Miss Dosy was a very rich heiress indeed.

“‘So, so,’ said Six-and-Eightpence. ‘This — this — is strictly confiddle-confid-confiddledential. Do — do not say a word about it. I ought not to have to-told it; but, you do-dog! you wheedled it out of me. Da-dang it! I co-could not ref-refuse your father's son. You are ve-very like — like him, as I sa-saw him sitting many a ti-time in that cha-chair; but you nev-never will have his spu-spunk in a sho-shoot (suit). There, the lands of Arry-arry-arry-bally-bally-bebeg-clock-clough-macde-de-duagh — confound the wo-word! — of Arryballybegcloughmacduagh, the finest be-bog in the co-country, are ye-yours; but you haven't spu-spunk to go into cha-chauncery for it, like your worthy fa-father, Go-God rest his soul! Blow out that se-second ca-candle, Bo-bob; for I hate waste.’

“‘There's but one in the room, Barney,’ said I.

“‘You mean to say,’ hiccoughed he, ‘that I am te-tipsy? Well, well, ye-young fe-fellows, well, I am their je-joke. However, as the je-jug is out, you must be je-jogging. Early to bed, and early to rise, is the way to be — However, le-lend me your arm up the sta-stairs; for they are very slip-slippery to-night.’



“ I conducted the attorney to his bed-chamber, and safely stowed him into bed, while he kept stammering forth praises on my worthy father, and upbraiding me with want of spunk in not carrying on a chancery-suit begun by him some twelve years before for a couple of hundred acres of bog, the value of which would scarcely have amounted to the price of the parchment expended on it. Having performed this duty, I proceeded homewards, laboring under a variety of sensations.

“ How delicious is the feeling of love when it first takes full possession of a youthful bosom ! Before its balmy influence vanish all selfish thoughts, all grovelling notions. Pure and sublimated, the soul looks forward to objects beyond self, and merges all ideas of personal identity in aspirations of the felicity to be derived from the being adored. A thrill of rapture pervades the breast ; an intense but bland flame permeates every vein, throbs in every pulse. O blissful period ! brief in duration, but crowded with thoughts of happiness never to recur again. As I gained the walk, the moon was high and bright in heaven, pouring a flood of mild light over the trees. The stars shone with sapphire lustre in the cloudless sky ; not a breeze disturbed the deep serene. I was alone. I thought of my love, — of what else could I think ? What I had just heard had kindled my passion for the divine Theodosia into a quenchless blaze. ‘ Yes,’ I exclaimed aloud, ‘ I *do* love her. Such an angel does not exist on the earth ! What charms ! What innocence ! What horsewomanship ! Five hundred a year certain ! Ten thousand pounds in perspective ! I’ll repurchase the lands of Ballyburke ; I’ll rebuild the hunting-lodge in the Galtees ; I’ll keep a pack of hounds, and live a sporting-life. O, dear, divine Theodosia ! how I *do* adore you ! I’ll shoot that Brady, and no mistake. How dare he interfere where my affections are so irrevocably fixed ?’

“ Such were my musings. Alas, how we are changed as we progress through the world ! That breast becomes arid, which once was open to every impression of the tender passion. The rattle of the dice-box beats out of the head the rattle of the quiver of Cupid, and the shuffling of the cards renders the rustling of his wings inaudible. The necessity of

looking after a tablecloth supersedes that of looking after a petticoat, and we more willingly make an assignation with a mutton-chop than with an angel in female form. The bonds of love are exchanged for those of the conveyancer; bills take the place of billets; and we do not protest, but are protested against by a three-and-sixpenny notary. Such are the melancholy effects of age. I knew them not then. I continued to muse full of sweet thoughts, until gradually the moon faded from the sky, the stars went out, and all was darkness. Morning succeeded to night; and, on awaking, I found, that, owing to the forgetfulness in which the thoughts of the fair Theodosia had plunged me, I had selected the bottom step of old Barney Pulvertaft's door as my couch, and was awakened from repose in consequence of his servant-maid (one Norry Mulcaky) having emptied the contents of her washing-tub over my slumbering person."

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## CHAPTER V.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER CONSULTATION WITH WOODEN-  
LEG WADDY, FOUGHT THE DUEL WITH ENSIGN  
BRADY FOR THE SAKE OF MISS THEODOSIA MACNA-  
MARA.

"AT night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow cool reflection came, made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him, when he never had given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank Heaven, in any part of Ireland; but, unless I was quick about it, he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was as flammable as tinder, that, even my shooting him, might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, &c., and turned out. 'I think,'

said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"'I remember it well during the war,' said Antony Harrison. "We used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst; but it did its duty on a pinch, nevertheless."

"'No matter,' continued Burke; "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half pay; and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call, in Ireland, a *judgmatical* sort of man,—a word which I think might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden, in an old undress-coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good-morning; to which salutation he answered by a nod and a more prolonged whiff.

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which, I received another nod, and another whiff in reply.

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady, of the 48th, quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry; and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me, by interfering between me and the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But the difficulty is this: he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect; we have no quarrel whatever; and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all: I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What, then, can I do now?'

“Do not fight him, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“Still, these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?’

“Fight him, by all means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“But then, I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.’

“Do not fight him, then, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“Yet, as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing, as of course he does, in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not, I think, be overlooked without disgrace.’

“Fight him, by all means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.

“But then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th; but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop, where you may buy every thing, from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father’s retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes, straight from the De Burgos themselves; and, when I think of that, I really do not like to meet this Mr. Brady.’

“Do not fight him, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.”

“This advice of your friend Waddy to you,” said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, “much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy of Gray’s Inn, reading to me the other day.”

"I do not know the people you speak of," continued Bob, "but such was the advice which Waddy gave me."

"'Why,' said I, 'Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.'

"'Well,' said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, '*in dubiis suspice*, &c. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down head, you fight; if harp, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.'

"I assented.

"'Which,' said he, 'is it to be, — two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?'

"'Sudden death,' said I, 'and there will soon be an end of it.'

"Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry-bush.

"'I don't like that,' said Wooden-leg Waddy; 'for it's a token of bad luck. But here goes again.'

"Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came — head.

"'I wish you joy, my friend:' said Waddy: 'you are to fight. That was my opinion all along; though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful duelling-pistols ever put in a man's hand, — Wogden's, I swear. The last time they were out, they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.'

"'Will you be my second?' said I.

"'Why, no,' replied Wooden-leg, 'I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days' visit; and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom: you see he is shaving himself.'

"In a short time, the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a

speck of dust on his well brushed blue surtout ; not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection ; his boots shone in the jetty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face ; and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

“ ‘ I differ,’ said Major Mug, decidedly ; ‘ the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life ; and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself? ’

“ ‘ He certainly,’ said I, ‘ gave me what we call a short answer ; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.’

“ ‘ It matters nothing,’ observed Major Mug, ‘ what you may think, or she may think. The business is now in my hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper, — let it be gilt-edged, Waddy, that we may do the thing genteel. I’ll dictate, Mr. Burke, if you please.’

“ ‘ And so he did. As well as I can recollect, the note was as follows : —

“ ‘ SPA WALK, MALLOW, June 3, 18 —.  
Eight o’clock in the morning.

“ ‘ SIR, — A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d—d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I

have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

“ ‘ ROBERT BURKE.

“ ‘ P. S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend, Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.’

“ ‘ That, I think, is neat,’ said the Major. ‘ Now, seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax, and let the seal be your arms. That’s right. Now direct it “ Ensign Brady.” ’

“ ‘ No—no—the right thing would be, “ Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th foot,” but custom allows “ Esquire.” ‘ That will do — “ Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow.” He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.’

“ The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off on the ground that he had meant no offence, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying any thing but what was complimentary to her.

“ ‘ In fact, said the Major, ‘ he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. “ Sir,” said I, “ you either consent to fight, or refuse to fight. In the first case, the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman’s request is, of itself, an offence for which he has a right to call you out: Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative.” This brought the chap to his senses; and he referred me to Captain Codd, of his own regiment, at which I left much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Falmouth, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he, his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honorable a man as

ever paced a ground ; and I am sure that he will no more let his man off the field until business is done, than I would myself.'

"I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds ; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase at such an expense ; but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening ; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine ; but I have fixed seven. In the mean time, you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol-practice ; but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story, deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth, left him three pair of buckskin breeches, and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then begun half a dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you ; and at five the Major and Wooden-leg Waddy arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes ; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care ; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we come off with flying colors, we may crack a bottle together by and by ; in case you shoot Brady, I have every thing arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over ; if he



shoots you, I'll see you buried. Of course you would not recommend any thing so ungentle as a prosecution? No. I'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.

“‘I must tell you,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy, ‘it’s all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted: she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way; and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and dine five miles off, and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.’

“I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathize much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last, the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner, started up, clapped me on the shoulder, and, declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action, a field close by the castle.

“There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like gamecocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One betted on my being hit in the jaw; another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or the other of us was to be killed; and much good-humored joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favorite for being shot; and I heard one fellow near me say, ‘Three to two on Burke, that he’s shot first: I bet in ten-pennies.’

“Brady and Codd soon appeared; and the preliminaries were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other’s gentlemanlike mode

of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright; and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy or the Seven Champions of Christendom are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured, the pistols handed to the principals, the handkerchief dropped; whiz! went the bullet, within an inch of my ear; and crack! went mine, exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl, that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

"Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

"'What do you propose?' said he to my second; 'what do you propose to do, Major?'"

"'As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,' said the Major, 'I think that shot goes for nothing.'

"'I agree with you,' said Captain Codd.

"'If your party will apologize,' said Major Mug, 'I'll take my man off the ground.'

"'Certainly,' said Captain Codd, 'you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology; but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.'

"'You are correct, Captain,' said the major; 'I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologize to Mr. Burke.'

"'I as formally refuse it,' said Captain Codd.

"'We must have another shot then,' said the Major.

"'Another shot, by all means,' said the Captain.

"'Captain Codd,' said the Major, 'you have shown yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.'

"'He who would dare to say,' replied the Captain, 'that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service, would speak what is untrue.'

"Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gen-

tlemen ; and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

“ Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight, he bawled out, —

“ ‘ I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action : I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.’

“ ‘ The thing is impossible, sir,’ said Major Mug.

“ ‘ Perfectly impossible, sir,’ said Captain Codd.

“ ‘ Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,’ shouted Purdon ; ‘ Bob, I must speak to you.’

“ ‘ It is contrary to all regulations,’ said the Major.

“ ‘ Quite contrary,’ said the Captain.

“ Phil, however, persisted, and approached me.

“ ‘ Are you fighting about Dosy Mac ? ’ said he to me in a whisper.

“ ‘ Yes,’ I replied.

“ ‘ And she is to marry the survivor, I understand ? ’

“ ‘ So I am told,’ said I.

“ ‘ Back out, Bob, then ; back out at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.’

“ ‘ Married ! ’ I exclaimed.

“ ‘ Poz,’ said he, ‘ I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen ; and, — ’ here he whispered.

“ ‘ What ! ’ I cried, ‘ six months ! ’

“ ‘ Six months,’ said he, ‘ and no mistake.’

“ ‘ Ensign Brady,’ said I, immediately coming forward, ‘ there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honorable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honor, and a gentleman ; and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.’

“ Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

“ ‘ My dear Burke,’ said he, ‘ it must have been a mistake : let us swear eternal friendship ’

“‘Forever,’ said I. ‘I resign you Miss Theodosia.’

“‘You are too generous,’ he said, ‘but I cannot abuse your generosity.’

“‘It is unprecedented conduct,’ growled Major Mug. ‘I’ll never be second to a Pekin again.’

“‘My principal leaves the ground with honor,’ said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

“‘Humph!’ grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

“The crowd dispersed, much displeased; and I fear my reputation for valor did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael’s; and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy’s. His renown for valor won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening, Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac. opposed; but the red-coat prevailed.

“‘He may rise to be a general,’ said Dosy, ‘and be a knight; and then I will be Lady Brady.’”

“‘Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,’ said the Ensign.

“‘Beautiful prospect!’ cried Dosy; ‘Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!’

“But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the Ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they were not happy, why then you and I may be. They have had eleven children; and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland Basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th.”

“Your fighting with Brady puts me in mind, that the finest duel I ever saw,” said Joe MacGillycuddy, “was between a butcher and bulldog in the Diamond of Derry.”

“I am obliged to you for your comparison,” said Burke; “but I think it is now high time for dinner; and your beautiful story will keep. Has anybody the least idea where dinner is to be raised?”

To this no answer was returned; and we all began to reflect with the utmost intensity.

## ROBERT JEFFERY: A TRUE STORY.

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AMONG the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scoff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance; taking, in obdurate sullenness, the attack of the waves, which appear to be forever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers or brooks or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favor the residence of man, or to excite any thing beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel.

His Britannic Majesty's sloop of war, "The Recruit," on the 13th of December, 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon; and, as the day closed in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. "The Recruit" was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Capt. L——, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick

impatience of gesture, which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, "What island is this?"

"Sombbrero," was the reply.

"Have we not some thieves on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and, after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

"Now send the ship-painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

"Take your brush, and paint the word 'THIEF' on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and, although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and, after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder!" shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to

him, "Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind his things," thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavoring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering, beyond the clothes he wore; and, in this destitute condition, he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupefied at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages.

On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses, which, in the duskiess of a rapidly-approaching night, looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One of the crew, seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third, a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with a prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became, therefore, necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship.

Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and "The Recruit" made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery "embraced the rock for shelter." As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of "The Recruit" more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after, the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far-off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombbrero.

The night passed away; at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot, and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine, the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombbrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained, that, if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and, having ordered all sail to be made, "The Recruit," under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears; and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return, and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when "The Recruit" again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily



despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called "noddies," and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight; and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery, two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent, but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus, a covering.

After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomahawk-handle was picked up by one of the men, and, to their dismay, a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk-handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

"The Recruit" again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes. Capt. L—— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing

vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and, with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest. And it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as, in some degree, to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous; and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his Majesty's service: and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to "The London Times" for Feb. 13, 1810, will find under the head "court-martial," a few particulars of this singular case; and, on looking over Cobbett's "Weekly Register" about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Capt. L—— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the mean while? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed him-

self, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows: At Marblehead, near Boston, Mass., the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and, being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board "The Recruit;" and, having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armorer's mate on board of her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he, becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer-cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce-beer into a bucket, drinking about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following, he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life; and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the State of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother "yet alive." She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at any rate not made by her own son, but by some one

who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name: whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one; otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen, on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever-heat. Mr. Cobbett fanned the flame; and, with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, "Is *this* the treatment our 'jolly tars' are to expect?"—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring, by any means, the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and, in a short time, a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents to find out the young man,

and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And, if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart! At length the vessel returned to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in "The London Morning Post:"—

*"Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the lords commissioners of the admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London."*

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were now, of course, put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night, to frighten him; yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! How wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding "The Recruit" only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight: every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope! He saw her white sails unfurling, and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only, did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more.

For two whole days, he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when, most providentially, a refreshing shower of rain fell; and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and, as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But Nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs; but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the seashore.

At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and, plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and "passed by on the other side," at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears and hunger and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him, each leaving

him more cast down, and nearer death, than before. He had now despaired of rescue, and, fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore; but relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and, by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Capt. L—— to come to an arrangement by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs; and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth, they met Jeffery's father-in-law (for his mother had been twice married): he immediately recognized with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forwards to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village,—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village-bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him; "and," says "The Times," in its sober account of this romantic business, "it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that

attended his arrival." The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of the noise he would one day make, without intending it, now pressed forward, and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness.

The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again; "he that was lost was found." In a few moments, she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. "O my son!" "O my mother!" interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.



## THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

BY MRS. HOWARTH.\*

THOU wilt never grow old

Nor weary nor sad, in the home of thy birth :

My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold

In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.

Oh, holy and fair ! I rejoice thou art there,

In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold ;

Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where

Thou wilt never grow old, sweet, —

Never grow old !

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin

Haunting my footsteps wherever I go ;

Life is a warfare my title to win ;

Well will it be if it end not in woe.

Pray for me, sweet ; I am laden with care ;

Dark are my garments with mildew and mould :

Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,

And wilt never grow old, sweet, —

Never grow old !

Now canst thou hear from thy home in the skies

All the fond words I am whispering to thee ?

Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes

Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free ?

So I believe, though the shadows of time

Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold :

Thou wilt still love me, and (pleasure sublime !)

Thou wilt never grow old, sweet, —

Never grow old !

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,

Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven ;

\* A contributor to the London Magazines of 1865-6.

Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day  
 Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted in heaven.  
 Oh holy and fair ! I rejoice thou art there,  
 In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,  
 Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where  
 Thou wilt never grow old, sweet, —  
 Never grow old !

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 O D E.\*

BY HENRY TIMROD.

SLEEP sweetly in your humble graves,  
 Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause ;  
 Though yet no marble column craves  
 The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurels in the earth,  
 The blossom of your fame is blown ;  
 And somewhere, waiting for its birth,  
 The shaft is in the stone !

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years  
 Which keep in trust your storied tombs,  
 Behold, your sisters bring their tears,  
 And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes ! but your shades will smile  
 More proudly on those wreaths to-day  
 Than when some cannon-moulded pile  
 Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !  
 There is no holier spot of ground  
 Than where defeated valor lies  
 By mourning beauty crowned !

\* Sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the confederate Jead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S.C. Since Collins's "How sleep the Brave," nothing better in the way of a tributary ode has appeared. It is a pity that such noble stanzas should not have had the inspiration of a noble cause. But perhaps the author's imagination is all the more to be admired under the circumstances.

## IN VAIN.

BY LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

CLASP closer, arms, press closer, lips,  
 In last and vain caressing ;  
 For nevermore that pallid cheek  
 Will crimson 'neath your pressing.  
 For these vain words and vainer tears  
 She waited yester even :  
 She waits you now, — but in the far  
 Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,  
 She waited, hoping ever,  
 Till death's dark wall rose cold between  
 Her gaze and you forever.  
 She heard your footsteps in the breeze,  
 And in the wild-bee's humming :  
 The last breath that she shaped to words  
 Said softly, " Is he coming ? "

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart  
 That ever beat 'neath cover ;  
 Safe, never to be wrung again  
 By you, a fickle lover !  
 Your wrong to her knew never end  
 Till earth's last bonds were riven ;  
 Your memory rose cold between  
 Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,  
 Vain your remorseful weeping ;  
 For she, whom only you deceived,  
 Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.  
 Go : not beside that peaceful form  
 Should lying words be spoken !  
 Go, pray to God, " Be merciful,  
 As she whose heart I've broken ! "

## RELIQUIÆ.\*

A WILD, wet night! The driving sleet  
 Blurs all the lamps along the quay;  
 The windows shake; the busy street  
 Is yet alive with hurrying feet;  
 The winds rave from the sea!

So let it rave! My lamp burns bright;  
 My long day's work is almost done;  
 I curtain out each sound and sight:  
 Of all the nights in the year, to-night  
 I choose to be alone.  
 Alone, with doors and windows fast,  
 Before my open desk I stand.  
 Alas! can twelve long months be past,  
 My hidden, hidden wealth, since last  
 I held thee in my hand?

So there it lies! From year to year  
 I see the ribbon change, the page  
 Turn yellower, and the very tear  
 That blots the writing disappear,  
 And fade away with age!

Mine eyes grow dim when they behold  
 The precious trifles hoarded there, —  
 A ring of battered Indian gold,  
 A withered harebell, and a fold  
 Of sunny chestnut hair.

Not all the riches of the earth,  
 Not all the treasures of the sea,  
 Could buy these house-gods from my hearth;  
 And yet the secret of their worth  
 Must live and die with me.

\* From "Public Opinion," an English Journal, April, 1866.

## THE BEGGAR-GIRL OF THE PONT- DES-ARTS.

BY WILHELM HAUFF.\*

ANY one who may have chanced to have lodged at the "King of England," in Stutgard, in the year 1824, or to have strolled in the spacious gardens in front, must have noticed certain figures who attracted general attention. There were, among others, two men, who, it seemed, did not belong to the population of Stutgard, and would have been more at home on the Prado or the *plaza de Peros* at Seville.

Imagine a tall, thin, elderly man, with iron-gray hair, deepset, burning eyes, a hawk nose, and thin, compressed lips. His walk is slow and stately; and, if you have a lively fancy, you cannot but wish him, instead of his black frock-coat, a slashed doublet and Spanish cloak to complete the picture. When you look at his black silk breeches and stockings, the huge roses in his shoes, the long sword by his side, and the high-pointed hat pressed down on his forehead; and that servant, with a step as stately as his master's, does not his heavy yet roguish face, his parti-colored dress, and the boldness with which he stares at every thing, remind us of the servants in Spanish plays, who follow their master like his shadow, far below him in manners, his equals in pride, his superiors in cunning? Under his arm he carries his master's cloak and umbrella, and in his hand is a silver segar-box, a flint and steel. Every one stopped to look at this pair as they moved slowly along. It was Don Pedro de San Montanjo Ligez, chamberlain of the crown prince of ——, who was living in Stutgard at the time, and his servant.

\* One of the most graceful prose-writers of Germany. Born at Stutgard, 1802; died, 1827, at the early age of twenty-five.

A very trifling circumstance often makes a man conspicuous. This was the case with young Froben. He had been in town about six months, and used to come into the gardens every day at two o'clock precisely, and walk three times round the lake, and then five times up and down the broad walk. He passed by all the splendid equipages and pretty women, by all the crowd of senators, aulic counsellors and *militaires*, without being noticed, for he looked like an every-day personage of some eight and twenty or thirty. But ever since one afternoon, when he happened to meet Don Pedro, when the latter greeted him cordially, took his arm, and walked up and down with him a few times in earnest discourse, he was looked upon with a good deal of curiosity and even respect. Yes, the proud reserved Spaniard treated him with marked distinction. The very prettiest of the young ladies began to observe that he was not ugly, that there was even something interesting in his features; and the senators and counsellors began to ask who he might be? Some young officers professed to be able to answer this question, and stated that he now and then took a steak for a dinner, lived in — street, and rode a very pretty horse. They then enumerated the good qualities of his horse with great accuracy; and this led them to a discussion on horse-flesh in general, which is said to have been profound and valuable.

After this, Froben was often seen in company with the Don, especially at night in his hotel, where they sat and talked apart from the other guests, Diego standing behind his master's chair, and serving them with segars and Xeres. No one could divine the subject of these long conversations.

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What was it but the fine gallery of Messrs. Boiserée and Bertram, in which they had first become acquainted? These hospitable gentlemen had given our young friend permission to visit their collection as often as he chose, and he availed himself of it most liberally. In rain, in snow, and in fine weather, he came; he often looked ill, but still he came. We should estimate Herr von Froben's taste too highly, however,

if we supposed he was busy in studying or copying the admirable works of the Flemish school. He came in softly, bowed in silence, and hurried to a distant room, which contained one single picture. This he examined long, and then left the gallery in silence. The proprietors had too much delicacy to inquire into the cause of his extraordinary affection for the picture, but they could not but wonder at it. Often, when he went out, the tears stood in his eyes.

The picture had no great value as a work of art. It represented a lady partly in the Spanish and partly in the old German costume. A blooming, cheerful face, with clear, loving eyes, finely chiselled lips, and rounded chin, stood boldly out from the back-ground. The forehead was adorned by a profusion of hair, and a little hat, with heavy white feathers, placed somewhat archly on one side. The dress, which was high in the neck, was loaded with rich chains, and bore testimony to its owner's wealth as well as modesty.

"I suppose he is in love with the picture," thought the proprietor; "but, if so, he loves without hope, for it is at least three hundred years old." By and by it seemed as though Froben was not the only admirer of the portrait. One day the prince of P—— visited the gallery with his suite. His chamberlain, Don Pedro, when he saw this painting, uttered a cry of surprise, and seemed overcome by astonishment. When the prince left the gallery, Don Pedro was not to be found: at last he was discovered standing with folded arms and in deep thought before the picture. He asked where it came from, and was told that it was painted by a celebrated artist several hundred years before, and had been obtained by accident. "Oh, no," he cried, "it is new; it is not a hundred years old: tell me, pray tell me, when you got it — where can I find her?"

He was old, and looked too venerable to be laughed at for his burst of passion; but, when he was again told that the picture was supposed to be painted by Lucas Cranach, he shook his head gravely: "Gentlemen," said he, laying his hand upon his heart, "Don Pedro de San Montanjo Ligez believes you to be honorable men. You are not picture-dealers, and have no interest to misrepresent the age of this

picture. But, unless I am greatly deceived, I know the lady who is here represented." He made a ceremonious bow, and left the gallery. "Really," thought the proprietor, "if we were not so certain about the age of this picture, I should be in doubt. At any rate, unless I am greatly deceived, as the Spaniard says, this is not his last visit to our collection."

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And so it happened. As soon as the gallery was opened, Don Pedro de San Montanjo Liges stepped gravely and majestically in, sweeping past the long rows of paintings towards the lady in the hat and feathers. He was vexed to find the ground already occupied. A young man stood there, gazed at the picture, stepped back to a window to watch the flights of the clouds, and then came up, and gazed again. He was vexed, but had to be patient. He busied himself with the other paintings, but kept turning his head every moment to see whether the young gentleman had not gone. But he stood there firm as a wall, and seemed lost in thought. The Spaniard coughed to arouse him, but he kept dreaming on; he moved his foot roughly; the young man looked round at him a moment vacantly, and then turned to fasten again on the picture. "San Pedro! Santiago de Compostella! what a tedious amateur!" muttered he, and left the room angrily, feeling that the disappointment had deprived him of all enjoyment for that day. The next day, before the clock had done striking twelve, he mounted the gallery stairs in dignified haste, and made for the well-known picture; and, by good luck, he was the first and only visitor, and free to look his fill. He gazed long and fixedly at the picture; his eye grew dim; he drew his hand across his shaggy eyelashes, and murmured, "O Laura!" A sigh was plainly heard as an echo to this exclamation. He turned round in surprise: the same young man stood near him, looking earnestly at the portrait. Vexed at the interruption, he nodded a careless salutation: the young man returned it with less coldness but equal pride. The Spaniard determined to sit his troublesome neighbor out, but in vain; for, to his amazement, the young stranger took a



chair, and sat down a few paces off, so as to be at his ease. "The fool! I really believe he is making sport of my gray hairs," said Don Pedro, and left the room in great indignation. In the ante-chamber, he met one of the proprietors of the collection. He tendered him his thanks for his politeness, but at the same time could not help saying a word about the disturber of his peace. "You may have noticed," he remarked, "that one of your pictures has a special value in my eyes. I came, on your invitation, to see this, to spend my time before it undisturbed; and now a mischievous young man watches my movements, comes whenever I come, and spends whole hours, merely to vex me, before a painting that he has no interest in."

The owner smiled. "I am not so certain as to that: the contrary seems to be the case; for this is not the first day that he has devoted to that picture."

"Who is he?"

"A certain von Froben, who has been here six months. Ever since he saw the portrait in question, he has been in the habit of coming every day at the same hour to pay his respects to it. You see, at any rate, that he must feel an interest in the picture, since he has been so constant a visitor to it for so long a time."

"What! six months!" cried the old man; "I have done him wrong in my thoughts: God forgive me! I really fear that I have behaved rudely to him. And he is a *caballero*, you say? No; it shall never be said of Pedro de Ligez, that he was rude to a stranger. Tell him — but no, I will speak to him myself."

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The next day he found Froben at his post. The young man stepped aside to make room for his senior, who bowed ceremoniously as he addressed him, "If I am not mistaken, Señor, I have seen you looking at this picture before. So it is with me: I take great interest in this picture, and am never tired of looking at it."

Froben was surprised, and hesitated a little as he answered,

"I admit it has peculiar merit in my eyes — for — since — as there is something in it which I greatly admire." The Spaniard looked at him inquiringly; and Froben added, more calmly, "It is singular what effect a painting will sometimes produce. Thousands pass by this picture, find the drawing correct, and praise its coloring, but it does not affect them profoundly; while one person may find in it a deep hidden meaning; he cannot tear himself away; he feels chained to the spot, and returns to it again and again."

"You may be right," replied the old man, thoughtfully; "but I conceive this applies only to great compositions, in which the artist sought to express a profound conception. Many pass by, and, at last, the true expression is felt by some one, who is then lost in admiration. But will this hold true of such heads?"

The young man colored. "Why not? the fine outlines of the face, this noble forehead, this thoughtful eye, this sweet mouth, are not these finely conceived and expressed? Is there not something attractive in the features which —

"Certainly. She was, unquestionably, a very pretty woman; the family is remarkable for beauty."

"What family?" asked Froben, doubting whether his new acquaintance was in his right mind. "This is a fancy piece, and some hundred years old."

"What! do you, too, believe that silly story? Between ourselves, the owners are mistaken this time: I know the lady."

"For God's sake! do you know her? Where is she now? Who is she?"

"I should rather say, I *did* know her," replied the old man, raising his moist eye to the painting. "Yes, I knew her in Valentia, twenty years ago; a long time! It is Doña Laura Tortosi."

"Twenty years ago!" repeated Froben, sadly; "no, it is not she!"

"Why?" cried Don Pedro! "Do you suppose, then, the painter invented these features, even without knowing the Tortosi family? Do you not see it must be a family portrait? I say it is Doña Laura, as I knew her many years since."

“It may be like her, — in which case she must be a very lovely person ; but, as for this piece, the records prove that it was hanging in the church of St. Mary Magdalen at least a hundred and fifty years ago.”

“Then may the fiend pluck out my eyes !” exclaimed the Spaniard, seizing his hat, and rushing from the room. “It is a device of the evil one to torture me ;” and the tears stood in his eyes.

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One evening, when the two gentlemen were sitting in the parlor of the “King of England,” Don Pedro suddenly said, “The crowd here prevents all conversation ; will you help me empty a bottle of Ximenes in my apartment ?”

“With pleasure.”

“Wait a moment till I prepare to receive you. I will send for you.”

In a few minutes, Diego appeared with a silver candlestick in each hand, and bowed gravely to Froben, as the signal to follow him. On entering, he found his host had laid aside his frock-coat, and appeared in a close-fitting black doublet and ample scarlet mantle. A sword with golden hilt was buckled by his side.

“Welcome, Don Frobenio,” was his salutation. “I have long desired a moment’s friendly conversation with you. Whenever I paid a visit to my Laura’s likeness, I found you there before me. And, excuse me playing the spy, but I could not help seeing that you felt more deeply interested in the picture than you have ever been willing to confess.”

Froben blushed, for the old man’s glance was keen and penetrating. He told him, “It is true, and you are right in supposing it is not the painting, but the subject, that attracts me. Alas ! it reminds me of the sweetest, yet most unhappy hour of my life ! You will smile when I tell you that I once saw a lady who is very like that picture : that I saw her but *once*, and yet, that I never shall forget her.”

“Alas ! it is my case, too !” murmured the Spaniard.

“You will laugh outright, however,” continued Froben,

“when I confess that I am able to speak as to only half of her face. I do not know whether she is a blonde or a brunette; whether she has a high or a low forehead; blue eyes or black: I really don't know. But the finely shaped nose, the lovely mouth, the chiselled chin: these I behold in the picture, the same as I once beheld the reality.”

“Strange! And can you remember so distinctly those features, which are generally more easily forgotten than the eyes and the hair, and after seeing them only once, too?”

“Ah, Don Pedro! lips that we have once kissed, such lips we do not soon forget. I will tell you how it happened.”

“Stop; not a word!” exclaimed the Spaniard. “You would have a right to think me ill-bred, if I asked a cavalier for his secret, without first communicating my own. I will tell you what I know of the lady.”

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“Señor, I was born in Grenada, of a noble family, by whom I was instructed in religion and in science, and destined to the profession of arms. When I had reached the rank of captain, I was sent to my uncle, a stern old veteran, who commanded in Valencia. A great change had taken place in his household since I saw him last. I was surprised when he introduced an elderly lady to me as his second wife, and still more agreeably so, when I was made acquainted with a beautiful young one, whom he called his daughter Laura, my cousin.

“You have seen her, Don Frobenio. That picture is a faithful copy of her lovely features, at least so far as it was possible for earthly art to imitate them. I need not say that I loved her. My affection was open and joyous; there were none of those barriers between us that usually separate lovers in my country. My uncle loved me as a son, and, if I understood his hints rightly, was not unwilling to make me so. On my father's part, there could be no objection, for Laura was of a noble as well as wealthy family. You may judge how violent my love must have been, as I loved where there were no obstacles to feed the flame. As for the lady, she

allowed me to confess my sentiments ; my uncle gave his consent ; and we were to be married as soon as he could obtain a majority for me. About this time, I became intimate with a captain in the Swiss Guard, and we were soon the closest friends. He was a fair-haired, handsome youth, with a delicate complexion and light-blue eyes. He would have been too effeminate for a soldier, but for his renown in arms. This made him so much the more dangerous. His style of beauty was one so new among us, that, when he talked about the ice and snow of Switzerland, many a lady sighed to think that his heart seemed equally cold.

“ One day a friend, who knew of my engagement, gave me to understand, in mysterious circumlocution, that I had better marry my cousin at once, as otherwise something unpleasant might happen. I made further inquiries, and learned Doña Laura was in the habit of meeting a stranger at a friend’s house. I could not believe it, and yet a jealous pang remained. I determined to watch her closely. That very afternoon she left us, saying that she wished to see a friend. A little while afterwards I followed her, and kept watch by the door of the house. A fury seized me as I saw a man, wrapped in a mantle, stealing along at nightfall in the shade of the buildings. As the figure approached me, I seized hold of its dress, and cried, ‘Whoever you are, give me your honor that you do not come here to visit Laura de Tortosi!’ ‘Who dares to question me thus?’ said a deep voice. His accent betrayed the stranger, and I felt a painful foreboding. ‘It is Capt. de San Montanjo Ligez,’ I replied, and pulled the cloak from before his face, and saw my friend, the Swiss captain. He stood there like a culprit, without speaking. I drew my sword, and motioned to him to do the same. ‘I have no arms but a dagger,’ he said. I was about to pass my blade through his body, but could not do it as he stood there helpless before me. I appointed the next morning for our meeting, and he left the place. I kept guard at the door till Laura’s litter was brought, and I saw her enter it. The torture of mind I felt would not let me sleep, and at midnight I heard a knock at my door. It was Laura’s old servant, who handed me a letter, and retired. Señor, heaven

forbid that you should ever receive such a letter! She told me that she loved the Swiss long before she knew me; that she had kept it a secret, knowing how her mother detested foreigners; and that she had been forced to accept my proposals in spite of herself. She took all the blame to herself: she protested solemnly, that Tannensee had often wanted to confess the truth to me, and would have done it but for her entreaties. She intimated that the family would be disgraced unless I furnished them with the means of flight. She begged me not to seek a meeting with him; for that, if he fell, she, his wife, would not survive him. She ended by appealing to my magnanimity, declaring that she always esteemed, though she could not love me. You can conceive that such an epistle threw cold water on the flame of my love; and it cooled my anger, too, in part. But, as I had been deceived, I felt that honor required me to be at our rendezvous the next morning. The captain felt, perhaps, how deeply he had injured me; for, though the better swordsman, he merely defended himself, and it was not his fault that I ran my hand, here between the thumb and finger, on his sword, so that I could fight no longer. While they were binding up the wound, I handed him Laura's letter. He begged and implored me to forgive him. I did it, but with a heavy heart.

"The story of my love is ended, Don Frobenio; for, five days afterwards, Laura and the Swiss captain had disappeared."

"And with your assistance?"

"I did all I could to help them. My aunt was deeply grieved; but it was better that she should never see her daughter than to have disgrace come upon our house."

"Noble-hearted man!" cried Froben. "What must it not have cost you! In truth, it was a hard trial."

"It was, indeed!" said the old man, smiling bitterly. "At first, I thought the wound would never heal; but time does wonders, my young friend. I have never since seen or heard of her; only once the papers mentioned Col. Tannensee, as an officer under Napoleon, who had distinguished himself at Brienne. But when I came here, and saw my Laura before me, the same as she was twenty years ago, the old

wounds opened afresh, and — you know yourself, I used to go every day to see her.”

Don Pedro had told his story with all the gravity of an old Castilian. When he had ended, he took off his hat, stroked his beard, and said, “I have told you, Don Frobenio, a story which I have confided to but a few; not to lead you to imitate my confidence, though your secret would be as safe in my breast as the ashes of our kings in the escorial. I will confess I am anxious to ask why you take such an interest in the lady; but curiosity is unbecoming a man of my years, and I say no more.”

Froben answered, “I will tell you my little adventure with pleasure. It does not reveal a lady’s secret, and ends, in fact, where other tales usually begin. But with your permission, as it is now so late, we will leave it till to-morrow.”

“As you please,” said the Spaniard.

The next day, Froben was in the gallery, as usual, before the picture. He waited a whole hour; but the old man did not make his appearance. He walked up and down the grounds, but looked in vain for the well-known black breeches and pointed hat. At the hotel, his absence was explained. “They are all gone, his highness and all. Despatches came at midnight, and the prince and his suite set off before day-break.” Don Pedro had left a card, on the back of which was written in pencil, “Farewell, my dear Don Frobenio: you still owe me your story. Kiss Doña Laura for me.” He smiled at the commission, but soon felt that his old friend’s absence left him solitary. There was nothing now to detain him in Stutgard, and he left the city as quietly as he had entered it.

Froben pursued his journey along the Rhine. His head was still full of the romantic ideas that the portrait had called into being. As he drew near the lovely plain of the Neckar, he began to forget these fantastic visions, and to remember the object of his journey. It was a visit to a friend in whose company he had travelled through France and England. Similarity of character did not form the ground of their friendship. The Baron von Faldner was somewhat rough and rude, and even his travels had not polished him. He was one of those who, because they neglect books, think they can

do without them, and persuade themselves that they are what they call "practical men;" that is, universal geniuses, who know every thing without studying it, and are perfect masters of business, agriculture, housekeeping, and the like. He was happy, because he did not know his own deficiencies; but self-conceit made him overbearing in company, and a tyrant at home. "I wonder if he still says, 'I told you so,'" thought Froben. "He always used to speak thus, even if he had prophesied the contrary the minute before; and there was no undeceiving him." His estate lay in one of the loveliest valleys of the Rhine, and our traveller could not but hope that the beauties by which he was surrounded had tended to soften his natural harshness.

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He entered the park, and saw his friend at a distance. He seemed to be disputing with an old man, who was busy digging round a tree. "I don't care if you have done it that way for a hundred years, and not fifty; you must transplant the tree as I tell you." The old man put on his cap with a sigh, looked at the noble tree with a sad eye, and set to work hastily, and, as it seemed, unwillingly. The baron whistled a tune as he turned away, and saw a stranger, who held out his hand to him with a smile. "What's your wish?" he asked hastily.

"Don't you know me, then, Faldner? Have your trees made you forget London and Paris?"

"Froben! is it possible?" cried the host, as he embraced him. "But how thin and pale you look! That comes from your sitting and studying so much; but you never would take advice. I always told you it would not answer for you."

"Think a moment, my dear fellow. Didn't you always tell me that I would never do for a sportsman or farmer, and that I must take to law or diplomacy?"

"Ah! I see you are troubled with your old complaint, — want of memory. Did I not tell you" —

"Let it pass, and tell me where you have been since we parted."



The baron's story was a short one, wholly made up of complaints of bad weather and stupid servants. He gave him to understand that he was a great proficient in farming, but found all his neighbors and people very obstinate. He confessed that he lived a life of care and trouble, of vexation and quarrel. His friend could see plainly that he still rode his hobby, and could not rein it in.

It was now Froben's turn, and he said, in a few words, that he had been attached to one or two embassies, had got tired of them, and asked for a long leave of absence, and was now seeing the world.

"Happy fellow!" cried Faldner, "I much envy you. Here to-day and there to-morrow, nothing to tie you down, and as free as air. I only wish I could live like you."

"But why not? Look out for a good overseer, saddle your horse, and set off with me."

"Ah! you don't understand," answered Faldner, embarrassed. "If I am away only one day, every thing goes wrong. Besides, I have done a foolish thing — but no matter. However, my travelling days are over."

A servant came up just then to say that his mistress was returned, and asked where tea should be served?

"Up stairs," said Faldner, in some confusion.

"What! are you a married man," asked Froben, "and haven't told me of it yet! Well, I congratulate, and so forth; but pray, tell me — I should as soon have thought of the sky's falling — how long since."

"About six months," said the baron, in a low tone, and looking at the ground; "but why should you wonder at it? You ought to know, that, in such a large establishment" —

"Certainly, it is very natural and proper. But I remember how you used to talk about marriage. I never supposed you would find anybody to suit you."

"No, excuse me. I always told you" —

"To be sure, I admit it," answered Froben, with a smile; "and I always told you, that, with your romantic fancies of ideal perfection, you would always live a bachelor. As there is a lady in the case, I can't appear in my travelling-dress; so you will excuse me a few moments. Farewell till we meet again."

Just as he left him, a tall and graceful lady came up, and asked the baron hastily, "Whom were you talking with just now? Who was it that said, 'Farewell till we meet again.'"

The baron started up, and gazed on his wife with astonishment at seeing the delicate paleness of her cheek suffused with crimson. "It is too bad, Josephine!" he cried. "How often have I told you that Hufeland forbids violent exercise to people of your constitution! You have been walking here from the house, I suppose, and got warm; and now you want to sit down in the cool air. I have to tell you every thing twenty times over, as I would to a child. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"Oh, don't be angry with me!" said his wife, in a trembling voice. "I only came out to meet you, and rode all the way."

"Your cheeks condemn you," was the answer. "Must I be forever talking to you? No shawl, either; and so late! What is the use of my flinging away money for such nonsense if you don't wear them? It's enough to make a man mad. You will not do any thing to please me. Your self-will wears me out completely. It's enough" —

"Pray, forgive me, Franz!" said she, wiping away the big tears from her eyes. "I have not seen you all day long, and I wanted to surprise you, and forgot all about a shawl. You will forgive me, you will forgive your wife; won't you?"

"Yes, yes, that's enough; now leave me alone. You know I don't like such scenes. And in tears, too! Do for heaven's sake break yourself of this foolish habit of crying at any thing and every thing. We have a guest to-day, — Froben, who travelled with me. Behave yourself as you ought; do you hear me? See that nothing is wanting; for I don't like to have to keep house besides all my other business."

He walked before her to the castle in silence.

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When Faldner showed Froben to his room, he could not refrain from congratulating his host on his choice. "Really, Franz, I never saw her equal. You were always a lucky fellow; but I never thought you would get such a prize, with your strange ideas."

“Yes, yes; she is well enough,” answered the Baron dryly, as he snuffed the candle. “A man can’t have every thing, and ought not to expect it in this world.”

“Why! I hope and trust you are not insensible to such excellence. I have seen many women in my day, but never one of such perfect beauty. What eyes! What a figure! And I do not know but that I admire her cultivated mind and delicate taste even still more highly.”

“You seem quite captivated,” rejoined Faldner, laughing; “but you have read too much: you are not a practical man. I always told you so. Believe me, a smart, active house-keeper is worth more than what you call your accomplished women. Good-night; thank your stars that you are a free man, and — don’t be in a hurry to choose.”

Froben had not failed to observe how anxiously she had watched her husband’s looks, and how much she seemed to stand in awe of him. He felt that so ill-assorted a union must have been the work of interest, and not of affection, and that so delicate, so sensitive a creature, was ill fitted to bear the humors of her stern and selfish lord. He sat plunged in such thoughts, till he began to reproach himself for them. “I have been false to my first love to-night,” thought he. “Another image has filled my thoughts, and I have given way to ideas that are perhaps sinful, certainly idle.” With these words, he unrolled the engraving from the beloved picture in his bosom, which he always carried with him; but what was his surprise as he noticed the wonderful resemblance it bore to the Baroness von Faldner? As to hair and eyes, he could not speak; but the mouth, nose, chin, and throat were surprisingly alike. “What!” thought he, “can she be my friend’s wife, — she whom I saw but once, and imperfectly, yet whom I love, and shall love forever? The stature and the figure, too, the same! Her eyes were fixed on me the whole evening, as though she had seen me before. But it is all folly. The proud Baron of Faldner, with his high ideas of nobility and pure descent, would never have stooped to wed a beggar-girl!”

The next morning, when Froben came down to the drawing-room, he found himself alone. His host had ridden out to view the estate, and his lady was busied with household affairs. He took up carelessly the cards that lay on the mantel. Among them was his friend's wedding-card, on which he saw, "Baron von Faldner and Josephine von Tannensee."

The name surprised him. It was the very name of the Swiss officer who had figured in Don Pedro's story. He had hardly time to collect his thoughts, disturbed by this coincidence, when Josephine appeared. She apologized for her husband's absence, adding, "His life is always a laborious and anxious one; but I really believe he is so accustomed to a press of business, that he would not be contented without it."

"Is there more than usual to be attended to on the estate?"

"No, he is always so: he is never at rest; and he spends the whole day, from morning to night, among his workmen."

"You must often feel solitary, I should suppose, during his absence."

"Solitary!" she repeated, and her voice trembled a little. "No: memory is the companion of those who are alone. And besides," she added, with an effort at a smile, "in so large an establishment as ours, there are a thousand things to be attended to; so that I do not, *must* not, feel lonesome."

The slight accent of sorrow with which she spoke impressed Froben deeply; and he paused a while before he answered. "Women, nowadays, possess talents and acquirements which can be developed in society alone. And I have often thought how unhappy one of your sex would be, supposing her to possess a cultivated mind, a taste for reading and for intellectual society, if she finds no kindred spirit in her domestic circle, and yet is confined to it."

Josephine blushed, and our hero could not but feel that he had unconsciously reminded her of her own situation. To give the conversation a more general character, she replied: "We country ladies, of course, enjoy such pleasures less frequently; but still we are not so lonely as you might suppose. We visit each other often,—only see what a pile of cards there is on the mantel there."

“That reminds me,” said Froben, “that I was guilty of a petty larceny just now; and he produced the wedding-card. “Will you believe it, that I did not know of my friend’s marriage till last night? The card first informed me of your name. It is Tannensee, I find.”

“Yes,” she answered, with a smile; “and I was no loser in exchanging so insignificant a name for the noble one of Faldner.”

“If your father was, as I suppose, Col. von Tannensee, you cannot call it insignificant.”

She blushed. “My dear father! They tell me the emperor esteemed him a gallant officer, and he died a general. I never knew him.”

“Was he not a Swiss?”

She looked at him with some surprise. “If I am not mistaken, my mother told me he was.”

“And was not your mother named Laura, and of a Spanish family?” She turned pale. “Laura was her name; but — What do you know about her? Spanish, no! She spoke German, and was of that nation.”

To account for this curiosity, Froben told the story of his meeting with Don Pedro, and his firm belief that she was the daughter of that Laura whom the Spaniard had loved so warmly. He enlarged on the rank and wealth of her newly found relative; but Josephine betrayed no pleasure at the discovery: on the contrary, she leaned her head on her hand, and burst into tears.

“What have I done!” cried Froben, in despair. “It was all my folly, — a mere conjecture only. Your relatives can decide that better, I” —

“Alas! it is my evil fate to have no kindred,” said she. “Happy are they who can look back to a long line of honorable ancestors; who have kind and good relatives, endeared to them by the ties of blood. I was an only child, and I have always lived among strangers. My father, I heard, quarrelled with his relations in Switzerland, because they wanted him to marry a rich heiress at home; and, when my mother died, there was not a soul in the world to whom I could say, Have pity on me!”

Froben was anxious, as well as affected, at her grief. "Was not your mother's name Tortosi?" he asked.

"She was called Laura von Tortheim."

"The names are the same; and I believe you will now have no cause to complain of being alone in the world. One kinsman at least, you have, and one of the most excellent of men. Faldner will be delighted when he hears of our discovery."

Her tears began to flow afresh. "You do not know my husband," she replied. "You have no idea how suspicious he is. Every thing must go on regularly and soberly; and he detests any thing like a surprise or a change from the very bottom of his soul. I had to regard it as a favor," she added bitterly, "as a favor, that a man of such an ancient family would make me his wife, and be satisfied with the few papers I had to show my birth. He tells me every day that he might have married into the first houses, or else that my family is only newly ennobled; that he knows nothing about my mother; and that some of the Tannesees have even turned merchants."

It was plain that she had married from poverty, not choice, and that her brutal husband treated her with rudeness and cruelty. Faldner's return to dinner cut short the conversation.

His wife came forward to meet him; but he passed hastily by her. "Is it not enough to drive a man mad, Froben?" were his first words. "I have spent a fortune in getting a steam-engine from England, and it won't work at all! Something has been left out or lost. I brought down an engineer from Mentz to put it up. I showed him the drawings. There is the whole story, all lettered and numbered; and yet the bungler cannot put it up!"

Faldner ate little, but drank freely; and his displeasure gradually gave way to boisterous mirth. At the close of the meal, Josephine gathered courage, and addressed him. "I had a singular conversation with our guest this morning, which has led to the discovery of a kinsman of mine." Froben repeated the story, not without some anxiety as to the effect it would produce; but, contrary to his expectations, the baron seemed delighted. "'Tis as clear as day," he cried. "Tortheim and Tortosi — all the same thing. And you say

the old chap is rich, my dear fellow? Rich, and a bachelor, and always talking about his Laura! Zounds, Josephine! there's a chance for lots of piastres!"

Josephine was not much pleased, perhaps, at his coarse way of expressing himself; but she answered calmly, "This will account for the snatches of Spanish songs that always floated in my mind, and also for my having been brought up a Catholic." With these words she retired.

"Write to the old man, will you, Froben? and tell him you have found his Laura's daughter. I always told Countess Landstrom that, even though my wife had nothing, I was sure she would bring luck to the house. How much do you suppose the Don will cut up?"

Froben changed color. "How should I know? Do you suppose I asked him? But what were you saying about Countess Landstrom?"

"Oh! it was there I met my wife. You know I'm a practical man. I might have married the richest girl in the country; but I said to myself, 'All is not gold that glitters.' Josephine was a kind of companion to the countess. She was busy all day long, making tea, sewing, overseeing the servants, watering flowers, and every thing. I thought she would make a good housekeeper, and, though I could not find out much about her family, I married her."

"And you are as happy as the day is long!"

"Why, so so. She has nothing of a practical turn; but I lock up all her books, and make her keep house. But come, let us look at my unlucky steam-engine."

As the gentlemen were mounting their horses, Froben saw Josephine at a window, waving her handkerchief. "The baroness is saluting you," he said; but his host only laughed, and rode on. "Why do you support her in all that sentimental folly, so that we must kiss and flourish handkerchiefs whenever I am going away for a few hours? It is enough to spoil any woman; and, whenever you marry, do as I do. You never say where you are going. Your horse is brought round. 'Where are you going, dear?' she asks two or three times. You say nothing, but put on your gloves. 'How can you go away and leave me here all alone?' she asks, and lays her

hand on your shoulder. You pick up your whip, and say, 'I am going to so and so: there is something to be done to-day. Adieu; and, if I don't come back by supper-time, don't wait for me.' She is shocked — you whistle; she goes to the window, and flourishes her handkerchief — you ride straight on, and take no notice of her. That makes a woman respect you. After two or three such scenes, my wife gave up asking me any question, I assure you."

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The engineer was at work, but had made no progress. Faldner grew violent, and called him a bungler and a rogue. The man's face was crimson with resentment; but he suppressed it. "I will engage to put any machine in order, but I must have my own way about it; and in this case" —

"I've been helping you a little, and that I suppose has put you out? I have seen half a dozen such machines, and I know perfectly well that the large wheels work on the cylinder, and the small ones above" —

"This is of another pattern, however, as the drawings show."

"What do I care for drawings? I'm deceived all round, — cheated by everybody."

Froben, meanwhile, had been examining the drawings carefully, and said at last, "I will lay a bet that it is all as it should be. F and H here go with I, and this connects the stamping-mill with the machine."

"To be sure it does!" cried the engineer triumphantly. "This makes the whole thing easy." The baron laughed to conceal his surprise, and left the management to his friend, expressing little faith in his success. He was deceived, however; for in a very short time the machine was put up, and at work.

This restored him to good humor, and he gave a little entertainment in honor of his success. Cheerful and good-humored as he seemed, it did not escape Froben that he persecuted his wife incessantly. She did every thing wrong, and he drove her, without remorse, from the kitchen to the parlor and back again. His visitors were delighted with her grace



and beauty, and the old ladies were loud in their praises of her good housewifery. "See now," the baron whispered to his friend, "what wonders good discipline will do! She has got along very well to-day, with a little help from me, of course. But she'll mend, she'll mend." The general mirth and the good wine elevated his spirits still higher; and it was soon high time to leave the table, as he and some of his friends were indulging in some excellent jokes, which were rather too broad for the delicate ears of the ladies. Sport of every kind was now the order of the day, and even the good old-fashioned game of forfeits was tolerated. It chanced to be Froben's turn to redeem his favor, and Josephine, who fixed the forfeits, decided that he should tell some *true* passage in his life. The choice was loudly applauded, most of all by Faldner; and, when he saw Froben hesitate, he cried, "Come, begin! or I will for you, and tell your piquant adventure with the beggar-girl of the *Pont-des-Arts*"

Froben blushed, and looked displeased; but the company, who suspected that some good jest was at the bottom of the allusion, cried, "The story!—the story of the *Pont-des-Arts*!" And he made up his mind to tell it, chiefly to avoid any indiscretion on the part of his host, who was warmed with wine. Faldner promised, if the narrator departed from the truth in any respect, to bring him back to it, as he was himself a witness of the adventure.

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"I do not know," began Froben, "whether you are aware that, some years ago, our friend Faldner and I travelled together, and lived in Paris in the same house. Our studies were the same; we visited the same circles; in a word, we were inseparable. We had a mutual friend, Dr. M——, a fellow-countryman, who lived in the *Rue Taranne*, which, as you know, lies on the left bank of the Seine, and leads into the *Rue Dominique*. Our regular evening walk was through the Champs Elysées, across to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and thence to our friends; where we often sat till very late, chatting about Germany, France, and what not. We lived,

I ought to add, in the *Place des Victoires*, a good way off from the *Rue Taranne*; and we generally came home by the *Pont-des-Arts*, so as to cross the Louvre, and save time. One night — it was after eleven — it had rained a little, and the wind blew chilly and keen, especially along the river. We were going from Quai Malaquois across the *Pont-des-Arts*. The bridge is only for foot-passengers; and, of course, at that time of night, every thing was quite still around it. We walked across in silence, wrapping our cloaks around us; and I was just hurrying down the steps on the other side, when I saw an extraordinary sight. A tall, slim female stood leaning against the side of the bridge. A little black hat was tied close before her face, which was still more completely hidden by a green veil. She wore a black-silk cloak, and the wind betrayed a delicate, youthful figure. A little hand, holding a plate, peeped out of the cloak. In front stood a little lantern, whose flickering light showed a small neat foot. There is no place, perhaps, where the contrast between the greatest splendor and the lowest depths of misery is as striking as in Paris; but still you meet few beggars. They seldom attack you forwardly, and you never find them follow you up or persecute you with their demand. A blind old man sometimes sits or kneels at the corner of the street, holding out his hand quietly, and leaves it to the passer-by to notice his look of entreaty, or not. The most affecting of all, as I thought, were the shamefaced ones, who stand motionless, almost breathless, in a corner, with their faces covered, and a taper burning before them. Many of my acquaintances assured me that they were generally people of the better class, who had become so much reduced, that they must either go to labor, or, if they were ashamed or unable to work for their daily bread, chose this last resource before ending their lives and sorrows in the Seine. The female figure at the bridge, which enchained my attention, was of this class. I eyed her more closely. Her limbs seemed to tremble with the cold even more than the flickering light in her lantern; but she was silent, and let her sorrow and the cold night-wind speak for her. I felt in my pockets; but I had no small change, and not even a single franc. I turned to Faldner, and asked him to lend me some;

but he was out of temper, as it seemed, at my keeping him waiting in the cold; and he called to me in German, 'Leave the beggar alone, and come home to bed; I'm almost frozen.' 'Give me a couple of sous, my dear fellow,' I said; but he pulled me by the cloak, and tried to drag me away. The veiled figure before me spoke in a trembling but sweet-toned voice, and, to our surprise, in good German, 'O gentlemen, have pity on me!' The tone and the language made such an impression on me, that I again asked him for some money. He laughed. 'Very well, there is a couple of francs,' said he; 'try your luck with the girl if you choose; but let me go to sleep.' He gave me the money, and walked away. I was really confused, for she must have heard what Faldner said; and the unhappy are the last that I should wish to insult. I drew nearer to her, irresolutely. 'My girl,' I said, 'you have chosen a poor stand: there will be few people coming by here to-night.' She did not answer aloud; but whispered after a while, 'May those few have pity on the unfortunate!' This answer surprised me: it was so natural, yet so apt. Her graceful attitude and the tone of her voice indicated a person of education. 'We are fellow-countrymen,' I said. 'Let me ask if I cannot do something more for you than this mere passing assistance.' — 'We are very poor,' she answered, and this time more boldly; 'and my mother is sick, and has no one to help her.' Without reflection, and led only by the vague feeling that attracted me to her, I said, 'Show me where she is.' She was silent and seemed embarrassed. 'You must consider this as my honest wish to aid you if I can,' I said. 'Come, then, sir,' she rejoined, picked up her lantern, blew it out, and hid it and the plate under her cloak."

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"What!" cried the baron, bursting into a laugh, as Froben seemed to pause, "do you mean to stop here? Do you want to deceive me now, as you tried to then? Thus far, ladies and gentlemen, he has spoken the exact historical truth. He supposed, probably, that I was far away; but I was standing some two paces off from this moving, good Samaritan dia-

logue, under the portal of the Louvre, and witnessed the whole affair. Whether the conversation is truly reported or not, I cannot say; for the confounded wind made me lose it: but I saw the damsel blow out her lantern, and go back with him over the bridge. The night was so cold, that I did not follow up his adventure; but, after all, I will bet that he did not find mamma sick, or any thing of the kind, but the fair dame was only singing the old siren song to a new tune." He laughed loudly at his own wit, and the men joined him. The ladies looked down, and Josephine seemed displeased both at her husband's remarks, and her guest's strange story; for her fingers trembled so, that she could hardly hold her plate; and she eyed the narrator with a look which he felt himself bound to interpret in a way little honorable to himself. "I cannot allow my friend here," he continued in a loud voice that silenced the company, "to put such an interpretation on my conduct: allow me, therefore, to proceed, and, by my life," — and as he spoke his color grew deeper and his eyes brightened, — "I will tell you nothing but the truth."

"The girl crossed the bridge I had just passed over. I had time enough to look at her, as I walked silently by her side, or rather behind her. Her figure, so far as I could see for her cloak, and more particularly her voice, were quite youthful. Her gait was quick, but easy. I offered her my arm; but she would not take it. At the corner of the bridge, she turned into the *Rue Mazarin*. 'Has your mother been sick long?' I asked her, stepping up alongside, and trying to get a peep at her face. 'For two years,' she answered, with a deep sigh; 'but, for a week past, she has been much worse.' 'Have you been there often before now?' — 'Where?' she asked. 'On the bridge.' — 'This is the first time,' was her answer. 'You did not choose a good place, then: the other avenues are more frequented.' I was sorry, even while saying so; for I felt that it must hurt her deeply. And she whispered and sobbed in reply, 'I am a stranger here, and — I was ashamed to go into the crowd.' — 'How great must be the misery,' I said to myself, 'that can force such a creature to ask alms!' It is true, some such thoughts as Faldner had expressed occurred to me now and then; but I set myself against

them: they were too unnatural. If she really belonged to that wretched class of women, why should she hide her features, and stand in such a lonely place? Why should she take such care to conceal a figure, which, so far as I could judge from a few hasty glimpses, was a fine one? No: it could be nothing but real wretchedness and that shame of unmerited poverty which makes it so touching. 'Has your mother a physician?' I asked, after a while. 'She had; but, when we got to be too poor to buy medicines, he wanted to send her to the *Hôpital des Incurables*, and I could not bear that. O heavens! my dear mother in a hospital!' She wept at this, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes. As the plate and lantern which she held in the other hand prevented her from keeping her cloak close folded, the wind blew it aside, and I saw that I was not mistaken. Her figure was tall and graceful, her dress plain; but, as far as I could notice, perfectly neat. She caught at her cloak, and, in assisting her, I felt the touch of a soft, white hand.

"By this time we had walked through the Rue Magasin, St. Germain, Ecole de Médecine, and a few little alleys; when, all at once, she stopped short, and said she had lost her way. She said she lived in *Rue St. Severin*. I was puzzled, for I did not know where to find it myself. I saw a light in a brandy-shop in a cellar, and went down to ask the way, leaving her alone. When I came up, I heard voices speaking loud, and saw, by the dim light of a street-lamp, that the girl was struggling with two gentlemen, one of whom had seized her hand, while the other had hold of her cloak: they were laughing and talking to her. I suspected what was going on, and pulled the cloak out of his grasp. She clung to my arm, sobbing and speechless. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'you see you are mistaken. Let go the lady's cloak this moment!' — 'Ah! excuse me, sir,' said the stranger, 'I see you have a prior right to the lady;' and they went off laughing. We walked on, and the poor girl clung to my arm as though she was afraid of falling down in the street. 'Courage, courage!' I said, 'St. Severin is only a little way off, and you'll soon be at home.' When we reached the street, she stopped short. 'No, sir, you must not

go any farther with me,' said she. 'Why not, pray, since you have brought me so far with you already? I beg of you not to suspect me of an improper motive.' I had unconsciously taken her hand, and, perhaps, pressed it. She withdrew it hastily, and added, 'Forgive me my rudeness in bringing you so far out of your way. I beg of you, leave me now!' I understood that the advances of the strangers had wounded her deeply, and perhaps even made her suspicious of me, and this had a great effect upon me. I took out the silver I had got from Faldner, and was going to hand it to her; but the thought of the trifling aid this small sum would afford made me withdraw my hand, and I gave her what little gold I had about me. Her hand trembled as she took it: she seemed to suppose it was silver, thanked me in an unsteady but sweet voice, and was going away. 'Stop,' said I: 'I hope your mother will be better; but she may, perhaps, be in want of something; and, my girl, you are not the right person for such night-excursions as this. Will you not be in front of the *Ecole de Médecine* this day week at the same hour, so that I can hear how your mother is?' She seemed to hesitate, but at last said, 'Yes.' — 'And put on that hat with the green veil; so that I may know you again.' She promised to do so, thanked me again, ran hastily up the street, and was lost in the darkness."

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"When I awoke the next morning, my adventure seemed like a dream. But Faldner, who came soon, and began to rally me with his usual delicacy, removed all doubts. The thing seemed to me, when considered in the clear light of the morning, altogether too fabulous to be told to my sceptical friend. We have reached, nowadays, a pitch of delicacy which borders closely on indelicacy: we had often rather seem wild and debauched than singular, or unused to the ways of the world. I was disturbed by some undefinable feeling, even more than by Faldner's jokes. I reproached myself for not having got a sight of her face at any rate. 'Why this excessive delicacy?' I said to myself. 'Really, for

a couple of Napoleons, it would not have been too much just to ask her to raise her veil for a moment.' And yet, when I reflected on her whole deportment, which, simple as it was, was wholly free from vulgarity, I was forced, half-unwillingly, to own that I did right. The voice alone is a sufficient distinction between good-breeding and rudeness; and the sweet tones I had listened to *must* belong to a person of some education and refinement. I could not get rid of these thoughts all day long; and at night, when I visited a brilliant circle of ladies, I was accompanied in my mind by the poor girl in her black hat, green veil, and impenetrable cloak. The rest of the week I kept blaming myself for my folly, and yet indulging in it. It seemed as though the capital of the civilized world, with all its attractions, had nothing worth noticing except the *Pont-des-Arts*. At last the Friday came. I used every stratagem to get rid of Faldner and the rest of my friends, and set out as soon as it was dark. It was an hour's walk, and I had time enough for reflection; and I determined to see her face at any rate, and to make up my mind what to think of her. I had started off so early, that it was only ten when I reached the *Ecole de Médecine*, — a full hour before my time. I stepped into a *café*, and tumbled over a file of newspapers: at last it struck eleven.

"There were few people about, and no green veil to be seen anywhere. Suppose she should not come, thought I, as I walked up and down for the tenth time. The half-hour struck, and I began to grumble at my own folly, when I saw something green under a lamp some thirty paces off. I hurried up, and it was she. 'Good-evening,' said I. 'I am glad you are come; I was afraid you would not keep your appointment.' She bowed low, without taking my hand, and walked by my side. She seemed deeply moved. 'Sir, my noble-hearted countryman,' said she, 'I could not but keep my word, if only to thank you. Be assured it is not in order to make fresh demands on your benevolence. Oh, how richly, how generously, you have treated us! Can a daughter's heartfelt thanks, can my sick mother's prayers and blessings, be any return for it?' — 'Don't say a word about it,' answered I. 'How is your mother?' — 'I believe I may begin

to hope again. The physician does not speak decidedly, but she feels stronger. Oh, how much I thank you! Your liberal present enabled me to buy her strengthening food; and believe me, sir, the thought that such good men are still to be found in the world has done her almost as much service.'— 'What did your mother say to you when you came home?' I inquired. 'She was very anxious, as it was so late: she had been very unwilling to let me go out, and was afraid of some mischief happening. I told her every thing; but when I untied my handkerchief, and drew out the presents you gave me, and there was gold among them, — gold among the copper and silver — she was astonished, and —' She stopped, and seemed unable to go on. I could guess that her mother had suspected something wrong, and I put some more questions; but she answered with touching frankness, 'that her mother said their generous countryman must be either a prince or an angel.'— 'I am neither the one nor the other,' I replied. 'But how much have you left? any thing?—' 'Oh, yes!' said she confidently; but it did not escape me that she sighed unconsciously at the same time. 'How much is there left?' I asked, and more peremptorily. 'Oh! we paid our bill at the apothecary's, and a month's rent; and I bought something for mother to eat, and there is something left yet.' 'How wretchedly they must live!' thought I, 'when, out of this trifle, they can pay for medicines and a month's rent, and buy food for a week!' 'I want you to tell me exactly how much there is left,' I continued. 'Sir!' was her reply, as she drew back a step. 'My good girl, you do not, or you will not, understand me. I ask you seriously what you expect to do when this little sum is gone. Have you any prospect of assistance?'— 'No, none,' was the sad answer. 'Think of your mother, and do not reject my aid,' I added. I offered her my hand, and she pressed it to her heart gratefully. 'Come with me, then,' said I. 'I do not come straight from home, and am, unluckily, without money: be good enough to go a little way with me, and I will give you something for your mother.' She went with me in silence; and, though I was pleased with the thought of having her with me, I felt almost hurt that she should go with me so readily, by night,



to a gentleman's lodgings: but it was not so. After walking a few hundred paces, she drew her arm out of mine. 'No, no, I must not, I cannot,' she cried, bursting into tears. 'Why not? what is the matter?' asked I. 'I will not go farther: I cannot go with you.'—'Upon my word,' I cried with some anger, 'you really have very little confidence in me: if it was not for your mother, I would quit you at once, for you insult me.' She took my hand, and pressed it fervently. 'Have I offended you? God knows I did not mean it. Pardon a poor ignorant girl. You are so generous! how could I think of offending you?'—'Come along, then,' I rejoined, 'we have no time to lose; it is late, and we are a good way off.' But she stopped short, and said, 'No, nothing shall tempt me to go farther.'—'What are you afraid of? There is no one here: you may go with me in safety.' But she only repeated, 'I beg you, for God's sake, to leave me!' I knew very well, that, if I painted her mother's need in lively colors, she would go with me; but I was moved at her suffering. 'Well, then, stay,' I told her; 'but stop, do you understand needlework?'

"'Oh, yes, sir!' she said, drying her tears.

"'Here is a white handkerchief; can you hem and mark a half-dozen such for me?'

"She looked at it, and answered, 'With pleasure, sir, and do it neatly too.'

"To my mortification, I had to produce money, though I had pretended to have none about me.

"Here, buy six of them. Can you have three ready by next Sunday?' She promised to do it, and I gave her something more for her mother. She thanked me warmly, and seemed to be pleased that I had given her work; for she kept chattering on about how neatly she would do the handkerchiefs. And once she asked me if I would have a border *à l'Anglaise*. I said yes to every thing, but held her fast as she was leaving me. 'There is something else you must do to oblige me: you can do it, and that easily,' I remarked.

"'And, pray, what is it? I will gladly do any thing for you,' was her answer.

"'Let me, then, lift that envious veil, and see your face, that I may have some recollection of this night.'

“ She slipped aside, and only held her veil tighter. ‘ Do not, I beg of you ! ’ she said, seeming to struggle with herself at the time. ‘ You have the sweet remembrance of your bounty : my mother strictly forbade me to lift my veil, and, besides, I assure you I am as ugly as darkness itself. I would only frighten you ! ’

“ Her resistance only roused my curiosity still more. A really ugly woman, I thought, would never say so of herself. I tried to catch her veil ; but she slipped away like an eel, crying, ‘ *Dimanche à revoir,* ’ and was gone. She stopped some fifty yards off, waved my white handkerchief, and said, ‘ Good-night, ’ in her silvery voice.”

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“ The next week I busied myself in thinking what the girl’s rank in life could be. The more I dwelt on her choice language and delicate feelings, the higher I was inclined to place her. I determined to ascertain that point at any rate, and not be put off again so easily as in the matter of the veil. The Sunday came ; and you may remember that afternoon, Faldner, which we spent at Montmorenci. You wanted to stay late, and I urged you to go home early, and, finally, went off without you. You did not believe the excuse I gave, that I could not bear the night-air ; but you did not dream of a rendezvous with the beggar-girl of the *Pont-des-Arts*, — and how could you ? She was the first on the ground this time ; and, as she had the handkerchiefs to give me, she was beginning to fear I had missed her. She kept talking on with almost childlike delight, and, as I fancied, with more confidence than before, while showing me her work by the light of a street-lamp. She seemed delighted to hear me praise her needlework.

“ ‘ See, ’ said she, ‘ I have worked in your name, too, ’ pointing to E. V. F. beautifully embroidered in the corner. She wanted to give me back a handful of silver, and nothing but my declaring that I should feel insulted by her doing so induced her to take it again. I ordered something else, as I saw that this way of giving charity was most agreeable to

her feelings. Her mother was not worse, though still confined to her bed. When we had disposed of this subject, I asked her directly what was her family and condition. Her story, which was told in a few words, is so common a one in France, that I suppose it is the burden of every beggar's petition. Her father was an officer in the *grande armée*, who had been put upon half-pay after the restoration, had joined the emperor in the hundred days, and fallen with the guard at Waterloo. His widow lost his pension, and lived afterwards poorly and wretchedly. For two years, they had subsisted on the remains of their little property, and had just reached that lowest degree of misery, when no resource remains but to quit the world at once. I asked her if she could not have assisted her mother in some other way.

“‘You mean by going out to service?’ inquired she without the least embarrassment. ‘Certainly; but I could not do it. Before my mother fell sick, I was too young, hardly fourteen; and, when she got so bad that she could not leave her bed, I had to remain with her. If she had continued well, I would gladly have forgotten our former situation, and would have gone to a milliner's, or got a situation as governess, for I have been well educated, sir: but it could not be.’

“I again begged her to raise her veil, but in vain. The allusion she made to her age rendered me, I will confess, still more anxious to see her face. She could not be much over sixteen; but she begged me so earnestly to excuse her; she said her mother had given her such good reasons for avoiding it that it could not be. After this, we used to meet twice a week. I had always some work for her, and she was always ready with it at the appointed time. The more closely I adhered to the department I had always showed towards her, the more distant and respectful I was, the more frank and confiding did she become. She even confessed to me, that, when at home, she was always thinking of our next meeting; and did not I do the same? Day and night I thought only of this singular creature, whose refined taste, amiable softness, and peculiar situation, made her every day more interesting to me. Meantime, spring had arrived, and, with it, the time at which I had promised Faldner to join him in a trip to

England. Many may think what I say silly ; but it is the fact, that I thought of our journey with reluctance. Paris had nothing to interest me longer ; but the beggar-girl had so captivated my senses, that I looked forward with sorrow to our separation. I could not avoid going without making myself a laughing-stock ; for no other sufficient reason for putting off our excursion could be devised. I was ashamed of myself, too, and reproached myself with my own folly. I determined to go ; but certainly no one ever took so little pleasure in seeing England as I did."

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"I told her of my intention a week beforehand : she trembled and wept. I told her to ask her mother for permission to visit her, and she gave it. The next time, however, she told me, with great concern, that her mother begged me to give up the idea, as a visit, in her present frame of mind, would overcome her. I thought of it only as a means of seeing my fair one by daylight, and unveiled ; so I requested this favor again. She wished me to come again before going away, and promised to obtain her mother's permission. I shall never forget that evening. She came, and my first question was, whether she had agreed to it : she said yes, and raised her veil herself. The moon shone bright, and I looked under her hat with trembling eagerness. It seemed, however, that the permission to unveil was only a partial one ; for she wore what is called a Venetian mask, which hides the upper part of the face. But how beautiful, how finished, were the features that I saw ! A small, delicate nose, blooming cheeks, a lovely mouth, a perfect chin, and a graceful, dazzling white neck. As to her eyes, I could not satisfy myself ; but I fancied they were dark and fiery. She blushed, as I gazed long and transportedly at her. 'Do not be angry with me, sir,' said she, 'for wearing this half-mask : my mother would not allow it at all at first, and, after all, it was only on this condition. I felt provoked at it myself ; but she gave me good reasons for it, and I saw the force of them.'

"And, pray, what were her reasons ?' I asked.

“ Oh, sir ! ’ cried she mournfully, ‘ you will live forever in our hearts ; but you must forget us, nevertheless : you must never, never see me again, or, if you do, must not recognize me ! ’

“ Do you suppose, then, that I shall not recollect these fine features, even if I should not see your eyes or forehead ? ’

“ My mother thinks you will not, ’ was her answer : ‘ she says it is very hard to remember a face that we have only seen half of. ’

“ And why must I not see you, not recognize you ? ”

“ She wept again, and clasped my hand, as she replied, ‘ It must not be ! You will not care about ever meeting the poor beggar-girl again ; and — No, my mother was right : it is better thus ! ’

“ I told her that my journey would be a short one ; that I should probably be back in Paris in two months, and that I hoped to meet her again. She only wept more bitterly, and shook her head. I asked why she doubted it.

“ I feel that this is the last time I shall ever see you, ’ she told me. ‘ I do not think my mother will live long (our physician told me so yesterday), and then all is over ! And even if she should live, when you go to London, you’ll soon forget such a poor, wretched creature as I am. ’ Her grief affected me deeply. I tried to console her : I promised solemnly that I never would forget her. I made her promise to be in the same place on the 1st and 15th of every month to meet me. She promised it, smiling through her tears, as if she felt little hope of it. ‘ Farewell, then, till we meet again, ’ I said, as I clasped her in my arms, and put a small plain ring on her finger. ‘ Farewell ! think of me sometimes, and do not forget the 1st and 15th. ’

“ How could I forget it ! ’ she answered, looking up to me tearfully. ‘ But I shall never see you again : you are bidding me adieu forever. ’

“ I could not refrain from kissing her soft lips. She blushed, but did not resist. I slipped a bank-note into her hand : she eyed me anxiously, and clung closer to me. ‘ Farewell, till we meet again, ’ I said, as she gently freed herself from my

embrace. The moment of parting seemed to give her courage. She threw her arms around me, and I felt a warm kiss on my lips, as she said passionately, 'Forever; farewell forever!' and disappeared.

"I have never seen her since. After a stay of three months, I returned to Paris; on the 15th, I repaired to the *Place de l'Ecole de Médecine*, and waited there over an hour; but my fair one did not appear. I went there again and again, on the 1st and 15th of every month. Many a time, too, I strode through the *Rue St. Severin*, and looked up to the windows, and inquired for a poor German lady with one daughter; but I never heard of them again; and the sweet girl was right when she bade me farewell 'forever.'"

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Our hero told his tale with a degree of earnestness that added to its effect; and it plainly produced a deep impression, at least on the feminine portion of the company. Josephine wept, and many of the ladies wiped their eyes by stealth. The gentlemen had grown serious, and seemed to listen with much interest; only the baron smiled meaningly, and touched his neighbor's elbow every now and then, and whispered something in his ear. When Froben paused, he broke into a loud laugh. "That's what I call getting cleverly out of the scrape," he cried. "I always said our friend was a deep one. Only see how the ladies are moved! the dog — and my wife there is whining as though the priest had refused her absolution. Capital, upon my word! Truth and fiction! Yes, yes: you have been copying Goethe. Truth and fiction! It's a capital joke!"

Froben felt hurt, and answered, in some displeasure, "I told you at first that I intended to avoid fiction, and tell nothing but the truth; and I hope you will not refuse to believe it such."

"Heaven forbid!" replied the baron laughingly. "The truth is, you made your own arrangement with the girl, and now you have built up a little romance out of your visits to her. But you told the story well; that I won't deny."

The young man's color changed; he noticed that Josephine's eyes were fixed anxiously upon her husband; he thought he saw that she was of Faldner's opinion, and he was unwilling to be deprived of her esteem by this vulgar wit. "I beg you to say no more about it," he went on. "I have never yet had any reason to put a false coloring on any action of mine, and I cannot allow others to do it for me. I tell you, for the last time, on my word, every thing happened just as I have told it."

"Then, Heaven pity you!" answered Faldner, clapping his hands; "for, if so, your exaggerated delicacy and theoretical weakness made you throw away a couple of hundred francs on a cunning street-walker, who took you in with an everyday story about poverty and a sick mother; and you got nothing for it but one poor kiss. Poor devil, to be made such a fool of in Paris!"

This insinuation, and the loud laughter with which it was greeted, provoked our hero still farther. He was about to leave the company in a towering passion, when he was arrested by an unexpected sight. Josephine rose up slowly, pale as a corpse, and seemed about to make some reply to her husband, but sank down lifeless. Everybody sprang up, and ran about in confusion; the ladies assisted her; the gentlemen asked each other how it had happened so suddenly. Froben came near fainting himself, in alarm; and the baron muttered curses upon the weak nerves of women, and their fastidious delicacy, that makes them faint so easily: all was confusion. Josephine came to herself in a few minutes. She wished to retire to her room; and all the ladies crowded after her, all busy, and all curious. A hundred remedies were proposed, all of which had been found specifics in cases of fainting, and, finally, it was unanimously resolved, that the baroness's great exertions to entertain her guests, and the cares of her household, had produced the unpleasant accident, aided, perhaps, by the embarrassments she must have felt at the very improper language her husband had allowed himself to use.

The baron was busy, in the mean time, in bringing back the company to order. He pledged his guests, and endeavored to quiet their apprehensions by all the arguments he

could devise. "It's nothing but a new-fangled notion," said he. "Every lady of rank has weak nerves; and, if she has not, she fears she will be taken for ill-bred: this fainting away is the fashion. Another notion is, that we must never call any thing by its right name: every thing must be so delicate, devout, lady-like, and propriety-fied, that it is enough to drive a man mad. She is angry now, because I indulged in an innocent jest; because I did not melt away in sympathy at this most tender and affecting story, but, instead, ventured to throw out a few practical suggestions. Why, there's no harm in such things among ourselves! And as for you, friend Froben, I thought you were too sensible a man to take offence so easily."

The person he addressed had disappeared, and repaired to his chamber, out of humor with himself and with the world. He was at a loss how to account for what happened; and his mind, half indignant at his friend's coarseness, half alarmed at Josephine's accident, was too much moved to admit of calm reflection. "Will not *she* believe me?" he thought to himself. "Will she give more weight to her husband's sneers than to the plain, unadorned truth with which I told my story? What meant the strange glances she cast upon me while I was speaking? How could this adventure affect her so deeply as to make her turn pale and tremble? Does she really respect me? and was she offended at his rudeness, which must have lowered me so much in her eyes? And what did she mean to say when she rose? to check Faldner's vulgarity? or to defend me, even?" He paced up and down his room as he thought thus, and his eyes fell upon the engraving of his beloved picture. He unrolled it, and eyed it with a bitter smile. "And how could I let a feeling of shame induce me to open my heart to beings who understand nothing about matters of which the fashionable world is ignorant! vice and meanness seem to them more proper, more natural, than unusual virtue. How could I forget myself so far as to speak of those lips and cheeks to stocks and stones! Poor, poor girl! how far nobler art thou in thy low estate than these butterflies, who know real suffering and honest poverty only from report, and who treat as a fable every virtue that rises



above their own level! Where art thou now? and dost thou think of thy friend, and those evenings that made him so happy?" These thoughts changed the current of his feelings, and grief took the place of anger.

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The next morning, Froben turned over in his mind the events of the day before, and was debating with himself whether or not he should leave the house, when his door opened, and the baron entered, crestfallen and ashamed. "You did not come to table last night, nor this morning," he began. "You are angry; but be reasonable, and pardon me. I had drunk too much wine, and you know my weakness when I am heated: I cannot forbear joking. I have been punished enough already, in having my fête end so, and making me the talk of the neighborhood for a month to come. Don't make me more miserable; let us be friendly as before."

"Let the affair rest," said Froben gloomily, as he offered him his hand. "I do not like to discuss such subjects; but to-morrow I must leave you: I cannot stay here longer."

"Don't be such a fool," said Faldner, who had not expected this, "to be off for such a trifle. But I always said you were a hot-headed fellow. No, you can't go; you know you must wait, at any rate, till we get an answer from the Don. As for our friends, you need not be uneasy; for they all gave me a famous scolding, especially the women, and said you were right, and I was to blame for all."

"How is the baroness?" asked Froben, to change the subject.

"Oh! perfectly well; she was only a little frightened for fear of some difficulty between us: she is waiting breakfast for you. Come down, and be reasonable. I must be off to the mill. It's all forgotten, is it not?"

"Certainly, only let us drop the subject," was his answer. And he followed the baron, who, full of pleasure at their speedy reconciliation, informed his lady of what had passed, and hastened to the mill. To Froben, it seemed that every

thing was changed; perhaps the change was in himself only. Josephine's features, her whole deportment, seemed different. A settled melancholy, a tender sorrow, seemed to have settled upon her features; yet her smile, as she welcomed him, was sweet and kind. She ascribed her illness of the day before to over-exertion, and seemed to wish to avoid the subject. But Froben, who set so high a value on her good opinion, could not consent to her refraining from all allusion to his story; and he told her, "I cannot suffer you to elude me so, baroness. I think little of the opinions of others. What do I care if they choose to measure me by their own standard! But, really, I should be deeply grieved if you should come to a false conclusion, or even entertain, for a moment, opinions which must lower me greatly in your esteem. I beg of you, tell me honestly what you think of me and of my story."

She eyed him for some time. Her fine eyes filled with tears, as she took his hand, and replied, "What I think of it, Froben? If the whole world should doubt it, *I*, at least, know that you have spoken the truth. You are not aware how well I know you!"

His color rose with pleasure as he kissed her hand. "How good it is in you not to misunderstand me," was his answer. "And, indeed, every word I said was the exact truth."

"And this girl," she continued, — "is it she of whom you were speaking lately? Don't you remember when we were talking of Jean Paul's Clotilda, and you owned to me that you were in love, and without hope? Is it she?"

"It is," he answered gloomily. "No, you must not laugh at this folly: you can feel too deeply to think it ridiculous. I know how much may be said against this fancy. I have often blamed myself as a fool, a dreamer chasing a shadow. I do not even know whether she loves me in return."

"She does!" cried Josephine involuntarily; but, blushing at what she said, she added, "she must love you. Believe me, such noble conduct must have made a deep impression on the heart of a girl of sixteen; and in all her language, as you have told it, there lurks, unless I am greatly mistaken, a very considerable degree of love."

Our hero listened to her words with delight. "How often

I have said so to myself, when I was without hope, and looked back sadly to the past!" he rejoined. "But to what purpose? Only to make myself more unhappy. I have often struggled with myself, have often sought to distract myself in the crowd, to occupy my mind with a press of business. That fair, unhappy figure, always hovered before my eyes; and to see her once more was all I craved. I desire it still. I may confess it to you; for you can understand and respect my feelings; and I set out on a journey only because my longing desire to search for her and to look upon her drove me from home. And, when I reflect upon it, it sometimes seems to me as if she might yet be mine. You turn away your head. Oh, I understand. You think I ought not to marry any one who was sunk so low in poverty; of such doubtful descent: you are thinking of the opinions of the world, and I have often thought over it myself; but so true as I live, if I were to find her again such as I left her, I would take counsel only of my heart. Would you censure me severely for doing so?"

She did not answer: her head was turned aside, and rested on her hand. Without moving, she handed him a book, and asked him to read for her. He took it, looking at her inquiringly; for the first time he could not understand her behavior: but she made a sign to him to read, and he obeyed, though he would rather have poured out the fulness of his heart still further. He read at first without attention; but, after a while, the subject attracted him, and drew his thoughts more and more away from their conversation, and, finally, so engrossed him, that he did not observe that the baroness turned upon him a look of sadness; that her glances were fixed tenderly upon him; and that her eyes often filled with tears, which it was not easy to repress. By the time he had done, Josephine had recovered herself so far, that she could talk composedly about the author; but he still fancied that her voice trembled at times, and the kind familiarity with which she had always treated her husband's friend had disappeared: and he would have felt unhappy, except that the warm feelings expressed in her eyes made him doubt the accuracy of his observation.

As the baron was not expected till evening, and his lady had retired to her apartments, Froben resolved to sleep away the sultry noonday heat till dinner-time. He threw himself down on a mossy bank in the arbor, which the many pleasing hours he had spent there with his amiable hostess had endeared to him, and was soon asleep. He had left his cares behind; they did not pursue him into the land of dreams. Pleasant recollections only came, and mingled and shaped themselves into new and bright images. The young girl of the *Rue St. Severin* hovered before him with her sweet voice, and began to talk of her mother: he scolded her for staying away so long, as he had never failed to look for her on the 1st and 15th of every month. He tried to steal a kiss to punish her; she resisted: he raised her veil, and saw Don Pedro, dressed in his love's clothes, and Diego his servant, ready to burst with laughing at the trick. Then fancy, at one bold leap, placed him in the picture-gallery in Stutgard. The paintings had been differently arranged. He looked through all the rooms for his favorite portrait, but in vain: it was not to be found. He began to weep, and to complain loudly, when the attendant came up, and asked him to be quiet, and not wake the pictures, as they were all asleep just then. All at once he saw it hanging in a corner, not as before a half-length, but large as life: it looked mischievously at him, then stepped out of the frame, and embraced its bewildered adorer; he felt a long, warm kiss on his lips. It sometimes happens, when we are dreaming, that we think we awake, and say to ourselves it was all a dream: and so it was with him. He thought that the kiss wakened him, and that he opened his eyes, and, lo! a blooming face, that seemed a well-known one, bent over him. He closed his eyes again, faint with the delicious feeling of the warm breath, the sweet kisses that he drank in; he heard a noise; he opened his eyes again, and he saw a figure in a black hat and cloak, with a green veil, flit away. As she turned a corner, she looked round at him again: it was the features of his beloved, and she wore the same envious mask. "Ah, it's only a dream!" he said, laughing at himself, and tried to shut his eyes again; but the consciousness of being awake, the rustling of the leaves in the wind,

and the plashing of the fountains, were so plain, that he was soon fully aroused. The strange and well-defined shape of his dream stood life-like before his mind: he looked towards the corner round which she vanished, towards the spot where she stood and bent over him; and he thought he yet felt her kisses on his lips. "Has it come to this, then," he thought, not without alarm, "that I dream by day, and think I see her before me? To what madness will this lead? No: I never should have believed that any one could dream so vividly. It is a sickness of the brain, a fever of the fancy; and I am almost disposed to believe that dreams can leave footprints behind them, for those in the sand here are not the marks of my foot." His glance fell on the bench where he had lain, and he saw a folded paper: he took it up in great surprise. There was no direction: it was folded like a billet-doux. He debated a moment whether to open it or not; but curiosity prevailed: he opened it, and — a ring fell out. He held it in his hand while he ran over the letter hastily. "Often am I near thee, my noble benefactor; often am I near thee, filled with that inexpressible love which gratitude inspires, and which will end only with life. I know thy noble heart beats for me alone. Thou hast wandered through distant countries to meet me, but in vain; forget an unhappy creature; for what avails it? There is happiness in the thought of being thine, and thine only; but it cannot be. Forever, was the word I said, even then! I love, indeed; but fate condemns us to live asunder: only in your memory is she allowed to live as The Beggar-girl of the Pont-des-Arts."

Our hero a second time fancied he was dreaming; he looked round inquiringly, but the well-known objects around him — the arbor, the trees, the distant castle — were all in their places, and he saw that he was really awake. And the letter was there, — a real epistle, and no creation of fancy. "Perhaps some one is playing me a trick," he thought: "it must be so; it is Josephine's work, and the figure I saw was only a masquerade." He felt the ring lying in his hand, and turned pale as he examined it. No, *here* was no trick: it was the self-same ring he gave his beloved when he bade her farewell forever. Though at first tempted to indulge in supersti-

tious feelings, the idea that finally gained the mastery was that this token of his mistress indicated that she must be near at hand. The idea was rapture : he would not allow himself to doubt ; he would see her, and that soon. He pressed the ring to his lips, and rushed out of the arbor. His glances wandered in every direction in hopes of seeing her. But he looked in vain. He asked the workmen in the garden, the servants in the castle, whether they had seen any strange lady. They had seen no one. He sat down to table in perfect bewilderment. It was in vain that Faldner sought to learn the cause of his embarrassment ; that the baroness asked whether it was the scene of yesterday that disturbed him ; his only answer was, "that something had happened which he should certainly call a miracle if his reason did not overcome his superstitious feelings."

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This strange occurrence, and the language of the note, which he read over ten times a day, made him very thoughtful. He began to consider whether it was possible for heavenly beings to mingle among men. He had often laughed at the enthusiasts who believe in appearances and messages from another world, and divine spirits that wait on man, as firmly as they do in the gospel. He had often proved the physical impossibility of such apparitions ; but what was he to think now ? He determined to forget it all, and the very next moment wearied himself with efforts to render the recollection still more vivid. The next day, it happened again that Josephine was too busy in household affairs to entertain him, and he repaired to the well-known arbor. He read ; and, as he did so, the thought that perhaps she might appear again distracted his attention. The mid-day heat was exhausting : he tried to keep himself awake ; he read with more zeal and exertion ; but his head gradually fell back, the book dropped from his hands, and he fell asleep.

He awoke at about the same hour as on the day before, but no green-veiled figure was in sight. He laughed at himself for having expected her, and rose up sad and discontented to

return to the castle. All at once he saw a white handkerchief lying near him, which he did not remember to have placed there. He looked at it, and was sure it was his, for it was marked with his initials. "How did this get here?" he asked himself in amazement, as he saw that it was one of the handkerchiefs which his beloved had hemmed for him, and which he always kept as sacredly as if they had been holy relics. "Is this another token?" thought he, as he opened it in the hope of finding another *billet-doux*. He was disappointed; but he noticed something embroidered in one of the corners, and, on examining it, he read the word, "Forever!" "She has been here, then!" he exclaimed, "and I have slept through it all like a sluggard! Why this new token? Why repeat those sad words which have made me so unhappy already?" He again asked all the servants if they had seen any stranger in the garden. They all said no; and the old gardener added, that no one had been in the garden for three hours but her ladyship. "And how was she dressed?" asked Froben in great surprise. "Oh, sir, that's more than I can tell you," was the answer. "She is always dressed like a lady; but what she wore I can't tell you, by the same token, as she passed, she nodded in her friendly way, and said, 'Good-day, Jacob.'" Our hero took him aside. "I entreat you to tell me," he whispered, "did she wear a green veil? Had she large black goggles?" The old man looked at him suspiciously, and shook his head. "Black goggles! her ladyship wear black goggles! Why, how can you say so? Her eyes are as clear and sharp as a chamois', and she to wear black goggles like the old women at church! No, no, sir: you must not let such foolish ideas get into your brain; and excuse me, sir, but the sun is so hot I think you had better put on a hat, for fear of a stroke of the sun." So said the old gardener, and walked away, touching his forehead with his forefinger, to hint to the other servants that he was afraid there was something wrong in the young gentleman's upper story.

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The only way Froben could account for this mysterious proceeding was that it was unaccountable. And this strange

way of sporting with his affections and his honor occupied him so much that he did not see many things which otherwise would hardly have escaped his notice. Josephine's eyes were red when they met at table. The baron was cross and silent, and seemed to be obliged to give vent to the ill-humor which clouded his brow and eye, by an occasional curse at his wife's bad cookery and worse housekeeping. She made no answer. Sometimes she cast a glance at Froben, as though imploring his assistance or consolation. Alas! she did not notice that her husband watched those looks, and that they made the red spot on his cheek grow deeper. As for Froben, he thought it nothing unusual, and did not even take the trouble to ask the baroness the reason of her husband's ill-humor; nor did he think it strange that she grew more reserved in Faldner's presence; and when his friend forced him to accompany him on his visits to his farms, and spend the whole day with him in measuring, viewing, and calculating, he only ascribed it to his restless activity. One day, however, he was a little surprised at his behavior. Faldner was waiting for him to ride out, booted and spurred. He feigned slight illness as an excuse, and, on his adding, unsuspectingly, "Besides, you know I must stay and read to your wife sometimes," the baron cried out in high anger, "No, I will not have any more reading. Every thing is going wrong already without that. I don't want to have her head filled with such romantic notions as I've seen a sample of lately. Read to yourself, my dear fellow, and excuse me if I dispose of my wife otherwise. Go down into the garden, Josephine: there are some vegetables to be got ready for dinner; and afterwards be good enough to go to the clergyman's; you have owed them a visit this long time." Saying this, he took up his whip, and walked away. "What does this mean? what is the matter with him to-day?" Froben asked, in astonishment, seeing that Josephine had hard work to keep from sobbing. "Oh, he is always so," was her answer. "Your visit made a little difference at first, but he is now himself again." "But, for heaven's sake!" cried Froben, "send one of your servants into the garden." "I must not," she answered decidedly; "I must see to it myself." "And the visit to the clergyman's?" "You have



heard that I *must* pay it; let us say no more about it. But yourself seemed changed within these few days; you are not so cheerful as you were. Do you find it disagreeable here? Has either my husband or myself done any thing that is unpleasant?"

Froben was confused. He was on the point of telling her his strange adventure in the garden, but the idea of exposing his weakness to her restrained him. "I received letters from —— lately; and, if my humor seems changed, they are the cause," was his answer. She looked at him doubtfully: a reply seemed to hover upon her lips; but it seemed as if she was hurt at the want of confidence his looks expressed, and she suppressed it. She rang for her maid, and descended to the garden without inviting him to accompany her.

Some hours later, he walked into the garden, and, on asking for the baroness, was told that she had gone to the clergyman's. He hastened to the arbor, and sat down with a beating heart. He was determined to keep awake this time. "I will see," said he, "whether this being that hovers round my steps so strangely will bring me a third token. I will pretend to sleep; and, by my life, if it comes again, I will find out what it is!" He read till noon, then lay down upon the seat, and closed his eyes. He was more than once nearly overpowered by sleep; but expectation, uneasiness, and his firm resolution to shake off the heavy dew of slumber, kept him awake. He had lain so for perhaps half an hour, when the shrubbery rustled. He half opened his eyes, and saw how two white hands parted the branches gently, so as to get a view of the sleeper. Then light, light steps were pressed upon the gravel. He looked by stealth at the entrance of the arbor; and his heart was ready to burst with impatient joy, when he saw his beloved in her black cloak and hat, the green veil thrown back, and the black half mask before the upper part of her sweet face.

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She approached on tiptoe. He saw that a deeper glow tinged her cheeks as she drew nearer. She eyed the sleeper fixedly, sighed deeply, and seemed to wipe away a tear.

Then she came up to him, bent down, — her breath was upon his lips, — she bent yet lower, and her mouth rested upon his as gently as the rosy morning alights upon the hill.

He could not restrain himself longer. He threw his arms around her, and she sank upon her knees with a short cry of terror. He sprang up in great alarm, supposing that she had fainted; but it was not so. Filled with delight at finding her again, he raised her up, and drew her to a seat beside him. He covered her face with glowing kisses; he clasped her closer and closer. "No: this is no vision of fancy. I hold thee in my arms as I once did. I love thee as I did then, and am happy; for thou lovest me too." Her cheeks were crimson. She made no answer, but tried to free herself from his embrace. "No: this time I will not let you go," he cried. "I will hold you fast this time, and no power on earth shall tear me from you. Come, away with this envious mask. I will see the whole of that lovely face. Ah! I have often beheld it in my dreams." She seemed to wish to resist; she drew her breath heavily, and struggled with him; but our hero's ecstasy of delight at this unexpected discovery soon made him the conqueror. He held her arms with one hand, with the other he threw back her hat, untied the mask, and saw — his friend's wife. "Josephine!" he cried in despair, as though an abyss opened before him. She sat beside him pale, stupefied, and speechless, and only said with a sad smile, "Yes, Josephine." "Have *you* been trifling with me so?" he asked; and all his hopes and his happiness vanished. "You might have spared me this masquerade. But," as a new idea flashed upon him, "tell me, for Heaven's sake, where did you get this ring, this handkerchief?"

She blushed, wept, and hid her face. "This will not do: I must have an answer." He went on, "The ring and handkerchief are mine. How did they come into your hands?"

"From thee!" was all she whispered. A new light came upon him; it almost dazzled him: but he embraced her, and gazed at her with looks of love and wonder. "You, you are she; and it is no dream!" he exclaimed. "Did I hear aright? Did you say that you were my beloved girl? O heavens! what a cloud was upon my eyes! Yes, these are her cheeks,

this her mouth; and this is not the first time I have kissed it!" She looked at him with loving eyes. "What would have become of me without you, noble-hearted man!" she went on; and the light of her eyes was quenched in tears. "I bring you the blessing of my dying mother. You made her last days quiet, and relieved her from the load of misery that lay so heavy on her. How can I ever thank you? what would I have been without you? But," and she hid her face in her hands, "what *am* I now? The wife of another, the wife of thy friend!" He saw that her bosom heaved with grief, and streams of tears flowed through her fingers. He felt how deeply she must love him, and he never thought of reproaching her for having given herself to another. "It is so," said he gloomily, drawing her closer, as though he feared to lose her, — "it is so; let us think that it must be so, otherwise we should have been too happy. But in this minute you are wholly mine. Fancy that you are once more coming across the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine, and that I am waiting for you. Oh, come! embrace me as you did then! Oh, embrace me for once, only once!" She hung upon his neck, lost in recollection. The remembrance of the present gradually melted away; bright and cheering thoughts rose up; a sweet smile played upon her lips, and dimpled her cheeks. "And did you not know me?" she asked. "And did you not know me?" he asked in return. "Ah!" she said, "I watched your features closely, and thought they were printed on my heart; yet I did not know you. Perhaps it was because I only saw you at night, always wrapped in a cloak, with your hat pulled over your eyes. The first night you came, when you called to Faldner, 'Farewell till we meet again,' I thought I knew the tone; but I laughed at myself for my folly. But, the moment you named the *Pont-des-Arts*, I saw that your face brightened, and I felt that it was you. That you did not recognize me is not wonderful: I have grown very pale since then; have I not?"

"Josephine! where were my senses, where was mine eye, mine ear, that I did not know you? The first time we met, a pleasing alarm seized me, you were so like the portrait which chance led me to love, because it was so like you. But the

discovery of your mother's family led me astray. I beheld in you only the daughter of the lovely Doña Laura de Tortosi, and my spirit wandered far away in search of yourself."

"O heavens!" she cried, "is it true, is it possible? Can you love me still?" — "Can I not. — but must I, ought I?" was his sad answer. "You are the Baroness von Faldner; tell me, tell me how this happened. Could you not wait a little while for me?"

She dried her tears, and made an effort to compose herself before she answered him thus: "It seemed as though ill fortune had contrived every thing so as to make me as unhappy as possible. When you left us, I had no friend. From the very first moment, when you asked your companion for money in our dear mother-tongue, my heart was yours; and, when you supplied our wants with such nobleness of mind and delicacy, I wanted to clasp you to my heart, and to confess that I worshipped you almost as a being of a higher order. When you left us, I wept bitterly, for a painful foreboding told me that we should never meet again. My mother died suddenly a week afterwards. The money you gave us enabled me to pay for her interment, and to discharge our little debts. A lady, the Countess Landskrau, who lived in the neighborhood, heard of us, and sent for me. She examined me as to my education, looked carefully at my mother's papers, and seemed satisfied. I became her companion, and we left Paris. I will not tell you how my heart bled at the idea. In a fortnight you would return, and I would have had a chance of seeing you again. It was not to be, Edward: I never heard of you afterwards. I did not even know your name, and thought you must have long since forgotten the beggar-girl. I lived on the bounty of strangers. I had to endure many mortifications. When the countess came to live here, and Faldner paid court to me; when I saw that the countess innocently regarded it as an excellent match, that she was very probably tired of me, — I had been happy only once in my life, and could not hope ever to be so again, — every thing else was indifferent to me, and I became his wife."

"Poor creature! Why, with your tender heart, your deli-

cate sensibilities, your many claims to a more dignified station at least, — why were you fated to be *his* wife? But so it is; and I cannot, must not, remain here a single day longer. Rough as he is, I have once called him friend. I am now his guest; and, even if this was not, we can never be happy.”

He spoke in deep sorrow, and he kissed her eyes only to avoid being yet more unmanned by the grief he read in them.

“Oh, stay but one day!” she whispered. “I have but just found you, and yet you want to leave me. When you are gone, the door of happiness is closed to me forever; and I want a few recollections to live upon in the wide desert in which my lot is cast.”

“I will confess every thing to Faldner,” cried Froben. “He will cast you off, and then I may claim you. My house is not so finely situated as his castle; you can take in all my estate from its roof; but within my domains you shall be queen, and I your first and truest slave.”

She only shook her head. “Such are your doctrines. I was brought up and married in the holy Catholic Church, and nothing but death can ever make me free. How often our wishes are at variance with our duty!”

“Farewell, then, forever,” he added gloomily; “but till to-morrow, and then forever!”

“Forever,” she whispered, and clung to his breast.

“What, do I find you here, miserable strumpet?” cried at this moment a third person, who stood near them. Both sprang up in terror. Before them, trembling and gnashing his teeth with rage, stood the baron, holding in one hand a paper, in the other a whip, which he was about to let fall on the fair shoulders of his unhappy wife. Froben interposed, took the whip from him, and flung it away, saying, “I beg of you not to make a scene here. Your people are in the garden, and such violence would only disgrace you and your house.”

“What!” cried Faldner, “is not my house enough disgraced already by this wretched creature, — this beggar that I have entertained in it? Do you suppose I don’t know your handwriting?” he asked, showing her the paper. “Here is a sweet letter to the gay gallant, the hero of the romance. So

I was fated to marry a lady who had first been under your care; and, when you are tired of her, honest Faldner is at hand to make her her ladyship; then, some six months after or so, the first friend comes, by mere accident, on a visit, just to renew an old acquaintance. As to that, *you* shall answer me, villain! As for this pauper, she may take her plate and lantern, and go back to the *Pont-des-Arts*, or live on your wages. My servants shall horsewhip her out of the castle!"

The man of breeding has, at such times, a decided advantage over a vulgar adversary, whose anger makes him lose reason and self-command, and consequently bewilders. One glance at Josephine, who lay pale and trembling on the mossy bank, told Froben what was to be done. He gave her his arm, and led her to the castle. The baron eyed them with rage: he was on the point of calling his servants to execute his threat, but was kept back by the fear of making his disgrace still more public. He hurried up to the parlor, where he found Josephine lying in tears on the sofa, hiding her face in the pillow, and Froben standing silently at a window. He ran around the room in fury; he cursed himself for having married such a creature. "If there is any law left in the country, I will be rid of her!" he cried: "she has given me false certificates: the pauper represented herself to be of noble birth; the marriage is null and void!"

"That is certainly the best thing you can do," rejoined Froben, "if you only set about it in the right way."

"Ha, sir!" roared the baron, "are you laughing at me, after bringing on me this disgrace? Come along: we don't need a court of law to separate us; that can be done in a moment; come along!"

Josephine, understanding what he meant, sprang up: she flung herself at his feet, and begged him to punish her alone. She assured him that Froben was innocent; she confessed that she had written the letter, and declared that he had not discovered who she was till that morning. Our hero interrupted her, and led her back to the sofa. "Before taking such a step as you hint at, I generally make my arrangements, and I advise you to do the same," he said coolly. "First of all, the baroness must leave the castle, for I will not suffer her to

remain here when I am not present to protect her from your ill-treatment."

"You act as if you felt yourself at home," replied the baron ironically; "but I had nearly forgotten madam was once your property. Where shall we take the sweet creature, then? To the poor-house, to a hospital, or to the next hedge, to follow her trade?"

Froben did not answer him; turning to Josephine, he asked, "Does the countess still live in the neighborhood? Cannot you find a home there for a few days?"

"I will go to her," she murmured.

"Very well. Faldner will have the goodness to send you there, and you can remain till Faldner finds out how unjust he has been towards us?"

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Josephine went to the countess's. Froben advised her to make her visit a short one, promising to inform her of her husband's movements, and to persuade him, if possible, to a reconciliation. "No!" she cried passionately, "within these walls I will never appear again. I turn my back upon them forever. Believe me, a woman can bear much; and I have been very patient; but to-day he has insulted me too deeply to be forgotten. Even if I have to go back to the *Pont-des-Arts*, to beg for a couple of sous, I would rather do it than submit to such insults from such a man. My father was a gallant soldier and esteemed officer of the empire, and his daughter cannot stoop to be Faldner's maid-servant."

Froben began packing up when she left, and was busy writing a letter or two when Faldner entered his room. He was surprised to see his host, and expected a new burst of passion. But it was not so: he only said, "The more I read this unlucky letter, which I found in your room this forenoon, the more am I convinced that you are not to blame in this wretched affair; that is, that you did not know the person: that I found my wife in your arms, I freely forgive you, for that woman ceased to belong to me the moment she wrote that silly letter."

"I am glad, for the sake of our old friendship," answered Froben, "that you view the matter in this light; and, moreover, it enables me to speak coolly with you. In the first place, I give you my word that neither to-day nor ever before did any thing pass between us which would cast the least reflection on your honor; that she was a poor girl once, that she was compelled to ask for charity" —

"No, no; say at once that she went round begging," cried Faldner, "and strolled about the streets and squares of that wicked Paris by night to earn money. I might have had the honor of her acquaintance then, if I had chosen it; for I was present at the moving scene on the *Pont-des-Arts*. No; even if I could believe what you tell me, I am still disgraced: the Faldner family and a beggar-girl!"

"Her father and mother were of noble birth" —

"Stuff, nonsense! What a fool I was for letting myself be taken in so! I might as well have married the bar-maid at the village alehouse, if she carried a beer-glass in her coat of arms, and brought me false registers!"

"That is a matter of small consequence in my eyes: the main point is, that from the very first you treated her like a servant, and not a wife. She could not love you: you are not suited for each other."

"That is the right word," replied the baron; "we are not suited to each other: the Baron von Faldner and a beggar-girl cannot suit each other. I am very glad now that I followed my own ideas, and always treated her so: it was what she deserved. I always said there was something vulgar about her."

His rudeness irritated our hero; and he was about to make a sharp answer, but checked himself for Josephine's sake. The baron informed him that he meant to bring the whole affair before the civil tribunal, and allege mutual aversion as a reason for divorce. . . . .

. . . . It is true, that, with the different religious faith of the two lovers, neither of them could indulge the hopes of a new union; but Josephine, sad as her future prospects might be, preferred any thing to the disgraceful treatment to which she had been subjected. As for her husband, though a feel-



ing of remorse sometimes attacked him in a solitary hour, he sought diversion in business, and consolation in the thought that nobody was acquainted with the stain his escutcheon had suffered in making a beggar-girl of doubtful character the Baroness von Faldner.

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A few weeks after these events, Froben was walking up and down the bridge at Mentz. While he was lost in thought, a travelling-carriage rolled past him, whose strange appearance attracted general notice. Our hero's eyes were fastened more strongly on the servant upon the box, whose cheerful brown face seemed as familiar to him as the gaudy colors of his livery. As the carriage approached slowly, the servant noticed him in turn, and cried, "Santiago de Compostella! — there he is himself!" He jumped down, opened the coach-door, and out peeped the well-known features of Don Pedro. Our hero hastened to greet him, and the old man embraced him joyfully. "Where is she? where is my Laura's daughter? In the name of the Holy Mary, is she here? — tell me, — tell me at once!" Froben was at a loss what to say: he merely told him that she was then living near the city, and that he should see her the next morning.

Tears of joy stood in the Spaniard's eyes. "How much am I indebted to you, my dear young friend, for giving me news of her!" he cried. "As soon as I could get leave of absence, Diego got the coach ready, and I drove twenty miles a day, so great was my impatience! And is she living happily? does she look like her mother?" Froben avoided answering these questions till he had led Don Pedro to his lodgings. The generous juice of Xeres was produced, Diego handed him a cigar and a light, as usual, and, as soon as he was comfortably settled, our hero began to tell his story. The Spaniard listened with deep interest; to Diego's great vexation, he let his cigar go out, for the first time in twenty years; and, when Froben came to the violent scene between Faldner and his unhappy wife, his southern blood began to boil; he pulled his hat down on his forehead, wrapped his cloak

round the left arm, and cried, with flashing eyes, "Bring me my long rapier, Diego. As true as I am a good Christian and a Spanish cavalier, I will have the wretch's life; I will run him through, if he had a crucifix on his breast; I will make an end of him without the sacrament and without absolution, that I will! My rapier, I say, Diego!" Our hero tried to soothe the old man, exhausted by his own violence, and showed him that this was useless, as Josephine was no longer in her oppressor's power. The next morning they went to the countess. It was a moving sight to look upon, as the old man embraced Josephine's blooming, youthful figure, and eyed every feature closely, till his own stern expression relaxed; and with what deep emotion he kissed her eyes and lips! "Yes, you are my Laura's daughter!" he exclaimed. "You have nothing of your father but his golden hair: in all your features you are a Tortosi! Be henceforth my daughter, my dear child: I am rich; I have no kinsmen; you are nearer and dearer to me than any one else on earth, and no one else has so good a claim to you!" The sidelong glances Josephine sometimes cast at Froben seemed to express some doubt as to this last assertion; but she kissed his hand respectfully, and called him her second father.

The joy of meeting lasted but a short time. Don Pedro related that business called him back to Portugal, and that he did not see why Josephine might not go with him at once. He was so firmly attached to every doctrine of the church that he did not conceive the possibility of Froben's seeking to wed Josephine, the divorced wife of another. (What the views of the lovers may have been as to this point, we have not learned; we only know that Froben sometimes hinted at the propriety of her turning Lutheran, which she declined sadly, but firmly.) Our hero then proposed to her to let Don Pedro depart, and to remain in Germany, promising to remain her friend, if he could not be her husband. This, too, she declined, confessing frankly that she feared her own weakness too much, and that now her misfortunes had made her so proud that she could not bear the idea of lowering herself in the eyes of one whom she esteemed as much as she loved him. She had other and nobler reasons, too. "Why," she thought

to herself, "should he waste the flower of his life in devotion to an unfortunate creature who can never be his? Why should he give up the prospect of domestic happiness, of a family and a home, for my sake? No; time will assuage his grief; and he will one day forget an unhappy woman who will think of him, love him, and pray for him to the last moment of her life."

It seemed, therefore, as though Josephine's prophetic farewell, "forever," was yet to receive its fulfilment. Don Pedro and his newly-found kinswoman left the countess's estate, to take shipping in Holland. Froben, who was kept alive only by the hope of soon joining them in Portugal, accompanied them on their journey; and, when she begged him not to prolong the pain of separation, he entreated her, in return, "only to the sea, and then — farewell!"

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In the month of August, in the same year, an English ship was lying at Ostend, bound for Portugal. About nine o'clock, on a lovely cloudless morning, a shot was fired from the vessel, as a signal for the passengers to embark. A boat came off to the shore, and took away a number, with their baggage. Before it returned, there came down to the beach a party of four persons, evidently of a superior rank to the other passengers. A tall, elderly man stepped majestically in front: he wore a broad-leafed hat, and his cloak hung so gracefully from his shoulders, that one of the sailors swore "if the old fellow wasn't a Spaniard, he'd eat him." After him came a young gentleman, escorting a lady. He looked pale, and seemed trying to conquer his own grief, in order to speak some words of comfort to the lady in hers. Her features were disfigured by weeping, and her lips pressed convulsively together. A hat with waving feathers, a costly dress of heavy silk, with rich chains on neck and bosom, seemed ill-suited for a sea-voyage, and seemed to indicate that she had only come to see the young man off. Behind the pair came a servant, who wore his black hair in a Spanish net, and carried a huge umbrella under his arm.

When they reached the shore, the lady clung to her companion so closely that the feathers she wore hid his face and his tears from the eyes of the spectators. The old man stood a little way off, wrapped in his mantle, and looking at the sea. His eye glistened, either with a tear, or the reflection from the waves. The boat came plashing up; a plank was thrown out; the old man shook his young friend's hand heartily, and walked rapidly over it, followed by Diego. The young people embraced each other again, and the gentleman prepared to lead her to the boat. "Forever!" she whispered, with a melancholy smile. "Forever!" sighed the young man in reply. She stood, by this time, on the plank: the mate, a bluff Englishman, stood ready to receive her, and had already stretched out his broad hand, and was getting ready some well-meant commonplace consolation. Then she turned her dark eye away from the boundless ocean, and it rested on her lover. He stood with outstretched arms on the shore: in his features the rapture of love was mingled with the anguish of parting. Then she seemed as if she could control herself no longer: she sprang to the shore, and in a moment hung upon our hero's neck. "No — I cannot go across the sea!" she cried: "I will stay here; I will do any thing you ask me; I will abandon a faith that prevents my being yours. You are now my country, my kindred, my all: I will stay in Germany!"

"Josephine! my Josephine!" exclaimed Froben, pressing her to his heart in a storm of delight; "*mine*, then, forever! Heaven has inspired you; for, oh! the pain of parting would have killed me." They were close-locked in each other's arms when the Spaniard came on shore to part them. "Come, children," he said, "one leave-taking ought to have contented you; come, Josephine, it's of no use to wait; the ship is going to fire for the last time." — "Let them fire a broadside, if they choose, Don Pedro," cried Froben joyfully: "she stays here — she stays with me." "What do I hear?" rejoined the Spaniard, gravely: "I hope it is not as the cavalier supposes. Will you not follow your kinsman, Josephine?"

"No!" she answered boldly. "As I stood there in the boat, and looked at the ocean that was soon to divide us, a

voice within told me what I ought to do. My mother showed me the way : she followed the man of her heart through the wide world ; she left father and mother. I know what I ought to do. Here stands the man to whom I owe the peace of my mother's last moments, life, honor, every thing ; and shall I leave him ? Greet, for me, the graves of my ancestors in Valencia, Don Pedro, and tell them there is yet one of the Tortosi blood left who values love more than life."

Don Pedro was moved. "Follow your heart, then : perhaps it prompts you better than an old man like me could do. I know that, at least, you will be happy in the arms of this cavalier, and I know the honor of our family is as dear to him as his own. But, Don Frobenio, what will you say to your proud kindred when you present to them this child of misfortune ? Will you have the courage to endure the sneers of the world ?"

"Farewell, Don Pedro," answered our hero, boldly, holding out one hand to the Spaniard, while with the other he clasped his mistress ; "be of good courage, and do not doubt me. I will show her to the world ; and when any one asks, 'Pray, who was she ?' I will reply, with pride, '*The beggar-girl of the Pont-des-Arts !*'"

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### CARPE DIEM.

BY MRS. A. G. WOOLSON.\*

AH Jennie, dear ! 'tis half a year  
 Since we sang late and long, my love,  
 As home o'er dusky fields we came,  
 While Venus lit her tender flame  
 In silent plains above.

I scarcely knew if rain or dew  
 Had made the grass so fresh and sweet ;  
 I only felt the misty gloom  
 Was filled with scent of hidden bloom  
 That bent beneath our feet.

\* Concord, N.H.

In songs we tried our hearts to hide,  
 And each to crush a voiceless pain :  
 With bitter force my love returned,  
 But dared not hope that passion burned  
 Where once it met disdain.

Thus singing still, we reached the hill,  
 And on it faced a breeze of June :  
 White rolled the mist along the lea ;  
 But eastward flashed a throbbing sea  
 Beneath the rising moon.

Your lips apart, as if your heart  
 Had something it would say to mine,  
 I saw you with your dreamy glance  
 Far sent, in some delicious trance,  
 Beyond the silver shine.

The hour supreme, that in my dream  
 Should bring me bliss for aye, was come ;  
 But, though my heart was fit to break,  
 The scornful words that once you spake  
 Smote all its pleadings dumb.

No note or word the silence stirred  
 As we resumed our homeward tread ;  
 Below we heard the cattle browse,  
 And wakeful birds within the boughs  
 Move softly overhead.

The hour was late, when at the gate  
 We lingered ere we spake adieu :  
 Your white hand plucked from near the door  
 A lily's queenly cup, and tore  
 Each waxen leaf in two.

My hope grew bold, and I had told  
 Anew my love, my fate had known ;  
 But then a quick Good-night I heard,  
 A sudden whirring like a bird.  
 And there I stood alone.

Thus love-bereft my heart was left,  
 At swinging of that cruel door ;  
 So shut the gates of Paradise  
 Upon the fools who dare not twice  
 Ask bliss denied before.

Yes, Jennie, dear, 'tis half a year :  
 But all my doubts, my fears, are flown ;  
 For did I not on yesternight  
 Read once again your love aright,  
 And dare proclaim my own ?

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MARY BY THE CROSS.

Jews were wrought to cruel madness ;  
 Christians fled in fear and sadness ;  
 Mary stood the cross beside.

At its foot her foot she planted,  
 By the dreadful scene undaunted,  
 Till the gentle Sufferer died.

Poets oft have sung her story,  
 Painters decked her brow with glory,  
 Priests her name have deified ;

But no worship, song, or glory  
 Touches like that simple story, —  
 Mary stood the cross beside.

And when, under fierce oppression,  
 Goodness suffers like transgression,  
 Christ again is crucified :

But if love be there, true-hearted,  
 By no grief or terror parted,  
 Mary stands the cross beside.

## THE BELLOWS-MENDER OF LYONS.\*

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My history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Compelled by the circumstances of my birth to associate with beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That evil of society, which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married, rich, and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of malevolence.

I was born in a little hamlet situated in the neighborhood of Montelemart. My father had made many fruitless efforts to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a trade which he had acquired in his youth, — that of a bellows-mender. This, though not a very brilliant occupation, was the work at which I was placed at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied at first in following this business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with an industrious disposition; and I soon rivalled, and even excelled, my master. Ambition led me to imagine my talents were fitted for a wider sphere, and some of my excursions as far as the gates of Montelemart succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father in his old age, I found means to gather a little sum of money, which enabled me to undertake a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city, amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession; and the public places, and most crowded streets, soon resounded with my cries. I was young, dexterous, and well-formed; I sold my wares

\* This story, translated from the French, has an added interest, from the fact that it furnished Bulwer with the leading incidents of the plot of his celebrated play, "The Lady of Lyons."



rapidly, and became a general favorite with the servant-maids, which was the utmost limit of my ambition at this time.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Clair. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows-mender, which I answered in a style of raillery, at which they appeared to be surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly, and immediately after heard them say, "This is our man." I own that these words alarmed me, finding myself alone in the dark, without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me, was the reflection that occupied my mind; when one of them, who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by saying to me in a tone of affability, —

"Perourou," — the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows-menders, — "Perourou," said he, "you, probably, have not supped; neither have we. Our supper is ready, will you join us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us, and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid: we are gentlemen. If you will not enter into our schemes, we shall only require your promise of secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping."

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as well as in the proposition itself, so seductive, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, entered a house, and conducted me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for their friends impatiently. A short explanation followed concerning me, and we sat down to supper. I had the honor of making the company laugh by some of my arch observations, and confirmed them in the good opinion with which it was necessary they should be

impressed, before they would come to a further explanation. The servants withdrew, after placing the dessert on the table, and for a few minutes a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy.

At length, he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words:—

“The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers: our joint-profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence; and we also acquire by our talents a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we enjoyed has been lately disturbed by love on the one side, and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture-merchant, who is himself an ordinary man, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another masterpiece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect; and that defect is an insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerably good *connoisseur* in painting, but who has a very limited understanding with respect to every thing else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation amounting almost to idolatry. Novels, her looking-glass, and habitual compliments from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence or the distinctions of rank. I had the honor of engaging her notice, from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to the theatre. These slight favors turned my brain. I thought myself beloved, because I was preferred to others; and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favorable ear to my offers. Indeed, my family, profession, fortune, and situation gave me a right to pre-

sume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise, when, on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance, 'Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than an engraver?'

"I confess that this insolent and imprudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom; and love, when fled, is easily followed by a desire of revenge. 'My friends,' I exclaimed to those who now surround me, 'this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her that she has not indeed been born to the honor of becoming the wife of an engraver.'

"Such is my history. Do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion, to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common share of understanding. Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only to have her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?"

"Yes," answered I with firmness. "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me to act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil."

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week, I bathed two hours every morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the most elegant hair-dressers of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various seasons; and were soon so fond of their work, that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read; another to write; another gave me some ideas of drawing, a few lessons in music, a little,

in short, of every thing: so that, during three months, my time, thoughts, and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies; and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt incited to carry to perfection these first rudiments of my new education, which had become my chief delight. Nature had furnished me not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive, that my friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length, they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows-mender disappeared altogether, to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture-merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few *louis*, provided he met with pieces that were original. A most perfect imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learnt to twirl my seals, display my repeating watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box, on which was painted a fancy portrait, which, I modestly observed, was the picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded; but it was not enough to impose on the father. In order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture-merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome; requesting me to call the same morning, as he would not expose them for sale till I should have made my choice.

I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received as usual by the father, it was the daughter, whom, till then, I had in vain wished to see; or, rather, it was beauty itself which stood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

My dear friend, a feeling heart often beats under an unpolished form. More susceptible, at my age, of passion than

of libertinism, my palpitating heart felt all the power of beauty. A new world unfolded itself before my eyes. I soon forgot my borrowed part. One sentiment absorbed my soul; one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny forever! All difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom. A single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed with the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired.

Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture-merchant; every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora.

It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet, composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty. My friends often joined in the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit; and I sometimes surprised the fair eyes of this charming creature fixed on mine with an expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner, the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening, they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied, that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants of the personage I represented.

I received at length a formal invitation from the picture-merchant to a *fête* which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me, loaded me with such distinguished attentions, was so lovely, so enchanting, whether as mistress of the *fête* or its brightest ornament, that the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart. Yes: I discovered that I was beloved.

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar; but he gave his consent to the marriage, and that much the more willingly, as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt also with secret complacency on the words "without portion," alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation, we were perfectly agreed; for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was, the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary *éclat*, as both the family of Aurora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight, and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

Having with some difficulty obtained permission to leave Aurora, I hastened to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments, that, had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious; and their revenge on the haughty Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent, in my name, to my mistress, the most magnificent bouquet, a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite fineness, forming a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception of both father and daughter. Toward the end of the week, the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name, a precaution which you will perceive hereafter was not useless to me. In this contract, I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favor, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage.

I deceived her; but heaven is my witness it was not

without remorse ! In presence of the beautiful Aurora, intoxicating love made me forget every thing but herself ; and, when I was with my joyous friends, their pleasantries, their *bon ton*, the kind of dependance in which they held me, their services, their instructions, rendered me thoughtless with respect to the present, as well as careless with respect to the future. But, in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful prospective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable flock-bed which was soon to be her portion ; when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment ; when I beheld her, who deserved a palace, lodging under the thatched roof of my aged father, I shrank back with horror, or started up, covered with a cold perspiration. More than once, I resolved to throw myself at the feet of the injured Aurora, make a full confession of my crime, and cover myself with the infamy which belonged to him who could so degrade himself as to act the part of a villain. But self-love and passion came alike to my aid. Enchained by the fascinating enjoyments of the present, my imagination gilded with some rays of hope the gloom of the future. The unhappiness of Aurora, said I to myself, will be but transient ; love will soften the bitterness. Her mortal enemies are blinded by their desire of revenge. She will, she shall be, happy in spite of them ! — they will leave me some money, and the means of procuring more by industry. I should be a wretch, indeed, if I did not devote my life to the task of strewing flowers along her path. When she learns who I am, her resentment will, no doubt, at first be vehement ; but, when her good sense shall perceive that the evil is irreparable, resignation will come to her aid, love will supply the place of riches, and we shall yet be happy.

Such were my reflections during eight days previous to that on which I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame. I had never had so near a view of villainy. I should infallibly have sunk to the earth, if a flood of tears had not come to my relief ; while the silly

crowd who surrounded us mistook this last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the poor girl was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability with which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love a while banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side in a magnificent equipage, attended by her women, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging at once her pride and her love; ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once I implored my patrons for mercy; the obligations I had entered into were laid before me. We began our journey.

Two of my ten friends served me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora pushed his imprudence so far as to offer himself to me as coachman. It is true that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a patch fixed on his right eye, so disguised him, that even his friends did not recognize him. Three others of the young engravers gayly rode behind the carriage as lackeys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves; and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful, inquiring the names of my *châteaux*, the extent of my estates, and of my seigniorial rights of hunt-



ing and fishing; dwelling with complacency on my mines, which, to her lively apprehension, were equal, at least, to those of Peru. On subjects such as these turned our conversations; when three leagues beyond Montelemart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was approaching.

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine; and, after three hours' long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold taking the air. In this old man, I discovered my venerable father.

No, my friend, I have no colors with which I can trace this scene. Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side, the haughty Aurora on the other, and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter, and with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining upon their vengeance and her mortification. Figure to yourself the pretended coachman taking off suddenly his patch and his wig, and addressing Aurora with an air of superiority, —

“No, madam,” said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, — “no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver. Such a lot would have done too much honor to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A bellows-mender is worthy of you, and such is he, madam, whom you have taken for your husband.” I was about to answer; but the pretended coachman was already on his seat, the five others threw themselves into the coach choked almost with laughter, and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough, but less terrible than it proved. My engravers, while they taught me my part, had kept their own secret. They carried off every thing with them, like the scene-shifters of a theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora, she saw nothing of this. Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard or felt. The ruffians left her, when they departed, in a deep swoon.

Judge of my situation ! Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas ! in those cruel moments, I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah, my friend ! I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after copiously bathing her pallid face, Aurora regained for a moment the use of her senses. Her frenzied eyes met mine. " Monster ! " she exclaimed, and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators, composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches ; and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw, with which a compassionate neighbor strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation, and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms ; I pressed her to my heart ; my scalding tears bathed her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes, and fixed them on me ; mine shrank from her glance. The first use she made of speech was to request me, under pretence of taking repose, which we both wanted, to defer till the next day the hateful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request, and withdrew, leaving with her the niece of the curé of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed ? Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few *louis*, while my adored wife, in the morning of life accustomed to constitute as well as to share the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man, respectable indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence ; and I had been the chief instrument of

her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated! What would become of her? In what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings? Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? Oh, no! I felt all the horrors of her destiny and my own, — yes, of my own! I had, indeed, no reverse of fortune to undergo, — I who was born to wretchedness, and nurtured in want. Yet my agonized heart, a heart but too susceptible, told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils. I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended; I recollected with distraction that it must be my doom, not merely to support indifference, but aversion. I was not merely to become an object of contempt, but of horror. I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know that I deserved her hatred; to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse.

Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish? Had not I, wretch that I was, planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave; perhaps her last breath would curse me; or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy? Would not her pity and forgiveness be more barbarous than reproach, more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made so painful the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rains, which laid under water the cross-road leading to Montelemart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town, as I intended, for a carriage to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride. You will easily imagine that I sent frequently to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satis-

factory ; my attentions were received with gratitude. I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her ; that she had made up her mind ; that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul : I dreaded the fatal interview more than death. I was meditating how to elude it under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and, seizing one of her hands, bathed it with my tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time, in silence ; then, raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride which nothing could vanquish. "You have deceived me," said she. "It is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart, if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped. Mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle's house. I have accepted it, because it accords both with my situation and my duties. You may visit me there whenever you please. We will arrange together the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of providing for our future support. Rely on my honor for the care of defending your own."

Man is a confiding creature. A kind word from the woman we love is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with reproaches. During five days, my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented ; and, while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture. Could I have imagined that, after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me, which surpassed all the rest ?

One morning, — it was the eighth after our arrival in the vil-

lage, — I awakened after having passed a happy night, soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received. The handwriting of the directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they; "and, after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You are not made to live in the class among which you were born; and we offer you, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments, without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burthensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed, almost to madness, the idea of revenge on Aurora; and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns, to carry our plan into execution. You have not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of Memé, a notary well known in our city, who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace, and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father and a haughty girl, will likewise be delivered to you. Take care of Aurora. We have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship, and the recommendations of your friends, the engravers of Lyons."

Well! exclaimed I joyfully, half my embarrassments have vanished. I shall be able to provide for Aurora. The letter which I next opened (and which had been directed by a stranger) was from Aurora herself. "Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you notwithstanding your conduct towards me, pleads in your favor, and induces me to inform you, that, at the moment you receive this letter, I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent; which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honorable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France,

till I have found one which shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment, I determined to pursue Aurora, to detain, and force her to pay due obedience to a man, whom fate had made her husband; the next, I felt the most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved. The project, also, was impracticable. Aurora had already departed several hours. I must have sent for horses from Montelemart, or walked thither on foot: either would have required so much time, that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place, which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure, I interrogated severely the curé and his niece with respect to their knowledge of my wife's escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain; and though they were, as I have since discovered, the primary authors of the plot, it was impossible to bring them to any confession.

New embarrassments crowded upon me when I reached Lyons. Where begin my researches? how come to any knowledge, in a great city, of the asylum which Aurora had chosen? In what manner could I present myself before a father, amidst the first transports of his indignation against the criminal deceiver of his daughter? How could I wander from one convent to another, without the risk of being suspected, from the nature of my inquiries, and exposing myself to the danger of a dungeon, where I might be plunged for having acted so shameful a part? In order to deliver myself from these perplexities, I had recourse to my friends the engravers, who all advised me to remain quiet, and wait peaceably till the procedure for breaking the marriage became the topic of general conversation at Lyons. I consented to follow their counsels, to forbear inquiries, alike dangerous and useless, and to take measures for improving my fortune; too well convinced that this was the only chance of hereafter regaining the heart of Aurora.

Thanks to my generous friends, after having disposed advantageously of the jewels, lace, and other valuable articles, which were useless to me, I found myself in possession of near ten thousand crowns. It was reported at that time that we were on the eve of a war with some of the principal powers of Europe. In consequence of this information, and with the aid of my friends, I made one of those bold speculations, which, if it had not succeeded, would have placed me where I had set out; but which, by splendid success, increased more than threefold my capital.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her criminations against me and my confederates. This want of address on her part, in attacking the engravers, besides turning the laugh against herself, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the background, while my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted peremptorily that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respected for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends, and every thing threatened us with a defeat, — the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. The wags amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

My haughty enemy had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's council pleaded for her with so much eloquence, that the tears of the auditory

sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully impelled to sanction, when the engraver who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honored me. He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly; when, turning to Aurora, he added in a firm tone of voice, —

“No, madam, you are not the wife of the bellows-mender; but Nature destines you to become the mother of his child! Listen to the powerful cry of the infant which you carry in your womb, and then say if you desire to become free while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy.”

“No, no!” exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of “No, no!”

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name, alleging also that our situations were not sufficiently unequal to authorize the dissolution of our union. But they wisely decreed, in order not to leave the adventurer too much cause for triumph, that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent which she had chosen for her asylum; an injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue, or molest her in any manner whatever; that the child should be baptized under his name, but that he should at no time have a right over its education. The rest of the sentence turned on objects of detail more interesting to gentlemen of the long robe than the historian. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent,



crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made to the infant with which she was pregnant.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the decision of which I was little at my ease. Obligated to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known, to glide among the crowd; no one conjecturing that the bellows-mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. The most ridiculous stories were fabricated respecting my absence and my marriage. I sometimes endeavored to laugh with the rest, but was horribly abashed to find that even those who amused themselves most at the expense of Aurora were virulent declaimers against what they called my infamy. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity with the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence, where, amid an immense population, I could most easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There the poor bellows-mender, with a hundred thousand *livres*, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all his hopes. I was, during five years, the favorite of fortune; and my conscience renders me this testimony, — that I had no reason to blush at any of my speculations.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking-houses of that great city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the secret wish of breathing the same air as Aurora, led me to accept of the invitation. I made my appearance in Lyons with carriages, servants, and fine clothes, none of which were at this time borrowed. Fortune had so successfully labored for me during five years, that I had the means of supporting a magnificent style of living.

My old friends scarcely recognized me: it may therefore

be imagined, that it was not a very difficult task to escape the penetration of my new acquaintances. Without appearing to annex the slightest importance to the subject, I sometimes talked of the celebrated trial which had interested the city of Lyons five years before, and terminated my question by cursorily inquiring what had become of Aurora and her family. I learned that her father had lately died: that losses on the one hand and ostentation on the other, joined to the sums he had lavished on the education of his daughter, had left his affairs so embarrassed, that Aurora, at his decease, found herself almost without resource, and in some measure dependent on the benevolence of the abbess of the convent where she had taken refuge. I was also informed, that although, whenever Aurora appeared, she was still the object of general applause, she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she was not less respected than admired. The bellows-mender, it was observed, had suffered her to remain tranquil since the trial, without attempting to reclaim his lost rights.

I did not listen to these recitals without the most lively emotion. During five years' residence in the capital, young and ambitious, as well as deeply enamoured of Aurora, the ardor of my efforts to acquire a fortune which might give me the right of reclaiming her I loved had absorbed my mind; but my abode at Lyons, and the unsuspected testimony of all with whom I conversed in favor of my wife, awakened every latent sentiment of tenderness in my bosom. The image of Aurora, of her whom I had deceived, but whom I adored, again occupied every thought of my soul, again throbbed in every pulse. I felt how worthless was the acquisition of wealth which she refused to share. I felt that she was necessary to my existence. And my child! — was I never to fold it in my arms? never to feel the endearments of the being who owed to me its life? I could bear these cruel reflections no longer. I determined to behold Aurora and my child.

One of the engravers, by my orders, assembled her father's creditors, and discharged all his debts, purchasing for me at the same time certain pieces of furniture to which long habit had communicated an idea of value in the mind of Aurora: this was the least difficult part of my enterprise.

The merchant who had given me so satisfactory an account of Aurora was a man generally esteemed. It struck me that I might choose him for my confidant, and advise with him what plan I should pursue. I knew that his name alone was sufficient to smooth every obstacle in my path. He was in possession of a beautiful pavilion on the banks of the Rhone. I requested an interview in the most solitary walk of his grounds ; and, having obtained his promise of inviolable secrecy, "You have hitherto," said I, "seen in your friend a merchant, who, still young, owes to his talents and his probity an affluent and honorable position. It has been my fate to appear in a mask to the eyes of those whose esteem I most value. I have deceived my mistress : let me no longer impose upon my friend. You have spoken to me of Aurora in a manner the most favorable : you know the half of her history, hear the remainder. You see before you the unfortunate bellows-mender, chosen by a set of young wags as the instrument of their vengeance."

At this unexpected declaration, my friend started back with surprise. It was easy for me to read on his countenance the sensations which agitated his mind.

"I am indebted," continued I, "to nature for some talents, which I have improved by self-education and study : fortune, and the generosity of my employers, have done the rest. I am, as you know, about to leave Lyons ; but I am firmly decided not to depart without Aurora. You enjoy the esteem and confidence of the public ; you will be the mediator of your friend with her, and I shall owe my happiness to your intervention."

The banker, when he recovered from his astonishment, assured me that he had no doubt of effecting the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The abbess of the convent where Aurora resides," said he, "honors me with a certain degree of friendship. It is not late ; we are near Lyons ; let us order horses, and we shall soon be able to arrange with Aurora herself the points which seem to you at present so embarrassing."

I adopted this project with fond avidity. I was now no less eager for an interview than I had once been anxious to

avoid it. I thirsted with impatience to gaze upon Aurora and my child.

The merchant was announced at the convent under his real name, and myself as the principal of a great commercial house at Paris. We were admitted. Ah, what a picture presented itself to my view! Aurora, the enchanting Aurora, in all the pride of a beauty of twenty-three years of age, occupied a seat near the venerable abbess. A lovely child slept upon her knees, and seemed so entirely to absorb all the attention of its mother, that she scarcely thought of returning the usual salutations. The first instant that she threw her eyes on me, I remarked distinctly, from her involuntary starting, that my presence recalled some disagreeable idea; but introduced by a man whom she well knew, and who was honored with general esteem, and presented as the principal of a commercial house in Paris, those circumstances, together with the shade of twilight, so completely set all conjectures at fault, that Aurora was far from recollecting her husband in the stranger. My friend opened the conversation by some vague observations, spoke of my speedy departure for Paris, mentioned my having connections with all the great houses of the capital, and requested to know if the abbess had any orders with which to honor me.

While this conversation passed, the infant awoke, and the sight of strangers, instead of surprising him, led him to smile. After having looked at us both with a kind of hesitation, it was towards me that he advanced. Imagine my feeling, when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses, of my child. An emotion which I had no power to subdue made me eagerly seize him in my arms; and, throwing myself with him at the feet of my pale and trembling wife, —

“Aurora, Aurora!” I exclaimed. “Your child, your child claims from you a father! Will you suffer affection forever to be vanquished by pride?”

While I uttered these words, in a voice half choked by emotion, Aurora quivered, seemed ready to faint, and fixed her wandering eyes alternately on me and on her child, who clung to her knees, and seemed to implore forgiveness for his

father. At length, a torrent of tears bathed Aurora's face. The child, unable to comprehend why his mother wept, joined his plaintive cries to mine.

"Pardon, pardon!" I exclaimed.

Aurora's only answer was to throw herself into my arms. "I know not," she sobbed, "whether you again deceive me; but your child pleads too powerfully. Aurora is yours." She pressed me against her palpitating heart. We were unable for a long time to speak. Our uncontrollable emotion, the caresses of the child, the tears of my friend, the place itself, every thing, served to add to our delirium.

"My children," said the abbess, looking at us with eyes moistened by affection, "you have both performed your duty. There can be no deception in this gentleman's emotion. It is genuine. And you, Aurora, have too much the heart of a mother to live any longer the victim of foolish pride. May this marriage, which you solemnly renew in my presence, be more lasting than the first! May you enjoy that lasting felicity which belongs only to virtue!"

These words, pronounced in a serious tone of voice, calmed our turbulent sensations. I related my history in its full extent, without sparing the confession of my faults, and my remorse. I failed not to remark, with transport, that the hand of Aurora often pressed mine while I spoke of my projects of tenderness, although she testified neither pleasure nor pain when I mentioned the fortunate situation of my affairs. The part of my narration which most affected her was that which regarded the payment of her father's debts, and my attention to her feelings in saving from the hands of the creditors the pieces of furniture to which she had been accustomed from her infancy.

My friend celebrated our conjugal reconciliation by a *fête*. Near his pavilion stood a house delightfully situated, and which the heirs of the proprietor, who had lately died, had announced their intention of selling. A word which involuntarily escaped Aurora discovered to me that this acquisition would be agreeable to her. I made the purchase in her name, and twenty-four hours after, I put into her hands the papers, which left it entirely at her own disposal.

I returned with Aurora and our child to Paris. Whether from some remains of her former haughtiness, or from real greatness of mind, she expressed no surprise at finding herself mistress of a house decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence. I found her character much ameliorated by adversity. I found myself beloved by her who was now the object of my affection.

One happy year had elapsed, when Aurora entered my cabinet, her eyes sparkling with joy.

"My dear," said she, "you will not refuse the invitation of your wife. I wish to give you a dinner in my house at Lyons. No objection! This very morning I am going to set off with my son. I want to teach him how a son ought to play the host to his father."

I did not fail to arrive at Lyons at the appointed time. The day had scarcely dawned, when I found Aurora ready to receive me. She was still in all the splendor of her beauty, and had adorned herself with more than her accustomed elegance. The day was delightfully passed in enjoyment of many little surprises she had prepared for me. About four o'clock, dinner was announced; and judge of my sensations when Aurora, giving me her hand, led me into an apartment which had been decorated by the graces themselves. And who were the guests she had assembled? My friends the engravers! — my first friends, — the authors of my fortune, of my marriage. I cannot paint my emotion. During the repast, the gayety of Aurora animated all her guests with delight and admiration. After the dessert, she led us into the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring, touched by Aurora, withdrew a curtain, which concealed two pictures, finely painted. We drew near to survey them.

"O enchantress!" exclaimed my friends, together with myself.

The first represented the village-scene near Montelemart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written,

The second picture represented the scene of the present day, — my ten friends at table, Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman-engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written,

## PRIDE CONQUERED BY LOVE.

Here finishes my history. My present happiness I can feel better than define. Aurora made me the father of three other children, and requested that the first of them should have for his god-father the engraver whose hand she had refused. He is now the happy husband of a charming woman, well known in Lyons for the care which she bestows on the education of her only daughter. Aurora tells me that she shall not be completely happy till this young girl calls her mother; and what is singular in this affair is, that my son is of the same opinion.

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“I KNOW THOU ART GONE.”

BY T. K. HERVEY.\*

I KNOW thou art gone to the home of thy rest —  
 Then why should my soul be so sad?  
 I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,  
 And the mourner looks up, and is glad;  
 Where Love hath put off, in the land of its birth,  
 The stain it had gathered in this;  
 And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
 Lies asleep on the bosom of Bliss.

I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred  
 With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;

\* Thomas Keble Hervey was born in Paisley, Scotland, in 1802, and died in 1859. His versification has many characteristics which entitle him to a rank among the truly original poets of our time.

Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy spirit flung back from its goal.  
I know thou hast drunk of the Lethé that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget ;  
Which sheds over Memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mine ;  
For the love that made all things as music to me  
I have not yet learned to resign.  
In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee ;  
And my spirit lies down, and is still.

This eye must be dark that so long hath been dim,  
Ere again it may gaze upon thine ;  
But my heart hath revealings of thee and thy home  
In many a token and sign.  
I never look up, with a vow, to the sky,  
But a light like thy beauty is there ;  
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,  
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
I am wrapped in a mantle of care,  
Yet the grief of my spirit — oh ! call it not *gloom* —  
Is not the black grief of Despair.  
By Sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,  
Far off a bright vision appears ;  
And Hope, like the rainbow, a being of light,  
Is born, *like* the rainbow, of tears.



## FIRST AND LAST.

BY WILLIAM MUDFORD.\*

TAKE down from your shelves, gentle reader, your folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, or, if you possess Todd's edition of Johnson, take down his four ponderous quartos; turn over every leaf; read every word from A to Z; and then confess, that, in the whole vocabulary, there are not any two words which awaken in your heart such a crowd of mixed and directly opposite emotions as the two which now stare you in the face, — FIRST and LAST. In the abstract, they embrace the whole round of our existence; in the detail, all its brightest hopes, its noblest enjoyments, and its most cherished recollections; all its loftiest enterprises, and all its smiles and tears; its pangs of guilt, its virtuous principles, its trials, its sorrows, and its rewards. They give you the dawn and the close of life, the beginning and the end of its countless busy scenes. They are the two extremities of a path which, be it long, or be it short, no man sees at one and the same moment. Happy would it be for us sometimes if we could — *if we could* behold the end of a course of action as certainly as we do the beginning; but oftener, far oftener, would it be our curse and torment, unless, with the foresight or foreknowledge, we had the power to avert the end.

But let me not anticipate my own intentions, which are to portray in a few sketches the links that hold together the *first* and *last* of the most momentous periods and undertakings of our lives; to trace the dawn, progress, and decline of many of the best feelings and motives of our nature; to touch with a pensive coloring the contrasts they present; to stimulate honorable enterprises by the examples they furnish; and to

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amuse by the form in which the truths they supply are embodied. I shall begin with a subject not exactly falling within the legitimate scope of my design ; but it will serve as an appropriate introduction, and I shall call it, —

### The First and Last Dinner.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day, when they were drinking their wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations: That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the *first* and *last* day of the year ; that the *first* bottle of wine uncorked at the *first* dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the *last* of their number ; that they should never admit a new member ; that, when one died, eleven should meet, and, when another died, ten should meet ; and so on ; and that, when only one remained, he should, on those two days, dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table ; but the *first* time he so dined alone, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the *first* bottle, and, in the *first* glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

There was something original and whimsical in the idea, and it was eagerly embraced. They were all in the prime of life, closely attached by reciprocal friendship, fond of social enjoyments, and looked forward to their future meetings with unalloyed anticipations of pleasure. The only thought, indeed, that could have darkened those anticipations was one not very likely to intrude itself at this moment, — that of the helpless wight who was destined to uncork the *first* bottle at his lonely repast.

It was high summer when this frolic compact was entered into ; and as their pleasure-yacht skimmed along the dark bosom of the Thames, on their return to London, they talked of nothing but their *first* and *last* feasts of ensuing years. Their imaginations ran riot with a thousand gay predictions of festive merriment. They wantoned in conjectures of what

changes time would operate, joked each other upon their appearance when they should meet; some hobbling upon crutches after a severe fit of the gout; others poking about with purblind eyes, which even spectacles could hardly enable to distinguish the alderman's walk in a haunch of venison; some with portly round bellies and tidy little brown wigs, and others decently dressed out in a new suit of mourning for the death of a great-grand-daughter or a great-grand-son. Palsies, wrinkles, toothless gums, stiff hams, and poker knees were bandied about in sallies of exuberant mirth, and appropriated, first to one and then to another, as a group of merry children would have distributed golden palaces, flying chariots, diamond tables, and chairs of solid pearl, under the fancied possession of a magician's wand which could transform plain brick and timber, and humble mahogany, into such costly treasures.

"As for you, George," exclaimed one of the twelve, addressing his brother-in-law, "I expect I shall see you as dry, withered, and shrunken as an old eel-skin, you mere outside of a man!" And he accompanied the words with a hearty slap on the shoulder.

George Fortescue was leaning carelessly over the side of the yacht, laughing the loudest of any at the conversation which had been carried on. The sudden manual salutation of his brother-in-law threw him off his balance, and in a moment he was overboard. They heard the heavy splash of his fall, before they could be said to have seen him fall. The yacht was proceeding swiftly along; but it was instantly stopped.

The utmost consternation now prevailed. It was nearly dark; but Fortescue was known to be an excellent swimmer, and, startling as the accident was, they felt certain he would regain the vessel. They could not see him. They listened. They heard the sound of his hands and feet. They hailed him. An answer was returned, but in a faint gurgling voice; and the exclamation, "O God!" struck upon their ears. In an instant, two or three, who were expert swimmers, plunged into the river, and swam towards the spot whence the exclamation had proceeded. One of them was within an arm's-

length of Fortescue. He saw him; he was struggling and buffeting the water: before he could be reached, he went down; and his distracted friend beheld the eddying circles of the wave just over the spot where he had sunk. He dived after him, and touched the bottom; but the tide must have drifted the body onwards, for it could not be found.

They proceeded to one of the nearest stations where drags were kept; and, having procured the necessary apparatus, they returned to the fatal spot. After the lapse of above an hour, they succeeded in raising the lifeless body of their lost friend. All the usual remedies were employed for restoring suspended animation; but in vain: and they now pursued the remainder of their course to London, in mournful silence, with the corpse of him who had commenced the day of pleasure with them in the fulness of health, of spirits, and of life. Amid their severer grief, they could not but reflect how soon one of the joyous twelve had slipped out of the little festive circle.

The months rolled on, and cold December came with all its cheering round of kindly greetings and merry hospitalities; and with it came a softened recollection of the fate of poor Fortescue. *Eleven* of the twelve assembled on the last day of the year, and it was impossible not to feel their loss as they sat down to dinner. The very irregularity of the table, five on one side, and only four on the other, forced the melancholy event upon their memory.

There are few sorrows so stubborn as to resist the united influence of wine, a circle of select friends, and a season of prescriptive gayety. Even those pinching troubles of life, which come home to a man's own bosom, will light up a smile in such moments, at the beaming countenances and jocund looks of all the rest of the world; while your mere sympathetic or sentimental distress gives way, like the inconsolable affliction of a widow of twenty closely besieged by a lover of thirty.

A decorous sigh or two, a few becoming ejaculations, and an instructive observation upon the uncertainty of life, made up the sum of tender posthumous "offerings to the *manes* of poor George Fortescue," as they proceeded to discharge the more important duties for which they had met. By the time

the third glass of champagne had gone round, in addition to sundry potations of fine old hock, and "capital madeira," they had ceased to discover any thing so very pathetic in the inequality of the two sides of the table, or so melancholy in their crippled number of eleven.

The rest of the evening passed off to their hearts' content. Conversation was briskly kept up amid the usual fire of pun, repartee, anecdote, politics, toasts, healths, jokes, broad laughter, erudite disquisitions upon the vintage of the wines they were drinking, and an occasional song. Towards twelve o'clock, when it might be observed that they emptied their glasses with less symptoms of palating the quality of what they quaffed, and filled them again with less anxiety as to which bottle or decanter they laid hold of, they gradually waxed moral and tender; sensibility began to ooze out; "poor George Fortescue!" was once more remembered. Those who could count sighed to think there were only eleven of them; and those who could see felt the tears come into their eyes, as they dimly noted the inequality of the two sides of the table. They all agreed, at parting, however, that they had never passed such a happy day, congratulated each other upon having instituted so delightful a meeting, and promised to be punctual to their appointment the ensuing evening, when they were to celebrate the new year, whose entrance they had welcomed in bumpers of claret, as the watchman bawled "past twelve!" beneath the window.

They met accordingly; and their gayety was without any alloy or drawback. It was only the *first* time of their assembling, after the death of "poor George Fortescue," that made the recollection of it painful; for, though but a few hours had intervened, they now took their seats at the table, as if eleven had been their original number, and as if all were there that had been ever expected to be there.

It is thus in every thing. The *first* time a man enters a prison; the *first* book an author writes; the *first* painting an artist executes; the *first* battle a general wins; nay, the *first* time a rogue is hanged (for a rotten rope may provide a second performance, even of that ceremony, with all its singleness of character), — differ inconceivably from their *first* repe-

tition. There is a charm, a spell, a novelty, a freshness, a delight, inseparable from the *first* experience, (hanging always excepted, be it remembered), which no art or circumstance can impart to the *second*. And it is the same in all the darker traits of life. There is a degree of poignancy and anguish in the *first* assaults of sorrow which is never found afterwards. Ask the weeping widow, who, "like Niobe all tears," follows her fifth husband to the grave, and she will tell you that the *first* time she performed that melancholy office, it was with at least five times more lamentations than she last discharged it. In every case, it is simply that the *first* fine edge of our feelings has been taken off, and that it can never be restored.

Several years had elapsed, and our eleven friends kept up their double anniversaries, as they might aptly enough be called, with scarcely any perceptible change. But, alas! there came one dinner at last, which was darkened by a calamity they never expected to witness; for on that very day, their friend, companion, brother almost, was hanged! Yes! Stephen Rowland, the wit, the oracle, the life of their little circle, had, on the morning of that day, forfeited his life upon a public scaffold for having made one single stroke of his pen in a wrong place. In other words, a bill of exchange which passed *into* his hands for £700, passed *out* of it for £1700; he having drawn the important little prefix to the hundreds, and the bill being paid at the banker's without examining the the words of it. The forgery was discovered, brought home to Rowland, and, though the greatest interest was used to obtain a remission of the fatal penalty (the particular female favorite of the prime minister himself interfering), poor Stephen Rowland was hanged. Everybody pitied him; and nobody could tell why he did it. He was not poor; he was not a gambler; he was not a speculator; but phrenology settled it. The organ of *acquisitiveness* was discovered in his head, after his execution, as large as a pigeon's egg. He could not help it.

It would be injustice to the ten to say, that even wine, friendship, and a merry season, could dispel the gloom which pervaded this dinner. It was agreed beforehand, that they

should not allude to the distressing and melancholy theme; and having thus interdicted the only thing which really occupied all their thoughts, the natural consequence was, that silent contemplation took the place of dismal discourse; and they separated long before midnight. An embarrassing restraint, indeed, pervaded the little conversation which grew up at intervals. The champagne was not in good order, but no one liked to complain of its being *ropy*. A beautiful painting of Vandyke, which was in the room, became a topic of discussion. They who thought it was *hung* in a bad place shrunk from saying so; and not one ventured to speak of the *execution* of that great master. Their host was having the front of his house repaired; and at any time he would have cautioned them, when they went away, as the night was very dark, to take care of the *scaffold*: but no, they might have stumbled right and left before he would have pronounced that word or told them not to *break their necks*. One, in particular, even abstained from using his customary phrase, "this is a *drop* of good wine;" and another forebore to congratulate the friend who sat next him, and who had been married since he last saw him, because he was accustomed on such occasions to employ figurative language, and talk of the holy *noose* of wedlock.

Some fifteen years had now glided away since the fate of poor Rowland, and the ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks altogether as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal; one was actually covered with a brown wig; the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye; good old port and warm madeira carried it against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne; stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor; crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner; conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property; apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings; the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list and sand-bags; the fire more in request;

and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woollen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. One had been killed by the overturning of the mail, in which he had taken his place in order to be present at the dinner; having purchased an estate in Monmouthshire, and retired thither with his father. Another had undergone the terrific operation for the stone, and expired beneath the knife. A third had yielded up a broken spirit, two years after the loss of an only-surviving and beloved daughter. A fourth was carried off in a few days by a *cholera morbus*. A fifth had breathed his last the very morning he obtained a judgment in his favor by the Lord Chancellor, which had cost him his last shilling, nearly, to get; and which, after a litigation of eighteen years, declared him the rightful possessor of ten thousand a year. Ten minutes after, he was no more. A sixth had perished by the hand of a midnight assassin, who broke into his house for plunder, and sacrificed the owner of it, as he grasped convulsively a bundle of exchequer bills, which the robber was drawing from beneath his pillow, where he knew they were every night placed for security.

Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down, by the mercy of heaven (as they themselves tremulously declared), to celebrate for the fiftieth time the first day of the year; to observe the frolic compact which, half a century before, they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves. The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips if more than half full; and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still



greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh); and, when the wines sent their icy blood in warmer pulse through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them; and of their future, as if it were a busy century that lay before them.

They were just the number for a quiet rubber of whist, and for three successive years they sat down to one. The fourth came, and then their rubber was played with an open dummy; a fifth, and whist was no longer practicable. *Two* could play only at cribbage, and cribbage was the game; but it was little more than the mockery of play. Their palsied hands could hardly hold, or their fading sight distinguish, the cards, while their torpid faculties made them doze between each deal.

At length came the *LAST* dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head fourscore and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced, that it was in his house, and at his table, they had celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained for eight and fifty years the bottle they had then uncorked, re-corked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp, he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow; and for a moment Memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart travelled through them all, — Their lusty and blithesome spring, their bright and fervid summer, their ripe and temperate autumn, their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw as in a mirror, how, one by one, the laughing companions of that merry hour at Richmond had dropped into eternity. He felt all the loneliness of his condition (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own); and, as he drained the glass which he had filled "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had thus fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart, he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts. A lethar-

gic sleep stole over him, his head fell upon his bosom, confused images crowded into his mind, he babbled to himself, was silent; and when his servant entered the room, alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of the easy-chair, out of which he had slipped in an apoplectic-fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was the *LAST DINNER!*

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### THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

O SUMMER, Summer, fresh, ambrosial Summer!  
 With thy blue love-eyes, and thy verdant robe  
 Inwoven with all flowers, and dew-begemmed,  
 Be with us till we die: go not so soon!

When Spring was new upon the verdant plains,  
 And soft winds woke the sleeping buds to bloom,  
 And lambkins frisked about the laughing rills,  
 I loved thee, Summer; and I love thee yet.

I loved thee when the deep, dark foliage rolled  
 On sombre woods most like a stormy sea,  
 And each blue orb was gazing up to heaven;  
 The throstle and the blackbird piping loud.

And now the reaper hath long gathered in  
 His Autumn stores, and sits upon the hutch  
 Watching the wheeling swallows while they fly,  
 With twitter, ere they seek a warmer sun.

The brook, that sang so sweet at noon of day,  
 When the tired hind lay stretched beneath the shade,  
 Hath lost its liquid tone, and chants a dirge  
 That Summer goeth from the fields so soon.

O Summer, Summer, fresh, ambrosial Summer!  
 The bending flowers weep dewy tears and mourn,  
 And I mourn with them; and yet thou must go:  
 Oh! come again, sweet Summer, come right soon.

## THE SENTIMENTAL YOUNG LADY.

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THE sentimental young lady has a family resemblance to the sentimental young gentleman; but, personally, they are as unlike as if they were no relatives at all. The coarseness and hardness of the masculine animal modify his sentimentality. He is not melancholy, but severe. The arrow has entered his soul by anticipation. He bestows his contempt and detestation upon mankind in the form of an advance. Knowing the pangs of betrayed friendship and unrequited love to be in store for him, he rushes up to them indignantly, and feels them beforehand. These, however, are endurable by the brave and scornful: but the loneliness of his being is an immortal pang. How is it that he is not understood by his fellow-men? Why is he a single, solitary atom in this tremendous universe, belonging to no system, and the object of no sympathy? If he cannot be loved, he will at least make himself feared: he cultivates an awful head of hair; and, if his profession is intended to be a peaceable one, addicts himself, with stern resolution, to the mustache. Seldom he laughs; but he is an adept at the smile, for which we have no name in our language, although the French indicate it by the word, *ricaner*, expressing the alarming hilarity of a death's head. It is no wonder that his (prospective) miseries should drive him to take refuge in soda-water and Havanas, since he ranks himself among those castaways of the world who are privileged to have recourse, in their isolation, to intemperance and crime; repeating, with the proud despair of a fallen angel, the Byronic lines —

“ Then the spirits that still float above the wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt, or ocean of excess;  
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain,  
The shore to which their shivered sail can never stretch again!”

This young gentleman finds the world he defies an ugly customer. It thrashes him into good humor with it. It knocks him about till he has no breath for vituperation. His betraying friend helps him out of a sponging-house, or he helps the other, which is all one. He marries his unrequiting love, and discovers, to his consternation, that he has changed her into a wife. All his corners are finally rubbed off by the collisions of time: likewise the hair from the crown of his head. He becomes fond of ease and long stories and sipping claret; he grows gouty and obese; he dies, and is buried.

The sentimental young lady is quite a different person. She is more melancholy than severe, more plaintive than vituperative. There is a mystery in her sadness which piques the curiosity of others, — perhaps her own. She has various difficulties to struggle with in a world that seems to be made up of antagonisms between mind and matter. Her tendency to *embonpoint* is kept down only by the ceaseless anxiety it costs her; and a distressing appetite forces her to all sorts of expedients. At dinner, she will trouble you for nothing more than the side-bone of a chicken, “as she is not partial to animal food,” and as she had eaten enough of bread and butter before the company came in to remove the sensation of hunger. It is to this delicacy of eating, in fact, she owes the faint perfume included by Barry Cornwall among the attributes of beauty, but which the coarser Byron alludes to as smelling of bread and butter.

We admit, however, that there is some want of science betrayed in the young lady's proceedings on this point; bread and butter containing, in reality, much more of the fattening principle than animal food. However, she does all for the best, listening, poor girl, to the crackling of her corsage-strings, as if they were so many pistol-shots fired by an ambushed assassin at her peace. Another misery is the vulgar suffusion to which her face is liable. To spread the hue of health over the pale sufferer's cheek, is a mere hypocrisy of nature; and she opposes it as far as pearl-powder and internal draughts will go. She is seldom entirely successful; the color, banished from every other part, lingering occasion-

ally on her nose; a remarkable phenomenon, since she rigorously abstains from wine.

The sentimental young lady has a heavy epistolary correspondence, although for the most part confined to a single individual. This is the serious business of her life. On coming down stairs in the morning, she darts upon the basket on the hall-table like a bird of prey. At other post-hours, she watches at the parlor window. She has learned to interpret the physiognomy of the postman, between whom and her there is gradually developed a masonic intelligence. Sometimes he shakes his head, and says, "No, Miss," with a deprecating look; and, at other times, he puts the looked-for letters into her hands confidentially, and passes on as if relieved from a responsibility.

What is the subject of these letters? We dare not conjecture; but we have a dim impression that they relate mainly to metaphysics, and contain the true key to ever so much of the philosophy of life. But we must here advert — and not without indignation — to the practice this young lady has of crossing her letters. This she perpetrates not only vertically, but often diagonally to boot; thereby converting the letter into a dense congeries of scratches, as unintelligible as the Rosetta Stone would have been, if its three inscriptions had been jumbled together. It was our intention, we may hint to those concerned, if a certain borough that shall be nameless had not unaccountably rejected our proffered services in Parliament, to introduce a bill, bringing this offence — at present reckoned a mere immorality — into the category of criminal misdemeanors, visited by lengthened imprisonment, bread and water, and the deprivation of pen and ink.

The sentimental young lady has usually another friend, who resides in the next street. They take solitary walks together; they go to one another's houses at all sorts of odd times; they are always seen speaking to each other confidentially, and are never overheard. No one knows the nature of their intercommunications. When a third person approaches, they look at each other warningly, and are silent. Their private business follows them everywhere; and, when they meet in the evening, they sit side by side, whispering in

a corner of the room. They converse a great deal, too, with their eyes, exchanging the looks it is customary to designate as "meaning," when people don't know what they mean.

It might be supposed that the sentimental young lady would be in love with the sentimental young gentleman: but this never happens. Her chosen one, both in mind and person, is the most common-place specimen of his sex. All the qualities she adores in him are electro-biological; and, between her and her friend, he is made up into a figure which his own mother would not know. Even when he laughs at her sentiment, — of which he cannot make head or tail, — she is delighted; for it is not to be expected that these shocking men should comprehend a woman like her. She thinks, however, that he is impressionable. His tendencies are all right; and by degrees she will be able to refine and elevate him. This must be done before marriage; and there is no hurry. To be "engaged" is paradise, with marriage looking beautifully blue in the distance. She never would marry, if she could help it, but always be going to be married: it is so delicious to be in a continual mystery, to exchange conscious looks with him, and meaning ones with her friend, and to hear people whispering about her as she enters the room. She has, in fact, an instinctive misgiving as to marriage.

And no wonder; for that is the end of the sentimental young lady. No sooner is the magic ring on her finger, than the hallucination vanishes, and she sees nothing about her but pianos, carpets, and milk and water. She abandons bread and butter, and takes without remorse to animal food and two glasses of wine. She drops acquaintance with the postman, gives up crossing her letters, and by-and-by rarely writes at all. Her friend feels that something has come between them, and relinquishes, of her own accord, the confidential tone. The married lady grows communicative with the world, but not on the subject of her earlier history. No man knows to this day the nature of her written correspondence, or the secret of her confidential whispers. In the mean time, she gives way to her natural tendency, thrives on what she eats and drinks, acquires a good, round, comfortable armful of a waist, while the warm hue of health, subsiding from the

tantalizing position it had taken up on her nose, diffuses itself over her ripe cheeks. Her delicate voice grows distinct and matronly; and her laugh rings sharp and clear through the room. In the course of time, she has any reasonable number of children, or any unreasonable number; and she takes special care that not one of them shall have any chance of turning out a Sentimental Young Lady.

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INVOCATION.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.\*

WHERE waitest thou,  
Lady I am to love? Thou comest not;  
Thou knowest of my sad and lonely lot;  
I looked for thee ere now.

It is the May,  
And each sweet sister-soul hath found its brother;  
Only we two seek fondly each the other,  
And, seeking, still delay.

Where art thou, sweet?  
I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams.  
O gentle, promised angel of my dreams!  
Why do we never meet?

Thou art as I;  
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee:  
We cannot live apart. Must meeting be  
Never before we die?

Dear soul, not so!  
That Time doth keep for us some happy years,  
That God hath portioned out our smiles and tears,  
Thou knowest, and I know.

\* Son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, England, and brother of Matthew Arnold.

Yes, we shall meet ;  
 And therefore let our searching be the stronger :  
 Dark ways of life shall not divide us longer,  
 Nor doubt, nor danger, sweet.

Therefore I bear  
 This winter-tide as bravely as I may,  
 Patiently waiting for the bright spring-day,  
 That cometh with thee, dear.

'Tis the May-light  
 That crimsones all the quiet college gloom :  
 May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room ;  
 And so, dear wife, good-night !

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 ALL'S WELL.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,  
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine !  
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep  
 This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,  
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;  
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head :  
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,  
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake :  
 All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
 The morning light may break.



## THE TWO MOTTOES.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.\*

IN the coach-office at Cernay stood two young men who had just taken their places for Kaysersberg. They were of the same age, each about four and twenty; but there were remarkable differences in their physiognomy and general appearance. The shorter of the two was dark, pale, quick in his movements, and of an impatient vivacity of manner, which betrayed at a first glance his Southern origin. His companion, on the contrary, tall, fair, and ruddy, was a perfect type of that mixed Alsatian race in which French expansiveness is happily blended with German good humor. On the ground at their feet were two small portmanteaus, upon which cards of address were fastened with sealing-wax. On one of these cards was inscribed, —

HENRY FORTIN, *Marseilles* ;

and at its four corners a seal had impressed upon the wax the motto, *Mon Droit*.

On the other card was written, —

JOSEPH MULZEN, *Strasburg* ;

and the motto of the seal was *Caritas*.

The office-keeper had entered their names in his book, and added the words, *with two portmanteaus*, when Henry demanded that these should be weighed. They would be weighed at Kaysersberg, the office-keeper replied. The young man said it would be inconvenient to be delayed by that formality at the moment of their arrival. It was his right, he maintained, to have them weighed at once. The office-keeper, thus hard pressed, grew obstinate in his turn. In vain did

\* Born at Morlaix, Finistère, in 1806; died in Paris in 1854. His writings are distinguished by pure morality and genial sentiment. His complete works embrace about 20 vols. 12mo.

Joseph interfere, and remind Henry that they had barely time to dine before departure. In virtue of his motto, the Marseillaise never gave way when he thought he was in the right; and he always thought that. At last the office-keeper, weary of the dispute, beat a retreat, and escaped into his dwelling-house. Henry would have continued the discussion with the porter; but, fortunately, the porter spoke nothing but German. So he was fain to accompany his friend to the inn, venting upon him, by the way, the superabundance of his ill humor.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were in the street, "you would make a saint swear. What! you would not back me against that obstinate fellow!"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph with a smile, "that it was rather he who was in want of a backer. You brought forward as formidable an array of arguments as if your fortune or your honor had been at stake."

"In your opinion, then, I should have done better not to defend my right?"

"When the right is not worth defending."

"Ah, how like you!" interrupted Henry warmly. "You are always ready to yield. One must be walking over your body, before you think of defending yourself. Instead of considering the world as a battle-field, you take it to be a drawing-room for the interchange of courtesies."

"Not so," replied Joseph; "but a great ship, all the passengers by which owe each other reciprocal friendliness and toleration. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"For my part, I consider every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend," replied the Marseillaise. "It is a prudent system, which I have always found answer, and I advise you to adopt it at Kaysersberg. There we shall find ourselves face to face with our uncle's other heirs, who will not fail to appropriate all they can of the inheritance. For my part, I am determined to concede nothing to them."

Thus conversing, the cousins reached the White Horse Inn, and entered the public dining-room, which was unoccupied, save by the hostess, who was laying, for three persons only, a

large table at one end of the apartment. Henry ordered two more knives and forks to be laid for himself and Joseph.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman; "but you cannot dine here."

"Why so?" inquired the young man.

"Because the three persons for whom we have just laid this table desire to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room, then," replied Henry, abruptly. "This is the public room and the public table: here every traveller has a right to enter and to dine."

"What matter," said Joseph, "whether we dine here or in another room?"

"And what does it matter to those three persons whether we dine here or not?" retorted Henry.

"They came before you, sir," objected the hostess.

"Then, in your inn, it is the first-comers who lay down the law?" cried Henry.

"Besides that, they are persons whom we know."

"And you care more for them than for us?"

"You understand, sir, that, when customers are in the case" —

"All other travellers must submit to their caprice?"

"Your dinner shall be laid elsewhere."

"Yes: with the broken meat from your favorites' table, I suppose?"

"The hostess was hurt by this imputation upon her establishment.

"If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns at Cernay," said she.

"I was just thinking so," replied Henry, quickly, taking up his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who tried to detain him, he darted out of the room, and disappeared.

Mulzen knew by experience that the best plan, in cases like the present, was to let his cousin's ill humor burn itself out; and that any attempt to recall him to reason served only to aggravate his pugnacity. He resolved, therefore, to let him seek his dinner elsewhere, and ordered his own to be served up in an adjoining apartment; but, just as he was about ad-

journing to it, the three expected guests entered the public room. These were an old lady and her niece, and a gentleman about fifty years of age. The hostess, who was telling them what had just occurred, stopped short at sight of Joseph, who bowed, and was withdrawing, when the gentleman detained him. "I am grieved, sir," said he urbanely, "to learn the dispute that has occurred. In desiring to dine alone, our object was to avoid the society of persons whose conversation and manners might have shocked these ladies. But, certainly, we were far from desiring to drive away customers from the White Horse, as your friend, perhaps, believed; and, in proof of what I say, I beg you to do us the favor of sitting down to dinner with us."

Joseph would have refused, declaring himself in no way offended by a precaution which he found quite natural; but Mr. Rosman (it was thus the two ladies called their companion) pressed his invitation in so cordial and friendly a manner, that he ended by accepting.

The old lady, who seemed little accustomed to travel, sat down opposite to him, with her niece, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You are tired, Charlotte?" said Mr. Rosman.

"Tired indeed!" replied the old woman; "as well I may be, after being shaken up for a whole day in that crazy coach, getting my meals irregularly, and running all manner of dangers: for I know not how we escaped being upset twenty times. The diligence was always leaning to one side or to the other. I would give a year of my life that our journey were at an end."

"Fortunately, the bargain is impossible," cried the young girl, smiling, and kissing her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at my troubles," said Miss Charlotte, in a half grumbling, half affectionate tone. "Young girls, nowadays, fear nothing. They travel by railway and steamboat; they would travel by balloons if they could get places. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before that, the bravest amongst them travelled only in carts, or on ass-back; and even then, only when they had pressing business. I have heard my poor mother say, that she never would travel in any other way than on foot."

“Yes,” observed Mr. Rosman; “and therefore her farthest journey was only to the chief town of her canton.”

“That did not prevent her being a worthy and happy woman,” replied Miss Charlotte. “When the bird has built his nest, he stays there. The present custom of passing one’s time upon the high-road impairs one’s love of home and family: people get a habit of being at home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society at large; but it renders individuals less good, and less happy.”

“Come, come, Charlotte,” said Mr. Rosman, gayly. “Your late jolting has set you against all journeys; but I hope your discontent will disappear before this excellent soup. I appeal to your impartiality whether a better can be got, even at Fontaine.”

The dialogue continued in this strain of affectionate familiarity. Joseph at first maintained a discreet silence; but Mr. Rosman spoke to him several times, and conversation had become general, when the waiter came in to say that the diligence was about starting. They paid for their dinner, and hastened to the coach-office.

On arriving there, Joseph saw his cousin hurrying up. Whilst Mulzen had dined, Henry had run from one tavern to another, finding nothing ready at any of them, and at last, pressed for time, he had been fain to buy a roll and some fruit, which he ate as he ran.

As may be imagined, the frugal repast had done little to sweeten his temper. Joseph observed this, and abstained from questioning him. Indeed, he had no time; for the way-bill was already being called over, and the travellers were about to take their places, when the office-keeper discovered that he had made a mistake, and booked two persons too many, and that the coach was full without Mulzin and Fortin.

“Full!” cried Henry; “but I paid you my fare!”

“I will return it you, sir,” replied the clerk.

“Not at all,” answered the young man. “Having once taken my money, there is a contract between us. I have a right to a place, and a place I will have.”

And, so saying, he grasped a strap, and ascended the imperial, where was a place as yet unfilled. The traveller to whom

it belonged protested against this usurpation ; but Henry persisted, declaring that none had a right to make him get down, and that, if any attempted it, he would repel violence by violence. Joseph in vain endeavored to compromise the matter. The Marseillaise, whose humor had been by no means mended by his bad dinner, persisted in his resolution.

“To every one his right,” cried he. “That is my motto: yours is ‘Charity.’ Be as charitable as you please ; for my part, I am satisfied with justice. I have paid for this place : it belongs to me. I shall keep it.”

The traveller whose place he filled objected his priority of possession ; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. There was a sharp interchange of violent explanations, recriminations, and menaces. Miss Charlotte, who heard every thing from her place in the *coupé*, groaned and sighed her alarm, and recommenced her diatribes against travelling in general and public vehicles in particular. At last, Joseph, perceiving that the dispute became more and more envenomed, proposed to the office-keeper to have a horse put to a cabriolet which stood in the yard, and in which he and the dispossessed traveller would continue their journey. The expedient was adopted by the parties concerned, and the diligence set off.

It was in the month of November ; the air, damp and chilly at the moment of departure, grew colder still as night approached. Henry Fortin, accustomed to the sun of Provence, was any thing but comfortable in his exposed place upon the top of the diligence. In vain did he button his great-coat to the very chin : he shivered like a leaf in the frigid evening fog. His lips were blue, his teeth chattered. Soon a small, icy rain, driven full in his face by the wind, penetrated his clothes. His neighbor, protected by an ample blanket-cloak, might easily have spared him a portion of it, and been no worse off himself : but the neighbor was a corpulent shopkeeper, very tender of his own person, and extremely careless of the comfort of others. When Fortin refused to give up the place of which he had taken possession, the fat man applauded, declaring that “every one travelled for his own account, and should look after his own interests,” — principles which the

young man then found perfectly reasonable, and from whose application he now suffered. About the middle of the journey, the stout traveller put his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbor, and said —

“You seem very cold, sir?”

“I am wet to the skin,” replied Fortin, who could hardly speak.

The fat man shook himself in his huge wrapper, as if intensely enjoying the warmth and dryness it secured him.

“It is very bad for the health to get wet,” said he philosophically. “Another time I advise you to bring a cloak like mine: it is very warm, and not dear.”

Having given this sensible advice, he withdrew his comfortable countenance within his snug garment, and relapsed into a luxurious doze.

It was long after nightfall when the diligence arrived at Kaysersberg. Half dead with cold, Fortin scrambled down from the roof, and sought refuge in the inn-kitchen, where a large fire blazed. On entering, he found a group of travellers already assembled round the cheerful hearth, and amongst them, to his surprise, were his cousin and the traveller whom he had deprived of his place. The cabriolet had taken them by a cross-road, which was a short-cut; and they had been an hour at the inn.

On remarking his cousin’s deplorable plight, Mulzen at once gave up his chair to him. As for the traveller whom Fortin had dispossessed at Cernay, he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

“Upon my word!” he cried, “I must thank this gentleman for having driven me from the imperial of the diligence; for, had he not done so, I should now be wet and half frozen as he is, instead of being warm and comfortable as I am.”

Fortin’s position was altogether too bad to admit of a retort. He sat down before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he was a little revived, he asked for a room and a bed; but the Kaysersberg fair was only just over, and the inn was full of persons who were to leave next morning. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before the diligence, had found but one small bed vacant, which the former

had generously given up to the latter. However, after much inquiry and investigation, it came out that there was another bed disengaged; but this stood in a room with four others, occupied by four peddlers, who refused to admit a stranger into the apartment.

“Did they engage the room for themselves alone?” inquired Fortin.

“By no means,” replied the innkeeper.

“Then you have a right to dispose of the unoccupied bed.”

“Undoubtedly.”

“Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit a fifth person into the room?”

“No reason at all; but they are four rough-looking fellows, and nobody cared to have a quarrel with them.”

Fortin rose quickly from his seat.

“That is weakness,” cried he. “For my part, I certainly will not sleep upon a chair because four strangers think proper to monopolize five beds. Show me their room. They must be made to hear reason.”

“Have a care, Henry,” said Mulzen. “They are brutal, ill-conditioned fellows.”

“Does their brutality entitle them to make us sit up all night?” sharply demanded the native of Marseilles. “No, *pardieu!* I will go to bed in spite of them.”

He put on his travelling cap, and was leaving the room in company with the innkeeper, when Mr. Rosman, who, whilst seeking a man to carry his baggage, had overheard the conversation, approached the two cousins.

“I perceive, gentlemen,” said he, with his friendly, smiling air, “that you have difficulty in finding beds for to-night.”

“I shall not be long without one,” replied Henry, passing on.

“One moment,” said Mr. Rosman. “Those men will perhaps reply to your reasons with insults, and you may have difficulty in getting them to admit your right. Had you not better accept beds at my house, gentlemen? I live but a few yards off, and shall have great pleasure in receiving you.”

Fortin and Mulzen bowed, and returned their thanks for



this hospitable invitation, but in very different tones. That of Mulzen was grateful and joyous; that of his companion constrained, although polite. Henry had not yet forgotten that Mr. Rosman was the primary cause of the meagerness of his dinner at Cernay.

"You are too obliging, sir," said he, softening his voice; "but I would not on any account occasion you so much trouble. It is well, besides, to give a lesson to these people, and to teach them to respect the rights of travellers."

Having thus spoken, he again bowed, and betook himself to the apartment occupied by the pedlars. Mulzen, fearing a quarrel, followed him; but whether it was that the hawkers did not care much about the matter, or that they were daunted by the Provençal's resolute mien, they contented themselves with a little grumbling, in spite of which Henry installed himself in the fifth bed. His cousin, relieved of his apprehensions, then re-descended the stairs, and joined Mr. Rosman, who had been so obliging as to wait for him.

Miss Charlotte and her niece Louisa were preparing the tea before a crackling fire of fir-cones. Mulzen's guide spoke a few words in a low voice to the two ladies, who received the young man with courteous kindness. They made him sit down at table, and Louisa filled the cups. As to Miss Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey. Seated in her arm-chair, she fancied she still felt the jolts of the diligence, and heard the rattle of the wheels in the singing of the kettle. She did not forget, however, to inquire what had become of the young man who had carried the imperial of the diligence by assault at Cernay; and Mr. Rosman related what had just occurred at the inn.

"Bless me!" cried Miss Charlotte, "he passes his life in search of quarrels and litigation! He is a man to be avoided like a pestilence!"

"It is impossible to have a better heart or more upright character," replied Mulzen; "but he makes a point of acting up to his motto: *To every one his rights.*"

"Whereas your motto is *Charity*," rejoined the old lady, with a smile. "Oh! I overheard all that passed at Cernay."

"You travel together?" inquired Mr. Rosman.

"We are cousins," replied Mulzen; "and we have come to Kaysersberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Miss Charlotte, in a tone of surprise.

"The will of our uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman looked at each other.

"Ah! you are the doctor's relatives?" said Mr. Rosman, gazing at the young man with a certain degree of interest. "Chance could hardly have directed you better, sir, for I was his oldest and most intimate friend."

This sort of mutual recognition naturally led the conversation to the subject of the deceased doctor. Mulzen had never seen him, but he felt for him that sort of respectful regard which instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor, listened with interest to details of his life and of his last moments; and at last, after one of those intimate conversations in which heart and mind throw off disguise, and display themselves as they really are, he retired to bed, delighted with his hosts, who, on their part, were equally pleased with him.

Tired with his journey, it was late when he awoke next morning. He hastened to dress himself, in order to seek his cousin, whom he was to accompany to the notary with whom the will was deposited. But on going down into the breakfast room he found the notary there, with Mr. Rosman and with Fortin, for whom a messenger had been sent. Miss Charlotte and Louisa soon appeared. When all were assembled, Mr. Rosman turned to the two young men, and said, with a smile, —

"All here present are interested in the matter which brings you to Kaysersberg, gentlemen; for my sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Revel, and her niece, Louisa Armand, whose guardian I am, have come hither, like yourselves, to witness the opening of the will of their brother and uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two young men bowed to Miss Charlotte and Miss Louisa, who returned their salutation.

"Since accident has brought together all the parties concerned," continued Mr. Rosman, "I thought the doctor's last wishes might be made public here as well as at the notary's office."

Fortin made a sign of assent. Everybody sat down, and the notary was about to break the seal of the will, when he checked himself.

"This will," he said, "is of old date; and, during the latter months of his life, Dr. Harver told me several times that it was his intention to destroy it, so that each of his heirs might receive the share regulated by law. The non-execution of his intention I can explain only by the suddenness of his death. I deem it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the interested persons here present whether they are disposed to fulfil the doctor's expressed intention, and to cancel this will with one consent, before any know whom the document enriches."

This unexpected proposal was followed by a pause of some moments' duration. Mulzen was the first to break silence.

"As far as I am concerned," said he, modestly, "having no particular claim upon the good will of the deceased, I cannot consider that I make a sacrifice in agreeing to an equal division of the property, and I am quite willing to consent to it."

"For my part," said Miss Charlotte, "I make no objection whatever."

"In the name of my ward," said Mr. Rosman, "I give my consent."

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "there is only this gentleman."

Fortin seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Like my cousin," he at last said, "I have no ground to expect that the will favors me; but that is the very reason why I should be guarded in my decision. Whatever may have been the doctor's intentions, his will alone can now be considered to express them. To neutralize beforehand his testamentary dispositions, is to infringe both on the rights of the will and on those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us say no more about it," interrupted the notary. "Prompt and perfect unanimity could alone make legitimate my proposition. Let us remain within the strict limits of legal right, as you, sir, propose. And now be pleased to listen."

With these words he tore the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

“Of the four persons who can lay claim to my inheritance, I know but two, — my sister, Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louisa Armand. But these two, long united by the strictest affection, have but one common interest, and may be considered, in fact, to constitute but one person. With respect to them, therefore, I have only Louisa to consider. My first intention was to bequeath to her all I possess; but it afterwards occurred to me that one of my two nephews might be equally worthy of my regard. The sole difficulty is to find out which of the two it is.

“Unable to investigate this point myself, and well knowing the intelligence and right-mindedness of my niece Louisa, I refer the matter to her judgment; and I constitute my sole heir that one of the two cousins whom she shall select for her husband.

“HARVER.”

When the notary paused, after completing the perusal of the will of the eccentric but well-meaning doctor, a silence of some duration ensued. The two young men looked embarrassed, and Louisa held down her head.

“*Mon Dieu!*” cried Miss Charlotte at last, “the doctor has bequeathed a very difficult task to my niece.”

“Less difficult than you think, sister,” said Rosman, smiling. “I have long been well acquainted with the contents of Harver’s will, and I made inquiries in consequence. The result of those inquiries convinced me that, whatever her choice, there was nothing to fear for Louisa.”

“Then let Miss Armand decide,” said the notary, laughing. “Since there is safety in either case, she has but to consult her inspirations.”

“I will beg my aunt to decide for me,” murmured the young girl, throwing herself into Miss Charlotte’s arms.

“I decide!” cried the old lady. “It is very perplexing, my dear, and I really do not know” —

But, whilst uttering these words with an air of indecision, Miss Charlotte’s first glance was at Mulzen. Fortin perceived this.

“Ah, madam!” cried he, quickly, “I see that your choice is made, and, whatever my regrets, I cannot but approve it.

Mademoiselle," he continued, taking Mulzen's hand, and leading him to Louisa, "your aunt has seen and judged rightly: my cousin is more deserving than I am."

"Your present conduct proves the contrary," said Miss Charlotte, touched by this generosity. "But we already know Mr. Mulzen a little; and then — in short, you deserve to hear the whole truth."

"Tell it me, by all means," interrupted Fortin.

"Well, then, his motto encourages, whilst yours deters me. He promises indulgence, and you justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but men have need of charity."

"You are perhaps right, madam," said Henry Fortin, thoughtfully. "Yesterday and to-day every thing seems to combine to give me a lesson. The rigid defence of my right has always turned against me, whilst my cousin's benevolence has, in every instance, profited him. Mulzen was in the right: his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, *To every one his rights*, but rather, *Love your neighbor as yourself*."

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## GREAT MEN.

GREAT men were all great workers in their time,  
 Steadfast in purpose, to their calling true,  
 Keeping with single aim the end in view;  
 Giving their youthful days and manhood's prime  
 To ceaseless toil: matin and midnight chime  
 Often upon their willing labors grew.  
 In suffering schooled, their souls endurance knew,  
 And over difficulties rose sublime.  
 Genius alone can never make one great:  
 There must be industry to second skill,  
 Faith, tireless perseverance, strength of will,  
 Ere triumph and success upon thee wait.  
 Would'st thou ascend Fame's rugged, frowning steep?  
 It must be thine to toil while others sleep.

## THE JEWELLED WATCH.

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AMONG the many officers, who, at the close of the Peninsular war, retired on half-pay, was Capt. Dutton, of the —th regiment. He had lately married the pretty, portionless daughter of a deceased brother officer; and, filled with romantic visions of rural bliss and “love in a cottage,” the pair, who were equally unskilled in the practical details of housekeeping, fancied they could live in affluence, and enjoy all the luxuries of life, on the half-pay which formed their sole income.

They took up their abode near a pleasant town in the south of England, and for a time got on pretty well; but when at the end of the first year a sweet little boy made his appearance, and at the end of the second an equally sweet little girl, they found that nurse-maids, baby-linen, doctors, and all the etceteras appertaining to the introduction and support of these baby-visitors, formed a serious item in their yearly expenditure.

For a while they struggled on without falling into debt; but at length their giddy feet slipped into that vortex which has engulfed so many, and their affairs began to assume a very gloomy aspect. About this time an adventurer named Smith, with whom Capt. Dutton became casually acquainted, and whose plausible manners and appearance completely imposed on the frank, unsuspecting soldier, proposed to him a plan for insuring, as he represented it, a large and rapid fortune. This was to be effected by embarking considerable capital in the manufacture of some new kind of spirit-lamps, which Smith assured the captain would, when once known, supersede the use of candles and oil-lamps throughout the kingdom.

To hear him descant on the marvellous virtues and money-making qualities of his lamp, one would be inclined to take

him for the lineal descendant of Aladdin, and inheritor of that scampish individual's precious heir-loom. Our modern magician, however, candidly confessed that he still wanted the "slave of the lamp," or, in other words, ready money, to set the invention agoing; and he at length succeeded in persuading the unlucky captain to sell out of the army, and invest the price of his commission in this luminous venture. If Capt. Dutton had refused to pay the money until he should be able to pronounce correctly the name of the invention, he would have saved his cash, at the expense, probably, of a semi-dislocation of his jaws; for the lamp rejoiced in an eight-syllabled title, of which each vocable belonged to a different tongue, — the first being Greek, the fourth Syriac, and the last taken from the aboriginal language of New Zealand; the intervening sounds believed to be respectively akin to Latin, German, Sanscrit, and Malay. Notwithstanding, however, this *prestige* of a name, the lamp was a decided failure: its light was brilliant enough; but the odor it exhaled in burning was so overpowering, so suggestive of an evil origin, so every-way abominable, that those adventurous purchasers who tried it once seldom submitted their olfactory nerves to a second ordeal. The sale and manufacture of the lamp and its accompanying spirit were carried on by Mr. Smith alone in one of the chief commercial cities of England, he having kindly arranged to take all the trouble off his partner's hands, and only requiring him to furnish the necessary funds. For some time, the accounts of the business transmitted to Capt. Dutton were most flourishing, and he and his gentle wife fondly thought they were about to realize a splendid fortune for their little ones: but at length they began to feel anxious for the arrival of cent-per-cent profits which had been promised, but which never came; and Mr. Smith's letters suddenly ceasing, his partner one morning set off to inspect the scene of operations.

Arrived at L——, he repaired to the street where the manufactory was situated, and found it shut up! Mr. Smith had gone off to America, considerably in debt to those who had been foolish enough to trust him; and leaving more rent due on the premises than the remaining stock in trade of the

unpronounceable lamp would pay. As to the poor ex-captain, he returned to his family a ruined man.

But strength is often found in the depths of adversity, courage in despair; and both our hero and his wife set resolutely to work to support themselves and their children. Happily they owed no debts. On selling out, Capt. Dutton had honorably paid every farthing he owed in the world before intrusting the remainder of his capital to the unprincipled Smith; and now this upright conduct was its own reward.

He wrote a beautiful hand, and, while seeking some permanent employment, earned a trifle occasionally by copying manuscripts, and engrossing in an attorney's office. His wife worked diligently with her needle; but the care of a young family, and the necessity of dispensing with a servant, hindered her from adding much to their resources. Notwithstanding their extreme poverty, they managed to preserve a decent appearance, and to prevent even their neighbors from knowing the straits to which they were often reduced. Their little cottage was always exquisitely clean and neat; and the children, despite of scanty clothing, and often insufficient food, looked, as they were, the sons and daughters of a gentleman.

It was Mrs. Dutton's pride to preserve the respectable appearance of her husband's wardrobe; and often did she work till midnight at turning his coat and darning his linen, that he might appear as usual among his equals. She often urged him to visit his former acquaintances, who had power to befriend him, and solicit their interest in obtaining some permanent employment; but the soldier, who was as brave as a lion when facing the enemy, shrank with the timidity of a girl from exposing himself to the humiliation of a refusal, and could not bear to confess his urgent need. He had too much delicacy to press his claims; he was too proud to be importunate; and so others succeeded where he failed.

It happened that the general under whom he had served, and who had lost sight of him since his retirement from the service, came to spend a few months at the watering-place near which the Duttons resided, and hired for the season a handsome furnished house. Walking one morning on the



sands, in a disconsolate mood, our hero saw, with surprise, his former commander approaching; and, with a sudden feeling of false shame, he tried to avoid a recognition. But the quick eye of Gen. Vernon was not to be eluded; and, intercepting him with an outstretched hand, he exclaimed, "What, Dutton! is that you? It seems an age since we met. Living in this neighborhood, eh?"

"Yes, general; I have been living here since I retired from the service."

"And you sold out, I think — to please the mistress, I suppose, Dutton? Ah! these ladies have a great deal to answer for. Tell Mrs. Dutton I shall call on her some morning, and read her a lecture for taking you from us."

Poor Dutton's look of confusion, as he pictured the general's visit surprising his wife in the performance of her menial labors rather surprised the veteran; but its true cause did not occur to him. He had had a great regard for Dutton, considering him one of the best and bravest officers under his command, and was sincerely pleased at meeting him again; so, after a ten minutes' colloquy, during the progress of which the ex-soldier, like a war-horse who pricks up his ears at the sound of the trumpet, became gay and animated, as old associations of the camp and field came back on him, the general shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "You'll dine with me to-morrow, Dutton, and meet a few of your old friends? Come, I'll take no excuse: you must not turn hermit on our hands."

At first Dutton was going to refuse, but on second thoughts accepted the invitation, not having, indeed, any good reason to offer for declining it. Having taken leave of the general, therefore, he proceeded towards home, and announced their rencontre to his wife. She, poor woman, immediately took out his well-saved suit, and occupied herself in repairing, as best she might, the cruel ravages of time; as well as in starching and ironing an already snowy shirt to the highest degree of perfection.

Next day, in due time, he arrived at Gen. Vernon's handsome temporary dwelling, and received a cordial welcome. A dozen guests, civilians as well as soldiers, sat down

to a splendid banquet. After dinner, the conversation happened to turn on the recent improvements in arts and manufactures; and comparisons were drawn between the relative talent for invention displayed by artists of different countries. Watchmaking happening to be mentioned as one of the arts which had during late years been wonderfully improved, the host desired his valet to fetch a most beautiful little watch, a perfect *chef-d'œuvre* of workmanship, which he had lately purchased in Paris; and which was less valuable for its richly jewelled case, than for the exquisite perfection of the mechanism it enshrined. The trinket passed from hand to hand, and was greatly admired by the guests; then the conversation turned on other topics, and many subjects were discussed until they adjourned to the drawing-room to take coffee.

After sitting there a while, the general suddenly recollected his watch, and ringing for his valet, desired him to take it from the dining-room table, where it had been left, and restore it to its proper place. In a few moments the servant returned, looking somewhat frightened: he could not find the watch. Gen. Vernon, surprised, went himself to search, but was not more fortunate.

"Perhaps, sir, you or one of the company may have carried it by mistake into the drawing-room?"

"I think not; but we will try."

Another search, in which all the guests joined, but without avail.

"What I fear," said the general, "is that some one by chance may tread upon and break it."

Gen. Vernon was a widower, and this costly trinket was intended as a present to his only child, a daughter, who had lately married a wealthy baronet.

"We will none of us leave this room until it is found!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen with ominous emphasis.

"That decision," said a young man, who was engaged that night to a ball, "might quarter us on our host for an indefinite time. I propose a much more speedy and satisfactory expedient: let us all be searched."

This suggestion was received with laughter and acclamations; and the young man, presenting himself as the first vic-

tim, was searched by the valet, who, for the nonce, enacted the part of custom-house officer. The general, who at first opposed this piece of practical pleasantry, ended by laughing at it; and each new inspection of pockets produced fresh bursts of mirth. Capt. Dutton alone took no share in what was going on: his hand trembled, his brow darkened, and he stood as much apart as possible. At length his turn came; the other guests had all displayed the contents of their pockets, so with one accord; and amid renewed laughter, they surrounded him, exclaiming that he must be the guilty one, as he was the last. The captain, pale and agitated, muttered some excuses, unheard amid the uproar.

“Now for it, Johnson!” cried one to the valet.

“Johnson, we’re watching you!” said another; “produce the culprit.”

The servant advanced; but Dutton, crossing his arms on his breast, declared in an agitated voice, that, except by violence, no one should lay a hand on him. A very awkward silence ensued, which the general broke by saying: “Capt. Dutton is right: this child’s play has lasted long enough. I claim exemption for him and for myself.”

Dutton, trembling and unable to speak, thanked his kind host by a grateful look, and then took an early opportunity of withdrawing. Gen. Vernon did not make the slightest remark on his departure, and the remaining guests, through politeness, imitated his reserve; but the mirth of the evening was gone, every face looked anxious, and the host himself seemed grave and thoughtful.

Capt. Dutton spent some time in wandering restlessly on the sands before he returned home. It was late when he entered the cottage; and his wife could not repress an exclamation of affright when she saw his pale and troubled countenance.

“What has happened?” cried she.

“Nothing,” replied her husband, throwing himself on a chair, and laying a small packet on the table. “You have cost me very dear,” he said, addressing it. In vain did his wife try to soothe him, and obtain an explanation. “Not now, Jane,” he said. “to-morrow we shall see. To-morrow I will tell you all.”

Early next morning he went to Gen. Vernon's house. Although he walked resolutely, his mind was sadly troubled. How could he present himself? In what way would he be received? How could he speak to the general without risking the reception of some look or word which he could never pardon? The very meeting with Johnson was to be dreaded.

He knocked: another servant opened the door, and instantly gave him admission. "This man, at all events," he thought, "knows nothing of what has passed." Will the general receive him? Yes; he is ushered into his dressing-room. Without daring to raise his eyes, the poor man began to speak in a low, hurried voice.

"Gen. Vernon, you thought my conduct strange last night; and painful and humiliating as its explanation will be, I feel it due to you and to myself to make it,"—

His auditor tried to speak; but Dutton went on, without heeding the interruption. "My misery is at its height: that is my only excuse. My wife and our four little ones are actually starving!"

"My friend!" cried the general with emotion. But Dutton proceeded—

"I cannot describe my feelings yesterday while seated at your luxurious table. I thought of my poor Janie, depriving herself of a morsel of bread to give it to her baby; of my little pale, thin Annie, whose delicate appetite rejects the coarse food which is all we can give her; and in an evil hour I transferred two *pâtés* from my plate to my pocket, thinking they would tempt my little darling to eat. I should have died of shame, had these things been produced from my pocket, and your guests and servant made witnesses of my cruel poverty. Now, general, you know all; and, but for the fear of being suspected by you of a crime, my distress should never have been known!"

"A life of unblemished honor," replied his friend, "has placed you above the reach of suspicion; besides, look here!" And he showed the missing watch. "It is I," continued he, "who must ask pardon of you all. In a fit of absence, I had dropped it into my waistcoat-pocket, where, in Johnson's presence, I discovered it while undressing."

“If I had only known!” murmured poor Dutton.

“Don’t regret what has occurred,” said the general, pressing his hand kindly. “It has been the means of acquainting me with what you should never have concealed from an old friend, who, please God, will find some means to serve you.”

In a few days Capt. Dutton received another invitation to dine with the general. All the former guests were assembled; and their host, with ready tact, took occasion to apologize for his strange forgetfulness about the watch. Capt. Dutton found a paper within the folds of his napkin: it was his nomination to an honorable and lucrative post, which insured competence and comfort to himself and his family.

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### GOING TO SLEEP.

#### I.

THE light is fading down the sky;  
 The shadows grow and multiply;  
 I hear the thrush’s evening song;  
 But I have borne with toil and wrong  
                                   So long, so long!  
 Dim dreams my drowsy senses drown;  
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

#### II.

My life’s brief spring went wasted by,  
 My summer’s ended fruitlessly:  
 I learned to hunger, strive, and wait,  
                                   So late! so late!  
 Now all my fields are turning brown,  
 So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

#### III.

O blessed sleep! O perfect rest!  
 Thus pillowed on your faithful breast,  
 Nor life nor death is wholly drear,  
 O tender heart, since you are here,  
                                   So dear, so dear!  
 Sweet love, my soul’s sufficient crown!  
 Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

# THE STARS AND THE EARTH;\*

OR,

THOUGHTS UPON SPACE, TIME, AND ETERNITY.

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## PART FIRST.

It is a well-known proposition, that a luminous body arising at a certain distance from an observer cannot be perceived in the very same instant of time in which it becomes luminous, but that a period of time, although infinitely short, exists whilst the light, our only medium of vision, passes through the space between the object and our eyes.

The rate at which the light travels is so exceedingly rapid, that it certainly has never been observed, nor have any attempts to measure it been made in the insignificant distances at which objects upon the earth are visible to us. But, since we see bodies at a distance immeasurably greater than the compass of terrestrial dimensions (namely, in viewing the stars above), the most acute calculations and observations have enabled astronomers to measure the speed of light, and

\* This remarkable essay appeared originally in London in 1849. In a recommendatory letter attached to the first American edition, the Rev. Thomas Hill remarks, "The circulation of this book would be, I am convinced, of benefit both to Science and Religion: to Religion, by showing, so far as it goes, that Science leads to faith; to Science, by pointing out to younger students the true spirit in which she should be wooed; still more, by presenting her in a lovely and attractive garb to the notice of men. It is a book of sublime poetry."

The "London Critic" thus characterizes the work: "Forty-eight small pages, suggesting food for a life of thought."

The "Family Herald" says, "This little book contains a new idea: it is an idea, too, which is infinitely sublime and beautiful."

to find that it travels at a rate of about two hundred and thirteen thousand miles in a second.

This number is not quite accurate; but as we now only propose to lay down a general idea, for which the close reckoning of astronomical calculation is not necessary, we will content ourselves here and in the following pages with adducing a general average number.

Thus light travels two hundred and thirteen thousand miles in a second; and, as the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles distant, it follows, that, when the first narrow streak of the crescent moon rises above the dark horizon, nearly a second and a quarter elapses before we see it; for the light takes this time to pass from the moon to our eyes. The moon, therefore, rises above the horizon a second and a quarter before it becomes visible to us.\*

The sun, ninety-five millions of miles distant, four hundred times farther than the moon, requires a period four hundred times longer than the moon (i.e., four hundred times five quarters of a second) to send its light upon our earth. Hence, when the sun rises, i.e. when the first ray from the outermost edge of the sun's disk reaches above the horizon, about eight minutes elapse before it passes into our eyes. The sun has, therefore, already risen eight minutes before it becomes visible to us.

The distance of the planet Jupiter from our earth, at the time when it is the greatest, is nearly six hundred and seventeen millions of miles. This is six times and a half as great as the distance of the sun, and therefore the light requires fifty-two minutes to penetrate from Jupiter to us. Lastly, Uranus runs his solitary course at a distance of eighteen hundred millions of miles from us: his light requires, therefore, twenty times as long a period to travel to us as that of the sun; i.e., more than two hours: so that Uranus has really risen two hours when we first perceive him.

No planet has hitherto been discovered more distant than Uranus: but an infinite space exists beyond, separating our sun and its system of planets from the nearest fixed star.

The distance of the fixed stars from our earth was, until

\* We take no notice of the refraction of the light.

a very recent time, when the measurements of Struve and Bessel were crowned with such glittering results, a deep, inscrutable secret; but now we know that the nearest fixed star — namely, the brightest star in the constellation of Centaur — is about eighteen billions of miles distant. Its rays of light, therefore, penetrate to us in about three years; that is, the ray of light which meets our eye from this star was not developed and emitted at the same moment, but three years ago.

Struve has calculated, with respect to the well-known bright star Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre, that its light consumes twelve years and one month in reaching the earth; and, according to the measurements of Harding and the inquiries of recent astronomers, the following numbers have been deduced as the average distance of the fixed stars from us.

A ray of light requires, before it reaches the earth, from a star of the

1st magnitude	. . .	3 to 12 years.
2d	„ . . .	20 years.
3d	„ . . .	30 „
4th	„ . . .	45 „
5th	„ . . .	66 „
6th	„ . . .	96 „
7th	„ . . .	180 „

Moreover, Struve, from the dimensions of his telescope, and from the observation of the fact that a star of the twelfth magnitude, seen through it, has as much light as a star of the sixth magnitude seen with the naked eye, concludes that the distance of a star of the twelfth magnitude is forty-one times greater than that of one of the sixth magnitude; and, consequently, that the smallest of these stars visible to him is at a distance of twenty-three thousand billions of miles, and requires a period of time for the travelling of the light to the earth as great as four thousand years. That is, the ray of light from a star of the twelfth magnitude, which we may mention is only perceptible by means of a very good tele-



scope, has, at the time it meets our eyes, already left the star four thousand years, and since that time has wandered on in its own course, unconnected with its origin.

We have hitherto confined our considerations to our system of fixed stars; and we will not at present overstep this limit; although it would be easy, were we to enter into hypotheses, to multiply indefinitely these enormous proportions hitherto adduced.

According to a conjecture first made by the great Herschel, and afterwards further developed and rendered intelligible by Mädler, this entire system of fixed stars forms, if we may use the expression, a single lens-shaped canopy. That is, we, with our sun, are situated nearly in the middle of a space having the form of two watch-glasses, placed with the concave surfaces towards each other. The surfaces of this canopy are studded tolerably equally with fixed stars. But as we are a thousand times nearer those situated above and below than those at the edges of this hollow lens, so the distances between the stars immediately above us seem greater, whilst the legions of those distributed at the edge are seen in densely crowded masses. We may consider the Milky Way as the edge and farthest limit of this set of fixed stars, where the infinitely distant crowds of stars are collected in such masses, that their light flows together into a whitish cloud, and no longer permits us to isolate one star from another.

Beyond *this our lens*, Herschel and the most recent astronomers imagine that the spots of clouds which appear like oval flakes in the sky are other entirely distinct and independent systems, which float at such an immeasurable distance from us, that the light has to wander millions of years in reaching to us.

It is, however, as we before remarked, sufficient for our purpose to take into consideration only the stars of the twelfth magnitude, from which the light can travel to us in four thousand years. From what we have already said, — viz., that the ray of light meeting our eye is not sent forth from the star at the same moment, but arrives here according to the corresponding and requisite number of seconds, minutes, or years, it follows that we do not see the star as it is, but as it was at the time when the ray of light was emitted.

Thus we see the star in Centaur as it was three years ago, Vega as it was twelve years and one month ago ; and so on to the star of the twelfth magnitude, which we look upon as it shone four thousand years ago. Hence follows the conclusion which has frequently been made by astronomers, and which in its result has become popular ; viz., that a star of the twelfth magnitude may have been extinguished or set four thousand years ago, whilst we, nevertheless, continue to see its light shining.

This conclusion, when applied to each of the former positions, gives the following results.

We do not see the moon as it is, but as it was a second and a quarter before : i.e., the moon may already have been dispersed into atoms for more than a second, and we should still see it entire and perfect.

We do not see the sun as it now is, but as it was eight minutes before ; Jupiter as it was fifty-two minutes before ; Uranus as it was more than two hours before ; the star in Centaur as it was three years ago ; Vega as it was nine and a quarter years ; and a star of the twelfth magnitude as it was four thousand years ago.

These propositions are well known, and have already been published in popular works upon astronomy.

It is really marvellous that nobody has thought of reversing them, and of drawing the very remarkable and astonishing conclusions which pour upon us in a full stream from the converse ; and it is our intention here to examine the converse, and the inferences which may thence be drawn.

The following is the relative view of the matter. As we have before remarked, we see the disk of the moon, not in the form in which it now is, but as it was five quarters of a second before the time of observation.

In exactly the same way, an imaginary observer in the moon would not see the earth as it was at the moment of observation, but as it was five quarters of a second before. An observer from the sun sees the earth as it was eight minutes before. From Uranus the time between the reality and the perception by the eye being two hours and a half apart ; if,

for example, the summit of the Alps on a certain morning was illumined by the first rays of the sun at six o'clock, an observer in this planet, who was provided either with the requisite power of vision, or a sufficiently good telescope, would see this indication of the rising of the sun at half-past eight of our time.

An observer in Centaur can, of course, never see the northern hemisphere of the earth, because this constellation never rises above our horizon. But supposing it possible, and that an observer were standing in this star with such powerful vision as to be able to distinguish all particulars upon our little earth, shining but feebly luminous in its borrowed light, he would see in the year 1843 the public illuminations which, in the year 1840, made the cities of our native country shine with the brightness of day during the darkness of night. An observer in Vega would see what happened with us twelve years ago; and so on, until an inhabitant of a star of the twelfth magnitude, if we imagine him with unlimited power of vision contemplating the earth, sees it as it was four thousand years ago, when Memphis was founded, and the patriarch Abraham wandered upon its surface.

In the immeasurably great number of fixed stars which are scattered about in the universe, floating in ether at a distance of between fifteen and twenty billions of miles from us, reckoning backwards any given number of years, doubtless a star could be found which sees the past epochs of our earth as existing now, or so nearly corresponding to the time, that the observer need wait no long time to see its condition at the required moment.

Let us here stop for a moment to make one of the inferences to be drawn from these propositions, which we have laid down, and which are so clear and evident to every reasonable mind.

We have here a perfectly intelligible perception of the idea of the omniscience of God with relation to past events. If we imagine the Deity as a man with human powers, but in a far superior degree, it will be easy for us to attribute to him the faculty and power of really overlooking and discerning,

even in the most minute particulars, every thing which may be sensibly and actually overlooked and seen from a real point of observation.

Thus if we wish to comprehend how any past earthly deed or occurrence, even after thousands of years, is as distinctly and immediately in God's presence as if it were actually taking place before his eyes, it is sufficient for our purpose to imagine him present at a certain point at which the light and the reflection of the circumstance is just arriving.

Supposing that this result is established. Omniscience with respect to the past becomes identical and *one and the same thing* with actual omnipresence with regard to space. For, if we imagine the eye of God present at every point of space, the whole course of the history of the world appears to him immediately and at once.

That which occurred on earth eight minutes before, is glancing brightly and evidently in his sight in the sun. Upon the star of the twelfth magnitude, occurrences which have passed away for four thousand years are seen by him; and in the intermediate points of space are the pictures of the events which have happened in every moment since.

Thus we have here the extension of time, which corresponds with that of space, brought so near to our sensible perception, that time and space cannot be considered as at all different from one another; for those things which are consecutive one to the other in point of time lie next to one another in space. The effect does not follow after the cause; but it exists visibly in space near it; and a picture has spread itself out before us, embracing space and time together, and representing both so entirely and at once, that we are no longer able to separate or distinguish the extension of space from that of time.

The omniscience of God with regard to the past is become intelligible and easy to us, as a sensible and material all-surveying view. Before his eyes, endued with immeasurable powers of sight, the picture of past thousands of years is, at the present moment, actually extended in space.

Hence, when we imagine the purely human sense of sight rendered more extended and acute, we are able actually to comprehend one of the attributes of the Deity.

But, according to the reverse, the excellence of this human sense becomes clear to us if we have by this time understood that it only requires an increased optical and mechanical intensity of it to communicate, at least by approximation, a divine power; viz., omniscience with regard to the past, to beings endowed with such exalted powers of vision.

Having drawn this clear and intelligible inference from the previous considerations, let us take a step further in advance; but since, from this point, the ideas of *Possibility* and *Impossibility* must be frequently referred to, it is necessary that we and our readers mutually understand each other on this subject.

We call that *possible* which does not contradict the laws of thought: we call that *impossible* which contradicts these laws.

Hence every ultimate accomplishment of a human discovery is *possible*; but it is impossible to reach the limit which can only be attained on such suppositions as are themselves impossible according to the foregoing definition.

For example, it is possible to pass through any given definite space in any fixed and definite period of time. For as, with a steam-carriage, we can travel a geographical mile in ten minutes, and, with the electric telegraph, can ring a bell at a distance of ten miles in a second; so the supposition that we may be enabled to move from one place to another with speed far surpassing the rapidity of light rests upon possibility.

We repeat, that, practically and experimentally, such a result will never be arrived at, and require simply that the following be allowed.

If we show that something which hitherto existed only in a dream, or in the imagination of the enthusiastic, can appear attainable and real, but has only such impediments as arise from inability to render perfect certain known mechanical powers, and to move from one place to another with sufficient rapidity; I say that, when we have shown this, the question is transferred from the jurisdiction of dreams and enthusiasm to the jurisdiction of that species of possibility which does not contradict the laws of thought.

For example, the question whether there is such a bird as the phœnix belongs to the dominion of dreams and folly. But, I say, if, supposing it were possible for us to prove that this bird actually were living in the centre of the earth, or below the depths of the ocean, and if this evidence were perfectly accurate, lucid, and irrefutable; then indeed it would still be impossible for us to see this bird with our bodily eyes. But, now that the impediments which oppose the realization of the sight are clearly and intelligibly demonstrated, we may proceed to our purpose of contriving mechanical means to overcome them in the present instance.

Thus a question hitherto only referable to the region of ideas, dreams, and enthusiasm, being brought to such a point that the impediments against its resolution are simply mechanical and relative to space, is placed quite in another and much nearer district; viz., under the dominion of what we above designated as possible. We must not here forget, that this possibility is not to be mistaken for experimental practicability, and not to be looked upon in reference to its execution being attained at any time; but it simply bears upon the question, inasmuch as ideas which are, as it were, overcome, and won out of the region of empty thought into *this* district of possibility, are now brought nearer to our immediate perception (be it well observed, *perception*, and not *practicability*), and are thus raised out of mere cloudy and feverish fancies into intelligible ideas.

I now continue, in the supposition that I have hitherto made myself perfectly understood by the reader; that the idea of possibility which I have laid down, has as little to do with dreams, as it has, on the other side, with the question of practicability. With this idea, we may maintain that it is possible, i.e., not in contradiction to the laws of thought, that a man may travel to a star in a given time; and that he may effect this, provided with so powerful a telescope as to be able to overcome every given distance, and every light and shadow in the object to be examined. With this supposition, and with the aid of a knowledge of the position and distance of every given fixed star (to be attained by the study of astronomy), it will be possible to recall sensibly to our very eyes an

actual and true representation of every moment of history that has passed. If, for instance, we wish to see Luther before the Council at Worms, we must transport ourselves in a second to a fixed star from which the light requires about three hundred years (or so much more or less) in order to reach the earth. Thence the earth will appear in the same state, and with the same persons moving upon it, as it actually was at the time of the Reformation.

To the view of an observer from another fixed star, our Saviour appears now upon earth, performing his miracles, and ascending into heaven; and thus every moment which has passed during the lapse of centuries, down to the present time, may be actually recalled so as to be present.

Thus the universe encloses the pictures of the past, like an indestructible and incorruptible record, containing the purest and clearest truth. And as sound propagates itself in the air, wave after wave; and the stroke of the bell, or the roar of the cannon, is heard only by those who stand nearest in the same moment when the clapper strikes the bell, or the powder explodes; but each more distant spectator remarks a still greater interval between the light and the sound, until the human ear is no longer able to perceive the sound on account of the distance; or, to take a still clearer example, as thunder and lightning are in reality simultaneous, but, in the storm, the distant thunder follows at the interval of some minutes after the flash: so, in like manner, according to our ideas, the pictures of every occurrence propagate themselves into the distant ether, upon the wings of the ray of light. And although they become weaker and smaller, yet, in immeasurable distance, they still have color and form; and as every thing possessing color and form is visible, so must these pictures also be said to be visible, however impossible it may be for the human eye to perceive it with the hitherto discovered optical apparatus. It is, besides, for the same reasons, the greatest rashness to wish to determine beforehand the limits beyond which the perfection of our optical instruments may never step. Who could have guessed at the wonderful results which have been discovered by means of Herschel's telescope and Ehrenberg's microscope? We do not, however,

require its practicability, nor even any indication that it is to be hoped for, since we have before explained to the reader the idea which we intend to convey under the word "possible;" and we wish only to move in the regions of possibility of this kind.

Thus that record which spreads itself out farther and farther in the universe, by the vibration of the light, really and actually exists and is visible, but to eyes more powerful than those of man.

The pictures of all secret deeds which have ever been transacted remain indissolubly and indelibly forever, reaching from one sun beyond another. Not only upon the floor of the chamber is the blood-spot of murder indelibly fixed; but the deed glances farther and farther into the spacious heaven.

At this moment is seen in one of the stars the image of the cradle from which Casper Hauser was taken to be enclosed in a living tomb for so many years: in another star glances the flash of the shot which killed Charles XII. But what need is there to refer to individual instances? It would be easy to carry it out to the smallest details; but we leave this to the fancy of the reader, and only request that he will not scorn these images as childish, until he has gone through, with us, the very serious and important inferences which we will now proceed to make.

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Let us imagine an observer, with infinite powers of vision, in a star of the twelfth magnitude. He would see the earth at this moment as it existed at the time of Abraham. Let us, moreover, imagine him moved forwards in the direction of our earth, with such speed, that in a short time (say in an hour) he comes to within the distance of a hundred millions of miles, being then as near to us as the sun is, whence the earth is seen as it was eight minutes before; let us imagine all this quite apart from any claims of possibility or reality, and then we have indubitably the following result, — that before the eye of this observer the entire history of the world, from



the time of Abraham to the present day, passes by in the space of an hour. For, when the motion commenced, he viewed the earth as it was four thousand years ago; at the half-way, i.e. after half an hour, as it was two thousand years ago; after three-quarters of an hour, as it was one thousand years ago; and, after an hour, as it now is.

We want no further proof, and it is evident beyond the possibility of contradiction, that, if an observer were able to comprehend with his eye the whirling procession of these consecutive images, he would have lived through the entire history of the world, with all the events and transactions which have happened in the hemisphere of the globe turned towards him, in a single hour. If we divide the hour into four thousand parts, so that about a second corresponds to each, he has seen the events of a whole year in a single second. They have passed before him, with all the particulars, all the motions and positions of the persons occupied, with the entire changing scenery; and he has lived through them all, — every thing entire and unshortened, but only in the quickest succession, — and one hour was for him crowded with quite as many events as the space of four thousand years upon earth. If we give the observer power also to halt at pleasure in his path, as he is flying through the ether, he will be able to represent to himself, as rapidly as he pleases, that moment in the world's history which he wishes to observe at leisure, provided he remains at a distance when this moment of history appears to have just arrived; allowing for the time which the light consumes in travelling to the position of the observer.

Here again we leave to the fancy of the poet the prosecution of further details, and come to the conclusions which we intend to make.

As we imagined an observer from a star of the twelfth magnitude capable of approaching the earth in an hour, we will now once more suppose that he can fly through the space in a second, or, like the electro-magnetic power, in an immeasurably short time.

He would now live through the period of four thousand years with all their events completely, and as exactly, in a moment of time, as he did before in the space of an hour.

The human mind, it is true, grows giddy at the thought of such a consecutive train of images and events; but we can easily attribute to a higher or the highest spirit the power of distinguishing and comprehending with accuracy every individual wave in this astonishing stream.

Hence the notion, that the Deity makes use of no measurement of time, is become clear and intelligible to us.

When it is written, "Before God, a thousand years are as one day," it is a mere empty word, unless the idea is rendered perceptible to our senses. But when, as we have done *by sensible and actual suppositions*, we are enabled to show that it is possible for a being simply endowed with a higher degree of human power to live through the history of four thousand years in a second, we think we have materially contributed to render intelligible the philosophical statement, that time is nothing existing for itself, but only the form and repository, without which we cannot imagine its contents; viz., the series of consecutive events.

If time was something *real, and actually existing, and necessary to the occurrence of events*, it would be impossible for that to take place in a shorter time which occurs in a longer time. But here we see the entire contents of four thousand years concentrated into one second, and not mutilated or isolated, but every event completely surrounded with all its individual particulars and collateral circumstances. The duration of time is, therefore, unnecessary for the occurrence of events. Beginning and end may coalesce, and still enclose every thing intermediate.

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Having thus laid our contemplations before the reader, we will express a hope, that the images may appear as poetical and sublime to him as to us, and that an hitherto unknown clearness and insight has been given to his ideas of the omniscience, omnipresence, and eternity of God.

In conclusion, we must acknowledge a slight deception practised on the reader, of which we have rendered ourselves guilty with a quiet conscience. For the images of human and earthly events are not carried forward into the universe upon

the wings of the light in so complete a manner, and without any exception, as we have represented. For example, what takes place within the houses cannot be seen, because the roofs and walls impede the passage of rays, &c.

Nevertheless, as we have frequently and expressly declared, we do not treat of a corporeal view, but of one indicated by possibility in the sense in which we have explained it; and we therefore consider it conducive to the interest of these beautiful and poetical ideas to defer this correction until the end.

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We leave the further execution of the details, as we before remarked, to the poet. We hope, however, soon to lay before the public, in continuation of these pages, a development of the new and penetrating ideas which have crowded upon us in such abundance, as the result of the foregoing considerations.

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## PART SECOND.

[The author hopes that the appearance of this second part of his Reflections upon Space, Time, and Eternity, will be received with as much indulgence as the first. In place of supplying the reader with conclusions, he has here rather to stimulate him to more distant and independent considerations.

Eternal Truth, says the proverb, lies at the bottom of a well; but it works and strains to rise upwards to the light. Frequently have the bubbles which have escaped from the fermentation underneath been mistaken for the lost treasure; and frequently, too, have we greeted their appearance with precipitate joy, as a manifestation of truth itself. But, even if we have been deceived, this sign of life and movement in the spiritual world deserves to be welcomed by us; and on these grounds the following considerations may be taken as an indication, though perhaps a slight one, that truth lies at the bottom.]

It has been shown, in the first part, how the reflection of earthly events is borne farther and farther upon the wings of

a ray of light into the universe, so that the transactions which took place here thousands of year ago are to-day visible in a distant fixed star; for every thing that has form and color, however weak the light, and however small its proportions, must be considered to be visible. Our theory has been allowed up to this point; viz., that an observer endowed with infinite powers of vision, who in an immeasurably short time has passed from a fixed star of the twelfth magnitude to the vicinity of the earth, must have seen completely, in this short space of time, the reflection of every thing which has passed during four thousand years upon the surface of the hemisphere directed towards him.

From these positions, we deduced consequences which have the effect of rendering the ideas of Space, Time, and Eternity generally and easily intelligible.

The present little work is intended still further to illustrate these ideas in the same way, and to deliver to the public, in a comprehensible form, those truths and ideas which have hitherto been the exclusive property of professed philosophers, — a service with which the reader should be so much the more pleased, since the author of these lines is very far from being willing to reckon himself among the number of these philosophers.

As the former treatise has already made our readers well acquainted with the plan of the argument, and the mode of demonstration which we employ, so much ceremony and so many details will not be necessary in the following considerations as were found to be so in the former part. A friendly amount of attention alone will enable us to go through together the following points, which are thus briefly enunciated:—

Let us come to the question.

Exactly in the same way in which an infinitely quick passage from a fixed star to the earth crowds together the images of all earthly events into a single moment, so, by reversing the process, the succession of these pictures may, in the following way, be indefinitely deferred. Let us suppose that the light, and, with it, the reflection of some earthly occurrence, arrives at a fixed star of the second magnitude in about

twenty years. Let us also suppose, that the observer mounts to this star in the space of twenty years and one day, starting at the moment when, for example, the blossom of a flower was beginning to unfold itself; he will there find the image of this flower in that stage of development in which it was one day after the commencement of its blooming. If he was endowed with infinite powers of sight and observation, and had been able to follow the development of the blossom throughout his entire journey, he would have had time and opportunity of studying for twenty years the changes which occurred to the flower upon earth in a single day. The successive changes in its form are, as it were, fixed before his eyes. As it is scarcely possible to catch with the eye a butterfly which flits past us, so as to detect the coloring of its wings; and, on the contrary, if we could follow and observe it in its flight, we might count out and separate even the minute grains of colored dust upon its wings: so would the observer who had the power of following the reflection of a transitory event upon the wings of the light be enabled to distinguish the most sudden changes with the greatest accuracy and leisure.

In this way we have, to a certain extent, a *microscope for time*. For as the magnifying-glass apparently enlarges a thousand times the space which a minute object occupies, and thus renders it possible to separate the small contiguous portions of which it consists, which appear to the naked eye as collected into a single point; so he who is able to follow the reflected images of the stages of a rapid development with the speed of a ray of light will be enabled to discover an endless number of separate transactions, of the existence of which we had no previous notion.

A flash of lightning, for example, appears as a momentary light, which blinds us for a time, without permitting us any power of distinguishing the causes which produce it. But if we could follow the image of such a flash, only up to the sun, i. e., for eight minutes, we should be able to unfold secrets respecting the nature of the phenomenon, which would not be less astounding of their kind than the living worlds which the microscope exposes to our view in a drop of water.

Moreover, if, as we have remarked, the revolutions of our earth at the time of the deluge are at the present time reflected upon a star of the twelfth magnitude, as we should see (if we were provided with infinite visual powers) the events which took place upon the star, not as they are to-day, but as they were thousands of years ago; so an inhabitant of that star, mounting away with the images and rays of light, would be able to solve, by his own personal inspection, all the problems of geology and the creation, concerning which our inquirers into natural history are to this day puzzling themselves. And this reflection does not refer to our earth alone; but the inhabitant of each star sees the past occurrences of other stars: and the events, not only of *our* world, but of *all* worlds, are at present expanded in space as the greatest and truest history of the universe.

It was laid down and inculcated as strongly as possible in the first part of this work, that, in these considerations, we only treat of such things *as can be imagined to be possible*, and that we avoid altogether any claims towards reality or practicability. To bring, however, our ideas one step nearer to those who cannot altogether resign their notions of probability, we will make the following remark: The fact that more distant objects appear to us smaller, and with less distinct outlines and colors, than those which are near, depends, in the first place, upon the formation of the human eye, and, secondly, upon the opacity of the atmosphere.

The rays of sight diverge from the eye, so that a very small body close to it fills up the interval between two such rays; whilst, at a greater distance, a much larger body is necessary to fill up the proportionately increased space between them. If we hold up a shilling at arm's-length before our eyes, we may completely conceal the sun with it. If, on the contrary, an organ of vision was constructed in such a manner, that the rays proceeded in parallel lines, every object would appear in proportion to every other, and of its own proper size, without any reference to the distance between it and the eye. We certainly should not see distant bodies *entire*, but only such small portions of them as are proportionate to the size of the organ of vision, constructed after this vision; but this little

portion would be visible, with equal clearness, at every distance, and a blade of grass upon the most distant fixed star could not escape our sight, provided our atmosphere was clear, and freed from all disturbing influences.

By the supposition of an organ of vision of such a construction as this, which assuredly no one will consider impossible to be imagined, it is hoped that the possibility of all that we have brought forward is rendered much more intelligible to many readers.

It would, nevertheless, be but fruitless trouble to spin out the thread of these thoughts any longer, if no further result could be deduced from them than the proof that some one thing would be possible if some other thing were possible; for one such combination of assumptions, however it may lay claim to some momentary interest, would remain but an empty sport of the fancy, which flits across the mind of the reader, without leaving any lasting effect behind.

As we proceed in our reflections, we become convinced that we can build up a more solid superstructure by the help of this airy scaffolding, since the consequences which we think we can deduce will enable the reader to grasp the ideas of Space and Time, as it were, by intuition; whilst, without some such instructions, the description of metaphysical objects is frequently mere *words* for the generality of men. For it is one thing to acknowledge a certain position to be true, because we cannot refute the premises from which it is deduced, and another to comprehend it so immediately and completely, that, from this time, it is in itself intelligible to us, and we consider any thing which contradicts it to be absurd. Thus, for example, he to whom the geometrical proposition, that the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles, has been intelligibly demonstrated, must acknowledge the truth of it; but he has not necessarily comprehended the proposition in its strictest sense. For this, it is requisite that he should get that close insight into the fact, that it belongs to the very existence of a triangle that the angles shall be together equal to two right angles, and that a triangle without this property is as inconceivable and as absurd as a four-cornered circle.

To prepare a way for such intuitive perception, and such immediate knowledge with respect to the nature of Time and Space, and to facilitate its acquisition, is the object of the following reflections. They shall, from their plainness, *constrain the reader to understand*, and shall force upon him clear notions with respect to matters from which he has often turned away without any consideration.

Truly, the interest which men take in things is very varied, and frequently contradictory: what appears to one as of the highest importance appears of no material consequence to another. There is, however, *one* question which must interest every one, even though his leisure, and the bent of his mind, may not permit him to devote himself earnestly, and without intermission, to the labor of attempting its solution. This question is the *How* and the *Wherefore* of all things. It is one from which the mind of man cannot be repulsed. When a child, he asks after the Maker of heaven and earth, and is relieved and contented by being directed to an all-wise and perfectly good Almighty Creator. To more mature reflection, this answer is no longer sufficient; because the attempt to deduce the multiplicity of things in the world around us from one single cause, viz. from God, leads us to contradictions which it is the province of philosophy to unravel. Our mind can indeed only attribute a single effect to a single cause; and, when we perceive manifold and different effects, it becomes at once requisite to our intellect to seek for manifold and various causes. This is a law which is so intolerant of exceptions, that we unwillingly suppose a difference to exist even where our senses cannot discern it. For example, the single ray of the sun gives us light and warmth: it is in our thoughts at once considered double, and analyzed into a lighting and a heating ray, because we are absolutely compelled, even against our inclination, to look out for two causes, a lighting and a warming power, for the two effects, light and heat.

Now if, in consequence of some certain inherent property of our minds, we are compelled to look for a single First Cause and a single Creator for the sum of all the causes and effects which are manifest in the world, which fill it, and



which, indeed, *are* the world, the First Cause must be entirely single and one, because, if we are unwilling to admit in *it* any difference or variety, we are again as irresistibly driven to the question, What can be the cause of these differences and varieties? It is, however, absurd to inquire after the origin of the First Cause of all things, because the very essence of a First Cause consists in the fact, that the inquiry after some more distant origin is impossible.

To solve and remove this contradiction and absurdity is, as I have already remarked, the province of philosophers. It has frequently been asserted, that they have discovered the solution; but the answer to the question "How?" is still due to the uninitiated, since philosophers allege, that the most intense study of philosophy is requisite to enable us to understand the results at which they arrive.

We are not, however, sufficiently submissive to be put off with such a mysterious answer; and the circumstance itself makes us suspect, that the philosophers cannot have convinced one another, but that the successor always confutes his predecessor; so that, in the most favorable view, philosophy has taken a step farther each time, but has not yet arrived at the goal.

Now since all hope, upon the side of philosophers, has been cut off from us, of our ever arriving at the solution of the contradiction from which the intellect in vain struggles to free itself, we will make an attempt to point out in a generally intelligible manner a path by which the solution becomes conceivable, — *to point out a path*, I say; that is, I point out the way and prove it, and render it intelligible that this path, if it is really pervious, *must* lead to the goal. Whether it can be travelled, must be decided by the inquiries, to stimulate and to advance which is the chief end of these lines, and the most earnest wish of the author. The course which our reflections will take, apparently leads us away from the "stars and the earth;" but we shall return to them, and beg the reader to accompany us, step by step, to the conclusions which are the end of our journey.

But, as I have already said, since there is a contradiction between the assumption of a single original cause, and the

world with its manifold changes and phenomena, it follows that there is either no First Cause or no multiplicity in the world, or, lastly, that both these assumptions are false.

To point out one of these three possible sources of error is, therefore, a step upon the road to truth.

If, for example, it is shown that the various and manifold phenomena in the world are really not various and manifold, but that they are only apparently so, the necessity of discovering for every variety a particular cause no longer exists, and thus a single cause becomes sufficient. We will show that such a view *is* possible, and *how* it is so.

As a single and colorless ray of the sun, when it is seen through a prism, is decomposed into a broad surface with seven different colors, so a world which was really only a single undivisible point might, by our human senses, and by man's method of contemplation and comprehension, be divided, as through a prism with a thousand sides, into the endless multitude of phenomena which are round about us.

All differences and distinctions which we perceive are of two kinds: first, the difference between things which are perceptible to our senses, as the sun, the heavenly bodies, men, beasts, and plants; and, secondly, the difference in matters beyond the cognizance of our senses, as of thoughts and truths. Thus, to mark out the way by which we can lead ourselves to consider the entire world as a single indivisible unit, we must solve a double problem: To show, first, that the different thoughts and truths may be looked upon as a single truth; and, secondly, that the parts of the universe, and of the history of the world, which bear reference to time and space, can also be viewed together as a single indivisible point.

The first part of the question is that which may be solved most easily, and in the most intelligible way. *There is only one truth*; and, if we think that we can distinguish many, it only depends upon the limited nature of our understanding, which separates and decomposes this unity into many rays.

Let us begin with quite a simple example, — man is mortal: he thinks and he feels. These are three separate and different truths according to our ordinary ideas; but the difference only depends upon the fact that our mind is not able at once

and completely to grasp and understand the idea of man, with all its consequences. If this was the case, and if, as soon as we heard the word *man*, there was present in our minds every thing which is requisite to the realization of the idea, we should immediately entertain the notion of mortality, of thought, and of sensation; and it would not at first occur to us to analyze the idea, and to say, "Man is mortal," any more than we should think that we are saying something particular when we state that a square has four corners, because this property is already understood in the object, and together with it.

A second example will make this more evident. For one who has fully comprehended and knows what a triangle is, it is not requisite that he should be first informed that a triangle has three sides and three angles, that the three angles are together equal to two right angles, and that three lines drawn perpendicularly from the angles to the opposite sides cut one another at the same point; in short, all that mathematicians have made out concerning the properties of a triangle by a troublesome scientific process: but he understands it all at once. He who has completely comprehended the idea of the globe of our earth understands at once and immediately that it is round, that it is heavy, of what chemical components it is formed, the course it runs, and what creatures it produces. He has included man, with all his deeds and transactions, his perceptions and ideas, his understanding and the illusions of his senses, as necessary attributes of the earth; and has seen that he could not bring himself to describe or imagine one of these points or truths as any thing special or separate, because he has comprehended all as indivisible and distinct consequences, and components of the idea earth. He can put down and acknowledge each of these positions as a distinct truth, just as little as we can think that we are saying something particular when we remark, "a square has four angles."

Lastly, if we enlarge our ideas to the universe, to the whole creation, in which all experience, truths, and ideas are included, it follows, that, for the most perfect acquaintance with it, only *one* truth and *one* idea exists, viz., the universe,

and that the subdivision of this one universal knowledge is as purely human, and as certainly depends upon the imperfection of human powers of perception, as the necessity of dividing a single ray of the sun into a double power, viz., a lighting and heating ray, because it enlightens and warms us at the same time. For the universe is a great organic whole; and he who has understood and entirely comprehended the idea of an organized being has also grasped and comprehended all its separate component parts.

In order to point out the way in which we can bring ourselves to consider the universe as one indivisible unit, we had, as I have above remarked, two questions to solve; 1st, that there is only one truth, or, at least, that all truths may be considered as a single one, and one which is only divisible from the imperfection of human knowledge. This first part of the proposition I think we have proved: in the second part, we have to show that the phenomena of the universe which are referable to space and time may be equally well conceived, as forming together a single point.

By means of the journey which we have imagined an observer to take from a star of the twelfth magnitude down to the earth, in an immeasurably short space of time, we have shown that there is a point of observation from which the whole expanse of time, with the occurrences which took place in it, appear to be compressed into a single point. But as, in such a case, the events themselves do not in reality appear to us, but we see their images on the light in the quickest succession, the problem still remains, — to compress these events into a single point, and to make it intelligible that they themselves, and not their images only, can happen most completely in a single moment of time: and, even more, that a space of time which we call long or short is actually and really caused by our human mode of comprehension.

Let us suppose, that from some given time, for example, from to-day, the course of the stars and of our earth becomes twice as rapid as before, and that the year passes by in six months, each season in six weeks, and each day in twelve hours; that the period of the life of man is, in like manner, reduced to one-half of its present duration, so that, speaking

in general terms, the longest human life, instead of eighty years, lasts for forty, each of which contains as many of the new days of twelve hours, as the former years did, when the days were twenty-four hours long: the drawing of our breath, and the stroke of the pulse, would proceed with double their usual rapidity, and our new period of life would appear to us of the normal length.

The hands of the clock would no longer make the circuit in one hour and in twelve; but the long hand in thirty minutes, the short one in six hours. The development of plants and animals would take place with double their usual speed; and the wind and the lightning would consume in their rapid course but one-half of their present time.

With these suppositions, I ask, in what way should we be affected by the change? The answer to this question is, We should be cognizant of no change. We should even consider one who supposed, or who attempted to point out, that such a change had taken place was mad; or we should look upon him as an enthusiast. We should have no possible ground to consider that any other condition had existed.

Now, as we can determine the lapse of any period of time only by comparison, or by measuring it with some other period, and as every division of time which we use in our comparison or in our measurements has been lessened by one-half its duration, the original proportion would still remain unchanged.

Our forty years would pass as the eighty did; we should perform every thing twice as quickly as before; but as our life, our breath, and movements are proportionately hastened, it would be impossible to measure the increased speed, or even to remark it. As far as we could tell, every thing had remained precisely as it was before, not comparatively, but absolutely, provided we had no standard external to the accelerated course of events in the world by which we could perceive the changes, or measure them.

A similar result would follow, if we imagined the course of time reduced to the fourth, instead of to the half, so that the year would consist of three months, the greatest age of man would be reduced to twenty of the present years, and our

entire life, with that of all the creatures about us, would be passed in a proportionately shortened period. In this case, we should not only not perceive the change; but we should, in reality, suffer no change, since we should live to see every thing which we should otherwise have seen; and all the experience and the events of our life, in their duration and with their consequences, would remain unchanged in the relations which they bear to one another.

For the same reasons, if the period and processes of life, and the course of events in the world around us, were accelerated a thousand or a million times, or, in short, if they were infinitely shortened, we should obtain a similar result; and we can in this way imagine the entire course of the history of the world compressed into a single immeasurably short space of time, without our being able to perceive the change: in fact, without our having undergone any change. For, whether any space of time is longer or shorter is a question which can only be answered, and which can, indeed, only be looked upon as reasonable, if we are able to compare the time to be measured with some other limited period, but not if we compare it to the endless duration which is looked upon as without beginning, and without end, which we call "Time."

Hence the proposition, that, for the occurrence of any given event, a certain lapse of time is requisite, may be altogether rejected. This time which elapses during the occurrence is rather accidental than necessary, and it might as easily be any other period. We shall bring another example to our aid to illustrate the point more clearly. A tune may be performed in different times, either quicker or slower, without altering thereby in any way its nature. The intervals, the succession of the tones, and the proportionate length of one note to another, remain unchanged; but the impression which it makes upon the hearer will be different if his entire life has not undergone a corresponding and proportionate change. Now, suppose a musical clock is so contrived as to play any piece in a space of time which may be determined at pleasure: this time may be lengthened or shortened, and it may be so much shortened, that it can become almost infinitely small. It is therefore possible, according to the notion of possibility

which was laid down in the first part, to cause the longest piece of music to be played in an immeasurably short space of time; and even although our ears would be as little able to distinguish and appreciate the succession of the separate parts as our eyes are to unravel the overcrowded and rushing stream of the images in a history of four thousand years in a single moment, yet, in one case as in the other, we only require that the human senses should become finer and more perfect in order to render such comprehension possible.

Thus, as the tune remains unchanged in its nature, even when performed in the shortest space of time, — and it can and must be imagined to exist *in itself*, without reference to any time in which it sounds, — and as such a space was only necessary for the mode of organization of our senses, which is of such a kind that the ear cannot perceive the different tones in any other way than *successively*; so the succession of events can and must be considered independently of the time in which they happen; and, on the other hand, *Time* can as little be imagined to exist alone, and in itself, as we can imagine “*Allegro*” and “*Adagio*” to exist without any tune or melody.

But if it is objected, that, even when the lapse of time has been infinitely shortened, there still remains some period, and that the expansion of time has not been completely set aside, it may be answered *scientifically*, that, in its strictest sense, the idea of any thing infinitely small is the same as the idea of nothing: for, as long as more than nothing remains, we must continue to divide it; and the search after an infinitely small space is only satisfied when we have arrived at that which is really indivisible, viz., a point which has no parts.

But by continuing the comparison to a tune, which we have commenced, we can refute the objection in a popular way.

It does not require even the shortest space of time to comprehend the idea of the tune, or even to present it to our senses, and communicate it to those of others. This simply follows from the consideration of the page of music upon which it is written. Here the tune exists entire and altogether, and not in successive parts; and the time which a

musician requires to read it is not caused by the nature of the melody, but is a consequence of the impossibility of taking in and understanding the whole contents of the page in an indivisibly short space of time. Thus a looking-glass represents the objects which are placed opposite to it, not one after the other, but altogether and at once, without requiring for the purpose the lapse of any time whatever. From all these considerations, it becomes sufficiently clear that time is merely a mode and condition by which the human mind, with the assistance of human senses, perceives the occurrence of events; whilst the events themselves, in all their fullness and perfection, may occur in a longer or a shorter time, and thus must be looked upon as independent of time. A thought or an idea is something momentary. He who has such an idea has it entire and at once; but he who wishes to communicate it to others requires for the purpose a certain time, just as such a space is also necessary for those to whom it is communicated. Hence time is not necessary for the origination or existence of the idea, but only for its communication and comprehension; and the idea exists as independently of time as, according to the points we have discussed before, the entire history of the world can and must be looked upon as independent of time. *Time is only the rhythm of the world's history.*

Having arrived at this conclusion, it will be useful to recapitulate, as clearly as we can, the course of our reflections.

Of the three ways in which we thought we could solve the contradiction between a manifold world and a single Creator, we entered upon that one which denied the existence of the multiplicity in the world, and by which it can be supposed that the world is really single and indivisible, and that it is, by the human mind and its limited mode of comprehension, subdivided into a multiplicity of phenomena.

In order to show how such unity can be imagined, we have first reduced the empire of thought to the single idea of the universe; and then the empire of phenomena appreciable to our senses remained, which is manifold in its nature, because its parts and its events become perceptible to us by being separated, and referred to time and space. But we have so far



set aside the notion of time, in that we have pointed out that it does not exist *in* and *for itself*, but that it is only a mode by which we observe events, and by which their occurrence comes to our knowledge. We must, in like manner, examine the idea of space.

As it appeared, in our examination into the essence of time, that the question whether any thing lasted a longer or a shorter time had any meaning only when the period was compared with some other limited given period of time, but that, in comparison to endless time, the question whether a certain space was long or short was nonsense, since every finite thing compared with something infinitely greater appears like nothing; so, in like manner, it will appear with regard to the expansion of space. The entire created universe, considered with respect to its limits, is a mere point in that which we call endless space, even if we imagine these limits to extend beyond the most distant fixed stars and nebulæ. This proposition, which we have so often laid down and argued from, does not become entirely intelligible to the generality of mankind, until we illustrate it in a way as appreciable to our senses as we did with respect to time. The plan of our illustration is also exactly similar to the former one.

Let us suppose, for example, that, from the present moment, all the measurements of the universe are reduced to the half of their size, and that all distances are equally shortened, it would be absolutely impossible for us to perceive, or indeed to believe if it was told us, that any change had happened to us or to the world around; and we might, like Gulliver's Lilliputians, fairly consider ourselves perfectly grown men. But, if every thing was lessened a million or a billion times, it would be as little noticed by us as when the reduction of all measurements to the half of their size took place; and if our system of fixed stars, with all that it contains, was suddenly contracted to the size of a grain of sand, we should move and exist with the same freedom from restraint, and with the same convenience, in that little world, as we now do in this which seems so large to us. No change would have taken place in the universe, as long as we did not imagine another universe beyond it; and the question whether any

such change had taken place would have as little meaning in reference to space as a similar question had in respect to the duration of time, which we supposed to have been suddenly shortened.

In this way it is shown, that, to our recollection and knowledge, a proportionate change in the whole space of the universe would be completely and altogether unobserved and imperceptible.

But even though, in these considerations, we have imagined the universe to have been compressed into so small and narrow a compass, yet we have not altogether done away with space, because we can still imagine something more minute than the infinitely small space, viz. an indivisible point. In our reflections concerning an infinitely short period of time, we have already shown, that, strictly and scientifically considered, they are one and the same thing. We can, however, show, in an intelligible way, that it is conceivable, and not at all contrary to reason, to assume that the expanse of space, and the distance and propinquity of various objects, do not really exist, but that space or propinquity is only apparent, and originates from the fact, that, with our circumscribed understanding and the limited powers of our senses, we can contemplate the one indivisible point, the universe, in no other way than by dividing and stretching it out into *length, breadth, and height*. These are the only three properties which we need attribute to space; but they are, of course, indispensably necessary, and without them physical existence cannot be imagined. And length cannot exist without breadth, nor breadth without height; for in those cases the body would have only length and height, or only breadth and length. That which has only two of these dimensions is not a body, but only the boundary of a body, viz. a superficies. In like manner, that which has only one dimension, viz. length, is no longer a surface, but the edge of a surface, viz. a line. Thus, in order that any physical space can exist, it is, of course, absolutely necessary that all three dimensions should exist, as, in other words, all three are necessary properties of space.

But a necessary property of any thing is that without which it is no longer the same, but something else. For

example, the necessary properties of a square are, that all four sides should be equal, and all angles right angles. If one side is no longer like another, or if one angle is no longer a right angle, the figure ceases to be a square, and becomes some other kind of quadrilateral figure; and we should not listen to any one who would persuade us that it was still a square. Let us apply this to the idea of space, or, what is the same thing, to the idea of a body. It is necessary to the existence of any limited body, that it should have length, breadth, and height; that it should be bounded by surfaces; and that the edges of these surfaces should be formed by lines; and that the ends of the lines should be points. All these properties must exist together, otherwise the body itself does not exist.

Now, if we can imagine evidence which will bring us to the conclusion, that, in any case, a body has not three dimensions, and a surface has not two, and if such evidence is incontrovertible, and not to be refuted, it would necessarily follow that this body and this surface are not a body and a surface, but that some delusion of our senses, or some false conclusions, had induced us to consider them so. The same may be said of a point. A point is that which has no parts. Now, if a point was found in which, nevertheless, there were different parts, it would not be a point; or the difference of the parts would not be a real difference, but only one which would become apparent from our limited powers of thought and perception. These conclusions are clear and incontrovertible; and, supposing that the reader has completely agreed with us up to this point, we proceed a step further.

There is an optical apparatus, known to all of us under the name of a magic lantern. It is constructed in the following manner: A picture, painted upon glass with transparent colors, is thrown upon a lens which has the property of refracting all the rays incident upon its surface, and of concentrating them to a single point called the focus. Through this point, the refracted rays continue their course onwards, and diverge from one another as much as they previously converged. They form, therefore, beyond the focus, a cone of rays with the apex at the focus, and which, at any

distance from the apex, forms an inverted image of the picture which was originally thrown upon the lens, as can be proved by directing the cone of rays upon the wall, when the reversed picture is seen, larger in proportion to the distance of the focus from the wall. If the necessary lenses were ground with perfect optical and mathematical accuracy, and if the position of the glasses was also strictly perfect, and the wall completely smooth, upon approaching the magic lantern so near that the focus falls upon the wall, the light would be seen as a single distinct bright point. In this point, the entire surface of the picture is concentrated; and from it the picture spreads out again upon the wall, if the apparatus is moved to a greater distance.

Now, this *point* contains the many-colored surface of the picture completely, with all the parts which actually compose it, and with the form and color of every single figure; and the whole picture is really and truly in this single point, for here it has been concentrated by the refraction of the rays. We have thus made it readily apparent to our senses, that the indivisible point contains within it different parts, contiguous to one another, according to our usual mode of comprehension; and thus we have come to a direct contradiction of an idea which has generally been considered quite clear and incontrovertible. The solution of the contradiction is found in the proposition of which it is the object of this little work to prove the possibility; viz., that the universe, or space, as far as it is within the scope of our senses, does not exist in the expanded and varied forms which we see around us, but that the expansion and the differences only depend upon our human mode of perception, and are caused by it. For if, here, by means of the magic lantern, a surface has become a point, and if the point contains all the various and distinct parts of the surface, we have shown that the differences which appear by the separation or juxtaposition of the component parts do not require space as absolutely necessary to their existence; but that one single and indivisible point can obtain them all. But, if a surface is no longer necessary that we may understand the juxtaposition of bodies, its very existence is disturbed, and a point is advanced to the dignity

of a surface; for it contains and embraces the whole contents of a surface. But, when we wish to perceive the contents with human eyes, we must return, and expand the point into the surface which it had before included.\*

Now, since we have in this way shown that a surface can only be considered a means of rendering the juxtaposition and relation of images cognizable to our senses, in other words, that it is a mere *mode of observation* for that which, as far as its essence is concerned, *may* be contained in a single point; and since one of the three dimensions of space has, in this way, been brought down from something real to a mere mode of contemplation, — we have deprived space of one of its necessary properties; and it is no longer real and true space, but has become a mere condition by which objects are rendered perceptible to us.

We have thus completed the course of the argument which we proposed; for we have shown that a point of view is *conceivable*, from which the universe no longer requires the expansion of time and space in order to exist, and to be intelligible to us. And since our human method of contemplation, inasmuch as it considers this expansion, with all its phenomena, as real and necessary, leads only into inextricable contradictions; so we are compelled to seek for the higher point, and to look upon it as conceivable and possible, even if we are never able actually to realize it, or to look down upon the world from it, in consequence of the limited nature of our powers: for *with* such a point of view, and *by* it alone, can we imagine and completely understand the universe to be the work of a single Creator.

\* In a letter to us from the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, dated Cambridge, Mass., Sept. 24, 1866, the writer observes, "I have several times regretted that I did not, in the preface to the American edition, point out the error in the assumption that a camera picture may be reduced to a point. The camera picture bears a linear proportion to the original object, in the ratio (approximately) of the distance from the lens to the picture to the distance of the lens from the original object. Of course, the picture could be reduced to a point only by bringing it to the centre of the lens, which would be possible only if the lens were a point; that is, *were no lens at all.*"—*Editor of Gem Series.*

## THE VALUE OF CIPHERS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

ONE day, during the clerk's dinner-hour, I was seated in my office-parlor, in front of a table covered with papers, among which was a letter that had been brought in earlier in the morning, with a visiting card bearing the name, *A. Biedmann, of Hamburgh*. I had opened this letter, pre-occupied with other matters, and finding it to be one of those numerous recommendations continually coming before me, I had thrown it aside on the table, where, half buried under railway prospectuses, it lay waiting my further consideration. Scarcely distinguishable in the confused heap crowded together in too narrow a space, nothing more than the upper edge of the sheet could be seen, with the first two lines of the writing. They were:—

“*Mon cher Monsieur*,—I have the honor to recommend to your especial attention, our worthy and respectable friend, Mons. Biedmann, of Hamburgh, who is the fortunate possessor of a fortune of 12 —”

Here the figures composing the sum were cut off by an over-lying sheet of paper, and left me in a state of complete incertitude as to the amount of M. Biedmann's fortune; it might even have been supposed, although not very probable, that this poor gentleman's whole means were not more than twelve francs, or, if more agreeable, twelve marks banco. The supposition made me smile. Nothing certainly could have been easier than for me to have satisfied myself as to how matters stood with the individual who had been recommended to me; but I preferred finding out, little by little, the position to be assigned to him in the world.

Hélas! I thought, impressed by the feelings of the moment, a man is esteemed only for what he is worth. This

stranger, accredited to me, is he amiable, interesting, eminent in any quality or qualification? Useless queries. Specify the amount of his fortune, that is enough; that tells his value, and prescribes the measure of his reception. Myself, for instance; am I altogether free from this ungenerous influence? Let us come to the test of experiment. And, in fact, the idea of finding out a man by the amount of his fortune is not more extraordinary than the pretensions of many persons to arrive at a knowledge of character by the inspection of handwriting. Have we not heard expert professors of the art declare seriously, There is an *I* which denotes much greatness of soul; this upstroke is from a frivolous mind; the tail of that *p* gives reason to fear a little avarice on the part of the writer.

Taking advantage of the peculiar position in which lay the letter of recommendation, I slid the upper sheet a little on one side, so as to expose the following figure only; similarly to a gamester, who, unwilling to reveal his game all at once, uncovers his card by degrees. As I expected, there came a cipher (0). It is no longer 12 francs, but 120. The addition, however, modifies my sentiments with regard to the possessor but slightly. Ah! my poor Biedmann, your 120 francs a year have not brought you much further; for it must be observed, that, from a benevolent feeling for the unknown individual, I wished to consider this sum as the income, and not the principal.

With 120 francs a year, a man travels neither by diligence nor railway; he goes with dusty shoes, and coat soon to be obliterated at the elbows. A recommendation for a *rentier* of such modest dimensions says plainly enough what is to be done for him. Two or three crowns will settle the business.

But let me banish a thought which deals so harshly with the man placed under my protection. I would rather his lot were less irksome. Just so; 1200 francs.

Well, what is a man with twelve hundred francs? A retired grocer? A clerk? No. A strolling teacher; a professor escaped from some university. Ah! I have him now. We shall have to persecute parents, and find scholars for him. But, *mon cher* Biedmann, we were in no want of your litera-

ture or calligraphy. We are already abundantly provided : all the courses are arranged for the winter. Must I add still more to my poor children's *curriculum*, and retrench their hours of recreation? Besides, this professor may be a communist. With 1200 francs, is a man a communist or not? I cannot say.

Communist? No. Teacher of languages? No. Nothing of the sort. 12,000 francs! Ah, here's a man of the right stamp. Do you know, Monsieur Biedmann, that with your additional ciphers, you grow in the opinion of the public, and in mine? It is but too certain, that the world attaches something of vulgarity to a very small fortune. It is one of the errors of society. True, I do not mean to say that there are not numerous exceptions, and that very honorable persons are not to be found among the twelve hundred, the eight hundred, and even the four hundred francs. But, after all, my gentleman has come out of the somewhat equivocal classes. It puts my mind at ease. With such a fortune as that, he can very well pass the winter at Geneva. I will enter him at the Reading Society, and have him at our next family dinner.

But, with his twelve thousand francs, what can he be? I wager, a philanthropist. Yes, it is mostly your average people who busy themselves with improving social institutions. A figure less is not enough; a figure more is too much for working at the re-organization of society. Mons. Biedmann appears to me hewn from the same block as those who write upon different prison systems. And here he will find no lack of people ready to enter into discussion with him upon penitentiary regulations. Admirable vocation, when one has the wherewithal, that of travelling for the welfare of humanity.

No, indeed; he is not a philanthropist. Pleasantry apart; seriously — 120,000 francs! What an existence! Chief of a mercantile house, with European credit; protector of the arts; benefactor of the poor; knight of several orders; cherished by all who — and with that, perhaps, a little shattered in health and spirits, a little *ennuye*. Poor man! It is not, however, to be wondered at. He wants diversion,



excitement; he is much to be pitied; and I will do what I can to dissipate this unhappy state of mind.

What! can there still be more? Impossible! I see double. No; for my correspondent repeats in words, and underlined, *one million, two hundred thousand francs of income*. What a personage! What an overwhelming fortune! It confuses the imagination. Besides, a million two hundred thousand francs of income presumes a principal of twenty-five or thirty — “Jean!” I called out. My servant appeared.

“At what hour did the gentleman call who left this card and letter?”

“At ten o’clock.”

“Is he young or old.”

“Neither young nor old!”

“Something distinguished in his appearance?”

“Well, Monsieur, I cannot say he was quite the thing.”

“Still, there was — But, what of that? Repeat what he said.”

“He said, Monsieur, that he was sorry at not finding you at home, and would call again at two o’clock.”

“But you should have told him that I would soon be in, and asked him to take a chair.”

“I did not know, Monsieur, that I was to do otherwise for him, than for others.”

“How vexed I am! He said two o’clock — there’s yet time; yes, I will save him the trouble of a second walk. Quick, Jean, my hat. And listen; you will go directly home, and say to Madame — For dinner? It is hardly possible. You will say to Madame, that I shall bring home with me, this evening, a very rich and interesting gentleman. She will get every thing prepared, and make sure of a few amiable friends. On my part, I will invite one or two also. Remember, Jean, Monsieur de Biedmann, of Hamburgh; you won’t forget; a name known to all the world. But stop — say the Baron de Biedmann: she will comprehend better what I mean.”

## MY FORTUNE.

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A GREAT many years ago — two and twenty years to-night — I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home, — the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch; and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I. My sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends of ours in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear! and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life as I did that night. I was only a girl — not fifteen yet; and at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance! It was so hard to have the bright view shut out forever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me forever in one moment!

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first: it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what, in my faithlessness, I thought, that night, it would be. Thank

God that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought has never come to me, as it did then, again !

Early in the evening, my father had been reading to us aloud ; but, since he ceased, no word had been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours : my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The whole house was silent ; and from without the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows, — both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts ; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven, that thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For, when we are very young, we shrink so from feeling prison-bound ; we pray so earnestly, that, if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold gray shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts, no deep joy ever come to gladden us !

And in that gray shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered ; and now, while as yet it was only closing over me, while with passionate resistance I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts even when they very much engross us ; and so it was that night, that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street door, — a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts ; but as I lay for a few moments, listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange hurried exclamations, — half of surprise, half of alarm, — mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.

Just at this moment, we heard a quick step running up the stairs; and all our eyes, with one accord, turned to the door, which, in two or three minutes, was burst open, and, to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word, this is going too far!" my father exclaimed angrily, when we had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though, indeed, it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do any thing with the child until I come back. I'm afraid she's ill," and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it, — just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too; but her face was what attracted and astonished me most, for, in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright, that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch; and we talked to her, and kissed her, and, taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her: but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes, my father returned from his useless search.

“We can do nothing more to-night,” he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. “Poor child! she’s very feverish indeed. Why! exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there’s no help for it: and I’ll see what I can do for her. But, really, it’s a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighborhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician.” And my father left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side; and then, for the first time, a moaning sound broke from her, and, leaning forward, she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half crying as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I couldn’t help it; and she let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive, moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself, — half with pity, half with love, — for I loved her so much already! as we love all things that cling to us, all things that, weaker than ourselves, appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bedroom; and there, in Kate’s bed, we laid her, — poor little weary, suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, that when at last, one evening, my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying, — both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was or where she came from; but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding

how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect — what at first had never entered our heads — that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition; but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head, that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already; and we knew, that, if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us; and, because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced, laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy!

I called her Fortune, — Fortune Wildred we baptized her, — that, should we never find her own surname, she might at least have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before: indeed, she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune — she was so dear to me, and she loved me, too, so well! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first she called me Aunt Dinah. And I so soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon, too, fell quite naturally into calling her my child; for, though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was; for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely and sad without my child; but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her; for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed and hoped and thought, — for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lay beside me, with her

white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine; who loved — Heaven bless her — to be with me always; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came into her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did: she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child!

She was my pupil for the first few years; and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together, — dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again, — as though my heart did not forgive her always, even before she asked it, — so loving always. She never wearied of being with me, — the kind child, — not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet, clear voice when she spoke to me; for she would hang upon my neck then, too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah! I never shall forget it all, — I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that, soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as a means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now: it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny veil of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them, — one change which was very sad, my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow; for, when her short illness began, we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away; for she was dearly loved amongst us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father

withdrew from practice ; and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he and I and Fortune kept house there, in a quiet cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country, we had not many neighbors with whom we were intimate ; but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford ; and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them, I had not been without a suspicion — I almost think it was a hope — that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another. But it was not to be ; for, as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them : and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love ; and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have any thing to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college, two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after, — a bright June morning it was, — he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, " Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months ! " and, coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed ; for not only had he gained his freedom, as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that, had it not been for him, he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And, one or two days afterwards, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome ; but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow, and



deep, lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep and rich and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first — we all did; and it was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse — I knew it was but an excuse — of bringing us books or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I knew that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming; for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me; and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away: even when he was with us she was often very quiet; but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not always be so. I knew that, presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gayety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other, — happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons amongst our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But, indeed, I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone; and, in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature, and even indelicate, to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I

lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour; and, when the hour had nearly elapsed, Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and, sitting beside me at the open window, he presently began — it was the first time he had ever done so — to talk of Fortune. It was strange: without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone; and I, too, talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it; it was on my lips again and again; but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past; and I was vexed with myself, when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I *was* glad; but yet some low, sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago forever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was only for a little time; for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because *some* hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, praying to be forgiven; and soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and, eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young, I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange! there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill; yet how every one — how he, how I myself — looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad: I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from mine, and always came the last thing to say good-night to me. To-night, when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch — the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself, looking so pure and beautiful — my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill; and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

“About an hour,” I said.

“Ah, I am glad,” she answered. “I was afraid my poor Auntie had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him.”

“Yes; he is always kind, dear,” I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers: then suddenly she frightened me; for, quickly stooping down, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered, through her tears, that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful — I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But, when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because, through the wide world, she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing that she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly — passionately; and I understood it all, and far more than she told me. Alas! I might have guessed it all before.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still — hopefully, if she could; that, for the rest, she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage; and I thanked her earnestly and truly for how she

had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me — left me to weep, because a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise, that, on this occasion, we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand: indeed, it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day, we went.

I have not mentioned, that for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them, — a brother of Mrs Beresford's, — a Col. Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favor; and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honor of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices, all through the long summer evening; and everybody looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children, too, for the time, to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when, from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at forfeits;

and in two or three moments all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed, and clapped their hands with delight, as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet, and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gayly, —

“To give us his autobiography.”

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was; but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and, seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it, —

“What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?”

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, “Aunt Dinah,” quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips, Mrs. Beresford came forward, and said kindly, —

“Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know.”

I interrupted Nevill, and answered, —

“But, if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?”

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart; but I knew what my child's wish was; so I would not do what he asked me, but promised, that, when the children were away, the story should be told. And then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was agitated: but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared

her agitation; so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearer's faces, — into Nevill's oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell; and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling them how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry ran through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror; and, in an instant, every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek, too, all color had fled: motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each. It lasted but a moment; then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionatè sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream, — not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices; but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait: give it to me. I roused myself by a great effort, and, taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion' "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child — my Willie — my little Willie!" And she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even *I* had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again ; and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more ; they nor any one : then, when a minute or two had passed, Col. Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and, placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes, and turned away ; but still the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling — that night I could not help it — so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently, and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side ; and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least, who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Col. Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Capt. Moreton, and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called, after her mother, Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her ; so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel ; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact — which the captain proved — that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe, — quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room, and lay there waiting for my child ; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly ; and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound ; and, lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not

to mourn at all ; and then, after a long time, I grew quite calm, and waited quietly

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her ; and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me with the moonlight falling on them, and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little ; but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank into my heart and gladdened me ; and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck, and wept ; and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could ; and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget, — words that have cheered me often since, — that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her — my own child !

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices, and merry laughter making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known, — days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before ; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy and happiness and love. Such a day was this ; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now, a day never to be forgotten

I was not very strong ; and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and every thing else quite still. I had not seen much



of my child during the morning; but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy; for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was; but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly; and, with a few loving words, she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and, smiling, asked, —

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it, —

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously, and half gayly, he went on —

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon, — the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, do you think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer, but, bending his head low, —

"Will you give me," he said — and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still — "will you give me your Fortune to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife?"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile, as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes; and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying — I well know so faintly and so ill — the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped, and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms; and gazing in my face with her bright, tearful eyes, I saw, in their blue depths, a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was

very young; and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that, of course, his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill — who had been sometime ordained — to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child; but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befell us; for a living near us, in Mr. Beresford's gift, became vacant suddenly, and, before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married. There is a little child, with dark blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart; whose low, sweet songs I love to hear, as, nestled by my side, she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but, when I look upon her face, I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

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### THE DEPARTING SWALLOWS.

BY WM. HAYLEY.\*

YE gentle birds, that perch aloof,  
 And smooth your pinions on my roof,  
 Preparing for departure hence,  
 Now Winter's angry threats commence, —  
 Like you, my soul would smooth her plume  
 For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard  
 Departing men and wandering birds,  
 In mercy mark us for his own,  
 And guide us to the land unknown!

\* An English poet, born 1745; died 1820. He was the friend of Cowper. These lines were written during his last illness.

## THE MAN IN THE BELL.

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IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of — than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practises it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and from continual practice, and a rivalry which rose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers; but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning; and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this; but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred), to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and, mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was, perhaps, three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away — by a message from his sweetheart, I believe; but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking

that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving. I guessed the reason at once. It was a moment of terror; but, by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time, I certainly was not so bulky as I am now; but, as I lay, it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces. The floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths; and, if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet, upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered — for fear is quick in recollection — how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen, and, bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror; but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack: there was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through. It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes — I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death — followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first: every time it descended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and, of course, more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sort of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a rock of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings, and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder, of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell, hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery still more appalling. At last, the Devil himself, accoutred, as in the common description of the Evil Spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God, and worship him, who was

powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be-gone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway ; but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought ; but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise, — to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, — and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails ; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted ; but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings ; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through ; but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him ; and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you, — a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness, — you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes, the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation, — the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet; but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing; but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and a hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case, I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls, or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding; so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupefying me; for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clinched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came; and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily; but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour, probably, elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment; and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprison-

ment, penetrated with joy at escaping ; but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringers' room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leaned against the wall, motionless, and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me, when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupefied eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding ; my hair dishevelled ; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me ; but I gave no answer. They shook me ; but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the churchyard ; and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings ; and, if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell ; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered ; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mohammedan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies ; but even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.



# THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE.

IN TWO PARTS.

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## PART FIRST.

ON the morning of my twenty-third birth-day, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realized dream or sentimental idyl, had inclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep-rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr. Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it, slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and devoured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park landscapes in all England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early, misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar, of factory-chimney and church-steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and, if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep, or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood had a moment's warning been granted ! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness : but, on the threshold of the breakfast-room, I met my husband ; and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always grave ; it was now stern. His manner was always reserved ; it was now sévere.

I had approached him naturally, with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations ; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

“ That is right,” he said ; “ come no nearer ! ” Then, after a pause, he added, “ You have been up some time ; let us have breakfast at once ; ” and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink ; and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes' respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me : there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach ; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score !

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretense to eat ; and, as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me. “ We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday, have we not ? ” he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. “ I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognize you as my wife again ! ”

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted,

at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks; but I did not tremble or flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

"Tell me at once," I said, "the meaning of this. You are under some delusion. What have I done?"

As I spoke, his face softened. I could see, in spite of the iron mould of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning, produced by my manner. It was very evanescent, however; for, almost before I had gathered courage from the look, it was gone, and all the hardness had returned.

"I am not the man," he said, "to bring a premature or rash accusation, especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof."

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognized it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips; but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. "I will read the letter," he said.

The letter began thus: "You have told me again and again that you loved me: were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Moloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I showed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?"

The letter ran on to great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion, that, as my husband read them, his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me, on the back of the same sheet on which it was written. It was not dated beyond "Tuesday evening;" but the post-mark, unusually legible, showed May 19, 1850, — just three days before we were mar-

ried. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout; and then he said, "I found this letter last night in your dressing-room, after you had left it. Perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would now be worse than mockery to make any excuses for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion: it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness: otherwise, he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful foreboding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was insensible as he appeared; but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick, both in its intense pride and love, and, that, though the wound bled inwardly, — bled mortally perchance, — he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which had appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

"You have nothing to say?" he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. "You cannot deny that letter? God is my witness," he said, solemnly, "that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness: you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?"

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall, — one easy lie. "I deceived him, but never you." And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment: the discipline of the last five years had not left me so blind and weak as, even in this

supreme emergency, to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

"No, Malcolm," I said, desperately; "the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter: but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for, even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favor."

"Yes," he said; "you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you — yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout; only" — He broke off abruptly. "I can bear no more fencing round the point," he said, harshly; "one word is enough: did you love this youth?"

"I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul."

"Up to the date of that letter?" he asked quietly; but the muscles worked round the clenched lips.

"Yes, and beyond it," I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution. I must speak to the point, and decisively. "I have a right to be heard before I am condemned," I said; "and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me, — a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies: if, at that time, an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labor, I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should, in due course, ripen into love. He was young, gifted, and attractive; but it would have needed

but half his endowments to win my heart then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed, and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me, it was a delicious dream. Have patience with me, Malcolm: I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough: I soon awoke to discover, it little matters how, that the lover I was canonizing in my imagination as the type of heroic virtue was unworthy. For a while, I would not believe. When conviction became inevitable, I clung desperately to the forlorn hope of reform. It was in vain. His vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence — and it was great — to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me, for my foolish soul clung to him desperately; but I could not mate with drunkenness and dishonor. My father, who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me. Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

“It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father’s book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What followed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority, if I thought I could love you in return, if I had a young girl’s free heart to give you. You insisted upon this, Malcolm, — I dare not deny it, — and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offence, and God knows I do not wish to palliate it; but, before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation. My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered. But, more than all, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak

passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty. From that hour, I have striven, with his help, to keep my vow; and, save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you."

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again. "Wronged me!" he repeated; and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. "I wish to be calm, Ellinor," he continued, "and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest," he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him: "it is a point for feeling, not casuistry, to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her; instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your *interest* to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshipping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of pre-occupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that, because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you."

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed; and, before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue, to fight against his hard words; I could only implore.

"Malcolm," I cried, "you cannot believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life:

you could not desire, you could not exact, from a wife a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now."

I would fain have been eloquent; but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and, when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

"Pardon me," he said; "this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter."

There was the same cruel decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future — his happiness, too, in which was involved my own — to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I, too, had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation: I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

"One word before you leave me," I said. "However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure. I request you, as a personal favor, — it may be the last I shall ever ask, — to postpone your decision till to-morrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?"

His face flushed: some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it. "It shall be as you desire," he said coldly; and left me alone — alone, with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realize my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honor and future relations with society, all that I valued and cared for in life would be irremediably destroyed. What honor remains to the



wife repudiated by an honorable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the centre of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless, I was tolerant to my own transgression; but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew — what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe — how near extinction was the old love smouldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong was the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh, could I but convince him of my love for him! I rose up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands: I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honor him till death parted us, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely know how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbors; for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspecting cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr. Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting; and, if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and, beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me fell hard and constrained upon my shrinking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory, with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day, the trial was renewed. Mr. Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determina-

tion and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. "Cruel!" I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for, at the same instant, I saw a tiny, white-robed figure flitting across the lawn toward my open window, and the sweet shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud, "Mamma, mamma, may I come in?" I stepped out and met her; stooped down, and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

"My darling," I said, "go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy." She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once: I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so; for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms, to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed me a chair. "There is no occasion for me to sit," I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it: "I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer."

"You refuse!"

"I do refuse, and that finally," I pursued; "for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I come now to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is in vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised; you cannot divorce your wife because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or malign her; but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe; and I will hold my post. That is, henceforth I will consider this our home, and will remain here, unless driven from

it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed; as anxious to fulfil my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness."

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words; but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

"I am to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose, and, in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fail in all possible delicacy and liberality; but I cannot live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss."

"I *am* resolved," I answered. "I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will; it will be for me to endure."

He paced the room in strong excitement.

"I cannot bear it," he said; "it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange unwomanly resolution: far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother! She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall never suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer: judge then, by this, of my intense desire to sever the connection between us."

"Cruel! unmerciful!" I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist; but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid was no part of my purpose.

"It is in vain," I said, "to think to move me by any words, however hard. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm;" and I turned and fled from the room.

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## PART SECOND.

THEN began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town

that same day, and Parliament sat late that year. During all that time he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know any thing of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his stern and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr. Anstruther's character stood above imputation ; but I, at the best, was but a successful *parvenue*, and had at length no doubt stumbled into some atrocious fault, beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marvelled about me. It was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice, as she pressed against my side to stroke my cheek, and say, "Poor mamma!" which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She, too, had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down, and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife ; and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two lives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as Parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable patience for a reply to this letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the sad difference between the past and present seemed to overwhelm me: it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus: —

“As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return, and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability, and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect.”

“Never!” I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands; and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and, throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then, — hoped that time might have softened him, that the past might have pleaded with him for the absolution of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great, that the punishment was so intolerable? And then I thought it all over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptations against my offence, and trying to place myself in my husband's position. I did not wish to justify it: it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness; but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness in the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the divine was steadily refused by the human judge: against his hard impenetrability I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And, frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a rugged way? Had I not better succumb? — suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life?

My child, — he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that child's sake I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No, with God's help, she should yet honor and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I had said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on external forms, and leave no means untried of patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed; but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and a new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the drawing-room. I told her her favorite stories, played her her favorite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening-hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good-night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again. I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night; then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive; and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm — the morning's discipline had made me that; but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocents! the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometimes happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken; so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park-gate, that there

was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr. Anstruther was waiting us in the accustomed room. Still holding Florry's hand, I went in to face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me, he looked so worn and harassed. True, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. "We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm," I said at last, approaching him, and laying my hand on his. "Are you very tired? Do not trouble to dress before dinner to-day."

Perhaps my self-possession was overdone, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean; for I saw the unusual color mount even to his forehead: and he replied in a hurried voice, as he slightly returned the pressure of my hand, "I could scarcely sit down to table in this state; I shall not keep you waiting long. And with Florry in his arms, — I could see how he tightened his embrace of the child, — he left the room.

I did not sit down and weep, although I was sick at heart. I had imagined it would be something like this, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking, till I heard him come down stairs; and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced; and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference, in his manner: I saw he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little; but, even in days of old, he had been wont to be absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert, and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose, and took her away with me; keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music, until her bedtime. My husband joined me at the usual time, and, though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to

any thing I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old: indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I, indeed, felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart. The hard tone, the averted or chilly glance, convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this? — so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt, before I was chilled into silence, and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified, and all but peremptory, tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

“Malcolm,” I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, “is this the way we are to live together? I cannot resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings toward me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?”

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. “What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?” was his answer, — “the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility: a broken mirror can’t be pieced again. Don’t let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage-vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife’s external duty. Do your duty, now, Ellinor, and obey me, when I charge you not to urge on me this topic again: it is unwise.”

“This night shall be the last time,” I said; “so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that, however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife’s duty a wife’s entire and passionate devotion?”



“Ellinor,” he exclaimed with sudden excitement, “you are mad to torment me thus! You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed, and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life: as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more: you think me cruelly intolerant; but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive, — or even, perhaps, some grosser sins; but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No: I cannot hate Florry’s mother, and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been befooled so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul.”

I was silent; but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from saying, “Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse.” But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. “For her sake, for her sake,” I repeated to myself. “The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness, is gone; but duty remains.” I looked up at my husband, deadly pale, I knew, but calm. “Are you resolved,” I asked, “to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honor to answer me that question now.”

“I care little,” he said bitterly. “The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbors; meanwhile, the effort may be salutary. No,” he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply: “I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on this account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, only we must avoid such scenes as these.” And so the case stood between us.

From that time, my life became a hard monotony. To all appearance, there was no change in our relations. We went

the same round in social life as of old; and, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally, some outside comments reached us; but they were generally expressive of the belief that Mr. Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who was allied to it. He certainly did become more irritable and exacting. I could see daily the bitter effects that his disappointment in my sincerity produced, how his fine nature was growing warped and soured. It was not so much toward myself that these effects were manifested (he kept too rigid a control over our relations); but it grieved me to notice it in his impatience with his inferiors, and even with our little tender Florry, and in his cynical and cruel judgment of the world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction; but now he seemed to throw heart and soul, without reserve, into the arena, and to struggle for the stakes with the eagerness of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communion between us. In past days, hopes and schemes had been discussed with me; and I was proud to believe my influence had often availed with him for good. I cannot describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which, alone, contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life; and He who meted my punishment to my offence knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice I again attempted expostulation; but I soon learned to desist: it was of no avail, but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter. It was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom; and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed; for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew;

but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little ; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence ; and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself, I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus, more than a year passed on monotonously, fruitlessly, so far as I could see ; for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty ; but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God ! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment.

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so : but, on this occasion, I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate ; and, added to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up ; for it was already nearly three o'clock in the morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

"You are anxious, I suppose," he said, "for the news I bring ? Well, the ministers are thrown out."

I knew he, and, indeed, the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that, personally, it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps, in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal ?

"Malcolm," I said ; but, at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some measured expressions of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry ; and, after leaving him, I flew up stairs to my child's room, and,

after putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh, how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears, I paused, midway, as it were, to look at Florry; and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt — who has not felt it? — a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before; now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow; and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall upon me. I did not moan; I did not even appeal; despair straitened my heart.

Mr. Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down stairs with a strange quietness, and re-entered the room.

“I do not wish to alarm you,” I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, “but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?”

I waited for no reply, but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was laid, but not lighted: I kindled it. I changed my evening-dress for a morning-gown, doing all mechanically, as if under a spell I could not resist. Then I sat down by the bed-side to watch my child, and await the doctor. I seemed to hold all my faculties in suspense: no tear must blind my eye, no tremor unnerve my hand, until this agony had reached its crisis; then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but at first I only saw but one. Who knows not, in such cases, how the very soul seems hanging on the physician's first glance, drinking life or death from it. I drank death. The steady professional gaze did not deceive me; but the stroke was beyond my taxed endurance, and I fell senseless on the floor.

Thank God! it was but a brief weakness. For the few days that that sweet life was left to me, I held my post, unconscious of fatigue, enabled to comfort and sustain, and even smile upon, my darling through her brief struggle with death. God bowed my stubborn heart, and strengthened me

with the might of submission. I seemed, in the strong light of this fiery trial, to see the past more clearly ; to acknowledge that I had not humbled myself sufficiently under the chastisement of my own sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding her in my arms, hushed and grief-stricken, when I saw that unspeakable change pass over the sweet face which tells the sinking heart the awful hour is come. Her laboring breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless.

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene, with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to escape ; but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

"God forgive me," he said in a stifled whisper, "for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!" Then, as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. "Poor Ellinor! — poor mother!" he added, "you think me a hard man; but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own."

"It would have been but a cruel compromise," I answered; "and yet — O my darling! how I have loved you!"

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room; but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish, he came back hastily to the bedside, and, bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart; and, yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, I threw my arms round his neck.

"Only give me back what is in your power," I cried, — "give me back your love and trust, our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice!"

There was a moment's breathless pause; then he raised me

in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close, vehement embrace.

“God forgive me,” he said, “for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Ellinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, be to me again all, and more than all that I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Ellinor; only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart, — that it is not magnanimity, but love.”

I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

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## DORIS.

### A PASTORAL.

BY ARTHUR MUNBY.\*

I SAT with Doris, the shepherd-maiden;  
 Her crook was laden with wreathèd flowers:  
 I sat and wooed her, through sunlight wheeling  
 And shadows stealing, for hours and hours.

And she, my Doris, whose lap encloses  
 Wild summer-roses of faint perfume,  
 The while I sued her, kept hushed, and hearkened,  
 Till shades had darkened from gloss to gloom.

She touched my shoulder with fearful finger:  
 She said, “We linger, we must not stay;  
 My flock’s in danger, my sheep will wander;  
 Behold them yonder, how far they stray!”

\* A contributor to Macmillan’s, Fraser’s, and other English Magazines; also author of a volume entitled “Verses New and Old,” published, London, 1865.

I answered bolder, "Nay, let me hear you,  
 And still be near you, and still adore!  
 No wolf nor stranger will touch one yearling,  
 Ah! stay, my dearling, a moment more."

She whispered, sighing, "There will be sorrow  
 Beyond to-morrow, if I lose to-day;  
 My fold unguarded, my flock unfolded,  
 I shall be scolded and sent away."

Said I, denying, "If they do miss you,  
 They ought to kiss you when you get home;  
 And well rewarded by friend and neighbor  
 Should be the labor from which you come."

"They might remember," she answered meekly,  
 "That lambs are weakly, and sheep are wild;  
 But, if they love me, it's none so fervent:  
 I am a servant, and not a child."

Then each hot ember glowed quick within me,  
 And love did win me to swift reply:  
 "Ah! do but prove me; and none shall bind you,  
 Nor fray nor find you, until I die!"

She blushed and started: I stood awaiting,  
 As if debating in dreams divine;  
 But I did brave them; I told her plainly  
 She doubted vainly, — she must be mine.

So we, twin-hearted, from all the valley  
 Did rouse and rally her nibbling ewes;  
 And homeward drave them, we two together,  
 Through blooming heather and gleaming dews.

That simple duty fresh grace did lend her,  
 My Doris tender, my Doris true;  
 That I, her warder, did always bless her,  
 And often press her to take her due.

And now in beauty she fills my dwelling  
 With love excelling, and undefiled ;  
 And love doth guard her, both fast and fervent,  
 No more a servant, nor yet a child.

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TO \* \* \*

BY W. H. B.

WHEN the sweet syllables that form thy name  
 Are on my lips, ere yet the conscious air  
 Receives their music, in my heart a prayer  
 (The offspring of a reverent love) doth claim  
 Of Heaven a boon for thee. Thou canst not guess  
 Its nature : 'tis not wealth, nor happiness,  
 Nor poet-fame, by many coveted  
 As the best good of all ; nor idle ease,  
 On velvet couched, and skied by silk o'erhead,  
 And lulled to sleep by silvery cadences :  
 For luxury palls, and fame is but a breath ;  
 Wealth bloats with pride, or, even worse, contracts  
 The soul to petty thoughts and paltry acts ;  
 And happiness is tested but by death.

No — no ! for thee my loving heart hath wrought  
 A nobler wish, with better reason fraught,  
 Worthier thyself, beloved ! therefore, best.  
 Thine be a life, not free from pain and care,  
 But nobly good and sanctified by prayer,  
 Finding, in duty, peace made manifest,  
 Equal to all that fortune may bestow  
 Of good or ill, of happiness or woe.  
 Taught by them all thy trust in God to place ;  
 From all deriving needed strength and grace  
 To tread the flinty path or flowery way,  
 The while thy soul shall evermore expand,  
 And all thy hopes grow beautiful and grand,  
 Tinged with the dawn-light of the heavenly day !  
 Such life, or long or short, breathes holy breath,  
 And, bright'ning still, is perfected by death !



# THE MAIN TRUCK; OR, A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.\*

Stand still! How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The murmuring surge,  
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high: I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight,  
Topple down headlong. — *Shakespeare.*

AMONG the many agreeable associates whom my different cruising and wanderings have brought me acquainted with, I can scarcely call to mind a more pleasant and companionable one than Tom Scupper. Poor fellow! he is dead and gone now, — a victim to that code of false honor which has robbed the navy of too many of its choicest officers. Tom and I were messmates during a short and delightful cruise; and, for a good part of the time, we belonged to the same watch. He was a great hand to spin yarns, which, to do him justice, he sometimes told tolerably well; and many a long mid-watch has his fund of anecdote and sea stories caused to slip pleasantly away. We were lying, in the little schooner to which we were attached, in the open roadstead of Laguyra, at single anchor, when Tom told me the story which I am about to relate, as nearly as I can remember, in his own words. A vessel from Baltimore had come into Laguyra that day; and by her I had received letters from home, in one of which there was a piece of intelligence that weighed very heavily on my spirits. For some minutes after our watch

\* This admirable story has been frequently reprinted in England, and erroneously attributed to Capt. Basil Hall. William Leggett was born in the city of New York, in 1802. He was for some time a midshipman in the American navy, and became afterwards conspicuous as a political writer. He died in 1839.

commenced, Tom and I walked the deck in silence, which was soon, however, interrupted by my talkative companion, who, perceiving my depression, and wishing to divert my thoughts, began as follows:—

The last cruise I made in the Mediterranean was in “Old Ironsides,” as we used to call our gallant frigate. We had been backing and filling for several months on the western coast of Africa, from the Canaries down to Messurado, in search of slave-traders; and during that time we had some pretty heavy weather. When we reached the Straits, there was a spanking wind blowing from about west-southwest; so we squared away, and, without coming to at the Rock, made a straight wake for old Mahon, the general rendezvous and place of refitting for our squadrons in the Mediterranean. Immediately on arriving there, we warped in alongside the Arsenal quay, where we stripped ship to a girtline, broke out the holds, tiers, and store-rooms, and gave her a regular-built overhauling from stem to stern.

For a while, everybody was busy, and all seemed bustle and confusion. Orders and replies, in loud and dissimilar voices, the shrill pipings of the different boatswain’s mates, each attending to separate duties, and the mingled clatter and noise of various kinds of work, all going on at the same time, gave something of the stir and animation of a dock-yard to the usually quiet arsenal of Mahon. The boatswain and his crew were engaged in fitting a new gang of rigging; the gunner in repairing his breechings and gun-tackles; the fo’castle-men in calking; the topmen in sending down the yards and upper spars; the holders and waisters in whitewashing and holystoning; and even the poor marines were kept busy, like beasts of burden, in carrying breakers of water on their backs. On the quay, near the ship, the smoke of the armor-er’s forge, which had been hoisted out and sent ashore, ascended in a thick black column through the clear blue sky; from one of the neighboring white-stone warehouses, the sound of saw and hammer told that the carpenters were at work; near by, a livelier rattling drew attention to the cooper, who in the open air was tightening the water-casks; and not far removed, under a temporary shed, formed of spare studding-sails and

taraulins, sat the sailmaker and his assistants, repairing the sails, which had been rent by the many storms we had encountered.

Many hands, however, make light work, and in a very few days all was accomplished: the stays and shrouds were set up and new rattled down; the yards crossed, the running-rigging rove, and sails bent; and the old craft, fresh painted, and all a-taunt-o, looked as fine as a midshipman on liberty. In place of the storm-stumps, which had been stowed away among the booms and other spare spars, amidships, we had sent up cap to'-gallant-masts and royal-poles, with a sheafe for skysails, and hoist enough for sky-scrapers above them: so you may judge the old frigate looked pretty taunt. There was a Dutch line-ship in the harbor; but, though we only carried forty-four to her eighty, her main-truck would hardly have reached to our royal-mast head. The side-boys, whose duty it was to lay aloft, and furl the skysails, looked no bigger on the yard than a good sized duff for a midshipman's mess, and the main-truck seemed not half as large as the Turks-head knot on the man-ropes of the accommodation ladder.

When we had got every thing ship-shape and man-of-war fashion, we hauled out again, and took our berth about half way between the Arsenal and Hospital Island; and a pleasant view it gave us of the town and harbor of old Mahon, one of the safest and most tranquil places of anchorage in the world. The water of this beautiful inlet — which, though it makes about four miles into the land, is not much over a quarter of a mile in width — is scarcely ever ruffled by a storm; and, on the delightful afternoon to which I now refer, it lay as still and motionless as a polished mirror, except when broken into momentary ripples by the paddles of some passing waterman. What little wind we had in the fore part of the day died away at noon; and though the first dog-watch was almost out, and the sun was near the horizon, not a breath of air had risen to disturb the serenity of the scene. The Dutch liner, which lay not far from us, was so clearly reflected in the glassy surface of the water, that there was not a rope about her, from her main-stay to her signal-halliards, which the eye could not distinctly trace in her shadowy and inverted image. The buoy

of our best bower floated abreast our larboard bow ; and that, too, was so strongly imaged, that its entire bulk seemed to lie above the water, just resting on it, as if upborne on a sea of molten lead, except when, now and then, the wringing of a swab, or the dashing of a bucket overboard from the head, broke up the shadow for a moment, and showed the substance but half its former apparent size.

A small polacca craft had got under way from Mahon in the course of the forenoon, intending to stand over to Barcelona : but it fell dead calm just before she reached the chops of the harbor ; and there she lay as motionless upon the blue surface as if she were only a part of a mimic scene, from the pencil of some accomplished painter. Her broad cotton lateen sails, as they hung drooping from the slanting and taper yards, shone with a glistening whiteness that contrasted beautifully with the dark flood in which they were reflected ; and the distant sound of the guitar, which one of the sailors was listlessly playing on her deck, came sweetly over the water, and harmonized well with the quiet appearance of every thing around. The whitewashed walls of the lazaretto, on a verdant headland at the mouth of the bay, glittered like silver in the slant rays of the sun ; and some of its windows were burnished so brightly by the level beams, that it seemed as if the whole interior of the edifice were in flames. On the opposite side, the romantic and picturesque ruins of Fort St. Philip, faintly seen, acquired double beauty from being tipped with the declining light ; and the clusters of ancient looking windmills, which dot the green eminences along the bank, added, by the motionless state of their wings, to the effect of the unbroken tranquillity of the scene.

Even on board our vessel, a degree of stillness unusual for a man-of-war prevailed among the crew. It was the hour of their evening meal ; and the low hum that came from the gun-deck had an indistinct and buzzing sound, which, like the tiny song of bees of a warm summer noon, rather heightened than diminished the charm of the surrounding quiet. The spar-deck was almost deserted. The quarter-master of the watch, with his spy-glass in his hand, and dressed in a frock and trowsers of snowy whiteness, stood aft upon the taffrail, erect

and motionless as a statue, keeping the usual lookout. A group of some half a dozen sailors had gathered together on the forecastle, where they were supinely lying under the shade of the bulwarks; and here and there, upon the gun-slides along the gangway, sat three or four others, — one, with his clothes-bag beside him, overhauling his simple wardrobe; another working a set of clues for some favorite officer's hammock; and the third engaged, perhaps, in carving his name in rude letters upon the handle of a jack-knife, or in knotting a lanyard by which to suspend it round his neck.

On the top of the boom-cover, and in the full glare of the level sun, lay black Jake, the jig-maker of the ship, and a striking specimen of African peculiarities, in whose single person they were all strongly developed. His flat nose was dilated to unusual width, and his ebony cheeks fairly glistened with delight, as he looked up at the gambols of a large monkey, which, clinging to the main-stay, just above Jake's woolly head, was chattering and grinning back at the negro, as if there existed some means of mutual intelligence between them. It was my watch on deck, and I had been standing several minutes leaning on the main fiferail, amusing myself by observing the antics of the black and his congenial playmate; but at length, tiring of the rude mirth, I had turned towards the taffrail, to gaze on the more agreeable features of that scene which I have feebly attempted to describe. Just at that moment a shout and a merry laugh burst upon my ear; and, looking quickly round to ascertain the cause of the unusual sound on a frigate's deck, I saw little Bob Stay (as we called our commodore's son) standing half-way up the main-hatch ladder, clapping his hands, and looking aloft at some object that seemed to inspire him with a deal of glee. A single glance to the main-yard explained the occasion of his merriment. He had been coming up from the gun-deck, when Jacko, perceiving him on the ladder, dropped suddenly down from the main-stay, and, running along the boom cover, leaped upon Bob's shoulder, seized his cap from his head, and immediately darted up the main-topsail sheet, and thence to the bunt of the main-yard, where he now sat picking threads from the tassel of his prize, and occasionally scratching his side

and chattering, as if with exultation for the success of his mischief. But Bob was a sprightly, active little fellow; and though he could not climb quite as nimbly as a monkey, yet he had no mind to lose his cap without an effort to regain it. Perhaps he was more strongly incited to make chase after Jacko from noticing me to smile at his plight, or by the loud laugh of Jake, who seemed inexpressibly delighted at the occurrence, and endeavored to evince, by tumbling about the boom-cloth, shaking his huge misshapen head, and sundry other grotesque actions, the pleasure for which he had no words.

“Ha, you rascal, Jacko, hab you no more respec’ for de young officer den to steal his cab? We bring you to de gangway, you black nigger, and gib you a dozen on de bare back for a tief.”

The monkey looked down from his perch as if he understood the threat of the negro, and chattered a sort of defiance in answer.

“Ha, ha! Massa Stay, he say you mus’ ketch him ’fore you flog him; and it’s no so easy for a midshipman in boots to ketch a monkey barefoot.”

A red spot mounted to the cheek of little Bob, as he cast one glance of offended pride at Jake, and then sprang across the deck to the Jacob’s ladder. In an instant he was half way up the rigging, running over the ratlines as lightly as if they were an easy flight of stairs, whilst the shrouds scarcely quivered beneath his elastic motion. In a second more his hand was on the futtocks.

“Massa Stay!” cried Jake, who sometimes, from being a favorite, ventured to take liberties with the younger officers — “Massa Stay, you best crowd through de lubber’s hole: it take a sailor to climb the futtock shroud.”

But he had scarcely time to utter his pretended caution before Bob was in the top. The monkey, in the mean while, had awaited his approach, until he had got nearly up the rigging, when it suddenly put the cap on its own head, and, running along the yard to the opposite side of the top, sprang up a rope and thence to the topmast backstay, up which it ran to the topmast cross-trees, where it again quietly seated itself,

and resumed its work of picking the tassel to pieces. For several minutes I stood watching my little messmate follow Jacko from one piece of rigging to another, the monkey all the while seeming to exert only as much agility as was necessary to elude the pursuer, and pausing whenever the latter appeared to be growing weary of the chase. At last, by this kind of manœuvring, the mischievous animal succeeded in enticing Bob as high as the royal-mast-head, when, springing suddenly on the royal stay, it ran nimbly down to the foretop-gallant-masthead, thence down the rigging to the foretop, when, leaping on the foreyard, it ran out to the yard-arm, and hung the cap on the end of the studding-sail boom, where, taking its seat, it raised a loud and exulting chattering. Bob by this time was completely tired out; and, perhaps, unwilling to return to the deck to be laughed at for his fruitless chase, he sat down in the royal cross-tree, while those who had been attracted by the sport returned to their usual avocations or amusements. The monkey, no longer the object of pursuit or attention, remained but a little while on the yard-arm; but soon, taking up the cap, returned in towards the slings, and dropped it down upon deck.

Some little piece of duty occurred at this moment to engage me, as soon as which was performed, I walked aft, and, leaning my elbow on the taffrail, was quickly lost in the recollection of scenes very different from the small pantomime I had just been witnessing. Soothed by the low hum of the crew, and by the quiet loveliness of every thing around, my thoughts had travelled far away from the realities of my situation. when I was suddenly startled by a cry from black Jake which brought me on the instant back to consciousness. "My God! Massa Scupper," cried he, "Massa Stay is on de main-truck!"

A cold shudder ran through my veins as the word reached my ear. I cast my eyes up: it was too true! The adventurous boy, after resting on the royal cross-trees, had been seized with a wish to go still higher, and, impelled by one of those impulses by which men are sometimes instigated to place themselves in situations of imminent peril, without a possibility of good resulting from the exposure, he had climbed the skysail

pole, and, at the moment of my looking up, was actually standing on the main-truck! — a small, circular piece of wood on the very summit of the loftiest mast, and at a height so great from the deck that my brain turned dizzy as I looked up at him. The reverse of Virgil's line was true in this instance. It was comparatively easy to ascend; but to descend — my head swam round, and my stomach felt sick, at thought of the perils comprised in that one word. There was nothing above him or around him but the empty air; and beneath him, nothing but a point, a mere point — a small, unstable wheel, that seemed no bigger from the deck than the button on the end of a foil, and the taper skysail-pole itself scarcely larger than the blade. Dreadful temerity! If he should attempt to stoop, what could he take hold of to steady his descent? His feet quite covered up the small and fearful platform that he stood upon; and, beneath that, a long, smooth, naked spar, which seemed to bend with his weight, was all that upheld him from destruction. An attempt to get down from "that bad eminence" would be almost certain death: he would inevitably lose his equilibrium, and be precipitated to the deck, a crushed and shapeless mass. Such was the nature of the thoughts that crowded through my mind as I first raised my eye, and saw the terrible truth of Jake's exclamation. What was to be done in the pressing and horrible exigency? To hail him, and inform him of his danger, would be but to insure his ruin. Indeed, I fancied that the rash boy already perceived the imminence of his peril; and I half thought that I could see his limbs begin to quiver, and his cheek turn deadly pale. Every moment I expected to see the dreadful catastrophe. I could not bear to look at him, and yet could not withdraw my gaze. A film came over my eyes, and a faintness over my heart. The atmosphere seemed to grow thick, and to tremble and waver like the heated air around a furnace; the mast appeared to totter, and the ship to pass from under my feet. I myself had the sensations of one about to fall from a great height; and making a strong effort to recover myself, like that of a dreamer who fancies that he is shoved from a precipice, I staggered up against the bulwarks.

When my eyes were once turned from the dreadful object



to which they had been riveted, my sense and consciousness came back. I looked around me: the deck was already crowded with people. The intelligence of poor Bob's temerity had spread through the ship like wild-fire, — as such news always will, — and the officers and crew were all crowding to the deck to behold the appalling, the heart-rending spectacle. Every one, as he looked up, turned pale, and his eye became fastened in silence on the truck — like that of a spectator of an execution on the gallows — with a steadfast, unblinking and intense yet abhorrent gaze, as if momentarily expecting a fatal termination to the awful suspense. No one made a suggestion; no one spoke. Every feeling, every faculty, seemed to be absorbed and swallowed up in one deep, intense emotion of agony. Once the first lieutenant seized the trumpet, as if to hail poor Bob; but he had scarce raised it to his lips, when his arm dropped again, and sank listlessly down beside him, as if from a sad consciousness of the utter inutility of what he had been going to say. Every soul in the ship was now on the spar-deck, and every eye was turned to the main-truck.

At this moment there was a stir among the crew about the gangway, and directly after another face was added to those on the quarter-deck: it was that of the commodore, Bob's father. He had come alongside in a shore-boat, without having been noticed by a single eye, so intense and universal was the interest that had fastened every gaze upon the spot where poor Bob stood trembling on the awful verge of fate. The commodore asked not a question, uttered not a syllable. He was a dark-faced, austere man, and it was thought by some of the midshipmen that he entertained but little affection for his son. However that might have been, it was certain that he treated him with precisely the same strict discipline that he did the other young officers, or if there was any difference at all, it was not in favor of Bob. Some, who pretended to have studied his character closely, affirmed that he loved his boy too well to spoil him, and that, intending him for the arduous profession in which he had himself risen to fame and eminence, he thought it would be of service to him to experience some of its privations and hardships at the outset.

The arrival of the commodore changed the direction of several eyes, which now turned on him to trace what emotions the danger of his son would occasion. But their scrutiny was foiled. By no outward sign did he show what was passing within. His eye still retained its severe expression, his brow the slight frown which it usually wore, and his lip its haughty curl. Immediately on reaching the deck, he had ordered a marine to hand him a musket; and with this stepping aft, and getting on the lookout-block, he raised it to his shoulder, and took a deliberate aim at his son, at the same time hailing him without a trumpet, in his voice of thunder, —

“Robert!” cried he, “jump! jump overboard! or I’ll fire at you!”

The boy seemed to hesitate; and it was plain that he was tottering, for his arms were thrown out like those of one scarcely able to retain his balance. The commodore raised his voice again, and, in a quicker and more energetic tone, cried, —

“Jump! ’tis your only chance for life.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, before the body was seen to leave the truck and spring out into the air. A sound, between a shriek and a groan, burst from many lips. The father spoke not — sighed not — indeed he did not seem to breathe. For a moment of intense agony a pin might have been heard to drop on deck. With a rush like that of a cannon-ball, the body descended to the water; and, before the waves closed over it, twenty stout fellows, among them several officers, had dived from the bulwarks. Another short period of bitter suspense ensued. It rose — he was alive! his arms were seen to move! he struck out towards the ship! and, despite the discipline of a man-of-war, three loud huzzas, an outburst of unfeigned and unrestrainable joy from the hearts of our crew of five hundred men, pealed through the air, and made the welkin ring. Till this moment the old commodore had stood unmoved. The eyes, that glistening with pleasure now sought his face, saw that it was ashy pale. He attempted to descend the horse-block, but his knees bent under him; he seemed to gasp for breath, and put up his hand, as if to tear open his vest; but, before he accomplished his object, he staggered forward, and would have fallen on the deck, had he

not been caught by old black Jake. He was borne into his cabin where the surgeon attended him, whose utmost skill was required to restore his mind to its usual equability and self-command, in which he at last happily succeeded. As soon as he recovered from the dreadful shock, he sent for Bob, and had a long, confidential conference with him; and it was noticed, when the little fellow left the cabin, that he was in tears. The next day we sent down our taunt and dashy poles, and replaced them with the stump-to'-gallantmasts; and on the third, we weighed anchor, and made sail for Gibraltar.

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TO LUCASTA.

ON GOING TO THE WAR.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkinde,  
That from the nunnerie  
Of thy chaste breast and quiet minde,  
To warre and armes I flee.

True, a new mistress now I chase, —  
The first foe in the field;  
And with a stronger faith embrace  
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such  
As you, too, shall adore;  
I could not love thee, deare, so much,  
Loved I not honor more.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658.)

## THE LIGHTNING-ROD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES DE BERNARD.\*

TOWARDS the end of last summer, I was walking pensively from my parlor to my study, from my study to my dining room, and from my dining-room to my parlor ; for I may mention, *en passant*, that I share the taste for the comfortable to which most young bachelors of fortune, and even some who have no fortune, do homage at the present day. I have a study for work, though I do nothing ; a parlor, though I do not entertain ; and a dining-room, although I dine away from home. My lodgings, carefully-chosen and artistically decorated, would certainly not be fit for a saint ; but they do very well for the sinner who inhabits them. On that day, however, I found them unattractive ; and I was possessed with an irresistible longing to go away. But where to go ? or, to present the difficulty more fully, how to pass the month of September ? The employment of time, that ever-recurring problem for the idle, embarrassed me at that moment beyond measure ; and for two hours, while wandering through my apartments, I had in vain sought a solution.

Travel ? During the last five months, what else had I done ? Since the opening of spring, I had visited the banks of the Rhine, Belgium, Holland, and the principal cities of England. The travelling appetite was satiated. Go to the watering-places ? After leaving London, I had spent fifteen days at Brighton, and three weeks at Dieppe : I had had enough of the sea. Vichy, Barèges, Mount Dor ? — old stories. Besides, the bathing-season was near its end. Remain at Paris ? Pshaw ! aside from the police-officers, who remains in Paris at such a time ? The very grocers have their villas

\* Born 1804, died 1850. See his story of "The Consultation" in the first issue of the Gem Series, entitled "The Emerald."

where they spend the fine days of autumn. It was not the want of a country-house that forbade me to follow this example. I owned a valuable estate near Meaux, on which there was a very comfortable dwelling, and I had it in my power to lead the life of a country gentleman as long as I pleased; but the very thought of the plains of La Brie sent a shock to my nerves. How, then, was I to get through that abominable month of September?

October did not trouble me. I had a lovely cousin by the hills of Auvergne, who was to be married in that month. As a near relation, and a bachelor still young, perhaps, also, in consideration of an income of thirty thousand francs, which I enjoy, and of three or four marriageable girls who embellish the branch of my family established in the environs of St. Flour, I had been promised on this occasion the solemn office of first groomsman. I counted on these Auvergne nuptials as a holiday, and I danced the polka in imagination at the thought of it. The month of October, then, had its employment; but what should I do with myself during the thirty long days of that infernal month of September?

For the fiftieth time, perhaps, I asked myself this question, without finding a satisfactory answer; when my meditation was unexpectedly interrupted by one of my friends, the elegant and witty Edmond Vanois, whom I had not seen for some time.

"Still in Paris!" said he, with that sprightly familiarity which passes readily for the accent of cordiality and frankness. "I have happened in by chance, not expecting to find you at home. What are you going to do this autumn?"

"That is just what I was asking myself," replied I, offering him my box of cigars.

"What have you decided upon?"

"Nothing."

"Then I have the advantage of you. I was for some days quite at a loss to know what to do with myself from now until the middle of October; but yesterday evening a sublime inspiration flashed upon me by which you may profit. I am going to Switzerland to see our friend Richomme. What say you to it?"

"I hardly know our friend Richomme."

"Pooh! I have dined at his house with you, and he has invited you in my presence to visit him at his country-seat. His wife highly appreciates your wit. Besides, the greatest favor one can do them is to visit them. You know our friend Richomme is very well named. He has a magnificent estate near Berne, and lives like a prince. Are you fond of hunting? There are superb woods, and game in abundance. Do you prefer fishing? The Aar is a few steps off. Have you a taste for study? A large library is at your disposal. And then there are journals, billiards, saddle-horses, carriages; in a word, all the resources that a perfectly furnished establishment can offer. I do not speak of the table, which is excellent; nor of the scenery, which you know. The place is at the gates of Oberland: in point of the picturesque, that is all I need say. In fine, to heighten all these attractions, there is a society perpetually renewed, — charming Bernois, fascinating Fribourgeois, seducing Lucernoises, ravishing Zurichois! Does not this tempt you?"

"I believe you have indeed sworn to tempt me," replied I, smiling at the warmth with which Vanois extolled the delights of our common friend's country-seat.

"You must understand," said he graciously, "that I should be enchanted to have you for a travelling companion. Let us see: supposing that I succeed in carrying you away, how much time could you place at my disposal?"

"But — I will confess to you, that, for about a month from this time, I anticipate neither urgent business nor absorbing pleasures."

"Just time enough: four days to go, as many to return, and three weeks there. That suits me perfectly. When shall we set out?"

Could I do better than accept a proposition which came thus, as it were, in the nick of time, to terminate my embarrassment? Without being intimately acquainted with M. Richomme, I was sure of being well received at his house; for, as Edmond had said, he indulged his pleasure, and, above all, his vanity, in the exercise of an ostentatious hospitality. He had, indeed, at several times invited me to pay him a visit in

Switzerland; his wife, too, had always received me in the most amiable manner: in all respects I found myself *en regle*.

"Upon my word, my dear friend, you are so eloquent," said I, "that I have not strength of mind to refuse you. For Helvetia! is the word then, and set out when you will."

"Day after to-morrow," replied he with a satisfied air.

"Day after to-morrow, be it; but how?"

"It seems to me," my dear Duranton, "that two gentlemen like us ought to travel post in our own conveyance."

"Agreed. I have a briska which will be the very thing; and I answer for its convenience and safety."

"You are a charming man. Day after to-morrow, then, I shall expect you at breakfast; and, after our stomachs are stayed as effectually as possible, crack your whip, postilion!"

"It is agreed; it is understood," we repeated simultaneously, exchanging a grasp of the hand.

Contrary to usage, our programme was carried out. The next day but one, we put ourselves *en route*; and, four days after, we made a most brilliant entrance into the court of honor of M. Richomme's *quasi* princely habitation, about two leagues from Berne. As we got out of the carriage, the master of the house appeared on the steps, and came forward to meet us with a hospitable eagerness which was peculiarly significant. It was easy to read in that reception the jubilant vanity of the newly-rich man who loves to dazzle others by the display of a luxury to which he himself is not yet accustomed. M. Richomme, the well-named, as Edmond had justly called him, was one of those tall, stout, and fat individuals, whom common people of mean breed admire on account of their pompous presence, which, in its turgidity, seems the symbol of wealth. In that vast body, a small soul would have lodged quite easily, if it had not been for an excessive self-esteem that completely filled the void. On the whole, M. Richomme was neither more conceited, nor more ridiculous, nor more impertinent, than was natural in an ex-fournisseur, twice or thrice a millionaire. In the eyes, too, of many people, all his little faults were amply compensated by two admirable qualities: he lent money with quite a good grace, and he kept an open table.

“What amiable lads you are!” said the Cræsus, giving us his hand. “It is very kind of you to have turned aside from your route to visit this cheese-house of mine.”

“We have not turned aside from our route,” replied Vanois: we have come from Paris expressly to see you.”

“So much the better; and Madame Richomme will be very much gratified to learn that you sacrifice the delights of Paris for her society. My simple abode will not indemnify you,” pursued the big man, showing us the rich façade of his house; “but, if my hospitality is modest, at least it is cordial.”

Edmond nudged me with his elbow. I had no need of this warning to remark the diverting contrast between the humble language of our host and his pompous gesture. As he pointed out with a circular motion the distant perspective of the English garden by which the main house was surrounded, it seemed as if his hand would stretch out as far as the horizon, and appropriate the whole canton of Berne, including the Alps.

“You arrive in an unlucky moment,” resumed M. Richomme, directing us towards the steps: “you find us reduced to our little family resources. Last week I had here fifteen masters and eleven servants: the Count and Countess of Manlevrier, Lord and Lady Rothsay, the Prince Liparini —”

“It is you that we come to see,” interrupted Vanois, smiling.

“The Countess Czarniwienska and her daughter,” continued the ex-fournisseur, who seemed to take particular pleasure in sounding in our burgher-like ears the titles of the distinguished guests whom he had entertained the preceding week. “We have had also a visit from our ambassador, a delightful man! We are very good friends. I will introduce you to him the first time he dines here.”

I should desire first to be presented to Madame Richomme,” said I in my turn; “but, for that, a change of costume seems to me important after four days’ travel.”

“You shall be shown to your rooms,” replied the master of the house: “you have time to dress for dinner. Entire liberty in all other matters, but punctuality at table, is the rule of the house. For the rest, I need not tell you that you are quite at home here.”



M. Richomme, himself setting an example of the liberty he proclaimed, put us in charge of a servant, who installed my *compagnon de voyage* and me in two chambers adjoining one another, and perfectly furnished, as indeed was the whole house. Without losing time, we proceeded to the adjustment of our persons. After adorning ourselves each in his own room, we met again at the sound of the dinner-bell, and went down stairs together.

In the drawing-room, besides the owners of the house, there were present two guests of mature age, Helvetian from head to foot. Without paying much attention to these two natives, we advanced towards the wife of our host, vying with each other in the display of our French graces.

As it often happens in a family, the wife offered a striking contrast to the husband: when she gave him her arm, it reminded one of a deer yoking with a buffalo. Small, thin, delicate; her bearing refined and resolute; her glance keen and penetrating; ugly on the whole, but not disagreeable, — Madame Richomme was one of those persons in whom mind seems to compensate for the defects of matter.

After a few moments' conversation, we took our seats at the dinner-table. Little was said during the first part of the meal. Madame Richomme spoke only to give orders to the servants. Vanois, usually talkative, seemed equally devoted to silence. The Swiss ate as we are told their compatriots drink; but to contribute to the general entertainment was evidently the least of their concern. For myself, with an appetite sharpened by my journey, I rudely enough imitated their example. The repast would have ended in a veritable pantomime, if M. Richomme, having dulled the edge of his appetite, had not brusquely revived the languishing conversation.

"Come, Messieurs Parisians," said he suddenly, filling my glass and that of my companion, "it seems to me that you are deucedly melancholy; but I know the reason why. You expected to find here a swarm of beauties. As I have told you, you should have come last week: we had, among others, Lady Rothsay, the most charming blonde" —

"I don't like blondes," said Edmond, looking out of the corner of his eye, as it seemed to me, at the dark hair which enclosed the face of Madame Richomme.

"Which is as much as to say that you do like brunettes," resumed the amphitryon, with an air which aimed at slyness.

"Yes, when they are pretty," replied Vanois.

"Well," said M. Richomme, "since such are your notions, I will tell you confidentially, that, perhaps this very evening, you will see here a woman after your own heart, a brunette and pretty."

"Do you mean that you expect Madame Baretty this evening?" asked one of the Swiss, with his mouth half full.

"This evening or to-morrow," said M. Richomme. "You know my sister-in-law?" continued he, addressing me.

I knew vaguely that Madame Richomme had a sister; but I did not know the name of that sister's husband, or at least, I had forgotten it.

"I have heard a great deal about the wit and beauty of Madame Baretty," answered I gallantly, "but I have never had the pleasure of seeing her."

"You will have that pleasure presently, and you will see, that, in announcing to you a pretty woman, I have not exaggerated."

"I am convinced of it in advance, and my admiration is ready."

M. Richomme shut one eye, nodded his head two or three times, and chuckled quietly before resuming the conversation.

"If you will take my advice," said he, with an accent half jesting, half serious, "you will keep your admiration in restraint."

"Why so?" said I, a little surprised at this advice.

The fat man began his pantomime again, and, leaning towards me, whispered in my ear, —

"Have you seen Othello played?"

"Certainly."

"In that case you know my brother-in-law."

"Is he jealous?"

"Unmanageably, devilishly, furiously!"

Notwithstanding his confidential attitude, M. Richomme had raised his voice, and was speaking so as to be heard by the whole company. A look from his wife imposed silence upon him.

“You are right,” said he, bowing. Then leaning again towards me: “My wife,” continued he, in a low-voice, “does not wish us to talk of the dear brother-in-law’s follies in presence of servants; and, indeed, she is right, for these rascals are impertinence and tattling incarnated. At dessert I will tell you the story.”

A pretty woman, a jealous husband: there was nothing here very extraordinary. This vulgar prologue sufficed, nevertheless, to excite my curiosity, and I waited with impatience for the departure of the servants. They disappeared after serving the dessert, according to the custom of the house. Without thinking how indiscreet my conduct might appear, I was about to remind our host of his promise, but he anticipated my request. As gossiping as I was curious, he longed evidently to exercise, at the expense of his sister-in-law’s husband, the dull malice which he took for wit, and which constituted the jocose part of his character.

“Messieurs Wendel,” said he, addressing the two Bernese, “you have already seen Baretty, but these gentlemen are not acquainted with him. Is it not true that he is a delightful fellow?”

To this question, ironically put, the Helvetians responded only by a grimace, which it was difficult to take for an assent.

“It is not because we are almost brothers-in-law that I say it,” continued M. Richomme derisively; “but I doubt whether one could find a more amiable man. It is true that evil tongues accuse him of being difficult to live with,—morose, passionate, grumbling, peevish, and, above all, jealous as a crocodile. But these are calumnies, are they not, Cesarine?”

Madame Richomme had listened to her husband with marked impatience: she shrugged her shoulders imperceptibly, and replied in a sharp tone,—

“Every one has his faults: those of M. Baretty take nothing from the goodness of his heart, or from the nobleness of his character.”

“I tell you he is a charming bird; only he has beak and talons, and it is well to warn these young gentlemen of them. I do not speak on your account, gentlemen of the Grand Council: you are reasonable men, fathers of families; but

here are two fashionable young men, who hesitate at nothing, being Frenchmen, and to whom a little lesson of prudence will, perhaps, not be useless."

I glanced at Edmond, whom these last words concerned as much as me. He was methodically peeling an apple, and seemed inattentive. Madame Richomme, evidently annoyed, endeavored, by a disapproving look, to impose silence on her husband.

"My dear," continued the millionaire, "look at me as you will, I have no desire to see repeated at my house the foolish affair that took place at Barèges."

"What affair?" said I, at the risk of displeasing the mistress of the house.

"You have not heard it spoken of? The story has made noise enough everywhere. Last year, Baretty, who suffers sometimes from an old wound, went to Barèges with his wife. My sister-in-law, amiable and handsome, found herself, from the time of her arrival, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, vying with each other for the pleasure of being her partner in dancing or singing. You must know that she dances and sings like an angel. This was certainly a very harmless matter, and ninety-nine husbands out of a hundred would not have thought of taking exception to it; but dear Baretty has Corsican blood in his veins. Behold him, then, furious, and dreaming of nothing but slaughter. To massacre in a lump the dozen young sparks which fluttered around my sister-in-law would have been embarrassing; so, to simplify the thing, my jealous friend adopts the plan of making an example. Among the gallants who offended him, he selects the most prominent, and picks with him, before thirty persons, the most German of quarrels. The said individual attempts to turn the affair into a joke: a slap in the face compels him to take it seriously. A duel follows, and Baretty puts a bullet in the leg of his adversary, who will dance no more, poor devil! for it had to be amputated. There was a terrible uproar as you may suppose.

"Everybody blamed Baretty; justice interposed, and, to avoid the scandal of an arrest, my amiable brother-in-law was obliged to surrender himself as a prisoner. In short, he re-

mained three months under lock and key, during the investigation of the affair, and was very happy to be acquitted at last by the jury.

“ You think, perhaps, that he has profited by the lesson ? You do not know the Corsican. On the first occasion he will do the same thing again, and I should be very sorry that that occasion should be presented in my house. Take warning, then, Messieurs Parisians : when you see my sister-in-law, permit yourselves to admire her, but let it be at a distance and in silence. Otherwise, beware the tragedy ! ”

“ Indeed, you make your brother-in-law a perfect ogre,” said Vanois, smiling ironically.

“ If you think it advisable to make love to his wife,” replied M. Richomme, “ you will see whether he makes more than a mouthful of you.”

“ I shall be careful,” replied my companion playfully ; “ for, although I do not pride myself on being a good dancer, I am fond of my legs.”

This pleasantry made the company laugh, with the exception of Madame Richomme, who rose suddenly, and thus, as we were forced to follow her example, broke up a conversation which seemed to displease her beyond measure.

Contradiction is natural to man. I soon had proof of it ; for the warning of our host produced, so far as it concerned me at least, an effect quite opposite to that which he had doubtless expected. Madame Baretty, whom I had never seen, suddenly possessed my imagination. I knew that she was pretty ; but this merit, commendable as it was, would not have sufficed to cast me into the revery in which I fell as I was sipping a cup of excellent coffee. To my romantically inclined taste, the lovely unknown had an attraction more intense even than that of her charms. It is incontestable that the apples of the garden of the Hesperides borrowed a part of their value from the dragon charged with guarding them : in like manner, the beauty of a woman is enhanced by marital jealousy ; and, the more the latter shows itself intractable, the more subjugating becomes the former. Madame Baretty had a right to be irresistible, since, if her brother-in-law was to be believed, there was deadly peril in loving her. Now, I

pique myself on not being one of those feeble hearts that are cooled by the prospect of danger ; and, my self-esteem being called into action, I began to ask myself seriously whether the vigorous *reservé* recommended by M. Richomme was not incompatible with a just regard for my personal dignity. After debating this important question for some time, I decided it by holding myself committed to nothing. "I will let things take their natural course," said I, to myself: "I will not try to inflame myself with a factitious passion ; but, if by chance I fall in love, I will not make the least resistance to my penchant."

This fine resolution taken, I found myself quite exhilarated ; and my journey to Switzerland immediately presented an interest of which, until then, it had seemed to me totally deprived.

After taking coffee, we promenaded some time in the garden ; but the coolness of the evening soon drove us indoors, and we re-entered the drawing-room, where a whist party was organized without delay, M. Richomme, Edmond, and the two Swiss, taking their places at the table, while I remained in conversation with the mistress of the house.

In a few moments we heard the crack of a whip and the noise of carriage-wheels. At this sound, which announced the arrival of her sister, Madame Richomme rose, and went out of the room. The players imperturbably continued their game, at which I was little surprised, knowing that whist is a sacred work, which even the end of the world would hardly interrupt. As for me, I must confess I did not partake in this impassibility : I even experienced a slight palpitation which I little expected, and which proved to me that I was less *blasé* than I had sometimes feared.

"Lord bless me ! my heart beats," thought I, pleased enough at this youthful emotion ; "does that signify that I am going to fall in love ? I accept the augury."

Let me acknowledge my weakness. I rose, and looked at myself a moment in the glass. After rumpling my hair and rectifying the tie of my cravat, I leaned against an angle of the chimney-piece, in an attitude which, in my own opinion, was wanting neither in distinction nor character, and thus

waited, under arms, the woman in whom I was strongly disposed to find the future sovereign of my heart.

As I had anticipated, the door soon opened, and Madame Richomme re-entered hand in hand with the new arrival. The ogre followed them; but at the first moment I paid no attention to him, so much were my eyes occupied elsewhere. A little younger than her sister, that is to say, about twenty-eight years of age, of a medium height, and admirably proportioned, Madame Baretty presented in all her features the characteristics of the beautiful Southern races. The brown paleness of her complexion likewise betrayed her origin, and heightened the ardent, though habitually chastened, expression of her countenance. A black-silk dress, a straw-hat, a dark shawl carelessly thrown on, composed a travelling costume elegant and harmonious in its simplicity. In this modest attire, Madame Baretty appeared to me a queen. She advanced slowly with a *nonchalant* dignity; received with a polished but serious air my salute and that of the players, who, at her approach, at length decided to rise; and extending her hand to M Richomme, who hastened to kiss it with as much grace as a bear would have shown, —

“ Good evening, brother,” said she, in a soft and vibrating voice.

Nothing could be more commonplace, certainly, than these three words, “ Good evening, brother;” and yet never did phrase of Rossini fall more deliciously on my ear. I prefer contralto voices, and I found myself exactly suited: on the other hand, the melancholly pallor of the beautiful traveller completely satisfied one of my most peculiar tastes; in a word, although Madame Baretty had magnificent teeth, she had not yet laughed since her entrance into the room. Now, I have always sincerely esteemed women who have fine teeth, and laugh little. From these various secondary causes, and, above all, from the adventurous disposition of my heart, it followed that I was instantaneously subjugated. I had resolved, it is true, to succumb without resistance; but I must confess, that this promise was more easy for me to keep than the contrary would have been.

After exchanging some compliments with the new-comers,

the whist-players resumed their game. The two sisters sat down side by side, and began in a low tone a conversation, the confidential appearance of which seemed to forbid me from taking part. I withdrew discreetly; and, seating myself behind the card-table, I made use of my isolation by examining at my leisure a personage whom I had as yet hardly noticed, although it was important for me to know him thoroughly.

M. Baretty, the ferocious husband, was a man of fifty years, thick-set, corpulent, yet active, and bearing his *embonpoint* resolutely. This *physique* was very appropriate for an old captain of voltigeurs: such was the employment which he had filled until 1832, when a severe wound received in Algeria had decided him to quit the service. His copper-colored complexion had preserved the imprint of the African sun, and reddened at the least emotion with a violence bordering upon apoplexy. His hair, cut very short, and beginning to grow gray, stood up like a brush on his head. Thick eyebrows crowned his black pupils, which reminded me of the eyes of flame of which Dante speaks in drawing the portrait of Charon. Martialy ugly in his ordinary condition, it seemed as though the veteran, when inflamed by jealous fury, must be terrible to look upon. A large scar at one corner of his mouth, and a missing finger on his left hand, announced that he had kept in the army the promise of his energetic face, and gave a serious value to the red ribbon decorating his blue coat, which was buttoned up to the chin, with a relic of military habit.

As I finished taking this likeness, M. Baretty had just stretched himself out without ceremony in an immense arm-chair *à la* Voltaire, in which, notwithstanding his rotundity, he seemed to be engulfed. His *pose* had something in it so ferocious, and accorded so well with the crabbed expression of his face, that I could not help comparing him to a bull-dog lying in his kennel, with his nose on his paws, his eyes sleepy, but his teeth awake. I soon remarked, that, through his half-shut eyelids, he cast a scrutinizing look, which, after examining Edmond some time, rested on me, and forced me to turn away my eyes. I comprehended immediately the meaning of this sullen observation. Doubtless, at the mere aspect of strangers,



this agreeable husband had felt a stirring in his suspicious instincts; and, in stealthily studying my friend and me, perhaps he was endeavoring to divine for which of the two he would have the pleasure of breaking an arm or a leg, conformably to the receipt which he had made use of at Barèges. This idea, well fitted to moderate my sentimental inclinations, on the contrary only excited them. I felt that the savor of peril heightened the relish of love itself; and, in looking again at Madame Baretty, I found her more beautiful even than she had at first appeared. Little by little I abandoned myself to the pleasure of contemplating her; and, forgetting the sombre surveillance of which I was probably the object, I fell into a profound reverie.

“Q marriage! here is one of thy blows,” thought I, with an irony mingled with compassion. “Thou takest in one hand a being full of grace, of distinction, of intelligence, in the other a vulgar, mean, brutal creature; and thou unitest them. Bitter mockery! the barrack united to the parlor!”

As I was pitying the destiny of this rare woman delivered to the despotism of a coarse soldier (so in my indignation I called the ex-captain of voltigeurs), Madame Baretty turned her head towards me; and her beautiful dark eyes fixed themselves upon mine with an expression so melancholy and so penetrating, that I felt agitated in my inmost soul. The strange emotion which this look excited in me will be sufficiently explained when I say that I had not been in the habit of receiving such favors: this obliges me to make an avowal painful to my self-love, but necessary to the clearness of this recital.

The good fortune of being handsome has found its poet: if the misfortune of being ugly could give inspiration, I should have legitimate reasons for tuning my lyre. My misfortune does not stop there. A rare and picturesque ugliness, fiercely borne, does a man more good than harm. Mirabeau, certainly, would not have exchanged his tiger-face, pitted with small-pox, for the smooth countenance of an exquisite. Unhappily for me, the irregularity of my features is not compensated by their expression. My ugliness is that of the common people: I resemble everybody to such a degree, that people with whom I have been intimate forget my face, and others, who have never

seen me, claim my acquaintance. Born with a sensitive heart and a romantic imagination, it is needless to tell how often I have been mortified and distressed by this disagreeable vulgarity of my physiognomy.

The expressive glance of Madame Baretty was then a novelty as well as a favor. For the first time, a woman took such an initiative towards me. Such was the astonishment of my modesty, that I experienced at first more embarrassment than pleasure. A feeling of distrust was awakened in my mind. Was it not possible that I saw before me a coquette, who, in taking aim at me, sought only to amuse herself at my expense? I quickly perceived the impossibility of such a supposition, and I thought there would be too foolish a humility in interpreting unfavorably an action which was wholly complimentary, and the cause of which after all was not impenetrable.

"Married to a man unworthy of her, this woman," thought I, "cannot but be very unhappy. Now, the unhappy seek for sympathy, and, when they believe that they have found it, accept it with thankfulness. As for me, I am not handsome; but perhaps I have had too poor an opinion of my appearance. After all, the eyes are the interpreters of the soul. She has read in mine the warm interest which she inspires in me; she has discovered in me an intelligence made to understand her; in a word, she has recognized a friend: this is what her look of suffering innocence was intended to express."

Instinctively I assumed an attitude suited to this tender rôle of friend of an unhappy woman, for which I felt a very particular call. With arms folded on my breast, and my forehead bent over with a dreamy air, I continued to gaze at Madame Baretty, convinced already, that, by this contemplation, I ran little risk of displeasing her, in case she happened to observe it. Presumptuous as it was, this conjecture soon appeared to me to be realized. A second look, sweeter, more sustained, more decisive, than the first, struck me point-blank, as artillerists say. I was thrilled by it; but my ecstasy was immediately disturbed by a sharp sound of broken porcelain, which interrupted, all of a sudden, the silence of the room. Everybody looked towards M. Baretty. The captain had just risen with the impetuosity of a wounded tiger;

and the violence of his movement had made the arm-chair in which he had been sitting roll against an *étagère* covered with ornaments.

“What ails you?” cried M. Richomme, regarding pitifully the ruins scattered over the carpet. “Do you take my Japan vases for Bedouins?”

“A thousand pardons! I believe I was asleep,” replied M. Baretty.

A furious look which he hurled at the same instant at his wife apprised me what I ought to think of such an excuse.

“You have a murderous way of sleeping!” growled the *ex-fournisseur*. “Deuse take it! When one wants to sleep, one should go to bed.”

“That is what I am going to do,” replied the jealous man, in a tone not less peevish. “It is more than eleven o’clock, and high time to retire. Come, madame, I am at your command.”

Madame Baretty rose immediately, without saying a word. This passive obedience, so unusual in a pretty woman, confirmed me in the idea that I had before my eyes the most absolute of despots and the most submissive of slaves. If my sympathies had not already been gained by the beautiful victim, the touching and resigned way in which she accepted the arm which her tyrant offered her would have sufficed to soften my heart. The couple went out almost immediately from the room, which suddenly appeared to me as desert as the Orient to Antiochus after the departure of Berenice. I waited with impatience for the end of the whist, which came at length, and permitted every one to retire. Under the pretence of smoking a cigar, I accompanied Vanois to his chamber before going to my own.

“How do you find Madame Baretty?” asked I, without preamble.

“Not bad,” responded he negligently.

“Not bad!” repeated I, growing warm in spite of myself. “The praise is faint enough. But, in the first place, did you look at her?”

“Enough to enable me to judge. I prefer her sister. But I think Madame Baretty not only not bad, but extremely

pretty ; and, as she has honored you this evening with a very significant attention, I would in your place ” —

“ In my place ? ”

“ I would risk the displeasure of her ogre of a husband.”

“ It is done,” said I thoughtlessly.

I repented of these words as soon as spoken ; but it was too late, and the questions of Vanois drew from me a complete confession. On hearing the cause of the disaster which had befallen the Japan vases, he burst out into a roar of laughter, so heartily, that I could not help sharing his hilarity.

My conversation with Vanois strengthened me in my adventurous projects, or rather barred my retreat from them. In fact, how could I withdraw, now that I had made a confidant of a master of raillery, who would not fail to attribute any retrograde step to a most unheroic prudence ?

The next day at breakfast, I saw Madame Baretty again ; and I remarked that at several times her eyes met mine. Her indulgent disposition towards me could no longer be a matter of reasonable doubt. Whatever was the cause of her conduct, whether it was excessive coquetry, or desire of sympathy, this charming woman had authorized me, in the clearest manner, to continue my attentions. Thus far there had been only a tacit agreement, a mysterious understanding, between us. I determined to make a more open advance, if possible, before the close of the day.

After breakfast, M. Richomme proposed to his sister-in-law to play a game of billiards. A lover without brains would have accompanied them. Too politic for that, I sauntered into the garden, hoping that M. Baretty, thus thrown off his guard, would decide to go out hunting, as he had manifested an intention to do in the morning. After letting a half-hour (which seemed to me half a century) pass away, I glided slyly towards the billiard-room. Provoking *contre-temps* ! the first person I saw on entering was the detestable captain, who had taken a position on a sofa, whence, with a cigar in his mouth and a newspaper in his hand, he kept watch over his wife ; for how, otherwise, can I describe such conduct ? At seeing me, he laid his paper on his knees, crossed his arms on his breast, and looked me full in the face.

A wolf from which one should attempt to snatch a lamb which he holds in his jaws must certainly look just as he did. Instead of responding to this kind of provocation, I pretended not to observe it. I assumed an air of indifference; and, after looking at the players a moment, I went out of the billiard-room, inwardly cursing that barbarous husband, who, being the possessor of a treasure, had the intolerable presumption to keep it for himself alone.

Some hours later, as soon as the extreme heat of the day was over, the company joined in a walk to visit a *châlet* picturesquely situated a half a mile from the *château*. It appeared to me impossible that such an excursion, in so wild a region, should not result in putting at fault the surveillance of the odious veteran, and give me a chance to speak to Madame Baretty, to whom I had not yet addressed a single word; for, in view of the romantic character which I attributed to her, I had assumed that a better introduction to her favor would be made by an expressive silence than by the commonplaces of conversation. I resolved to improve the first favorable opportunity. It was not long delayed.

As we were going out of the park, a steep descent presented itself before us: a foot-path, where only two persons could walk abreast, cut it diagonally, and, after describing several zigzags through a grove of fir-trees, descended to the bottom of a narrow valley through which we were to pass. In the face of this rough road, to offer one's arm to a woman was a very natural action, not to say a duty. One of the Swiss had already presented his to Madame Richomme: without hesitation, I stepped towards Madame Baretty, who preceded her sister by a few paces; but I was held back by Edmond, who was walking behind me.

"Against the rules," said he, in a magisterial tone: "you have already done too much since yesterday. The husband is jealous, the wife imprudent; be reasonable. Observe me. Do I offer my arm to Madame Richomme? It is by such childishness that one spoils all. Go and make yourself agreeable to the Corsican; he has suspicions, destroy them. While you are doing that, I will make your infant prattle, and I will learn what she thinks of you."

The counsel of my *compagnon de voyage* appeared to me rigorously conformed to the laws of the code *galant*.

“You are right,” said I to Vanois. “To conquer the good graces of the husband, or at least to put his distrust to sleep, is, without doubt, the first business with which I ought to occupy myself. But what can I say to this alligator?”

“Talk to him of his campaigns, of his wounds: you will soon have nothing to do but listen.”

The task was heavy; but, after recognizing the necessity of it, it would have been illogical to defer its execution. I resigned myself to it, then; and yielding to my friend the agreeable office which, an instant before, I had hoped to make my own, I slackened my steps to wait for M. Baretty. That jealous individual, perhaps for the purpose of watching me, had placed himself in the rear-guard. When he had overtaken me, I addressed to him some commonplace remark in regard to the wild scenery through which we were passing. An unintelligible growl was the only response from the ferocious biped whom I was endeavoring to tame. This *début* was not at all encouraging: but the first step was taken; and that is, they say, the most difficult.

Notwithstanding the ill success of my first advances, I persevered in the patient amiability which I had imposed upon myself. I redoubled my gayety and good nature. I sought the most opportune subjects: in a word, I manœuvred so adroitly, that at last, whether I had succeeded in destroying his suspicions, or whether, choosing between two annoyances, he preferred to endure my company rather than to see me hovering about his wife, M. Baretty grew sociable.

A very puerile and very trivial circumstance announced to me that we were passing from the state of dull hostility to that of truce. And why should I omit this vulgar but characteristic incident? Is not the pipe the symbol of peace among savages? and do not many civilized smokers find this habit full of poetry? Now, from a pipe to a snuff-box, the distance is short, and the descent is small. I ought not to have omitted to mention that the jealous husband took snuff: he at last decided to offer me some, and I, at the risk of sneezing, accepted it; for it recalled to my mind the disserta-

tion of Sganarelle, on snuff considered as an element of concord, harmony, and sociability. On re-entering the château, the Corsican and I were on such good terms, that he proposed to me to join him in a hunting excursion the next day.

No incident worthy of mention occurred during the rest of the day. Some significant looks were again exchanged between Madame Baretty and me; but I found no opportunity of speaking to her without a witness, and I continued to act on my principle, viz., with women, silence is better than an insignificant conversation.

In the evening, when each of us retired, it was Edmond, who, in his turn, accompanied me to my chamber.

"*Bravissimo*, my dear fellow!" said he, as soon as we were alone. "Yesterday evening and this morning you appeared to me a little green; but now I restore to you all my esteem. Impossible to angle a husband with more grace and dexterity."

"You speak of it quite at your ease," replied I. "You do not know what it costs me to conduct the thing according to the rules of art. If, like me, you were condemned to kill an indefinite number of partridges to-morrow" —

"He goes out hunting, then?" interrupted Vanois, with singular vivacity.

"That is to say *we* go out hunting. He proposed to me this entertainment, and I had not presence of mind to evade it."

"Do you start early?"

"At daybreak."

"At daybreak!" repeated my friend, his face becoming radiant, the cause of which I did not think to inquire.

"It is not certain that I may not back out," replied I, nodding my head: "I am very desirous to have a headache to-morrow morning."

"Are you losing your senses?" cried Vanois in a most passionate tone; "partridges to kill! One would suppose that you had poison to take; and you think I will listen to your complaints! Why, I have played three games of chess a day for six months with a husband of my acquaintance. There is something that may be called a task. Come, you are

a child. Do you wish to re-awaken his distrust? If you do not accompany him to this hunt, he is not the man to go himself; and then what will you have gained?"

Again I was forced to acknowledge that my friend was right; and I armed myself with patience for the pleasure-party of the next day.

"Now, my dear friend, be frank," resumed I, approaching a more agreeable subject; "you conversed a long time to-day with Madame Baretty. Did you speak of me?"

"Of what else should we have spoken?" replied my friend smiling.

"What did she say?"

"A thousand things."

"But what?"

"You know how very difficult it is to recall exactly what women say when they have any interest in disguising their thoughts. They employ then such delicate expressions, they surround themselves with such adroit oratorical precautions, they arrive at their end by such ingenious circumlocutions, that it is as much as one can do to comprehend the secret meaning of their words; and it is useless to attempt to reproduce them."

"You have learned, then" —

"I have learned, that, if you succeed in metamorphosing the ferocious captain into a cupid, by means of a bandage artistically applied to his eyes, you will have gone more than half your way; but to do that, my dear fellow, you will have to kill a good many partridges."

"I will kill chamois, bears, if necessary," cried I in a sudden transport.

"Bravo! cultivate the husband; that is the essential point. Above all, don't disappoint him to-morrow as you just now manifested an intention of doing."

"Make yourself easy: if we are not intimate friends already, you shall see that we will be when we return from the hunt."

The next day, at the hour agreed upon, that is to say, at daybreak, M. Baretty and I took the field. The chase is, they say, the image of war. The old captain of voltigeurs



found himself therefore restored to his natural element. To see him marching resolutely with his gun on his shoulder, his pantaloons in his gaiters, and his head covered with a cap similar to the truncated cones of the soldiers of the corps d'afrique, one would have said that he was resuming his old profession. Partridges to massacre in default of Bedouins had made him forget every thing else, even his jealousy. Besides, of whom should he have been jealous? Did he not hold me in reach, so to speak, at the muzzle of his gun? Near him I ceased to be dangerous, and consequently I disturbed him no longer. In this view, my plan had succeeded. A few days more of similar manœuvring, and his suspicions would fall of themselves. So I said to myself to encourage my patience.

All went well enough at first. Less ferocious than the evening before, M. Baretty showed from time to time a sort of brutal jollity; there lay his best humor, and I endeavored to maintain it by my own amiability. Unfortunately circumstances opposed my efforts. The partridges on which we had reckoned were missing; in place of them, a storm, as violent as it was unforeseen, overtook us in the middle of the woods, more than two miles from M. Richomme's house. The foliage, our only shelter, gave us little protection; and we were soon wet through to the skin. Misfortunes, they say, never come singly. On starting, we had intended to return to breakfast; but the pursuit of imaginary game had carried us farther than we anticipated. We began to be hungry. The country seemed a desert, and was unknown ground to us. To heighten our disgrace, we missed our way. After innumerable marches and counter-marches, fate at length took pity on us. We regained our path, and two hours later were on our return to the chateau. But in what a condition! Our game-bags empty as well as our stomachs; our clothes torn and soiled! I have confessed that I am not handsome; I must also confess that I am not one of the most robust; and, in the whole course of my life, I had never taken so long or so rough a tramp. Towards the end, I no longer walked: I dragged myself along. I was harrassed, demoralized, vanquished. I thought of the retreat from Moscow, and for the first time I comprehended it. As to the captain, he endured our reverses with the patient courage of an old

soldier ; and, in spite of his embonpoint, he marched on the return with a step as firm as on the departure.

“ It was not your vocation to serve in the voltigeurs,” said he ironically, remarking my wearied step and my inclination to lag behind.

“ The devil take the partridges !” replied I spitefully.

“ One cannot expect to be lucky every day.” continued he ; “ to-morrow we will take our revenge.

This mode of consoling me gave me a positive desire to strangle the brute who employed it. For fear of exposing myself, I held my tongue : he did as much ; and we arrived at the chateau without renewing the conversation. The dinner hour approached. I made my way in all haste to my chamber, for fear of being perceived by the lady of my thoughts in the sad plight to which I had been reduced by the walk, the rain, and my hunger. I changed my costume from head to foot, and endeavored to repair my dejected look. Mazarin, in dying, put on rouge ; but I had not this resource, and my sad countenance resisted all my efforts to ameliorate it.

“ After all,” thought I, “ if I have a worn-out look, it will be put to the account of passion quite as much as to that of fatigue. Perhaps I shall appear to her all the more interesting.”

Tranquillized by this sagacious reflection, I descended to the dining-room, where I found only Madame Richomme, her sister, and Vanois. The manner in which all three received me was singular enough. My *compagnon de voyage* came from one end of the room to the other to meet me, and pressed my hand with a warmth which seemed to express the liveliest gratitude. Nevertheless, to my knowledge at least, I had rendered him no service. Madame Baretty bestowed upon me an enchanting smile, which resembled a return of thanks. What had this charming woman to thank me for ? Madame Richomme let fall upon me the most ironical, the most disdainful, the most contemptuous of her glances. What crime had I committed towards this usually amiable creature ? Under other circumstances, I should have been anxious to discover the meaning of this triple enigma ; but at this moment all my thoughts and all my sentiments were mastered

by a sensation eminently trivial: if my curiosity spoke, my appetite cried out, and I had to obey its vehement calls before any thing else.

While devouring my part of a succulent dinner, I was devoured in my turn by an indefinable discontent. I recapitulated the little events accomplished for two days. What step had I taken? What obstacle overthrown? What triumph obtained? For a practical man, what value was there in a few glances dazzling as the lightning, but as evanescent? To judge of things without illusion, I had made no progress from the first moment. Under pain of falling into self-contempt, I was bound to change my tactics, and to employ more efficacious means than the exclusively prudential manœuvres to which I had thus far had recourse.

After dinner, instead of following the rest of the company into the garden, I ascended stealthily to my chamber. There, inspired by the beautiful eyes of Madame Baretty, and, if all must be told, by the excellent wine I had just been drinking, I sat myself to the composition of a most eloquent epistle, in which I demonstrated triumphantly, First the grossness, the vulgarity, the brutality, in a word the unworthiness, of the old captain of voltigeurs; second, the rare wit, the divine grace, the irresistible charms, of the angelic being whom an unjust destiny had given to this barbarian for a wife; third, the devotion, the discretion, the respect, the love, in short, of the sensible man who held the pen.

These three main points well established, the consequence deduced itself. Unless she was as unjust as she was lovely, and as cruel as she was charming, Madame Baretty must permit me to adore her. In conclusion, I begged her to confirm the language of her eyes by a word, a single word! and I took care not to forget the exclamation point, which, at the close of a passionate letter, looks excellently well.

My note finished, and reduced to the smallest possible form, I descended to the drawing-room, where I found the whole household reassembled. The whist party was formed; Madame Richomme there taking the place of Edmond, who was playing *écarté* with the captain. Madame Baretty, seated at the piano, was playing a *fantasie* by Chopin. The opportunity

was more favorable than I had expected, and I hastened to seize it. Approaching the piano with a careless air, with one hand I turned the leaf of the music at the proper time, and with the other I boldly placed my note on the keys. Without losing the time, without missing a single note, the charming musician snatched the paper away amidst a rattle of demi-semi-quavers, and concealed it so quickly that I myself could not guess what had become of it.

From the manner in which my note had been received, I had no doubt that on the next day I should receive an answer. I was deceived. When I again met Madame Baretty, I interrogated in vain her beautiful eyes, usually so eloquent; they remained mute, and insisted on avoiding mine. I saw, it is true, in this unaccustomed severity, only one of those little artifices that women sometimes employ in order to increase the value of a favor by causing it to be longed for; but, if I easily explained Madame Baretty's reserve, I had more difficulty in comprehending the change that had come over the manners of her husband. The surly roughness of the captain had given place to a sort of affected amenity; his hedge-hog countenance grinned benignly; and, with some good will, one might take this grin for a smile. He walked slowly, spoke gently, agreed with everybody, and wiped his nose noiselessly. Never, in a word, was there so sudden a metamorphosis. M. Richomme himself was struck by it.

"On what grass has your husband trodden?" asked he of his sister-in-law: "he is a perfect sheep this morning."

Instead of answering, Madame Baretty smiled languidly, and raised her eyes to heaven.

After breakfast, the captain came to me good-humoredly: "Well, Monsieur Duranton!" said he familiarly, "the weather is superb again. Have you still a desire to go the Grindelwald?"

The day before I had spoken vaguely of my wish to visit the glaciers of the Oberland.

"To make such an excursion agreeable there ought to be at least two in the party," replied I, without foreseeing the embarrassment into which this imprudent reply would cast me.

"That is just my opinion," resumed the veteran, offering

me his snuff-box. "I have never been to the Grindelwald; if you will, we will make this little trip together."

I so little expected this friendly proposition, that at first I was struck dumb with surprise. I glanced mechanically at Madame Baretty, who was standing behind her husband. By a prompt and imperious look, the meaning of which it was impossible to mistake, she said to me "accept."

She doubtless had reasons for giving me such an order, which she reserved for future explanations; but, in the first place, it was necessary to obey her. I did so, while cursing the beauties of nature from the bottom of my heart.

"I shall be delighted to have you for a companion," replied I, with as smiling a look as it was possible for me to put on.

"In that case," continued the captain, "what hinders us from setting out to-day, immediately? It is only noon: by two o'clock we shall be at Flenn, where we will leave our carriage. If the boat which runs regularly has already gone, we shall easily find another. We will dine at Untersen, and we will push our reconnoissance as far as Lauterbrunnen, where we will sleep. To-morrow," continued he with a strange smile, to which I paid little attention at the moment, "to-morrow, he who lives shall see!"

"To-morrow," said M. Richomme, who was present at the conversation, "you will go up to Grindelwald; and, after visiting the glaciers, you will descend to Meyringen by the Scheidegley. Your journey is all marked out, even to your return by the Lake of Brientz. You can be back here by day after to-morrow evening; but I advise you to take one day more. Our mountains are rough"—

"And M. Duranton has not an Alpine foot," interrupted the captain, with an air of condescension.

It was arranged that we should make our preparations for departure in half an hour. I went up sadly to my chamber, and threw pell-mell some clothes into a little haversack. Before the expiration of the half hour, a servant came to announce that the carriage which was to take us to Thun was ready, and that my companion was waiting for me. On the porch I found Madame Richomme, who was looking smilingly at her brother-in-law, already seated in the carriage. I

saluted her as I passed, and expressed briefly my desire to see her again soon. I was never more sincere. I wished also to bid adieu to Madame Baretty, but the captain did not allow me time.

"I have been waiting for you a quarter of an hour," cried he impatiently.

I sprang briskly into the carriage, and in a moment the horses started off at full trot.

During this first day, we followed exactly the itinerary traced by my companion. After crossing the lake of Thun, and dining badly at Unterseen, we traversed, on horseback, the narrow valley of Lauterbrunnen. At eight o'clock in the evening, seated in front of the inn, together with some other travellers, we smoked some excellent cigars by moonlight, in sight of the cascade of Stanbach. Fatigued perhaps by the attempts at amiability which he had made in the morning, M. Baretty had become quite taciturn, and I accommodated myself to this silence which left me at liberty to muse. We retired early; for we were to start at daybreak for the end of our pilgrimage. My ill humor did not disturb my sleep. I was still sleeping, and the sun had hardly begun to break through the thick fog spread over the valley, when the pitiless captain knocked rudely at my chamber door.

"Up, and *en route!*" cried he, just as if he were giving orders to a company of voltigeurs.

I jumped out of bed; and, dressing myself while yawning, I rejoined my companion. He was waiting for me before the door of the inn, a cigar in his mouth, a travelling bag on his back, and in his hand a long staff pointed with iron at one end, and terminated at the other by a chamois horn.

"Where are the horses?" asked I, surprised to see him equipped in this manner.

"The horses!" replied he sneering; "dispensed with. We must have variety in travelling. Yesterday we travelled in a carriage, in a boat, and on horseback; to-day we go on foot."

I regarded with a melancholy eye the almost perpendicular walls of the immense gorge, at the bottom of which we were standing; and, in thinking that I was condemned to climb them on foot, I felt leg weary in anticipation.

"It seems to me," I ventured to say, "that we are going to break our backs uselessly; while by taking horses" —

"I have not served in the cavalry," interrupted the captain in a sharp tone; "horseback riding fatigues me, and marching gives me an appetite."

To such reasons, what could I answer?

"I do not perceive our guide," continued I, seeing that my amiable companion was beginning to move.

"A guide! for what purpose?" replied he, without stopping: "the road from Lauterbrunnen to Grindelwald is as much frequented as the road of the *Bois de Boulogne*."

This assertion, doubtless, was not one of those which it is impossible to refute; but what would have been the use of contradicting an obstinate person to whom I owed so much consideration? I renounced the guide as I had renounced the horse; and, passing my arms through the straps of my haversack, I provided myself with a staff like the captain's. We set out at last, both in silence. The steepness of the ascents which we had to climb was not favorable to conversation; besides we were smoking, he from habit, I to neutralize the sharp humidity of the fog which enveloped us. Providence, which watches, they say, over the drunk, protects also the imprudent. Against all probability, we did not lose our way; and, after several hours of the most laborious ascension, we arrived safe and sound at Grindelwald. Until then, although I had spoken more than once of making a halt, M. Baretty had always refused to do it.

"You shall rest at the glacier," he had replied, every time with a smile, the sullen expression of which did not strike me till afterwards.

At the inn of Grindelwald, we found a passable breakfast, but not the rest on which I had reckoned, and of which my companion must have had as much need as I. My last cup of tea was hardly swallowed, and I was trying to make a bed of my chair by leaning the back of it against a corner of the *sulle-a-manger*, when the devilish veteran rose from the table, and put on his haversack.

"To the glacier!" cried he, in a harsh voice, beside which the barking of a dog would have seemed to me full of melody.

"Are you made of iron, then?" said I in a pitiful tone, without making any show of stirring: "let me sleep an hour"

"You shall sleep at the glacier," replied he, emphasizing these words strangely.

"A droll bed!" thought I; "it is plain that this brave man began his career in the Russian campaign."

I had anticipated that this little pleasure-trip would be a season of penitence for me. I submitted, therefore, to my destiny, and arose, painfully dragging my aching limbs one after the other.

"Let us go, since you wish it," said I with a forced smile; "but why load ourselves with baggage? shall we not return this way?"

"Leave your bag if you think proper," replied M. Baretty; "I keep mine. I walk better when I have something on my back."

The assertion appeared to me absurd, and under other circumstances I should not have let it pass; but contradiction requires a certain physical energy of which I felt myself completely deprived.

Arrived at the border of the glacier, we stopped an instant. From the place where we stood, we had an admirable view of the whole of that curious and magnificent picture. I had no other desire than to stretch myself out on the ground, and abandon myself to contemplation, the only pleasure which is consistent with weariness of body or of mind. But my companion had decided otherwise.

"Let us go down upon the glacier," said he suddenly, joining the act to the word.

I followed him in silence, and we were soon beyond the limit where most tourists stop. M. Baretty walked over the ice as if it had been a highway. For my part, I kept a good countenance; though occasionally, some crevasses put my firmness to the proof. Notwithstanding his embonpoint, the captain, as I have observed, was lithe and active: at fifty years he was still a worthy voltigeur. It was an amusement for me only to see him, armed with his pointed stick, leaping resolutely over the gaping crevasses, which I had then somewhat less pleasure in leaping myself. We walked a long time in



this manner, across a hundred abysses, some of which, only to look into them in passing, gave me a touch of vertigo. In the midst of this chaos, my imagination was exalted. Notwithstanding the very life-like and unpoetical appearance of the fat man who walked before me, I compared myself to Dante, following Virgil into the ninth circle of the infernal regions, where the traitors are plunged into the ice. This fine reverie was rudely interrupted by a false step which just missed sending me to the bottom of a pit, beside which, the well of Grinelle would have appeared a very insignificant hole. I felt a cold sweat moistening my forehead, and was forced to sit down; for my head was dizzy, and my legs gave way under me.

"Halloa! where the deuse are we going?" cried I, when I was a little recovered from this emotion.

M. Baretty turned round.

"Are you afraid?" said he, with a sneer which seemed to me odious.

"I am not a chamois," replied I, dryly; "go and break your neck, if it is agreeable to you; I do not take a step farther."

The captain cast a look on all sides as if to explore the character of the place. This examination was easy. In the distance, the granite peaks surrounding the upper hem of the glacier, above our heads the sky, under our feet a petrified sea: that was all. Around us solitude and silence. Not a living creature within reach of sight or hearing. We could have believed that the earth had no other inhabitants.

"All right," said M. Baretty, returning on his steps, "for what remains to be done we are as well off here as further on."

"What remains to be done?" asked I, ingenuously.

"You are about to see," replied he with a jocosé manner.

He took off his haversack, placed it on the ice, and began to undo the strings. I followed with some curiosity these preparations, the object of which I thought I understood at once. The captain had no contempt for the bottle. He had, doubtless, thought that a sample of the excellent wines which we had drank at his brother-in-law's house would lose none of its savor for being tasted on the open glacier. The idea

seemed to me ingenious and the precaution praiseworthy. I made my mouth ready for the agreeable liquid, whether it was Clos-Vougeot, Chambertin, or Marsalla, when, instead of the bottle-neck which I expected to see peeping out, I caught a glimpse of a narrow, flat box, the appearance of which all of a sudden gave my ideas a rough shock, and fairly took away my thirst.

The captain, having taken out of his bag this piece of furniture, opened it by means of a very delicate key, and presented to my view two magnificent duelling pistols with all their accessories.

“You comprehend the apologue?” said he, looking at me full in the face.

The triviality of this speech did not impair its sanguinary meaning. The comedy was turning into a melodrama: I summoned to my aid my *sang-froid*.

“You wish to make an experiment in acoustics?” replied I, in the most natural tone it was possible for me to take: “the condensation of the atmosphere acts strongly on sound, and, at the height where we are, we ought to obtain quite a curious effect.”

“It has nothing to do with acoustics, nor with music, nor with physic,” replied the jealous husband brutally; “its purpose is to see whether you will look into the mouth of a pistol with as much coolness as you exhibit in ogling women.”

“What do you mean by that?” said I, affecting surprise.

“I mean by it that we have both arrived at the glacier, and that only one of us will go away from it.”

“But, my dear captain” —

“But, my dear monsieur, it is precisely so.”

“It seems to me, that, among people of courage, before cutting throats, one explains himself.”

“Let us explain, then; it will not take long: I am not one of your Parisian husbands; I am of the Corsican race. Do you understand? It is possible that I may appear to you very ridiculous, but that makes no difference to me. I am jealous, and I do not conceal it. It is a weakness, it is a folly, it is whatever you please; but it is a fact. The man who seeks to please my wife becomes, at the very instant, my mortal

enemy as much as if he had given me a blow in the face ; and you are that man."

" I, captain ? " cried I, clasping my hands.

" You, monsieur, you," replied the jealous man, who, while continuing to jerk out inarticulate words much like the growlings of a wild boar, seized one of the pistols, and began deliberately to load it.

The catastrophe was imminent, and there was not a minute to lose in order to prevent it.

" Monsieur, two words only," said I, in a tone which I endeavored to render calm and dignified : " you accuse me of having sought to please Madame Baretty. To that I reply, that I should be a blind man if the eminent merit of Madame Baretty had not produced on me the effect which it produces on all who have the honor to know her : but, from a reserved and respectful admiration to a sentiment at which you have a right to take offence, the distance is great, it seems to me ; and even that sentiment, should it exist, so long as it is not manifested, could not become the subject of an altercation. There may be an injury in a deed, but not in a thought."

" You reason admirably," replied the captain, feeling in his pocket ; " do you require deeds ? Here they are."

At the same moment, he raised his hand to the height of my chin, and showed me, between his thumb and finger, a little paper, in which it was impossible for me not to recognize the eloquent epistle which I had written a day or two before.

The thrust was as severe as it was unforeseen, and I had not the address to parry it.

" I do not perceive," said I, stammering, " what relation that paper can have " —

" That letter is from you," interrupted M. Baretty imperiously. " I do not concern myself about the impertinent manner in which you there speak of me ; that item will be settled in the general account. But I have to show you how well I am informed. The other evening, hoping, doubtless, that my wife would take this note, you fastened it to her dress with a pin.

" With a pin," cried I, overwhelmed with amazement.

" It was not she who found it ; it was I : she not only has

not read it, but she does not even suspect that it exists. You have your return now for your expenditure of eloquence. The *quid-pro-quo* is droll enough, is it not ?”

While the veteran was thus expressing himself with an air of crushing irony and the most evident sincerity, I experienced one of those hallucinations which make one doubt whether he is awake or asleep. It was some time before I comprehended that the singular variation given to the history of my letter was nothing else than a black treachery, of which the captain's wife was the author and I the victim. At last, however, I recognized this cruel and mortifying truth.

“Well, monsieur,” resumed the captain, seeing that, instead of replying, I kept a mournful silence, “will you deny that this letter is from your hand ?”

“I deny nothing, monsieur,” replied I, with a bitter smile ; “I accept the responsibility of the note and of the pin too,” continued I, with a sneer. “Here, then, the discussion comes to a point. I acknowledge myself the author of a letter which you regard as an outrage and for which you demand satisfaction.”

“Precisely so,” said M. Baretty, ramming a ball into the barrel of one of the pistols.

“I am ready to give you the reparation which you demand ; but I do not feel bound to submit to the extraordinary arrangement which you have chosen. I do not fight without witnesses.”

“Allow me,” responded the captain without discontinuing his warlike preparations : “we are agreed on the main point, that is the essential thing ; as to the details, I believe you incapable of quibbling about a little irregularity which peculiar considerations impose upon me. I know that Richomme has told you what happened to me last year at Barèges : three months' imprisonment on account of a most regular duel. That was hard. Therefore I have resolved that I will not be caught in that way a second time, and that justice shall no longer thrust its nose into my affairs. Witnesses babble, and the result is that the king's attorney-general interferes. To avoid all annoyance to either of us, this is what I have contrived : do you see those two crevasses ? they are wide

enough to swallow an elephant ; that is just what we want. There are about twenty-five paces between them, a good distance. You shall place yourself on the edge of this one ; I will stand on the edge of that one. We will draw lots for the first fire, and we will fire alternately until there shall be a final result. There are ten chances to one that the man who shall be hit will fall into the crevasse behind him. So much the better then for him if he is killed immediately. In any case, his disappearance will pass for one of those accidents which sometimes happen in the glaciers. You understand, now, why I did not wish to take a guide ? ”

M. Baretty continued to enlarge with the most frightful tranquillity upon the advantages of this ingenious plan, which struck me as worthy of a cannibal ; but I listened no longer. His words had just recalled to my mind a recollection, the effect of which was such that I can scarcely describe it. I remembered that on a visit at Chamouny, some years before, I had heard related the tragical story of an English traveller. This unfortunate man had fallen into a crevasse, and, about three years afterwards, had re-appeared, very well preserved, at the source of the Aveyron, which serves as the excretory canal of the glacier. Lamentable legend, to which, perhaps, I was about to furnish an appendix ! This idea seized upon me with the grip of a vice. I felt the frightful agony of the miserable being precipitated alive into one of those chasms which opened their greedy jaws around me. I saw myself at a depth of some hundreds of feet arrested in my fall by the gradual contraction of the crevasse ; I felt myself slowly ground between two mountains, whose power of compression would make the irresistible clasp of a boa-constrictor seem feeble. At the mere thought of it, I was suffocating, I was stifling. In this fearful moment, considerations of human respect fell flat before the animal instinct which leads all created beings to seek their own preservation. Till then I had remained seated on the ice in front of the captain. With a bound, inspired by frenzy, I sprang up ; with one hand I snatched from him the pistol which he still held ; with the other I picked up the one he had just loaded, and I hurled them both with all my might over the glacier ; with a kick I

sent the staff which he had used to the bottom of a crevasse; and, by the aid of my own, I leaped so energetically, that, in a few seconds, I had put two or three respectable chasms between my ferocious enemy and me.

“Coward! blackguard!” shrieked M. Baretty, when the stupor into which this stunning manœuvre had plunged him permitted him to speak.

We were fifty paces apart, he had no more weapons, and without his staff it was almost impossible for him to cross the crevasses which separated us. I stopped now, and, turning round, —

“I am neither a coward nor a blackguard,” replied I majestically. “You know my name. I reside in Paris, rue Trevisé, No. 8. I am going back there, and you will find me at any hour. We will cut each other’s throats whenever you please, but on condition that it is done on civilized ground. If you kill me, I intend to repose in good vegetable earth, and not in this ice, where I should look like a preserved lobster. Don’t try to get away without your staff, for you would certainly break your neck. I am going to send you a guide.”

Instead of listening to the furious apostrophes which the captain continued to address to me, I resumed my leaps, and traversed the glacier with an agility of which I should have supposed myself incapable. I descended straightway to the inn of Grindelwald, whence, faithful to my promise, I sent a guide in search of my companion, who, according to my account, had missed his way on the glacier. Then, without stopping to take breath, I rushed with a gymnastic step over the road to Lauterbrunnen, which place I fell upon like an avalanche. My lassitude had disappeared as I thought of the crevasses which I had escaped. I felt as though I had wings.

At the inn of Lauterbrunnen, I stopped for the first time to reflect on my singular adventure. What motive had led Madame Baretty to cause my letter to fall into the hands of her husband? What was the explanation of her conduct? I was completely mystified for a moment; but, all of a sudden, a theory occurred to me which grew so rapidly in my mind, from a mere suspicion to a certainty, that I forth-

with adopted it as the true one. Calling for pen and paper, I wrote a letter to be sent to Vanois, in which, after relating to him the scene of the glacier, I added, "It was a bright idea in you, Edmond, to make me your lightning-rod to draw off the jealous rage of M. Baretty? Am I to give the whole credit to you, or is the invention partly due to madame? Certainly you have both played your parts well. Make the most of your time, for the captain (if he has not gone to the bottom of a crevasse) will be home again to-morrow. Be on the lookout for another friend to utilize. Make my apologies to the Richomme family, not forgetting Madame Baretty; for I go direct to Paris, without taking leave of anybody. When you see M. Baretty, say to him for me a thousand amiable things, and give him my address, in case he should have forgotten it. At the Bois de Vincennes or at the Bois de Boulogne, I shall be his man whenever he chooses. You know where I am to be found in Paris; and I shall be glad to see you when you return to that city, especially if you bring with you my briska and baggage."

The next day, I was well advanced on my way to Paris. I carried from the Canton of Berne a lesson by which I have profited. I distrust now women's looks; to make amends, I always believe their words. Sceptical persons will say, perhaps, that something is yet wanting for my instruction.

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### THE DOUBLE PAIN.

MY heart doth own a double fear,  
 A double pain, a double sigh;  
 The one when you are absent, dear,  
 The other when you're by.

At seeing you, my heart doth mourn  
 With love that cannot find relief;  
 At missing you, my heart is torn  
 With all the bitter pangs of grief.

And now I shed the burning tear,  
 And now I heave the useless sigh:  
 The one when you are absent, dear,  
 The other when you're by!

FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

# ANNIE MARSHALL'S DESTINY.\*

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## CHAPTER I.

### WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

“The stars are with the voyager,  
Wherever he may sail;  
The moon is constant to her time;  
The sun will never fail,  
But follow, follow round the world,  
The green earth and the sea;  
So love is with the lover's heart  
Wherever he may be.” — HOOD.

“When Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of the land,  
And guardian angels sung the strain:  
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;  
Britons never shall be slaves.”

So sang, or rather growled, old Matthew Pengelly, as he paced along the cliffs, telescope in hand, looking out upon the lowering sky and stormy sea. “*Old Matthew*,” he was familiarly called by the good folks of Looe and its environs; but old he was not, spite of his gray hairs and weather-beaten face. He was barely forty, though a casual observer would have set him down for fifty at least; but Matthew had weathered many a storm and seen many a sorrow, and had grown in looks, if not in heart, old before his time. He was known far and wide as the bravest and truest of the little band of coast-guard men stationed in that sequestered nook; and many a shipwrecked mariner and storm-beaten sailor, driven to what

\* In this story, which appeared many years prior to the publication of Tennyson's “*Enoch Arden*,” the reader will recognize the germ of that beautiful domestic idyl.



seemed certain death, could tell with gratitude how the intrepid fellows on shore, under the guidance of his clear head and skilful hand, had been, under heaven, the means of saving their lives. Matthew had never married, to the surprise of every one who knew him : he lived with a sister older than himself, and an orphan girl whom they had brought up.

Twelve years before, when he had been in the service but a little time, a terrible storm drove a small coasting vessel ashore on the reefs below Donderry, between Plymouth and Looe ; and Matthew, at the risk of his life, had saved a little child, the only rescued creature, from the pitiless sea. She was but six years old, and her father and mother both were drowned. Matthew took her home ; and when he rose, a gray-haired man, from a terrible illness brought on by the peril of that awful night, little Annie Marshall was running about their humble home, a veritable gleam of sunshine in the dulness of their life. She had no friends that they could find out ; and they had kept her, to find, in her gentle care and grateful service, bountiful recompense for all that their benevolence had done for her. She was a pretty, fair girl, with a certain air of refinement about her which accorded well with her delicate features and slight form ; and she was secretly envied by all the girls, and openly admired by all the lads in the little town. But Annie had no heart to give any one, it was gone out of her keeping ; though only herself and the happy possessor of it knew her secret.

David Batley was the son of a fisherman, who lived in the next cottage to the Pengellys ; and, being but a few years older than the orphan girl, they had played together as children, and fallen in love with each other as lad and lass. He was at sea now. With his growing love had grown ambition too ; and he wanted to make more money than he could gather at his trade. His parents had sorrowed over his leaving them at first, but the simple-hearted dwellers by the sea, who draw their daily bread from the deep waters, are used to partings like this : the ocean to them is a high road to life and independence ; and they consign their best and dearest to its keeping, with honest prayers and subdued sorrow. But David was coming home now from a long voyage, — might be ex-

pected any time : he had arrived safely in Liverpool, and from thence he had written to say that he was going to give an old acquaintance a hand in his schooner, and that they should be at Looe in a few days, wind and weather permitting. Annie's heart beat high with hope and expectation. David would tell Matthew and his sister of their love, and she should be his wife. Her head was full of bright visions for the future on this stormy evening, as she tripped along the cliff road to where Matthew paced up and down, singing to the sea and sky.

Now Matthew had a secret, too, which Annie in her simplicity had no suspicion of: he loved her, this rugged coast-guard, with his rough speech and weather-beaten face, — loved her with all his great honest heart; but, with all his bravery, he lacked the courage to tell her of it. She was in his thoughts now, as he mused and sang, and looked seaward to where the bright gleam from the Eddystone shone fitfully over the troubled sea. "It's coming up stiffish," he murmured, "right from the sou-west. I'm glad it's not Dick Hanway's watch to-night; he's getting past his work, he is. Why, Annie, lass, is that you?"

"Yes, it's I," said the girl, who had come up close behind him. "I've brought your things; see."

She held up a little basket and a woollen comforter as she spoke. "Auntie Joan was afraid I should be blown away; but I would come. I like the wild wind and the dashing sea, though it did take my father and mother from me," she added, with a sadder look coming over her bright young face.

"But it gave you to me, Annie, instead," said the coast-guard, drawing her out of the wind into a sheltered nook in the rock of the cliff. "Sit here a minute, dear, I want to talk to you. You are not sorry I took you from the waves, are you?"

"Sorry!" she exclaimed. "Why, Uncle Matthew, what are you thinking of? Has not my life been one long sunshine? Does not every wave that comes lapping on to the beach yonder speak to me of you, and all that you have done for me? You and auntie have spoiled me; you know you have."

"Don't, Annie, don't," he whispered, as she threw her arms round his neck, and pressed her soft cheek to his. "Sit down by me, darling, and let me tell you all that's in my heart, if it's not too full to let me speak. Do I look so very old to you, Annie?"

"Why, what a funny question, uncle."

"Don't call me that, dear; we only call old people uncle in Cornwall, you know; and I do not want you to think me old. I want you to think of me as some one you could love may be; some one who would lay down his life, if dying would make you happy. I am not crazy, my lass, don't look scared at me; but the love that's been in my heart for all the years I've had you in my house has found a voice at last. Annie, I love you! Will you be my wife?"

"Your wife!"

She could hardly utter the words, so stunned was she by the unexpected avowal; and her heart turned cold and sick.

"Yes; my wife," he replied. "Hold hard a bit, my darling, as I've watched grow up and waited for till my heart seemed fit to burst. Hold hard if you're going to say me nay; let me have the happy hope that fills my breast for a little longer yet: it has been to me like yonder beacon light, the one glimpse of brightness to keep me in the right way."

Annie did not speak, but she trembled from head to foot with agitation. What should she say? What should she do? To Matthew Pengelly she owed her life and all that made life happy; he was good and true; and in his tranquil home there would be peace and protection. But David! He who was even now on the sea, speeding home to her with joy and hope in his heart, — what would it be to him? She was on the horns of a dilemma, poor girl, and knew not how to act. Matthew felt her shaking, and drew her close to him.

"I've frightened you, little one," he said, in a strangely tender voice. "I'm rough in my ways, and blunt in my speech, and may be I've been too sudden for you; but I love you tender and true, — I do, indeed, dear; and I've watched and waited for many a long year for the minute when I could clasp you to my breast, and call you wife; and I may now, mayn't I, darling?"

"Stop a bit," she said, breathlessly, "Let me think a little; it's so sudden, I" —

"Ay, that's it, — I've been sudden, — think over it, dear; I think you'll say yes. I've watched you many a time, with your loving ways, and listened to your pretty voice; and I've said to myself, 'Of course, she'll love me when I ask her; she can't know any one else that'll be to her what I will. And you don't, do you, darling?' Oh, speak to me, Annie! Speak, if it's only to dash out the life and hope that fill my breast; or if you can't say any thing, if you're frightened and shy like, just slip your hand into mine, and let your dumb fingers speak for you."

"I'm not fit," faltered the poor girl. "I never thought of this: I shouldn't make you a good wife, Matthew."

"Time'll show that, dear. Is it a bargain?"

She made no answer, except to put her hand shyly into his brown palm; it was well it was too dark for him to see her white face. He gave a gasp, which was almost a sob of joy; but when he would have folded her in his arms she shrank back with a slight shiver.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Let me go home to Auntie Joan."

"Not auntie any more, dear," he said, tenderly adjusting her cloak. "She'll be your sister from this time. Go home, my birdie, you're all trembling, — go home, and pray that yonder coming storm may do no harm to any poor soul at sea."

It was a strange betrothal, — the flashing lightning played upon Annie's face as she turned away, and the rumble of the thunder drowned the tender words that her lover sent after. Her lover! The dashing sea seemed to roar it into her ears, and the whistling wind to shriek it around her head as she hurried along. Matthew Pengelly her lover! soon to be her husband, and David coming back over the sea hoping to call her his own. It was a strange dilemma for a young girl to be in; one of those sudden turns of fortune's wheel which dashes the cup of happiness from the lips, and places the bitter draught of duty there instead. And she would do her duty, — she would give Matthew all her obedience, her devotion; but her love, oh, never! no *that*, she must bury forever deep in her own heart!

Matthew looked long and earnestly after her as she went slowly away, his heart beating high with joy. What mattered to him the stormy sea, the cloudy sky, and the prospect of a night of discomfort out of doors? Annie had promised to be his without a murmur, without a word.

"Ay," he said to himself, "without a word; she never made any fuss. I wish she'd kissed me though; she was so quiet and shy. Eh, my darling, I'll soon break her of that. What have I done that I should be so happy? Thank God for it!" and he reverently lifted his cap in a moment of grateful joy, and sent up a heartfelt thanksgiving for his new happiness. The sky grew darker and darker, and the sea lashed itself into white foam on the rocks below him; but he heeded it not in his happy dream, till the sound of a gun came booming over the water. Then the stern voice of duty came back again, and the lover was forgotten.

"A ship!" he muttered, "and coming right in, by the sound! Lord help 'em!"

While he spoke, another gun flashed and roared; and a moment afterwards a blue light gleamed out from the vessel, and he saw her drifting right in. She came upon the pitiless rocks with her helpless crew, — at his very feet it seemed, she was so near. To fire the little beacon, always kept ready to alarm the town, was the work of a moment; and, ere he had time to take any further measures, hurrying feet came towards him through the darkness, and a Babel of voices rose upon the wind. Half the population of the place were astir, ready to help, — the men to risk their lives if need be, the women to succor and restore any who might be saved. It was no uncommon scene on those rocks, with the wind in that quarter. Boats were not to be thought of; but the station was rich in the possession of all the appliances for saving life from shipwreck, and the lines and ropes were soon in readiness.

"What's the ship?" said an old man, the father of David Batley, pressing forward. "For God's sake, tell me!"

"I doubt she's the 'Good Intent,'" said another, in a low tone. "It's a pity the old man's here, poor soul!"

"The 'Good Intent!'" said Annie, who had come out with Joan Pengelly, and stood clinging to her arm. "Don't say

that! And yet, better so, better so; he's on board, and he'll die."

The man stared at her in wonder, at her wild face and strange words; and Matthew came to her side.

"Annie, dear," he said, gently, "you should not have come here. Such sights are not for the likes of you. Please God, we'll save them. I'm going to fire the rocket, and I never missed my aim yet; and we'll bring off your old playmate to dance at our wedding. So cheer up, lass, and help me with your prayers."

Annie clung to Joan's side in an agony of fear, as amid breathless silence the rocket went whizzing through the air, and an answering shout told that it had been well aimed. Then they gave back shout for shout as they paid out the line, and ere long felt it tighten in their grasp. Then the cradle was hooked on, and lowered; and they lent themselves with a will to pull it up. Slowly and heavily it came with its living burden, — a man, a woman, and a little boy.

A few breathless questions asked and answered, and the basket was lowered again, this time in breathless silence; for they heard that their young townsman was badly hurt and unable to move, and that two out of the little crew were gone forever. Some one must go down, but who? The ship was beginning to break up, and it was a chance if he who went ever came back again. Old Jonathan Batley threw himself at Matthew Pengelly's feet, sobbing the tearless sobs of old age.

"My boy! my boy!" he murmured. "Fetch my boy for his mother's sake!"

"I will, Heaven helping me," he said, solemnly. "Bear a hand, mates, and lower quietly: I'm a good weight."

He turned for a moment to Annie: her self-control had entirely deserted her; and she was struggling frantically with Joan, as though she would have thrown herself into the sea.

"Let me go," she was saying. "If he can't be saved, let me die too!"

Matthew heard her words; and the brave light died out of his eyes, and for a moment his head drooped. Only for a moment, however; and he stood erect again with a white face, and took both her hands.

"Annie, if I don't die with him," he said, "I'll bring him back to you."

His words recalled her to herself, and she shrieked after him to stay; but he was already half-way down, and she could only dimly see the moving ropes which lowered him into what seemed a huge grave. Her over-strained nerves could hear no more, and she fainted in Joan's arms.

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## CHAPTER II.

### MARRIED.

"Married! married! and not to me!  
Is it a dream? or can it be?"

IT was with straining eyes and aching hearts that those above watched the descent of the basket with their brave comrade in it; for every moment increased the danger to life and limb. The cable was slackening, the timbers of the devoted vessel parting and cracking, and many a heart-felt prayer went up for his safety and the preservation of those he went to save. Joan hid her face on Annie's insensible form, and tried to shut out all sight and hearing till time enough had passed to make suspense into certainty either for good or ill.

"Don't touch her; let her alone," she said to those who would have tried to revive the unconscious girl. "She'll rouse soon enough; it'll only be to hear he's gone from us forever."

"Don't say that, Aunt Joan," said a lad at her side, who held up a lantern. "Uncle Matthew'll come back to us, never fear. Hurrah! they're pulling again! Easy now, lads! altogether!"

And, joining his fresh young voice to swell the shouts that rang on every side, he laid to with a will, and helped to pull up the basket once more. Very slowly now; it was the last time they would pull any one up out of that doomed wreck, and they sadly hoped that they might be all there. A dozen

willing hands seized the edge of the cradle, as a last vigorous pull brought it up to their feet, and fifty voices cried out, "Well done, Matthew!" But a stranger stepped out. There was no Matthew there. Two sailors, and the insensible body of David Batley, sorely cut and bruised, but not their brave companion. "Where is he? where is he?" they cried unanimously, as the two men stood unhurt among them, and Jonathan Batley's son was laid tenderly on a tarpaulin till they could carry him away.

"On board," replied one of the sailors. "He wouldn't come; said he could swim. He bid us care well for the lad there; said his folk were waiting for him up here."

"Swim in such a sea!" said the men. "Impossible! Down with the basket, mates; it may be in time yet."

"No," said the sailor who had just come up; "'twould be surer death. The 'Good Intent's' broken her back on those cursed rocks, and your tackle won't hold. See!"

Even as he spoke, there was a crash below them; and the hawser hung limp and loose over the rock.

"O Matthew, Matthew!" moaned poor Joan, "why did you go to your death, and leave me all alone?"

"Don't say that, ma'am," said one of the rescued men; "please God we'll save him yet. He can swim, you say?"

"Like a fish," said two or three voices. "And the current's setting right in, and there's soft beach at Pleadly. There's hope, yet, Joan!"

"You stay here," said a coast-guardsmen to the dripping sailor, who was for scrambling off with the rest to the place indicated; "you've had enough for one night, I reckon."

"I'm none the worse, now I've had a pull at your brandy," he answered; "and it shan't be said that Bill Dawson, of the 'Good Intent,' left any one to die after he owed his life to them. Keep up heart, old lady, and you my pretty flower: we'll have him out yet, please God."

It was not Heaven's will that the noble life should be sacrificed that night; and, when they reached the little bit of soft sand, Matthew Pengelly lay prone and exhausted upon it. His thorough knowledge of where he was, and the current setting that way, had saved him from being dashed upon the



rocks ; and a wild shout of exultation rang up to tell those above of his safety. Down through a speaking trumpet came the question —

“ Alive ? ” — “ Ay. ” — “ Well ? ” — “ Ay. ”

And there came another hurrah till the very rocks re-echoed ; and Annie, who had recovered enough to comprehend what was going on, burst into passionate tears.

“ Thank the Lord ! ” exclaimed old Jonathan Batley, solemnly, uncovering his white head, while tears streamed down his aged cheeks.

“ Ay, thank the Lord, indeed, ” said the young girl, wildly ; “ thank Him for me, auntie, dear, for I’ve been nearly a murderer this night ; I have indeed. Take me home, Aunt Joan, and I’ll ask you and Heaven to forgive me. ”

“ Poor child ! she’s overcome, and no wonder, ” said Joan, tenderly. “ We’ll go, dear, and Matthew ’ll be there before us, to say his thankful prayers along with us. Come along, darling, they’ll take the Undercliff way. ”

They went slowly towards the town, and David Batley was borne gently along with them ; and at the end of the little straggling streets they met Matthew. He was very white and weary-looking, and was supported by two men : but he smiled, and told them he was none the worse ; and they helped him into the house, and laid him on his bed. Annie would have ministered to him ; she could have wept her heart out over him ; but he kissed her hand, and put her lovingly away. “ Let Joan wait upon me, ” he said, “ she’s used to it : sit where I can see you, darling, that’s all I want of you to-night. ”

So she sat down where the firelight fell upon her fair face and sunny hair, and mused with a sad heart over all that had passed that evening. Her mind was made up : she would do her duty to the man who had been a father to her till this day ; and David should help her to do it. She would tell him all, and he would go away and forget her. And she — no, she should never forget him ; but she would strive to think of him as a friend, a brother, — any thing which would not interfere with her wifely duties. She glanced at the pale, exhausted face of the man who loved her so truly, and vowed in her heart that she would never in word or deed do aught unbe-

coming to a good man's wife. And so the night wore on, and morning brought relief to all the anxious watchers.

Matthew was, as he said, only shaken and bruised; and the doctor called in to David Batley gave every hope of his speedy recovery, though he was seriously injured. Annie was very calm and quiet, going about her usual avocations with a serenity that astonished Matthew very much.

"Can I have made a mistake after all?" he asked himself. "But no; her words, her manner, all convince me of the truth. I was an old fool to think she could love me. I'll talk to her this very day."

It was evening before he could make up his mind or get an opportunity; and then his words seemed as though they would not come: it was so hard to dash away his own cup of happiness from his lips. He chose a moment when his sister went out for something to draw close to Annie, and begin.

"I want to speak to you, dear."

"Well, Matthew."

He started at her words. It was not *Uncle* Matthew now, and she slid her hand into his as she had done on the cliff.

"I want to give you back your promise, Annie. I was wrong to talk to you of love. I didn't know — I thought" —

"Thought what?"

"That your heart was yours to give me, my child. Nay, never blush; it's no fault of yours: it was only an old man's mistake, that's all."

"I said what I meant when I promised to be your wife," she said simply; "and I'll keep my word, Matthew. Can't you trust me?"

"Trust you!" he said, with a world of tenderness in his voice, "ay, with my life; but I want to make you happy, Annie, that's all."

"And so you will, I'm sure of it; and I'll do my best, if you'll put up with my ways, to be a good, true wife to you. You think I love David," she went on, her face flushing all over. "I saw it in your eyes last night upon the cliff; and so I do, but as a sister loves. Will you believe me when he wishes you joy himself, and tells you that Annie Marshall was his little sister always?"

“ Will he do it ? ”

“ Yes,” she replied, unhesitatingly : she had faith enough in him to believe that he would help her to the sacrifice.

“ Then God bless you, my own wife,” Matthew said solemnly ; and she went away to spend a weary night of watching and weeping, praying in wild fashion for help and comfort in her chosen path of duty. The next day she was able to see David, and talk to him ; but it was too soon to tell him all that was in her heart, and many days slipped by ere she could do it. The time came at last, when, weak and wan, he was able to crawl out into the sunshine, and walk feebly about upon the beach. Then, in one quiet interview, Annie told him all, — how Matthew loved her ; how she wished to do her duty, and be his wife ; how her heart could never go with her hand ; and she besought her young lover, with bitter tears, to help her to do right. It was a sore trial to David Batley. At first, he was sorely tempted to curse her for her faithlessness, and leave her in her sorrow ; but his better nature triumphed : he would not make her struggle greater than it was.

“ I owe my life to him,” he said. “ But for him I should have lain at the bottom of yonder sea. Why did he save me for this ? I had better have died while I had the knowledge of your love.”

“ You have it, David, now and forever ; but you will not betray the knowledge to him who has befriended me all my life, and who wants to be a better friend still. You *will* help me, David ? ”

The promise was given at length, almost with a broken heart ; and David Batley, with a calm face and steady voice, wished Matthew Pengelly joy of his fair young bride, and once more turned his back upon his home. He could not stay to see them married, though Matthew and Joan both begged him to do so ; and he went to London to seek a ship, with a bitter wish in his heart that he might never come home any more. Annie went about as usual ; though there were those who noticed, that, after the night on which the “ Good Intent ” was wrecked, she was graver and quieter than of yore — not so fond of singing as she worked, or of running about

here, there, and everywhere, as was her wont before that catastrophe. Joan was well pleased at the change: she thought it was seemly that her brother's future wife should, as she said, "behave herself;" and she set about all sorts of preparations for the wedding, in which Annie assisted, if not with all her heart, at least with all her fingers. News came from David that he had got a ship, and was going away for twelve months. He sent his best wishes to the bride, and a handsome shawl purchased at a fine London shop. Poor fellow! it was paid for with the money he had saved, as he thought, for his wedding; and the bride-expectant wept silent tears over it as she put it away. Joan would have had her wear it on the occasion, but she would not hear of it. "She would wear the dress she had prepared," she said, "and no other;" so the handsome present lay hidden in the bottom of her box, a very skeleton among her simple trousseau. A bright, clear, spring sunshine shone upon her wedding-day, making the little flowers lift their bright heads in welcome, and filling the old folks' mouths with pleasant predictions.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," says the proverb; and, if Annie was not happy, she was calm and peaceful in the reflection of Matthew's radiant joy. The good people of Looe, one and all, remarked that he looked years younger since the dawn of his fulfilled hopes; and they foretold a pleasant life to the young creature who had given her future into his keeping. They walked to church, accompanied by hosts of friends, as is the custom in that primitive little place, and back again in the same simple style. There was open house to all who liked to come, and plenty of good cheer; and, when evening came, Matthew took his bride away in a jingling post-chaise with two horses, a turn-out seldom attempted in the town, to Plymouth, the London of the west, to give her a two days' sight of the wonders to be seen there; and Jonathan Batley wrote a circumstantial history of all the grand doings to his son, which he received many a month after, and read with bitter pain gnawing at his heart, in a far-off land of spices and myrtle and glowing sunshine, with the image of Annie's sunny hair ever floating between his eyes and the paper.

## CHAPTER III.

## SLEEPING THE LAST SLEEP.

“ Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;  
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.” — *Moore.*

SEVEN years passed swiftly over Annie's head, bringing many changes; making her a matronly, thoughtful woman, and leaving darkening shadows on her daily path. She had been a good, faithful wife to Matthew Pengelly, learning to love him as he deserved, and regarding David Batley, when he came and went, as a brother, to be loved always, but with no unwifely love. But Annie was alone now: the pretty home, which the tender love of a good man had furnished with every thing that could add to her comfort and happiness, was desolate; three names on a pretty tombstone in the little churchyard which overhung the sea were all that was left to her of her wifely happiness. Joan had died soon after their marriage: then they had laid their only child in the same grave, with sorrow which the mother thought could never be surpassed. Poor wife! there was a deeper sorrow in store for her: for the past two years the stone had borne another name, and her cup of grief was full. Under the record of Joan's death and the baby's came the words:—

Also to the Memory of  
MATTHEW PENGELLY,  
Lost at Sea, March 16th, 18—. —  
“ Not lost, but gone before.”

Matthew had had a good chance offered him of going to sea, as part owner of a small vessel bound on a whaling expedition. She had been built under his own eye, and he saw a way to making money for Annie if he went; and with many

tears and misgivings, she consented to the separation. Alas ! her forebodings were only too real : the end of the year that was to have brought him home brought only the dismal tidings of his loss ; the vessel had been wrecked, and two of her crew were missing, one of them being Matthew Pengelly. It was a terrible trial to the young wife ; but she bore it bravely and well, setting her worldly affairs in order, and striving to act in all things as would have pleased him had he been there to see her. She had enough to live on in her simple way, but she employed her time in needlework, for Joan had taught her well in the old days ; and there was not such a skilful hand for miles around as " Young Widow Pengelly," as she came to be called by the neighbors. She might have married over and over again : her pretty face and independent position won for her many suitors ; but she turned from them all with aversion and disgust. There were none among them to be compared to him, — the dead husband of her youth, — so good, so tender, and so true. David Batley had never spoken of love to her since the time, so long ago, when both their hearts had well-nigh broken over the sacrifice of their love to her sense of duty. He was unmarried, and, people said, fast getting rich ; but he seemed to have no heart for any of the girls, who were quite ready to accept him whenever he should offer himself to them. More new bonnets and smart dresses were donned in his honor, when he came home from his long voyages, than in his simplicity he ever dreamed of. He went his way among them, fancy free to all appearances, doing a loving son's duty to his old father and mother, till the latter faded away into her quiet grave, her last spoken words a blessing on his dutiful head. Then their home grew very lonely, and his heart turned once more to her who had never lost her place in it. He had never ceased to love her deeply and truly ; his heart was as much hers now as it had ever been, when he strolled by her side in the bright sunshine, and built fairy castles in the air to be dwelt in some time in the glowing future. But would she have him now ? Would she turn from him again, after his long years of probation and patient weary waiting ? He scarcely dared to hope it ; and yet he resolved to " put his fate to the touch, and win or lose it all."

He would ask her the first fitting opportunity, and the opportunity came sooner than he dared to hope. It was a bright summer day: the air was redolent of the breath of sweet flowers, and the clear blue sea broke in light waves upon the beach, flecking the shingle with diamond sparkles. David Batley strolled up to the old churchyard, which lies on the top of a hill overlooking the sea, where the dead lie in their quiet graves, with the mighty ocean, where so many of them have met their death, plashing and heaving at their feet. Many a story of wreck and disaster do the stones of that old churchyard tell; and the young man sighed over many a name he had known in life, as he passed to his mother's grave. It was not far from the place where Matthew Pengelly's name was inscribed below his sister's and his child's. Annie's loving hands had made a garden of the little plot, and it was bright with summer flowers. She was kneeling by it now, training a creeper so that it should be a framework for the names she loved; and he stood and watched her for some moments unobserved. When she looked up it was to meet his earnest eyes gazing at her with the old look she so well remembered, and to have her hands taken in both his.

"Annie," he said, "let me speak to you."

She divined what he would say, and drew back from the grave.

"Not here," she said; "not in the sight of that stone, David. Come away."

"And why not here, Annie? He loved me as a lad, and I loved him. I think if he could look down upon us now he would give you to me. You know what I would say to you; my heart has never changed; and I have waited, as Jacob waited for Rachel, seven long, weary years. Don't send me away to sea again, with no hope save that I may die in the dark waters as I have seen others die."

"Don't talk like that, David: we have all something to live for."

"I only live for you. Have pity on me, and think what my lonely life has been. Say you have not forgotten the old love quite, that you will give me some little hope."

"I cannot," she said, shuddering. "I have never forgotten

our love, David : but we were boy and girl then ; and since that time I have been a good man's happy, honored wife. I feel as if I were wronging even his memory in even thinking of another."

" You *do* love me ! I know you do. These are idle fancies, dear Annie. Could poor Matthew see you now, he would be glad you had a true heart to protect you. You have seen how patient I have been ; and, with Heaven's help, I will show you how loving I can be. Don't say me nay, or I swear that I will never set foot in my home again, or strive to " —

" Hush, David ! Don't talk so wildly. Let me have till to-morrow to think, to pray that I may do what is right. I do love you — hush ! don't speak yet ; but, 'mid all my thoughts of you, his voice seems to sound in my ear, his face to rise ever before me, and bid me pause and reflect."

" You're too much alone, darling, that's it. *Do* think of it. What, you won't kiss me ! Well, well ! I'll live and hope. Go home, my own Annie, — my wife that will be yet, I trust."

Annie did go home, and think, and pray ; and two days from that time saw her the promised wife of David Batley. All the town sympathized with the joy of the bridegroom, and the bride was envied by half the women in the place. A speedy union theirs was to be. David had waited too long for his happiness to be patient any longer, and it mattered little to Annie when once her word was given. Before the autumn was over they were married in the little church where she had plighted her troth to Matthew, and seldom had the quiet place seen so gay a wedding. When the bride and bridegroom had gone home, and the crowd dispersed, an old, weather-beaten sailor rose from a tombstone where he had been sitting gazing on what was going on, and addressed a woman who was slowly sauntering away.

" I say, Missis ! "

" Well ! "

" Is there ere a Missis Pengelly lives here ? "

The woman stared at him with a blank face.

" Mrs. Pengelly ! " she repeated.

" Ay, wife of one Matthew Pengelly, as went to sea long since, and never come back."



"What do you mean?" she said, clutching him by the arm, and staring straight into his face. "You're not he, are you?"

"No, I'm his mate; though he's a'most such another old scarecrow as I am. He bid me come here, and look at the tombstones, and see if his wife was dead. I can't find her name."

"Better she were — better she were! Did you see yonder handsome bride and joyous bridegroom?"

"Ay."

The woman was Annie Pengelly; the man, the lad David Batley, that he saved from death long ago. She thought him dead. Look here."

She led him to the tomb which recorded the loss of Matthew Pengelly, and showed him the name.

"She's mourned him long and true," she said; "and David Batley's loved her through it all; and what'll come of it now?"

"Misery for all," the old man said. "Matthew Pengelly's on his way here from Penzance in a trawler: I'm to meet him at Dowerry yonder; for his heart failed him at the thought of coming home, and finding her dead. But it's worse; it's worse!"

"Don't take on; there's comfort yet, may be."

"Comfort! Ay, pretty comfort to a man who's been a slave to savages, and endured hunger, thirst, and privation of all sorts, with one hope in his heart to buoy him up; it's a comfort to him to come home, and find his wife married to another, isn't it? I love Matthew Pengelly as though he were my own brother, and I'd rather jump into the deep sea yonder than to carry this news to him."

The woman went her way into the town, and the sailor walked slowly away towards Dowerry. She did not go straight to Annie, and tell her, but she hinted of something terrible about to happen: and her gossips talked; and ere long Matthew's name was in every mouth, though the majority of the talkers scarce knew why. To David Batley and his bride it came at length, scaring away the sunshine of their wedding day, and filling their hearts with sickening terror. They found the woman who had talked with the old sailor, and from her they extracted the truth.

"You had better go away," she urged in her fright. "There'll be murder maybe if he finds you here."

"David will go," Annie said, with white lips. "There has been no wrong done, but it is best he should. He will leave me; and I, — I will go to Downderry to meet my husband."

They tried to dissuade her, but she was firm; and David let her go. She put off her bridal attire, and went away unattended, though the sky was lowering by this time, and the waves had begun to dash and moan upon the beach as they had done on the night when the coast-guardsmen had asked her to be his wife. That evening was ever present to her thoughts now as she walked along with her head bent against the wind: *he* was coming back; and the old life would begin once more. Her heart was full of mingled joy and sorrow: joy for him; sorrow for the suffering, loving heart she had left behind. She found the old sailor without any difficulty; he was wandering about in a purposeless fashion: and, making herself known to him, she heard all he had to tell of Matthew's long sojourn among the Esquimaux, who had rescued him from death, and of his fear lest he might find some disaster had happened to his home. She wept bitter tears over the sad tale; but there was joy mixed with it at the thought of how she would atone to him for all: and she waited with terrible impatience the coming of the vessel which was to bring him back. "They can't be longer than to-night," the old man said. "I've travelled up from Penzance, and they should have been here as soon as me. This wind's in their favour, though it's a bit too strong to be good for 'em just now."

It rose to a gale ere the night was over; and Annie's heart grew sick as she sat in the station-house window, watching the boiling waves below her. None of them could persuade her to take any rest; her aching heart would not let her. The morning dawned clear and bright, but no tidings of the little vessel; and she returned to Looe with strange forebodings filling her breast. David had shut himself up, and would see no one; and she went about her little home, wondering whether it were all some dreadful dream from which she should presently awake. So passed that day, and the next; and on the evening of the second a fisherman stumbled

over the body of a man lying face downwards on the sand about a mile from the town. He gave the alarm, and soon the rumor went round that a corpse had been washed ashore. It was too common an occurrence to cause very much excitement; but Annie, with a wild fear choking at her heart, rushed madly to the little beach. The men did not recognize the careworn face, with its long beard and silver hair: but she did; and, with a long, wild cry, she threw herself upon the cold form. Yes, it was Matthew Pengelly, dead upon the very spot where he had lain exhausted after saving David Batley's life. The roar of the storm had been his only welcome to the home he left so happy; the cold clasp of the booming waves the only embrace for him on this side of eternity. There is but little more to tell of this true but simple history. Nothing was ever heard of the trawler or her crew: she had foundered in the storm, and gone to the bottom with all on board save him who had floated home to be buried among his own kin. Annie mourned him afresh, with a grief that would not be comforted; and David Batley went away with a stricken heart to sea once more. There came a time, however, when his patience won the treasure he coveted; and, ere he laid his father's head in the grave, the old man blessed Annie Pengelly as a daughter, and prayed that the love and duty she had shown in this world might be rewarded in that which is to come.

E N D.



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