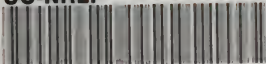
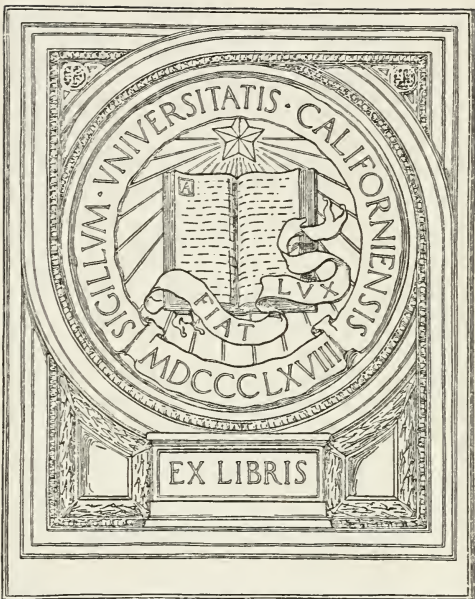


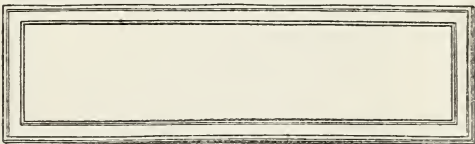
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THE  
AMERICAN LOUNGER;

.....

OR,

TALES, SKETCHES, AND LEGENDS

GATHERED IN SUNDRY JOURNEYINGS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE," &c.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
LEA & BLANCHARD,

SUCCESSORS TO CAREY & CO.

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1839.

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NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

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THE absence of the Author in the South during the progress of the following pages through the press, will, it is hoped, be received as an excuse for rather an unusual number of typographical errors contained in them.

PHILADELPHIA, *June*, 1839.





TO

N. P. WILLIS, Esq.,

OF

GLENMARY.



MY LODGINGS,

AN

INTRODUCTION TO THE READER.



## M Y L O D G I N G S .

---

I AM a bachelor, dear reader! This I deem necessary to premise, lest, peradventure, regarding me as one of that class whose fate is sealed,

— “As if the genius of their stars had writ it,”

you should deem me traitor to my sworn alliance. For what has a Benedict to do with things out of the window, when his gentle wife—(what sweet phraseology this last! How prettily it looks printed!) his “gentle wife” with her quiet eye, her sewing and rocking chair on one side, and his duplicates or triplicates, in the shape of a round chunk of a baby, fat as a butter-ball; two or three roguish urchins with tops and wooden horses, and a fawn-like, pretty daughter of some nine years, with her tresses adown her neck, and a volume of Miss Edgworth’s “Harry and Lucy” in her hand, which she is reading by the fading twilight—demand and invite his attention on the other.

No, my dear reader, I am not married! If I were,

I should have brief leisure to gaze by the hour from my *dormant* window. Dormant window! Thereby hangs a tale! Not one only, but many tales; *vide* the "Lives of the Poets." If I had hinted in the beginning, that my dormitory was lighted by a *dormant* window, it would sufficiently have indicated to the sagacious reader my peculiar state. To him or her not initiated in all the mysteries appertaining to *localities* in great cities, and the "ways and means" whereby single gentlemen manage to keep the grim enemy at bay, I will merely hint that dormant windows are sacred to us single gentlemen, particularly to poets and certain fundless members of the *literati*. They are situate on the roof, protruding above it like the rampant nasal organ of the Knight of La Mancha, from the plane of his grave physiognomy, himself recumbent, and the barber's brazen basin upon his scone. The apartment to which they admit the light of heaven is called the attick—certainly a most classical appellation—but in vulgar parlance it is degradingly ycleped "a garret." I always hold a preference for atticks and dormant windows. I do not thereby mean to challenge the inference naturally deducible from this confession, that considerations unworthy of the minds of Cræsus, Girard, or Astor, had aught to do with my choice. No, courteous loiterer—whether of needle or cigar—over this page, I beg you will not for a moment harbor such an uncharitable suspicion. That a room in an attick draws more tenderly and considerately upon the purses of single lodgers, cannot be denied. I prefer an attick for many good and weighty reasons. A basement is too low—too low, literally and figuratively. It is base both nominally and literally. It is, nevertheless, convenient to the street and to the kitchen! But I eschew this domiciliary subdivision altogether. Four feet lower than the pavé! It is associated too intimately with our last abiding-place. I cannot abide the basement.



The attick is *cheaper!* The first floor, as it is called by way of fashionable misnomer, is, of course, unattainable. In all the dwellings in Gotham, this "flat," as it is likewise denominated, is appropriated to drawing-room and parlour. Couch or laver never desecrates its precincts; for here stand the long, polished dining-table, the eighteen chairs, the carpet, piano, centre-table, looking-glasses, and sideboard of the establishment. Reader, this floor of two rooms, separate or made one by folding doors intervening, is sacred to the god who presides over eating. His name, if there be such a heathenish deity set down in Tooke's Pantheon, has slipped from my memory, or I would give it you.

The second floor, so called, which is properly the third, (but modern language is not used to express, but merely to suggest ideas,) is still more sacred than the last. It contains sleeping-rooms—and withal, sleeping-rooms containing *double* beds. You can see, compassionate reader, with "half an eye," (as the speculators in Wall street say, in pointing out natural beauties, invisible to two whole ones, when they would sell estates on paper,)—with half an eye, my dear reader, you can see that this floor, thus qualified, is no caravansary for a single gentleman. I yet aspire to such a room! The third floor is the legitimate dormitory of the "single-hearted," provided always a fourth floor intervene not between this and the gar—*attick*, I would say. But this floor hath this objection; it is habitually and pertinaciously, in all houses in Manhattan, honey-combed; desperately cut up and partitioned off in the merest slips, that fit a man almost as closely as his coffin. They contain, by actual appraisement, a narrow laver-stand, one chair, and a cot-bed, so narrow that one would apprehend a fall if he moved in his sleep, were he not comfortably assured of the impossibility of such an adventure, after taking a second glance at the friendly proximity of the two

sides of the room. I like a roomy room. Such boxes are not rooms, there is no room in them. Perversion of language thus to term them, seven by nines as they are! It was in May I sought rooms. We changed our lodgings every May morning in this city, distant reader, as regularly as our grandsires did their ruffled bosoms, which, in those tidy days, was every other morning. Now, Heaven save the mark! if we change once in a week, we do, we think, sufficient homage to the spirit of Brummel! Dickies *obtain*, as the lawyers phrase it, in these degenerate days! But I am becoming digressive, and episodal, for which I crave your indulgence, kind reader. I was seeking lodgings of a fine May morning in a "genteel private boarding-house." I had completed my survey of the third story.

"Have you another floor above this?" I inquired of the pretty—(I am very susceptible of pretty faces)—*fille de chambre*.

She looked at me steadily and anxiously for a moment, inspecting me from the apex of my cranium to the slightly, very slightly, worn toes of my boots. My habiliments, constituted of a black satin hat, ironed that very morning, for the ninth time, and all the whitish places, renewed with ink, so that it shone like silk. It was presentable, or at least I felt myself to be so in it. Her eyes lingered over it for an instant, and, as I thought, approvingly, before she replied, and then, dropped to my stock, vest, and bosom. The first bore the scrutiny with confidence; it was of silk velvet, and only slightly defaced. The vest was of valencia, and worn a trifle about the pockets, from the protrusion of sundry pennies, and a penknife. These dilapidations were, however, invisible. My black broadcloth coat, very opportunely buttoned by the second button, concealed it. My shirt bosom passed well; yet she cast her eye down to see if I had wristbands. I put my hands gravely behind me. Her inventory of the coat seemed less satisfactory; at least



so said her eye. Woman's eye is a natural telltale; he that runs may read it. I flatter myself in possessing peculiar tact at reading this pretty picture-book with wonderful accuracy. Her eye expressed, though with scarce perceptible shade, dissatisfaction. My coat was undoubtedly a perfect coat; it fitted me well. I had had it upon my back only a twelvemonth from the tailor's, when I made my search the May preceding for lodgings. It was now colourless; that is, black. Possibly it might have acknowledged a slight modification of black—an inclination to a delicate shade of gray. I was also lintless. It had been well brushed that morning; and by dint of brushing, it could not be told, I verily believe, a short distance off, from the finest bombazine. It once had been graced by lappels, but when the late fashions came round, I had taken them off. There was economy in that. I have since found use for them! I consider my coat altogether *comme il faut*. But woman's tact and penetration! Oh, woman!

"In our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please!"

Fortune favor the wretch who has to pass the ordeal of your inquisitive and searching glance! I foresaw the result!

My nether teguments next passed muster. I trembled for them. One can preserve a coat longer than pantaloons. He can take it off when he enters his room, and be almost ever without it, except in Broadway. It is not so with the pantaloons. One would not like to write or read in drawers, if he had such useless and expensive under garments. A coat, reader—this for your private ear—will last twenty-seven months, where pantaloons will dilapidate at nineteen. I know this to be the case, my friend, for I proved it experimentally. My pantaloons called forth a glance

of decided disapproval. They were only a little whitish about the angles of my limbs—(my ink had been getting pale for several days, or I should not have been so betrayed)—and although I “kind o’ dropped”—(bless Jack Downing for this *morceau* of expressive phraseology)—my handkerchief before me when I saw what I had to pass through, I could not conceal it. But I had done better to let it remain *perdu* in my coat pocket. It did not benefit me; but rather coming itself in such questionable shape to the aid of its friend, the trousers, it operated materially, I could see by the lurking devil in her eye, to my disadvantage. The fashion of my trousers—(for I used carefully to have them “taken in” when the *tights* came about, and “let out” when the *fulls* had the ascendant)—their fashion was indisputable. My boots were highly polished; the heels were worn a little one sided, but, thank heaven! as she stood in front of me, she could not discern this contingent feature; and also there had been a rip—merely a rip, sir—on one side of the left boot, which had been carefully closed with a neat patch. Her eye rested—(how much these women understand! how faithfully they discriminate! verily, I stand in fear of the whole sex)—for full twenty seconds upon that little, very little patch, which a man with his obtuser organs, would never, upon my honor, certainly *never* would have detected—(oh, woman, woman is—young and pretty ones I mean—the d—l!)—and then glanced to a pair of kid gloves, somewhat soiled, held, for certain obvious reasons, folded together in my hand.

This whole survey and inventory of my personal habiliments, consumed about twenty-eight seconds by the watch. I wear a watch! It is of massive silver, with a single case and a double case. It had been my great uncle’s. It was now and still is mine. *Inter nos*; the pawnbrokers wouldn’t take it!

“Yes, sir,” came at last the reply to my query,

“there is a large room in the garret,” and her pretty lip curled as she said it. Cupid befriend me! I saw she took my cloth at once.

Sympathising reader, that “large room in the *attick*” became, after certain necessary preliminaries between the landlady and myself—interesting only to the parties concerned, but which finally were amicably adjusted—became my domicilium; my drawing-room, parlor, library, dormitory, and study. It became, emphatically my home! It was square in shape, the ceiling descending obliquely from the top of the back side of the room to the floor on the front side. This surface was pierced about midway, and in the cavity, and jutting far out of the roof, was inserted a dormant window. This window was accessible by a flight of three steps, springing from the centre of the apartment. The upper one was broad and could contain a chair. I am now seated in it, and at the window. It is a comfortable nook; and the fresh wind from the sound and Long Island comes gratefully in as I sit here in the evening, and watch the moving spectacle from the streets below. I love an *attick!* You are nearer heaven, and beyond the reach of kitchen odors and scolding housewives; above the dust and noise of the streets, with a glorious prospect of the verdant country outspread beyond a thousand roofs, unknown by, and denied to, the cooped up cits on the first and second floors. What an invigorating breeze! Not the tainted current, circulating stagnant and slow through the close streets, but the sweet breath of summer, laden with a thousand fragrant spices, stolen from the hills, meadows, and gardens over which it has passed. For these blessings the cits go to the country, with much expenditure of time and money and patience. I can have them all by going two pair of stairs higher than fashion will allow *them* to mount.

From my attick window, then, courteous reader,

we will look forth for subjects that shall both benefit our philosophies, and withal contribute to our diversisement. This paper is only introductory thereto. If prolix, attribute it, patient reader, to the excellency of thy companionship; for when a man findeth good company he is loth to take leave soon, and his hand lingers long in the friendly grasp, ere the tongue can reluctantly repeat "farewell."

THE

ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.





THE  
ROMANCE OF BROADWAY.

---

“I HAVE earned three shillings, York, this blessed afternoon!” I exclaimed with ill-suppressed exultation, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for four hours—(I was penning “an article” for a certain “monthly,” dear reader)—pushed my closely written manuscripts from me, and complacently took a yellow cigar from my hat, which I have made my chief pocket since my fifth year, the time, I believe, when my discriminating parents exchanged my infant cap for the manly castor. Three York shillings have I made this blessed day, heaven be thanked! and now I can conscientiously take a little “ease in mine inn!” Whereupon, I ignited my cigar with a self-enkindling apparatus, a gift from my considerate landlady—pray heaven she charge it not in her bill—to save her candles, and ascending the three steps to my window I seated myself in my accustomed chair, and forthwith began to speculate on things external. It was that calm, lovely time, which is wont to usher in the twilight of a summer evening. The roll of wheels in Broadway beneath me was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages! The happy, the gallant, and the beautiful,

were all forth to take the air on the fashionable evening drive! Why was I not with the cavalcade! Where was my Rosinante? Where was my "establishment?" Echo answered, "where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and, blessed soother of the troubled, oh, incomparable cigar! my philosophy returned.

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures on Broadway. It is costly with stone and marble, lofty porticoes and colonnades. This edifice first attracted my attention by its architectural beauty, and eventually fixed it by a mystery, that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to relate, for it is a *nouvellette* in itself. I can unveil you the mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I know to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle Broadway exhibits of a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surprising loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere penny-a-liner, aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshrined in dollars and cents? No! I worshipped like the publican, afar off. "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like an Arabian! He was what the boarding school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well bred woman of the world, a remarkably



handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was, what I should term, a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came opposite her window, his eyes, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse and raised his hat! The action, the manner, and the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the 'hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger, for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her, started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was only slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime) by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred. The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street-door opened, and, with a light step, the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment—(some men surely are born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others)—the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace

and—(blessed encounter that, with the omnibus wheel!)—his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the “cannon’s mouth.” He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repassed. The “lady’s” carriage—it was a landau, and the top was thrown back—came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman’s appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage. One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn the equestrian was not the stranger! No! he dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the *gentleman* and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man! occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this *amour* for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One day, however, about three o’clock, P. M., I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterized him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico—pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attick hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street; but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the spaces, directly

down into the room, as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! This I give as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their venetian blinds. Attick gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Sir—would that I had language to paint you the scene! Lady—I then learned the “art of love!” I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptation, all passed beneath me, most edifyingly. Then came the *labial seal* that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to some sudden step. She, at first, appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more placable, yielded. In ten minutes the landau was at the door. They came out arm in arm, and entered it! I could hear the order to the coachman, “drive to St. John’s Church.” “An elopement!” thought I. “Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!” and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning the corner of Canal street! I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the “happy pair,” already joined together, were just crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it! The grinning footman, who had legally witnessed the ceremony, followed them!

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left it for the Springs. Then came, one after another,

two beautiful girls; then a handsome young man. "How glad I am that I have got home again," exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. "I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?"

The sylph rang the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him! "You sha'n't!"—"I will!"—"I say you sha'n't!"—"I say I will!"—were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, "Who in the devil's name are you, sir?"

"I have the honor to be your son-in-law!"

"The devil you have! and *who* may you have the honor to be?"

"The Count L——y!" with a bow of ineffable condescension.

"You are an impostor, sir!"

"Here is your eldest daughter, my wife," replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand, his lovely bride, who had come imploringly forward as the disturbance reached her ears. "Here is my wife, your daughter!"

"You are mistaken, sir, she is my housekeeper!"

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman's housekeeper. She had spread the snare, and like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterward, a hack drove to the servants' hall door, and my heroine came forth, closely

veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet ship that sailed a day or two after for Havre. How he escaped from the mansion, remaineth yet a mystery! Henceforth, dear reader, I most conscientiously eschew matrimony.





*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW.

H Kings Library



## SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW.

---

IT is my custom, dear reader, to mount the three steps leading from the centre of my quadrangular attick to its only window, every evening, just before twilight steals upon the streets. The city is then all abroad. Carriages are then plentier than pedestrians! With a brown Havanna, elastic and fragrant, between my lips, I mechanically take my seat in the little dormant nook, and, while the blue wreaths of smoke curl idly above my head, floating along the sloping ceiling, and perfuming, with its delicious narcotic odors, the whole room, to the utter discomfiture of my foes, the moschetoës, I observe, with a philosophic and speculative eye, the passing multitude. This has been my habit since the evening of the first of May last, when I was formally inducted into my elevated domicil, which, for the moderate charge of two dollars and one shilling per week—(I only room and lodge here, dear reader, preferring to take my meals in quiet independence, at the restaurateur's. One's hours are his own, then, you know! Besides—but I have other reasons of my own which I need not mention)—I am privileged to call my home, my castle! My window looks down on Broadway—that part of

Broadway near Bleecker street.—A quiet, and withal, the “court-end” of the town, reader! A slight projection of the roof and its gutter conceals from me the side-walk on this side; but the middle of this great thoroughfare—the grand artery of the city—and the opposite *trottoir*, are exposed, like a map, to my visual espionage.

Look with me forth from the window, complaisant reader! Take my chair there in the nook, and I will stand (for there is room only for one) on this step beside you. You need not first cast your eyes about my apartment. It contains only a single cot-bed—the birthright of bachelors—two chairs, one of which you now honor me by occupying in the window, a small, drawerless, pine table, covered with loose manuscripts, poems, a well thumbed novel, “Clinton Bradshaw,” a Dictionary of Quotations, and a Bible. It is also adorned by a bowl and pitcher, a drinking glass, with a slight flaw on its rim, and a napkin of no particular hue. A circular mirror, the size of a hat-crown, a strip of old carpet, stretched from the bed to the window, and a leathern trunk much worn by dint of travel, and containing my wardrobe, complete the tale of my personal goods, chattels and appurtenances. Turn your back, sir, upon these uninteresting domestic items, and let us together survey the living drama beneath.

The evening is most delightful. The tree-tops are waving and rustling with a cool wind which comes fresh from the sea. The sun is near the horizon, and flings his yellow beams aslant the city, gilding, as if they were touched with a pencil dipped in gold, the outlines of the spires and towers. See how the red glow lingers upon the woods of Long Island, as if they were indeed on fire, and with what dazzling splendor the windows of the houses on the heights send back the sun-beams! How such an evening gladdens the heart! One feels at peace with himself

and all around him. See how the city has poured forth its beauty and fashion to do homage to the beauty of the hour. Bend forward a little, a very little, and you may see down Broadway a mile, till the street terminates in a point. The summits of the trees on the Battery rise still beyond, here and there relieved by an intervening spire, pointing, like the finger of faith, to heaven. What a confused spectacle, the whole! What a labyrinth of carriages, moving in every possible direction, threatening every instant to come in dangerous contact, and yet passing each other safely! And the side walk—you can follow it with your eye till it is lost beneath the projecting shade from the stores in the distance—for your gaze penetrates the business section of Broadway. How the people pour along both *parés*! more on the west one, for it is the most fashionable and pleasant. How, in a long, dark line, like trains of emmets, passing different ways, to and from their habitations of sand, they seem to move along. You can watch them till you can contemplate them only as long lines of these busy insects, passing and repassing. To the eye where is the distinction? Which is the immortal? The emmet performs its allotted destiny, so does man. Both alike spring from and return to the earth. In this world, the one appears as useful as the other, its pursuits as earnest and as dignified. It is in the next world where man shall stand forth in his destined greatness, either for good or evil. Here he is as the brutes that perish!

Having given utterance to this brief *morceau* of a moral, let us survey more particularly the crowd flowing past like a human river.

Do you observe that barouche with claret-colored pannels and lining, drawn by two large bays, with an elderly gentleman on the back seat, clothed in deep mourning? As he turns his face this way, it wears a cast of sadness. Two months ago, that carriage con-

tained one of the loveliest girls ever whirled along Broadway on an evening drive. She was always arrayed in simple white, with a neat cottage and green veil. (What a pity the ladies should have given up the pretty, fascinating cottage! nothing was ever so becoming to a pretty face!) She sat upon the forward seat, with her face to her father. Such a face as hers angels must wear! It was lovely beyond description. Raphael would have thrown aside his pencil before her in despair. Her eyes were large, black, and lustrous. All her soul beamed in them when she spoke to her parent. Tenderness, passion, love, devotion, and each and every gentle quality, that makes woman ethereal and heavenly above men, dwelt in them, and played in a brilliant smile upon her lips. Every evening, for three weeks, she rode past; and every evening she was the same brilliant and beautiful creation. The sound of her carriage-wheels were at length looked for by me with habitual expectation. One evening I sought in vain for her lovely face among the throng of carriages. Twilight was lost in night, and I had seen neither the claret barouche nor the object of my solicitude. Two weeks passed away, and, with slower motion, the long-looked for barouche came in sight. The father and daughter were in it. She sat upon the back seat; but oh, how changed! Her pale and sunken cheek leaned upon his shoulder, while with tender parental anxiety, he supported her drooping form. She had been ill, and, no doubt, was now taking the air for the first time. Poor girl, she was but the shadow of her former self. Two more evenings she passed, and she seemed weaker each day. The third, the fourth, and the fifth evenings, the claret-colored barouche was withdrawn from the gay cavalcade. The sixth, there appeared a long line of carriages, proceeding at that slow pace which indicates a funeral procession. A hearse, covered with a pall, and decorated with black plumes, came first; then



slowly behind it, the claret-coloured carriage, lined with crape. He was in deep mourning, his face buried in a white kerchief. He was alone in the brouche. His daughter was beneath that pall. He was following her to the grave! There is a sad tale, and full of strange interest, I have since learned of her. I may tell it you in some still, twilight hour.

There rolls a carriage more splendid than any we have yet seen, and we have seen many gorgeous ones.—A black footman in a sort of half-livery—(for cis-atlantic aristocrats *ape*, but do not *copy*, the aristocracy of Europe)—is behind; and there is a black coachman, with the same fancy-colored hat-band and button on his cape, pompously mounted upon the coach-seat. Observe his air. He feels himself a greater gentleman than his master. There is a lady within, both graceful and pretty, yet she sits mopingly beside that noble-looking gentleman. Two months ago they rode out together in a landau. She was then all smiles and animation. Shortly after, a wedding party passed beneath my window; this lady and gentleman were sitting side by side, the happiest of the happy. They now ride out as you have just seen. They are married! I rather think I shall not aspire to the room with a double bed!

There go two "middies," in a sulkey. One of them is "larking" it on shore with much grace. See the air with which he reins in his noble animal! Mark his position—turning his side partly to the horse, and as erect as the mizzen-top-gallant-mast of his frigate! He is evidently creating a sensation; at least he thinks so, which is virtually the same thing. His shipmate beside him is equally as gay in navy blue and buttons; but he is visibly raw. He is not at home. His hands are sadly troublesome. The sulkey is open all round, and he is much embarrassed by his exposure to all eyes. He wishes himself in the cook's coppers, rather than where he is. The self-possession and ease of

his more graceful and knowing companion, contrasts admirably with his bashful awkwardness. Yet he will go aboard to-night and swear bravely what a glorious drive he had up Broadway.

There trots a magnificent creature! See, he scarce touches the pavement. But see what a gawk is mounted on him! That fellow has been learning to ride every evening for the last two months; and look at him—I could mount a pair of crutches on a horse more gracefully. His spurs are too long, and he carries his legs as if he had neither knee nor ankle joint. I will find you a pair of compasses will do better.

Here is a hack trundling by loaded with “loafers.” Heaven bless the inventor of this most expressive term! Two Irish women and three children on the front seat, and two men in white roundabouts behind. The chests, and bags, and boxes, are piled like a catacomb around the driver and behind his coach. The children are bawling, yet the women are laughing and chattering, and the men lovingly sharing a bottle of whiskey between them. There they turn down a cross street, as happy, no doubt, in their own way, as any who have rode by this evening. There rolls a carriage, containing but a single lady. She always wears that same sweet smile. She is now alone, but I have seen her carriage full of noisy, beautiful children. She takes them out with her twice a week. She is arrayed in half mourning; for so I should read that black riband, passed with such elegant simplicity about her hat. She must be a widow, for I have never known her to be accompanied by a husband-looking man. These husbands are marked men! There are signs by which I know them!

There is a grave looking gentleman, walking with a stout orange stick. He never rides. He takes his airings on foot. He knows how to preserve his health. That miserable little boy has risen from the steps of that marble portico to solicit his charity. See! he



looks at the lad and then at the crowd. Mark the struggle between pity for the wretched beggar-boy, and reluctance at giving in so public a manner. His amiable sensitiveness prevails. He takes another look at the crowded *pavé*, and turns hastily and passes on. Observe him! He looks back—his step falters—his hand seeks his pocket. He has turned back and placed a quarter of a dollar in the child's hand. Now see how he withdraws from the public eye, as if he thought all had seen him give what he would rather should have been given in secret. How elastic his step! He will sleep soundly to-night, that good man! and with a clear conscience!



YANKEE ARISTOCRACY.



## YANKEE ARISTOCRACY.

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"He that hath a trade hath an estate."—POOR RICHARD.

EDWARD BELDEN was the son of a New England country merchant. He had ten brothers and sisters, the majority of whom were younger than himself. The head and front of these offences was a merchant; that is, he kept a grocery, next door to the principal tavern, at the corner of the stage road and Main street of a certain village in the State of Maine.—All persons who buy goods to sell again across a counter, are in New England, styled "Merchants," not tradesmen or storekeepers, but emphatically and aristocratically—*merchants*. Merchants are gentlemen; therefore Mr. Belden was a gentleman. In the land of steady habits, a gentleman is one who is *not* a mechanic or operative. Mr. Belden had never soiled his hands with tools, although he sold eggs and fish-hooks, nuts and raisins, tea and sugar by the pound, and retailed at one end of his dark crowded store, rum at three cents per glass. He would sell oats by the peck and "strike" the measure himself, whiten his coat by shoveling flour and meal from the barrel or "bin" into the scales, and grease his gentlemanly fingers with the weighing of butter, cheese, and lard. Yet, Mr.

Belden was a gentleman! he knew no vulgar occupations! Mrs. Belden was, of course, a lady—her husband was a merchant! She gave parties, and her entertainments were the envious gossip of the village.

“Oh,” says Mrs. Belden, confidentially to the lawyer’s lady, who had hinted in a very neighborly way, that she thought Mrs. Belden was becoming somewhat extravagant, “oh, my dear Mrs. Edgerton, they don’t cost us nothing at all, hardly—we get ’em all out o’ the store!”

Mrs. Belden never visited mechanics’ wives, nor allowed her children to associate with mechanics’ children.

“Marm; what do you think Ned did, comin’ home from school?” shouted a little Belden, bolting into the door, with his eyes and mouth wide open, his mother’s injunctions fresh in his memory; “he spoke to Bill Webster, he did, for I seed him!” and the little aristocrat’s eyes were popped two inches further from his head as he delivered the astounding information.

“Edward! did you speak to that Bill Webster?” inquired his mother, in a tone of offended dignity, as she scraped the dough which she was kneading from her lady-like fingers; “didn’t you know his father was a cabinetmaker, and hasn’t I and your pa repeatedly told you not to speak to such boys?”

“Well, ma, I only asked him about my lesson,” pleaded the culprit in defence.

“About your lesson!” exclaimed the angry parent; “and what had Bill Webster to do either with you or your lesson?”

“Because he’s the best scholar in the academy, and at the head of the class, and even Judge Perkins’s son is glad to get Bill to help him when he’s got stuck.”

“I guess if his father knew it, he’d soon stick him,” exclaimed the injured parent, “and I shall go right over after dinner and tell Mrs. Judge Perkins directly.



—It's a shame that those mechanics' children should be allowed to go to the academy and associate with gentlemen's sons. Here's your father! now we'll see what he says about it."

Mr. Belden, a short, stout man, inclined to corpulency, with half whiskers, bluish gray eyes, and rather pleasing physiognomy, entered from the store, which was situated but a few yards distant from his two story white house, with green blinds, and a front yard with stone steps, as Mrs. Belden was wont to describe it. His coat was dusted with flour, and greasy by contact with various unguinous articles which his store contained.

"What's the matter, what's the matter, my dear?" he inquired, in a quick, good-humored tone, seeing the children grouped around their mother, listening in timid silence, while the placidity of her features was considerably disturbed.

"Have the boys been at any of their capers?"

"Capers!" repeated his offended lady; "all I can do and say, I can't get these children to mind me—I wish you would take them in hand, Mr. Belden, for they have tried my patience, till I can't stand it no longer." And she looked as if she was the most aggrieved woman in the world.

"Why, why, what have they done?" inquired the perplexed husband, still holding the handle of the door by which he had entered.

"Done! Here's Edward been speaking to that Bill Webster, when I have told him over and over again, not to have any thing to say to any such boys, and expressly told him and all the children, to speak to no boys nor girls whose fathers an't merchants, like their'n, nor lawyers, or doctors, or ministers, and they know it well, too."

"Well, well, wife, I'll settle it," replied Mr. Belden, soothingly and good humoredly, for he had just made

a good bargain with a country customer—"Edward, come here to me."

The culprit came forward and placed himself by his father, who had taken a chair near the fire, conscious that reproof or advice comes clothed with more dignity from one seated than standing.

"Edward, you are now in your fifteenth year," said the parent gravely. "In two or three years more you will enter college, and you should now learn to choose your associates."

"Children, listen to your father," commanded Mrs. Belden, seeing the turn her husband's remarks were likely to take; "he speaks to you as well as to Edward."

"In the first place, my son, you must remember that your parents are *respectable*—that is, move in the first circles, and are not mechanics. Now, in America, where there is no nobility or titles, to say what is or what is not 'respectable,' why *we* must have certain rules by which we can tell who are and who are not so. Now the only way you, who are a boy, can tell what boys are 'respectable' and what are not, is by knowing what profession their parents are of. Now, a mechanic of no kind is respectable; they all belong to the 'lower class.'"

Here his youngest daughter interrupted, "Isn't milliners and manty-makers 'respectable,' pa?"

"No, my child, they are female mechanics, and are therefore not 'respectable.'"

"Well, then, I spoke to Miss (Mrs., generally in New England, is pronounced Miss,) Miller's little Jane, and walked most home from school with her to-day. Oh, I'm so sorry!" The penitent criminal, after receiving a severe reproof from her mother, retreated behind a chair, and the father continued.

"The question is, my son, when you wish to select your companions at school, or at college, first to learn whether their fathers are rich! for rich men cannot, of

course, be mechanics. 'The next place, whether they are lawyers, merchants, doctors, or ministers; for in these four 'professions' are included all American gentlemen, except senators, state officers, and such like, who are respectable by their office. With no other families should you associate, for you should at all times endeavor to keep up the dignity of your family. Now, my son, you may sit down to your dinner."

Here the merchant concluded with an emphatic "ahem," and was about to turn his chair to take his seat at the table, when one of his younger boys hesitatingly inquired, "if a watch maker wath respectable?"

"Why so, my child?" rejoined the self-complacent parent.

"Coth, if ta'nt no thpectable people ought to thpeak to you."

"Come to your dinner, children, and *you*, you lisp-chit, shall wait, for your forwardness," exclaimed the now justly provoked mother, (for Mr. Belden, reader, was unfortunately the son of a watch-maker!) Edward laughed in his sleeve; Mr. Belden carved the joint in silence, and in silence Mrs. Belden helped round the vegetables. During the recess of that very afternoon, the aristocratical scion, Edward Belden, played at catch and toss with that young democrat, Bill Webster. This brief family scene is not introduced as affecting, materially, the general interest of our tale, but to disclose a state of manners and mode of thinking, by no means uncommon, in New England; presenting a strange anomaly in the society of American *material* that hereafter may afford materials for a pair of volumes.—Yet it is to such principles as those we have just heard dictated by a parent to his child, that the adverse fortunes of that child and a thousand others of New England's children are to be referred. The income Mr. Belden derived from his store, was from eight hundred to two thousand dollars

per annum. His domestic expenses, which could not possibly be very great, as every thing, from the children's shoes to their spelling books, from the "kitchen girl's" calico and handkerchief to Mrs. Belden's silks and laces, besides all the provisions, "*came out of the store.*"—How they came into the store never entered into the brain of Mrs. Belden. She was satisfied her housekeeping could cost nothing; "never mind, it came out of the store," was the *coup de grace*, by which she silenced every qualm of conscience or friendly hint from envious neighbors, upon her own extravagance in household matters. For Mrs. Belden sought to keep up appearances, and there were other merchants' ladies in the neighboring town she must rival. What with Mrs. Belden's expensive habits, and Mr. Belden's moderate profits, he seldom laid by more than two or three hundred dollars a year. Yet on this small income, without the prospect of having a dollar to give them when they became of age, his children must be educated!—gentlemen and ladies! as if heirs to principalities. Let us see what gentlemen and ladies he made of them. It will serve briefly to develop a system of gentility and genteel education, lamentably prevalent throughout the villages and small towns of New England.

Amelia, the eldest daughter, grew up tall and well formed, pale and romantic. She had attended the village female academy from her youth upward. At eighteen she left school tolerably well educated. That is, she was versed in geography, and could tell you the capitals of every European state more readily than those of the various States of her own country; and knew, (so deeply learned was she,) more about the lives of the kings of England and of Egypt, than of the Presidents of the United States. She could paint fruit pieces and mourning pieces, which still hung over her mantle in testimony of her skill: write a neat hand, cypher tolerably, and play a little on the



piano. Yet, with all these accomplishments, she found herself at the age of twenty-seven unmarried, and, at last, to escape her mother's tongue, which grew sharper as she grew older, and wagged particularly against "old maids," and to find the wherewithal to purchase dresses, for she had inherited her mother's love of finery, she accepted an offer to keep the school (this not being mechanical, except in cases of flagellation, is therefore "respectable," and conferring no disgrace) in a neighboring village, in which delightful task, peradventure, she is still engaged.

The second child, who was a son, having a natural mathematical turn, and much mechanical ingenuity, at the age of seventeen, when his father proposed taking him into the "store," pleaded hard to become a machinist, or go to sea—any thing but to be tied to the counter of a country grocery. His parents were shocked at his vulgar tastes. The young man, after staying behind the counter, three months, during which time he was placed at the station at the further end, where rum was retailed, because his careful parent could trust no one else there, and, after hearing more oaths and seeing more intemperance than would have corrupted a Samuel, yielded, disgusted with his employment, to the offers of an intelligent sea captain, and amid the tears, groans, and prophecies of his mother, (for the caste of sea captains is not exactly *comme il faut*,) went to sea with him. He is now, though young, the first officer of a packet ship from New York, and a gentleman, in spite of his father.

The third son, a fine spirited boy, who wished to become a jeweler rather than succeed his sea-struck brother in the store, eventually followed his brother's example, by eloping, and after various adventures, during which he lost both health and reputation, became one of the lowest supernumeraries on the New York stage. The cholera of 1832 put an end to his misery, his dissipation and pecuniary wretchedness,

and the Potter's field has become his last resting place. The fourth was apprenticed to a respectable wholesale dry goods merchant in Boston. When he became of age, and desired to enter into business on his own responsibility, his employer, to whom he looked for assistance, "failed," and he was at once thrown upon the world with but a few hundred dollars in his possession. He again became a clerk to another house, on a scanty salary, for, although a man of business, integrity, and industry, he was not a man of *capital*. He knows no trade—he is fit for nothing but a merchant's clerk. He is still clerking, although nearly thirty years of age, while he finds about him men of wealth and independence, although mechanics, like their fathers before them, whom, when at school he was taught to despise. With what bitter curses upon the foolish system to which he was a victim, did he contrast their situations, happy in the bosom of their family, with his own, a lonely salaried bachelor. "How much it costs to be a gentleman!" thought he.

The fifth, and next youngest child, who was a daughter, married a young merchant of her native village, who failed the following year, died intemperate the next ensuing, leaving his wife and two children to the tender mercies of her parents or the world.

The sixth child, a less intelligent and active boy than his brothers, his father succeeded in retaining in the store; this being the portal through which all of them made their debut into active life. He soon acquired the habits and tastes of the loungers in the store; to their language and beastly intoxication he soon became familiarised; and imperceptibly by commencing with cordials and sherbets, he acquired a taste for ardent spirits; and at the age of twenty-five, after having been for three years a common drunkard, he died in his father's house of *mania a potu*.

This, reader, is no fiction. Name and localities are



only requisite to identify those facts in the memories of many, with the history of a family now almost extinct. Yet, even without this key, too ready an application of it may be made to numerous families, within the observation of every New England reader.

Besides Edward, there were two brothers and a sister, who fortunately, did not survive long enough to become either *lady or gentleman!*

Three years after the conversation recorded above, Edward entered the sophomore class at Cambridge. His manners were polished, his address winning, his talents of a high order. After six weeks he was the most popular of his class, both with the faculty and his class-mates; while many young gentlemen of the upper class sought his acquaintance. His associates were among the wealthiest in college: his good nature, gentlemanly air, irresistible wit, and high standing in his class, rendered his society universally sought after.

The first year, his bills were paid by his father, and he was allowed fifty dollars during the year for spending money. This he laid out in books, for he neither gambled, nor indulged in the expensive habits which could be afforded by others. When in the height of his prosperity and scholastic fame, a letter came in reply to one he had written to his father for a remittance, to purchase a few necessary books, stating that "business was dull, his profits small, and that it was more expensive at college than he supposed it would be!" After two pages of advice in relation to the necessity of preserving his standing as a gentleman, he wound up with the suggestion, "that as he could not afford to pay such large bills any longer, he had best work the rest of his way through college by keeping school during the vacations." A bank note for twenty dollars was enclosed, with the intimation "that he must expect but little more assistance from him, as he had his two brothers and sisters to educate; that he was getting old, and times were hard."

It would be difficult to picture the mortification of a sensitive, high-minded young man, at such an announcement. Minor accounts usually liquidated at the same time, were also unpaid. But these difficulties, though instantly occurring to his mind, did not so much affect him as the sudden change this conduct of his father must produce in his situation. Educated like a gentleman, his most intimate associates had been with those young aristocrats of the college who had wealth to support their pretensions. With the "*beneficiaries*," these noble-minded young men, who seek science through her most thorny parts, those of poverty and contumely, he had never associated—they were a species of literary operatives, whom he had not yet decided whether to class as mechanics or gentlemen. He groaned bitterly as he felt he was degraded to their caste. It was late at night when he received the letter, and after pacing the room a long time in mental agitation, he seized his hat and hastened to the president's room. The usual lamp shone in the window; he tapped lightly at the door and entered. The venerable Doctor Kirken, who was engaged over his desk, raised his head and politely invited him to be seated.

Edward laid his father's letter upon the desk, saying hastily, "A letter from my father, sir."

The president read it, and shook his head, as if displeased at its contents.

"I sympathise with you, Belden. This is not the first case of the kind I have met with since my connection with this institution. This infatuation among the class to which your father belongs, of making gentlemen of their sons, when they cannot allow them the means to sustain the rank of such, has been the ruin of many promising young men. It is a mistaken notion, and one fruitful with the most baneful consequences, that a youth to be made a gentleman of, must become a member of one of the learned professions;

and that to be a member of one of these, he must first pass through college. It is a mischievous error, and must be eradicated. It is daily doing incalculable injury to society. Experience must soon teach such persons the unsoundness of the position they have assumed, and convince them, that an independent farmer or mechanic (which all may become who will) is intrinsically a better gentleman and a far more useful member of society, than an impoverished lawyer or doctor, or a minister who has become such that he may be one in the ranks of (to use an English term, for which, in America, we neither have or should have a corresponding word) the '*gentry.*' "

The president concluded by giving him much judicious advice for his future conduct in life, and the young man took his leave and went forth into the world, alone, friendless, and almost moneyless.

We briefly pass over his short and unhappy career. He went to New York, where he remained several weeks, seeking some *genteel* employment, (for of any mechanical trade or art, he was totally ignorant.) At length, a situation offered, after he had spent his last dollar in paying for an advertisement applying for a clerkship or tutorship.

The subsequent events in the life of Edward Belden, (save the mystery that still hangs over the place of his exile,) are familiar to all who have not forgotten the tragedy which a short time ago agitated our great commercial metropolis, and filled the minds of all men with horror.

This brief outline of what could easily be extended to volumes, is written to expose the rottenness of a mischievous custom, founded in vanity and perpetuated in injustice to its juvenile victims, which reigns all over New England. Alas, that men should think that because they give their sons an education, they must of necessity, make professional men of them, or suppose, if they wish to make them gentlemen without the

trouble and expense of education, that they must make merchants of them!

Let every parent, whether farmer or country merchant, country doctor, country lawyer, or country parson, if he have five sons, educate them all well if he *will*, but make four of them tillers of the soil or masters of a trade. He will then be certain of having four independent sons about him. If he have seven daughters, let him make seven good milliners and mantua makers of them, and they will then be independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of life. Let him do this, that is, provided he has no fortunes to leave them. But even if he have, still it would be better for them that he should do this, than if he should leave it undone. It is the opposite plan to this, the reaching after gentility or *respectability*, as it is termed, for their children, that throngs our metropolitan streets with courtezans and inundates all cities from New York to New Orleans with pennyless adventurers.



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## THE KELPIE ROCK.

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“ Fairy, Fairy, list and mark!  
Thou hast broken thine elfin chain;  
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,  
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain—  
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity  
In the glance of a mortal maiden’s eye!”

THE CULPRIT FAY, *Canto*, VII.

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Thus happily did they pursue their course, until they entered upon those awful defiles, denominated the HIGHLANDS, where it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vast masses of rocks in wild confusion.—*The History of New York, by Deidrick Knickerbocker.*

So long as we have the inspired poet who first struck his woodland harp among the Hudson Highlands, and sung of fairy land and the two vast labors of the Culprit Fay — so long as we have that veritable historian and authentic chroniclet of great sublunary events, the profound and erudite Deidrick Knickerbocker—be his memory thrice honored!—to stand by us in support of our legend, which is not a jot less true than his own veracious history, we do not care a whiff of tobacco-smoke, if the incredulous and the critics believe not one word of it. We have fortified ourself in the outset, like one when he putteth on his armor for the battle, with a quotation from this sweet

poet of fairy land, and another from the pen, dipped in Hybla, of this great man and learned historian, and feel that confidence within, which inspireth courage, and that will enable us to hold out stoutly to the last.

It was late one August day, after a fruitless hunt for game through the wild ravines and along the heights of "Bull Hill," that emerging from a forest of oak and larch, I found myself upon the summit of the lofty cliff, which, with a sheer fall of a thousand feet to the verdant plateau beneath, terminates the range of eastern highlands above West Point, to the south. The wide and glorious scenes that burst upon my sight, fixed me like a statue. The Hudson lay at my feet, completely land-locked—a lake sleeping among mountains—looking like a mirror of polished steel. Old Cro'nest lifted his "shaggy breast" from its bosom, and hid his hoary head in a cloud which had lazily rolled half-way down his sides. West Point, with its lovely plain, its snowy tents, its charming villas, seemed like a picture done by a lady's fingers, so delicate was the pencilling of each outline, so exquisite the play of lights and shadows. From the height above, "Old Put," looked down with a protecting air—with his hoary front and war-worn look—a fine feature in the far and varied scene. At my feet lay the quiet and picturesque village of Cold Spring. Its dusty streets, with a group of children at play, a goodwife with an apron over her head, crossing to a neighbor's; a wagon, with a solitary occupant slowly wending toward his farm; a cow, lounging homeward at her leisure, whisking her long tail, and doubtless chewing her cud in peace and contentment; its little cove sprinkled with boats; a single sloop unloading at the wharf, where one or two littleurchins are fishing for cat-fish; its chapel, romantically perched on a rock overhanging the water, all presenting a lively contrast to the dark, solemn majesty of the surrounding highlands.

At the very base of the cliff, and seemingly so near that I could have dropped a St. Nicholas' *bon bon* down its chimneys, in the centre of a wide verdant plateau, sloping to the water, lay, like a map open upon my palm, UNDERCLIFF, the romantic seat of General ——, with its noble villa, its gardens, its fountains, its pleasant groves and its winding avenues, all exposed, as they would be to the eye of a bird in its empyrean flight.

There was not a breath of air to fan a lady's cheek, or stir a child's ringlets. The lake-like Hudson was a mirror, and old Cro'nest threw his "huge, gray form,"

"in a *dark-blue* cone on the wave below."

A far-extended fleet of vessels was dispersed upon the water—their idle sails furled to the slender yards, or drooping gracefully from the masts—waiting the evening breeze. So clear was the element on which they were suspended, that beneath each, another was seen, its ropes, spars, even the sailors moving about, so accurately copied, that it could not be told from its fellows, save that the wrong end was upwards. Occasionally, a light skiff, with a single oarsman, would shoot from the shore and dart along this mirror, leaving a widening wake of tiny waves to sport and glance their little minute in the sun-light. Just before me, in a romantic inlet, called Kelpie Cove, with a vast rock lying solitary on its curving beach, a family of geese, whiter than snow, sailed gracefully along, wheeling about at times, now facing the land, now the open river, as if expecting an attack, and were prepared to meet it.

On looking again toward old Cro'nest, I observed the fleecy cloud which I had seen sluggishly rolling down its sides, gradually to assume a darker hue, and to shoot off from the mountain; and then it slowly

sailed through the air towards the cliff on which I stood, and nearly on a level with my eye. Soon other clouds from the hills to the north and west, also came sweeping majestically along, at the same level, and in a few moments the summit of the cliff was enveloped, and the river, with the rich pictures painted on it, gradually disappeared in a veil of mist, as the scenes on a magic mirror fade before the waving wand of the magician.

For a moment I was as bewildered as if sudden blindness had come upon me. The union of the several masses, which came trooping along as if to a storm-gathering, momentarily increased the density of the cloud, which at first was so rare, that I could see twice the length of my gun, whereas I now could touch a tree and not see it. The heavy moisture saturated my garments, and run off the barrel off my fowling piece in a trickling stream.

It occurred to me that I must be in the lowest stratum of the clouds, which, on approaching, did not appear to hang six feet lower than my position. I remembered that, not far off, there was a cleft which with a bold descent, obliquely approached a lower shelf of the cliff. With some difficulty I found it, and cautiously descended. I had advanced thirty feet, and was still within the cloud, which, on touching the mountain, had settled heavily about its summit, when, all at once, it rolled up like a curtain, and the scene below once more burst upon my sight. The under surface of the clouds stretched away to the opposite mountain, discolored with a dark, murky hue, and were rolling and heaving like an inverted sea. They cast over the landscape a sombre shade, giving a wild and cheerless aspect to the face of Nature before so smiling. Through an opening in their dark bosom, there suddenly shot a bright, glorious beam of golden sunshine. It fell upon the water where a vessel was furling her canvass to encounter the brewing tempest,

and gave to the white sails, contrasted with the surrounding gloom, a lustre as if overlaid with burnished gold. Slowly passing off from this solitary object, leaving it, to the eye, almost black from the sudden contrast, it travelled across the water, gilded the roof of the Chapel of the Rock, "Our Lady of Cold Spring," and then the envious clouds closing up, shut it in, and it disappeared.

The spot on which I now stood was a shelf, about thirty feet lower than the highest part of the cliff, and had the appearance of an excavation made by the falling of a detached fragment. There remained beneath, however, no traces of a fragment one twentieth part large enough to have filled the space. After giving the subject a moment's thought, and saying, half aloud, "By St. Nicholas, I should like to know how this cavity was formed!" I turned to retrace my steps, and gain the delightful shelter of Undercliff, which, although it seemed as if I could lay my hand upon its balconies, it would take a good mile's stout walking to reach. The thunder already muttered audibly in the distance, and the clouds threatened every moment to break out into rain. My situation was one of sublimity, and I was at one time tempted to remain and outbreast the storm—companion of the lightning and thunder; but there was no sublimity in a wet jacket, and so I shouldered my gun, and turned to go. My retreat was unexpectedly and strangely intercepted.

On a projecting lap of the rock, and directly in the narrow path by which I had descended, was seated a singular looking being, but evidently of flesh and blood, from the rosy hue of his ample cheeks, and the energy with which he ejected currents of tobacco-smoke, now through either orifice of his carbuncled nose, now through both, now from between his lips, which quietly closed over the stem of a fair long pipe, of the days of Peter the Headstrong. Voluminous brown trunk-hose encased his capacious ribs, and



Flemish boots were rolled around his ample calves. A green jerkin, of a queer, old-fashioned cut, covered his upper man, and studiously left open in front, displayed a broad Flemish ruff, soiled with tobacco-smoke. A high, peaked hat, briskly cocked in front, and surmounted by a rusty plume, he wore jauntily on one side of his head. One hand rested upon an antiquated spy-glass, which lay across his knees, and he had a cock in his left eye, as if he was still spying. I should have mentioned, also, that a brace of enormous pistols, with rusty locks, and barrels, were stuck in his belt, and a whinyard, half a fathom in length, hung by his left thigh. Altogether he was a very formidable and truculent-looking personage, especially, to be encountered in so wild a spot.

He permitted me to survey him from head to foot; while, shutting one eye, he deliberately, with the other, took the same liberty with me. He then distended his cheeks with smoke till they were as round and sleek as a pippin, then emitted it from either corner of his mouth and both nostrils, and, as it seemed to me, also from his ears and eye, so multitudinous were the currents—so dense the volume of smoke that rolled from him. It soon hid his head, and all but the tip of his rusty plume, which I could see nodding at me above it, the twinkling of his gray eye, and the gleam of his fiery proboscis, which I could discern glowing through it like the end of a stout, red-hot poker. He at length spoke, and his voice seemed to come from the mouth of a speaking-trumpet, though it had a tone that was meant to be courteous.

“You vas vish, mynheer, how in der duyvil von rock pe proke vrom de kliff, here, an no pe to de pottom, dere?”

He then puffed away within his cloud, and seemed to await my remarks. I was not altogether at my ease, and was doubtful of my company; I nevertheless spoke confidently:



“I merely expressed a passing wish,” I said, carelessly; “but, nevertheless, should be glad to have my curiosity gratified. You have the advantage of me with your telescope,” I added, wishing to draw him out, and to show him that I was nothing dashed at his sudden appearance and fierce aspect. “I see you are a judicious Rambler. Distant scenery, after the surprise of the first *coup-d-œil*, should always be viewed in detail. For this a spy-glass is most essential. A happy thought in you, sir.”

“By St. Nicholas, mynheer, I know every shtone in de Highlants petter nor mine pipe. I hash not put dish shpy-klass to mine eyes vor more dan two huntret ant vivteen years.”

“Two hundred and fifteen years!” I repeated with unmingled astonishment, and a slight degree of alarm, casting, as I took a step backward, a suspicious glance at each of his feet, which, much to my relief and gratification, were, I observed, both well-shaped, and, save being rather broad and large across the toes, as we often see those of fat gentlemen, unexceptionable.

He made no reply to my exclamation, but puffed away in composure and in silence. The sunset gun from the military post, at this instant reverberated among the Highlands, starting a thousand echoes, which grew fainter and fainter as one answered to the other, till they died away far to the north, like the distant growling of thunder. Then the hoarse voice of my companion was heard from the cloud of blue vapor in which his upper man was enveloped.

“Tunder and blickzens! ven I vaked dese echoesh de first time two huntret and venty years ago, mit de guns of de Halve Mane, more nor ten tousant eaglish vas scared vrom de kliffs! Dere is only dat one left now!” he said, pointing with a jerk of his spy-glass to a noble, white-headed eagle, sailing through the air a hundred feet below us. “Dis gap vas not here den

neider. Dat creat rock dere vas den on dis kliff vere ve stant."

He extended the end of his telescope through the smoke, in the direction of an inlet of the river, which gracefully curved towards the foot of the cliff, in the shape of a crescent. Its northern horn terminated in a bold, rocky headland, extending far into the water; its southern boundary was a low, verdant tongue of land, with a shelving, sandy beach, and terminating in a rude pier-head, crowned by the white parsonage of the village pastor. On the smooth beach, conspicuous and alone, reposed a vast rock, or boulder, of many tons weight, the same I had before noticed. At low-tides it was many yards from the water, at high-tide the waves flowed around it. Its shape was irregular. It lay far from any other rocks, and a third of a mile from the cliff. Past it wound the road to Fishkill, and the plateau, which here gently inclined to the beach, was verdant. Its position there was evidently accidental. I gazed upon the rocks several seconds, took its shape in my eye, and turned to apply it mentally to the cavity in which we stood, yet I could arrive at no satisfactory result. He saw my perplexity, and said, coolly:—

"Dat rock was vonce in dis place, mynheer. Ash you vish to know, I vill tell you de storish."

"By all means," I said, forgetting the gathering storm, the thickening twilight, and the mystery hanging about my companion, in my curiosity to hear a veritable legend, from a source seemingly so well entitled to do it justice. Moreover, if I had desired to beat a retreat, the antiquated stranger had so completely monopolised the only avenue of escape with his bulky form, and seemed so quietly to enjoy his seat, that I doubt, if I had made the attempt, it would have succeeded, even if it had been safe, of which I also have my own opinion. I therefore seated myself opposite to him, on a fragment of the rock, and pre-

pared to listen. The elements favored a story of *diablerie*, as I anticipated this to be. The lightning vividly illuminated the vast fields of clouds, and the thunder bellowed among the opposite mountains, and rumbled through the long ranges of hills in ceaseless reverberations. After one or two prefatory whiffs, he took his pipe from his lips, whereupon the cloud of smoke slowly ascended from below his face, and mingled with the cloud a few feet above our heads, displaying a good-humored physiognomy, with the roystering, devil-me-care look of a merry Dutch skipper, who loves to smoke his pipe, drink schiedam, and tell a long story. Settling himself more at ease on his seat, he then commenced his narration, which I give word for word as he related it, saving here and there the substitution of the king's English for his peculiar phraseology.

“That vast and rugged boulder you see in Kelpie Cove, looking so lonely and so out of place, the fair, smooth beach, and springing grass around it, goes by the name of KELPIE ROCK, and, within my memory was a portion of this cliff. You doubtless may have heard that from the oldest time, these highlands were the abode of ogres, kelpies, and other superhuman, yet earthly beings;—that when they dwelt among these mountains, a lake, and not, as now, a river, reflected their huge sides. The lake and highlands, which shut it in, were also the prison-house of evil demons, and the dark spirits, who, from time to time, had rebelled against their master. Here were they penned up until the time approached that this new world was to become the inheritance of the children of the old. Then were they all unbound, for the *good spirit* had designed their vast abodes for mortals; but they murmuring and rebelling at this decree, he bound them in eternal chains, and confined them in horrid dungeons, in that adamantine prison, now called the Palisadoes. They are there walled up to the light of

heaven, and although above the earth are unable to behold it. There are they doomed to pass their painful years in hideous clamors and howl and yell away their dreadful bondage. The giants, ogres, gnomes, and kelpies, he suffered to remain, yet bound them by certain laws; then opening the hills that walled it in toward the south, he let the waters of the lake seek the distant sea. Fearful was the roar, and loud the clamor of the imprisoned demons, when, from their gloomy cells, they heard the roar of its wild waters, as in one vast flood the unchained lake rolled thundering past their dark abodes, washing their foundations for many a league. Now it was that the titans, the gnomes, the kelpies, the giants, and the ogres, became greatly enraged at the destruction of their secluded lake, and this opening of their fearful haunts to the intrusion of daring mortals. Besides, these malevolent and awful beings, perhaps you may have heard that in the mountain opposite, the queen of fairies holds her elfin court. Fairies, who are beings of a gentle nature, and favor mortals, and the genii, who are stern, implacable, and fierce, and hate mankind, are always hostile toward one another, and let no chance escape of showing their ill-will. Now, it was, that after the lake was changed into a river, wide and vast, as now it rolls, the Europeans had laid their hands upon this continent as a new and bounteous gift from nature, and their ships had entered this river's mouth, that a young fay, called Erlin, a favorite page of the fairy queen, was swiftly flying through the air, his wings glittering like silver, for it was a moonlight night, when he espied a little vessel gliding along between the river shores, with all its canvass spread to the favoring breeze. His curiosity at the novel sight was instantly aroused, for he had never seen a vessel, and thought, at first, it was a large white bird. After surveying it curiously for a time, he folded up his purple wings, and descended like an

arrow. He hovered long above it, with mingled wonder, fear, and admiration. At length, having gratified his curiosity, he was about to mount again to the upper regions of the air, when there appeared upon the deck a beauteous virgin, her fair head rich with clustering ringlets of glossy brown; a mouth, dimpled over with the play of merry smiles; a cheek, in which the lily and the rose exquisitely were blended; and a form, for sylph-like symmetry and female grace, he thought was every whit as perfect as that of fairy queen. Altogether, he was convinced that she was the most radiant being he had ever seen, and forthwith became enamored of her. He hovered around her, invisible, till he began to fear he should be called to answer for his prolonged stay, for he was bound on diplomatic business to an elfin court, far distant, when the barque of Hendrick Hudson arrested him in his arrowy flight."

"Hendrick Hudson!" I exclaimed; "it was then the vessel of this great navigator?"

"It vas, mynheer," he answered complacently, and nodding with the gratified air of a man who has received a flattering compliment, putting the long stem of his pipe in his mouth, and taking half a dozen quick, short whiffs, to keep the fire in the bowl from going out, "ant te young laty vas hish taughter."

"I have often heard of Henry Hudson's lovely daughter," said I.

"When the Fay Erlin returned to his mistress," he continued, after having slowly emitted from one corner of his mouth a slender thread of smoke, which curled gracefully upward like a wreath of mist, and mingled with the cloud, "the queen sharply inquired why he had lingered on the way. He invented a ready lie, as pages are used to do, and so for the present, escaped; for you must know either fay or fairy who glances on mortal with an eye of love, breaks its elfin bond, and is, in a manner, guilty of high treason



The penalty of an offence so dire is weighty, and proportioned to its enormity; the culprit's lamp is extinguished, which is the same thing as the breaking of the criminal's sword by a mortal king; and its purple and silver wings are stained with dark unsightly hues, which is equivalent to the blotting out of the escutcheon of an attainted noble. Besides these marks of degradation, they are also punished by the imposition of severe and ponderous tasks.

“The little vessel continued slowly to ascend, anchoring each night with cautious fear, for it was entering a gloomy region, wild and vast, and all unknown. The Fay Erlin, impatient to behold once more the fair and beauteous mortal, who from his faith and sworn allegiance to his queen, had seduced him, stole from the court, spread his purple wings, and glancing through the moonlight like an arrow shot by Dian, lighted in an instant after on this cliff. From it, as you can see, the eye in looking south, takes in the river for many a mile. The white sails of the approaching vessel glimmering in the distance as the moon shone down upon them, caught his eager sight. His little heart bounded wildly with the joy he felt, and opening wide his plumes, he was about to fly towards it, when a low, deep muttering, mingled with horrid sounds, fell upon his ears. He balanced himself on his half-spread wings and listened to the uproar, which seemed to come from the bowels of the cliff. This cliff is hollow, and was then the council chamber where the fearful beings I have before made mention of, held their dark and direful consultations, and planned and plotted mischief against the human race. Erlin bent his ear an instant to the ground, and boding danger from their secret councils to the lovely mortal, he stole softly along, and entering the cave with noiseless step and wing, beheld them to his wonder, all in full assembly.

“There was an ogre with a flaming eye, a horrid



aspect, and hideous form, who, in a vast, black cavern under Old Cro'nest made his abode, growling and grumbling if the thunder chanced to break his after-dinner nap, and shake his house. There was a gnome, to mortal eyes invisible, but whom Erlin saw in all her fearful power; in whose awful form beauty and hideousness were strangely blended, whose eyes were lamps, whose limbs were writhing serpents, whose wings were like a bat's, whose face and bosom surpassed in loveliness the loveliest of mortals. There is a single grotto beneath the cliff in Kosciusco's garden, now hid from human eye; that was her abode. There was a kelpie, with a human head, and breast, shaggy and hideous, and clothed with hair; in size he was a leviathan. He haunted the rocks and beach of Kelpie Cove, and lived in caves beneath the water.

“There was a giant, of enormous stature; a long black beard and a fierce mustache, made his wild aspect still more fierce. He leaned upon a sapling, torn up by the roots, which served him both for staff and weapon. There were besides, whom also Erlin saw, beings still more wonderful and monstrous both in shape and size. He gathered from their speech and clamors, that the rumor of the coming ship had reached their ears, and that they now were met in council to devise some present means of averting from their heads the impending evil.

“‘If,’ said the ogre, rolling as he spoke, his only eye, which, set in the middle of his forehead, glared strangely, all over the assembly, and making most hideous grimaces, while his voice rumbled like an earthquake, ‘if we permit these blue-eyed mortals to enter our abodes, our power is gone. The fairies opposite are troublesome enough to us. I cannot sleep of moonlight nights for their dancing and capering over my head. There is the queen's page, Erlin, a mere hop-o-my-thumb, who loves mischief as he does moonshine, shoots his sharp steel arrows into my eye when

I sleep after sun-up, as if he could find no better mark.'

"'So, ho! grim ogre!' said Erlin to himself; 'I owe you one for that!'

"The gnome then rose, and gleaming with her lamp-like eyes round upon each one, rested them upon the ogre as he took his seat, and then spoke in tones half hissing, like a serpent, and half articulate, like a sweet female voice.

"'The ogre is right. These mortals must not pass the old barrier which confined the river when a lake. The ogre is again right. The fairies are troublesome; they are always fickle. They may aid the mortals to spite us whom they hate. There is also an old tradition,

Ogres, giants, kelpies, gnomes!  
Fly—fly your ancient homes!  
When an elf shall thrice defend  
A maid 'gainst whom ye all contend,  
Then, then your power shall end!"

"The giant then rose, shook himself, and in a voice of thunder delivered the following speech:

"'It is my opinion we destroy these mortals without delay, lest the fairies put their finger in, and spoil the pie.'

"The kelpie, in a shrill voice, which sounded like a horse's neigh, save that it was shriller, also rose to say that he acquiesced in the general sentiments of his friends, the honorable members of the council. Just at this moment, a huge, lazy titan, lounging in the entrance of the cavern, said that a strange white bird had lit upon the water. 'The Mortals! the mortals!' was the cry. The council broke up in hurry and confusion, and the members made for the outlet, so hastily, that Erlin just escaped, through his great alertness, from being drawn into the vortex of the ogre's mouth

as he inhaled an immense draught of fresh air, while rushing from the cave.

“When they gained the summit of the cliff, the adventurous vessel appeared in open view, bravely rounding the west point of yonder headland. It was a fair and novel sight to these gaping, wondering monsters, to see her glide along like a living creature with snow-white wings, flinging the foam about her prow, and leaving a boiling wake stretching far behind. Erlin, impatient to light upon her deck, did nevertheless restrain the impulse, and waited unobserved the motions of the group, himself concealed in the velvet folds of a mullen leaf.

“The gnome proposed flying from the cliff, lifting the vessel in mid-air, and dashing it on the rocks. This was approved unanimously. Erlin gained the bark before her and balanced himself upon the truck. The gnome could not raise it an inch, and defeated flew back again enraged. The ogre was for creating a storm. The waves began to roar and the winds to whistle around the lonely bark; but it sailed on unharmed, for the elf was there perched upon the yard, protecting his lovely mistress. The giant tore up a vast tree to hurl at it, but could not lift it from the earth, for Erlin sat upon it. Great was their rage at these repeated defeats. They knew their foes, the fairies were at work; and the prophetic rhymes the gnome had spoken, made them quake with fear that their time had come. The kelpie, in his fierce and boundless wrath, struck the cliff with a violent blow of his hoof and loosened a huge fragment covered with earth and trees. It was falling, to be dashed in atoms at the base, when the titan seized it with both his hands, whirled it round about his head, with a roar like a hurricane, and hurled it through the air with deadliest aim toward the fated vessel now abreast the cliff. Erlin was not prepared for this, and as he saw the missile fly, roaring through the air, he uttered a cry of agony. The next

moment, ere it had flown one-half the distance between the cliff and vessel, he lighted upon it. Instantly it was arrested in its onward course, and with the swiftness of a lightning-bolt it descended to the earth, and buried itself deep in the sand, just on the water's edge.

“Loud bellowings and wailings filled the air. Hurling back into their cave by some power invisible, the hideous monsters who had met in council, were bound down in chains of adamant and shut up forever in the cliff's dark womb. Their howlings are distinctly heard when the storm against their prison loudly beats. The thunder never fails to stir their fierce wrath up, and long and direful are their yells and groans when thus disturbed in the eternal dungeons to which the victories of the fay have doomed their monstrous race.”

Having finished this wild legend of *diablerie*, the narrator rose to his feet, placed his spy-glass beneath his arm, refilled his waning pipe, from an antiquated silver tobacco-box, which he drew from a deep pouch by his left hip, and seemed about to go from whence he came. I thanked him for his narrative, warmly expressing my gratification, and then courteously asked him to whom I was so greatly indebted. He took his pipe, which he had resumed, from his mouth, and thus answered me:

“Mortals, after death, do hover over these terrestrial scenes, pursue those pleasures or those labors, and mingle in with all those affairs which occupied them while alive. Departed poets have a region of their own, inhabiting romantic solitudes, wandering by the banks of rivulets, and roaming amid sublime scenery, delighting their souls with the essence of that beauty, the grosser parts of which were only enjoyed by them as mortals. Philosophers, statesmen, authors, and all others have each his own spiritual region, which is, in a manner, the soul of the sublunary, for it is to the



globe what the soul of man is to his body. It is in this vast soul, which envelopes the earth, that they pass their spiritual existence. Nothing is now dark or obscure to their intellects, nothing beyond the grasp of their comprehension. All things before hid in mystery are now clear as the sun, to their spiritual vision. Navigators, who discover continents, islands, lakes, and rivers, do, in an especial manner, haunt the scenes of their earthly fame, and are more immediately their presiding and protecting genii. All these essences or spirits, whatever the variety of their several pursuits, however elevated their rank, are bound to obey the call of mortals, appear before them in their earthly form, and answer to all questions when rightly and sincerely applied to. I am the presiding spirit of this vast river. You wished for me, and I am here."

"You are then ——"

"Hendrick Hudson."

A loud clap of thunder at this instant broke above our heads, while the lightning, which accompanied rather than preceded it, blinded me for several seconds. When I recovered the use of my eyes, I looked around and found myself alone.

Twilight was rapidly breaking into night, the clouds began to hang down the sides of the mountain as if heavy with water. Embracing the little of daylight that yet remained, I succeeded in regaining the villa of Undercliff, amid tempest of wind and rain, accompanied by wild flashes of lightning, and appalling thunder, which rattled among the hills, awakening, as I now understood the apparent echoes, the howlings of the troubled spirits confined in their cavernous bowels.

The next morning the sky being without a cloud, the atmosphere soft and transparent, the sun bright and cheerful, and all nature smiling and gay, I sought the **KELPIE ROCK**. On the south side I discovered to my entire satisfaction, the deep points of a gigantic

hoof six times the size of a horse's and as plainly to be seen as the nose on a man's face, which at once testified to the veracity of the ancient Schipper, and the genuineness of his wonderful legend.\*

\* For the trial of Fay Erlin for loving a mortal—the catastrophe of the council of monsters having led to the detection—the curious dipper and believer in legendary lore, and lover of fairy tales is referred to Drake's inimitable poem, entitled "The Culprit Fay," to which, as well as to the history from the pen of that enlightened historian and profound scholar, Mr. Knickerbocker, the writer acknowledges his indebtedness.



THE MYSTERIOUS LEAPER;

OR, THE

COURTSHIP OF MINE HOST'S DAUGHTER.



## THE MYSTERIOUS LEAPER.

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IN one of the loveliest villages in old Virginia, there lived in the year 175— and odd, an old man, whose daughter was declared by universal consent, to be the loveliest maiden in all the country round. The veteran, in his youth, had been athletic and muscular above all his fellows; and his breast, where he always wore them, could show the ornament of three medals received for his victory in gymnastic feats, when a young man. His daughter was now eighteen, and had been sought in marriage by many suitors. One brought wealth—another a fine person—another industry—another military talents—another this, and another that. But they were all refused by the old man, who became at last a by-word for his obstinacy among the young men of the village and neighborhood. At length, the nineteenth birthday of Annette, his charming daughter, who was as amiable and modest as she was beautiful arrived. The morning of that day her father invited all the youth of the country to a hay-making frolic. Seventeen handsome and industrious young men assembled. They came not only to make hay, but also to make love to the fair Annette. In three hours they had filled the father's barns with the newly dried

grass, and their own hearts with love. Annette, by her father's command, had brought them malt liquor of her own brewing, which she presented to each enamored swain with her own fair hands.

“Now my boys,” said the old keeper of the jewel they all coveted, as leaning on their pitchforks they assembled round his door in the cool of the evening — “Now my lads, you have nearly all of you made proposals for my Annette. Now, you see, I don't care anything about money nor talents, book larning nor soldier larning—I can do as well by my gal as any man in the county, But I want her to marry a man of my own grit. Now, you know, or ought to know, when I was a youngster, I could beat any thing in all Virginny in the way o'leaping. I got my old woman by beating the smartest man on the Eastern shore, and I have took the oath and sworn it, that no man shall marry my daughter without jumping for it. You understand me, my boys. There's the green, and here's Annette,” he added, taking his daughter, who stood timidly by him, by the hand. “Now the one that jumps the furthest on a' dead-level' shall marry Annette this very night.

This unique address was received by the young men with applause. And many a youth as he bounded gaily forward to the arena of trial, cast a glance of anticipated victory upon the lovely object of village chivalry. The maidens left their looms and quilting frames, the children their noisy sports, the slaves their labors, and the old men their arm-chairs and long pipes, to witness and triumph in the success of the victor. All prophesied and many wished that it would be young Carroll. He was the handsomest and best humored youth in the county, and all knew that a strong and mutual attachment existed between him and the fair Annette. Carroll had won the reputation of being the “best leaper,” and in a country where such athletic achievements were the *sine qua*

*non* of a man's cleverness, this was no ordinary honor. In a contest like the present he had therefore every advantage over his fellow *athletæ*.

The arena allotted for this hymeneal contest, was a level space in front of the village-inn, and near the centre of a grass-plot, reserved in the midst of the village denominated "the green." The verdure was quite worn off at this place by previous exercises of a similar kind, and a hard surface of sand more befitting for the purpose to which it was to be used, supplied its place.

The father of the lovely, blushing, and withal *happy* prize, (for she well knew who would win,) with three other patriarchal villagers were the judges appointed to decide upon the claims of the several-competitors. The last time Carroll tried his skill in this exercise, he "cleared"—to use the leaper's phraseology—twenty-one feet and one inch.

The signal was given, and by lot the young men stepped into the arena.

"Edward Grayson, seventeen feet," cried one of the judges. The youth had done his utmost. He was a pale intellectual student. But what had intellect to do in such an arena? Without looking at the maiden he slowly left the ground.

"Dick Boulden, nineteen feet." Dick with a laugh, turned away, and replaced his coat.

"Harry Preston, nineteen feet and three inches." "Well done, Harry Preston," shouted the spectators, "you have tried hard for the acres and homestead."

Harry also laughed and swore he only "jumped for the fun of the thing." Harry was a rattle-brained fellow, but never thought of matrimony. He loved to walk and talk, and laugh and romp with Annette, but sober marriage never came into his head. He only jumped for "the fun of the thing." He would not have said so, if sure of winning.

“Charley Simms, fifteen feet and a half.” “Hurrah for Charley! Charley’ll win!” cried the crowd good-humoredly. Charley Simms was the cleverest fellow in the world. His mother had advised him to stay at home, and told him if he ever won a wife, she would fall in love with his good temper, rather than his legs. Charley, however, made the trial of the latter’s capabilities and lost. Many refused to enter the lists altogether. Others made the trial, and only one of the leapers had yet cleared twenty feet.

“Now,” cried the villagers, “let’s see Henry Carroll. He ought to beat this,” and every one appeared, as they called to mind the mutual love of the last competitor and the sweet Annette, as if they heartily wished his success.

Henry stepped to his post with a firm tread. His eye glanced with confidence around upon the villagers and rested, before he bounded forward, upon the face of Annette, as if to catch therefrom that spirit and assurance which the occasion called for. Returning the encouraging glance with which she met his own, with a proud smile upon his lips, he bounded forward.

“Twenty-one feet and a half!” shouted the multitude, repeating the announcement of one of the judges, “twenty-one feet and a half. Harry Carroll forever. Annette and Harry.” Hands, caps, and kerchiefs waved over the heads of the spectators, and the eyes of the delighted Annette sparkled with joy.

When Henry Carroll moved to his station to strive for the prize, a tall gentlemanly young man in a military undress frock-coat, who had rode up to the inn, dismounted and joined the spectators, unperceived, while the contest was going on, stepped suddenly forward, and with a “knowing eye,” measured deliberately the space accomplished by the last leaper. He was a stranger in the village. His handsome face and easy address attracted the eyes of the village maidens,



and his manly and sinewy frame, in which symmetry and strength were happily united, called forth the admiration of the young men.

"Mayhap, sir stranger, you think you can beat that," said one of the by-standers, remarking the manner in which the eye of the stranger scanned the area. "If you can leap beyond Harry Carroll, you'll beat the best man in the colonies." The truth of this observation was assented to by a general murmur.

"Is it for mere amusement you are pursuing this pastime?" inquired the youthful stranger, "or is there a prize for the winner?"

"Annette, the loveliest and wealthiest of our village maidens, is to be the reward of the victor," cried one of the judges.

"Are the lists open to all?"

"All, young sir!" replied the father of Annette with interest—his youthful ardor rising as he surveyed the proportions of the straight-limbed young stranger. "She is the bride of him who outleaps Henry Carroll. If you will try you are free to do so. But let me tell you, Harry Carroll has no rival in Virginy. Here is my daughter, sir, look at her and make your trial."

The young officer glanced upon the trembling maiden about to be offered on the altar of her father's unconquerable monomania, with an admiring eye. The poor girl looked at Harry, who stood near with a troubled brow and angry eye, and then cast upon the new competitor an imploring glance.

Placing his coat in the hands of one of the judges, he drew a sash he wore beneath it tighter around his waist, and taking the appointed stand, made, apparently without effort, the bound that was to decide the happiness or misery of Henry and Annette.

"Twenty-two feet one inch!" shouted the judge! The announcement was repeated with surprise by the spectators, who crowded around the victor, filling the air with congratulations, not unmingled, however, with

loud murmurs from those who were more nearly interested in the happiness of the lovers.

The old man approached, and grasping his hand exultingly, called him his son, and said he felt prouder of him than if he were a prince. Physical activity and strength were the old leaper's true patents of nobility.

Resuming his coat, the victor sought with his eye the fair prize he had, although nameless and unknown, so fairly won. She leaned upon her father's arm, pale and distressed.

Her lover stood aloof, gloomy and mortified, admiring the superiority of the stranger in an exercise in which he prided himself as unrivalled, while he hated him for his success.

"Annette, my pretty prize," said the victor, taking her passive hand—"I have won you fairly." Annette's cheek became paler than marble; she trembled like an aspen-leaf, and clung closer to her father, while her drooping eye sought the form of her lover.—His brow grew dark at the stranger's language.

"I have won you, my pretty flower, to make you a bride!—tremble not so violently—I mean not for myself, however proud I might be," he added with gallantry, "to wear so fair a gem next my heart. Perhaps," and he cast his eyes around inquiringly, while the current of life leaped joyfully to her brow, and a murmur of surprise run through the crowd: "perhaps there is some favored youth among the competitors who has a higher claim to this jewel. Young Sir," he continued, turning to the surprised Henry, "methinks you were victor in the lists before me—I strove not for the maiden, though one could not well strive for a fairer, but from love for the manly sport in which I saw you engaged. You are the victor, and as such, with the permission of this worthy assembly, receive from my hands the prize you have so well and honorably won."

The youth sprung forward, and grasped his hand with gratitude; and the next moment Annette was weeping from pure joy upon his shoulders. The welkin rung with the acclamations of the delighted villagers; and, amid the temporary excitement produced by this act, the stranger withdrew from the crowd, mounted his horse, and spurred at a brisk trot through the village.

That night Henry and Annette were married, and the health of the mysterious and noble-hearted stranger was drunk in over-flowing bumpers of rustic beverage.

In process of time, there were born unto the married pair sons and daughters, and Henry Carroll had become Colonel Henry Carroll, of the Revolutionary army.

One evening, having just returned home after a hard campaign, he was sitting with his family on the gallery of his handsome country-house, when an advance courier rode up, and announced the approach of General Washington and suite, informing him that he should crave his hospitality for the night. The necessary directions were given in reference to the household preparations, and Colonel Carroll, ordering his horse, rode forward to meet and escort to his house the distinguished guest, whom he had never yet seen, although serving in the same widely-extended army.

That evening at the table, Annette, now become the dignified, matronly and still handsome Mrs. Carroll, could not keep her eyes from the face of their illustrious visitor. Every moment or two she would steal a glance at his commanding features, and half-doubtingly, half-assuredly, shake her head, and look again and again, to be still more puzzled. Her absence of mind and embarrassment at length became evident to her husband, who inquired, affectionately, if she were ill.

"I suspect, Colonel," said the General, who had been for some time, with a quiet, meaning, smile, ob-

servicing the lady's curious and puzzled survey of his features, "that Mrs. Carroll thinks she recognises in me an old acquaintance." And he smiled with a mysterious air, as he gazed on both alternately.

The Colonel stared, and a faint memory of the past seemed to be revived, as he gazed, while the lady rose impulsively from her chair, and bending eagerly forward over the tea-urn, with clasped hands and an eye of intense, eager inquiry, fixed full upon him, stood for a moment with her lips parted as if she would speak.

"Pardon me, my dear madam—pardon me, Colonel—I must put an end to this scene. I have become, by dint of camp-fare and hard usage, too unwieldy to leap again twenty-two feet one inch, even for so fair a bride as one I wot of."

The recognition, with the delight, surprise and happiness that followed, are left to the imagination of the reader.

General Washington was, indeed, the handsome young "leaper," whose mysterious appearance and disappearance in the native village of the lovers is still so traditionary, and whose claim to a substantial body of *bonâ fide* flesh and blood, was stoutly contested by the village story-tellers, until the happy *dénouement* which took place at the hospitable mansion of Colonel Carroll.

THE LAST OF THE WHIPS;

OR,

FOUR-IN-HAND *versus* LOCOMOTIVE.

IN TWO PARTS.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA



# THE LAST OF THE WHIPS.

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## PART I.

“ALL in!” cried the stage agent, as he turned the handle of the door. The coachman or “driver,” as he is denominated in the parlance of New-England, till this announcement had been listlessly seated upon his box, with a half-smoked long-nine projecting from his lips. He now gathered up the ribands in the palm of his left hand, shook them slightly, and with an air professional, settling himself the while with a forward inclination of his body more firmly upon his seat. Drawing them through his fingers, till he ascertained to his satisfaction that they “pulled” upon the bits of his four-in-hand equally and uniformly, he took his long whip, constructed of an oaken staff, some five feet in length, to which appertained a lash nearly twice as long, flourished this “baton,” of his station scientifically, and with the grace of a professeur three or four times around his head, winding up with a loud report of the snapper close to the ears of the leaders.

“T—t—t! cam! accompanied this startling salutation to his favorite barbs, and away they sprung, tossing their slender heads into the air, and flinging out their fore legs wide, their hoofs clattering upon the

round pavements of the streets of Providence. The rattling of the wheels, the loud crack of the lash, which, with reiterated reports, still played skilfully about their heads and flanks, and the encouraging interjections of the coachman, momentarily infusing additional fire into the spirited animals. In a few moments we had left the town, (for Providence, in 1832, dear reader, was under the good old-fashioned patriarchal government of select men, modest and unassuming the honors of mayor and corporation,) and were flying over the smooth turnpike, which was the only line of communication either for the mail or travellers between that place and Boston. This route in the day of improvement is superseded by the railroad, on which travellers are transported in two hours over a section of country, which, three years ago, consumed from six to seven. The day was delightful. The sun was warm, but not oppressive. It was late in the month of July, and nature was arrayed in her loveliest apparel. I had taken my seat by the side of the "driver," to obtain a prospect of the finely cultivated country through which our route lay, and draw upon him for information respecting objects we passed. No man should ever ride inside when he can ride outside! This should be an axiom for all travellers. Preserve me from immolation in a stage-coach on a dusty road of a summer's day, nine passengers inside, with children and bandboxes to fill up the interstices. If sins are ever expiated in this life, such a mode of travelling must speedily produce the complete absolution of the most hardened transgressors.

My companion, the coachman, was a finely-formed, athletic man, about five-and-twenty, with a handsome, good-humored and benevolent countenance, a merry twinkle in his clear blue eye and florid complexion, with light-brown hair, curling about his forehead and neck. He was dressed in light-green pantaloons of corduroy velvet, and a short drab coat, adorn-

ed with pearl buttons, the size of a Spanish dollar; and wore, a little depressed over his eyes, a white hat, with a broad brim, encircled by a straw-colored ribbon. On the seat lay his blue dreadnaught, or box-coat, which served him as a cushion when fair, but in which in cold or wet weather he comfortably enveloped himself. We were rolling along through a finely-tilled country, with farm-houses, black and moss-covered with age, lining the road, the rich farms appertaining to them spreading around in all the opulence of waving grain, green pastures, with flocks and herds—complete pictures of comfort and independence. Rural happiness seemed to have made this her abiding-place, with peace, plenty and repose dwelling around her.

Invited by the good-natured physiognomy of the coachman, I entered into conversation with him. He was intelligent and communicative, and, like all New-Englanders, in his station in society, with a good common education. His information relating to the objects on the way, was valuable. He was *au fait* respecting any historical, or otherwise interesting event associated with the surrounding scenery, through which we were passing. In alluding to the subject of the projected railroad, then in agitation, between Boston and Providence, he remarked that it might be beneficial to many, but it would inevitably ruin all engaged in “staging.”

“For my part,” said he, “I don’t know what I should do if this line should be broken up. I have been, some eight years next September, driving on this route, and this is my only means of supporting my family.”

“You are then married!”

“Yes, sir; I have been married five years and little better, and have a little curly-headed rogue that knows now almost as much as his father; and one of the pret-

tiest little babies perhaps you ever laid your eyes on, sir."

I smiled at the *naiveté* with which he said this. He detected the expression of my eye; and, coloring, he shook the lines and cracked his whip—although his team were doing their best over a level road—with a report like a pistol in the ears of his bay leaders, and, after a momentary pause, continued apologetically—

"Why, I didn't mean to flatter myself when I said it was pretty, sir; although the neighbors do say it favors its father."

"I have no doubt that it is as lovely as you represent," I replied, "and that, nevertheless, it resembles yourself." I said this sincerely as I watched the changes of his handsome, but sun-browned face, as the pride of the father and husband, called up there-upon, the finest expression of which the human face divine is susceptible.

The shades of evening were falling around us, and we had just commenced the ascent of a long hill clothed with forest trees, which often overhung the road, enveloping it in gloom.

The "driver" dropped his reins upon the back of his team, permitting it to toil slowly and laboriously to the summit. He was silent and musing, and his thoughts were evidently with his wife and little ones; for his features wore that mingled expression of sadness and joy, which at twilight, will steal over the face of the absent wanderer when the heart is present with loved ones. The spell of twilight had fallen upon my companion, and, in imagination, he was beside his young wife, with his "little rogue" and lovely babe upon his knee! Suddenly he turned, and looking me full in the face, said respectfully and with interest—

"Are you married, sir, if I may be so bold?"

Poor fellow! he sought for sympathy! Alas, forlorn biped that I was *then*, I had none to bestow!



“I am not,” I answered; “but I can picture the bliss of nuptial life.”

“Allow me to say, sir, that you can never judge rightly unless you do so from experience,” he interrupted with some energy. “I have been married about five years. I never knew what it was to be happy and enjoy life till then. I have had more real comfort in these five years, than in all my life before. Oh, sir, if you could see how nicely I live; there’s my little cottage, just back from the road, almost hid in the trees, its little flower-yard in front, which Mary—that’s my wife’s name, sir—tends herself: and the garden behind, which I cultivate myself when I am not on the road. Oh, sir, if you could but see the sweet smile with which Mary meets me when I get to the house, the nice supper she sets for me, and hear her tell how much she has missed me, and how often the little prattlers have talked about ‘Pa.’”

The coachman became eloquent as he proceeded to detail the individual features which conduced to the perfection of his matrimonial felicity. The picture he presented to my imagination, was glowing. The goodness of heart and native nobility of character he displayed in the recital, filled me with admiration, while my heart warmed toward him. He spoke of his early courtship—how Mary had refused wealthier suitors for him, her “dear Henry.” He discoursed of her maternal and conjugal love: how she would weep at a tale of sadness: mourn with the sorrowful and rejoice with the mirthful. How she loved her children—nightly kneeled by their bedside, and commended them to the protection of her Heavenly Parent. Of her piety he spoke long and ardently.

“Mary!” I mentally exclaimed, “thou art well called MARY!”

The night had set in dark, and we were near the end of the stage or route where we were to change horses and driver. A little village was before us,

with a light twinkling here and there from a dwelling on the roadside. The horses flew forward with increased speed; the wheels whirled rapidly along the smooth pike, and loud and frequent were the reports of the long lash in the air over the heads of the leaders. We were entering the native village of my sentimental and happy companion upon the coach box!

"Do you see that light, sir?" he inquired, with a tone of pleasure. I looked in the direction indicated with his whip. One light burned higher, brighter, and more cheerfully than all the rest.

"That bright light is in Mary's window," he said; "she always sits there waiting for my return. Now, sir, I will gladden her heart."

As he spoke he drew his stage-horn from a "becket" in which it hung, and placing it to his lips, blew a long and cheerful blast. The horses, as if catching inspiration from the sound, darted ahead with renewed swiftness, and the next moment the coach wheels were rattling merrily over the paved street of the quiet village.

The stage rolled along through the avenue-like street, and stopped before the principal hotel. The driver dismounted, and surrendered his box to another, a hard-featured stranger, with a harsh voice and vulgar manners. I disliked him at once, and determined to go no farther that night, for my curiosity was roused to see more of my new friend.

"Coachman," I said to him, "you have created an interest in me; I wish to go with you to your house; I should be gratified in witnessing your domestic bliss."

"Nothing would make me happier," he replied; "I was wishing to ask the honor of you, but was afraid it would be too bold in me."

"All ready, gentlemen!" cried the new coachman, ascending to his box. "We are waiting for you, sir."



“Pitch me my valise, driver; I shall go no farther to-night!”

The valise, with a heavy sound, accompanied by an oath from the driver, struck the gallery, and with a flourish and crack of the whip, the stage rolled away from the inn, leaving me standing beside my Benedict.

After having engaged a room for the night at the inn, I was, in a few minutes, on my way to the cottage of the happy husband; a quarter of a mile from the inn we turned into a narrow and crooked lane, at the termination of which a light gleamed steadily; a beacon of love, guiding the married lover to his young bride!

We had walked half way to the house when the gate of the flower-garden was thrown open, and a graceful female figure hastily advanced towards us. Her white dress glanced in the moon, which was just rising above the trees; our figures, at that moment, were partly concealed, mine wholly so, in the shadow of a venerable tree which overspread the path.

“Henry, is it you? Oh, I have been waiting for you so long,” and she darted forward and threw herself into his arms. “Two long days you have been away, and I have been so lonely!” As she spoke she drew back from his arms, which had encircled her; to gaze into his face, her eyes full of love, when the form of a stranger caught her eye. I was gazing upon her fair face in undisguised admiration. Her beauty, softened by the moonlight seemed angelic!

“Sir, I beg your pardon,” she said, while her blushing brow was visible even in the moonlight. “Henry, why didn’t you tell me some one was with you?” she added with playful reproof, half ashamed that a stranger’s eye should mark the fervor of her devotion to her husband and lover.

We passed through the neat white gate along a

pebbled walk bordered with flowers, and entered the cottage, a simple, snow-white dwelling, adorned with a humble portico, half hidden in honey-suckle and woodbine. With courtesy, I was ushered into their happy abode. A room on the right of the little hall served the young and frugal housewife as sitting-room and kitchen. The floors were snowy-white, the furniture plain and neat. Simplicity and taste reigned over every domestic arrangement. Under a small mirror placed against the wall, stood a side-table spread with a white cloth, on which was laid the evening meal. There were two plates—for the wife had delayed her meal. She would not partake without her husband! The little ones had long before taken their bread and milk, and were sweetly and soundly sleeping—"the rogue" in a crib by the side of a bed visible in an adjoining room—the infant in a cradle by the table.

I partook with the happy pair of their evening meal, which remained religiously untouched, after we were seated, until the lovely wife sweetly and devotionally sought the divine blessing upon it. After supper the sleeping infant was placed in my arms by the fond father. It was, indeed, a lovely child—a sleeping cherub! The eldest, a chubby, rosy-cheeked urchin of some four years' growth in mischief, was also taken from the inner room and shown to me. It was a beautiful curly-locked fellow, the miniature of its father. I told him so, and he smiled delightedly; while his charming wife's face beamed more happily than if the compliment had been paid to herself. That night, after kneeling with them around the family altar, and listening to a petition from the lips of the young husband, which, for its spirit of devotion and humble faith, I have seldom known equalled, I returned to my hotel, and laid my head upon my pillow a happier and better man!

Alas! that my story must end as it will! If the reader will be content with but one side of the shield, let him glance only at the first part of this tale of real life. The second is for him who will weigh human life in a balance—who seeks for the knowledge both of good and evil.



THE LAST OF THE WHIPS.

PART II.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1900



# THE LAST OF THE WHIPS.

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## PART II.

ON one of the loveliest afternoons of June last, I stepped from the dusty pier upon the deck of the steamer Benjamin Franklin, bound for Providence. Of this fine boat I need not speak. Every one who knows the patriarch of the "line" Captain Bunker, knows the Benjamin Franklin, and all who have "travelled" know him, and how very comfortable he makes his large family of passengers. His kind consideration for their comfort is characterised by quite a paternal sort of feeling.

"Go ahead!" shouted the first officer, as the clocks of the city were striking near and afar off, the hour of five; and amid the ringing of bells from surrounding and rival steamboats, the loud and repeated adieus interchanged between friends on deck and those they were leaving behind on the pier—this noble packet, shot swiftly out from the dock, and in a few minutes under the highest pressure of her immense power, was gliding past an hundred craft anchored and on the wing, passing the fleetest among them as if it were stationary, so imperceptible was its really swift motion compared with the bird-like velocity of the

steamer. A few minutes after leaving the pier, the Battery, with its green carpet, broad avenues, noble trees, and gay crowds, appeared in sight; but the next moment, like a scene of a brilliant and a fleeting panorama, it disappeared, as making a majestic sweep the boat doubled the Castle Garden—the lively evening rendezvous of tired and cooped-up cits. Rounding Whitehall, once more we were involved in an anchored fleet of merchantmen, through which our boat skilfully threaded its intricate way, passing on one side crowded piers and long lines of stores; on the other the bluffs, trees, green slopes, colonnaded mansions, and Navy Yard of Brooklyn. Onward we sped at the rate of seventeen miles to the hour, yet the long line of brick buildings seemed interminable. The city appeared to stretch away to the north to infinity, while on the eastern side the shores of Long Island, studded with villages and dotted with villas, surrounded with highly-cultivated grounds, relieved the eye when turned thither, fatigued with surveying the brick and mortar scenery of Manhattan.

Six miles from the Battery we passed a charming recess of the sound, or "East River," as it is strangely denominated, called "Hallet's Cove." It is an amphitheatre of country seats, embowered in the greenest and densest foliage. On an elevated esplanade or bluff, overhanging the water, the site of a delightful village—*that is to be*—called Ravenswood, was pointed out to me. It is to be laid out with the most accurate adherence to symmetry in the arrangement and architecture of the houses and the disposition of the grounds and foliage. Grant Thorburn, celebrated for his flowers and eccentricities, and withal his *hospitality* (?) has a plain economical-looking mansion in the vicinity, behind which appeared the glazed roof of an extensive hot-house. His dwelling is utterly destitute of foliage. Singular it is, that one who has passed his life amid flowers and verdure, should choose a

dwelling in which to spend the decline of his days unadorned or unblessed by sheltering tree or shrub.

But, dear reader, all this is digressive. It is the story of "The Stage Coachman," to which I would invite your sympathy. Farther, to your imagination I leave our eventful passage of the "Hurl Gate," honored by traditionary veracity as the boiling cauldron of Sathanas—and how, as the sun went down, we entered the gradually-widening sound—how, far in the noon of night we accomplished the perilous passage of the "Race." How, the deep sea rolled landward its majestic waves, unbroken and unimpeded, till they burst with a noise like thunder upon the shores of Connecticut. How the "inner man" of the major portion of my follow-passengers rebelled at this unwelcome demonstration of Neptune's power over mortals. How "Point Judith"—that region of horror to all who adventure between Manhattan and Providence—"tried men's souls;" and how the smooth waters of the quiet basin of Newport, like the pool of Siloam, cured most miraculously all the wilom sea-sick. (Newport—your indulgence, dear reader, for a brief digression) Newport is a lovely spot! The air is elastic; its scenery rural; its daughters fairer than you see in dreams! It abounds in rural beauties, and is rich in historical associations. What a charm of romance has the pen of Cooper thrown around it! The society, in the summer season, is refined and southern—for Newport is the Nahant of the southerners—I mean the Carolinians and Georgians! Cooper's tower alone invites a pilgrimage. An ex-governor, by-the-by, is its keeper. The Tower of London has a "keeper," and why, forsooth, should not the romantic pile of Newport? The curious tourist should be careful to be provided with the "needful," to obtain a sight of it; for it is carefully fenced round about, and, in the opinion of his excellency, who forbids all to approach it who come not with proper credentials in their pock-

ets, is too sacred ground for the feet of plebeians to desecrate. Such spots are the property of the civilised world—shrines to do pilgrimage to! In two hours after leaving Newport, we arrived at Providence. The steamer came slowly and majestically to the wharf, and the cars could be discerned from the deck, standing in a long line upon the track awaiting their occupants. Who may faithfully describe the hurry and confusion attendant on the debarkation of passengers from a steamer to take their seats in the cars! The ugly deity, *Self*, rules over the multitude then without a rival. Trunks, bandboxes, and carpet-bags—how they take to themselves wings and fly then! The wrangling—the jostling—the crowding and squeezing—the smashing of hats, and utter annihilation of corns—who but Madame Trollope can find pen or language to paint the scene?

My portmanteau was among the missing! On inquiring, I learned, little to the benefit of my philosophy, that, placed accidentally on the right or starboard guard, under an ominous sign lettered "*Newport Baggage*," which, alas, met my eye too late, it had suffered the fate of Newport baggage—videlicet—tumbled ashore at Newport, some two hours before Somnus released me, reluctantly, from his lethean embrace. In silence I watched the rapidly loading cars, and saw the well-filled train, each man (the more blest he who owned none) in confident possession of his baggage. After finding there was no remedy, I resolved to bear my detention with suitable patience, until I could return in the evening boat, for the truant valise; and turning to enter my state-room, the only occupant of the deserted steamer, I was accosted by one who inquired, if "I had baggage to take to town." I turned quickly to annihilate the untimely joker upon my misfortunes with a look, when my ocular anathema was converted into an ejaculation of pity. A more pitiful object has seldom met my gaze. His panta-



loons, which scarce served to conceal his limbs, were a strange medley of shreds of cloth, more strangely put together; jacket or vest, he had neither; his feet were thrust into shoes almost abridged, by long and hard service, to sandals. He wore upon his neglected locks an old straw hat, much shorn of its original honors. His face was rubicund and bloated—his eyes red, wild and sunken; and, together, his whole appearance indicated the drunkard in the last stages of his fatal and unnatural insanity. His face had, certainly, once been handsome, and still bore traces of manly beauty. With a quivering lip, hollow voice, and palsied hand, he stood beside me, and solicited the means of earning a pittance, evidently to be applied to the fatal object for which he had already sold his constitution, if not also his life and soul.

“I have no baggage,” I replied, and turned away from a sight so degrading to humanity. He followed me to the door of my state-room; his unequal gait, even at that early hour, telling of that morning’s immolation of his human nature upon the altar of the drunkard’s god.

“Stop, sir! I’ll brush your boots or coat for you.” Unfortunately for the applicant, both were unexceptionable.

Half an hour afterward I stepped from my cabin, where the delightful pages of my gifted countrywoman, Mrs. Sigourney, had served to soothe me into forgetfulness of my travelling mischance, and the bloated features and ragged person of the drunkard confronted me.

“If I give you money, will you not use it to madden your brain?” I inquired, balancing a shilling on my finger.

“I shall do that, you may depend upon it!” he answered gruffly.

“Then I ought not to give this piece of money to

you. Wretched as you appear, you do not deserve it."

"Who does deserve it, then?" he inquired.

"The man it will render happier."

"Then I am your man," he said, quickly, while his eye lighted with a strange expression of drunken ferocity. "Give it me!" and, as he spoke, he caught my hand and clasped the coin in his fingers with a frenzied clutch upon it. "Now, sir, I am happy for to-day!" and he laughed in his throat as he staggered away, his voice and manner subdued to their former mere animal apathy, muttering, "Happy! happy! yes! *this* will make me *happy*, indeed!"

There was something, aside from the strange language and deportment of the man, which singularly interested me in him. His features seemed familiar; and disguised as his voice evidently was by the corrosive poison with which he was daily lacerating his lungs, I was confident I had heard it before, and under peculiarly interesting circumstances. I searched the records of memory, but they gave no clue, and finally, I determined to follow and question him. But when I cast my eyes over the pier for him, he had disappeared. I stepped on shore, turned my steps toward a small "grocery" situated near the water, and found him *there!* The already emptied glass was in his hand, and he was replacing it upon the counter when I caught his eye. With a light step and sparkling eyes, he approached me.

"I feel happy *now!*" he said, striking his hand emphatically upon his breast, and coming close to me. "Click! if I was on my box now how I would make my four little four-in-handers walk!" and he placed himself upon a barrel which stood behind him, extending his left hand, advancing his body, and elevating his right hand, in which he held a switch, precisely in the attitude of the most practised "whip."

"Good heaven! my friend," I exclaimed, as this accidental position became, at once, the key to unlock



the mystery which had enveloped the reminiscence of him, "can you be Henry, the stage-coachman?"

He started and looked me, for a moment, fixedly in the face, and then grasped my hand with much emotion—

"Ha, sir, you are the stranger I took home to see Mary and the little ones!" and his eyes filled with tears.

Poor fellow! my presence, as he recognised me, unlocked the buried and happier past. The last time, four years before, I knew him a happy and enviable man; blessed with a lovely and virtuous wife, and the delighted parent of two beautiful babes. My heart swelled and my heart sympathised with his own, as I contrasted his situation then, with his present wretched condition.

"Where is your wife, Henry!" I inquired with commiseration. He released my hand, and clenching his fist, struck his temples with sudden violence, and then hid his face in his hands.

"Dead! dead!" he answered after a moment's pause. "I killed her, sir!" he said this in the extremity of abandonment.

"How? what mean you?"

"*I broke her heart, sir!*"

"And your children?"

"In the work-house."

I sat by him upon the rude seat he had chosen, and he told me (for he was now sober, the mental excitement having mastered the artificial,) the sad tale of the last four years of his life.

The morning on which the rail-road cars were to proceed on their first trip, the line of stages, painted in their gayest colors and drawn by fleet horses, assembled as usual, at the head of the pier, to receive their passengers, as the long expected steamer came ploughing her way up the bay. Crowds collected to witness

the spectacle of the opening of this new and novel mode of transporting travellers, surveying, alternately, the singular-looking cars, with their small iron wheels, standing in a long train, upon the yet untrodden path, the empty stages, more numerous than the cars, with their anxious drivers mounted, each upon his elevated box, and the approaching boat, whose arrival was about to decide which of the two mediums of conveyance—the good old standard line of stages, or the new-fangled, whizzing, fly-away and wicked-looking cars—was to hold the ascendancy.

The steamer came gallantly up to the pier, amid a shout from the assembled multitude on the shore. In a few minutes all had disembarked. The “drivers,” in their white hats and coats, and with their long whips, were flying about among the passengers with additional activity and perseverance, none of them exerting more than my friend Henry. But, to every hasty, anxious inquiry, “Coach, gentlemen?—Boston and Providence line?” The reply immediately was, “I take the rail-road,” or “I take the cars.”

After some little delay, attendant on the first trial of a new means of locomotion, the bells rung, the cannon roared, and amid the shouts of the multitude the long train of cars moved off, propelled by an unseen power, from the pier. At first slowly, as if to try her powers, the train rolled over the first section of the track; but gradually, as if confident in itself, its speed increased, and darting rapidly forward, in a few moments it was lost to the sight of the wondering crowd.

Alas! the poor coachmen! they had assembled at their usual post, near the head of the pier, confident of their usual “fare,” and never dreaming that men, who had a suitable regard for the weal of their own souls and bodies, would intrust them to the tender mercies of such a fiery-winged monster as the black, puffing engine, which all the country round had journeyed to gaze at as an eighth wonder in the world. Their laugh

was merry as ever, and their jokes as numerous, when the boat, her decks crowded with passengers, hove in sight. But when they saw, one after another, their legitimate fare preferring the new mode of locomotion, the joke died unuttered on their lips, their faces grew long, and their hearts sunk, and, some with curses upon "all new-fangled inventions, to steal honest people's bread out of their mouths," and others with depressed bosoms, gathering up their now useless ribands, they moved slowly and silently back to town.

About two months from that day three individuals, thus thrown out of employment, bound themselves by a solemn oath, to give all possible hindrance to railroad travelling. The next day after this conspiracy was formed, by some means unaccountable to the public, the train was thrown from the track, but fortunately without injury. The next day a similar "accident," as it was heralded, occurred, and one person nearly lost his life by the violence with which he was thrown from the cars. The next day the cars were only saved from total demolition by the presence of mind of the engineer. It was now sufficiently clear that some enemy was abroad who was busy at this mischief. A watch was set, and one of the perpetrators was detected. I grieve to say it—but the guilty man was Henry! In his defence he pleaded that he had stuck to the line till it was broken up and his "vocation" gone; then he had sought fruitlessly, and in vain, for employment on other lines, but that "no man would hire him," and that his money was all expended, and his family calling upon him for the reward of a husband and a father's toil. "What could I do?" he said; "I could not see them suffer. The short and long of it is, sir, that I took to drink and treated Mary cruelly. One night several of my old mates met me at the tavern close by my house, and, in an unlucky moment when the liquor was in, I

agreed to join 'em in breaking up the rail-road. I was arrested." His punishment was light, but he never recovered from the degradation consequent on the public exposure of his crime; nor did his wife, the gentle Mary, long survive the shock thus given to her refined and virtuous sensibility. In a few months afterward she died of a broken heart—thus ever, it appears to me, die the fairest of earth's flowers—and was laid by her friends in a lonely and tearless grave in the village churchyard. Her husband knew not of her death till the earth had closed over her form. For many days previous he knew no other home than the grog-shop, no other nutriment than the contents of his bottle.

When, during a lucid (sober) interval, he returned and found his hearth deserted, and his child taken away by the charitable, (for there are a few such even in this world,) a new possessor of his once happy cottage told him the sad tale. From that hour he had been descending till I met him, the low and abject thing I have described him in another page, outcast from his fellows, an alien from society, striving, in vain, to bury the recollection of the past.

"Sir, will you give me another shilling?" he asked, as he concluded his sad recital. "I cannot bear to think of these things. *I must drink and forget!*"

On my return from Boston, a few weeks afterwards, I was informed that Henry Salford, "the last of the stage-coachmen," had ended his miserable existence by a suicidal death.

THE ILLEGITIMATE;

OR,

PROPHECY OF UIQUERA.





# THE ILLEGITIMATE.

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" A curse be ever on thy race—  
Down to a well-earned doom they go—  
Thankless and dishonored slaves.' "

THE life and times of Charles of England, the gayest and most gallant monarch, since the days of that oriental potentate, so famous for wisdom and architecture, have been prolific themes, not only for the elegant pens of the elegant courtiers of the period, and the graver historian, but for the exercise of the genius and talents of graceful female biographers of the present age.

It is at the close of this era of gallantry, beauty and wit, an era in which the warlike knight began to merge into the pacific gentleman of hound and horn, and tournaments gave place to contests in the political arena, and when the memory of this erring but amiable prince lived only in the hearts of his subjects—his vices forgotten, his virtues alone remembered—that we open the first scene of our tale.

\* \* \* \* \*

" Nay, sweet Lady Mary—your eyes betray your

heart! That diamond trembling upon their rich fringes contradicts your words;" and the speaker spurred the high-blooded animal upon which he was mounted, closer by the side of the ambling palfrey, ridden by the lovely girl he addressed. "Say not I must forget you, Mary! On the morrow, my uncle sends me to Eton. May not your love bless me, absent from you? Oh, recall, dear cousin, that chilling word! Say not there is *no hope!*"

A moment's embarrassing silence ensued, when, crushing a tear which glittered beneath her dark eyelashes, the maiden drew her veil closely over her face, and shaking her silken bridle, bounded forward with velocity, as if in the fleetness of her movements, she would annihilate the feelings which tortured her young bosom. With equal speed the youth galloped by her side down the solemn glades of the old forest, until they came in sight of the towers of an ancient castle, lifting themselves with gothic grandeur above the majestic oaks, which for centuries had encircled them.

The maiden was the daughter of its noble earl; and the honors, titles and wealth she inherited, were only equalled by her surpassing loveliness. Her complexion was like the purest ocean-pearl, which a mellow sunset cloud has delicately tinted with its own roseate hue. Her dark chesnut hair escaped from beneath her riding hat, and floated around her shoulders in a cloud of natural tresses. Her eyes were large, and eloquent in their expression, and of the same rich brown shade as her hair. She had not yet numbered fifteen summers—a gay, wild, fascinating child, yet all the woman in the depth and fervor of her feelings.

Her form was moulded with the symmetry of a sylph's; and as she bounded on her fleet courser through the wood, imagination might have deified her as the queen of the sylvan empire, through which she rode, and leader of its train of fairy nymphs.

The youth who accompanied her, was also surpass-

ingly fair; a fitting mate for so sweet a dove. His hair was black as the raven's plume which danced over his riding hood, and flowed in thick curls about his neck. His brows were arched and dark, and his forehead wore that lofty and noble air, said to be the birthright of England's nobles. His eyes were exceedingly black, and a voluptuous languor dwelt about his mouth. The upper lip was curved slightly, evincing a native haughtiness of spirit. The contour of his face was a faultless oval. He counted perhaps seventeen winters and summers.

They were lovers.

As they came in sight of the distant turrets, the maiden reined in her spirited animal, and putting aside her veil, turned with a smile, like an April sunshine, whilst tears danced in her brilliant eyes, towards her companion:

"Charles—you well know I love you. It is useless for me to attempt to disguise it. But, but—" and as she paused and hesitated, the rich blood mounted to her cheek and brow, whilst she dropped her eyes in painful embarrassment.

"But what? sweet Mary! Why, cousin, this silence and emotion?" he inquired with animation—his brow paling with the presentiment of evil; and he laid his hand emphatically upon her arm as he spoke.

"Charles! They tell me—that—that—"

"Nay—torture me not with suspense," he cried, as she hesitated to proceed; and springing from his horse he grasped with eager and inquiring anxiety both of her hands.

"They tell me, my dear Charles—but oh, I will not believe it," she added, bending her head till it rested upon his shoulder, to conceal her emotion—"they tell me—you are the late king's son!"

The poor youth relaxed his hold upon her bridle, which he had suddenly seized—the hand locked in the maiden's, convulsively unclasped, and with a brow

changed to the hue of death, he fell without a word, or sign of life to the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

A gay anniversary was announced for celebration in the halls of Eton. The princes, and nobles, and the beauty of the land were assembled there to honor the fete.

The venerable religious pile in which the concluding ceremonies of the day were held was living with beauty, and gorgeous with the display of diamonds and jewels, and the magnificent dresses of knights and gentlemen.

A youth, whose striking figure and handsome features created a murmur of surprise throughout the assembly, whilst one or two dowager countesses were seen to draw forth miniatures, and whispering, compare them amid many signs of intelligence, with his appearance, advanced with grace and modesty to receive, above all competitors, the highest collegiate honor of that day, to be conferred by the royal hands of James himself.

As he bent on one knee, and inclined his head to receive the golden chain and medal, a youth, near his own age, his unsuccessful rival for the distinction, with a lowering brow, and small, deep set eyes, his hair, and such portions of his dress as were not concealed by his gown, cut after the popular fashion of the times of the Long Parliament, rose boldly from his chair and cried in a loud harsh tone:—

“Hold! He whom you would thus honor, is the illegitimate son of Charles!”

All eyes turned in the direction of the audacious speaker, and the brow of the monarch grew black with indignation.

“Young Cromwell! It is young Cromwell!” passed from mouth to mouth, while surprise at this sudden

and singular announcement, fixed every eye, alternately upon the malicious interrupter of the ceremonies, and upon the ill-fated Charles.

With a cry of despair that filled every bosom, and burying his face in the folds of his robe, the sensitive and disgraced youth rushed forth from the Chapel.

Many days afterwards, the rumor was rife among the Etonians, and in the higher circles of the kingdom, through which this strange tale was circulated, that the victim of young Cromwell's malignity and revenge, who with the true spirit of his grandsire, had expressed his bitterness against all associated with royalty and THE CHARLES, had fled an exile over sea to the "New World," as the continent of America was denominated, even at that comparatively late period.

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The province, formerly, and now state, of Maine, where we transfer the scenes of this tale, is constituted of lands, originally possessed by several tribes of warlike Indians. The most powerful of these were the Kennebec and Penobscot tribes—names harsh and uneuphonious in the ear of an European.\* The

\* The languages of the tribes once occupying the territory of the United States, follow the same laws characteristic of the languages of Europe.

The dialects of Europe become softer or harsher as they are spoken more northerly or southerly; so in Italy we find a language which has become but another term for poetry and melody.

Harsh consonants, gutturals, and abrupt monosyllables, are peculiar to the northern tribes of America; and Penobscot, Androscoggin, Norridgwock, Saccarapac, Schohegan, Monadnock, Cochreah, and Kennebunk, are sounds as characteristic of the languages of those tribes once inhabiting New England, as, Chitalusa, Homachitta, Alabama, Atchafalaya, Altamaha, Natches, Natchitoches, Mississippi, (whose original name is Mesachébé,) of the tribes of the South.



former dwelt on the banks of the beautiful river, to which they have left their name. Their hunting grounds extended west and south to the river Saco. Their eastern boundary was the Damariscotta river, which also formed the western limits of the Penobscots. This tribe possessed the lands watered by the river bearing its name. Their eastern limits were undefined, but constantly enlarging with the progress of their conquests over their less powerful neighbors.

Between this tribe and the Kennebecs, an hereditary war had existed, to use the emphatic figure of a late chief, "since the oldest oak of the forest was an acorn."

They were also of different religions. The Kennebecs worshipped a spirit who they imagined presided over their rivers and lakes, whom they denominated Kenlascasca, or, The Angel of the Waters. In the limpid bosom of their divinity, they buried their dead, worshipped him in the descending rain, and propitiated him by human sacrifices, which they immolated in deep waters, when, in his anger, he suffered them to swell above their banks.

The Penobscots worshipped the great mountain, Coalacas,\* which lifted its blue head to the skies in the midst of their hunting grounds. When the storm-clouds gathered about his summit, and he veiled his face from them in displeasure, when his voice was heard in the loud thunder, and the glance of his angry eye seen in the lightnings, they trembled; and as a sacrifice, which should at the same time avert his wrath, and manifest their obedience and submission, they sacrificed by fire, a fawn of one spring.

Upon the summit of this mountain dwelt the priest of their religion, who administered in a rude temple, to which the whole tribe once a year performed pilgrimage, the sacred duties of his office. At this shrine,

\* Blue Hill, Campden, Maine.



the young warrior sought success in battle—the maiden, in love, the injured, in justice or revenge.

The sage and prophet of his people, and visible presence of their divinity was denominated Uiquera, or The priest of the Mountain. He was aged, and gray hairs thinly sprinkled his bronzed and time-worn temples.

It was evening—an evening of that mild and hazy time, when autumn, is losing itself in winter, termed the Indian Summer, and peculiar to New England—when the aged patriarch stood upon a rock in front of his hut, gazing upon the vast landscape beneath him, mellowed by the peculiar atmosphere of the season, to the soft, dreamy features of an Italian scene.

To the north, forests, tinged with mingled gold and purple, orange and vermillion, and dyed with a thousand intermediate hues—a gorgeousness of scenery found only in America—and yet untrodden by others than the beast of prey, or of the chase, and his Indian hunter, stretched away, league added to league, till they met the horizon. Still farther north, breaking with unequal lines this meeting of sky and woods, towered the summits of a chain of mountains, constituting the dividing ridge, between the waters flowing into the great river of the north, and the less majestic streams, that, coursing southward, seek the Atlantic sea. To the east and west, forests alone bounded the view. On the south, bays penetrated far inland nearly to the base of the mountain, and beyond was the deep, restless sea, extending far away, until sky and ocean alone met the eye.

The aged man gazed upon the vast prospect thus spread out, like a map beneath him, and wondered as he gazed, at the greatness and power of the Great Spirit who created it.

“Father!” spoke tremulously a sweet and child-like voice.

“My child!” he said calmly turning, and placing his

hand upon the head of a lovely maiden kneeling at his feet, the only daughter of the chief of her tribe.

“Father—they teach me that you are favored by the good Manitoula. His aid I have come to seek, through you, his minister!”

“It is thine, daughter—speak!” he replied with dignity, and in a mild and encouraging tone.

“Anasca, the young chief of the Kennebecs, with many gifts and promises of land, and offers of peace and amity, demands me of my father in marriage!” and the Indian maid bowed her head to the earth in silence, awaiting his reply.

“Does this please the chief, thy father?”

“Oh, I know not—the offer is tempting; and yet he should love me better than thus to sacrifice me!”

“Will it be a sacrifice, if it is to obey thy father’s will, my daughter?”

“Oh, yes—yes—”

“Lina, dost thou cherish hatred against the young warrior?”

“No, oh no! but I love him not. I fear him!” she added with energy.

“Whom then dost thou love, child, that thou canst not love this youth? They tell me he is a brave young chief, and of noble bearing, though, perhaps, hasty and passionate withal.”

“Love? love? oh, none but you and my father!” she replied with the undisguised artlessness of her simple nature.

“Daughter,” said the seer solemnly, “it becomes us to make peace. If friendship may ensue between those so long at enmity, by this proposed union, it should be sought, but not at the sacrifice of thy happiness. Wilt thou wed him maiden?” he added abruptly, taking her hand and looking steadily into her face.

“Oh no, no, no, father! I would rather the lightning

of the Great Spirit in his anger, should consume me, than wed him! Oh save!—save me—my father!” she cried, imploringly clinging to his robe.

“Fear not, thou shalt not wed him, Lina,” he said, smiling, raising her from her suppliant posture. “Where is this youth?” he inquired, affectionately and soothingly, parting the dark hair from her face as he gazed down into it.

“I left him three mornings since, with many of his warriors, encamped opposite the council island. When I learned for what he came, with the swiftness of the brood-bird, when she seeks her nestling from the coming storm, I fled to the holy mountain, and thee, for shelter! Oh, wilt thou not give it me, holy father?” she added clasping his arm, and looking up into his face beseechingly.

“Daughter—thou hast it already!” he replied with emotion; “thou shalt not wed this stranger.”

“False priest—thou liest!” shouted a voice behind them; and a spear, thrown by an unseen and unerring hand, simultaneously pierced the bosom of the patriarch. He fell to the earth with a deep groan, and the maiden uttering a shriek of terror and dismay, cast herself upon his bleeding body.

“Welcome, my gentle fawn of the lakes! thou hast found thy holy mountain will not protect thee, and thy priest is mortal—” said the young Anasca, tauntingly, approaching and raising her from the form of his victim. “Old man, I would not have slain thee, but thou wert poisoning this little bird’s talons and turning them against thy own breast.”

“Sacrilegious murderer!” suddenly exclaimed the seer, raising upon one arm—his white hair sprinkled with blood, that in a warm current oozed from a wound in his breast, where the spear which inflicted it, still vibrated,—“Scorner of religion and the Great Spirit of earth and sky! Thy doom and that of thy

race is sealed!" and his eye dilated and became radiant with prophetic inspiration as he continued: "Here! on the holy altar thou hast desecrated, do I anathematize thee! Every drop of this gurgling blood shall beget a curse upon thee and thine! Accursed be thy impious race! A people greater than thine—more numerous than the stars of heaven—shall take thy lands, thy power, and thy name! Another century shall roll by and thou shalt be remembered no more! Last chieftain of thy tribe!" he continued with additional energy, "on thee, come all evil and all woe! Cursed of sky and sea—cursed of air and earth—be thou accursed forever!"

"Daughter!" he continued with supernatural excitement, whilst the young chief stood appalled and transfixed with horror, before the wild air and prophetic language of the dying priest—"daughter, blessed art thou above all the maidens of thy tribe! Thou shalt become a SAVIOUR of thy people and thy name. For every curse that follows this unholy assassin, shall a blessing come upon thee and thine. The people who shall bring woe to him, shall bring joy to thee! Thou—thyself—art destined to become the preserver of thy father's tribe—and when all the nations of this land shall have dwindled like the mountain dews before the morning, at the approach of a race from the East, with faces white like the moon, and arms brighter than the sun, and more terrible than thunder, thy name shall exist—thy people be yet numbered among their nations. And, whilst the tribe of this impious assassin shall expire in their ignorance, a new and purer religion, revealed from the heavens, shall be taught thee by this new race, who with eyes like the deep blue of the noon-day sky, and faces white like a summer cloud, are to rule our land—and in the bosom of their great empire, thine own tribe shall dwell forever!"

Thus speaking, the last prophet of his religion and



people, sunk back to the ground, and upwards, from the mountain altar of his religion and worship, his spirit took its flight to the world of mysteries.

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Podiac, is a romantic, rocky promontory projecting into the sea, and forming the southern shore of the bay of Casco, which, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands, penetrates the heart of Maine.

It is on this promontory, now called Cape Elizabeth, in honor of the Maiden Queen, that the scenes of our fifth chapter are laid, a few days after the death of the venerable seer, Uiquera.

One of the wild storms, peculiar to that coast, had for three days poured its fury upon the sea, lashing it into foam. The fourth morning broke with cloudless brilliancy, and discovered the wreck of a ship, dismasted, and in pieces, lying in a crevice on the extremity of the southern cape of the promontory—which, here dividing, form two points projecting farther into the sea than the main head-land. At the present day, both of these points are crowned by light-houses, the upper one of which is a favorite resort for the gay citizens of an adjacent sea-port,\* situated on a peninsula a few miles farther inland. But at the period of our tale, it was the abode only of the sea-gull, who nested in the crevices of the cliffs, and bears, and wolves, who mingled their howlings with the roaring of the tempests.

The storm had subsided, yet the waves rolled landward with violence, dashing against the cliffs with a loud noise, flinging the spray high over their summits and reverberating in hollow sounds through its deep caverns.

The rising sun shone cheerfully upon the scene, dis-

\* Portland, Maine.

sipating the hurrying clouds, and shedding an enlivening radiance over nature.

Firmly wedged between two rocks, at the extremity of the southern point of the cape, lay the wreck, its masts broken off, a jury-mast, upon which a sail was brailed up, and only a portion of the hull visible above the waves, which rolling continually over it, surged against the overhanging rocks.

The only living being upon which the sun shone, was a young man, the sole survivor of the ill-fated bark, who, pale from fatigue—his dark hair and garments heavy and dripping with brine—was laboriously ascending from the wreck, the sides of the rock, to escape the surge, which, several times, nearly washed him off into the sea.

With a bold eye and a strong arm, although nearly exhausted, he still clung to such projections as the face of the cliff afforded; and soon gained a secure footing upon the summit of a flat rock, beyond the reach of the waves. Here, he bent devoutly on one knee, and lifted his eyes and hands in a prayer of thankfulness for his deliverance.

Whilst in this attitude, a female figure, flying, rather than running, along the verge of the cliff above him, intercepted his vision. Surprised, he followed it a moment with his eyes, when it disappeared in a crevice of the promontory. The next moment, another form clad like an Indian hunter, with equal speed, as if in pursuit, bounded along the cliff and was also lost to his sight in the gorge.

An instant of surprise and expectation elapsed, when the airy and graceful figure he had first seen—a young and beautiful Indian maiden, issued from the gap which for a few seconds had concealed her, and with the fleetness of a dove pursued by a hawk, approached the spot where he still kneeled. Her raven hair flew wildly about her head, and her robe of variegated feathers fluttered like wings around her person.



Over the sharp-pointed rocks and slippery sea-weed she bounded safely, and was darting past him with the air of one who would plunge headlong into the sea, when her eye caught the form of the youth.

She suddenly checked her flight, and gazed upon him for a moment with a look of timidity and indecision—one foot advanced as if she would still fly, and a hand extended towards him entreatingly. For an instant, like a beautiful statue, she stood in this attitude, and then, with strange confidence advanced towards him—rested one hand upon the rock by which he kneeled—gazed steadily into his face for a second, and then with the unsuspecting confidence of a child who fears no danger, softly and timidly placed her hand upon his arm, while her dark eyes full of eloquent pleading, silently sought his protection.

The youth, at once, understood this language, more eloquent than that of the tongue or pen. Scarcely had they interchanged this mutual understanding and confidence, when the young warrior, Anasca, who had torn her from the corpse of the prophet, and borne her to his tribe, who were then hunting on the south shore of the Casco, from whom she had just escaped, preferring death to a union with one she loved not—appeared in sight, his eye flashing with rage, and his arm extended in the act of launching his hunting-spear.

The stranger drew from his breast a small Genoese stiletto, sprung to his feet, and met him face to face. The surprise of the Indian was unlimited! The sudden appearance of one of a race he had never before seen—his hostile attitude—his manifest design to protect the lovely and trembling fugitive, combined with a recollection of the prophecy of the dying seer, paralysed and fixed him to the spot, with astonishment and dismay.

As he stood thus under the influence of these emotions, the youth sprang upon him and seized his spear. The act restored him to his self-possession. He became

once more the warrior, whose name—Anasca, 'The fearless—he had won by his prowess and deeds of arms, by which he had already signalised himself above the warriors and preceding chieftains of his tribe.

For a few moments the two young combatants contended, with all their skill and bravery, when with a well-aimed blow of his stiletto the youth laid the young chief dead at his feet.

With a cry of joy, Lina rushed into the arms of her preserver.

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The warriors of the Penobscot tribe had assembled upon the island in the river which bears their name, where their chief resided, and the national councils convened—to consult upon the expediency of making an excursion upon the Kennebecs, for the recovery of their chief's daughter, and to avenge the insult they had received. In the midst of their deliberations a birch canoe was discovered ascending the river, with a small white sail, such as the oldest warrior had never before seen, spread to the south wind and containing two persons. As no danger was to be apprehended from so small a party, the chief and his warriors awaited its approach in silence.

As the boat came nearer, a visible emotion was manifest among the spectators.

“It is the chief's daughter!”

“It is Lina!”

“My child! my daughter!” cried the old chief, rushing to the strand, where he embraced his child, as she bounded from the canoe into his extended arms.

Her companion who had been concealed by the canvass sail he had taken from the wreck, to forward their escape, after, with Lina's guidance he had secured one of the boats of Anasca's tribe, now stepped upon the

beach; and baring his head, he placed his hand upon his heart, in token of amity.

The chief started back with an exclamation of surprise at his strange beauty and attire, and in the first emotion of his feelings, fell with his face to the ground, followed in this act of reverence, by all the warriors surrounding him, who shared his astonishment and superstition.

“It is the Good Spirit of the Mountain!” at length exclaimed the chief arising from his posture of adoration. “It is he, to whom the holy prophet many moons ago, bade me resign my authority, my daughter and my religion, if I would preserve them all!”

And as he ceased speaking, he placed his bow and quiver, spear and coronet of feathers at the feet of the young Englishman. Then taking the hand of his daughter, he placed it in that of the youth, and commanding his warriors to yield them obedience and allegiance, he, slowly, and with his hands clasped over his breast, retired through the crowd, who silently and with reverence gazed wonderingly after his retreating form. Secluding himself on the holy mountain, he there passed a life of devotion, having, after the abdication of his power, been converted to the Christian faith, by his daughter, who became a convert to the religion of her husband.

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The aboriginal tribes of New-England, with but one exception are now nearly extinct. The warlike and ambitious Kennebecs have melted away like snow. The Penobscots still exist, inhabitants and possessors of the river-island, originally and still the seat of their national councils, and the abode of their chief. Their existence and independence are acknowledged by the state which includes their territory, and the delegates have represented them in her legislative conventions.

They are devout Catholics, and in a neat chapel erected upon their island, worship the God of the Christians.

They are governed by a young Chieftainess, whose personal charms bear testimony to those of Lina, her lovely ancestress, the bride of the exiled Charles, and which if tradition says truly, are transmitted to her descendant.

The graves of the two lovers, who died—in the spirit of that love which will bear no separation—within a few hours of one another, are still pointed out by the aged warriors of the tribe, in a grove of dark pines, on the site of the sacred fane of their ancestors, and near the entrance to the cave where dwelt the venerable Prophet of the Holy Mountain.

THE SNOW PILE.





## THE SNOW PILE.

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YOUNG Spring, with her opening buds, her springing grass, her soft south wind, and singing birds, was fast subduing stern old Winter. His icy bosom, all unused to the melting mood, dissolved beneath her warm glances and showers of April tears. I had been confined to my chamber through the long winter by a tedious illness; but when the sun with summery warmth, shone through my window, I grew rapidly better. How grateful to the convalescent is the mild hue of the spring sky, the tender green of the grass and young leaves, and the smiling face of nature awaking from its wintry sleep!

When my chair was first drawn to the window, and I looked up and down the streets thronged with passengers and gay equipages, I felt as if I had come into a new world. How happy every thing and every body looked! All seemed gladness, and my own heart thrilled with a new and strange delight.

I am, or rather was at the period to which I allude, a bachelor, on the verge of thirty-five. My abode was in the heart of the city, at a corner where four streets met. Opposite my window was a row of stately elms and young locusts, the brown of their myriad buds

just tipped with green, so that the branches of the trees looked as if studded with emeralds. Along the outer edge of the opposite side walk, Spring had just commenced working a border of new grass; ladies had laid aside, or rather chrysalis-like, come out of their unsightly cloaks, and tripped along the *pavé* in light dresses and sylphide forms. How odd to see slender waists in the streets after they have been so long concealed! It seems, when we first view the fair creatures, as if there was something improper in their appearing out in such undress, as if some modest article of apparel was forgotten; and it is some days before one is quite reconciled to the propriety of the thing.

Notwithstanding these signs of Spring that every where met my eyes as I gazed out of my window, there was one object amid all the sunny cheerfulness that chilled my heart, and cast a wintry veil over all. This was a huge bank of snow lying against the curbstone directly beneath my window. The winter had been severe, and in the middle of April, there was a heavy fall of snow. My man John, in shovelling it from the walk, had formed a pile four feet in depth before the door; and after the snow had disappeared from the streets, from the fields, and from the distant hills, and the trees had put forth their leaves, that pile obstinately resisted the warmth of the sun and the softening influences of the rain. From my bed, I had seen through the upper lights of my window the mild deep blue of the sky, and felt the cheering presence of the April sun as it shone in a bright glowing beam through the half-opened shutter, and lay like a golden belt along the carpet. How different the sunlight of summer and winter even to the eye! How readily does the invalid recognise and welcome the first smile of Spring in the warm glow of the returning sun! I should not have known winter had departed, if I had not seen the green tops of the budding trees, and had not been told that Spring had come—Spring, that

haven of hope for the suffering valetudinarian! They had told me, too, that the snow was gone from the earth.

I was wheeled up to the window, and the bound of the heart with which I looked forth on the gay and moving scene, was suddenly stopped as my eyes rested on that bank of snow. I sighed, and threw myself backwards in my chair in the bitterness of disappointment. In that heap, to my excited imagination lay buried the body of the dead Winter! Although I soon became in some degree accustomed to it, I nervously watched its gradual disappearance. I marked the scarcely perceptible melting away of its edges, the slow diminution of its height. It seemed to me that it would never dissolve. I at length became so interested in its disappearance, that I sat for hours together with my eyes intensely fixed upon it, and forgetful of every thing else. It lay like an incubus on my thoughts. It was a walking nightmare to my mind's repose. If a passing wheel bore a portion of it away clinging to its spokes, I involuntarily clapped my hands. If a vagrant school-boy abstracted a handful to make up into a snow-ball, I blessed him in my heart. If a cloud passed over the sun, I impatiently watched its slow passage across its disk, and with jealous impatience noted every shadow that obstructed, for a moment his melting beams. Three days passed in this manner, and the snow pile had diminished but one third. Its shape, I remember, was an irregular oval about nine feet in length, five in breadth, and two deep in the centre, the depth gradually lessening to the edges, which were thin and icy.

The fourth morning came, and the buds of the locust trees had burst into leaves; a robin had begun his nest on the branch of an elm, and the almanac told me it was the first day of May. Yet there lay Winter in the lap of Spring. I formed an instant resolution. The

tassel of the bell-rope was within my reach, I leaned forward and pulled it with an emphasis.

John entered in haste, with alarm depicted on his rubicund visage.

“John!”

“Sir.”

“Take a shovel and remove that eternal snow bank from the street.”

“Bank?”

“Yes, bank. Snow bank! A more hideous monster than the great Hydra-Bank to my eyes. Remove it, I say.”

“Yes, Sir.”

John departed, and I gazed from the window on the pile of snow with a sort of savage triumph and relief of mind I had not experienced for some days. While I was anticipating its demolition by the muscular arm of my man John, two school-boys, of unequal size and years, came in sight. As they got beneath my window, the stouter began to bully the smaller boy. I am naturally humane; a lover of justice and hater of tyranny. My feelings forthwith became enlisted for the weaker lad, who showed proper spirit; and so long as tongues continued to be the only weapons, he rather had the better of his adversary. At length the big boy stung by a biting sarcasm, gave him a rude push, and sent him spinning across the trottoir into the snow. It broke his fall which else would have been violent, and I blessed the snow pile for his sake. But so far as my sympathies with the little fellow were concerned, I soon had additional cause to bless it.

No sooner did the brave little lad touch the snow than he grasped both hands full, and hastily and skilfully patted it into a hard round ball the size of a three pounder; then taking sure aim at his lubberly tormentor, who stood haw-hawing at his victory, he threw,



and hit him fairly in the left eye. His tune was now changed to a yell of pain, and clapping both of his huge dirty paws to his extinguished orb, he went off limping as if the hurt had been in his heel instead of his head. The victorious little fellow compressed his lips with a decided air, gave an emphatic nod, and glanced at my window with a sort of apologetic look that meant "he deserves it, sir, if it does put his eye out!" "So he does, my brave lad," said I, in a look that he understood to mean as much; "that snow pile has done thee good service." At this moment John, who is somewhat deliberate in his movements, made his appearance from the basement front, shovel in hand and devastation in his eye. I rapped at the window as he prepared to attack the bank, and for that gallant boy's sake, the snow pile remained inviolate for that day.

With the ensuing morning I had well nigh forgotten the incident of the snow-ball, and the summary punishment of tyranny that I had witnessed, and which had afforded me so much gratification. The first thing that met my eyes after I took my usual place at the window, was the snow-bank, giving the lie-direct to gentle Spring, who each day laid the flecks of green thicker and darker on the tree-tops, and I resolutely determined to demolish without delay that last vestige of winter, and banish a sight so full of December associations.

With hasty zeal I laid a hand on each arm of my easy-chair, and half rose to reach the bell rope, when I saw a very pretty boarding-school girl, in cottage bonnet and pantalets, and neat white apron, with the roses of fifteen summers in her cheeks, in crossing the street, driven by a rude equestrian from the flags into the mud. My ire was roused, (for my feelings are readily enlisted for the gentler sex,) and I forgot the bell to turn, and anathemise the careless horseman. Although in two or three light steps she safely gained

the side-walk, I saw that she had grievously mudded one of her nicely-fitting Cinderillas. She stopped on the curb-stone, looked down at her soiled slipper, shook her head, and seemed to be very much distressed. She was neatly and tidily dressed after that simple and becoming manner peculiar to school-girls. It was Saturday, and she was doubtless going a visiting; and to be made such a figure of by a lubberly tyro in horsemanship, was not a little annoying. I sympathised with her from the bottom of my heart. She was very young, very pretty, and in very great trouble. I could have taken my cambric handkerchief, and, on bended knee, with it removed the offensive soil. She surveyed her little foot all about. The mud came within a quarter of an inch of the top of her shoe, and she was (as by her perplexed looks she evidently herself thought) in too sad a plight to walk the street. She essayed to scrape off the tenacious earth on the outer angle of the curb-stone, but this operation only left it in frightful streaks.

“Dear me! What shall I do?” I could almost hear her say to herself; and then with a very prolonged and mortified air, she looked up the street and down the street; glanced over at the opposite windows, and those above her head, and at last caught my eye. I had been waiting for this, and eagerly pointed to the snow-pile.

She glanced up her dark eyes full of thanks; and in two minutes, with the aid of a lump of snow, and by rubbing her foot on the pile, now on this side, and now on that, she cleaned her snug little slipper till it outshone its unsoiled fellow. Then looking me a heart full of gratitude, she tripped on her way rejoicing. For her sake the snow-pile remained inviolate another day.

Forgetfulness of the yesterday's courtesy came with the next morning, and there remained, as I gazed from the window, only the consciousness of my annoyance.

The voice of Spring came to my ears in every sound, and the winds murmured by laden with the odors of May flowers. But the snow-pile fixed my eyes like a spell. There is a kind of fascination in hideous objects, which, while the heart revolts, irresistibly draws the eye. In vain I resolutely turned my eyes away from it, and strove to forget it in the contemplation of the fleecy cloud, which Winter has not; of the summer blue of the sky; of the umbrageous foliage; the bright streets, and their lively pageants; but scarcely were they averted, before they flew back again as if moved by a watch-spring.

“That eternal snow bank!” I exclaimed, as my eyes, for the fiftieth time averted, again rested on it; “will it never melt?”

I reached the bell rope, and rung a quarter of an hour without ceasing. I had just regained my chair, when John came into the room as if he had been ejected from a catapult.

“Good Lord, sir! I am here, sir.”

“That pile of snow, John!”

“Yes, sir.”

“I shall have no peace till it is scattered to the four winds.”

“The shovel is below, sir, shall I ——”

“Do, John, do. Spread it on the street. If the sun won’t melt it, then carry it in baskets to the kitchen, and boil it. It might as well be winter all the time for what I see,” grumbled I, as John departed.

I had hardly issued, for the third time, this mandate, and turned to the window to take a farewell look at the glistening object of my annoyance, when half a dozen seamen, on a shore cruise, came sailing along with that independent and inimitable swagger characteristic of the genuine tar. In their wake followed a little foreign sailor boy, whom, by his olive skin, black, glossy hair, glittering eyes, and slight, flexile figure, I knew to be a West Indian. His restless gaze rested

on the snow, and he uttered a loud exclamation of surprise and delight.

“Halloo, manikin! what’s in sight astern there?” sung out an old tar just ahead of him, hitching up his trousers, and coming to an anchor in the middle of the side walk.

“*Soogare! soogare!*” shouted the little imp, pointing to the pile of snow, and dancing up and down as if the sunny pavement had become red-hot to his naked feet.

“Sugar, be ——” said the old sailor, with a look and tone of supreme contempt; “try it and see!”

The boy bounded toward the delusive pile, grasped both hands full of the deceitful substance, and was in the act of conveying one portion of his treasure to his jacket pocket and to cram his mouth with the other, when a shrill cry of pain escaped him; and, dropping the snow, he capered about, snapping his fingers, and working his flexible features into the most ludicrous grimaces.

His shipmates hove to at his signal of distress, and roared, one and all, with lusty laughter, catching off their tarpaulins, and swinging them aloft, and slapping each other on the broad of the back in the excess of their merriment.

“Avast there, my little hop-o-my-thumb,” said one of the sailors, as their mirth gradually subsided; and steering up to the boy, who continued to yell with undiminished vigor, “dontee set up such a caterwauling in a calm.”

“Burnee! burnee!”

“Burnee my eye! Ho! shipmates, all hands to put fire out. Little Carlo’s scorched his fingers with a snow-ball.”

All hands now gathered round the young West Indian, and made themselves merry at his expense, with quip and joke, cutting the while many a boyish prank.

“Come, Jack,” said one, making up a large lump



of snow into a ball, "lets take aboard a two pounder apiece, and pepper some o' these land lubbers that come athwart our hawser."

"Aye, aye!" was the unanimous response.

Forthwith, indifferent to the gaping passers-by, each went to work to make snow-balls, and soon, with two apiece stowed away in either jacket pocket, they got the little West Indian in their midst, and moved off, a jolly troop, in full glee, and ripe for a *lark*.

John, who had been kept in the back ground by the belligerent preparations of these sons of Neptune, having ascertained by a cautious survey through the iron railing of the basement—his head protruded just above the level of the side-walk—that they were quite hull-down, now made his appearance beneath the window, shovel in hand. Influenced by the whim of the moment, I rapped on the window, and made a sign for him to come in, resolved, for the amusement it had afforded me, to spare the snow-pile another day.

The following morning, the sight of the scarce diminished snow-heap rendered me oblivious of the merriment I had received from the little West Indian the day before, and mindful only of the present. My philanthropy deserted me, and with a round oath I asseverated that for sailor nor sauit, woman nor angel, would I let that snow remain another moment longer.

Ho! *Ding a ling, a ling ling!* Ho, John, John, ho! *Ding, ling, ling! Ding, ling, ding!* Ho, John, John! *Ding ling, ling ding, l——*" and the bell-rope parted at the ceiling, and came down in my hand. My crutch stood beside my chair. "*Thump, hump, ump! Ump! ump!! Thump!!!*"

The door burst open; the bolt head flew across the room, and half-buried itself in the opposite wall, and John pitched headlong in, and landed on his face in the centre of the apartment. "C-c-c-comin', sir!" was ejected from his mouth as his head struck the



floor; "C-c-c-comin', sir!" scarce articulated he as he rolled over and over towards my chair; "C-c-c-comin', sir," he gasped as he got to one knee and pulled at his forelock, as he was wont to do when he addressed me. The next movement brought him to his legs. "Here I am, sir. Bless the mercies, sir! what *is* the matter, sir?"

"John!"

"Yes, sir."

I pointed silently to the snow-pile.

John vanished.

I looked forth from the window (I need not here apologise to those who have been invalids; such will readily sympathise with the interest I took in this matter,) and enjoyed in anticipation the devastation about to be made. In less than a minute John made his appearance beneath the window, laden with two baskets, a large and a small one, a bucket and coal-hod, and lastly, his broad wooden shovel. He ranged these various receptacles along the outer verge of the sidewalk; moistened the palms of his hands after a summary mode, well known to the school-boy, when about to handle his bat-stick; seized hold of, and struck his instrument deep into the snow; placed his right foot firmly on one of the projecting sides thereof, and bent his shoulders to raise the gelid load.

I watched each motion with eager gratification. I noted the muscular shoulders of John as he essayed his task, with emotions of delight. I marked the opening chasms in the pile as he stirred the bulk, and felt a thrill of joy as I beheld a huge mass yield before his well-applied sinews. He stooped to lift the severed fragment to place it in one of his baskets, when there arose a sudden shouting, followed by the quick rattling of wheels, and cries of warning and alarm. I had scarcely drawn a breath, when two blooded horses, wild with terror, harnessed to a landau, containing, I could see, a young and beautiful lady, and

an elderly gentleman, came dashing furiously up the street. The fore wheel struck and locked with the wheel of a doctor's chaise standing before the third door from mine; and the landau dragging the chaise with it, was drawn a few yards further on two side wheels, then upset and pitched its contents out upon the pile of snow beneath my window.

The gentleman was thrown upon his shoulder, and lay senseless. The lady's fall was arrested by John, who caught her ere she reached the ground; but she had fainted, and her fair brow was like marble as I looked down upon it. I broke two panes of glass knocking with my crutch, and shouted through the opening to have them both conveyed into my front parlor. John, assisted by a gentleman, carried the lady in, while two or three others took up the old gentleman.

I had not left my room for three months, and the rheumatism had made me a cripple. I seized my crutch snatched a cane, and was down stairs and in the parlor just as the lady was being laid on the sofa. She was still senseless. How beautiful her alabaster features! the veined lid! the polished and rounded neck! Her hat was removed. Her abundant hair fell in waves of gold about her shoulders. I gazed, entranced with the bright vision. A rude hand dashed a glass of water in her face. It roused me, and I lent my aid to effect her restoration. After repeated ablutions—animation continuing suspended—the Doctor, who was out lamenting over the fragments of his gig, was called in. But no blood followed the insertion of his lancet in the exquisitely veined arm. The old gentleman, in the meanwhile, (thanks to the snow-pile for saving his collar bone,) had recovered his senses, and was bending sorrowfully over his daughter. A happy thought struck me. I had heard in my boyhood, among the snow-covered hills of Maine, that snow was an unfailing restorative in cases like the

present. I despatched John from the room, and he instantly returned with a cubic foot of snow in his arms. I assiduously laid a large piece on her forehead; a fragment, the size of an almond, on each eyelid; placed a piece on the back of the neck, and hinted to the father to lay one on her swan-like throat, and, taking her two hands, I placed a lump between them, and clasped them in mine, till it melted and trickled in drops upon the carpet. What a delicious moment of my existence was that!

In a few seconds she began to revive, and in half an hour afterwards thanked me with her own lips and eyes for saving her life as she chose to believe. The father thanked me also, I made a very pretty disclamatory speech in return, and begged they would say no more about it.

I had them to dine with me that day. I went to bed without any rheumatism. In the morning I bade John to keep watch, and see that no one removed a flake from that sacred snow-pile—he having previously, by my order, filled my ornamental cologne bottle with a portion of it, and placed it on my toilet.

The time of this sketch is six years ago. I was then a bachelor. I am now married. That lovely young matron sitting sewing opposite me, while I am writing, in whose person simplicity and elegance are charmingly united, is my wife. That old gentleman, sitting by the fire reading a newspaper, is her father. There is a slight scar on his left brow, which he received when he was thrown from his carriage before my door. If a blot could be printed, you would just here find a sad one, made by a chubby little blue eyed girl of two years, in her exertions to climb on my knee after her black-eyed brother Bob—who has playfully stolen her doll, and is climbing up my back to get it out of her way.

AN ESSAY ON CANES.





## AN ESSAY ON CANES.

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*Leonardi.* Wilt go up Vesuvius, my lord duke?

*Duke of F.* What's ho, Leonardi? [*starting from his couch.*]

*Leonardi.* The countess Cervi with her Florentines—

The noble ladies that came up from Rome,  
And the gentlemen that do attend them,  
Are all afoot with expectation;  
And Greitz, the trav'ler, as I hither came,  
Bade me, with its suppressed impatience, say  
They wait for thee.

*Duke of F.* Got thee gone, Leonardi! I must sleep.

*Leonardi.* The sun hath climb'd the mountain's side, and now  
Rides high above the headmost pinnacles.

*Duke of F.* Let him get down and walk, an he will, so  
He let me lie and sleep.

*Leonardi.* Compass not Vesuvius, noble sir—

A feat that trav'lers most do covet,  
And achieving, boast of through a life after—  
And men will cry out "shame," when we return  
To Florence.

*Duke of F.* Leonardi!

*Leonardi.* My lord Duke.

*Duke of F.* My staff.

*Leonardi.* 'Tis here, my Lord.

*Duke of F.* I cut it from Leb'non in th' Holy Land—  
He who hath gone up Lebanon need not  
To climb Vesuvius—Take it! 'T has been  
My comrade, friend, and fellow traveller  
Full thirty years. My long, close grasp

Has warm'd life into't, till it has ta'en  
 My nature, and of myself become a part—  
 A new limb, a leg, an arm additional  
 With fellow-feeling animate throughout.  
 Bear it to the mountain's topmost peak!  
 When thou com'st down bring't to me again  
 And I shall have gone up Vesuvius.

FRAGMENT UNWRITTEN MS.

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Canes timidi vehentissime latrant.

LAT: DIS: SIC:

*Canes* make the timid dogs to bark vehemently.

TRANSLATION.

THE origin of canes is of very remote antiquity. The earliest mention of them is in the thirty-eighth chapter of Genesis, where it is recorded that Judah gave his "*Staff*, signet, and bracelets," in pledge for the payment of a kid he had promised to Tamar, his daughter-in-law. Certain antiquaries there are, however, that contend it has a still earlier origin. Such assert on the doubtful authority of some unauthenticated Jewish pandects, that Cain slew his brother with his staff, which, for protection against wild beasts, was doubtless, say they, a much heavier and more warlike weapon than the modern walking stick, and therefore easily convertible into an instrument of death. This assertion is without a shadow of proof, and they who have advanced it omit the very first step to the substantiality of their theory, by neglecting to prove in the premises that Cain carried a staff at all. If, in reply, they refer us, as their authority, to the picture books, where he is always represented with a club or staff, we have only to say that the picture-makers ought to know; but until they can satisfy us by pointing to creditable authorities, we shall remain in our present opinion. On the authority of a well known passage in Horne Tooke, wherein he has satisfactorily as well as ingeniously proven the English tongue to have been antecedent to all other languages, and the

identical speech spoken by Adam and Eve in Eden, these unreasonable antiquarians asseverate that the name "Cain" was given to the fratricide from the fact of his having *cuned* Abel to death; and they reconcile the variation in the orthography of the word on the plea that at that rude age of the world there existed neither district-schools nor dictionaries, whereby the just method of spelling words might be learned and preserved.

Without entering into the discussion of the mooted question whether *Cain* be derived from "cane" or *cane* from "Cain," we will only say, in reference to it that in our opinion, in which we are sustained by many German, Jewish, and Arabian antiquaries, neither is correct. The learned Belibus, Dioces, the Arabian scholar, Hosea Meles the erudite Jew, besides Fra. Quirinus the Latin scribe, are of opinion, with which our own accords, that cane is plainly an *anglicism* of the Latin word *CANIS*, a dog; that this is the true and original derivation of the word we shall proceed to show.

It is well known to classical readers, that from the time of Romulus and Remus, dogs in great numbers have infested the streets of Roman or Italian cities: *vide*, in attestation of this, T. Pomp. Atticus; the epistles of Democritus the Greek; the letters of Cadmus; and Annibal's commentaries on the battle of Apulia, wherein he asserts, that from the adjacent village of Cannæ, so called from the multitude of its dogs (*canes*) there did issue after the battle from the gates of the town, thirty thousand of these animals, which, being attracted hither by the dead, did cover with their vast numbers all the plain, and appal the very gods with their howls.

This being the condition of things in an obscure Roman town, how great must have been the multitudes of these brutes in Rome itself! That their number was so large as to defy census, and remain alto-

gether unknown, may be gathered from Cæsar in his letter to Tullius Brutus, informing him of the death of his sister Appicia by hydrophobia, and also, by inference, from the third oration of Cicero against Cataline: further, Junius Brutus is recorded by C. Lælius to have been pursued on horseback by a pack of hungry dogs from the quarter of the Jews to Mons Palatine, and barely escaped with life by seeking shelter in the temple of the Muses. Such being the danger in the streets of Rome, it became customary for pedestrians to go provided with stout birchen cudgels, armed at one extremity with a short, sharp pikey for the purpose of defending themselves against these demi-savage animals.\* This cudgel, by a natural substitution of cause for effect, was called *cani*, the dative singular for *canis*, which means literally, "for a dog," a more significant and befitting term than which could not have been chosen. The plural of *canis* is *canes*, and this is the precise appellation by which they are now known. We hold this to be the only and true origin both of the cane and its name the "staff," of the Old Testament, which certain visionary antiquaries would make us believe the primitive cane, with their jargon about Cain and Abel, being unworthy of notice; inasmuch as it is plain to every one at all conversant with the subject, that it was neither more nor less than a shepherd's crook, or, at the best, a knotted club carried across the shoulder.

The introduction of the *cani* into Rome, we learn from Nævius Metellus, was in the year 67 B.C. Within the two weeks immediately preceding the ides of August the same year, we are told by the same author, no less than eighty thousand dogs were killed with this instrument alone, besides nine thousand supposed to have been torn in pieces by their species in

\* That triumph of modern jurisprudence the "Dog Law," was unknown to ancient Rome,

fighting over the carcasses of the slain. But a sweeping pestilence succeeding this exposure of so vast a quantity of animal matter to the sun of the dog days, and on account of the alarming increase of murders among the common people with this weapon, with which all the men went armed and readily used in the slightest quarrel, the emperor was forced to promulge an edict prohibiting any one beneath the patrician rank from carrying the *cani*.<sup>\*</sup> This imperial edict at once made it a privileged thing, and forthwith it was taken into high favor by the aristocracy of Rome. Within a few days subsequently, the Tiber was choked with drowned puppies; and theatres, baths, and forum were thronged with young nobles, each ostentatiously armed with the privileged *cani*.

In the hands of the patricians it for a while retained its original shape—a round staff, three feet in length, terminating in a sharp triedged pike. But the taste of individuals soon made important innovations on the usual form. The first change was suggested by a wreath of flowers that Hortensia, the beautiful daughter of the distinguished orator Hortensius, entwined around the *cani* of her-lover, Julius Curtius, the handsomest gallant in Rome, for protecting her with it from a pack of ferocious dogs while she was returning along the Appian way from her villa to the city. Julius made his appearance in the baths with it thus adorned, and the following day the enwreathed *cani* was adopted by all the exquisites of Rome. In a few days, natural gave way to artificial flowers, and these to wreaths of sprigs of diamonds and precious stones; so “that,” observes M. Cellius, “the canes of the patricians were more valuable than their estates, which

<sup>\*</sup> In lieu of the *cani*, Scipio the Blind tells us how it was promulgated by Julius Cæsar, that, whosoever could prove that he had thrown into the Tiber a pup eight days old, should receive one twentieth of a silver sesterce.



they impoverished to adorn them." This fashion of the wreathed *cani* continued until L. Octavius, nephew of the emperor, openly appeared in the forum with a cane in the form of an elegantly twisted serpent, enamelled with green and gold, and having two large diamonds glittering in its head for eyes. This idea was doubtless taken from the "Hortensian garland" as the wreath was termed, which in a few days, with its straight staff, gave place to the Octavian serpent. This, in its turn was displaced by some tasteful innovator, who came out with a straight, highly burnished ebony stick without a pike, but containing in the handle a short dagger, and with a gold head, in which was exquisitely set the miniature of his mistress. The novelty of the idea at once commended it to the gallants of the day, and it was universally received into favor. This was succeeded by other fashions, each still more unique and elegant than its predecessor; till, observes Cellius, to such a pitch did this canine\* madness reach, that half Rome thought and dreamt of nothing besides the shape and fashion of the *cani*. The custom extended to the ladies, who carried with them on all occasions, costly and elegant baubles of this kind, made of pearl, ivory, and even gold and silver rods, with which, when in angry mood, they struck their slaves, and peradventure, also, their lovers.

At first, the cane was worn beneath the left arm, the ornamental head protruding from the folds of the toga: but when Julius Curtius made his appearance openly with his garlanded staff, to avoid crushing the flowers he ostentatiously but gracefully displayed it in his right hand. After this, canes got to be universally carried in this manner.

From Rome, the cane was introduced into Britain

\* One of the few Latin puns that can successfully be rendered into the English tongue.

somewhere about the time of the division of the empire, or early in the fifth century; and until, and for several years after, the conquest, it retained its exclusive patrician rank. But the Roman laws, limiting its use to the nobles, not affecting England, it got at length to be adopted here by all classes. In the hands of the populace, however, it went through many modifications, till finally it lost its original form and character, and became fairly fixed in the plebeian shape of the "quarter-staff," the boasted weapon of English yeomanry, and, as at first in Rome, was carried beneath the arm. Cavaliers who had laid aside the cane when it came into popular use, seeing that, in its various modifications, it retained in the hands of the common people no part of its original shape or purpose, chose to recognise no resemblance to it in the quarter-staff, and once more resumed it in its primitive elegance. It soon became an indispensable article of luxury and ornament; and we are told by Philip Balfour that the gallants of Henry the Third's court vied with each other "in ye fantastick shaipe, beautie, and costlinesse of their caines, whilk dyd haue wounde about ye haundles thereof braides of sylken and goolde corde, withe twain tassells appended thereunto." From a tract written in the third year of the reign of the first Edward by a Franciscan monk, we learn, that besides the tassels, which are worn similarly about modern canes, some of the gayer nobles had little bells attached to them. "Wherefore," reads the tract, "ye Kinge his excellente royall majestie dyd pass a statute forbyding all knyghtes under ye estate of a lorde, esquier or gentylmanne, from wearying lytell belles of golde or sylvere, or other metalls, on theyr caynes, under ye forfeiture of fyftie pence."

According to a manuscript written a few years later, we find that canes were constructed with lutes, shepherds' pipes, and "an instrument of manye keyes,

cunnynglie devysed, on whilk, bye breathyng thereon, these gallantes dyscoursed ryghte pleasaunte musyke to fayre ladyes underneath their balconie."

The original intention of the cane no longer existed; for, in London, dogs were comparatively few in number, and these less ferocious, and better provided with food, than their species in Italian cities: the pike, therefore, fell into disuse, and its place was supplied by the ferrule in its present form. Besides this, there are two additional reasons for their abandonment, given by historians of the period. The venerable Gregory, in his *Memoirs of the Confessor* says, somewhat obscurely, however, that in "Hys daie gentles dyd carrye a pyke fyve ynches yn lengthe, verie sharpe, and oftyn foughte ye duello therewyth yn cyvick broyls; wherefore dyd Kynge Edouard ye Fyrste comande that they delyver them to his royall armourer, who dyd breake therefrom three ynches, leavyng yt pointlesse; and bye statute ye Kynge forbyde such to ben usen more wythin ye walles of Londonne."

Duncan Grime, who is nearly cotemporary with Gregory, says, that by an edict of the last year of Henry III, "alle knyghtes and noblesse," were forbidden to wear any "stykke staffe or caine, or anny kynde of wepon save their goode swoorde, mace of stele, or other knyghtlie armes, yn as moche yt ys unsemelie in knyghtes to go swynging toe and froe a tynklynge baubell yn their fyngeres."

In an ancient poem still extant, written by a certain John Loufkin entitled "Ye Dedes of ye Lord Rychard of Potrelles," who lived in the reign of Edward III, we find that the pike was not only restored to the cane, but this lengthened to five feet, and in this form resembling a light spear, was frequently used in tournaments, and sometimes even in battle. John Loufkin has given at some length an account of jousts held

near Salisbury, where the combatants were armed alone with the "spere-caine."

"The partyes were sonder set,  
 Togyder they ranne without let.  
 Lorde Rychard gan hym dysgyse  
 In a ful strange queyntyse.  
 He bare a schafte that was grete and stronge,  
 It was ful five footen longe,  
 And it was both grete and stout,  
 Four and a halfen ynches about.  
 Of oaken wood it was, and cole blacke,  
 Of sylver bells yt had no lack.  
 From the valaye he forthe strode,  
 And in the lists ful bravely stode.  
 The Kynge came out of a valaye,  
 For to see of their playe—  
 A goode Knyghte he was of valour and main,  
 And well dyght in ye spere-caine,  
 And hymself toke a caine grete and stronge,  
 That was hevy and longe,  
 With wilk, yf he stroke a man's gorgere,  
 Hym repented that he cam there."

After telling us that these jousts were fought on foot and without mail, and that the "atyre" of the combatants was "orgulous, and altogedyr cole black," the poem says:

The trumpettes began for to blowe:  
 Lord Rychard then did runne for to mette,  
 And ful egyrly hys foe hym grette,  
 With a dente on the forehede delde  
 He bare hym down in the felde,  
 And the youth fell to the grounde,  
 Ful nigh ded in that stound.  
 The next that he met thare  
 A grete stroke he hym bare,  
 Thrust his gorgette with his cane thro';

Hys necke he breake there atwo.  
The kynge behelde this from hys stede,  
And was grieved for that, the man was dede,  
And swore on his sworde good blood again  
Shoulde not be shede wythe a spere cane.”

On account of the fatal termination of this joust, King Edward confirmed the oath he had made in the lists, and passed a law prohibiting the “spere cane, mace cane, pyke cane, or any manner of cane whatsoever;” declaring it henceforward an “unknyghtlie appendance.”

In the subsequent reign, during the crusades, the cane was revived among knights, in undress, by one John Lord Montacute, who, being wounded in an assault of Jerusalem, and his sword being broken off, sustained himself back to his tent by a branch plucked from a tree on the mount of olives; which branch, on account of its sacredness, his pious armorer subsequently adorned with “fine steele, golde, and precious stones sette aboute ye handle,” which was cut in the form of a cross. On his recovery, the knight continued to retain this cane, and bear it, when not in battle. From what can be learned of him, at this period he was a gay and youthful cavalier, of great personal accomplishments; and forthwith, his example was followed by both French and English Knights, who, emulous to combine piety with fashion, had well nigh stripped the groves about Jerusalem of every branch, ere the commanders of the Christian hosts interposed to save the hallowed trees. The knights, on their return to Europe, brought with them their sacred staffs, and until the close of the crusades the cane was once more in vogue in all the European cities.

At first, it was confined exclusively to such as had done pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and made only of wood that grew in Palestine; so that, like the scallop-shell, it was recognised as an authentic badge of pil-



grimage. By and by, however, impostors assumed the badge, and substituted ordinary wood from unhallowed soil, and the cane lost much of its sacred character: but what it parted with in sanctity, it gained in elegance. At the close of the last crusade, it was worn by all of gentle birth; and for many years run a brilliant career, exhausting, in the invention of its myriad forms, the purses and tastes of its votaries. At the close of the seventeenth century it got to be worn by schoolboys almost exclusively, and finally became a portion of the necessary wardrobe of the London chimney-sweep. When boys began to wear them, gentlemen gradually laid them aside and substituted the small sword. This was originally worn suspended from a belt at the left side; but it soon got to be the fashion to carry it without sash or belt beneath the arm: a few years later it was used sheathed, exclusively as a walking-stick. With trifling modifications it continued in vogue till near the close of the last century, when it again became the fashion to wear it at the side: the neglected cane, in the meanwhile, after being cast off by the sweeps, adopted by the students of Oxford and Cambridge, and by them resigned to the apprentices of London, seemed to have a legitimate abiding-place in the hands of powdered footmen, valets, and lackeys generally, consigned to a degradation from which it appeared destined never to rise.

Shortly after the American Revolution, at which period all the Christian world was more or less belligerent, the side-arm was laid by, (for all men were tired of war and its insignia,) and the popularity of the cane began to revive. It made its way into favor, at first, but slowly; elderly and middle aged gentlemen, lawyers, and officers of the army, alone adopting it. Its form was also exceedingly simple, resembling strikingly, the original Roman *cani*. Its material was usually the limb of an Indian tree, stout,

straight, and of a bright brown color, having a steel ferrule and a plain gold head, with an eye, through which was passed a black silk cord terminating in two tassels. This form of the cane, and its limitation to the personages above mentioned, prevailed until the commencement of the present century, when this exclusiveness gradually disappeared; younger gentlemen beginning to make their appearance with it on the Sabbath, and by and by some few, who were gentlemen of leisure, wearing it all times. It was not long before it got to be worn by aspiring youths of all classes, but rather as a portion of holyday attire than an article of ordinary convenience and ornament. It has been growing steadily into favor ever since; and men now wear canes, not, as twenty-five years ago, as the badge of a gentleman or the indication of dandyism, but, with certain exceptions to be mentioned hereafter, as a useful, convenient, and agreeable companion, a friend to stand by in the hour of danger, and to him who is worthy of wearing it, wife, horse, dog, friend, all in one.

THE BLACK PATCH;

OR,

A YEAR AND A DAY

H. Kings Library

# THE BLACK PATCH;

OR,

A YEAR AND A DAY.\*

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ONE Christmas eve, not many years ago, the long, paved room of an old and renowned café, near the cathedral in Charles street, New Orleans, was brilliant with lights and gay with the sound of many voices. Nearly every one of its little marble tables, arranged at regular intervals around the wall, was occupied by one or more individuals, either sipping strong Arabian coffee, (for which this house was famous,) from cups the size of half an egg shell; playing at the everlasting game of "domino," smoking, reading the gazette, or, by the loud and energetic conversation, adding to the confusion characteristic of a well frequented restaurateur. Waiters in white jackets, white aprons, and red caps, were flying, jostling to and fro, bearing on little salvers, coffee, in pots and cups, in size and appearance like children's tea-sets; liquors of every name and hue; cigars, and multitudinous glasses of brandy

\* This is a simple relation of facts which actually occurred. It is one of a series of sketches under the title of "Ultra Montaine;" the scenes and incidents of which are laid beyond the Alleghanies, which the author has written for publication at some future time in a pair of volumes.



and water, a favorite New Orleans beverage. A canopy of tobacco smoke, the density of which, all were contributing to increase with commendable industry, (for nearly every one smoked either cigar, pipe, or segarillo,) concealed the upper half of the columns supporting the ceiling, and hung low above the heads of the crowd, which, judging from costume, speech, and complexion, represented every christianised nation on the globe.

Apart, at the upper extremity of the room, sat a young gentleman, who, from his dress and air, was evidently a Parisian. He was not more than twenty-five years of age with a slight, almost feminine figure, of strikingly elegant proportions. His eyes were of a clear gray color, with an eagle-like expression. In his small beautiful shaped mouth, softness, I may say sweetness and manly decision, were equally blended. His dress was rich and in the fashion of 1830, the period of our story. He had been taking coffee with a companion who had just departed and was now seated facing the room, with one arm on the table and a foot upon a chair, and with his hat off, leaving exposed his fine head and temples, over which rich brown curls fell with natural grace. He was smoking and surveying the motley assembly, occasionally, as it seemed, by a slight smile, or a humorous twinkle of his eyes, amusing himself with the ludicrous features which an apt and observing mind will always detect in such a scene. He had finished his third Havana, the hour waxed late, and by degrees the tenants of the tables took their departure. The comparative stillness of the room first appeared to rouse him to a consciousness of the lateness of the hour. Hastily rising, he threw a crown upon the table, and was about also to depart, when two persons who had entered as he rose from his chair, advanced up the room. One of them was a tall, handsome Englishman, with a large muscular frame, his fine fea-

tures were bloated by dissipation, and his whole air was that of a fashionable *roué*. His companion, by the brown cheek, full, black eye, light and symmetrical form, small hand, profusion of jewels and general indolence of action, betrayed the wealthy Mexican exile, many of whom were at this period in New Orleans. He threw himself into the seat vacated by the young Frenchman, and ordered the officious "garçon" to bring a glass of *absente*. The Englishman was about to take the opposite chair, calling at the same time refreshments in a boisterous voice, as if he was partly intoxicated, when fragments of cigars, little heaps of ashes, empty cups, and other signs of the recent occupancy of the table, met his eye.

"What the deuce, Garcia! Take another table. Some cursed Frenchman has just left this. Faugh! It smells of garlick. Come, señor, take the table opposite. These Frenchmen! with their frogs and onions! Pah! come along."

As the speaker turned, his eyes encountered those of the young Frenchman, sparkling with fierce resentment. For a moment he bore his steady gaze, and then looked away, as if ashamed, but the next instant, as if to show that he meant what he had said, and would abide by it, (for the Frenchman's eyes conveyed a menace,) he doggedly added, as men sometimes will do in such cases, "yes, frogs and garlick soup, I say—ay and all Frenchmen to boot!"

He fixed his eyes for an instant after he had spoken, with a brow-beaten look upon the young man, and then sitting down, carelessly repeated his order to the "garçon." The Frenchman gazed on him fixedly for a few seconds longer, and then advanced a step and spoke, while his eagle eye sparkled with angry excitement.

"Was that remark meant for me?"

"As you please," replied the Englishman, coolly. "Garçon, a sardine with my brandy and water."

“I must consider your words as personally aimed, monsieur, and shall expect satisfaction.”

“Lest you should be in doubt as to its personality take *that!* and be careful how you interfere with my remarks a second time.”

With the word, the Englishman gave the Frenchman a blow in the face, which staggered him. For a moment he stood as if bewildered between surprise and pain, surveying his antagonist with a burning cheek and a heaving breast. He thrust his hand into his bosom as if to grasp a weapon, but instantly withdrew it, and placed it upon his cheek, where he had received the disgraceful blow. Then, as if governed by some new feeling, he approached the Englishman with a look and manner from which all excitement was banished, and bending to his ear, as he sat by the table, whispered, so as to be heard only by him, “your blood, sir, shall wash out this disgrace. I bide my time. If it be a year hence, I will be revenged.”

“I will give you a year and a day to win back your honor.”

“A year and a day.”

The next moment the young Frenchman disappeared.

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Eugène Berthoud was the only son of a wealthy Parisian banker. His grandfather lost his head on the guillotine for the crime of being noble. His father had been bred a merchant, to which pursuit he educated Eugène; and when he became of age, gave him a co-partnership in his extensive house, of which there were three branches, in the cities of Liverpool, Cadiz, and New Orleans. Once a year Eugène made the tour of these marts, to supervise the immense business which flowed through these channels from the parent fountain. He had arrived in New Orleans but ten

days before we met him in the café, and had not yet contemplated the object of his visit. He had withdrawn to the restaurateur with one of the partners of his house, after a laborious day, to take coffee; and, as we have seen, was about to retire, when the language of the Englishman arrested his ear. A Frenchman is, perhaps, above other men, keenly sensitive in all that concerns national honor. His country—"la belle France"—is his idol. To praise or censure it, is to praise or censure him individually. They are one, and indivisible. Eugène Berthoud felt like a Frenchman; and like a Frenchman resented as personal the insult cast upon his countrymen. Who would not have done the same?

When he received the blow, his first impulse was to take the life of the aggressor upon the spot. But he was unarmed. Next, the physical power of the tall, muscular Englishman left him no chance in an encounter, where success would depend wholly upon physical superiority; and defeat, he knew, would only add to his disgrace. His mind rapidly surveyed these features of his position, and grasped them in all their bearings. There was yet another argument which had its weight upon a mind so honorably balanced as his, and which alone prevented him from making the certain sacrifice of his life to wipe out his disgrace. This was the consequences of his death to others. This reflection is too apt to be disregarded by honorable minds. A man's honor is as much bound for the interests of others as for its own reputation; and there can be no greater absurdity than for a man rashly to stake his life to uphold his honor, when the loss of his life would bring ruin upon those to whom he is bound by some one of the ties of life. It is with honor to purchase dishonor. The reflection of the injury his father's commercial affairs, of which he had almost the sole management, would receive by any fatal rashness on his part, checked his hand, as he was about to



throw the Englishman his card preparatory to a meeting the ensuing morning. And feeling that it was his duty before he acted for himself, to be able to do so without involving the interests of those with whom he was connected, he instantly decided on the course he should pursue; and signifying to his foe that he should hold him accountable for the insult he had received, he left the apartment. We leave the most finical of our readers to decide whether Eugène Berthoud acted in this instance as a gentleman and merchant should have done, or whether it would have been more honorable for the gratification of personal hostility, to have sacrificed the fortunes of his commercial partners.

“Have I been struck?” he groaned in mental anguish, giving vent to his emotion as he gained the street. “Struck! and the man is free who gave the blow! That Eugène Berthoud should have lived to suffer such disgrace!”

He hurried along Rue des Chartres with his hand to his cheek, which he had not uncovered since the blow, as if he would hide the spot from every human eye. Arrived at his hotel, and answering no question, returning no nod of recognition from friends who passed him in the halls, he sought his room, shut and locked the door behind him, and cast himself upon his bed.

“A blow!” he cried, as he buried his face in the pillow, “and revenge is forbidden me!”

The feelings of a high-minded man, under the circumstances in which he was placed—injured honor pointing to instant revenge—but a more sacred and legitimate honor, withholding, for a time, the expression of his resentment, are better left to the imagination than to the pen.

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The following day, and, indeed, for several days afterwards, a young man might have been seen in the streets of New Orleans, apparently absorbed in business, wearing a large black patch covering one side of his face. He answered no questions from inquisitive friends, and left strangers to wonder. It was Eugène Berthoud. In a few days it was known that the "stranger with the black patch," as he was designated, had left the city. Men shrugged their shoulders, wondered, guessed, and grew no wiser. A few months afterwards, "the stranger with the black patch" excited successively the curiosity of the citizens of Liverpool and Cadiz. At length one evening, about the first of November, 1831, the diligence rumbled up to the door of one of the principal hotels in Paris. A gentleman, wrapped to the eyes in a cloak, descended from it, and walked away at a rapid pace. Hastily traversing the Rue de Richelieu, he entered a narrow alley, and soon emerged in an open square, surrounded by stately dwellings. He crossed the area to one of them, ascended the steps, and without ringing applied a master-key, entered, and closed the door. He passed through the hall with familiar footsteps, and opened a door at its extremity, and entered what might be either a library or a counting-room. Before a table covered with check and account books, bills of lading, receipts, and all the abstract signs and appendages of commerce, sat a fine-looking gentleman, about sixty years of age, poring over an invoice. He raised his eyes; the stranger dropped his cloak, and Eugène Berthoud stood before his father.

The parent rose to embrace him.

"Forbear, sir! I am unworthy of your embrace."

"Wounded, Eugène?" he exclaimed, his eyes having been arrested by the black patch.

"To the heart's core. I have been struck!"

"Ha!" cried the chivalrous old Frenchman, with a sparkling eye. "But you gave back the blow?"

“I did not.”

“A Berthoud struck, and the man unscathed who did it!”

“Lives, and untouched.”

“Then, Eugène Berthoud, you are not my son,” said the old Frenchman, turning from him with indignant contempt.

“Sir! ——”

“Not a word. In your person the blood of a chivalrous race has been attainted.”

In a few words, Eugène, with a burning cheek, related the scene in the café, and his motives in delaying his revenge.

M. Berthoud commended his nice sense of honor, and restored him to his affection.

“My affairs,” concluded Eugène, “and those of our house are all settled. I have devoted the last ten months to it. You will find by these papers that every thing is correct. I had no right to expose my life to the injury of others. Adieu, sir! when we meet again, the son shall not be ashamed to encounter the eye of his parent.”

Placing a packet on the table, he wrapped himself in his cloak, left the house, and hastened to the hotel. The next evening but one, the hills of “sunny France” were just sinking beneath the horizon, as the eyes of the young Frenchmen surveyed from the deck of a packet ship, perhaps for the last time, the shores of his native land.

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On Christmas eve, one year after the events related in the commencement of this sketch, the café St. Louis presented a scene very similar to that we have before described. There stood the same little marble tables arranged along the sides—there sat what appeared to be the same domino-players—the same smokers—the

same brandy and water and liqueur bibbers—the same newspaper porers, and the same *garçons* in white jackets and red caps, with little salvers in their hands, running the same endless round: and as usual, there was a constant coming and going of hungry and thirsty bipeds. By and by their number decreased, till not more than twenty individuals remained in the room. No one had entered for some time, when the door swung open, and Eugène Berthoud, with the black patch upon his cheek came in. He passed up the apartment, attracting all eyes, but indifferent to observation. His piercing glance rested an instant on every countenance, as he traversed the apartment, but the face he sought was not among them. He had been ten days in New Orleans, and night and day had been seeking the Englishman, whom he knew to be a resident of the city, in all his haunts. For the tenth night had he entered the café St. Louis, and waited till midnight, if perchance he might make his appearance. “The year expires to-night,” he thought, as he leaned against a column, and with folded arms fixed his eyes steadfastly on the distant door, with the intenseness of a tiger lying in wait for his prey. Who, in the slight, elegant figure and youthful face of the young Frenchman, would have looked for that deep, settled determination of spirit which he possessed—for the least trace of that fearful vengeance which he was about to exhibit?

Nine—ten—eleven o'clock passed, and he continued to lean against the column with his gaze concentrated on the door. At length it opened, and a party of young gentlemen entered in high spirits. From their conversation, they evidently had just come from the theatre. One after the other he examined their features till six had entered. The door was still ajar—there was a moment's delay, and a seventh came in. It was “the Englishman!”

Reader! you should have witnessed the expression

of Eugène Berthoud's face at that moment! The party walked up the length of the room; and all had passed him but the Englishman. He came opposite the column, and Eugène stepped out and confronted him.

"The time has come!" he said, in a low and calm, but strangely impressive voice.

"Who are you, sir?"

"Your foe!"

"I never saw you before."

"Do you not remember that just one year ago this night, on this spot, you struck a Frenchman in the face?"

"Yes."

"I am he. This patch has ever since hid the spot."

This was said in the even, quiet tones of familiar conversation. There was no sign of passion visible in his countenance. The companions of the Englishman had gathered round and listened with surprise.

"But it is so long ago—there is no cause for quarrel," said the Englishman.

"That you may have cause, I will strike you," said Berthoud, quietly.

Instantly the Englishman received a blow on the face, from his open hand, which made the apartment ring again. Eugène then took a step backward and coolly folded his arms. The Englishman would have returned the blow, had not his friends held him back, with cries of "No, no! all fair. He is right! blow for blow! you must meet in the morning!"

After a few moments of excitement and loud talking, during which Eugène remained calmly standing before them, as if an unconcerned spectator, cards were exchanged, and the parties separated.

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The ensuing morning witnessed a scene by no



means rare in the metropolis of the south-west. In a sheltered field, in the suburbs of the lower Faubourg, on what is termed the "Gentilly road," two hostile parties were discovered preparing to engage in mortal combat. They were the Englishman and Eugène Berthoud. They have taken their stand at ten paces, with pistols in their hands.

"Are you ready?" asked Berthoud's second.

"All ready," was the reply of the second of the opposite party.

"One—two—three—fire!"

The two pistols went off with one report. The Englishman leaped half his height into the air and fell dead, pierced through the heart. Berthoud at the same time clapped his hand to his side and staggered backward. Recovering himself, he walked steadily toward his antagonist and sunk down by his side. Then, as the warm stream spouted from his breast, he tore the black patch from his cheek, bathed his hand in it, and washed the place it had covered.

"Now has his blood wiped out the foul blot his hand placed there. The honor of Berthoud is without stain. I am satisfied!"

Eugène Berthoud, then, with a smile on his lip, breathed out his spirit, and the aggressor and avenger lay side by side in death.





THE STUDENT;

OR,

LOCKET RING.

THE STUBBINS

1870

# THE STUDENT.

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## PART I.

*Hostess.* Prove me this rogue a villain, good Jicol.

*Jicol.* That will I, and on the book too, fair hostess!  
He is most damnably in debt! Is't not a rogue?

*Hostess.* By the mass is he! a double-dyed villain!  
In debt, say'st thou? I would have sworn 'fore God,  
Thou couldst not have proved him such a rogue.

“A LETTER, 'Bel,” said Colonel Willis, without lifting his eyes from the morning gazette, in which he was reading an account of Perry's victory—for at that period of the late war our story opens, “it is from Charlotte, no doubt. Pray Heaven that scape-grace, her husband, may have run away from her.”

'Bel, who had entered the breakfast room, brilliant with health and beauty, turned pale, and with an eager yet trembling hand, took the letter from the table, and retiring to a recess of one of the windows, hastily tore the seal, and earnestly perused its contents.

“MY DEARLY BELOVED ISABEL:

“How I yearn to be once more folded in your sisterly embrace, to lean my aching head upon your bosom, and pour my heart into yours. It is near midnight.

Edward has gone out to seek some means of earning the pittance which is now our daily support. Poor Edward! How he exists under such an accumulation of misery, I know not. His trials have nearly broken his proud and sensitive spirit. Since his cruel arrest, his heart is crushed. He will never hold up his head again. He sits with me all day long, gloomy and desponding, and never speaks. Oh how thankful I feel that he has never yet been tempted to embrace the dreadful alternative to which young men in his circumstances too often fly! May he never fly to the oblivious wine cup to fly from himself. In this, dear Isabel, God has been, indeed, merciful to me. Last night Edward came home, after offering himself even as a day laborer, and yet no man would hire him, and threw himself upon the floor and wept long and bitterly. When he became calmer, he spoke of my sufferings and his own, in the most hopeless manner, and prayed that he might be taken from the world, for Pa would then forgive me. But this will never be. One grave will hold us both. I have not a great while to live, Isabel! But I do not fear to die! Edward! 'tis for Edward my heart is wrung. Alas his heart is hardened to every religious impression—the Bible he never opens, family prayers are neglected, and affliction has so changed him altogether, that you can no longer recognise the handsome, agreeable and fascinating Edward you once knew. Oh, if pa would relent, how happy we might all be again. If dear Edward's debts were paid, and they do not amount to nine hundred dollars altogether, accumulated during the three years of our marriage, he might become an ornament to society, which none are better fitted to adorn. Do, dearest Isabel, use your influence with pa, for we are really very wretched, and Edward has been so often defeated in the most mortifying efforts to obtain employment—for no one would assist him because he is in debt—(the very reason why they should) that



he has not the resolution to subject himself again to refusals, not unfrequently accompanied with insult, and always with contempt. My situation at this time, dearest sister, is one also of peculiar delicacy, and I need your sisterly support and sympathy. Come and see me, if only for one day. Do not refuse me this, perhaps the last request I shall ever make of you. Plead eloquently with pa, perhaps he will not persevere longer in his cruel system of severity. Edward is not guilty—he is unfortunate. But alas, in this world, there is little distinction between guilt and misery! Come, dearest Isabel—I cannot be said “No.” I hear Edward’s footstep on the stair. God bless and make you happier than your wretched sister,

“CHARLOTTE.”

With her eyes overflowing with tears, Isabel folded the letter, and buried her face in the drapery of the window to hide her emotion. Colonel Willis, still intent upon the gazette, was at length startled by a suppressed sobbing, as if the mourner’s heart would break. Hastily crushing the paper in his hand, and laying aside his spectacles, he approached the window: ‘Bel, my love, what has caused this violent agitation?’ he said, passing his arm around her waist, and gently drawing her to his bosom.

She threw her arms about his neck exclaiming, “Poor, poor Charlotte!” and the tears fell faster.

“What, what of Charlotte? no worse news I hope?”

“Oh, pa, you must do something for them,” and she looked up into his face with her liquid eyes, which pleaded with all the eloquence of sisterly affection.

“Isabel,” said Colonel Willis, sternly, “have I not sworn that I never will forgive them? Why will you, my child” he continued in a milder tone, “incur my displeasure by a request so often made, and so repeatedly refused!”

“Yes, but pa, consider that poor Charlotte ——”

“Charlotte is only receiving the reward of her own folly,” interrupted the parent impatiently; “when she eloped with this fortune hunter of a poor student, she knew the consequences. As she has sown, so let her reap. I forbid you, Isabel, on pain of my severest displeasure, to name the subject to me again.”

“Oh, no, no! hear me this once, my dear, dear pa,” continued the lovely pleader, following him to his arm-chair, in which he had reseated himself and resumed the paper, “I have just received *such* a letter from Charlotte!”

“And haven’t I been pestered to death with letters, till I have ordered the post master to direct back all letters, addressed to me bearing the Covington post mark? Isabel, it is useless for you to say any thing more. My mind is made up—The laws of the Medes and Persians were not more unchangeable than my determination. I would not aid them to keep him from the gallows, and her from—”

“Pa, pa!” cried Isabel, placing her hand upon his mouth, “Oh, my dear father, why will you be so rigid?” and the distressed maiden burst into tears.

Colonel Willis was moved by the depth and energy of her emotion. “Forgive me, my child,” he said affectionately embracing her, “you, at least, have never disobeyed me, and I would not intentionally wound your feelings. You are now my only child,” he added with tenderness, yet with better emphasis; and he pressed for a moment his hand to his forehead, as if painful thoughts were passing through his mind.

“Pa,” said Isabel, in a low, sweet, coaxing tone, seizing a mood so favorable to her wishes, determined not to be defeated in her benevolent object, “now wont you read poor Charlotte’s letter?”

“I am very busily reading,” he said in a gruff, decided tone, rattling the paper and bringing it closer to his eyes emphatically, as if to silence importunity.

“But, pa, sister Charlotte writes me to visit her for a few days!”

The whole attention of Colonel Willis was directed still more perseveringly to the columns of the gazette, notwithstanding his spectacles, without the assistance of which he could not see a letter, were lying behind him on the table.

“She writes me,” continued the persevering girl, “that she is very ill.”

“Ill! *ill*, did you say, Isabel?” he cried, thrown off his guard, all the father struggling in his bosom for the mastery.

“N—no, not exactly ill—just now, pa—but—but—” and the confused and blushing girl hesitated. Turning sharply round at her embarrassment, her father repeated—“‘N—no, not exactly ill—but—but—but—’ What is the meaning of this hesitancy, Isabel? I have never known you to deceive me, and I cannot think you would fabricate an untruth even to see your worthless sister. Give me the letter!” he added, sternly. Isabel gave it to him in silence. He adjusted his spectacles and commenced perusing it; uttering a “pshaw” at every few lines; but when he came to the sentence in which his daughter alluded to her approaching illness, earnestly beseeching her sister to be with her at that time, Isabel, who had watched every movement of his features, observed a softened expression pass over them, and a tear which he in vain strove to crush with his eye lid, steal down his browned cheek. Nature, true to herself, at such a moment, would assert her empire. “Poor Charlotte indeed!” he said, half aloud, closing the letter, as the tear dropped upon it and blotted her name, “Isabel, you may go to her.”

The next moment she was weeping for joy in her father’s arms.

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THE STUDENT.

PART II.



一九五九年九月二十二日

第 100 号

# THE STUDENT.

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## PART II.

EDWARD CARRINGTON had been two years a student of divinity, when his health, impaired by incessant toil beside the midnight lamp, exiled him to a more genial clime than that of New England. A graduate of Dartmouth college, he had supported himself through his collegiate course on the scanty pittance realised by keeping a village school during the winter vacations, for he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, pious, humble and poor. Through his triennial course of Theology, to his individual exertions alone he also looked for support. He chose the ministry, not to promote his worldly interests, to have a "profession" or from any other improper motives: but from a sense of duty, and because, as a minister of the gospel, he felt that he would be most useful to his fellow men. Answering the apostle's directions for this sacred office, he was vigilant, patient, sober, apt to teach, and withal conscientiously and sincerely pious. He therefore chose the ministry.

There remained but one year to complete his course of study, when that last hope, and often, ultimately, the grave of the northern consumption—a southern

climate—wooed him to health. He left home with bright hopes, a light purse, and his mother's blessing.

On board the packet carrying him from Boston to Charleston, was the president of a southern University, returning home from a tour among the lakes of New England. The unassuming manners and agreeable conversation of Edward, united with his fine talents and high scholastic attainments, ripened, in the space of a few days, from a mere traveller's acquaintance, into an intimacy which promised to promote materially the interests of our young adventurer. On his arrival at the port of their destination, the President proposed to him that he should accept a tutorship in his university, until he could obtain a private situation in a planter's family, when his duties would be less laborious, and more time could be found for study. In a few days, Edward was busily engaged in fulfilling the duties of his new station.

The officers of the college were occasionally invited to the dinner parties given by the neighboring planters. On one of these occasions, six months after his arrival in the south, at Laurel Hill, the residence of her father, Colonel Willis, a surviving revolutionary soldier, Edward saw for the first time the lovely and accomplished Charlotte Willis, the eldest of two daughters, the only children of this gentleman. Charlotte was at this period, just entering her nineteenth year. Her figure was faultless. Her hair was jetty as the raven's plumage, her eyes large, black, and full of intellectual expression. She was altogether a graceful and fascinating creature, with an excellent but susceptible heart, an amiable disposition, and an accurately cultivated mind. Her beauty—for she was surpassingly fair—like *chef d'œuvres* of painting or sculpture, would not at first strike you, but won upon you as you gazed. She could not be termed "beautiful" exactly, nor "handsome," nor, indeed, "pretty:" none of these terms, which have their own proper applications, how-

ever perverted, would suit her style of beauty. She was *lovely*—a Rose Bradwardine, rather than a Flora MacIvor. Her manner was gentle, and in conversation, her eyes were oftener concealed behind their drooping lids, and long silky fringes, than lifted to the faces of those with whom she spoke. She was a woman for poets to deify—for men to love.

Edward Carrington saw Charlotte Willis as he entered the drawing room at Laurel Hill, and from that moment the destinies of the two became forever united. Edward, at this period was a strikingly handsome young man. Health had returned to his cheek and animation to his eye. His features were noble, and his person manly and elegant. His general manner was grave, or rather quiet; but when he strove to please, few men have displayed higher powers of conversation than he exhibited—his wit flashed, but was harmless, while his humor was irresistible. Although college professors, or “teachers,” as they are commonly termed in the south, are not there recognised of the “caste” which entitles them to free admission into the best southern society (for teaching is a sort of mechanical employment, and therefore, not exactly *comme il faut*.) Edward Carrington, on account of his pleasing address, soon became a frequent and welcome visiter at the mansion of Colonel Willis. What with mingling voices in the same air, bending till cheek touched cheek, over the same drawing—for Edward drew and sung delightfully—riding out nearly every evening, and other opportunities placed in their way by Cupid, and to which Isabel was *particeps criminis*, Edward and Charlotte became within two months after their first meeting, as deeply in love as any author of moderate ambition would wish his hero and heroine to be. Charlotte loved with her whole heart. Her love was deep, pure, and unchangeable. For Edward she lived, moved, and had

her being. Love had changed her whole character. It was to her a new existence of the purest bliss, which she would not exchange for any other. In the heart of Edward, this new passion which he had introduced there, assumed an alarming aspect. None of the officers of the institution were professors of religion.

Among the surrounding planters, its forms were loosely observed. Gaiety and pleasure, and the amusements and business of life seemed to absorb all minds around him. None were congenial with his own. His opportunities of private devotion, when he first attached himself to the University were few and interrupted, as the rulers of the institution required that the tutors should room with the most troublesome students. That privacy necessary to devotion, not being always attainable, occasional omission of closet devotions, finally ripened into a total neglect of them. The lively society he met with at "Laurel Hill" was not calculated to foster religious feeling, and at length, like a plant that withers for want of nourishment and care, his religious impressions gradually faded from his heart, and Edward Carrington became a gay and worldly young man. When love took possession of his heart, the image of Charlotte Willis wholly displaced that of the Savior, and the closet and the Bible were altogether given up for the drawing room and works of fiction.

Four months had expired, each day closer binding the lovers in those pleasing chains, which, it is said, no doubt slanderously, that only Hymen can unloose, when the eyes of Colonel Willis were opened. The lovers had never thought of "Pa." They loved each other, and looked not beyond themselves or the present moment. One afternoon Colonel Willis suddenly entered the parlor, and the lovers did not recover themselves soon enough to prevent him from observ-



ing that Edward had been seated by Charlotte, with his arm enfolding her waist, and that she was just placing a large agate upon his finger.

Edward was sternly but politely forbidden the house—for Edward Carrington was a poor student, and Charlotte Willis was an heiress! The third morning after this event, the carriage of Colonel Willis rolled down the avenue to the high road, followed by an open barouche, containing servants and baggage, and by the evening of the next day, it was known generally throughout the neighborhood, that the family at Laurel Hill had departed on a tour to the Virginia Springs.

Before his departure, Colonel Willis had so far exerted his influence with the board of Trustees, of which he was a prominent member, that he received the promise that Mr. Carrington should be removed so soon as one could be found to supply his place. In the course of three weeks, therefore, Edward was displaced from his tutorship. The president, his friend and patron, had previously resigned his office on account of ill health, and, notwithstanding he was one of the most efficient officers in the institution, Edward was sacrificed to the vindictive displeasure of Colonel Willis. Ill news will fly, while good tidings move at a snail's pace. In a few days, it was known to all, who had known Edward, that he had been removed from his tutorship. There were a hundred causes devised, but no one was the true one. The victim himself well knew the author of his disgrace, and bore up against the adverse tide of his fortunes with manly fortitude. His efforts to obtain a private tutorship were unsuccessful, for busy rumor had begotten prejudice and suspicion, and all his applications were coldly received. At length, mortified at his disappointment, he determined to try his fortune where his ill-fame had not yet preceded him, and with the balance due him of his small salary, he set forth on foot, for he was

too poor to ride. The wanderer proceeded to a neighboring village, where he passed the night, and in the morning made a detour through the adjacent plantations to seek a private tutorship in some family, but his exertions were unsuccessful. He passed several days, going from village to village, and from plantation to plantation, in a fruitless search for a situation, until his money was exhausted, he entered a remote village and threw himself upon the benevolence of the Methodist clergyman of the place—for he felt that if human sympathy still lingered on earth, it must have its home in the hearts of the followers of Christ. Through the kind assistance of this good man, he obtained a small school in the village, and was once more comparatively happy. But when he thought of Charlotte, melancholy and despondency reigned in his bosom.

One evening he was leaning over the railing of a rural bridge on the skirts of the village, thinking of Charlotte, and brooding over his poverty and blighted hopes. His disposition had become soured by his misfortunes, and he dared not fly for consolation to that religion, which in prosperity he had neglected. He had grown misanthropic; and at times, during his greatest destitution, had even dared to question the existence of an overruling Providence. So rapid is the descent from belief to infidelity, when once the hold is loosed! As he gazed into the dark flood gliding stilly beneath, tempted to plunge into it, and terminate at once his life and sufferings, the sound of distant wheels and the clatter of horse's hoofs roused him from his guilty meditations, and turning round, he saw a carriage descending the hill to the bridge, and the next moment, with the speed which benighted travellers are wont to exert, it rolled past him across the bridge and drove into the village. In a country, where every planter keeps his carriage, there was nothing extraordinary in the appearance of a handsome travelling equipage entering an obscure hamlet,

in a remote district. Yet an undefinable sensation that he was in some way interested in the appearance of this carriage, induced him to retrace his steps to the village inn. When he arrived there, he saw the carriage, with a barouche which had passed him just after he had left the bridge, standing in the yard of the hostlery, and, in reply to his inquiries, was informed by a communicative slave, that "a gemman and two young misusses had come to stay all night." On entering the inn, the landlady told him that she had given his room to the two young ladies, as it opened into the gentleman's, who was their father, and that "she had spoken to neighbor Bryan, across the way, to give him a bed at her house. As Edward was only the "teacher," he could be stowed away any where, as well as be ejected from his room. He quietly acquiesced, and occupied, in common with four little chubby urchins, his scholars, a bed at "neighbor Bryan's."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, on entering the student's bed room, "we might as well sleep in the coach as here, for this bit of a box isn't much bigger."

"It will do, Isabel; any accommodations will be good enough for me—if you can only put up with them. I am wearied of this journey:" and the speaker leaned her head upon her beautiful hand, sighed, and gazed with an absent air into a small mirror before her, which reflected a face pale but strikingly interesting.

"If pa thinks this driving about here, there, and everywhere," said the other, "is to drive Edward out of your head, or mine either, for that matter, Charlotte—for I love him almost as much as you do—I can tell him he is sadly mistaken. Heavens! Charlotte, look at this ring!" she exclaimed, taking from one of the little toilet drawers of the bureau, into one after another of which, with true female curiosity, she had

been peeping, and holding before her sister a ring set with a very large agate, of peculiar form; "It is the very ring you gave Edward."

Charlotte sprung forward with a faint, but joyful exclamation, seized the ring, gazed on it eagerly for an instant, then with trembling fingers pressed a concealed spring. The agate flew open, displaying a miniature locket, within which was enclosed a lock of her own brown hair. She could not be mistaken! It was the self same ring she was placing on Edward's finger, at the fatal moment her father entered the room, a moment of mingled joy and bitterness to both lovers, and from which all their subsequent and future misery was dated. She kissed the recovered treasure, over and over again, until Isabel, who thought she never would have done, proposed the very sensible query, "I wonder how it came here?"

Poor Charlotte! she was too happy in the possession of such a memento of her lover, to think of any thing else but the joy of possessing it. "I wonder how it did?" she at length repeated, thoughtfully and looking into Isabella's face for an explanation. They began to puzzle their heads by a good many possible and impossible ways, by which it might have come there. The idea never occurred to them that Edward himself might have brought it there. Of his dismissal they had not heard, nor indeed received any intelligence of Edward since they had left Laurel Hill three months before, and supposing that he was still in the University, the hope of soon meeting with him, as they were now travelling homeward, alone supported Charlotte, whose health and spirits were hourly passing away, during the fatigues of the journey. That he should be, therefore, one hundred miles from home during term-time, was not probable.

In the midst of their perplexities, a little female slave entered the room.



“Can you tell me, you little chit,” eagerly inquired Isabel, “whose ring this is?”

The slave looked for a short time closely at the ring with her large, round eyes, as if decyphering hieroglyphics, and then replied with great confidence:

“Yes, missis, I’s seen him on um massa teacher’s fing’r.”

“The teacher!” repeated Isabel, looking archly at her sister; “what teacher?”

“Him what’s got dis room, missis.”

“Does he keep a school in the village?”

“Yes, missis, he do, dis five, six week.”

“Six weeks! It can’t be, Charlotte. Where is he now?”

“Gone over to massa Bryan’s.”

“Do you know his name?”

“Massa teacher, missis.”

“No, no, but his name?” interrogated Isabel impatiently.

“I don’t know, missis; dey al’ays call him massa teacher.”

This information not being very satisfactory, and despairing of further intelligence from such a source, they retired for the night—not, however, without coming to the determination to take possession of the ring, arguing that he who left it there had no honest title to it.

The ensuing morning at dawn, they resumed their journey, and on the evening of the fourth day arrived at Laurel Hill. Here they soon learned the fate of Edward.

“Charlotte,” said Isabel entering her sister’s room, the morning after their return, and a few minutes after they had learned the fatal news, “dry your eyes—Edward is not lost to you, after all pa’s persecution.”

The weeping girl raised her tearful eyes, and fixed them with a hopeless gaze upon the animated face of her gayer sister.

“Now don’t look so like a monument of wo, Char-



lotte," continued Isabel, smiling and embracing her, "and I will tell you something that will make your heart jump. Do you remember the little inn at which we slept four nights ago?"

Charlotte pressed the agate which was upon her finger to her lips, in reply.

"Well, then, it is my belief that Edward left the ring there—that it was his room we occupied—and in fine that he himself, and none other, was 'massa teacher.'"

Charlotte hung upon her sister's words, trembling between hope and fear, and then threw herself with a cry of joy upon her neck.

That night Charlotte Willis mysteriously disappeared from the mansion at Laurel Hill, leaving the following note on her father's dressing table:

"MY DEAR FATHER:—

"I have learned the extremity of your anger against Edward. Your vindictive cruelty has cast him friendless upon the world, and I fly to share his fortune. I must ask your forgiveness for the step I am about to take. I am betrothed to Edward by vows that are registered in Heaven.—Alas! it is his poverty alone that renders him so hateful to you—for once you thought there was no one like Edward. God bless you, my dear father, and make you happy here and hereafter.

"Your still affectionate daughter,

"CHARLOTTE."

When Colonel Willis read this note, the morning after her departure, the violence of his rage was unbounded. Isabel was calm, and so far from being disturbed or surprised at her sister's absence, she wore a smile of peculiar meaning, as one after another the servants rode into the court, bringing no tidings of the fugitive, that betrayed more knowledge of Charlotte's movements than she would have been willing her father should know.

The tenth morning after the mysterious disappearance of his ring, which the little slave informed him she had seen one of the strange young ladies place upon her finger, Edward was sitting in his room, brooding over the shipwreck of both his temporal and spiritual hopes, without the moral power to retrieve either, when he heard the stage, which three times a week passed through the village, stop at the door of the inn. In a few seconds the landlady's voice reached his ears.

"Yes, my pretty lad, he is. That's the room at the top o' the stairs, right side of the bannisters." A light footstep on the stairs, and a faint tap at his door, followed this very audible direction.

"Come in," said Edward, mechanically, without raising his eyes, for domiciliary visits from his scholars were not unusual.

The door slowly opened, as if the intruder wanted confidence; and a youth, enveloped in a cloak, with a cloth travelling cap, such as is worn by female equestrians, but without the plume, upon his head, entered the room. Love penetrates the cunningest disguises. One glance from the student was sufficient. The recognition was mutual.

"Charlotte!"

"Edward!" And the lovers were in each other's arms.

The natural consequence, when true lovers will not be twain, followed in this instance. They were made one the same morning, by Edward's friend, the benevolent Methodist clergyman. Edward now felt that his privations and sufferings were terminated, "For," he said, folding her to his heart, "there can be no suffering with so sweet a sharer of my vicissitudes."

Happy as this marriage made Edward Carrington, as a lover, it involved him in greater difficulties as a member of society. Until now, he had, by strict economy, just lived within the limits of the small income

derived from his school. By his marriage his expenses were doubled, while the number of his scholars remained the same. Although the gentle Charlotte, in uniting her fate with Edward's, had acted with an energy and decision contrary to her native character, (for what metamorphoses will not love effect?) she had not acted without reflection. By the legacy of a deceased aunt, she possessed in her own right five thousand dollars, which was placed in the bank of Charleston, subject either to her own or, until she was eighteen years of age, her father's check. For this sum she drew a check the day after her marriage. But the first act of her father, on recovering from the burst of rage to which he gave way on discovering his daughter's elopement, was, as its trustee, to withdraw this legacy from the bank.

This source so unexpectedly dried up, the youthful pair, wretched in their fortunes, but happy in their loves, exerted every means in their power to meet the exigences of their situation, still continuing to occupy the little study which Edward had originally tenanted.

It would be painful to recount the various vicissitudes, which they had to encounter the first year, during which period the pittance from Edward's school scarcely supplied them with the necessaries, and none of the comforts of life. At length Charlotte was taken ill, and he was compelled to incur debts with a physician, and the stores in the village; and for some time he continued to struggle through debt and poverty, when the landlord of the humble inn, which they had so long made their home, finding, that on account of Mrs. Carrington's illness, her husband's debts and expenses increased, and that bills from others were presented against him, which he could not meet, began to look out for his own interests, which were in danger on account of six months' arrears due him for their board. He, therefore, entered his room one morning, and very politely requested Edward to settle

his bill, or find rooms elsewhere. He could not do the former, and chose the latter.

Over his school-house was a vacant room, sometimes used by the erudite school committee as a place of meeting. This he was permitted to occupy, and with the scanty furniture he had from time to time accumulated, he furnished it, and moved there amid the abusive language of his landlord, and the sneers of the villagers, many of whom that day took their children from school because "the master was such a bad character, always having constables after him," Edward indeed experienced the fate of most debtors, particularly those who are professional men or students. A merchant may owe his thousands, and if unable to meet his notes at maturity, he "breaks," and at one fell swoop settles with his creditors, perhaps at ten cents on the dollar. His character stands as fair as before. He has only *failed!* But a literary or professional man, whose small and uncertain income may render the contraction of small debts necessary, alas! cannot "fail." His accounts, presented one after another, are put by in hopes of better times: these never arrive, and constables, armed with writs, besiege his door, and he soon gains the reputation, worse than that of the thief, or gambler, of "not paying his debts." A gentleman, of sterling integrity, with a narrow income, may contract, with the most upright intentions, several small debts, whose aggregate, like Edward's shall not exceed nine hundred dollars, by which he will suffer more annoyance and lose far more in reputation, if he is not able to pay them when due, than the bold gambling speculator, who suddenly "breaks," and leaves his protested name on paper to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars. Truly, it would seem less venial to be a delinquent on a large scale, than suffer the obloquy consequent of petty offences!

Edward Carrington finally became a shunned man



—for he was in debt! His school was gradually dwindling away, and he in vain sought to obtain some additional or a more lucrative employment. Day after day he traversed the vicinity on foot, seeking the means of livelihood.—Once he was absent nearly two days, when a report flew through the village that the unhappy young man had “run off,” leaving his wife on the charity (Heaven save the mark!) of the town.”—But when at length he returned, dispirited and broken-hearted, and cast himself in despair upon the floor of his wretched abode, unable to meet the eyes of the patient and suffering Charlotte, the villagers changed their gossip to surmises, “that these frequent absences could be for no good.” And a highway robbery having been perpetrated about that period, he was generally suspected of being its author. This latter rumor had not got well whispered over the town, before all Edward’s creditors sent in their bills, each anxious to get the first share of the windfall. Alas, for the reputation of the poor debtor! No crime is so enormous that he is not capable of committing it! Let me be a pirate—a bandit—a highway robber—a gambler—a drunkard—anything but a poor debtor!

Edward’s afflictions, aided by the patient example and quiet influence of Charlotte, gradually drew him back to his religion. On her gentle nature, deep sorrow exercised a heavenly influence, and unable to find happiness on earth, she looked forward with the strong hope of the christian, for a resting place in Heaven. Affliction had made her a Christian! Her sweet influence drew Edward back to the altars he had deserted, and as he kneeled beside her in morning and evening worship, he felt that chastisement had been indeed a blessing. His religious exercises at length became weapons for his neighbors.—They very reasonably thought, that for a man to pray in his family, morning and night, and not pay his debts, must be the very height of hy-



pocrisy. Therefore, his unassuming piety became rather his own enemy. During all these severe trials, the gentle Charlotte was his guardian angel. She checked his murmurings, soothed his wounded spirit, and poured the balm of consolation into his broken heart. While he was going from place to place seeking a situation—for his little school was now entirely broken up—she was on her knees in her closet, praying for his success. When he returned wearied and disappointed, ready to lie down and die with the accumulation of his sorrows, for their last dollar, (the remnant of a remittance from Isabel, who knew their situation, and who sent them every dollar she could command,) was gone, she exerted all those little tendernesses of voice and manner which a young affectionate wife knows so well how to avail herself of, to encourage him to stem the adverse current. The last sum they had received from the noble Isabel, was parted with before night, to an inexorable, lynx-eyed creditor, who kept up a system of espionage upon the post office, (for he knew Edward had received money by letter,) the good natured post master's lady having sent him the information, that "a letter containing money had just arrived for 'the teacher.'"

A month after this, a traveller was knocked down and robbed near the school-house. The same day a small donation from Isabel arrived, and Edward paid a small bill with all that his necessities could spare of it, to save himself from the degradation—worse than death to his sensitive spirit—of a jail. The bank note, which he gave in payment chanced to be on the bank of the United States, and the money of which the traveller was robbed was in notes on the same national institution. There was ample proof of guilt where a poor and friendless man, and withal in debt, was the suspected person. Edward was arrested on suspicion,

by the very creditor to whom he paid the money, and no doubt would have fallen a victim to popular prejudice, had not a negro, while his examination was going on before the village magistrate, ignorant of its value, offered a one hundred dollar note on the same bank at a grocery. He was dragged before the magistrate—and on the appearance of this more probable criminal, the justice discharged Edward, unable to prove anything against him, advising him “to pay his debts and become an honest man.”

There are men who censure, pity, nay, shun their neighbors in distress, when by the offer of a fraction of their means, their countenance or advice, they might advance him to a situation where he would command their respect, instead of exciting their contempt or commiseration. The magistrate was wealthy and a bachelor, and might have enabled Edward to follow his insulting advice, without the diminution of a single bottle of wine a year, or a less quantum of sleep. But Edward was poor and in debt—two very excellent and sufficient reasons why he should not receive assistance. Through the hands of this magistrate, who was a member of the church, and ate and drank at the communion table, had passed all the demands against Edward. He consequently was aware of his circumstances, his resources, and his inability to liquidate his debts, nevertheless took no steps to relieve him. Yet this man was a Christian, made long prayers at monthly concerts, and professed to love his neighbor as himself! How little there is to distinguish the professor from the non-professor, in the daily transactions of life!

From the moment of his arrest, Edward abandoned himself to his fate, and sat for hours, without speaking, beside his patient and dying wife, for unexpressed grief was silently, like the worm in the bud, feeding upon her damask cheek, and sapping at the germ of

life. At this period of their melancholy existence, when she began to look forward to the hopes and pleasures of a mother; Charlotte addressed the letter to her sister, with which we commenced this tale of real life.



THE STUDENT.

PART III.





# THE STUDENT.

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## PART III.

ON a pleasant afternoon in June, six days after Charlotte had written the letter the reception of which formed the introduction to our tale, the arrival of a handsome close carriage, with dark bay horses, and a footman, its pause at the stairs, leading on the outside of the school house to Edward's room above, and the descent from it of a beautiful young lady, created quite a sensation throughout the gossiping village of Covington. Before sunset, there was not a soul, from the bedridden grandam to the squalling infant, that did not know that the "elegant fine lady" was Isabel Willis, sister of "*that* Mrs. Carrington" who had come to pass a few days with her.

We pass over Isabel's sensations at witnessing Charlotte's wretchedness, the half of which had not been told her. She lost not a moment in looking for a better house, and easily obtained, for she wore the exterior of opulence, a neat white cottage, in a pleasant situation. Paying the first quarter in advance, and purchasing several necessary articles of furniture, the next day she saw them take possession of it, both far happier than they had been for a long period. The

little cottage was ornamented with a portico, honeysuckles wound around the columns, and climbed up the windows, there was a white paling before it, enclosing a little green front yard, and altogether their new abode wore an air of comfort and seclusion that was soothing to the senses. The first evening under their new roof was sanctified by the erection of the family altar. Edward's heart was touched by this change in his condition, and he gave utterance to his overloaded bosom, in grateful and humble thanksgivings. They kneeled together there—a holy family; the beautiful Isabel beside the bedside of her sister, who lay with her transparent eyelids closed, her emaciated fingers clasped and her lips parted—pale and ethereal in her fading loveliness; while Edward, his haggard, yet intellectual face lifted upward, his eyes streaming with tears of penitence and gratitude poured forth his soul in prayer. It was a scene for angels to linger over, as they passed on their celestial messages.

But Isabel, although with the limited means her father had allowed her, for her own expenses, she had done so much to promote their comfort, could not release Edward from the incubus—debt, which weighed down his spirits, and continued to spread a blight upon his reputation. Early, the morning after they had taken possession of the cottage, Isabel settled a small bill presented to her by a Shylock to whom her brother was indebted. This soon got wind, and in the course of the day nearly every debt he had incurred, with interest added, was presented for settlement to the “rich young Miss.” What could poor Isabel do? Her only resources were from her father, who limited them. She finally rid herself of the flock of greedy cormorants, by promising on her return, to state her brother's circumstances, and their claims, to her father, and take measures for satisfying them. This had the effect of a temporary cessation of hostilities, and Edward, when he went into the village

street, which he had so long shunned, was accosted as if he were a fellow being, instead of being pointed at with the finger of rudeness and contempt, or dunned and insulted.

Isabel had been nearly two weeks with her sister, whose health and spirits daily improved, when one morning Edward, once more wearing a cheerful countenance, brought her a letter from the post office. It was from her father, who was confined to his bed by the gout, and earnestly requested, or rather commanded, her immediate return. She entered Charlotte's room to communicate its contents, and found her in tears, her eyes wild, and her whole manner expressive of the intensest alarm. "Dearest Charlotte, what has distressed you?" she exclaimed throwing her arms about her neck.

Charlotte, nervous from the state of her health, and sensitive as the delicate plant that shrinks from the touch, wept for a moment upon her sister's neck before she spoke. "Oh, Isabel! such a dream! God grant it may never be reality!"

"Only a dream, Charlotte! Why should a foolish dream so distress you?"

"Oh, that it were only a dream, sister—but it was a vision—so vivid—so real! And yet I thought I was dead, too."

"Dead! dearest Charlotte! Now banish such idle fancies from your head. You are a little nervous, and imagination magnifies trifles. Lie down, and I will finish the tale of Eloise and Abelard."

"No, no, Isabel," replied the invalid, grasping her sister's hand and looking very serious—"I must tell you my dream, for it weighs heavy upon my mind. Sit by my pillow, Isabel—nay, do not smile, dear sister—there is something prophetic in what I have had revealed. Poor dear Edward! has he not real trials enough, that even dreams should arm themselves against him?"

Charlotte's voice and manner were very solemn and impressive, and it was with feelings allied to superstition that Isabel took her sister's hand within her own, and placed herself by her pillow.

"After Edward rose," said Charlotte, shuddering at the recollection of what she was about to relate, "I slept and dreamed that I was dead—that I had died by night in my bed, and that Edward was arrested as my murderer. I thought I saw him tried, condemned and borne to the gallows! I beheld the rope placed about his neck, and saw the clergyman leave him! The drop was just about to fall when you entered and awoke me. Oh, God! how vividly real it all is!" she said, pressing her fingers upon her eyes as if she would shut out some appalling vision, while her whole frame shook with intense agitation. Isabel was not unmoved, yet tried every means to soothe her sister, and divert her thoughts, in vain. But Charlotte was not to be turned from the subject. "Sister," she said, "I feel your kindness, but you exert it in vain. You may think me foolish—but I must make one request of you. This ring," she continued, with increasing solemnity, taking the agate locket from her finger, "was a gift from me to Edward, in happier days. Write the particulars of my dream, the date and circumstances, on a piece of tissue paper, enclose it in the locket, and drive to Judge Ellice's and place it on his finger, telling him that I desire him not to remove it until you or I ask him for it. This request may appear foolish to you, Isabel, but I entreat you to comply with it, as my last and dying request."

Isabel was awed by the solemn earnestness of her manner, and promised to obey. Charlotte smiled and kissed her affectionately, and her face once more assumed a cheerfulness to which it had long been a stranger. Isabel religiously fulfilled her promise. She drove that morning to Judge Ellice's mansion, nine miles distant, in the country. The Judge had formerly



been a frequent visiter at Laurel Hill, and received the daughter of his friend, Colonel Willis, with cordial hospitality, and accepted the bequest of her sister, although surprised at its singularity, and promised not to remove it from his finger until requested to do so by one of them. Isabel did not make him acquainted with the contents of the locket, nor indeed that the ring contained a concealed spring.

“I regret I did know your sister was residing so near me, my dear Miss Willis,” he said, as he attended Isabel to her carriage; “it is strange she should not have let me know it. Good morning—I will keep the ring safe—for my head is rather freely sprinkled with snow, for me to hope for a repetition of such a gift from fair hands. ’Tis odd enough,” he said to himself, as the carriage drove down the avenue, “but ladies at times will have strange whims in their heads.”

The ensuing morning, Isabel left her sister, apparently much improved in health and spirits, and travelling rapidly homewards, arrived at Laurel Hill on the evening of the third day, and found Colonel Willis lying dangerously ill. Her presence and kind nursing contributed, at first, to his convalescence; but the promise of returning health was delusive. In a few days after her return, he became so much worse, that he made his will in favor of Isabel, to which, a few hours before he expired, he voluntarily added a codicil, in which he bequeathed “to the child or children of Edward and Charlotte Carrington, the sum of ten thousand dollars, to be placed in bank for their use, the interest of which, until the children were of age, to be drawn quarterly by Edward and Charlotte Carrington, for their own proper use.” It further stated, that in case the child or children should die before they were of age, then the principal should be vested in Charlotte Carrington, wife of Edward Carrington, in her own right, but at her death, without further issue, the said

Edward Carrington should become sole heir to the bequest." The testator also expressed his entire forgiveness of Charlotte, and shortly after expired. Death, with his icy fingers upon the heart, is a wonderful humanizer! The approach of death had softened Colonel Willis's heart. When men feel that they are soon to appear before the bar of God as pleaders for pardon and mercy for themselves, they then willingly forgive, as they hope to be forgiven!

After the funeral ceremonies were over, some days were consumed by the executors in fulfilling the will of the deceased. They immediately wrote to Edward, informing him of the bequest in his favor. It was, however, necessary for three months to elapse before, by the accumulation of interest, he could derive any benefit from it. Isabel, after the first deep passion of filial grief had moderated, determined to invite her brother and sister to make Laurel Hill their future home. Circumstances prevented her writing for this purpose, until three weeks after her father's death. She had just completed a letter on the subject to Edward, when Dr. Morton, one of the Executors of Colonel Willis, unannounced, entered the library where she was writing, and said hastily, without noticing her invitation to be seated, "is not your brother-in-law's name Carrington—*Edward Carrington?*"

"Yes, sir," replied Isabel, agitated and foreboding evil.

"A school teacher, or has been such?" he continued, drawing a country newspaper from his pocket, and looking steadfastly at a paragraph, "God forbid that it should be him! Read *that*, my poor girl!" he said with emotion, giving her the newspaper, and pointing to a paragraph headed "Unparalleled Murder." Isabel grasped the paper convulsively, and read with a pale cheek and glazed eye, the following characteristic newspaper notice to its close.

"One of the most cold-blooded, deliberate, and atro-

cious murders, it has ever been our province to record, was perpetrated on the night of the 10th instant, in the neighboring village of Covington. The victim, was a lovely woman, the daughter of a distinguished planter of this state, but recently deceased—the criminal, her own husband, late a school-teacher in that place. It appears, that by a long course of dissipation and idleness, he had squandered away both his own fortune and hers, which was large, and has for some months past been notorious in that village, as a worthless fellow—although a man of education and superior talents—deeply in debt, and altogether unworthy of confidence. For one or two highway robberies, committed in the vicinity of his dwelling, he has been before arrested, but for want of sufficient evidence he was acquitted. While, from his occasionally having sums of money in his possession, which he had no ostensible means of coming honestly by, the presumption is, that he is an old offender. The present crime, however, leaves all others behind, and what adds to its atrocity, is, it appears from subsequent information, that his wife's father, the late Colonel W——, who had disinherited her for making such an imprudent match, in his will bequeathed her and her husband the interest of twenty thousand dollars, the principal being placed in bank, until the child, of which the lady was then enceinte, should become of age. But if the child should not live to that period, the principal was vested in the mother, secure from the husband's control, and in case of her death, without further issue, the husband himself was to become sole inheritor of this noble bequest. This was a will too favorable to an unprincipled man, to be suffered to go unimproved for his immediate personal benefit. On Tuesday morning last, therefore, when the lady's confinement was daily expected, she was found dead in her bed! Suspicion was immediately directed to the husband, which his character and the circumstances strength-

ened. He was seized by the infuriated villagers, and carried before a magistrate, who committed him to prison, where he now lies awaiting his trial, which will take place next Monday, the court being now in session. The name of the murderer is Edward Carington."

Isabel, by a supernatural effort, read the paragraph through, and then fell lifeless to the floor. For nearly four weeks she was confined to her bed, a maniac. When she recovered her reason, her first act was to order her carriage, command the attention of Doctor Morton, and proceed with all speed to Covington.

THE STUDENT.

PART IV.



조선의 문물

1900년

# T H E S T U D E N T .

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## PART IV.

WE will return to the humble cottage occupied by Edward and Charlotte, and present to the reader the lovely scene it exhibited one evening about three weeks after Isabel's departure, and a few days after they had learned of Colonel Willis's death and bequest. Edward's religious feelings had returned in their full power, with his improved circumstances and more softened feelings—but he first past through a penitential ordeal of agonising and mental suffering. He was seated by her bedside, reading the twenty-fifth psalm, selected as being peculiarly appropriated to his present circumstances. Charlotte lay with her hands clasped in his, listening to the sublime language of inspiration, her eyes lifted prayerfully, or now turned fondly, and beaming with happiness, upon him. Her face was very pale, and illness had given her features the delicacy of chiselling. Occasionally, she would draw a long breath as if in pain, but not a murmur of impatience escaped her lips. Edward, at length, reverently closed the book, and kneeled by the couch of the invalid, and addressed the throne of grace, his countenance as he proceeded, becoming eloquent with sorrow,

love, gratitude, and devotion; his words burned, and his language was impressive for its fervor and strength, and for its unaffected humility, such as became a returning wanderer to the fold, from which he had so long strayed. Affliction softens or hardens the human heart—it either leads man to cast himself humbly upon the mercy of the chastener, or to murmur against his dispensations and accuse him of injustice. In the Christian, their dispositories are more remarkable, and elevate his spirited character, or steel him to insensibility. The Christian who cannot profit by chastisements, is the most deplorably wretched of all men. Edward Carrington, during the height of his temporal wretchedness was one of these. But he had now learned to bless the hand that chastened him.

Rising from his evening devotions, he kissed Charlotte's blue-veined temples and retired.

In the morning Edward awoke to find Charlotte cold and dead beside him, buried in that sleep that "knows no waking." She was indeed dead and lovely even in death!

The first sensation Edward experienced, was that of horror. The next, when the awful conviction of the dreadful reality pressed upon his senses—of unbounded grief. We will briefly pass over the scenes that followed the publicity of that event. Edward's creditors had waited several days after Isabel's departure, but hearing nothing further from her, they again became more clamorous than ever, and Edward again found himself the object of suspicion, hatred and contempt. During the brief suspension of their siege, which Isabel's influence had effected, his creditors seemed to have gathered fresh vigor.—There are some men of naturally tyrannical dispositions, and who love the exercise of power if their dog is only the object, who, when they have a debtor in their power, love to make him feel it, and the more worthy the individual, the higher he is above them in the moral or social scale,

the more tyrannical they are in using the power with which the misfortunes of a fellow being may have given them. Of this character were the majority of Edward's creditors, and we regret to state, that he found no difference between those of them who professed religion, and were members of the church, and those who made no profession; indeed in one instance, his bitterest persecution was from an elder who had sold him, from his store, certain articles of clothing. The feelings of the prejudiced community of the village, therefore, were easily aroused against so ripe a victim. Edward was seized by the infuriated mob, and borne to the office of the magistrate, who, as he beheld him, humanely said, "I prophesied you'd come to the gallows, young sir!" Lynching, that praiseworthy substitute for trial by jury, and which leaves the magna charta in the shade, was not then in vogue, or our tale would soon end. He was fully committed for trial. Alas, how fatal to be poor and friendless! How criminal to be in debt! If a wealthy individual had awoke in the morning and found his wife a corpse by his side, he would have been permitted to follow her in peace to the grave. Charlotte was buried by strangers, who, slandering her while living, commiserated her, dead! She was lowered in her lonely grave, at the moment that Edward, overwhelmed by the accumulation of his sorrows, cast himself upon the floor of his dungeon in sleepless despair.

The day of trial came. Public excitement was immense—its prejudices strongly against the prisoner. Edward had fortified his soul with prayer, and bowed with resignation to the divine will. He was happy! for he soon expected to rejoin Charlotte in heaven! The judge, and the officers of the court assisting him in his solemn duties, had taken their usual places upon the bench, the court was opened, and the Attorney General announced in the customary manner to the court that he was ready to proceed with the trial. After

the jury were empannelled, and the usual preliminaries of a trial were completed, there was a simultaneous movement of heads throughout the thronged court, and "The prisoner—the prisoner!" was repeated in a hundred whispers.

Edward entered the court with a firm step and collected manner; his face was very pale, but its expression was that of settled resignation. As he entered, he cast his eye over the pavement of human heads, and as a thousand curious eyes encountered his own, his cheek glowed, and dropping his eye lids, he raised them afterwards only to his counsel, the jury, or the bench. The clerk rising, informed him of his right to a peremptory challenge of the jury; and although he observed three or four of his most unrelenting creditors among them he remained silent. The prisoner having already been indicted, the indictment was read to the jury, the cause was opened, and the trial proceeded. The details of the trial can only be very briefly noticed. The circumstantial evidence was so conclusive, combined with "the well-known character of the prisoner," that the testimony on both sides closed. The judge then charged the jury, recapitulating the most important features of the testimony, and explaining at some length, the law for their guidance on so solemn an occasion. He finally charged them, that "if they entertained any doubts as to the guilt of the prisoner, they should be thrown in the scale for his benefit, and they would be bound to acquit him: but, if they had no doubt of his guilt, it was their duty to find him guilty."

After an absence of ten minutes, the jury returned into court with a verdict of "GUILTY."



THE STUDENT.

PART V.



# THE STUDENT.

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## PART V.

THE morning of Edward's execution arrived, and the sun shone brightly through the bars of his cell. A clergyman, his friend the Methodist minister, who had been the past year on a distant circuit, and hearing of Edward's fate, hastened to give him spiritual consolation, was seated beside him. Edward's face was as placid as a child's. His pulse throbbed evenly, and his whole manner was composed, for Edward was prepared to die! The clergyman who came to administer hope and consolation, in his last hours, felt that he could sit at his feet, and learn of him!

The turning of keys, and the grating of bolts, at length disturbed their heavenly communion. The chaplain, in tears pressed Edward's hand, as the cell door opened and the officer of justice entered. Politely accosting the prisoner, he said with a faltering voice, "I am ready to attend you, Mr. Carrington."

Edward heard the summons without any other emotion than a heightened color and slight tremor of the lip. This tribute due to nature, passed, and all was again serenity and peace. Taking the

arm of the sheriff, he was conducted by him to a carriage in waiting at the door. The clergyman and Judge Ellice, who had manifested a deep interest in the prisoner, accompanied them in the carriage. They then slowly moved through the dense multitude towards the gallows, which was erected on a common near the town. The prisoner descended from the carriage, and leaning upon the sheriff and chaplain, walked with a firm step to the foot of the scaffold, which he ascended unsupported. His head was bared, his neck-cloth removed, and his collar turned back from his neck. His youthful appearance and resigned air, created in his favor a general sensation of sympathy. After the chaplain had addressed the throne of grace, and embraced him, Edward, by the direction of the sheriff, placed himself upon the "drop." He then cast his eyes over the blue heavens, the green earth, the vast multitude, as if he were bidding adieu to all, then exchanging last adieus with the judge, the chaplain, and the sheriff, he raised his eyes, and gazed steadfastly up to heaven, as if he had bid farewell to all earthly scenes.

The sheriff was adjusting the fatal knot with professional dexterity, when a loud shriek mingled with the shouting of men's voices, and the rattling of distant wheels, broke the awful silence reigning over the dense multitude, and drew the eyes of every one from the scaffold towards the southern extremity of the common, over which, in the direction of the place of execution, a carriage was whirled with the speed of the wind. Out of one of the windows leaned a young lady, waving a handkerchief, and uttering shriek on shriek, while a gentleman on the coach-box wildly waved his hat, and added his voice to hers, "Stop! stop! Hold! for mercy hold! He is innocent! Hold!" The next moment the carriage dashed into the crowd, which retired on all sides in confusion at its reckless approach. It drew up suddenly, within a few feet of

the gallows, when Isabel sprung out, and fell senseless into the arms of Judge Ellice, who had recognised, and flown to open the door for her.

“For God’s sake, Mr. Sheriff, stay the execution for a moment! There is certain proof of this young gentleman’s innocence,” cried Dr. Morton, springing from the coach-box to the ground.

The sheriff was a man of humanity: and as there were yet several minutes to expire before the time would elapse for his prisoner’s execution, he waited in surprise the result of this extraordinary interruption.

In a few minutes Isabel revived, and gazing round upon the fearful apparatus of death, cried, with a shudder, as she covered her eyes with her hand, “He is innocent! Oh God, he is innocent! The ring! the ring! Oh, bring me to Judge Ellice!”

“He is here! by your side, Miss Willis,” said the judge, with sympathy.

She looked up into his face steadily for a moment, as if not fully recognising him, and then exclaimed with thrilling energy, “Yes! it is you—*you* I want! Oh give me the ring!” and seeing it upon his finger, as he hastily drew off his glove, she seized it and tore it from his finger, touched the concealed spring, and tremblingly drew forth the concealed paper, which she herself had placed there, and faintly articulating, “Read!—read!” again fainted away. Judge Ellice unfolded the paper and read its contents, with which the reader is already acquainted, in speechless amazement. The next moment springing upon the scaffold, he placed it in the hands of the sheriff, briefly explained the manner in which he had received the ring. This gentleman read it with no less surprise, and as he finished it, he threw the rope from his hand, exclaiming, “He is innocent!”

“There is no doubt of it,” said the judge; “what a wonderful interposition of Providence!”



They both embraced the prisoner, expressing their firm belief in his innocence. The multitude shouted, "A pardon!—a pardon!" though subsequently the facts were made public.

The sheriff, on his own responsibility, suspended the execution, and Edward was reconveyed to prison, to await a pardon from the governor, to whom communicating all the particulars, both the judge and sheriff immediately wrote. The judge informing him that he was wholly ignorant that the ring was a locket—that it had never been removed from his finger from the moment it was placed there by Miss Willis, by the direction of the deceased Mrs. Carrington—and that the ring was on his finger four weeks before her supposed murder. "I confess," he concluded, "that there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in my philosophy. So remarkable an interposition of Divine Providence, to term it nothing else, should not, by short-sighted mortals, be treated with neglect. In such cases it becomes us to wonder and obey."

The governor granted Edward a reprieve for a second trial, or a full pardon, as he chose. He accepted the pardon, and was conveyed in Isabel's carriage to Laurel Hill. He lingered here a few weeks, and then his spirit departed to join that of his beloved Charlotte, in that world where there is neither sorrow nor sighing, and where all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes.

SPHEEKSPHOBIA;

OR, THE

ADVENTURES OF ABEL STINGFLIER, A. M.

A TRAGIC TALE.



# SPHEEKSPHOBIA.

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A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,  
A throat of brass inspired with iron lungs.

DRYDEN.

ONE sultry summer afternoon, in eighteen hundred and thirty-five, I was riding with my umbrella held perpendicularly above my head, and at an easy amble—for the sun was fiery hot, and I had travelled far—through the principal street of Port Gibson, one of the pleasantest villages in the state of Mississippi. As I was about to cross a long and venerable looking bridge, on the northern outskirts of the town, I was startled by a loud and prolonged outcry behind me, as if its utterer was in imminent peril and great bodily fear. I turned my head, at the same time reining up, and beheld a strange figure swiftly approaching me, sending forth at the same time the most lamentable cries, the last still louder than the preceding. But his voice did not so much surprise me, as the eccentricity of his locomotion and the oddity of his appearance. He was a tall and gaunt man, without hat or shoes, and a callico scholar's gown streamed behind him in the wind,

created by his rapid motion. His advance was not direct, but zig-zag: now he would dart with velocity to the right, and now as swiftly to the left, anon plunging under the bushes lining the road-side, and then diving down, and scrambling on all-fours in the middle of the road, kicking his heels into the air, and tossing the dust about him in clouds, so as to render him for the time invisible: he would then rise again with a fearful yell, and bolt forward in a right line, as if charging at me, filling the air with his cries all the while, and waving his arms wildly above his head, which at intervals received blows from his desperate fists, each one sufficient to fell an ox. I gazed in admiration on this singular spectacle, it may be, not without some misgivings of personal damage, to qualify which, in some degree, I turned the head of my horse, so as to interpose it between my person and the threatened danger. Onward he came, enveloped in a cloud of dust, and the best speed human legs could bestow; and disdaining to fly, I prepared to meet the charge as firmly as the valiant knight of La Mancha would have done in the same circumstances. My steed, however, showed the better part of valor, and, notwithstanding much coaxing and soothing, began to wax skittish, and as the danger grew more imminent, he suddenly made a demi-volte across the bridge, and turned broadside to the enemy, which was close aboard of us, thereby effectually blockading the highway. Hardly had he effected this change in his position, before the madman or apparition, for I deemed it to be one or the other, coming in "such a questionable shape," instead of leaping upon me like a hyena, as I anticipated, drove, and with a mortal yell passed clean under my horse's belly, and, before he could diminish his momentum, disappeared over the parapetless bridge into the river beneath. On hearing the plunge I alighted from my horse, who was not a little terrified at the unceremonious use the strange being



had made of his body, hastily descended the precipitous bank of the stream, and as the diver rose to the surface, which he did after a brief immersion, a few yards below the bridge, seizing him by the skirts of his long gown, I dragged him on shore. Gathering himself up slowly, he at length, after much spluttering and blowing, and catching of his breath, stood upright on his legs; then grasping my hand by dint of a great deal of gulping and sobbing—for the poor man could barely articulate for want of wind—he essayed to express his thanks for my timely aid, without which, he asseverated, he should assuredly “have died in the flood of great waters which passed over his soul; but that he had been saved from the great deep, and also from the barbed arrow of the pursuer, from which latter danger, by the help of the Lord and my horse, and peradventure through his sudden ablution, he had marvellously been delivered.”

The speaker was a tall, spare man, with thin flanks, broad shoulders, and high cheek bones, having a Scottish physiognomy, with an homely expression of Yankee shrewdness and intelligence. His long, sharp nose, flanked by hollow cheeks, his peaked chin, and lantern jaws, made up a configuration, which has not been inaptly been denominated a “hatchet face.” His mouth was of formidable width, garnished with very firm, white teeth, generously displayed by the flexibility of his loose lips, which, whenever he spoke, retired as it were from before them. His eyes were of a pale blue color, round and prominent, hereby promising, to speak phrenologically, the organ of language large, which promise his lingual attainments, as subsequently ascertained by me, did not belie. A pair of red, shaggy brows, projected over them, like a well wooded crag; they were rather darker than his hair, which, if owned by a lady, I should term *auburn*; but growing as it did on a male pow, which for ruggedness of outline, might have been hewn into its present shape

with a broad-axe, I shall call it *red*, unqualifiedly. His age might have been forty; and in his stockings as he now was, he stood no less than six feet one inch in height—of which goodly length of limb and body, a pair of white drilling trowsers, woollen short hose, a cotton shirt, with a broad ruffle, and his long calico gown aforesaid, constituted the only outward teguments. From all points, including the points of his chin and nose, and every available corner of his strait and matted hair, here, in continuous streams—there, in large drops, chasing one another in quick succession, the water descended towards the earth from the person of this dripping Nereus, while the woful expression his physiognomy, which judging from the combination of features it exhibited, was naturally sufficiently lugubrious, was now enhanced ten-fold. His first act on getting to his feet, and after gazing wildly about in the air, and minutely surveying his person, as if in search of something which he dreaded to encounter, was to grasp my hand, and gasping for breath, at intervals strive to articulate his thanks for the service I had rendered him. Although I could not but smile at his ludicrous figure and aspect, I felt disposed to commiserate and serve one whom I believed not to be in his right mind, in which opinion I was confirmed when he alluded to an “armed pursuer,” whom he seemed every now and then to seek in the air, there having been none yet visible to my eyes.

At my suggestion, and with my assistance, he stripped off his gown, and by dint of twisting it into a sort of a rope—a process well understood by the washerwoman—we expelled the water, visibly to the comfort of its unfortunate owner, who thrust his lengthy arms into its sleeves again, with an ejaculation or grunt of satisfaction. The once gentleman-like ruffle, shorn of its honors of starch and plaiting, hung saturated and melancholy upon his broad breast: this we saw was a damage irremediable: and altogether passing

the shirt by, and also his nether tegument, which adhered to the cuticle like a super-hide, the aqueous gentleman gravely and silently seated himself upon the bank, and pulled off his short hose (whose brevity, it should have been before remarked, in conjunction with the brevity of his pantaloons, left at all times an inch of his brawny shins visible in the interstices,) and having rung them vigorously, drew them on again with much labor, ejaculating at intervals, "*hic labor est, hic labor est, quidem,*" being now shrunk to one third of their original size, before covering the ankle, whereas, now, only aspiring to that altitude with full two inches of interval. Then rising and rubbing the water out of his thick hair, with the skirt of his gown, he addressed me, as I was about to re-ascend the bank to my horse, seeing that my Samaritan-like services were no longer in requisition. His face was now dry, and he had recovered both his voice and self-possession—and so collected was the expression of his eyes, and so sedate his demeanor, that I changed my opinion as to his sanity, and believed that he must have been under the influence of some inexplicable terror, when he accomplished those gymnics I have described, which were so foreign to his present respectable appearance and discreet deportment. I therefore listened with some curiosity to what he was about to utter, anticipating a strange *éclaircissement*.

"Certes, my friend, I should feel inclined to be facetious at this expose, as it may be termed, of my natural infirmity, but I never was more sorely pressed. Verily, the danger was imminent that beset me! *Periissem ni periissem*: by ablution was I saved from greater detriment. That I should have passed beneath the stomach of your *equus*, or steed, is a rudeness that calleth for an *απολογία*, or apology, which herewith I formally tender, as is befitting one, whose vocation lieth in instilling the humane letters into the minds of the rising generation. Verily I could

laugh with thee, were I not sorely vexed that my fears should have betrayed me into such unseemly and indiscreet skipping and prancing, like one *non compos mentis*, rather than grave senior and instructor of youth. Surely, experience hath long shown me, that in these flights, *cursus non est levare*, which being interpreted, signifieth—the swift of foot fleeth in vain. Reascend thy steed, my friend, and I will accompany thee to yonder hostelry or inn, where, peradventure, through the agency of mine host's kitchen fire, I may restore my garments to their pristine condition, and there will I unfold the causes of these effects, to which thou hast but now borne witness."

Remounting my horse, the stranger gravely strode along by the bridle, until we came to the tavern he had pointed out, when inviting me in, he led the way into a little parlor adjoining the bar-room, and closing the door behind him mysteriously, he placed a vacant chair for me on one side of a small stand, while he occupied another opposite. After a short and rather awkward silence, during which he leaned his arms upon the table, and manifested much embarrassment, while the blood mounted to his forehead, as if he felt that he was about to make a humiliating explanation—an inkling of humor, nevertheless, lurking the while about his mouth and in the corner of his eye, as if he felt a disposition to smile at what really gave him pain. I therefore remarked that, although I felt a certain degree of curiosity to learn the causes which led to his catastrophe, I did not wish him to feel that the circumstances of our meeting called in the least for the extension of his confidence towards me, and that if it gave him pain to make the explanation he had volunteered, I should insist upon his withholding it; and thus speaking, I rose to leave the room, and pursue my journey.

"Of a surety, friend," he said, laying his hand light-



ly upon my arm, "rightly hast thou interpreted my inward emotions. It is true I possess not the moral *virtus*, or courage, needful to the laying open of my weakness. But thou shalt not be disappointed; that which I have spoken, I will do; leave me thy name and place of abode, and by course of post I will transmit in writing that, which from *malus pudor*, or foolish shamefacedness, I have not the tongue to give thee orally, and so shalt thou be informed of the *vis-à-tergo*, which is to say, the rearward propelling force, which urged me so discourteously beneath your steed, and into the deep waters; and moreover, of that which hath been the cause of all my terrestrial trials, yea, even an arrow under my fifth rib."

This was uttered like his former language, with a nasal twang, and in a slow and peculiar manner, with a distinct articulation of every syllable, and accenting the participial termination, *ed*, and the adverbial, *ly*, with an emphatic drawl.

Leaving my address with this singular character, with my curiosity no ways abated, I resumed my journey. Three weeks afterwards, I received the following manuscript, inclosed in a stout envelope of brown paper, superscribed in handsome and clear chirography, which was evidently penned with elaborate care, and post marked PAID: besides the address to the superscription were appended the following words: "Covering seven sheets of Foolscap, with an Epistle. *These with speed and carefulness,*" which were written in somewhat smaller character than the superscription, and near the left hand corner.

Omitting the writer's learned epistle, addressed to myself confidentially—slightly revising the style, which was cumbrous, somewhat prolix, and pedantic, and extracting about one-half of the Greek, Latin, and French quotations and phrases, unsuited to the present prevailing taste, with which it was interlarded—like the lemons, cloves and raisins generously sprin-



kled through a Christmas pie—I faithfully impart the manuscript as I received it from the author.

“ I am an unfortunate victim of Entomology: not of the science, but of every species of insect of which the science treateth; more especially the bee, wasp, and hornet, and all and singular of the *irritabile genus*, besides the horn-bug, dragon-fly, and each and every of those loud-humming insects that buzz about at night—yea verily the whole tribe of *εντομα*, or insects, are my aversion, from which I stand in bodily terror, the comparatively harmless house, or domestic fly, herein not even excepted. My life has been a period of discomfort and torture on account thereof—more especially in the seasons when Sirius or the Dog star rageth. This *φοβημα*, or fear, I sucked in with my mother’s milk, herself an insect-fearing woman, who stepped into a nest of wasps two months before my birth, the whole ireful population of which pursued her half a mile—whereby, on my being brought into the world, the mark of a wasp of vast dimensions, *truncus, thorax, proboscis* and *sternum*, not to forget *alæ* and *pedes*, was plainly visible to the eyes of the admiring midwife and her cronies, in the small of my back: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* This fear, therefore, is maternal, originating in the *ros vetulis*, as Virgil expresseth it; and therefore being natural, cannot be combatted with effectually, and overcome. The first time of which my memory is authentic, that I gave symptoms of possessing this hereditary horror of winged and stinging insects, a horror which has drugged with bitterness the cup of my sublunary existence, was at the tender age of three years, I being then a stout, well-grown boy to be in petticoats, as I remember that I was. I was sitting in the back-door sunning myself, for it was summer, and quietly sucking a lump of molasses candy, when I heard all at once a fierce buzzing in the vicinage of my left ear, whereupon, without knowing or understanding its cause, I

instinctively shut my eyes, and opening my mouth, sent forth a loud cry. The buzzing continued to grow louder and approach nearer, and my cries increased proportionably. At length the object of my terror and the instigator of my cries, in the shape of a formidable honey-bee, *ubi mel, ibi apes*, saith M. Plautus, which is no doubt equally true of molasses, lit upon the tip of my nose, lavishly besmeared with the candy, which I had been diligently conveying to my mouth. Clinging there, he balanced himself with his wings, and staring me in the face with his great glaring eyes, for my infant fears marvellously magnified his *oculi*, he proceeded with the greatest *sang froid*, as the French tongue happily expresseth it, briskly to convey with his proboscis the candy from my nose to his stomach—brandishing his *antennæ*, or horns, all the while to and fro before my eyes, in a manner dreadful to witness, to hold me as it were *in terrorem*. I was paralysed with fear, and lost the command of every bodily member, save my tongue—which, for the time, I may truthfully asseverate, did duty for all the rest. There chanced to be no soul in the house at this crisis; and although any one, even half a mile distant, could have heard my piteous voice uplifted in the notes of unlimited terror, yet my mother, whose name rose loudest upon my tongue, did not come to my relief, until I had been allowed, for full five minutes, to ring a gamut upon her monosyllabic maternal appellation, with every possible variation familiar to infant lungs. At length she entered at the top of her speed, and with her voice pitched to a scolding key, when she espied my condition, and the extent of my misfortunes. Her tongue then struck up a treble to my tenor, and snatching up a broom, she advanced it like a pike, edging round until she got in front of me, and then made a desperate charge against the rear of our mutual foe, who had thus taken me in the van, and with her whole force thrust the end of the

broom bodily into my face and eyes, laying me at the same time flat on my back, while she followed up her success by standing over me and imprisoning the enemy, by pressing the broom firmly down on my face. As the spiculæ of this female weapon assailed the bee on the *tergum*, he sounded a sharp note of alarm, and inserting his *aculeus*, or sting, into my unoffending nose, therein instilled a sufficient modicum of poison; and then deliberately depressing the barbs of his sting, he drew it forth and secreted himself among the straws of the broom, (for my mother, good woman, by holding stoutly against my face, twisting and working it, in the attempt to immolate the monster, gave him ample time for this,) from which, when she finally removed it, he effected his escape, by darting through the door, with a quick trumpet-like sound, no doubt a *pæan* in honor of his victory. What with the broom and the sting, one of which pricked and nearly suffocated me, while the other penetrated to the quick, I now began to yell to a pitch, in comparison with which, my previous roaring forsooth, was but the wailing of a new-born infant. I rolled over the floor with my nose in my fist, and would not be comforted. But I will not dwell upon this early reminiscence; it is but the first of a series of misfortunes—the *memorabilia* of my life—such as few men have lived to experience.

“Although not a summer’s day passed that I did not endure corporeal fear from the approach of *insecta*, there are five important periods or crises of my life, when my evil star reigned especially malignant. One of these, which I have just recorded, is, peradventure, of small moment, but the subject of it was but small at that time. Each, however, thou wilt observe, increased in importance as my shoulders expanded for its burden, verily greater at seasons than I could well bear. My second crisis was at the puerile age of eleven.

“I was seated in school, near an open window, when a little girl on the outside offered to barter a basket of blackberries with me, for two large red cheeked apples, balancing each other in my jacket pockets. I slyly effected the exchange, ‘the master’ (as New England instructors are very improperly termed—*Instructor* being the proper and more respectable appellation,) having his back turned, and poured the berries into my hat, which I placed in my lap beneath the bench, and forthwith began eating them one by one with my forefinger and thumb, my eyes the while immoveably fixed on my open book, (alas! how early do we begin to practise deceit!) when, at length, in the midst of my delectable feast, I was conscious of a strange, portentous titillation upon my forefinger, which sensation gradually extended along the member towards the hand. I trembled from a sort of presentiment of the cause, and fearfully looked down, when, *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens!* as Maro hath it, I beheld a tight-laced, long-legged, yellow-streaked wasp, with a sticky, sluggish motion, dragging his slow length along the back of my hand, his wings and feet, clotted with the juice of the berries, among which he had till now been secreted, whether designedly or not, I will not be so uncharitable as to determine, albeit, my playmates, aware of my weakness did not refrain when occasion offered, from putting upon me unpleasant jests of this nature. When I beheld the wasp (it was an individual of the species called the yellow-jacket, exceedingly venomous and ferocious of aspect,) I incontinently uplifted my voice in such a cry—*Scotticé a skirl!* as birch nor ferule never expelled from the lungs of luckless urchin within those walls—long, loud, and terrific, subsiding only, to be renewed on a higher key. At the same time stretching forth my hand, upon which clung the dreaded object which I had not the power to touch, fearing lest the attempt to dislodge him, would be the



signal for the insertion of his sting into my hand, I leaped from the window with a loud yell, which was echoed sympathetically by the whole school, and with my hand waving in the air, which I filled with my cries, directed my course for home, a third of a mile distant, with all the boys of the school let loose, and shouting like a pack of devils born, at my heels. In my career, I remember leaping over two cows lying and quietly ruminating in my path, and that I run full tilt against the deacon, sending hat, wig and deacon in three diverse directions. After running a *muck*, as Mr. Pope useth the word, through the village, I attained my father's house, into which I broke without lifting latch, so impetuous was my course—and crying in a loud voice, “a wasp! a wasp!” thrust my arm (for the insect had now crawled up to my elbow) before my mother's eyes. It chanced that, as I entered she was lifting from the fire a pot of boiling water, in which she intended to scald a couple of barn door fowls, for the meridian meal. Alarmed at my cries and sudden appearance, and terrified beyond measure at beholding the terrible insect thrust so near her face, and at the same time trembling on account of my own danger, with something between a yell and a shriek, she grappled the handle of the pot with one hand and its bottom with the other, and dashed the scalding contents over my arm and body. With a yell *finale*, I again darted out through the door, leaving the wasp scalded to death on the floor. Encountering on the outside the host of my schoolmates, who were running towards the house, I passed through their midst like a rocket, giving blows to the right and left, and leaving, as I was afterwards told, five prostrate upon the earth. At length, exhausted through fatigue and suffering, I fell in the street in a swoon, and was carried home and put to bed, from whence I rose not until two painful months had expired. The two periods I have recorded, involved



merely physical suffering. The third, and remaining two, record distresses both mental and physical. The third period, which may, with reverence, be denominated the third plague of insects, happened at college in my twenty-first year. I have enjoyed the benefit of collegiate erudition, although my mother had in her maidenly estate been of the sect called Quakers, and my father was a preacher after the Methodist persuasion—neither sect, in that day, distinguished patrons of the humane letters. My mother had seceded from the Society of Friends, yet retained their simplicity of language and manners, at least so far, as a naturally sharp temper would allow; Certes, it may not be concealed that the neighboring gossips averred that she was too fond of that spousely privilege of scolding, to be a Quaker, and therefore had come over to a more liberal faith. However this may be, she exhibited in her person the opposite characters of a scolding wife and demure Quaker, as the thermometer rose or fell, tempered nevertheless, with a little of the leaven of Methodism. My father was a sturdy apostle, morose and gloomy, given to antique phraseology in his speech, after the manner of my grandfather, who was a staunch old Presbyterian. Therefore, between the three, my domestic education and habits, were like Joseph's coat of many colors, and when I arrived to the years of discretion, it would have been a hard matter to determine, which preponderated most in my character, the Methodist, the Quaker, or Scotch Presbyterian. The second person *thou*, and its objective singular *thee*, I nevertheless always use colloquially; firstly, from maternal induction, and secondly, that it is classical, and moreover well approved by scriptural and ancient usage, and I am somewhat given to philological antiquarianism—a lover, or as the Gallic hath it, an *amateur* of antique customs of phraseology.

“I had assumed the *toga virilis*, and passed through my quadrennial course, how I might here mention,

but it becometh me not to speak in mine own praise; suffice it to say, that I was appointed to a thesis on the day of commencement, that I ascended the *rostrum*, or stage, made my obeisance to the audience, and forthwith began to declaim with sonorous enunciation. I had got in the midst of my thesis, and, flattered by the attentive silence with which I was listened to, I grew warm with my theme; my right arm was stretched forth with a rhetorical flourish, my eyes were illuminated and sparkling with excitement, and my brows were flushed as I threw my whole soul into the rush of eloquence (verily the reminiscence maketh me eloquent even now,) and I was altogether on what may be termed the high horse of success and public admiration, when, *mirabile dictu*, as Virgil hath it on a less occasion, suddenly an ominous and well-known buzzing above my head fell like a knell on my ears. Be it premised, that the meeting-house in which the commencement exercises were held, was decorated with evergreens, and adorned with numerous sweet-scented flowers, with one of which, I had, in my youthful vanity, graced the button-hole of my white waistcoat. I lifted my eyes at the sound, more dreadful to my tympanum than the horn of the hunter to the timid deer, and beheld my hereditary foe, in the shape of a long, slender, yellow-ringed wasp, darting in wild gyrations above my head, and at each revolution, approaching nearer and more near to my ill-fated person. *Vox faucibus hæsit*, as Virgil again expresseth it, my voice clung to my jaws, my extended arm remained motionless, and with my eyes fastened, as if fascinated, upon the intruder, I lost all presence of mind, every other consideration being swallowed up in the consideration of my great peril. I stood nearly the space of one minute, the audience being all the while silent as the grave, as if transfixed and petrified, exhibiting no signs of life save in my eyes, which followed the eccentric circles of my foe as he wheeled around my

head, which he had chosen as the conspicuous centre of his aerial corkscrew, the pillar of salt into which the wife of Lot was converted, did not stand firmer or more motionless. Gradually contracting his spiral circles he came close to my head, and then with a sudden movement roared past my ear and settled upon the fragrant flower adorning, *vanitas vanitatis*, my waistcoat. The roar of his passage past my ear, augmented in my imagination to that of a dragon (provided always there be such creatures, and being such if they do roar, which are points controverted by the learned) and his fearful attack upon my person, was a consummation which restored me to the use of my paralyzed faculties. My first act was to leap from the rostrum with a suppressed cry, and seize a branch of hemlock, thrust it towards the nearest person, who happened to be a lady, and make signs for her to brush it off. I never had dared to snap them off or disturb them. My mother, whose conversation (as those who fear ghosts, most love to hold midnight converse about them) was prolific on this theme, had early inducted me into the most approved plans of conduct, when one of the *irritabile genus* approached or lit on the person. One of her rules was, 'never to snap it off, for it is sure to sting before it fly; but run and let the wind blow it off.' Another was, 'if it will still stay on, then get some other person to brush it off and its anger will be turned from you to that obliging person.' These rules of action, and many others, were fresh in my memory, and I was at all times religiously governed by them.

"The branch of hemlock chanced to be attached to a festoon connecting a succession of others around the pulpit, where sate the President in all the dignity which an austere air, a corpulent person, a broad brim could confer, presiding over the exercises of the hour. Immediately behind him rose to some height a young eradicated pine tree, whose pyramidal summit formed

the central support and apex of the chain of festoons, answering in relation thereto, to the stake which upholds the drooping centre of a clothes-line. At my attack the whole paraphernalia gave way, pine tree and all, with a tremendous rustling and crashing, carrying away in its headlong rush the President's broad brim and one of the capacious sleeves of his black silk gown or surplice, his reverend dignity alone saving himself from sharing the same fate by ducking beneath the balustrade of the pulpit and permitting the danger to pass over him, which it did, descending upon the respected heads and sacred persons of the honorable Board of Trustees sitting beneath. The uproar and confusion—laughter mingled with exclamations, was without limit, and while every soul seemed to be absorbed in the crash and its consequences, I, the luckless author of the whole demolition, saw, heard, felt and was conscious of nothing but the presence of the dreaded insect, that had fastened on me, who was now, having evacuated the flower, hastily effecting a retreat within the gaping bosom of my shirt. My tremendous pull at the twig, left it however in my hands, and while the wreck of matter was going on above and around me, oblivious of all else save my own peculiar misery, I darted, as I have before said, toward an elderly maiden lady, and thrusting the branch in her unwilling hand, cried in a loud voice, 'brush it off! oh brush it off!' So impetuously did I thrust it towards her, that I lost my equilibrium and fell into her lap, entangling as I fell, the branch of hemlock in her red curls, which, as is the fashion among women, were only *attached* to her head, and as I rolled from her profaned lap to the floor, I carried with me on the branch waving like pennons, the elderly maiden lady's false and fiery tresses appended thereto. She lifted up her voice and screamed with combined affright, rage and mortification, and jumping up she stamped upon me as I lay at her feet in ungovernable ire. 'But there



is no evil unattended with good.' (I give the Saxon or English words of the proverb, the original Latin having slipped my memory.) The wasp, the direct cause of all the mischief, who had adhered to me like my evil angel, received the full weight of her heel on the *tergum* and was crushed to atoms, upon the snow white bosom of my shirt. I heard every section of his body crack, and as I listened I felt a savage joy fill my breast; tempered, however, as I now remember, by an incipient apprehension, lest even in death, he might avenge his fall by penetrating my linen and cuticle with his sting.

Now that the danger was over, I had time to reflect for an instant and feel the ridiculous peculiarity of my situation, and at once decided upon taking to flight, to escape facing the audience. The next moment I was on my feet, and forcing my way to the door fled towards the college, as if a whole nest of hornets was in full cry in pursuit, followed by a motley crowd, who are comprised in the French word *canaille*, some shouting "there goes dragon-fly—there goes bumble-bee! Stop thief! murder!" and all the various cries the populace are used to utter, when they pursue, without knowing why or wherefore, the wretch who fleeth. The next day I departed from the scene of my disgrace and disaster, and in course of time found myself in the pleasant village of Geneva in the western part of the state of New York, teacher of a respectable school. I may say here in passing, that from inclination I have adopted teaching as a profession—for although not ranked among the learned professions it verily should be. This profession or vocation I still pursue, even here, far off in Mississippi, whither my wanderings have at length driven me.

The fourth plague of stings was when I had attained the discreet age of thirty-one years, I being then a resident and schoolmaster of the then infant town of Rochester, having taught with divers degrees of suc-



cess in many othes villages after I left Geneva, which I departed from after a sojourn there of twelve calendar months. Having laid by a small store of worldly coin, and being held generally in good repute among my neighbors, I began to bethink me that it was best to take unto myself a wife, according to the commandment. When I came to this resolve I, the next Sunday, cast my eyes about the church to see on whom my choice should light, revolving in my mind, as my eyes wandered from one bonnet to another, the capabilities of each for the dignity of *mater-familias* to Instructor Stingflyer (for such is my patronymic, my given name being Abel) when I decided propounding the question of matrimony to Miss Deborah, or as she was called among her acquaintance and kinsfolk, Miss Debby Primruff, an excellent maiden lady, only a few years my senior, tall, straight, comely, and withal fair-haired. Turning the subject over in my mind during the week while the scholars were engaged at their tasks, and seeing no cause to change my mind, I arranged myself on Saturday evening in my Sunday suit of black broadcloth, took my walking-stick and gloves, and with a bold step and confident demeanor, sought the mansion of the fair maiden, whom I intended should be the future Mrs. Stingflyer. I was received very graciously, for I had met Miss Deborah before at a quilting-party at the dwelling of a worthy gentleman, one Mr. Lawrie Todd, one of the select men of the town, and an active member of the school committee. Yet, Cupid nor Hymen never entered my thoughts in connection with Miss Deborah until now. Whatever courage I had mustered for the occasion, proved to be, when I stood in her maidenly presence, a mere flash in the pan. After beating about the bush fruitlessly a long time, and appearing more awkward than I could have desired before my lady-love, after much pulling on and off of gloves, tracing, as it were musingly, cabalistic figures on the floor with my walking-stick,

twirling my well brushed hat in my fingers, rising and going to the open window many times, and as often returning to my chair, while Miss Debby, oblivious of her knitting, followed my movements with wondering eyes, I at length desperably determined to come to the point.

“‘Miss Debby, that is, I mean to say, Miss Deborah,’ I said, drawing my chair near to her own, and taking the strand of yarn between my forefinger and thumb, and giving it a nervous, yet affectedly careless twist, while the perspiration exuded from my forehead, for it was a warm July evening, ‘Dost thou ever read the Bible?’

“‘The Bible, Mr. Stingflyer?’ she fairly vociferated, laying her knitting on her lap, and turning round and staring me full in the face; ‘why, what *can* you mean by asking me such a question? Do you take me for a ’homadown—and my uncle a deacon too?’

“‘Nay, Miss Deborah,’ said I, hastening to interpose between her anger and my love; ‘nay, I pray thee, be not wroth with me. I well know the savor of thy sanctity. I did intend to ask of thee if thou retainedst in thy excellent memory, verse 15th, chapter the 2d of Genesis.’

“‘Why, I don’t know if I do rightly, but I can easily find it,’ she answered complacently, soothed by my grain of flattery, for herein Ovid had taught me the sex is accessible; and laying her knitting upon my knees, she hastened to bring the family Bible, which she spread open on a small light stand discreetly placed between us, and began diligently to turn over the leaves of the quarto, but rather as if she were seeking the book of Revelations than that of Genesis. I made bold to hint that it might be better to begin at the commencement of the book, when, turning thither, much to her delight, and as her manner betrayed, much to her surprise, she found the book named, and soon af-

ter, the chapter and verse, and forthwith commenced reading aloud:

“——‘*It is not good that man should be alone; I will make a help meet for him.*’ Why, what is there in this verse so very remarkable, Mr. Stingflyer?” she interrogated, nevertheless blushing consciously, and without looking up.

“Although I felt my courage oozing, as it were, from beneath my finger nails, and exudating from every pore in my body, I nevertheless felt that I had broken the ice—and already placed my foot on the *pons asinorum* of lovers, and that it was easier to advance than to retreat; I therefore determined to persevere in my suit and leave the rest to the gods.

“‘Dost thou not apprehend the application thereof, Miss Debby?’ I said, in my most insinuating tones, edging my chair a few inches closer to her own, and taking her slightly resisting hand in mine.

“‘Not in the least, Mr. Stingflyer,’ she replied with that perverse blindness which at such times is wont to characterise the sex; while I am well assured in my own mind, she knew full as well what I would be at (for the sex have much acumen in these matters) as I did myself.

“‘Then,’ I said, borne irresistibly onward by the fates, which direct the passion *amor*, ‘may it please thee to turn for an illustration thereof, and for further light thereupon, to chapter ix. verse the 1st of the same book?’ and after I had ceased speaking, I assumed an aspect of much gravity. She sought and found the passage designated; but this time, after casting her eyes upon it, her color increased, and without reading it aloud as before, she shut the book quickly, saying, ‘I do declare! what can you mean, Mr. Stingflyer?’ and she looked both pleased and offended; although I opine, the latter was assumed as a sort of vanguard to her maidenly discretion.

“‘I mean, my dear Miss Debby,’ I exclaimed, seiz-

ing both her hands, and dropping on both my knees before her, impelled by the *amoris stimuli*, for *amare et sapere* is hard for man to do, 'that it is not good for me to be alone—that my soul yearneth, yea, verily, crieth aloud for a help meet—therefore, oh Deborah, I fain would obey the commandment, Genesis 9th, 1st, if thou wilt take part and lot with me in this matter; for Debby,' and here my voice, which had been lifted up in the eloquence of my passion, fell to a more tender key, 'Debby, light of my eyes, I love thee!' here I laid my hand upon my waistcoat, over the region of the heart, and continued vehemently, 'and from this posture will I not rise until thou hast blessed me.'

"Miss Deborah turned pale, then became red, and then became pale again, giggled, simpered, and looked every way but towards me, but made no answer. Emboldened by her silence, which I interpreted favorably, remembering the Latin proverb, *qui non negat fatetur*, whose English parallel is "Silence giveth assent," I leaned forward, drawing her gently towards me, for the purpose of placing the *sigillum* or seal upon her lips, when an enormous door-bug, or hedge-chaffer, a clumsy, uncouth species of the black beetle, bounced with a loud hum into the room through the open window, aiming point blank for the candle, which chanced to stand in a line between me and the aforesaid window, and with the force of a cross-bolt, struck me between the eyes, as I continued to remain in my attitude of genuflection, and partly from terror, and in part from the force of the blow, with a loud exclamation, I fell backwards upon the floor like one who had been wounded even unto the death. The next moment, alive to the ludicrousness of my situation, I recovered myself—which recovery was not a little expedited by the undisguised laughter of the merry maiden, on whose lips I was about to place the seal of requited affection: experience having not then instructed my youth, *omnium mulierum fugiantur*



*oscula*. But my sufferings were not terminated. I fain would have laughed my disaster off, pretending that it was only a conceit of my own, to fall as if shot with a bullet, had not my ears been assailed, as I rose again to my feet, by the appalling burring and whizzing of the enemy, darting fiercely about the room, now thumping violently against the opposite wall, now buzzing by my head with a hum like a hundred tops, the whole more dreadful on account of the darkness of the extremities of the apartment, which rendered it exceedingly difficult to follow, with any certainty, the motions of the insect, and thereby guard against his approach. My first impulse was to leap from the window, to the utter demolition of Miss Deborah's flower-beds. But, guessing my desperate resolve, by the frenzied roll of my eyes in that direction, and the preparatory movements of my limbs, she closed it, *oh fœmina, semper mutabile!* with a sudden jerk, and a loud laugh, as if delectating herself with my terrors. Certes, since that period, my sentiments in relation to the softness and charity of woman-kind have been revised! Thwarted in this point, my next impulse was to endeavor to gain the door—which purpose I at length effected, after dodging the transverse course of the beetle as he traversed the room; and throwing it open, I sprang through it, not into the passage, but into Miss Deborah's china closet, and striking my foot against a jar of preserves, upset it, and pitched irresistibly against the lower shelf laden with her choicest domestic wares, and amid a jangling, crashing, crackling, and rattling, sufficient to make even the deaf hear, I fell to the floor, receiving in my fall, by way of corollary, divers contusions from the falling ruins, and lay, like Samson, buried in the wreck I had myself created.

“The laughter of Miss Debby was hereupon suddenly changed to a loud key of mingled surprise, anger and grief, in which she attacked me with a volley of



undeserved vituperation and abuse, considering that the hedge-chafer, and not I, was the author of the mischief. Bruised, mortified and exceedingly chop-fallen, I at length dragged my unlucky body forth, notwithstanding I still heard the *buzz-wzz-z-z*, of the formidable bug in his flight about the room, but between his whizzing and the clamor of Miss Deborah's tongue, I was left to choose between Scylla and Charybdis. But I will dwell no longer upon this event. I effected my escape as well as I could, and the next Monday morning made up the loss of earthen vessels in coin, to the mother of Miss Deborah. And verily here ended my first and last attempt to secure a *mater familias*, to perpetuate the ill-fated patronymic of Stingflyer to posterity.

“Four woes have passed, and yet another woe cometh. My adventure in the china-closet having been bruited about the village, my pupils, (such being ever ready to fasten a nickname upon their instructors,) conferring upon me the unseemly appellation of ‘Hedge-chafer,’ determined me to change my place of habitation. I next, after divers wanderings, pitched my tent in the state of Ohio, which hath been called ‘the paradise of schoolmasters,’ drawn thither by the reports that reached mine ears, of the richness of the land; and in a town a few miles from Cincinnati, I resumed my occupation of instilling knowledge into the minds of the rising generation. It came to pass after I had sojourned here nearly the space of two years, I was appointed the orator for the Fourth of July, A. D. 1825. My thesis, or oration, prepared for this occasion, was previously read by me to two or three village oracles, with much applause, which, in justice to myself, and more especially to the judgment of the committee, by whom I had the honor of being appointed, I must confess my composition fully merited.

The procession was formed opposite the Masonic

Hall, I being appointed to an honorable rank therein, even the foremost of the van, save the musicians and marshal; the music struck up, and with martial pace it proceeded through the principal streets of the town, towards the church, which I flattered myself I was about to fill with Demosthenean eloquence. As I moved forward, a blue ribbon waving its pennons at the button hole of my coat, my bosom swelled with a due consciousness of the conspicuousness of my situation, and I felt that every eye was fixed upon me in admiration, if not envy: my step was firm, as it rose and fell to the strains of music—my chest expanded, and my head was elevated—and gracefully did I carry in my hand, the manuscript, also garnished with a gay knot of blue ribbon, whose written eloquence was that day to enchain men's minds, and fill their souls with patriotism. No Roman, entering the imperial city after a victory, on a triumphal car, ever bore a prouder heart than I did that day—alas, *dies infaustus!* In our circumambulatory progress through the village, traversing its every lane and alley, that all might witness the pageant of which I was 'the head and front,' we passed through a straggling angle of the town—a sort of detached suburb, when the music was all at once drowned by a loud and discordant din, caused by the beating of tinkettles, the clattering of warming-pans, the jingling of sleigh-bells, the tooting of horns, and clamor of women and children, saluting the *tympana* with a Babelion confusion not unworthy of the precincts of the infernal regions, while at the same time, a wretched alley just in advance of us, poured out a motley crowd of slattern wives and breechless urchins, armed with a thousand tongues, and beating every instrument whereof the chronicles of discord have made mention. But a sight more dreadful, a sound more horrible, alone filled my ears, and concentrated my optics. Over the heads of this clamorous multitude hung a dark cloud

of bees, whose million wings sent forth a sound like the roaring of the sea. Appalling vision! each particular hair of my head stood on end, and my heart leaped into my throat.

“At the sight of the procession the clamor ceased, and the women, *duces facti*, retreated from view, while the vacillating swarm, attracted by the music, now alone heard, wheeled towards the head of our column, and darkened the air above my head. There are, it hath verily been asserted, some persons whom bees will not sting, (an asservation which I am inclined to controvert,) and reversely, that there are others, whom they will take pains to sting, of whom I am one especially honored. From childhood to manhood, whether a boy in a crowd of boys, or a man in a throng of men, a bee never chanced to hover in the air, who did not single me out, and descend upon my ill-fated person, whether from a sympathetic attraction towards the honey-bee imprinted in the small of my back or not, is a question whose solution I leave to metaphysicians. Knowing, however, from experience, how powerfully I was magnetised, and seeing these myriads of attractive atoms so near my person, I felt that I should not long stand my ground. At the moment the swarm approached, the whole band chanced to strike up with a loud clang, in a sort of chorus, and simultaneously the bees descended close to our heads, and as they swept round like an army wheeling, two or three stragglers or flank-riders brushed past my cheeks, while amid the dreadful roar of their passage I had nearly lost my wits, and should no doubt have lost them altogether, if they had not quickly reascended; and as the music ceased, by the command of the marshal, settled to my great relief, on an umbrageous tree in the vicinity.

“I congratulated myself on retaining my self-possession in so large an assemblage of witnesses—philosophy with my advance in life, having enabled me in some

degree to control my emotions on these occasions, although no mental effort can effectually overcome an inherited nervous infirmity. Prouder than if I had been the victor of Waterloo, I lifted my foot to the time of the music to proceed in my march, when I felt a sensation as if something was crawling on the back of my neck. I trembled, and my blood run cold to my finger ends. I was afraid to reach my hand to the spot for fear it should be stung; for I foreboded a stray bee from the swarm had lighted on my collar, and I dared not ask those behind me to brush it off, lest it should sting me in revenge. Moreover, the very consciousness of this dangerous vicinage of my hereditary foe, caused in my mind too much terror to articulate such a request, or to yield to any other impulse, than my customary one of flight, in obedience to my mother's laws, in such cases made and provided. Therefore, as I felt the tittillation of his progress along the junction of my cravat and cuticle, I shouted involuntarily aloud and broke from the procession, and with wonderful speed darted up the street, my flight not a little accelerated by discovering a second bee, clinging to the blue ribbon which fluttered at my button-hole. This last invader, however, the wind of my motion soon dislodged, but instantly recovering his wings, he turned and pursued in full cry. Of a surety, this was an unpleasant strait for a man of my consequence on that day to be placed in—an enemy in pursuit, and another equally ferocious in possession of my unlucky body. The faster I fled, and the stronger became the wind, which fairly whistled past my ears, the closer the insect stuck to my skin, having now achieved, by creeping with much circumspection, half the circumference of my neck, and entangled his antennæ among my half-whiskers, which I am accustomed to wear, in order that my hebdomadal labor of shaving may be more of a sinecure. But I will not linger over the details of my flight, the wonder of the procession, the



hootings of the boys, the dispersion of the pageant, and the consternation of the musicians, whose vocation fled with me—I will only as a faithful recorder of my woes, say that I run half a mile straight into the country, was grievously stung by the enemy who had lodged on my cheek, before I had effected half that distance, that the pain added wings to my flight, and that my pursuer came up with me as I desperately plunged at risk of life and limb, into a hedge at the termination of the half a mile, hoping to leave the hedge between us, and thus baffle him, and how, instead of clearing the hedge, oh, accumulation of woes! I leaped into the middle of it, and sunk into the midst of a nest of hornets.

“Whether I should lie down and die like a martyr, or rise up and fly, was the debate of a moment in my mind. I chose the latter, for verily, life is sweet, and scrambled back into the road, *malgré* the bee on the other side of the hedge (but greater dangers swallowed up the lesser,) I fled back to the town at greater speed than I had left it, a score of angry hornets singing in my ears. When I arrived once more in the village, to use the words of a pleasing poet, in facetiously describing a less memorable race—

‘The dogs did bark, the children scream’d,  
Up flew the windows all;  
And every soul cried out, “well done!”  
As loud as they could bawl.’

I fell upon the threshold of my landlady’s door, almost lifeless, my body having, as was ascertained by subsequent enumeration, been perforated by the *aculei* of the hornets in the thirty-seven different places. After being confined with my wounds and a consequent fever for the space of four weeks, I once more became a wanderer, being too sensitive upon my disaster to remain where my adventure afforded too much mer-



riment with my friends and gossips, for me to share in it with any especial grace. I would observe, however, in passing, that my oration, which I had thrown down in my flight, was picked up by the Marshal of the day, who got the procession once more into marching order, and that it was read from the pulpit, by a young lawyer, with much taste and execution, vastly to the delight and edification of the audience, who bore testimony that such a gem of Fourth of July oratory had never been listened to—nay, that it even surpassed the homilies of the minister himself—who was, allow me to remark, a scholar of great erudition. This sugared news was breathed into my ear by my sympathetic landlady, while I lay bedridden afterwards, and verily it was a salvo both to my wounded flesh and spirit.

“My next place of abode, after divers journeyings, was in the beautiful city of Natchez, which verily for Arcadian attractiveness of aspect, hath not its equal among the cities of the West. Here, for there was no want of instructors of youth, I foregathered with an elderly and worthy gentleman, a God-fearing and coin-getting man, who agreed with me for my daily bread, and the sum of eight shillings per week, to sum up his accompts. This labor I faithfully executed, and at length, learning by the public print, that a teacher of the humane letters was needed in this village, from which I address you, on foot I came thither, bearing my recommendation in my countenance, God, I trust, having given me an honest one, and forthwith entered on my occupation, which I still delightedly pursue—for, though southern boys are not so studious as northern lads, they nevertheless possess a natural quickness of parts, which I may denominate intuition, whereby with little diligence they learn much, arriving at conclusions *per saltum* by a leap as it were, which rendereth it a pleasing task to instruct them.

“The day I had the felicity of meeting with thee, my

friend, being a Saturday, and therefore, by prescription, a holiday, I had doffed and laid aside my outward garment, and enveloped in my wrapper or summer gown, was seated in the little room which I occupy as my *sanctum sanctorum*, perusing my favorite Maro, (for Virgil hath ever been my favorite, saving the Georgic which treateth of the nurture of bees,) when I heard the well-known sound of a wasp singing about the room. I immediately sprung from my chair, with so sudden a movement, that the sagacious insect no doubt mistook it for a hostile one, though, *Dii immortales!* I had not the most distant idea of assuming a belligerent attitude—and with a sharp note darted towards me. I evaded the charge, by dodging my head, and fled forth into the street *en dishabille*, my terrible enemy in close pursuit. Thou didst witness, my worthy friend, the result, and to thee am I indebted for aid in mine affliction, saving me, peradventure, from a watery grave. In part liquidation of this my debt of gratitude, I pen and transmit to thee these brief records of my eventful life, believing that after the perusal of them thou wilt not withhold thy sympathy from him, to whom the sound of a flying insect is more terrible than the whizzing of a bullet; and who feareth less the thrust of a javelin than the barbed sting of the *irritabile genus*, a race he verily believeth created to torment him, and himself created to be their miserable victim.

“Your servant, faithfully to command,

“ABEL STINGFLYER, A. M.”

[Note by the Author of “Lafitte.”]

Being in the village of Port Gibson a few weeks ago, I learned that the unfortunate hero of the above memoirs, had left that rural village and returned to the city of Natchez, where, in copartnership with a man from the land of Connecticut, he dealt in mer-

chandise, having exchanged the honorable occupation of "teaching the humane letters," for the less intellectual one of heaping together riches through the buying and selling of goods.

When I was last in Natchez, I therefore sought him out and found him, although his name in the firm is modestly and unassumingly concealed under the abbreviation, CO., and was pleased to learn from his own lips that he was prosperous. Although his stock in trade is multifarious, he took pains to inform me that the leading stipulation in his agreement of copartnership was, that neither sugar, nor molasses, nor any thing *dulcis naturæ* holding out temptations to the *irritabile genus*, should be allowed admittance into the store as part of their stock of merchandise. It was in this interview with him I obtained the permission to make such disposition of his manuscript as I should deem most fit. Therefore in giving it this present publicity no confidence hath been betrayed.

*Rose Cottage, Adams' County, Miss.*

*January 17, 1838.*

*Wings Library*

THE

QUADROON OF ORLEANS.

A TALE.

1871



# T H E    Q U A D R O O N .

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## I.

THE last solemn peal of the organ ceased; the worshippers rose from the pavement; the priest descended from the altar; the candles were extinguished, and the mass for that day was over. Slowly the dense cloud passed out, and silence and solitude took the place of the murmur of the late worshipping assembly.

Two persons yet remained. One of these, a female, was prostrate before an image of the virgin, her forehead laid against the marble floor. She was in deep black, and a rich veil fell in thick folds and hid her face, which, if in harmony with the exquisite symmetry of her figure, could not be less than beautiful. A lovely woman kneeling in prayer, is, at all times, an interesting sight; but when she is clothed in mourning, (which gives to women that kind of effect, which in a temple is produced by "dim, religious light,") the sight is peculiarly touching, and not unfrequently is vested with the power to awaken the finest emotions of our hearts, and make even the sceptic ask of himself, if a religion, that numbers among its votaries such grace and beauty, may not have its foundation in truth?

Such at least were the thoughts passing through the mind of a handsome young man who leaned against a pillar not far off, with his eyes fixed on the kneeling devotee. His head was uncovered, leaving free masses of rich brown hair, that fell to his shoulders. A slight mustache curved above his well-shaped mouth. His figure was tall; his brow fair and open; his dress in the latest foreign fashion; and an air of high breeding, combined with a certain haughtiness of carriage, and his foreign appearance, marked him as one of the French nobles who had fled from their country to escape the guillotine, which was daily drunk with the best blood of France.

## II.

Our story is laid in New Orleans at the close of the year 1793. The city, during the ascendancy of Robespierre, became the refuge of many of the oldest families of the *ancien régime*. The young Baron Championet left Paris in disguise, just five minutes before the myrmidons of Robespierre entered his hotel. The ship in which he took passage at Havre, arrived at the levee in New Orleans as the bell was ringing for mass. Stepping on shore, he fell gradually into the moving current of people, and was borne towards the Cathedral. He entered it with the rest—for he bethought him, as its venerable towers met his eye, that he would return thanks for his safe passage. Eugenie Championet was a Roman Catholic; and like all of his sect, he never neglected the outward signs of his faith, whether his heart was religiously disposed or not.

In company with half a dozen others of every hue and degree, the young baron dipped the tip of his fingers in the marble vase of holy water by the staircase; reverently made the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast; and kneeling among slaves and artisans, maidens and matrons, he bowed to the earth as

the Host was elevated, and mingling his own with thousand tongues, worshipped this visible presence of the Redeemer. Having disburthened his heart of its weight of gratitude, he rose to his feet and gazed about him. Presently an object nearer the altar arrested and fixed his eye. With his *chapeau bras* beneath his arm, and pressing his sword close to his side to avoid entangling it among the throng of scarfs, veils, and roquelaures, he slowly edged his way to the upper extremity of the cathedral, and stopped with his eyes resting on the most faultless female figure he thought he had ever beheld. His practised glance had singled her out from her station near the door, and although he passed a score of houris, that opened their large black eyes, and were ready to fall in love with him, he took not his eyes from her he sought till he came where she stood. Her face was turned from him, and her fingers clasped a prayer book on which she seemed too intent to look up. She stood so close to the altar, that, without subjecting his movements to particular observation, if not remark, he was unable to get a sight of her features. That she must be very lovely, the faultless proportions of her truly feminine figure gave him no room to doubt.

### III.

The services closed and the congregation departed. The lady lingered to pray. Doubtless she felt more than usually penitent that morning. As the echo of the last footstep died away, apparently unconscious of observation, she closed her missal, and crossing to the shrine of Madonna, fell upon her knees before it. The young foreigner softly approached, and leaning against a pillar within a few feet of her, with his soul in his eyes, and his eyes full of devotion, continued to gaze upon her. Impatient at length to obtain a glimpse of her face, he noiselessly approached the shrine and lin-

gered over a crypt, under a pretence of deciphering the letters cut into the marble slab laid over it. The echo of his step, light as it was, reverberated through the vaulted pile, and caught her ear. She lifted her head from the stone floor, the veil fell back from her face, and the eyes of the two met. She rose in confused surprise. The young man uttered an exclamation of admiration at her strange and extraordinary beauty.

She was very little above the middle height, with a strikingly elegant figure, a lofty carriage, a superb neck and bust, and surpassing symmetry of arm and foot. Her age could not have been more than eighteen. The soft olive of her complexion was just tinged with the rich blood beneath. Her profile was accurately Grecian, her lips a little too full, perhaps, but her finely shaped mouth lost nothing of its beauty by their richness. They were just parted in her surprise, and displayed small white teeth; not that glaring ivory white, which is so much admired by those who have not seen such as here described, but of the liquid lustre of pearls. Her silken eye-brows were penciled in perfect arches over large-orbed, jet-black eyes, that seemed to float in lakes of liquid languor: They were exceedingly fine. Human eyes could not be finer. But there was an expression in them, strange and indefinable; beautiful yet unpleasing, as if a serpent had been looking through the eye of a gazelle. Dark fires burned deeply within, and the intensest passion there slumbered. The singular expression of her eyes did not weaken their effect on the susceptible temperament of the young man, although he gazed into them with sensations such as woman's eye had never before created in his bosom. Her raven hair was gathered behind, and fell in rich tresses about her finely shaped head. She wore no bonnet, but instead, a black veil, that fell from a gold comb set with precious stones, down to

her feet, which were remarkable for their small size, high instep, and symmetrical shape.

As she encountered the ardent gaze of the young man, the rich brown hue of her cheek, became richer with the mounting blood. Hastily wrapping her veil about her head, she passed him with a stately, undulating motion, and by a side door, hitherto concealed by a curtain, left the Cathedral, though not without glancing over her shoulder ere she disappeared. The baron did not hesitate to follow her. With a peculiar ease of motion, in which grace and dignity were femininely blended, she slowly moved along the thronged trottoir of Chartres street. The style of her face; the perfection of her person; the harmonious concord of every movement; the queenly carriage; the uncovered head; the basilisk fascination of her eyes, were all unlike any thing he had ever seen, and altogether allured, bewildered, and captivated him. His own elegant person attracted the eyes of many a lovely woman as he passed along, but he had no eye or thought for any one but the devotee of the Cathedral. He lost not sight of her, until he saw her enter, in one of the most aristocratic districts of the city, a cottage-like residence, like the most of those in New Orleans at that time, adorned with verandahs, half buried in orange and lemon trees, with glass doors and windows to the ground; the whole thrown open, displaying within apartments furnished with oriental magnificence. The lady glanced one of her fine eyes towards him from behind her fan, as she stepped up the verandah; he laid his hand, between gallantry and sincerity, upon his heart, in acknowledgment, impressed the dwelling on his memory, and with a sigh turned away to seek a hotel and deliver his letters.



## IV.

An old French exile, M. Beranger, to whom one of his letters was addressed, could not call on the Baron Championet, but sent his son, a gay young Creole, to welcome him to New Orleans. They dined together, were soon fast friends. Over their wine, they began to converse, as young men will do, of beautiful women. The baron related his inkling of adventure in the Cathedral, and ended with declaring himself irrevocably in love, and hinted at matrimony.

His friend heard him through with composure, and when he had ended, gave way to uncontrollable laughter. The baron looked both surprised and offended, when young Beranger, composing his features, said:

“Dark eyes, arched brows like satin, olive complexion, slightly tainted with the rose, and a veil thrown over her head.”

“You repeat my words, monsieur,” said the baron, coldly.

“A veil only you are sure?”

“A black lace veil, that dropped to her feet. A becoming mode, and one I wish to see take the place of the unsightly bonnet with which the European women choose to disfigure their heads.”

“You have fallen in love with a *quadroon*, Championet.”

“If ‘quadroon’ be American for *angel*, by the mass! you say truly!”

“Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, my dear baron! I see I must initiate you, or you will be getting into more of these Cathedral adventures with dark-eyed devotees veiled to the feet. First let us fill a bumper to your olive-browed divinity.”

The toast was drunk with mock sentiment by the one, and with genuine gallantry by the other.

“Now, my dear baron,” began the gay Creole,\* “you must know that there is among us a class of citizens called quadroons. They are one-fourth part African blood.”

“Saint Marie! You do not mean to say that ——”

“Peace, my dear Championet. I will explain this thing, so that you will thank me for the Mahomedan paradise my words shall unfold to you. The descent and blood of a quadroon is as follows: The offspring of a white man and a pure negress, is what we call a *mulatto*, or *mulatress*, according to the sex. The offspring of the mulatto and pure white is a *mestizoe*, pronounced *mustife*, and in this class I have seen blue eyes and light hair, albeit the complexion might have been somewhat objectionable. The offspring of the mestizoe and a pure white, is termed a quadroon, or *quatreune*, being four parts white, with one part (the blood of the original African progenitor) black. By these four removes the African blood has become nearly extinct, and the quadroon shares the characteristic traits common to the European race. The fifth and sixth removes are also called quadroons; indeed the term is applied so long as there remains the least trace of the slavish blood. By the sixth generation, however, it entirely disappears. I know some beautiful quadroons in the fifth descent, who, save a certain indescribable expression in the centre of the pupils of their fine eyes, have the appearance of lovely Italian women.”

“This singular expression,” interrupted the baron, “struck me in the eyes of this superb creature.—What it was I could not tell, but it had a strange effect upon me.”

“It is the mark of the quadroon even to the sixth

\* Creole, as used in Louisiana, has no other meaning than the word “native.” In this acceptation, one is a *Creole* of Pennsylvania, or of Maine, who is a native of either of those States.

generation, when all other signs of her African descent are lost. I have tried to analyze it, but like the peculiar and undefinable expression that stamps the Jewish physiognomy, it defies all explanation or analysis. We often speak of the fine eye of a spirited woman, as having a little devil in it. In the eye of the quadroon there lurks the devil, but it is a wicked one. I do not mean in the playful sense of the term, but in its worst. Yet they show none of it in their dispositions. They are warm hearted and full of passion, and fire, but it is difficult to rouse them to anger. They are, on the contrary, universally affectionate, good-natured, and remarkable for a child-like simplicity of manners, in which much of their fascination lies. These quadroons of both sexes present, perhaps, the finest specimens of the human race. The young men are perfect Apollos. The females—but you have seen one of them, and can judge for yourself. Notwithstanding all this, such is the prejudice where Africans are held as slaves, against admitting any of the blood of this degraded race to an equality with ourselves, that, however accomplished they may be, they are not only interdicted from society, but the law against the intermarriages of the white with the blacks, extends equally to these. Many of them are the daughters of gentleman of fortune, who lavish money on them, rear them in the lap of luxury, and sometimes send them to Paris to be educated. Abroad, some of them have married rank and wealth. Last summer I met, driving on the Prater of Vienna, the Countess—, whom I knew as a quadroon in this city, till her thirteenth year, when her father sent her to Paris, where she completed her education, and as his legitimate daughter married the Count—present husband. She is called the most handsome woman in Austria.

“Prohibited from society here, and debarred marriage, (for reared and educated as they are, of course they will not marry the young quadroons, who are

lower in the social circles than even themselves, whose own equivocal elevation is owing to causes easily to be divined,) their maternal education consists in adorning their persons; and, by their still lovely mothers they are taught to regard beauty of person and the arts of blandishment, as the highest qualifications of their sex, and to look forward to the station of a mistress with the same hopes, fears and sensations that a virtuously educated maiden contemplates that of wife. In fact, to their perverted minds, illicit love is divested of guilt, and is connected neither with shame nor moral degradation.”

“But the fathers? Have they no voice in this matter?”

“In this climate sixteen or seventeen years, when their daughters are in market, (I speak plainly,) make great changes in regard to most of these.—Death, travel, or matrimony, gives the quadroon mother, while yet young, to choose another protector and educate her daughter as she pleases. When at the age I have mentioned, the mother, who has kept her till now in great seclusion, begins to cast about for a protector for her. She allows her with this object in view, to attend balls and masquerades, frequent public walks, and go to mass, but always attended by a confidential slave, or herself in person; while her eye is ever watchful, and the reins of maternal vigilance are drawn with careful hand, lest the daughter, from feeling, should form an unprofitable *liaison*. It will not be long before she attracts several admirers, and proposals are made in due form to the quadroon mother—for the system, as you will discover, is as regularly organised and understood here, as that for the buying and selling Circassian girls. In the choice of suitors, three things are especially considered, viz: the wealth, the respectability of the individual, and the inclinations of the daughter. If there are possessions on her side, that are not incompatible with the other



two considerations, her wishes decide the choice; for it is the managing mother's desire, not only to get her daughter well established, but established happily also. When the suitor is fixed upon, the others are notified that Mademoiselle is not at liberty to form engagements. Then come the preliminary settlements, previously agreed upon, between buyer and seller. Some of these scenes, were it not for the moral degradation with which they are associated, I doubt not, would be extremely amusing. The two are closeted together with pen, ink and paper. The mother, who has the conditions drawn upon a piece of paper she holds in her hand, insists on a house containing a certain number of rooms, richly furnished, particularises each article of their furniture, demands a certain number of servants; bargains for a specific sum to be paid quarterly to her daughter for pin-money, and insists that she shall be indulged in all the expensive luxuries of her class; many other things besides are agreed upon, depending mostly on the taste, ambition and high notions of the quadron mother. In her care for her daughter, she does not neglect her own interests, but bargains for a present in hand for her own part, such as an expensive shawl, a costly veil, a set of jewels, or something of that sort. The suitor agreeing to all this, pays a certain sum down, often so high as two thousand dollars, and seldom less than one thousand, and receives his unmarried but virgin bride. From that time he openly lives with her, if unmarried, save dining at the hotels.—If he is a married man, he is more cautious. The quadron mothers usually prefer the latter class, as promising, their daughters a more stable and permanent life, than it would be likely to be, dependent on the roving caprice of a young bachelor. Hundreds of young gentlemen, and I know not how many with hymenial ties, live in this way in this city."

"A singular state of society."



“Yes; and this facility of things is why we are such a community of bachelors.”

“Are these quadroons faithful?”

“There has never been known among them a single instance to the contrary. Indeed, their attachment in these cases is proverbial.”

The young man balanced his wine glass on his forefinger, and mused awhile; then abruptly speaking he said.”

“Do you think the lovely creature I saw this morning is one of this class?”

His countenance was so expressive of mingled doubt and hope as he waited for a reply, that the lively creole smiled as he answered.

“Yes. Her veil marks her, if nothing more.—Quadroons alone wear veils. Why, I know not, unless bonnets are prohibited to this class as well as to the slaves, which I believe is the case, but whether by the municipal law, or the stronger one of public opinion, I am not prepared to say. The extraordinary beauty of many of these women has been noised abroad, and if common fame speaks the truth, has been the subject of convivial conversation even with one or two of the princes of the royal family who have been here. Apropos, I could tell a tale here if I would. But another time.”

“It is strange,” said the baron, thoughtfully, “that a trait scarcely discernible, except to the initiated, should shut them out of society.”

“The cause, if we look closely into the subject, does not lie so much in the drop of African blood in their veins, as the fact that they are descended, at least on one side, from slaves. Indeed, many quadroons are really slaves, whose maternal ancestors have been for generations in the same family. If the mother be a slave, say our laws, so is the offspring, no matter what its hue may be. A prejudice so deeply founded as that against slavish blood, will forever resist reason.

It is true the quadroons are its victims. Its tendency, doubtless, is to preserve the purity of society, but I do not know if its effects are not more than balanced by the laxity of morals it originates and fosters. But a truce to this prosing. It is now near sunset, and the population is all out of doors to enjoy the cool of the evening. If we walk in the direction of the dwelling of your inamorata, we shall find her no doubt in the verandah. I think, from your glowing description of her, I can divine who she is. If it is Emilie, as I believe, she is a prize worth winning and wearing."

## V.

The young gentlemen sallied forth together, and arm in arm lounged carelessly along the street towards the abode of the devotee. It was near sunset, and the doors, balconies and verandahs of that gay city were animated with cheerful people, and brilliant with beauty. Families were gathered in their own doors or about a neighbor's, standing or sitting in groups gossiping and taking the air. Young, bonnetless girls laughed and talked with one another across the street, or smiled at passing beaux. Children every where played up and down the side walks; the artisan, his apron thrown aside, sat in his open shop window and smoked his cigar, or chatted with a neighbor: all was cheerfulness, hilarity and content. One would have thought there was not in the whole town a sad heart.

Beranger bowed to nearly every other pretty woman he saw in the overhanging balconies, while his elegant companion drew after him many a dark eye, and caused many an inquiry to be passed along the galaxy of beauty, of who might be the handsome cavalier.

They arrived at Rue de ———, and Championet pointed to the residence of the devotee.

"'Tis Emilie!" cried the other. "She is scarcely

seventeen, and though 'tis not two months since she made her first appearance in public, she has already had half New-Orleans at her feet. But her mother, deviating from the usual mode, has left her to her own choice, of course subject to her sanction. So the lovely quadroon will not sell her person save to the bold cavalier who shall first steal her heart. Courage, mon ami! From what you have told me, you have already made an impression. You are a stranger here, and women, if you have noticed, always like strangers."

The young gentlemen approached the elegant residence of the fair quadroon, and in one month afterwards the gay baron Championet boasted the finest establishment and the loveliest mistress in New-Orleans.

## VI.

The death of Robespierre, by the guillotine, July 28, 1794, was the signal for the return of the French exiles. The Baron Championet, settling upon Emilie a noble income, took passage for France, promising, so soon as he should arrange his effects, to send for her. Absence is like the waters of Lethe, to most men. The stirring times he encountered on his return to France, left him little time for love and dalliance. He recovered his confiscated estates, entered the army, rose rapidly to distinction, and in twelve months Emilie was forgotten. He became suitor for the hand of the only daughter of a neighboring noble, whose broad lands seemed only wanting to make his own patrimony a princely domain, and, as in New-Orleans he had loved for love's sake, so in France he married for mammon's sake. A son was the fruit of the politic union. The baron, now General Championet, followed Bonaparte in most of his wars, and his thoughts never wandered to the lovely quadroon, save when

some dark eyed Italian in his southern campaigns, forcibly recalled her to his mind.

## VII.

A few months after the departure of the baron, Emilie gave birth to a daughter. During the long period of his intimacy with the beautiful quadron, he had taken pleasure in storing her mind with the nobler branches of literature, and elevating the standard of her intellect. He taught her to reason and to reflect. After his departure, reason and reflection became to her the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. For the first time she began to view in its true light her moral and social degradation. She loathed herself, and passed hours in unavailing tears. She was proud, and her pride was humbled, her spirit broken. One evening she veiled herself, and went to the Cathedral. Kneeling on the spot where she had first seen the young foreigner, she made a solemn vow to the Virgin, "that her daughter should never know her mother's degradation nor the race from which she herself had sprung." She rose and returned home with a lighter heart and a firm purpose.

When the little Louisa was in her fifth year, she left New Orleans, where the fulfilment of her vow would have been impossible, and went to the Havana; from whence she took passage to Marseilles, and then proceeded to Paris. Here as Madame D'Avigny, and representing herself as the widow of a West India planter, she took up her abode, and pursued the education of her daughter. Her income was great, and the style of her establishment had scarcely a rival in Paris. She gave soirées, was courted, and when, at the age of nineteen, Louise came out, a new star in the constellation of fashion, the saloons of Madame D'Avigny were among the most thronged and cele-



brated in Paris. The beauty of Louise now became the universal theme, and in all public places she was the "cynosure of all eyes."

### VIII.

One morning shortly after the introduction of the lovely quadron into the fashionable world of Paris, a noble looking and extremely handsome young man, not more than twenty one years of age, was idly promenading one of the less frequented streets of Paris, when his attention was drawn to an elegant and well appointed equipage that stopped just before him, not far from the door of the cathedral.—Two ladies descended from it and approached the church, to which the obstruction of a line of carriages lining the pavé prevented the coachman from coming closer. One of them was an elegant shaped woman, who moved with the slow and stately measure becoming a queen. By her side moved a less stately figure, but what was lost in dignity was made up in grace and feminine delicacy. Her undulating movement, as she gently stepped along, was the poetry of motion. Her feet were the neatest, and prettiest, and smallest in the world, and they left the pavement and lighted upon it again with the lightness of a bird. The young man quickened his pace and passed them. The face that met his gaze, as he turned round at the door of the church, was wonderfully fair. He thought he had not seen its equal for that soft and dreamy loveliness which is usually found in the climes of the south. Her large black eyes, as she lifted them to the face of the elegant young man, seemed to him like fountains of love, with which her heart, like a deep well, was full. The moulded bust, the rounded waist, the superbly feminine figure, the shapely foot and hand, the faultless neck and stag-like carriage of the fine head;



the indolent grace of every motion from the gliding curve of each swimming step, to the fall of the fringed lid, filled his soul with those delightful but indescribable sensations which are the incipient workings of youthful love. Aside from the charms of her person, there was about her a something which strangely drew his heart to hers. The emotion was mutual; for, as she passed him to enter the cathedral, her eye lingered on his face with singular interest.

The appearance of her companion was very little less striking, though she must have been thirty-five years of age. The full-blown rose was the emblem of the one; the half-open bud of the other. From their surprising resemblance to each other, they were mother and daughter.

They advanced to a distant part of the cathedral, and kneeled at different shrines. The young man, who followed them into the church, approached the shrine where the younger kneeled, and with a singular union of boldness and timidity, and assuming a look of playful submission that disarmed reproof ere it rose to the lip, he knelt beside her. She started, turned, and would have risen to move away from the daring intruder, but the respectful yet tender expression of his fine eyes, the elegance of his person, his becoming humility, all pleaded in his favor. With his hand laid on his heart, he awaited her decision. The silent eloquence of his manner prevailed. She smiled, dropped her eyes, and opened her missal. Her transparent fingers trembled with agitation; the gilt leaves fluttered, and the book fell from her hands. The young stranger arrested it ere it reached the pavement; and, opening it, returned it to her with his finger on this passage:—

“Give ear unto me; my soul hangeth upon thee. I will love thee all the days of my life. Incline thine ear unto my calling.”

The maiden read it; raised her full dark eyes, and smiled, while, with a mantling cheek, she placed a finger carelessly on a passage. He caught it from her hand, and read, with eyes that sparkled with delight, the following verse:—

“I will dwell in thy tabernacle for ever; and my trust shall be under the shadow of thy wings.”

He seized and pressed her hand to his heart, then to his lips, and thus in one minute was consummated an affection which contained all the elements of genuine love; which some people think takes a year to grow, when every body knows it is a plant that, like Jonah's gourd, springs up in one night.

With the material before one, enough to fill two volumes, it is difficult to write a mere sketch. We must therefore, to keep within any bound, leave a great deal of the filling up of our story to the imaginations of our readers; to which, to begin with, we shall leave the remainder of the scene in the Cathedral, telling them, however, what doubtless they have already guessed, that the elder lady was Emilie, the quadroon, or as she was known in Paris, Madame D'Avigny, and the younger daughter, the lovely and widely famed Louise.

## IX.

Two months had not passed after the love passage in the Cathedral, when all Paris knew that the West India beauty, Louise D'Avigny, was to be led to the altar by a scion of one of the oldest houses in France, the young Baron Caronde.

The day of the nuptials arrived, and before the altar of the same Cathedral which had witnessed the first meeting, the lovers stood surrounded by their friends, prepared to enter into the marriage covenant.

The father of the bridegroom had been expected from the army, where he was in command, to honor the ceremony with his presence; but the rites could not longer be delayed, and the priest opened his book, and, after the imposing forms of the Romish church, the marriage was solemnized.

Emilie embraced her daughter. Her vow had been fulfilled. Her triumph was complete. At this moment an officer of high rank entered the Cathedral, and hastily approached the star. It was the Baron Championet, now Marquis of Caronde. He embraced his son, and was presented to the bride. He started with an exclamation of surprise. But as he directly recovered himself, and tenderly embraced her, his emotion was supposed by the bystanders to have been caused by her extreme beauty. His son next presented Madame D'Avigny, or, as we better know her, Emilie, who had been surveying his features between doubt and eager curiosity. He advanced to take her hand, when, fixing his eyes on her still beautiful face, he recognized her.

“Emilie!”

“Championet!”

“Speak,” he cried, looking at Louise, “is she ——”

“Your daughter. But, tell me! he! is he ——”

“My son!”

A wild shriek filled the temple, and Emilie fell on the marble floor, and the blood gushed from her temples at the feet of the Baron Championet.

The surprise and horror of those around was raised to a feverish degree of excitement and curiosity. But Emilie never spoke again, and the baron kept the secret locked up in his own breast.

Louise was removed to a convent, and in a few months died of a broken heart. Her husband and brother threw his life away shortly after in battle.

Such is the end of characters who really existed,

and the sad conclusion of a story founded on actual occurrence. It has been written to illustrate, in some degree, a state of society which once existed in New Orleans, many of the most prominent features of which are still retained.

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THE END.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, written in dark ink on aged paper. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.









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