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FERNANDO DE LEMOS.

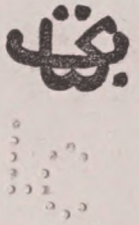
TRUTH AND FICTION.

A Novel.

BY

CHARLES GAYARRÉ,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF LOUISIANA," "PHILIP II. OF SPAIN," "THE SCHOOL FOR POLITICS," ETC., ETC.



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IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

THE UNKNOWN AND FUTURE FRIENDS

WHOM

IT MAY MAKE FOR ITSELF.

To be Followed by

AUBERT DUBAYET,

A SEQUEL TO

FERNANDO DE LEMOS.

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FERNANDO DE LEMOS.

CHAPTER I.

FERNANDO DE LEMOS AT THE OLD COLLEGE OF ORLEANS.

The church of St. Augustin, at the corner of Hospital and St. Claude streets, now stands on a portion of a large tract of land once appropriated to the College of Orleans, the first educational institution of Louisiana which was incorporated by her Legislature; it flourished for a short time, with a promise of duration; but it soon disappeared, leaving few traces of its existence save a fragment or two of its long dormitories, which have been converted into private dwellings, and save also a few sexagenarian gentlemen, who, by their classical attainments and refined manners, show that the defunct institution was not without its merits, and had, in some instances at least, accomplished the purpose for which it had been erected. I, Fernando de Lemos, was about seven years old when my name was registered in the records of this *Alma Mater*, which was then under the direction of Jules Davezac, a highly polished gentleman of the old school and a native of St. Domingo. It is difficult to determine which predominated in him—the gentleman, or the scholar. I incline to believe that there was in his organization a happy combination of both characters, in equally bal

anced proportions. I even now, after the lapse of so many years, delight in the remembrance of his affectionate accents, and of the expression of genial benevolence which overspread his face whenever he addressed any one of his youthful subordinates. We used to call him Titus, in memory of the Roman emperor of that name; and it was not inappropriate after all; for if Titus was the delight of mankind, Davezac was the delight of his juvenile subjects. For some cause or other, which we never knew—whether he abdicated, or was decapitated—certain it is that his reign was not long, and he was succeeded by another native of St. Domingo, named Rochefort. Many of the French, when driven from that Island by the negroes, had fled to the neighboring one of Cuba, from which they had again been expelled when Napoleon invaded Spain. About four thousand of that unfortunate population had at last taken refuge in New Orleans, where they met with much sympathy and the most liberal support. Most of them were energetic and industrious; some were highly educated; and the hospitable inhabitants of the city had not been backward in offering them opportunities to better their fortunes. I am not sure that there was not in the College Board of Regents a majority composed of the exiles of St. Domingo; which shows the extraordinary facility with which they had affiliated with the natives of Louisiana, and the marked influence which they had acquired in a short time.

It was to that influence, as well as to his own merit, that Rochefort was indebted for his appointment. Besides being the principal—the head of the collegiate establishment—he had charge of the highest Latin class, and was professor of literature. He was himself no despicable poet, and had made very elegant transla-

tions of the best odes of Horace, which he delighted to read to his pupils. Whenever not engaged in teaching, he used to walk rapidly in a long gallery, into which his private apartments opened, sometimes thumping the floor violently with his club-foot, as if with a stick, drinking cup after cup of coffee, and occasionally giving vent to a shrill, short, abrupt whistle. It was probably his way of crowing, when he had found at last some felicitous expression of which he had been long in search. Whether it was due to the profuse quantity of Mocha which he imbibed, or whether he really possessed the divine "afflatus," it seemed to us that he had what we considered ought to be the inspired look of the favorite of Apollo and of the Muses. His brow expanded finely, and he was bald on the top of his head, from which, what remained of his hair fell in silky curls down his neck. There was always a sort of flush over his face, as if produced by some inward excitement, and his eyes were wonderfully lustrous. Beyond the Latin classics, the histories of Rome, Greece and France, he hardly knew anything. The darkness which surrounded the little bright spot where he dwelt, was welcome to him; it made more brilliant, by circumscribing it, the only light for which he cared. He was a monomaniac in his aversion to mathematics, and could not bear any allusion to that science. If such a subject was introduced, he became nervous and fretful. It was like presenting water to a mad dog. A wag of our class pretended that he had surprised, one day, our venerated tutor casting up two and two on a sheet of paper, and coming slowly to the conclusion, after repeated efforts, that it made four.

Rochefort occupied for his residence the second story of a very large building, in the lower part of which

were some of the classes. In that second story there were several rooms, which he gave to such of his pupils as had pre-eminently distinguished themselves in those high classes of which he had the special charge. The occupancy of these rooms withdrew their fortunate tenants from subjection to any other authority than that of Rochefort. From that moment they were privileged beings; they acted as they pleased, without control from the ordinary proctors, and were amenable only to him for their acts. He frequently invited them in turn to his table, and as frequently took them to the theatre, (at their own expense, however,) whenever the drama to be acted was deemed by him of a suitable character. He was a bachelor, and they were his adopted family by reciprocal consent. The other pupils called these envied few the principal's body guard. In fact, it was an aristocracy which, although established as the reward of intellect and labor, was unpopular among the pupils, and disliked even by the professors and proctors. It was a sort of house of peers, which every outsider seemed to think it his duty to rail against and to pull down, if possible; but it stood firm against all assaults. It was particularly galling to the inferior teachers, to the proctors, and the policemen of the institution, to witness the secret freaks of these magnates, without daring to interfere or denounce them. It was always a grand day to us (for why should I not admit that I was one of those magnates), when we were summoned to accompany our chief to the theatre of Orleans street, the only one then existing. The number of the selected was usually limited to six. On such occasions Rochefort put himself at the head of the squad, and marched with an air of proud satisfaction through the streets of New Orleans. Conscious

of being the observed of all observers, he seemed to say plainly to the idlers who gazed at us: "Look on, my friends, look on; for you see with me *spes patriæ*."* After the theatrical entertainment was over, when on our way back to our classical home, he would ask us our opinion as to the merits of the play, and of the actors, and either approve or correct our judgments. It was evidently a source of great annoyance to him, if not of grief, that his brother was one of those comedians. Of course, he never alluded in his criticisms to the manner in which that brother had performed his part on the stage, and we as sedulously avoided to venture on that tacitly forbidden ground—the more so, because Rochefort, the actor, who was a very respectable individual in his every-day character, was not always equally worthy of praise in those which he professionally assumed.

At our time of life, most of the actors and actresses whose performances we had witnessed, loomed up like wonderful personages whom we could not too much admire; and we used to experience quite a shock when our chief, revising our judgments one after the other, poured his bucket of cold water on our enthusiasm, and, almost to our regret, showed the many imperfections which we had taken for real beauties. We, not unnaturally, concluded that he was a most severe, if not unjust, critic. Every dollar which he could save from the requirement of his personal wants, and from the contributions which he generously granted to the support of his brother's family, he invested in books. He, therefore, had accumulated a large library, to which we, the privileged few, had free access. This liberality was more than once the cause of my being reprimanded and

* The hope of the country.

punished. Our chief had issued an ukase that, at ten o'clock at night, all lights were to be extinguished in our rooms, and that we were to betake ourselves to our bed without unnecessary delay. I must confess that, generally, I was obstinately bent on sitting up late, notwithstanding the danger of disobedience, and I frequently disregarded the hour of the curfew, particularly when I had picked up in the adjacent library, a book which enticed me to rebellion against the prescribed rule. Hence, on more than one occasion, I was startled by the voice of our worthy principal, who had to my dismay got out of bed and who shouted to me:

"Fernando, bring to me to-morrow before sunset, ten pages of Tacitus translated into the very best French, mind you;" mentioning the chapter and book.

I always suspected, however, that he was very magnanimous to me, and that he voluntarily abstained from noticing many of my midnight transgressions; for sometimes, in the morning, he would say to me with a tone of assumed severity:

"I believe, sir, that you sat up late last night—is it or is it not true?"

I knew how to parry the blow when I thought that I had been transgressing.

"It may be so, sir," I said; "I beg pardon for what I have done. My only excuse is, that I had not noticed the flight of time; for I was rather in a vein of inspiration, and indulged in writing some verses."

"Verses! child, verses! what was it about? Show them to me," he would say, with eager curiosity, rubbing his hands, and with an irrepressible chuckle of satisfaction.

"Allow me, sir, if you please, to polish them a little before submitting them to your judgment."

"Very well; that is right; polish, polish away. I give you until to-morrow."

Thus, I more than once found myself set down for a poetical effusion, within twenty-four hours' notice, *nolens volens*. But we of the upper-tendom never felt more grand than when old Tyrtæus, (we had thus nicknamed him after the club-footed Greek poet who, chanting his hymns at the head of the Spartans, led them to victory,) invited us to dine at his table, with the announcement that, the convivial entertainment being over, he would read to us one of his original productions. Good wine and good cheer prepared us for the august ceremony, and, when he had done reading, he could easily discern that we were sincerely and honestly in ecstasies. How could it be otherwise? The stomach is more grateful than the heart, and its gratitude rose up in savory vapors to the brain, which it prepared for approbation of the intellectual dish that made its appearance, after a more substantial one had been duly relished by the flesh. Besides, were we not greatly complimented by being taken as judges? We felt as consequential as an areopagus of Greek critics would have been, had Apollo deigned to descend from high Olympus to submit to the decision of their tribunal. By Jupiter! I cannot but smile even now, on recollecting the scene which we then exhibited. Whosoever you are who may peruse these lines, if you have seen the well-known engraving representing Walter Scott reading one of his poems to an assembly of his literary friends, you have the proper model before you to group us as artistically; and you may be able to draw a picture equally pleasing to you and to ourselves. But, to be strictly truthful in your representation, do not forget to suffuse our cheeks with a glow of intense self-impor-

tance. On these occasions, old Tyrtæus usually dismissed us with a paternal admonition in the blandest style, saying: "Now, boys, return to your studies with increased emulation; behave well; and above all, cultivate the muses, if you wish for a repetition of this entertainment."

Poor Rochefort! years afterwards I visited him on his death-bed; infirmities having compelled him to resign as principal of the college. He had gradually become pinched in his circumstances, and, in consequence of it, he had been under the dire necessity, from time to time, to sell his books. It was to him like parting with pieces of his own flesh. Still, he had a goodly number of them remaining, and his last looks had the consolation to rest on them. When the visit I speak of was paid to him, senatorial honors had just been conferred on me. He had heard of it; and, when I made my appearance, he exclaimed, "*Morituru te salutat, O pater conscriptus!* * Let me kiss, child, those capitolian lips before I am wafted across the Styx by old Charon. *Os magna locuturus*, † I predict. Ha, ha! *Macte animo, puer.* ‡ You are my work, boy; you are my work—never forget it!"

Alas! old Tyrtæus has long since gone to his last place of rest; and, true to his wishes I have never forgotten him. Let these lines be the proof of my fond and grateful remembrance.

* He who is soon to die, salutes thee, O conscript father!
† A mouth which is destined to speak great things.
‡ Strive on with increasing courage, boy!

CHAPTER II.

PROFESSORS AND PUPILS.

We had another remarkable personage among our teachers. It was Teinturier, the professor of mathematics, a bachelor too like Rochefort. He was tall and wiry, as thin as a lath, and as sallow as the oldest piece of parchment extant. His small, round, pumpkin-like head, was covered with dense crispy hair which began to be silvered with age. His food consisted of only two things—bread and milk—bread well baked—which he broke carefully, systematically and almost mathematically into fragments of equal size, and which he cast into a large bowl of boiling milk. Once in the course of the day, and once in the course of the night, he took a teaspoonful of coffee. Such being his diet, his thinness is not to be wondered at. He never walked but trotted, with his eyes always closed. God only knows how he found his way; it must have been by instinct. His absence of mind was such, that he not unfrequently went north, when he should have gone south. More than once the urchins of the city, to every one of whom his eccentric figure was well-known, had hailed him with: "Ho! ho! old Teinturier, whither are you trotting?"

"You impudent imps of darkness," he would reply, "you know very well I am going to the college. I am afraid I am a little too late."

"How came you then, old crazy owl," would young

America shout with frolicsome boldness, "to turn your back on it, like a naughty boy, playing truant and running away from school."

Thus addressed, the dreamer, stopping short, uttered all sorts of exclamations of surprise, and looking like a bewildered somnambulist on his waking up in a strange place, would start in the right direction with quickened pace.

Teinturier was passionately fond of horticulture, and had in one of the suburbs of the city a very large garden and orchard famous for their vegetables, their flowers and fruits. Often he was seen working the whole night by moonlight. He allowed himself but very little sleep. This was a systematic rule with him, although nature would enforce her claims despite his will; so that, even when walking, or rather trotting, he was sometimes half asleep; and at the dinner table, or in a friend's parlor, or in the professor's chair, it happened that he occasionally departed, without being conscious of it, for the land of dreams. He snapped his fingers at the sun, and maintained that it was an absurd prejudice to be afraid of its heat. Hence, in the hottest months of the year he would strip himself stark naked, and work lustily in his garden in this primitive costume of Adam, thereby demonstrating, as he said, his proposition, that the white man could, in July and August, brave the canicular rays with impunity. In that condition, and when thus occupied, he looked very much like a half-boiled lobster trying to escape from the cook and bury itself in the ground. Besides being an excellent gardener and making handsome profits as such, and besides being a professor of mathematics with a good salary, Teinturier had another string to his bow—which was, to tune pianos, and great was the call on

him for that purpose. He was also exceedingly fond of natural history, so much so, that, whenever we were not prepared for our lessons and had been neglectful in our prescribed studies, we used, on his entering the class, to present to him in the most artless manner we could assume, a string of insects about which he would descant most learnedly—we fanning the discourse with our questions, until the hour which was allotted to our class had glided away. There was something ludicrous in the amazement which his face showed on such occasions, when we notified him that the time was out and that we had to attend another class; but recovering himself, he would say good humoredly:

"Well, well, how time flies! It is really prodigious. Who could have believed it? Still, my young friends, we have not been uselessly employed. Have we? Natural history is very curious and attractive. It must, however, be used only as an amusement—an innocent and instructive recreation. There is but one thing worthy of being denominated a science. That is, mathematics. It is the Alpha and Omega of all knowledge—the great I am—the pervading spirit of the universe. Good-bye, my lads; go again and carefully over the lessons which you were to recite to-day, and we will have a grand time of it to-morrow. He who may deserve to be put at the head of the class, shall have a prize—mind you—a full basket of fruit, and even popish indulgences for some future peccadilloes." After having thus delivered himself, he smiled benignantly, closed his eyes and trotted away.

There was with the class a favorite joke, in which we sometimes indulged—which was—when he was preparing to depart for the day, to present him with toads, frogs, bugs, butterflies, and all sorts of insects

which we had caught. He invariably pinned them to his hat and his sleeves, and went home, moving like a somnambulist, apparently unaware of being followed by a host of little blackguards who made themselves merry at his expense, and whose shouts and jeers testified their glee. We sometimes served another trick on our worthy professor. His chair was like those appropriated to the district judges in New Orleans, and looking somewhat like church pulpits. On his ascending into it, he used, before commencing his course of instruction, to rest awhile with his elbows on his desk and with his chin in the palm of his hand, whilst gathering his thoughts. On such occasions, particularly during the dog days, we sometimes observed that, absorbed in reflecting on what he had to say, he ended in nodding very suggestively. As soon as such a symptom was discovered, the class became so silent that a pin might have been heard to fall. All eyes were riveted on the drooping head of the professor, and when it was evident that Morpheus had triumphed over the god of angles and triangles, we noiselessly crept from our seats, closed doors and windows to produce the darkness favorable to slumber, and deserting the room, left the man of equations to his undisturbed repose, which sometimes was of long duration. On his waking, he would mildly remonstrate against our conduct. But, on our assuring him that we had been guided only by respectful considerations, that we thought he looked fatigued and unwell, and that we had been afraid of his over exerting himself on our behalf, he would seem to be much relieved, and would say with much benignity:

"Well, my children, I thank you heartily. It was very kind on your part to show such regards to me, although it was very wrong on mine to fall asleep; for

it was my duty to be awake, and duty must always be performed. But what were you doing whilst I slept?"

"Oh! we were all on the piazza, knee deep in Euclid, amusing ourselves with algebra and trigonometry, settling equations and solving problems."

"Bless you, boys; you console me for my accidental dereliction of duty. Then no time has been lost, and my conscience is at ease. You will be an honor to the State and to myself."

There was one thing which this man, who had in him so much of the milk of human kindness, utterly abhorred. It was poetry. If, to tease him, we spouted some passage from the French classics, he flew into a fit of indignation:

"What, boys! what! what do I hear? What nonsense is this? In my presence, too! This is positively to be lacking in respect to me. Poetry! pish! pshaw! What is there in that thing called poetry? What does it prove? What is it good for? Does it demonstrate any truth? Did any two persons ever agree as to its merits? What constitutes its essence? What is poetry, and what is not? As well might one attempt to analyze the substance of a shadow. Will poetry build a bridge, or a house, or a fortification, or an engine? Will it steer a ship, or calculate the march of the heavenly bodies? Mathematics, boys, mathematics! It sums up everything. What would the world be without mathematics? The Creator himself is nothing but the most sublime of all mathematicians. A poet! Fie!" and he would grin like a monkey sick at the stomach and ready to faint. That any one should have been so foolish as to write a comedy, or a tragedy, was a puzzle to him.

"But, Mr. Rochefort," we would say to him, "main-

tains that poetry does more to ennoble mankind than anything else."

"Mr. Rochefort! ha! ha! a mere coiner of rhymes! a manufacturer of jingling sentences. A fine authority, truly! a man who could not go through one of the simplest operations of the multiplication table! and you quote him, and to my face, too! You who, under my tuition, are every day discovering and appropriating some of the celestial beauties and secrets of mathematics! A truce to this nonsense. Allow, my boys, no such follies to divert your attention from serious studies, or you will give me much pain." Then he would stride away, tossing his head in disgust, and emitting between his teeth a sort of sibilant sound, which, beginning like a half-suppressed hiss, ended in a dry, contemptuous, hysterical laugh.

It must be confessed that Rochefort richly repaid the compliment by his aversion to mathematics. It was as intense as Teinturier's hatred of poetry. Sometimes, as one of our best practical jokes, one of us who belonged to Rochefort's privileged class of literary grandees, on seeing him coming, would put himself in his way, and bending over his slate, would seem to be engaged in some absorbing occupation.

"Ah! ah! child," would old Tyrtæus cheerily exclaim as he approached, "you are trying your hand at some stanzas, are you? An ode, perhaps? Is it French, or Latin? Let me see, let me see!" And he would eagerly bend over the slate. Then followed the angry expostulations:

"What, sir! What hieroglyphics are these? Is it so that you waste your precious time?"

"Sir, I am studying my lesson of mathematics. I am solving one of the problems of Euclid."

"Euclid! Euclid! Who is he? Oh! . . . I see . . . some of Teinturier's nonsense. Good God! that some of my best pupils should be exposed to be spoiled by that man, their imagination chilled, and their poetic fire extinguished just as it began to expand!"

And thumping his fiercest thump with his club foot, he would limp away with extraordinary fleetness, as if pursued by the ghosts of Archimedes and Newton. When at a safe distance from the mischievous joker, he would turn round, cast a reproachful glance at the student and his slate, and then, emitting his shrillest whistle—sharp, angry and menacing—would resume his flight.

Another oddity was our professor of drawing. His name was Selles, and, like Rochefort, he was from the island of St. Domingo. Selles was a superb gentleman. His body had been cast in a large mould, and was finely proportioned. His countenance was imposing, and his large blue eyes beamed with a majestic expression. From the consciousness of his possessing these advantages, with a sonorous voice, and other physical as well as mental qualifications, the excellence of which was no doubt greatly exaggerated in his own estimation, he had come to the conclusion that he would have been the most illustrious actor in the world, if his gentle birth had permitted him to go on the stage. As it was, and in his present situation as a teacher, he consoled himself with occasionally assuming tragic attitudes, and declaiming passages from Corneille and Racine, for the profit and delight of his pupils. We took care to encourage him in these exhibitions; for we preferred forming an idle audience to drawing eyes, noses, mouths and ears. Therefore, one of us would sometimes turn round from his desk and humbly beg Selles, as he

passed along our benches, muttering his long Alexandrines, to be so kind as to show us how Talma, the great French actor in Paris, spoke a particular passage. He generally consented with alacrity to gratify such a desire, always admonishing us, however, that the interruption to our labors would have to be a short one, and that we must promise him to return to our pencils with renewed *gusto*. The promise was readily made, of course, and the exhibition began much to our amusement, but it occasionally ended tragically for one of us, who happened to be so unfortunate as to be tickled into an outright burst of laughter by his contortions.

"Oh! you laugh, little rascal," would the tragedian exclaim, "when you should weep, or be terror-stricken! I will teach you better manners, and better taste." And he would shower cuffs on the luckless sinner, who then shed tears as he ought to have done before, or pretended to do. After this, our professor would be unapproachable for several days, permitting not the slightest attempt at conversation with him, and contenting himself with uttering in a low grumbling tone some verses, as he walked royally erect, but with ill-concealed vexation, between the rows of the artists in embryo whom he had in charge, and who looked sadly dejected; for they knew what was coming. On such occasions he would always complain, as he bent over our shoulders, that our drawings were greasy, and he would shout:

"Why do you not wash your hands, little pigs? Mind you, I am going through a regular course of inspection. Show your drawings, all of you."

Obedient to the command we held up our sheets of paper; and as he stepped from one pupil to the other, he would yell out: "Butter, sir, butter! nothing but

butter!" and, as he strode along, the words would ring fiercer and fiercer and with more tragic intonations:

"Butter, sir, butter, butter all over! I will report you, little wretches, I will; and you shall have nothing but dry bread at dinner."

It was literally terrific; we actually sobbed, and felt as if the earth were giving way under our feet, whilst the overwhelming denunciations poured thick and fast upon our devoted heads. I doubt whether Talma, Garrick, Booth, Keane, or Macready, ever produced such an effect on their audiences.

Another individual, a cousin of Teinturier, who had no other name that we knew of than that of George, was another eccentricity. George was one of our proctors, and had charge of the police of one of the classes which occupied rooms in the first story under the apartments of Rochefort, the principal. George was an old man with a socratic face, and with powdered hair gathered behind into a well trimmed and neatly tied cue which hung down over his coat. Like Teinturier, he had a passion for horticulture, and possessed a small garden of about forty feet square in the immediate vicinity of the college. There he spent all the time which he could spare. The poor fellow must certainly have felt very happy, when retreating from the torments inflicted upon him by the unruly boys whom he had to manage, and whom he did not manage at all, for he was the weakest of mankind. He could not have controlled a class of the most timid girls, and much less a quicksilver assemblage of Southern boys. Lambs and kids might have taken the liberty to gambol on the shoulders of old Socrates, as we called him, without his being able to summon sufficient resolution to interrupt their frolics. It was one of the freaks of the class, when the

spirit of mischief got into them, to bombard old Socrates with paper bullets, aiming particularly at his cue, whilst he was promenading gravely between the rows of desks, and seeing that every pupil was at work. Whenever he was hit, he turned round sharply, and looking at the supposed delinquent, he would say in a deprecating tone:

"You did it, sir. I beg you to put an end to this pleasantry."

This charge was always met with an indignant denial by the accused, who affected to feel much aggrieved, even when he was really guilty of the offence. If the assault was continued too long, without his being able to discover those who waged against him this unmerciful guerrilla warfare, old Socrates would stop short in his methodical walk, and, casting a sweeping look over the whole class, would say:

"Gentlemen, I give you notice that I am going to halloo—halloo—halloo—if you don't cease these fooleries."

At this very moment, perhaps a paper bullet would alight on his short upturned nose, or some other tender part of his face, to which attack he replied with a shriek, and with these words which he shouted with all the strength of his lungs:

"Mr. Rochefort, help! Help, help, Mr. Rochefort," dwelling on each syllable so as to make it a yard long. "Mr. Rochefort, I am in danger of being murdered. Here is a rebellion on foot, you are wanted to quell it."

This appeal to Jove was answered from above with two or three violent thumps of the club foot, and an Olympian whistle, which instantly "re-established order in Warsaw," whilst we, the magnates, who dwelt in the upper region, heard Jove mutter contemptuously

between his teeth: "Imbecile! imbecile! What an imbecile!"

I do not believe that there ever was so restricted a spot on earth, where so many oddities were assembled, as within the learned precincts of this college. Each would deserve a particular description, without omitting, as too humble, the ubiquitous Bruno, our mulatto steward and common messenger, Vincent the door-keeper, with his wry neck and doleful countenance, and black Marengo, the unmerciful and murderous cook. But I am afraid of tiring my readers, if I have the good luck to have any. All these reminiscences are connected with one of a romantic nature, which I shall proceed to narrate.

CHAPTER III.

THE RICH AND POOR STUDENT, FERNANDO DE LEMOS AND RODERIC TRÉVIGNE.

THERE were in the college of Orleans only a few day scholars. They were youths who, generally on account of the poverty of their parents, could not afford to be full boarders. Most were admitted on half pay; others did not pay at all, being sent by the Board of Regents, every member of which had the privilege to select a poor boy, who, on the recommendation of his patron, and on the assurance of his family being in destitute circumstances, was entitled to be educated *gratis*. Those who were thus selected by the Regents, were designated as "charity students" by those who had been more favored by fortune. This was ungenerous and mean; but, alas, even children are not free from the blemish of upstart insolence. Among those "charity boys" who composed the *plebs*, or populace of the institution, and who were treated with lofty disdain by some of the sons of wealth, was a lad called Treviño. We had frenchified his name, and we pronounced it Trévigne. His father was a Spaniard, who lived in a hut on Bayou road, midway between Bayou St. John and the city. Who that Spaniard was nobody knew, or cared to know; for he certainly was the most unsociable of human beings. Poor himself, he had married, shortly after his arrival in the country, a very

poor woman—so that it was what the French quaintly designate as "the marriage of thirst and hunger." He had never called on the Spanish consul, to whom probably his existence remained unknown, although he looked like an educated gentleman, and one who had seen better days; nor had he presented his respects to the *curé* of the parish, Father Antonio de Sedella. This individual, however, was an authority, and not to be neglected; for whenever with his broad-brimmed hat, his eyes humbly bent to the ground, his long white beard, his coarse brownish gown tied round his waist with a rope from which hung a crucifix, and with his bare feet resting on sandals, he made his appearance in the streets, the most profane among pagans, catholics, or protestants, took off his hat. Almost every body, high or low, poor or rich, among the natives and among the foreigners who had resided in New Orleans any length of time, had always solicited an introduction to the holy man, who, although in the receipt of a very large income as the *curé* of a wealthy parish, dwelt from choice, near the cathedral, in a cabin which a slave would have thought an intolerable grievance to occupy, and who slept on the thinnest of mattresses spread over hard boards. As to the Spaniards, or those of Spanish origin, they kept up a sort of daily intercourse with the priest. The fact is, that no baptism was thought to be effectual, except performed by him, that the idea of wedding without his ministry could not be entertained for an instant, and that one would have died in despair, if not consoled by the certainty of being escorted by him to the grave.

Once on a Sunday morning, Father Antonio had not made his appearance as usual, to say mass at the cathedral, which, on that day, was always crowded to

suffocation. Another priest presented himself to officiate at the altar. At that sight the emotion became indescribable. "Father Antonio is sick; perhaps he is dead." These words ran in a low murmur among the excited assembly. There was a rush, and in a few minutes the church was empty—every one, men, women and children, striving to be the first to arrive at Father Antonio's house, if house it could be called. Informed probably of the coming of this mighty tide of human beings, by the roar which preceded it, the old man stood on the sill of his door, and waving his hand to command silence, said:

"I am in good health, my children, and I thank you for the anxiety and the motives which have brought you here. Return to church to fulfill your duties to God; the explanation why I stay away is very simple. I am for the present suspended by the bishop, and cannot, until authorized by him, perform the functions of my ministry."

The immense crowd had become suddenly dumb and silent from amazement. They seemed to have been petrified, for they were motionless and breathless for awhile. But the storm soon burst out.

"Down with the bishop," was the cry repeated by thousands. "Let us drive him away, let us hang him. What! Father Antonio suspended! A saint prohibited from saying mass! A good joke, to be sure! Is the world coming to an end? Let us carry him by force to the cathedral."

These were the sentiments vociferated by the multitude, and Father Antonio, notwithstanding his protestations, was seized by robust arms, placed in a large cushioned chair, carried in triumph to the church, and deposited with tender care at the foot of the main

altar amidst deafening shouts. When released from the embraces of his admirers, the priest, with his back to the altar, and with his face towards the enraged mass of people that heaved and swelled before him like the waves of an angry sea, presented to them the crucifix, saying:

"In His name, peace to man on earth, and glory to God in heaven. I am sorry, my children, that I must reprimand you for having used force to bring me here. Your love for me has blinded you, and I will do penance for it on your behalf. But I cannot officiate as you desire. I am suspended, as I have told you, by a legitimate authority, and I owe obedience to my superior without questioning his motive, or the wisdom of his decision. I beg you therefore to disperse, and to return quietly to your respective homes."

For the first time in his life the holy man was disobeyed, and met with actual rebellion. He had hardly ceased to speak, when the fury of the people knew no bounds. "To the Bishop's palace," was the cry. "Let us give him a lesson, the confirmed hypocrite! Let us make him dance a cotillion of our invention! Let us hang him to the lamp-post! Let us make him sing his mass set to a music that he never heard before!" Uttering these threats and all sorts of imprecations, the multitude was soon on its way to wreak its vengeance on the prelate, who, fortunately, had time to fly from its fury and leave the city.

Thus it may be inferred from what I have related, that Father Antonio was no mean personage, and yet it was such a personage that Treviño, a Spaniard by birth to boot, had treated with conspicuous indifference. It was portentous. So thought every body, and every body was not well disposed towards this sullen

stranger, who kept a cigar shop at the corner of St. Philip and Condé, now Chartres street, in a miserable shanty of a building which stood up there, but which looked as if it did not intend to stand up long. Seated the whole day behind a few boxes of the fragrant weed which he sold, the poor Spaniard hardly made enough to keep soul and body together, for he was very unpopular. Those who entered his shop never could entice him into a chat. He was as dumb as an oyster, as solemn as a cathedral, and exhibited his cigars to his customers in the most freezing manner, neither recommending them, nor seeming to hear any remark made to their disparagement, or praise. It was with him: "take them or not, as you please;" he did not care. It was also thought to be a remarkable peculiarity, for one who dealt in pure Havana, that he did not smoke himself. What did it mean? Had the man committed a crime, and was he so sick at heart with remorse, that he could not use tobacco, that universal comforter? These were questions which were mooted at the time, but never answered. He was so frigid and so methodical, that he would have been set down as a mere lugubrious automaton rather than a man, if there had not been in his eye something which told of a life, stagnant in the present, but convulsed and stormy in the past, whereby there hung perhaps some dreadful tale of passion and of woe. Those eyes haunt me yet. What there was in them I never could explain to myself, nor could I in the least describe, but when they rested on me, probably without distinguishing what object I was, so far away from the living realities around him were those thoughts in which he seemed absorbed, that I felt that strange and mysterious creeping of the flesh which is sometimes pro-

duced by a vague, uncalled for, and undefinable apprehension of being in the invisible presence of something unearthly.

That unsociable Spaniard would, I believe, have been so thoroughly hated by the whole population, that his shop would have had no customers at all, if intense sorrow, and even despair, had not been unmistakably stamped on his brow. It was impossible to hate one who seemed to hate himself, and to be blasted by the wrath of heaven, if not by his own wickedness or folly. Yet, whatever were the agonies of that man, he sought the sympathies of none. He avoided the company of his fellow creatures, and withdrew into a solitude peopled only with his own dismal thoughts. He paid and received no visits. He was seen every morning, precisely at the same hour, wending his way with a firm and steady step from his distant residence to his cigar shop, from which he returned only in the evening to his home. His family was composed of his wife, a son, and two daughters. As he passed gloomily through the long rows of houses, greeting nobody, and greeted by none, more than one old crony of a black woman, looking at him steadfastly, shook her woolly head with mysterious importance, as if that head was oppressed with some thought too big to come out. The wife of that raven-like individual was a very industrious woman, who always appeared cheerful, and who contributed to the support of her family by assiduously sewing for the ladies of the city. She was a universal favorite; perhaps it was, in some degree, on account of the disfavor visited on her lord; for such is the human heart. When she was interrogated as to her husband's peculiarities, she would answer carelessly that he was a hypochondriac, and turn the conversation into another channel. Her

two daughters, as they grew up, assisted her with all their might. They had been educated by the Ursuline nuns, and did credit to those charitable sisters. Although very handsome, they were very modest, and even of a shrinking disposition. Their beautiful features, when enlivened with a smile, still retained a slight tinge of melancholy. Was it not natural, when they lived within the shadow of such a father? For the very rays of the sun seemed to darken as they fell on him who, either from some motive of economy, or for some other reason, was always dressed in deep black, as if in mourning, and looked like the incarnation of woe.

Shortly after I had become an inmate of the college, the only son of the individual whom I have attempted to sketch, entered its precincts as a "charity student" by the appointment of one of the regents, as I have already stated; that is to say—he was to be educated *gratis*. The boy was of about my own age, seven years old. As he was a "charity student," he was considered of course as not belonging to what was denominated the "respectable set." Roderic Treviño, or rather Trévigne, as we called him, was as beautiful as he was bashful, too beautiful and bashful for a boy. His hair was as black and glossy as a raven's wing; his forehead was high and as smooth as polished marble. All his features were as delicate as taste inspired by love could have imagined. His complexion was slightly olivaceous, and bespoke of his Spanish and Southern origin, but his skin was so soft that one would have taken it for a tissue of satin. The pure line of his eyebrows seemed to have been limned by an artist's hand. His eyes were like two orbs of jet, half concealed under the long silky eyelashes which grew round them like an oriental curtain. There was in them a dreamy expres-

sion, which it is not usual to observe in eyes of that color, and which gave them an indescribable charm. We immediately took to each other, and we became friends at first sight. The modest, girlish look of the new comer attracted the attention of all the youthful inmates of the college, and, not long after he had become one of us, a boy called Verdier, and who was the most odious little creature in the world on account of his intensely envious disposition, approached him on one occasion, and said in a sneering tone: "How is Miss Trévigne to-day?" A blow from the timid and girlish looking boy on the big ugly nose of Verdier was the unexpected answer, and Trévigne fought so bravely, that henceforth nobody was tempted to call him a girl. He was studious, but never distinguished himself pre-eminently. As we grew up, however, we kept in the same classes,—although I was much ahead of him in every one of them. He seemed to be proud of my superiority and to love me the more for it.

Verdier was also one of our class-mates, and the antipathy between him and Trévigne increased as they grew older. Trévigne never joined us in any of our sports, but, whilst we were thus engaged, kept out of our way, apparently occupied in studying one of his lessons, or stretched on the grass, gazing at the vault of heaven, or gravely walking with me when he could win me from our companions, and retain me at his side by affectionately throwing his arm over my shoulders. Most of the boys ceased to notice one who showed such marked indifference to them, and who, after all, was but a "charity student"—one who came in the morning, rather shabbily dressed, with a mere crust of bread and a piece of cheese in his satchel for his breakfast, who had to return home at twelve o'clock for what was

supposed to be but a meagre dinner, and who, in the evening, ceased to be one of them, as he was compelled by his poverty to sleep beyond the precincts of the college. He was not one of their set—he could not be —why then should they care for him? He was a "charity student"—a mere nobody. Even among children, although not in the same degree as among men, to be poor is to be possessed of something repellant and refrigerating, which keeps off the fellowship of those who are, or who fancy that they are—rich—so that I had Trévigne all to myself. Verdier alone would occasionally force himself on us, with the evident intention of giving pain to Trévigne, but without going so far as to give him the right to resent it, and therefore without exposing himself to punishment. He would even assume sometimes the garb of sympathy, the better to wound the somewhat morbid sensibilities of my gentle friend. Oh! how cordially I hated him for it!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BLEEDING NOSE, AND THE CURSE OF THE GYPSY.

Verdier was one of the sons of a rich sugar planter, and, in consequence of it, considered himself as immeasurably above those who had not that peculiar advantage. This was in his eye a title of nobility. The son of a wealthy cotton planter might come next to him and to all those who, like him, belonged to the molasses aristocracy. The issue of a great merchant, or of a distinguished lawyer, or physician, was one, to be sure, who might be permitted to occupy a stool in the hall of the barons, provided all the arm-chairs were reserved for Verdier and his compeers. But, as to those who proceeded from the loins of druggists, small traders, small farmers, mechanics, pedagogues, and such contemptible fry, they were merely the mud-sills of the social edifice of which he was one of the Corinthian pillars. He was fond of talking of the luxuries of his home, particularly in the presence of those of his companions whom fortune had not treated so graciously. Although a toady to those whose parents had the reputation of being far more wealthy than his own, he envied and maligned them intensely, and rejoiced whenever something disagreeable happened to them. He was a thickset boy, with small grey eyes much resembling those of a hog, and with well-knit and powerful protruding jaws indicating great capacity of mastica-

tion and corresponding sensual appetites. He had sandy hair which stood up like bristles on the back of a boar, and he had a jaundiced complexion characteristic of the envy which festered in his breast. To complete his portrait, I shall only add that he was gifted with a burly nose almost lapping over a wide and thin-lipped mouth, which was not embellished by the evident malignity of its eternal smile. That nose was truly a remarkable feature. It seemed to be always snuffing something from afar; and that something was, as we all knew, some painful news for one or other of his comrades. When the ill wind which brought evil to one of us, struck the broad nostrils of that nose, it heaved with a tremulous motion of pleasure. On the contrary, if some good fortune happened to any one of Verdier's acquaintances, and particularly to any one of those he called his friends, that nose swelled, assumed a purple hue, and bled profusely. I confess that I always saw with marked satisfaction the hemorrhage of that proboscis, as I well knew the cause of it. On such occasions he used to say that he was troubled with too much blood in the head, and that he was much relieved by its running out through his nasal organ. But we were not his dupes, and we were fond of administering to him that kind of relief. Thus, whenever we heard of some windfall to any one of his friends, we were eager to announce it to him, and we said to each other: "Let us go and make Verdier's nose bleed!" Whenever he received any delicacies from his parents, he was sure to come and eat them in the presence of Trévigne, whom he invited to share them with him, but in a manner which strongly tempted me to knock him down. I need not say that his invitation was always refused. One of his tricks was, to des-

cribe with affected pathos, within the hearing of Trévigne, the hardships of some poor family whom he pretended to know, and whom he would be happy to relieve through his father's benevolent assistance, if that family's foolish pride—a pride clothed in rags—did not stand in the way of their would-be benefactors. The art which he exhibited in lacerating the feelings of Trévigne with claws concealed under a velvet paw, was truly wonderful. The fact is, that he seemed to have made a most minute study of my friend's heart, and wherever there happened to be any sore point in that heart, he had in readiness a venomous shaft to aim at and strike that particular point, right at the time when the most harm could be done. Indignant at the pertinacity of Verdier's hostility to my friend, I had at last begun to agitate the question in my own mind, whether I should not be justified in waging savage war, for my own special gratification, against one who might be considered as a common enemy.

One day, perched on the remaining fragment of a crumbling old wall, about six feet from the ground, Verdier was making a mock auction of a rusty, double-barreled gun without a stock. There was a crowd of boys bidding in fun. He stretched his arm the better to exhibit the article when he saw me approach with Trévigne, who, to look at it, raised his head, over which it happened to hang perpendicularly at that moment. Down came the heavy piece of iron, as if it had escaped accidentally from the hand which held it. The sharp breech of the gun struck Trévigne in the middle of the forehead at the root of his hair, and he fell senseless on his back, whilst a stream of blood spouted from his wound. I thought he was killed, and with malice prepense. To spring upon Verdier with the fury of a ti-

ger, to pull him from his elevated position, to strike him down to the ground, and almost to strangle the suspected felon to death, was but the affair of a moment, although he was stronger than I was. But I was so angry, that I had been suddenly endowed with the strength of manhood, and there was no telling how Verdier would have fared in that deadly struggle, if one of our proctors, who was not far off, had not come to his rescue. I felt as savage as the fiercest of the Comanches; and the other boys, gathering in affright round the prostrate form of Trévigne, who seemed to be dying, had not recovered sufficient presence of mind to turn their attention to the two combatants. Trévigne recovered from the wound, although he long suffered from headaches in consequence of the blow which had inflicted it, but he carried to the grave the scar which it left. Not long after this event, I was stretched on the green sward of our play-grounds, with Trévigne by my side, to whom I was reading an ode of Horace, when there came Verdier, who, in the most conciliating manner he could assume, said to us:

"You, Trévigne, think that I am your enemy, and you, Fernando, think also that I am hostile to him. Well, now, I am going to prove that you are both in error, by my giving to you a wholesome piece of advice, as you will see. That well-meant advice is, that you do not expose yourselves after this indiscreet fashion—you, Fernando, publicly teaching a lesson to Trévigne—and you, Trévigne, learning that lesson from Fernando. It will confirm what the whole school says already: that it is you, Fernando, who pushes Trévigne up the ladder, and that, without you, he could not have kept up with us in the classes. It is humiliating to Trévigne—very; and I deeply regret it!"

Hardly had he done speaking, when he was several yards off, his small grey eyes twinkling, and his proboscis dilating as he walked away in the full enjoyment of his malicious remarks, whilst he left me speechless with astonishment, and Trévigne pale with mortification. Our friendship became better cemented every day, as we went through the regular course of studies pursued in the college. The last year we had to remain there had arrived; and, during a vacation occurring in the month of August, Trévigne and myself were sauntering in the public square in front of the cathedral. Notwithstanding his efforts to conceal his real state of mind, I could observe that he was greatly dejected.

"Trévigne," I said, "what is the matter with you? Have you secrets for me? What troubles you, my friend?" He continued silent for a minute or two before he replied:

"Fernando, I feel that it will soon be my duty to support my family. A father and a mother who are growing old, and my friendless and destitute sisters, have a right to look to me. I must make money for them and for my own maintenance. Make money! How I hate the very thought! And I have good reasons for it; for I feel in the very marrow of my bones that the faculty of making money is not in me. Men are born with a certain aptitude and adaptation for the vocation Nature intends them for. I am puzzled to discover what she meant that I should be. Alas! I am conscious, and perhaps you are also aware of it, that I am incapable of those pursuits by which a living, if not a fortune, is made. Hence those anxieties which sadden me. I am constitutionally a dreamer—a drone in the bee-hive of a dollar-chasing society—a beggar warming himself and gilding his rags with the rays of an over-

heated fancy, which burns with an inward fire that will only glow and irradiate to produce useless weeds, instead of those luxuriant harvests which have an ascertained value in the market. I curse myself in vain for my incurable infatuation and incapacity. Instead of preparing myself, as I ought, for the stern realities of a laborious and humble life, instead of thinking of succeeding my father in his cigar shop, and of repaying the State for the costs of the education which I owe to her, by qualifying myself to be a meritorious justice of the peace, (this was said with a ghastly smile,) I take refuge in the land of romance. Notwithstanding all I can do to chase away the vagaries of a morbid imagination, I completely fail, to my intense mortification. I for ever fancy myself living in courts and palaces, among knights, paladins, and high-born dames. It has become an incessant and fatal obsession bordering on madness. I am haunted in my sleep by visions of splendor which mock at the squalidness of my waking hours!"

He laughed bitterly and as if in scorn of himself. "How would Verdier sneer," he said, "if he could guess at such folly! But alas, what is more to be dreaded than the shafts of his malignity, is the consciousness that this madness of mine will destroy my usefulness, and that I shall remain for life a good-for-nothing pauper, incapable of being of any assistance to myself, or to those who are dependent on my exertions."

At this moment, he was interrupted by wild shrieks and the confused clamor of many voices. The shrieks were uttered by a woman, and the clamor was raised by a number of juvenile ragamuffins who were in pursuit of her. Mariquita, surnamed "*La calentura*," was well known to every body in New Orleans. She was an old Spanish gypsy, who for years had appeared to have no

other domicil than the streets of the city. Whence and how she came there, and how she contrived to live, nobody knew or cared. She would vanish completely at times, and, on her re-appearance, mischievous boys who loved to tease the poor creature, would say to her: "Where do you come from, old Mariquita? Have you returned from the sabbath of the witches? Where have you hidden the broomstick on which you rode?" O! how she cursed them, the old gypsy! Verily, she could not be beaten at that. And how the urchins would shout with glee and clap their hands, as she became more and more infuriated by their taunts! She used to station herself at the foot of one of the towers of the cathedral, where she chose to beg for alms, and there is in existence an admirable picture made by a distinguished artist, representing the hag cooking her food at night, in that spot which was one of predilection with her. The reflex of the light on her face as she bends over the fire on which her kettle stands, produces a striking effect amidst the enclosing darkness. She was called "*la calentura*," * because she seemed to be always shaking with the ague.

Mariquita was of a diminutive size; her complexion denoted her origin, and her tiny features drawn up into a knot of wrinkles made her face look like a boiled apple. The most conspicuous point in that face was her little nose, on account of the noticeable manner in which it was besmeared with snuff. At the time when I introduce her to the reader, she stood at bay where now is erected the equestrian statue of General Jackson. She put me in mind of an owl venturing into daylight out of its habitual shelter, and attacked by the small fry of the feathered tribe. After the same fash-

* Calentura means "fever" in Spanish.

ion, a score or two of boys were pecking at poor Mariquita, and some of them seemed to be intent on pulling off the blue and yellow striped kerchief which she wore round her head. They flew at her, each in his turn, amidst the shouts, the jeers, and the loud glee which her stout defence elicited. Surrounded by those malicious imps, she kept wheeling round with great alertness to ward them off, and she foiled every attack by directing her sharp claws at the faces of her youthful persecutors. She seemed convulsed with rage. At last one of the urchins, at the very moment we were thinking of interfering for her protection, availed himself of the opportunity of a front attack by one of his companions, and charging in the rear, carried away the coveted head-dress before Mariquita could turn round to meet him. Her disheveled locks, white as snow, fell down her shoulders, and yells of triumph sounded in her ears. To the astonishment of the little blackguard crew, who expected a fresh outburst of passion on the part of their victim, she stood stock still, as motionless as a statue. Her piercing shrieks and violent gesticulations had suddenly ceased. Ridiculous in her impotent fury, she had become imposing in the calm attitude she had assumed. Deadly pale, self-collected, and holding her feelings apparently under complete subjugation, she bent on her tormentors a long steady look, so full of the most intense hatred, that they shrank before it, and gathered into a cluster, as if to guard against some impending danger. They seemed to be bewildered at the sudden transformation which they witnessed. The old gypsy thus addressed them with slow and distinct emphasis, strikingly contrasting with the rapid, incoherent, and inarticulate manner in which she used to speak:

"Vile race of vipers! ignoble brood worthy of your swinish parents, get you home to your styes. I curse you in the present and in the future; I curse you from the crown of your heads to the sole of your feet; I curse you in every joint of your bodies and in the very marrow of your bones; I curse you in the flesh and in the spirit; I curse you with fire and with water, with known and unknown pestilences, and with what is the direst of all evils—subjugation by a merciless foe. Do you think, unmannered imps of transported convicts, that the gray hair of the daughter of Eblis, of the last representative of a long line of eastern seers, can be insulted with impunity? Listen, you wretches; know that the blear-eyed avenger will come; I read your fate in those yonder stars which are now appearing one after the other over your heads. Before you descend into your graves, and some of you will have bloody ones, and those that have them will be the most fortunate, you will be trampled under the iron-shod heels of conquest. Your very slaves, those blacks who now untie your shoe-strings, will strut in these very streets with glittering bayonets; they will lord it over you; they will drag you to jail like felons; they will be your judges and your legislators; and you will crouch under the lash like curs; unheard-of indignities will be heaped upon you; and you will not even know how to kill, or to die. Avaunt! And when what is to come shall have happened, remember the words of the poor old gypsy who has been so long your foot-ball and plaything."

She turned away from them and saw us standing within a few feet of her. To our surprise, she looked at Trévigne with ineffable tenderness, and said to him: "Not to thee, my son, not to thee do these curses cling.

I spoke to the young ravens, and not to the eaglet, who shall yet take his flight to the sun, now hidden by stormy clouds." She kissed her withered hand to him and hurried away, talking wildly to herself in an unknown language, and with her long white locks streaming behind her, a sport to the evening breeze. She was soon lost in the distance and in the increasing shades of night.

CHAPTER V.

TRÉVIGNE, THE POOR LAD EDUCATED AT THE COST OF THE STATE, TURNS OUT TO BE A GRANDEE OF SPAIN.—FERNANDO DE LEMOS TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

A SHORT time after the incident which I related in the preceding chapter, my friend Trévigne lost his mother; and, after having headed the meagre procession which escorted his wife's coffin to the burial ground, old Trévigne, his father, took to his bed. Those who had seen him at the funeral, had been impressed with the conviction that his days would not be long in the land. His uneven, irregular steps, his pallid cheeks and his sunken eyes, were unmistakable signs that the heart which had struggled against so much woe and so much of the unrelenting decree of fate, would struggle no more. Some vital chord had snapped in that mysterious organ of the human body, and it was evident that the workings of the organ itself would soon cease. Anxious to show my sympathies when death and sorrow had entered the household of him whom I loved so much, I was with Trévigne every day, offering my services and consolations, but I never was permitted to enter the patient's room. The end was rapidly approaching, when, one morning, Trévigne came out of the bed-chamber of the sick man with tears in his eyes, and said to me: "My father is dying, and wishes for the first time to see Father Antonio. Hasten to bring

him here." This was something unexpected, considering the patient's antecedents and idiosyncracy. I departed with full speed, and the priest was soon at the post where he was desired. The sick man ordered every body out of the room, and remained closeted more than two hours with the minister of God. At last the door opened, and Father Antonio appeared. He was much agitated, and informed us that the patient had expired in his arms after confession and after having received the consolations of religion; he took leave of the afflicted family, assuring them that he would soon return. There was in the priest's face an expression which I could not but notice. It seemed to be a compound of horror and pity, and I observed that, as he walked out of the house, he crossed himself repeatedly. After having assisted my friend in paying his last duties to the dead, hearing that my mother was sick in a distant part of the State where she was visiting her sister, I departed hastily to meet her. On my return to the city two months afterwards, what was my surprise, when, calling at the house of Trévigne, I found it closed and uninhabited! I inquired of a neighbor what had become of Trévigne and his two sisters. He could give me no information, and said they had moved away in the night, nobody knew whither. I felt bewildered at the strangeness of the circumstance, but the idea occurring to me that Father Antonio might throw light on it, I was soon knocking at his door. The priest opened it himself, and welcomed me with a benevolent smile. "I guess," he said, "what brings you here. You wish to know what has become of Trévigne." I nodded assent. "I could tell you, but you must curb your impatience. He desires to be the first to communicate to you the informa-

tion you seek after. You will receive a letter from him, probably before long. In the meantime, check your curiosity. Go home, have no anxiety, your friend is doing well; but, when devoutly inclined, pray for the soul of his father." He tapped me gently on the cheek as if I had not ceased to be a boy, and dismissed me after having given me his blessing. Not long after this interview with Father Antonio, I received the following letter:

"MADRID, September 20, 18—.

"DEAR FERNANDO,—It is a trite and true saying: that there is more romance in the realities of life than in the tales of fiction. You loved the half-starving son of the keeper of a cigar shop; I hope you will not cease to entertain the same feeling for the Count of Treviño, grandee of Spain, and the head of one of the most illustrious and wealthiest houses of that kingdom. My beloved sisters are engaged to be married, one to the Duke of A——, and the other to the Marquis of C——. My heart is overflowing with gratitude to God. I flatter myself that I shall never forget the humble condition from which it has pleased Him to raise me. In remembrance of it, I have already appropriated a large sum to the erection of a hospital for the poor in this city. As to the events which compelled my father to fly from Spain, and to conceal his rank and misfortunes even from his wife and children, they are of such a nature that it is better not to allude to them. It would be the saddest of tales. It harrows my very soul to think of it. My consolation is, that my father was more to be pitied than blamed. I owe to the efforts of the Infante Don Carlos, brother of the king, my restoration to

forfeited rank and wealth. He and my father had grown up together almost from the cradle, and were united by the ties of the tenderest and firmest friendship. He calls me his son, and treats me as such . . .

"Mariquita *la calentura*, the prophetess whom you may remember, is here with me. This devoted menial of our house had managed to follow my father against his will, and notwithstanding his threats. He never permitted her to approach him in New Orleans. The poor thing kept faithfully his secret, contrived to live God knows how, and thought it was happiness enough for her to look at my father as he passed along in the streets. It is amusing to see how she queens it now. Well, she has a right to be indulged in anything she pleases, and to cut all sorts of antics. She bore adversity stoutly, but joy has somewhat crazed her. My felicity would be complete if you could come to me. But I know and respect the ties which bind you to Louisiana. Far be it from me to try to loosen them. I will myself ever remain true to her, and will not forget that I was born in her bosom, although now a Spaniard. I hope however to welcome you in my new home, on some day or other, if you are ever free and disposed to travel.

"I send you a draft for ten thousand dollars, to be secretly distributed among the destitute in New Orleans by Father Antonio. But let those who may obtain relief not know whence it comes. I insist on that." The rest related to matters of a confidential nature, which could not be of any interest to the reader, and is therefore suppressed.

I was leaving the post-office with this letter in my pocket, when I met Verdier. "Oh! oh!" said he, "I am glad to see you at last; I missed you so much! I

have been wanting to know what has become of the Trévigne family. There are many rumors about their sudden and nocturnal disappearance. It is generally believed that they were so heavily in debt, that they had to run away from their creditors like scared rats. Their grocer, I am told, who trusted them so much, although he was repeatedly warned to be cautious, is in for two hundred dollars."

"This is news to me," said I; "but to put an end at once to such reports as may be circulated by good-natured people, who take too lively an interest in the affairs of the Trévigne family, I wish you to have it as extensively known as possible that I am ready to pay all their debts."

"Indeed, indeed!" exclaimed Verdier. "If so, they surely cannot have debts and have not duped any body. You would not gratuitously assume the risks of such an engagement, that is clear; nor should I be astonished if you knew where they burrow."

"I do," said I, and taking the letter out of my pocket, it delighted me to pour into his ears, slowly, and drop after drop burning like liquid fire, as I well knew, all the information which I had just received concerning Trévigne. I watched Verdier's face as I spoke. It became pale, then yellow, then red. He gasped for breath; a sickly smile contorted his lips, which stammered out these words:

"Upon my honor, I am so happy to hear of such a change in Trévigne's circumstances. I have always been his friend, although I know you never gave me credit for it. Don't you forget, when you write, to compliment him on my part."

He had hardly finished this sentence, when his proboscis, which had been swelling like an angry and ven-

omous snake, squirted a jet of blood which would have struck me full in the breast, if I had not hastily retreated. I left him leaning against a lamp-post, with his big nose bleeding profusely, and I went away rejoicing at the self-inflicted torture, which, by a just dispensation of Providence, ever exists in the breast of the envious.

Years elapsed. Bowed down with bad health, disappointments and grief, I crossed the Atlantic. When I arrived in Paris in the beginning of August, three of the best physicians of that city who met to examine my condition, agreed in declaring, to use a familiar locution, that I was in a very bad way, and advised me, as the favorable season for it was not yet over, to try the mineral waters of Leuk, or Louèche, as the French call it, in Switzerland. I did so, and I found it no very attractive place. It seemed to me that I was at the bottom of a well of two thousand feet. I confess that I did not feel much admiration for the gloomy mountains which towered perpendicularly around me, and of which the most forbidding and the most famous, if I recollect right, was the Guemmi. They were ascended and descended by the means of a succession of ladders, that hung down over places which otherwise would have been impracticable, and it was one of the few amusements of the visitors of these springs to gaze at the peasantry of the country, males and females, when they risked life and limbs in such perilous ascents and descents with burdens on their heads, or shoulders. At the distance from which we looked at them, they appeared to us like large bugs, or other insects, issuing out of the earth and creeping on the sides of the mountains. Those who frequented Leuk, or Louèche, for their health, (for I cannot suppose that any one

ever came to so dull a locality for any other purpose) had to bathe with a sort of fanatic perseverance during three mortally tedious weeks, at the rate of five hours a day, in large contiguous pools, or basins, which contained each from fifteen to twenty persons. Before the bathers floated small tables on which they took their breakfast, and on which, when that was over, were set materials for writing, reading, playing cards, or chess, or any other game, as they pleased. Those who liked it better, kept up, much to the annoyance of others more seriously engaged, a rattling conversation with friends who stood in the galleries which hung over the pools. The object of such prolonged bathing was to produce a cutaneous eruption, which made one look like a scarlet-fever patient. The lucky individual who had the most abundant and the reddest eruption, bragged of it, and looked down with lofty superiority on those whose skin had not been heated into so fine a crop of fiery-looking pimples. I was one of those unfortunate beings who soaked themselves in vain for hours, morning after morning, in tedious succession. My skin remained obstinately determined not to redden at all.

I happened one day to be moping in a retired spot over the unimproving condition of my health, when I saw the German prince of Vied approaching. I had frequently met him at the baths, but we had never become acquainted with each other. He took a seat on the bench on which I sat, and bowing to me, said:

"I have observed with regret, sir, that you appear to suffer a great deal, and that you do not improve. The waters seem to be doing you no good."

"No good whatever," I replied, "and it is a sad disappointment to one who has come from so very far in pursuit of health."

"From so very far?" echoed the prince. "Are you not a Frenchman?"

"No, sir," was my reply; and, as I saw that he seemed to expect that I should say more, I added: "I am an American."

"Ha! From what part of America?"

Remarking the curiosity and interest which he evinced, I answered with a smile: "From the United States in general and from Louisiana in particular."

"Indeed! indeed!" he exclaimed. "Well, I am glad of it, for I like to talk and be informed about your country, to which hosts of our Germans are emigrating. It has been thus far a heaven-blessed country, with the most splendid destinies if you remain virtuous and wise. My brother has traveled all over the United States, and has brought back a most valuable collection of plants, minerals, animals, birds, fishes and other curiosities."

We had a long conversation, which seemed to be much relished by my new acquaintance. From that day, that amiable gentleman frequently sought me, inquired kindly after my health, and apparently took much pleasure in eliciting from me all the information I could give him on the political and social condition, the agricultural, commercial, financial and various other resources of the vast territory over which waves the Star-Spangled Banner. One day he said to me:

"I come to bid you farewell. I am going away, and I advise you to do the same. The watering season is almost over. Leuk does not suit your case; believe me, for I am somewhat of a physician. Return to Paris, winter there, amuse yourself, drive away the blue-devils, and, next summer, visit Carlsbad. That is the place for you, above all. On your way thither, you will have to pass through my liliputian principality. Don't hastily

jump over it with those long American legs which are accustomed to so much space. But stop at ——, where I reside. Here is my card; send it to me as soon as you arrive. It will afford me much gratification to show you my brother's collection. It will put you in mind of home, and it will gladden your heart to see so many things from your fatherland. It will be like a sunny glimpse of your native heath."

I thanked him, as I ought, for his extreme kindness. "In the meantime," he continued, "when you go to Paris, consult Koreff, ex-physician of the king of Prussia, who lives in that city. He is a man of genius, but a most unprincipled fellow. Be on your guard. Tell him that I commend you to his care and skill, and that I beg him not to be extortionate, as he is apt to be. Do not scruple to repeat my very words."

According to the prince's advice, I saw Koreff, and delivered, as smoothly as possible, the message which had been sent to him. "Ho! ho!" he exclaimed; "I recognize the prince. It is just like him. Well, what does he complain of? Princes must pay like princes. But I shall be moderate with you."

As his idea of moderation might be very different from mine, and as the prince's warning was still fresh in my mind, I insisted on knowing precisely what he would charge for his attendance. "Ten francs a visit," he said. "Is that too much?"

"It will be pretty heavy on me," I replied, "should it be of long continuance; but let it be so." Thus I secured the services of the "man of genius," without exposing myself to the extortions of the "unprincipled fellow," as the prince had called him. Would to God that I had thus been cautious all my life!

I frequently met the doctor in the saloons of Paris,

and heard it whispered that he was a Prussian spy. He was a man of sparkling wit and vast erudition, but his morality was rather worn threadbare, and its elbows came out of its sleeves, as witnessed by the bill of five hundred thousand francs which he had the audacity to present to the Scotch duke of Hamilton, for having attended during six months Lady Douglas, the daughter of that nobleman. The duke refused to pay, and was stepping into his carriage for his final departure from France, after having tendered thirty thousand francs to Koreff, when he was arrested and had to give security for the sum claimed, before he could be set at liberty. The indignation of the faubourg St. Germain was intense. The arrest of the duke under such circumstances was considered an insult to nobility through out the world. When the cause came for trial, the court showed as much excitement as the noble faubourg. Hardly had the counsel for plaintiff begun, when the presiding judge stopped him, saying: "It is useless for you to proceed. The court is sufficiently informed and will hear no more. Sit down, Mr. barrister; let the plaintiff come forth and stand up at the bar."

The plaintiff obeyed. "We regret," continued the presiding judge in the name of his colleagues, and with a harsh tone, "that the defendant has tendered and deposited in court for your benefit thirty thousand francs. It is an exorbitant remuneration to which you are not entitled. But it is not within the discretion of the court not to award you what the defendant is willing to pay. Judgment is therefore rendered in your favor for thirty thousand francs, but you shall pay the costs. When you presented your monstrous claim and instituted this suit, you must have relied on the supposed probability, that the duke would rather pay what you asked, than per-

mit the details of his daughter's infirmities and of the treatment you prescribed, to be brought before the public. Your nefarious speculation shall be defeated. The court must say that you are a disgrace to your profession, and we hope that the minister of justice will take it into consideration."

Such is the synopsis of what the court said. As desired by the tribunal, the minister took the case in hand, and withdrew from the "man of genius," who had stooped to be an "unprincipled fellow," the license to practice his profession in France.

CHAPTER VI.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE HANGMAN OF PARIS.—A STRANGE PROPHECY SUBSEQUENTLY VERIFIED.

I BECAME acquainted at Leuk with Casimir Périer, the son of the famous minister of that name under Louis Philippe. He had lately returned from Spain, where he had been an *attaché* to the French embassy. He gave me the most interesting details on the civil war which was then raging in that country between the Carlists and the Christinos. I never tired of listening to his relation of the public events which he had witnessed, and to his delineations of the characters of the principal actors on that bloody stage. I learned from him, to my intense chagrin, that Trévigne had not kept aloof from that fratricidal war, and that he was in the camp of Don Carlos. "Isabella," said Périer, "has no general whom she can oppose successfully to such leaders as Trévigne and Zumalacarregui, particularly the latter, who is a great captain by inspiration, and who, if he live, will in the end put Don Carlos on the throne." O! how I longed to be with the beloved companion of my boyhood, and to bear him away, if possible, from the danger which I thought he had sought without necessity! A civil war! the most abject and dreadful of all wars! "What possesses him?" I said to myself. "Could he not, like many others, refrain from taking a part in that sanguinary struggle which has converted Spain

into a pandemonium? Why should he wish to lose so soon what he has so lately gained?" Thus I reasoned, forgetful of my rooted belief in destiny. But such are the inconsistencies of man. His convictions, his actions and his feelings often clash together in glaring contradictions.

I left Leuk without having experienced the slightest benefit from its waters. Just as I approached the city of Dijon, the former capital of the old duchy of Burgundy, the public coach in which I was, stopped at a small village, and took in a passenger. He was the thinnest and sallowest man I had ever seen. He put me in mind of those long hollow reeds, called *sarbacanes*, which I used in my boyhood to kill small birds, with arrows propelled through the tube by the mere force of my breath. We engaged in conversation. In the course of it, I mentioned that I had been trying the waters of Leuk.

"I see," he said peevishly, "that you have been duped like myself, and made a fool of, excuse the expression. Those abominable physicians, those patented charlatans, whom we have the weakness to consult, and who thrive on the rich fund of credulity with which Nature has endowed mankind, had reduced me to the condition of a chronic simpleton; for they had, during a quarter of a century, sent me every year to some watering place. But, thank God, I am cured at last of my folly, and, as I am much older than you are, allow me, for your profit as an invalid, which you seem to be, to relate what has recently happened to me. You see, sir, how thin I am, although I have a most excellent appetite and unequaled powers of digestion. This extraordinary thinness has always made me extremely miserable, for my greatest ambition is to be fat."

Here his head drooped to his breast, as if yielding to the weight of a too painful thought, and he sighed heavily, as if oppressed with much affliction. "Yes, sir," he continued in a tone of indignation, caused probably by his feeling too acutely the harshness with which he was treated by Providence and the physicians. "I have been striving in vain for the last forty years to gain flesh. I contented myself at first with devouring an enormous quantity of turkeys, capons, beefsteaks, mutton chops, Irish potatoes and other farinaceous substances, but to no purpose. I went to England, associated with none but London aldermen, studied their diet, conformed to their habits, drank innumerable casks of porter, and remained as thin as ever. In despair I threw myself into the hands of the learned faculty of medicine. They converted me into an alembic of drugs, and when I became rebellious at last, they sent me successively to every known watering place in Europe. I come now from Mont D'Or, where, after using the waters internally and externally for a whole month, I complained to the physician of the place that I was growing thinner, if possible.

"'Have faith and patience,' he answered. 'Do you not meet occasionally in your walks, an individual who is almost as large as an elephant, and who seems imbedded in a ton of lard, which melts into heavy drops as he moves along? Well, when he came here, three months ago, he had less substance than yourself. Now he is a mountain of flesh. In vain do I tell him to stop. He goes on drinking, bathing and swelling, so delighted is he with the change which has taken place in his person. He maintains that he cannot take too much of a good thing. It is the fanaticism of corpulence.'

"Of course, with such an instance of the efficacy of the waters before my eyes, it would have been very wrong to despond. I determined to persevere. But, the next day, when in my bath as punctually as usual, the door of the room next to mine opened, somebody entered, and I overheard the following conversation: 'Doctor,' said a gruff voice in tones of subdued anger, 'I have sent for you to convince you by actual exhibition, that I am growing fatter and fatter. I consult you every day; you soothe me with fair promises, and you regularly pocket your fees without succeeding, with all your scientific prescriptions aided by the marvelous virtues of your mineral waters, in removing one ounce of flesh from my ribs.'

"'Have faith and patience,' replied the doctor. 'Do you occasionally meet in your walks a prodigiously thin man?'

"'Certainly,' answered the patient. 'I could not but notice him. He is a shadow, an impalpable thing, a sort of condensation of vapor assuming somewhat the indistinct lines of a human shape. What then?'

"'Well, when he came here, my dear sir, he was fatter than you are. Will you continue to say: What then?'

"I heard no more, I jumped out of my bath, and departed in a hurry for home, swearing an eternal adieu to all watering places." Thus spoke the man of bones and no flesh.

When I arrived at Paris on my return from Leuk, I endeavored, as I had done before, to correspond with Trévigne. But civil wars play sad havoc with the transportation of mails; my letters did not reach their destination. Although my physical and mental sufferings at the time were such as to make every minute of

existence appear to me an age of agony, I determined to lash myself into active life. I went sight-seeing, and figured in society as it is said in common parlance, with a smile on my face and a suppressed groan at the bottom of my heart. I saw the gorgeousness of palaces and the squalidness of the haunts of the poor. I was presented to the king. He had been under the roof of my grandfather in Louisiana, and one of my kinsmen had come to his relief when he was proscribed and in want. He remembered it, and treated me with kindness. The king has now no other roof to shelter him than the vault of an English tomb, his sons are in exile, and he who witnessed their royal splendor has also felt the vicissitudes of fortune, and is in his own native land a ruined man, a political outlaw, a sort of nondescript being who is declared to be *without rights*. Truly it is sad to live many years. The king spoke well and impressively, and was fond of showing that he possessed that faculty. Like Ulysses, *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*.* One who pretended to know him thoroughly, told me that he had no decision of character, and maintained that, should his sister, Madame Adélaide, die before him, whom she entirely governed, he would appear before the world in the light of a weak and irresolute man. Was there any truth in this assertion? The fact is, that the king fell from the throne a short time after the death of his royal sister and adviser, and made on that occasion a lamentable display of pusillanimity and vacillation. About five years before that memorable event, all the legitimist journals and organs came out with one common accord in favor of universal suffrage. Meeting one of

* Like Ulysses, he had visited many cities, and seen the manners and customs of many men.

the staunchest partizans of the dynasty for which Louis Philippe had been substituted, and knowing that he was among the most influential of that party, I asked him for an explanation of that abrupt deviation from their old and cherished principles.

"It is," he said with vehemence, "to pull down the rascal who pollutes the Tuileries." Meaning Louis Philippe, of course.

"What will you put in the place of the democratic crown of the citizen king?" I asked.

"A republic," he replied, "will certainly spring up from the gutters of Paris."

"What next?"

"The republic will be of short duration."

"What will follow?"

"A dictator, perhaps a Napoleon."

"Is it in this way," I said, "that you intend to bring back the Duke of Bordeaux?"

"Yes. We shall not be again such fools as to have recourse to foreign bayonets. Our plan is to gorge France with the sweetmeats of a republic, and next, with the rotten flesh-pots of an upstart imperial regime, until she vomits the poisonous substance on which she shall have feasted. Then we shall have, not a transient, but a permanent restoration of the elder branch of the Bourbons. After having swallowed the republic and the empire and found them indigestible, the French will have no further experiment to make, and will return to their old line of kings and to the monarchy of St. Louis, with such modifications as the present may require to suit modern wants and ideas. It is evident that institutions which lasted a thousand years, had in them something better than can be offered by those which spring up like mushrooms from the rank soil of revolu-

tions, and which perish as rapidly. Duration is the test of the goodness and fitness of human institutions. We want the very populace of Paris to make that discovery. We want the masses, the common laborers, those who work with arms bare to the elbow, who wear dirty shirts and wooden shoes, to go by a spontaneous movement to the frontier, recall Henry V, and carry him back in popular triumph to the palace of his ancestors."

By the soul of the Cumæan Sybil, this legitimist had read accurately in the book of fate! For, thus far his predictions have been accomplished. The question of reform and universal suffrage shattered the throne of the citizen king—then came the republic with Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine—then the empire with Louis Napoleon. The second empire has sunk into an ocean of blood. What next? We must wait, time will answer.

The last occasion on which I met the king was at the Tuileries, at a ball to which I had been invited. Among other things he said to me: "I do not wish to be a prophet of evil, but . . . (and he seemed to hesitate a little) much as I admire the Americans and their institutions, (was it not Irish blarney, O king!) they cannot be as a people, entirely above those passions which are inherent in human nature. You have conflicting interests and ambitions, and unappeasable jealousies. You have the puritans in the North and the cavaliers in the South, democracy with its levelling rod in one section of the country, and aristocracy with slavery raising its haughty head in the other section, and creating a social elegance, a superiority of breeding and race which must excite the intense hatred of your antagonists, who will be made to feel their in-

feriority in that talent of government and statesmanship, and in that nameless and indescribable refinement and charm of manner which have always characterized all aristocracies. Hence deadly conflicts, the consequences of which it is impossible to foresee. You will perhaps before long, like the rest of mankind, have political convulsions and social transformations. We live fast in this age. You are young enough to see many wonderful changes in this ever-changing world! Should the wind of revolution ever blow down your paternal house in Louisiana, *souvenez vous que la France est la patrie des exilés, et qu'elle a un cœur pour toutes les infortunes.*"* This was graciously and royally spoken, and made me bow low in return, but I wish that there had been less of the spirit of prophecy in it. Where is now the Orleans dynasty? and what of me? Alas!

I am fond of contrasts. Therefore, after having visited the king, I called on Sanson, the hereditary public executioner of Paris. I had heard that he had a liniment which had remarkable curative powers. This was at once a pretext for approaching that famous personage, famous although at the lowest step of the social ladder. A servant received me courteously, and ushered me into a very extensive library opening on a beautiful garden, in which was an elderly man who, I was told, was Sanson, and who was watering flowers with tender care and with the same hand which had cut off so many heads. He soon came to meet me, and I was struck with his polished address. I stated the object of my visit, and informed him that I had come from the United States in quest of health.

* Remember that France is the home of the exile, and that she has a heart that sympathizes with all misfortunes.

"Ha! indeed," he said, "you are from the United States! I have always taken the liveliest interest in your country, and pray, from what particular State are you?"

"From Louisiana."

"Ho! ho! Louisiana! A singular coincidence! I have just been reading with pleasure a historical essay on that subject by one of her native writers. I am glad to see you, for I assure you that I have always desired to meet somebody well acquainted with that former colony of France. She has never ceased to be a favorite with me, and for particular reasons. My attention was turned to her in my early boyhood. Will you permit me to inquire after her present condition?"

He put to me many questions which showed that he was really interested in the subject. He was so minutely acquainted with her topography, with the peculiarities of her soil, and with her innumerable and intricate water courses, with her commercial and agricultural resources, with her political and social history, that I looked at him with much surprise, and said: "Surely, sir, you must have been in Louisiana."

"Never," he replied, "but at the beginning of the French revolution, which deluged this country with blood, my father had resolved to fly with his family to Louisiana, and I prepared myself for it by procuring as much information as I could about our intended home. Had we been able to execute our plan" . . .

He paused, hung down his head, and did not finish the phrase. Something like the shadow of painful memories had flitted over his face, as I thought, but he soon renewed the conversation with animation. He certainly was more accurately and extensively informed in relation to the condition, history, laws, politics and

resources of the United States, than any statesman I ever met in France. I was amazed at the variety and depth of his erudition, which he seemed to pour out with evident pleasure, but, I must say, without pedantic affectation. He had readily seized, I suppose, a rare opportunity afforded him to communicate his intellectual wealth. There was no ostentation, however, and no want of good taste, and I must confess that I took pains to draw him out as much as was consistent with propriety and good breeding. In the strangeness and novelty of my situation there was something which delighted me, but I had at last to call his attention to the particular object of my visit. I wanted his liniment.

"What is the nature of your disease?" he inquired. I stated it with details. He listened attentively, and replied:

"I am no mean adept in medicine, for which I have a natural turn, and which I have studied a good deal. I regret to say that my liniment will do you no good."

I insisted on trying it, rather to leave some remunerative souvenir of my visit, than to make an experiment of the virtues of the drug. But he peremptorily refused to sell it, "because his conscience," he said, "did not permit him to receive money for what could be of no service to me." I rose to retire, Sanson accompanied me to the door, and bowed me out according to the requirements of the most punctilious etiquette. When I reached *le boulevard des Italiens*, I met a friend who asked me where I came from. I replied: "From the house of one of the most learned and refined gentlemen of France."

"Who is he?"

"The hangman of Paris."

CHAPTER VII.

CONTINUATION OF FERNANDO'S TRAVELS IN EUROPE.

At the end of the winter, I went to a fancy ball at the hotel of the Spanish ambassador. There, of course, I saw many Spaniards, and heard of the news of the day—the death of Zumalacarregui. The general impression was, that with him had died all hope of success for the cause of Don Carlos. His genius was already turning the scales in favor of the pretender, when a bullet cut short his career. O Providence! a crown is lost, the fate of a nation is changed—by what? —a little piece of lead, which was sped in one direction rather than in another by a fellow paid two cents a day to do that kind of work. The Spanish ambassador representing Isabella II was in high glee. I thought of poor Trévigne, whose fortune was waning with that of the prince for whom he had staked so much. I resolved to seek him in the spring, and see what could be done to save him from being crushed by the fall of the edifice he had attempted to build. I was sauntering gloomily among the brilliant assembly which had met on that evening, when I passed by Madame Ancelot, the wife of an academician, and herself an authoress of some distinction. She took my arm to promenade. We met several men of letters, among others, Balzac the novelist. He wore the costume of

a monk, a fat and jolly monk of the good old time, and his natural proportions admirably suited the character he had assumed. In the course of conversation, Madame Ancelot alluded to his supposed habits of extravagance.

"Ah!" he said, "I see that you are like the rest of the world. How can I be extravagant? Where are my means to repose on the gilded and luxurious couches of a Sardanapalus, or to give the feasts of a Belshazzar?"

"But," replied the lady, "you are the most successful novelist of the day, and your works are numerous."

"True; but they give me only a very poor and uncertain income. My works are bought in foreign countries, in Russia, in Belgium for instance, where they are surreptitiously printed for the market of the world, much more extensively than they sell in France. But this does not benefit me, as you well know, on account of there being no international copyright. He who wishes to read any one of my novels does not purchase it; he sends for it to the circulating library. As a proof of the truth of what I say, I assure you that I am willing to part with the copyright of my existing books and of others which I shall engage to write if required, for a bare annuity of fifteen thousand francs. You see that, for an extravagant man, I am very modest."

We had hardly left him when we met de Tocqueville. The lady complimented him on the immense success of his celebrated work: "Democracy in America."

"Success! Let us understand each other," he said with a smile. "If you mean success as to reputation, you are right. It has made me famous. But if you

mean success as to the sale of the book, you are in error; my publisher groans piteously."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lady.

"It is but too true," replied de Tocqueville with a slight philosophical shrug of the shoulders. "Only five hundred copies were sold in the first year after its appearance, and the sale, instead of increasing, diminishes. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Ascalon, to check literary ambition. It is perhaps better to circulate those encouraging lies which give to men of letters such alluring incomes derived from the productions of their brains." He bowed to us and passed on.

I turned to Madame Ancelot and said to her: "I hope that your charming volumes, so fascinating in every page, have remunerated you more handsomely."

She opened her fan, and looking steadily at it as if she was seeking in its brilliant texture for a reply, she said in a playful tone: "I will answer you on another occasion. Look round. Is not this a fairy scene and an appropriate meeting ground for illusions of all sorts? Is this the time and the place for the introduction of truth in the coarse apparel and with the unpainted cheeks of a buxom country girl? No. Let me only say to you for the present, that the republic of letters is like other republics in one respect. Although of longer duration than her sisters, for she is immortal, whilst they are from the earth and perishable, her rewards are not always for her most meritorious sons. You have heard Balzac and de Tocqueville. Bear in mind, however, that dramatic compositions are what pay the best, when successful. Be like Scribe, the most fecund of all our dramatists, and you will be a man of wit and wealth—a happy but unfrequent combination."

"O Paris, city of mud and smoke, where virtue is but a name!" etc., etc. Faith! It is Rousseau who speaks thus, not I. Oh! no. I do not want to quarrel with the friends I have left within her imperial walls, particularly those daughters of Eve who told me that they worshiped the very mud of her streets, and would prefer being chambermaids within her magic precincts than duchesses in provincial towns. Could Madam de Stael breathe any where else, and has she not informed posterity that she liked the sight of the gutter of the "*rue du Bac*," where she resided, better than that of any other spot on earth out of the city which she idolized? O Paris! How many throw themselves into the vortex of thy dissipations, to be stunned into a sort of oblivious indifference to the past and the present, or to inhale thy atmosphere of voluptuousness, which, better than any chemist's drugs, deadens pain and makes conscience insensible under the sharp tooth of remorse? There is in thy fragrant and sparkling cups of Circean festivities a subtle and delicious poison, with which a moral suicide may be but too easily perpetrated. The heart then becomes a sepulchre in which the soul lies cold and dead, until a voice calls for its resurrection. What voice? Perhaps thou mayest answer that question for thyself, O reader! But let that pass. One thing I know, that in the stimulating hot-houses of that great city, which claims to be the capital of the world, and in which the accumulated civilization of centuries strengthens, fertilizes, and heats the intellect into its highest artificial development, a resolute will, feverishly excited by so many causes, and braced up by the magnetic influence and congeniality of mind acting on mind, can triumph over the weakness of the diseased body and

conquer physical pain with more ease than elsewhere. One can rise from the couch where hours of agony had been endured, one can put on the elegant dress prepared by the most fashionable tailor, and, although debilitated by a long fast, turn night into day whilst toying with the frivolous, or gathering wisdom and learning from the sage.

The clock had struck the midnight hour in the saloons of General Cass, our minister plenipotentiary at Paris, when Lady B——, one of England's fairest daughters, said to me:

"Had you nothing better to do than to talk for a whole half hour in the curtained embrasure of that yonder window, with that odious man who denies the immortality of the soul, and is an avowed infidel and materialist. You keep bad company, and your friends will become uneasy."

I bowed in acknowledgment of the flattering interest taken in my behalf, and I replied that I had been discussing that very subject of materialism, and protesting against the threatened annihilation of my soul by my witty and erudite antagonist. The "odious man" she spoke of was a physician who enjoyed a world-wide reputation, and with whom I had the good luck of having become intimate.

"But," said I to Lady B——, "do not be so indignant with the doctor. He may not be a materialist after all, as he pretends."

"How so?" she said with an expression of surprise in her countenance.

"It is an inference of mine," I replied, "which is founded on what I am going to relate. You may have heard that an immense crowd fills, every day, the saloons of the great physician, from noon to six o'clock

in the evening. The patients are admitted in turn to his presence. He is unapproachable during those hours, except to suffering humanity. As a proof of his regard, he had kindly exempted me from the rule. One day, when I had something of importance to communicate, I called at the time I knew him to be so much engaged.

"'Pierre,' I said to the servant who was in attendance, 'carry my card to your master. I must speak to him without delay, and without being seen by the crowd of invalids who might complain of preference granted to me, if I were admitted before those who have preceded me here.'

"He returned after a few minutes, and said: 'I will conduct you, according to the doctor's instructions, to his bed-chamber, which is accessible through a secret passage. There you will please to wait until I am permitted to take you to his office.'

"The doctor, you know, has the misfortune of being a bachelor like myself. What was my astonishment when I entered his bedroom! From the ceilings to the floor, the walls were covered with none but magnificent oil paintings representing sacred subjects. At the head of the bed was a *prie-dieu*, on which there was a superbly illustrated copy of the Gospels, which was lying open. There was a red velvet cushion to kneel on at the foot of the *prie-dieu*, which was surmounted by a beautifully carved ivory Christ on a gilded cross. After a little while, I was led to the presence of the medical philosopher who seemed to delight in being a cynical unbeliever. Guessing at what had passed in my mind, he said with a laugh, not unmixed, I thought, with some embarrassment of manner: 'You are surprised, are you not?'

"'Certainly,' I replied. 'Who would not? Faith! My first impression was that I had been introduced by mistake into the bed-chamber of the archbishop of Paris.'

"'Well, well, my friend,' he said in a half jocose and half serious tone, 'I hear and see so many unclean things during the day, that, on my retiring at night, I like, before going to sleep, to refresh my eyes when looking round my room.'

"Several times since, I have tried to refer to this singular circumstance, in the hope of obtaining further light on it, but he has always glided from the subject, and I had to desist, because I saw that it was his desire to have it forgotten."

"Who would have suspected it?" exclaimed Lady B——.

"It shows, madam, that there is some truth in the old saying: '*Trust not to appearances.*'"

Ha! ha! ha! Thus laughed the old Countess of V——, when I called on her, one evening, to enjoy her bewitching conversation, so rich in anecdotes of the court of the Emperor Napoleon I. She had been one of the ladies of honor of Josephine, and of course was full of gossip on all the celebrated characters of that epoch. "Ha! ha! ha! So, you have been paying a visit to the necromancer, Mlle. Lenormant? Don't deny it; don't blush; I saw you enter, as my carriage drove through the *rue Tournon*, where she resides."

"Why should I deny it?" I replied. "Is she not a celebrity? Did she not have the honor of being permitted to appear before the Congress of Sovereigns who met at Aix la Chapelle in 1815, to show them how a pack of cards may be pregnant with the fate of nationalities and individuals? Why then should I not

admit that I had the curiosity to put her art to the test?"

"I have in my turn the curiosity," said the countess, "to know what she has predicted to you, if it can be communicated."

"Willingly. Let me say first, that my patience was sorely tried, for I had to dance attendance during several hours, so crowded her large parlor was with women who had preceded me, and some of whom appeared to be educated and refined. I was the only man there, which circumstance, I confess, disconcerted me not a little. But I put on a bold face, and entering into conversation with some of the ladies, I turned into ridicule my own apparent credulity. They told me, however, that I was wrong in thus treating the subject so slightingly. They assured me that their own experience had taught them, year after year, that Mademoiselle Lenormant knew the past and the future, as well as the present, a fact which I was not disposed to dispute, since I was soon to ascertain for myself what I was to think of it. At last, my turn came to consult the sibyl. I presented myself at the entrance of the closet where she had been giving audience. The door stood open, but a heavy tapestry curtain hung from the lintel to the floor. There I found a portly old woman, who, with one hand, had lifted up the curtain, and who, with the other, beckoned me in. She riveted her eyes on me for a minute or so, and I felt as if a pair of gimlets were boring into me. Wonderful indeed were those small round eyes whose keen, steady and sharp stiletto-pointed look seemed to penetrate to the inmost depths of my soul. Nothing else was remarkable in her, nor was there anything visibly diabolic in the room where she held intercourse with her fortune-

telling cards, or with spirits from another world. She was fat and coarse, putting me in mind of those female janitors who are so common in Paris. She made me sit by her at a table on which her cards were spread. Whilst she was pretending to arrange them in the required sibylline order, I observed that she stole frequent glances at me in a large mirror which was appended to the wall in front of us. Whether it was in my features, or in her cards, or in the polished surface of the mirror that she read, I do not know, but certain it is, that she appeared to have known me from the cradle and to have never lost sight of me. She unfolded my intellectual and moral organization with as much precision as if she had dandled me on her knees, and as if I had grown up within the shadow of her petticoat. She told me strange things of the past, strange things of the future, things which have happened, and things which have not yet happened. At last, dropping her greasy cards, and looking at me she said: 'Have you any questions to put?'

"'Since you invite me to do so, I will ask one question, only one,' I replied. 'How many friends have I got?'

"She again consulted her pasteboard revealers of destinies, and said gravely: 'You have but one friend, and he is now in great danger. He is threatened this year with a bloody grave. Should he parry the impending blow, his life will be long and prosperous.'

"I thought of Trévigne, and felt a sort of superstitious alarm creeping over me. 'Is that all?' she said.

"'Yes.' But correcting myself, I added: 'I will only put another question. Shall I ever recover my health?'

"To my astonishment, she threw down her cards, and

thus addressed me: 'Of course, I am not a sorceress, my dear sir, but I am somewhat of a physician. Tell me the symptoms of your infirmity.'

"'Of course, I am not a sorceress.' Here was an opportunity offered me to interrogate her on her art, and to relieve certain perplexities which she had produced in my mind. But pride, that stiff-necked pride which has been a stumbling block to me on so many occasions, stood in my way, and I shrank from appearing to attach sufficient importance to her profession to question her about it. Otherwise, who knows? She might have revealed to me the means by which she had persuaded so many people that she possessed the art of divination. I have since regretted my reserve on that occasion, and shall probably continue to regret it. Should I ever be ruined by a revolution, as she has foretold me, the art which she has so successfully practiced, if I had been initiated in it by her, would be something to fall back upon, and I might make a comfortable living by becoming a fortune-teller." I smiled when uttering this last phrase, but there was no corresponding smile on the face of the old countess. She looked pensive and grave.

"My young friend," she said, "there are many mysterious things in this world, to which we must not allude, under the terrible penalty of being held up to ridicule. May God, however, avert from you the calamity with which you have been threatened by the sibyl!"

"But is it true," said I to the countess, "that she had really predicted to Josephine the fall of Napoleon, when he was at the zenith of his power, and that she was incarcerated for it?"

"It is true," she answered. "Josephine had prom-

ised the Lenormant not to mention it to the emperor, but she was so thoroughly alarmed, that it was easy for her lord to discover that she had something unpleasant on her mind, which she attempted to conceal from him, and he terrified her into a confession."

"It must have been no difficult task," I observed, "to frighten a being so gentle and loving as to have no will of her own when opposed to his."

"As to that," she said, laughing, "you are romancing as some historians and memoir writers have done. Josephine, good and kind as she was, had her faults like us common mortals, and she was not always so gentle as not to have a will of her own in opposition to that of her Olympian spouse. Will you have an instance of it?"

"My weight in gold for it!" I exclaimed.

"You shall have it for less," she continued. "The German campaign had begun. The French armies were beyond the Rhine, and Napoleon was to leave Paris for Strasbourg on his way to Vienna and other capitals. It was known that Josephine had begged to follow him, and had insisted on it with no small persistency. 'He might be wounded; she must be near him. Otherwise, the anxieties that would assail her, when she could not forget that he was in the midst of so many dangers, would be too agonizing to be endured. Her health would fail; she would die, and see him no more.' She had renewed her request again and again with all the blandishments of conjugal tenderness, and with that irresistible grace which she was known to possess. It had all been in vain. Napoleon had sternly resisted her entreaties. It was not long before the time fixed for his departure arrived. It was to be at midnight on a particular day. Superfluous it is to say, that all was ready

at the appointed hour. The coaches were drawn up before the palace, the cavalry escort at its post, and the torches lighted. The rigid punctuality of the imperial master was well known. What was the general astonishment, when, at a quarter past twelve, Napoleon had not appeared! Half past twelve! One o'clock, and no emperor! The excitement became intense. What had happened? What could have happened? He was known to be in the apartment of Josephine, and the doors of the august bed-chamber still remained closed. The numerous suite of attendants lost themselves in the wildest conjectures, and some of them have told me that they became so nervously excited as to feel ready to yell. At last, when the clock struck two, the door of the room of the empress was opened and flung back with violence. The heavy, clumsy and irregular steps which were heard approaching, could not be mistaken, and the emperor, with his thick campaign boots on and with his famous gray coat and cocked hat, was seen hastily coming down the broad marble flight of stairs of the Tuileries. The drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the torches flung around a more vivid light, the men of the escort stood erect in their saddles, tightening the reins, and with spurs ready to strike, the horses tossed their manes as if they understood the time for action had come, the officer who stood at the door of the carriage opened it wide, uncovered and bowed down to the ground as the emperor almost rushed inside and took his seat. Just at that moment, something as light as a cloud drifting before the wind, and as white as new-fallen snow, floated down the stairs through the line of guards, and glided into the emperor's carriage, where it placed itself by his side. It was the empress in her night dress. The thunderer looked at his mate, as it were with speech-

less wonder, but only for a second did he thus look before he shouted: "Postillions, full gallop."* Onward started the imperial train like a whirlwind.

"I was at that time at Strasbourg, of which my husband was in command. No words can express my surprise, when one morning an orderly officer called on me and said: 'The empress is in Strasbourg, and has ordered me to invite you to bring to her without delay all your wardrobe. She has arrived from Paris in her night clothes with the emperor, and wishes to choose among your wardrobe the most appropriate dress to suit herself.'

"'You are stark mad,' I said to the officer.

"'No, madam,' he replied, 'I am perfectly sane, as you may convince yourself by repairing to the presence of the empress, as she desires.'

"When I appeared before her with several servants bearing the most select of my dresses, she received me with peals of laughter, and seemed to relish with as much glee as a spoiled child the prank she had played. We continued to laugh heartily, as she tried, one after the other, every piece of apparel which I had brought. She was full of hope that, having contrived to come thus far, she would be permitted to go farther, but in that she was disappointed. Thus you see that, gentle and submissive as she is represented to have been, the graceful creole of Martinique had sometimes a will of her own. Hence I will echo, with an addition, the old saying so often quoted: *trust not to appearances*, and to reputations made by historians, memoir writers and authors of romances."

* Ventre à terre.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MARQUIS AND HIS BROTHERS.—A STRIKING EFFECT OF THE RIGHT OF PRIMOGENITURE.

At last the time came which I had fixed for my departure, to meet Trévigne in Spain. I stopped in Orleans one day, to see its curiosities. Among other things, I had determined to visit the house of Agnes Sorel, the celebrated favorite of Charles VII. On one occasion she appeared in traveling costume before her royal lover, who had almost lost the whole of France, and who lived in inglorious sloth in the petty city of Bourges.

"Whither are you going, gentle Agnes," said the astonished king.

"It was predicted to me long ago," she replied, "that I was destined to be the *mie par amour* of the king of France. You are dethroned, and Bedford reigns in Paris. To him therefore I go."

The youthful monarch blushed, and, stung to the quick, sprang to arms. The result was, that the English were expelled from France, and Joan of Arc led him to be crowned in Rheims. Blessed be the patriotism of women, from Judith to the maid of Saragossa! There is none nobler and more unselfish. Such being my feeling on this subject, it was in keeping with it that I should have been in search of the historic dwelling of that damsel, who, if she loved sinfully, had a soul to hate the oppressors of her country. My guide-

book had informed me, that the house of which I was in quest was in a secluded street, not far from Royal street, the main thoroughfare of the city of Orleans. Down that beautiful street, therefore, I strolled, looking right and left for some genial face I could venture to address, for I am very sensitive, and easily put out of joint by a churlish answer. Fortunately, I spied an honest burgher with a face as placid as the moon, who stood on the threshold of his store, gazing vacantly and listlessly at loiterers like myself. I approached him hat in hand, and asked him if he would do me the kindness to point out where was the house of Agnes Sorel. The suddenness of the question and its unexpectedness seemed to make him lose his equilibrium, but, soon recovering the habitual composure out of which he had been startled, he answered, with a countenance beaming with satisfaction at the opportunity of obliging a stranger:

"Certainly, sir, with the utmost pleasure. You have only to turn round and to look at the opposite side of the street. There, as you see, is the house of Agnes & Co., but I was not aware that Sorel was one of the firm."

Turning round as I was told, I saw in glittering gold letters over the top of the front door of a dry-goods store: *Agnes & Co.* Convulsed with laughter, I fairly ran away, leaving the astonished citizen staring at me, and greatly in doubt, I presume, whether there was not a screw loose in my brain. This unromantic incident made me give up Agnes Sorel altogether, and go back to the dinner which was waiting for me at the *Hotel de France.*

After dinner, I was examining and criticising the tasteless statue of Joan of Arc erected on a public

square, when I was accosted by a very fat woman, who looked like a monstrous cheese gifted with the power of locomotion, and down whose forehead and cheeks perspiration trickled most profusely.

"*Mon gentilhomme,*" she said, wiping her face, "will you believe that I have been quizzed the whole day by the inhospitable people of this city? I am from Nantz, and, having at last by dint of hard labor scraped up sufficient means to visit Paris, that wonder of the world, I have stopped here, on my way to the capital, merely to see the statue of the glorious maid of Orleans, who drove out of it the perfidious English. As soon as I had breakfasted, I asked the landlord for the statue of the maid of Orleans, and he sent me here, where I saw this statue with the name of Joan of Arc inscribed on its pedestal. I have for hours been inquiring for the maid of Orleans, and every body has sent me back to the same spot, until I am tired to death, and when, at last driven out of all patience, I showed some temper, and asked what on earth this Joan of Arc had to do with the maid of Orleans, they laughed in my face; and pray, sir, why do you laugh also?"

I explained to her how Joan of Arc and the maid of Orleans were but one and the same person. She seemed much relieved and very grateful for the information, and thanked me warmly. "*Voyez vous, monsieur,*" she said, "*ce n'est que la France qui produit de pareilles femmes.*" * I thought of many other heroines, but I said nothing, and I left the fat woman in ecstatic contemplation of the object of her admiration.

I tarried at Tours to visit its cathedral and the beautiful environs of that city. I deviated to my left from the straight road to Bordeaux, and went to Loches,

* Do you see, sir, it is only France that can produce such women.

where is the famous castle in which Louis XI immured some of his prisoners of state. There, are still exhibited the iron ring in the wall, apocryphal or not, to which the cage that held captive Cardinal La Balue, was said to be suspended, and the engines of war which, by the faint light filtering through a small aperture into the dungeon, an unfortunate duke of Milan drew on the walls, to while away the long dreary hours of his solitary confinement. I came out of these subterranean chambers with a breast panting for the free air of heaven. Loches is full of the memories of Agnes Sorel. I contemplated with interest the recumbent statue on the tomb erected to her. At her head kneel two angels, who seem to pray for mercy. How softly and profoundly sleeps the marble shaped into that beautiful human form! How exquisitely chaste were the features of the dead in their eternal repose, if chaste was not the heart of the living! "Alas!" says an old chronicle, "she sinned grievously, but she was gentle and forgiving, and not undeserving of forgiveness herself, for she was liberal to the poor, and gave much to churches and monasteries. May her soul have been thereby redeemed!"

I had a letter of introduction for the Marquis of B——, which I delivered. He resided in a little jewel of a castle which had been a hunting seat for Charles VII and Agnes Sorel in the magnificent forest of Loches, which is no longer in existence. In later times, the stone bust of Francis the First had been put in a niche above the main entrance. I was received with much cordiality, and was made at once to feel as much at ease as if I had been intimate for years with the family. I passed three days under that hospitable roof. The marquis was very rich and lived with much splendor. His mother was on a visit to him. I was struck with

the veneration with which she was treated. She was attended by her chaplain in clerical habit. She asked me if I liked music. "Passionately," I replied. She proposed to play for me; I bowed profoundly and led her to the piano. She beckoned to the chaplain, a young man, who, immediately obeying her summons, stood up back of her chair, and sang a piece from the gone-out-of-fashion opera of "Joseph sold by his brothers," whilst she accompanied him on the instrument. I enjoyed the whole scene richly. The majestic old lady, when she walked, seemed to tread on a platform made up of thrones. When she rose to pass into another apartment, a lacquey, who was always at hand, opened the folding doors and closed them after she had passed. Although her husband had been dead ten years, she still wore deep mourning, and her dress was of antique pattern. She courtesied after the fashion in use in the age of Louis XIV, and, although perfectly courteous and even kindly affable, it was evident that a minute never flung its shadow across the dial during which she was forgetful of her rank and blood. The architecture of the building, its interior decorations, the manners, feelings, thoughts and language of its inmates took me back to at least the age of Henry IV, the white-plumed hero of Navarre. The illusion was complete. The pyramids of Egypt could not have interested me more than these people, who, although wearing a modern dress, save the dowager marquise, had remained what their ancestors were three hundred years ago. What stone-cemented monument of the past can be more attractive than living antiquated relics of flesh and blood!

The every-day dinner of the marquis was superbly served, and showed that guests might be expected—

which expectation was realized; for traveling equipages never failed to stop at the dinner hour, whilst I was there. Once it was the Prince of P——. He was returning from Pau. "How remarkable," he said, in the course of conversation, "is the type of distinction which characterizes the Bearnese population! The postillion who drove me when I left Pau, was so like Henry IV, that I was tempted to throw myself out of my carriage and say to him, 'Sire, take my seat, and let me take yours.'"

The young marquise was one of the most beautiful women of France. I was seated by her side at the table. She said to me with her peculiarly melodious and gentle laugh:

"Ha! ha! I have caught your eye resting on this breast-pin of mine. You think, no doubt, that it is not in harmony with the richness of my costume, and you are right; for it is not intrinsically worth two cents. But it is, nevertheless, the most precious of all my jewels. During the emigration, my poor father was compelled to make a living by manufacturing pins, and peddling them in the streets of the cities of Germany. At the restoration of the Bourbons, when he came back to France, he presented me with this coarse pin which he had made with his own hands, and which I always wear."

I bowed in silent acknowledgment and appreciation of her feelings, but thus addressed her mentally: "Surely, if your ancestors had not been among those who distinguished themselves in Palestine during the first crusade, you would not have ventured on the avowal that your father had been reduced so low as to be a pedlar. Upstarts do not make such confessions." Her husband was a Bayard, a true knight without fear and

without reproach. It was indeed an immaculate family, as pure as crystal, and profoundly venerated in the whole province. So rigid were they in their morals, that any misconduct which affected the character of any one of their servants, was looked upon by them as a serious household calamity.

One day, as I walked on the terrace of the castle with the intendant, or business man of the family, I expressed my surprise and my gratification at having met with such curious fossils, such well-preserved remnants of the heroic ages.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "if you knew them as well as I do, your surprise would have no bounds. Let me relate to you an anecdote, in illustration of what I mean. The old marquis, when he died, left three sons. Fortunately they were all of age, and you will soon understand why I mention it as a fortunate circumstance. A few days after that nobleman's death, the dowager marquise summoned her sons to her presence in her private apartment, and addressed them as follows:

"'My sons, I have desired your attendance here in order to settle definitively your lamented father's inheritance. I will now proceed to give to each of you his respective share. Our *homme d' affaires*, here present, (pointing to me) has clearly explained to my satisfaction that your father's estate ought to be divided, according to existing laws, into three equal parts, after having deducted the amount of whatever just claims I may have on it. I have no doubt that such is the law as he says, for I have much confidence in him. Poor France! They have made of late so many laws for her, that it is not extraordinary if they have manufactured such a one among the rest, with which, after all, it is quite in keeping. But such a law cannot exist for

our family, although it may exist for France. We have flourished for centuries under another regime, and for us that regime can never cease to be. Therefore let all things stand for us now, as it stood before for our ancestors. Hence, *monsieur le marquis*, being the eldest, this is your share, as in the good old time (giving him almost the whole of the inheritance), and you, the younger sons, here is what comes to you (allowing them a mere pittance), and now our *homme d' affaires* has explained to me that, in order that this should be valid and permanent, it is necessary that there be on your part, *messieurs les cadets*,* certain . . . what does he call it? . . . . ho! . . . . I have it . . . . renunciations, I believe. Is it not so? (turning to me, who nodded assent). Renunciations then be it. My memory, it seems, has not failed me. Well, everything is ready, my sons, as I am informed, according to my directions, at the notary's office. You will have merely to order the deeds to be read to you and to sign them. Go, with my blessings on you, and let this be speedily settled!'

"Those three men rose without saying one word, followed me to the office of the notary, who read to the younger sons the acts by which they gave up their equal shares in a princely inheritance. I kept my eye on them, sir, and I assure you that there was not a moment's hesitation. Calm, resolved, true to a cherished principle, obedient to parental dictation, the two brothers flung away a million each, as if it had been the wretched stump of an extinguished cigar. The third one accepted their shares with as much indifference and as a matter of course, without expressing regrets or thanks. *Ma foí, c'est bien beau, monsieur.*"†

"True, it is *bien beau*," I replied. "But what has be-

* *Cadet* means a younger son. † Faith! This is very fine, sir.

come of the two younger brothers, those wonderful prodigies of self-abnegation? I take in them the deepest interest."

"What has become of them?" said the *homme d' affaires*, echoing my question; "Look to the right . . . . way off . . . . on the verge of the horizon. Do you see yonder *chateau?*"

"Yes; it looks like something of importance."

"It is something of importance, and it belongs to one of them."

"Indeed!"

"Now look to your left. Do you discover in that valley, and almost hidden by an intervening forest, but still looming up above it, that grand-looking structure?"

"I see something towering up like some proud feudal manor."

"Good. That belongs to the other brother."

"Ho! ho! I am glad to know that they are both so well off," I remarked.

"Well off!" repeated the *homme d' affaires*, with a slight intonation of indignant surprise at the words used. "They are very rich, sir, perhaps richer than their eldest brother."

"How did that happen? They must have been prodigiously clever, if they could in ten years, for you told me, I believe, that their father died ten years ago, make such large fortunes! What business did they undertake which turned out so extraordinarily remunerative?"

"Business! business! Why, sir, there are things in this country which your American mind will hardly comprehend. We have here, notwithstanding *nos révolutions égalitaires*,* a number of very wealthy manufacturers, merchants, grocers, or other such people, who,

* Our leveling revolutions.

having made millions in trade, or God knows how, and having but one daughter or two, desire for them, very naturally, what they do not possess; or, to speak more properly, the girls themselves save their parents the trouble of desiring anything on the subject, for they do and overdo themselves the desiring part. What a delightful thing it would be, thinks Miss so and so, to belong to the family of that grand Marquis of B——, and to sport such old armorials on one's carriage! The most exclusive door in Europe would be opened to me, and my dearest friends, Eugenie and Clara, would die of spite. Thus speculates day and night the busy brain of a beautiful girl, fresh from the convent, and just introduced to all the vanities of the world. Thus it happened that papa came one day, hat in hand, to the *homme d' affaires* of the grand marquis, and threw out some hints as to the possibility of arranging an alliance between his millions and the coronet of one of the penniless brothers. Another wealthy man imitates this example. Their daughters are beautiful, well educated, refined in manners and as noble-minded as any princess. Why should they not be countesses? Now your question is answered as to the sudden acquisition of wealth by the two brothers of the marquis."

He paused, and, taking out of his gold snuff-box a pinch with which he deliberately regaled his nostrils, whilst seemingly meditating on what he had related, he said: "Disregarding the sublimity of the moral side of the renunciation made by the younger sons, and their willing sacrifice of pecuniary interest on the altar of primogeniture as it had existed for their race during centuries, it strikes me, sir, that, in a purely business point of view, it was a good operation, considering the circumstances under which it was made. Should the

estate have been equally divided into three parts, the importance of the family would have been diminished, the prestige of its antique splendor done away, the fame resulting from the magnanimous immolation of self-interest to principle, not acquired, and the two marriages of which I have spoken, not effected. Three noblemen, bearing an historical name, would have sunk lower as to social position, and two plebeian girls would not have risen to a higher sphere. But as it is, there has been a reciprocal improvement of the aristocratic and democratic elements by their blending together, instead of that deterioration which is produced by jealousies and the conflict of adverse interests and prejudices. Besides, had things taken a different course, I should not have been greatly benefited, myself, as I am now, by having become the administrator of three princely estates. What think you of it?"

"I think," said I, smiling at the question, "that your point of view is a shrewd one, and that there is in you a happy compound of the philosopher and of the man of business."

CHAPTER X.

FERNANDO'S ADVENTURES IN THE PYRENEES.

My next visit was to Chinon, a decidedly ugly provincial town. I stopped at the Hotel of the Green Oak, where I ate a very foul dinner served in very filthy dishes, and drank bad water and bad wine in the least dingy of the glasses which I could pick among those offered to me. I sallied, after my uncomfortable dinner, to look out for the house of Rabelais, who was born at Chinon. Rabelais was a priest and *curé* of Meudon, near Paris, in 1545. It was then that he published his Pantagruel, which made him famous. He died in 1553 in his seventieth year. He was versed in the use of eight languages—French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the Arabic. He was a theologian, a grammarian, a poet, a philosopher, a physician, a jurisconsult, and an astronomer. It was not without misgivings, I confess, that I began my search, for I remembered what had befallen me in Orleans, when inquiring for the house of Agnes Sorel. I went to the public square at six o'clock in the after noon. Every body was there. I took notice of a very tall, very large and very rotund individual who was promenading in solitary grandeur, with the breast flaps of his coat thrown back, to show probably the immaculate purity of his snow-white vest. and with the swallow

tail of that coat oscillating transversally behind him, as he walked pompously with elephantine steps. Surely, said I to myself, this grand personage must at least be the mayor of the town, and to him I may venture to apply with a better chance of information than to any other quarter. I approached him respectfully, addressing him in these words:

"I am a stranger, sir, in this place. Will you please to tell me where I can find the house of Rabelais?"

"Rabelais! Rabelais!" he repeated musingly. "Do you say Rabelais? Well, I declare, that is strange. I never heard of that individual before, and yet I know every man, woman and child in Chinon. You must be mistaken, sir. I assure you that there has never been any one here of that name, at least since I was born."

"It was, in truth," said I, "long before you were born, for he resided in this place several centuries ago."

"And pray, sir," he said, looking askance at me as if he suspected me of the intention of quizzing him, "what makes you suppose that I can possibly know the dwelling of a man who died before the deluge?" This was rather tartly said.

"Because," I replied, "I supposed that Rabelais, Pantagruel and Gargantua were as well known in Chinon, as Cervantes, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in La Mancha in Spain."

"A great error, a very great error of yours, sir. These people are totally unknown here. I assure you of it, on my honor."

He bowed me off majestically after this emphatic declaration, resuming his walk with more solemnity than before, and with a more accelerated oscillation of his coat tail. This reminded me of what a stage driver, near whose exalted seat on the top of his vehicle

I had placed myself, the better to see the country I was traveling through, had said to me when we passed in front of a beautiful little *chateau* encircled by a rapid and lovely stream which, as it ran onward, hugged the walls of the turreted building, making it look as if it rose from the very bed of the river. I inquired who was the owner of it. The coach driver answered, with a contemptuous toss of the head:

"It belongs to the baroness Dudevant, she who calls herself George Sand and dresses like a man. They say that she is somebody in Paris, but *ici ce n'est pas grand chose.*"* So much for fame and the glory of this world!

I passed through *La Vendée*, which acquired such historical renown in the famous civil war that followed the fall of Louis XVI. Near Niort, the public coach, or *diligence*, as it is called in France, stopped at a small village to change horses. We were two in the *coupé*, which, as is well known to travelers on the continent of Europe, contains only three seats. The French *diligence* is divided into three separate compartments of which the *coupé* is one, and fronts the horses. It is the most sought after. Its middle seat is the least comfortable; an old gentleman presented himself to occupy it. I heard the postillion address him with much respect as Count of St. Hermine. That name recalled to my memory the following passage in one of the dispatches of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, Governor of Louisiana, who, on the 15th of May, 1751, thus wrote to one of the French ministers at home:

"The situation of the Lady of St. Hermine, who came to this colony thirty years since, by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*,† obliges me to represent to you that

* But here she is not much of anything.

† An arbitrary order of arrest issued by the government.

this lady is at present unable to support herself here any longer, on account of the extreme destitution to which she is reduced by the death of Mr. de Loubois, with whom she had always lived. I beg permission to send her back *gratis* to France in one of the king's ships. Moreover, the *lettre de cachet* has expired, and the lady is very old."

After refusing at first the corner seat, which, being a young man, I though it incumbent on me to offer him, the count, yielding to my pressing invitation, at last accepted it with many thanks, and I thus found myself placed between my two traveling companions. They both were of about the same age, and both wore the decoration of the legion of honor. The *diligence* rolled on heavily, and for awhile we remained perfectly silent. I observed that the two gentlemen occasionally stole glances at each other, which seemed to revive recollections of the past. One said to the other:

"If I am not greatly mistaken, we have met before, although it is many years ago."

"I was making the same reflection," was the reply.

An explanation followed, and it resulted, that they had been companions in arms in the days of the republic, the consulate, and the empire. The conversation became very animated, and very interesting to me. They fought their battles over again, recalled many incidents of their campaign life, and gradually approached the questions of the day. It was soon apparent that one was a legitimist, and the other a Louis Philippist. They agreed on nothing in their politics, but still they expressed their conflicting opinions with mutual forbearance and courtesy. At last, General Defrance, for such was the name and rank of the other gentleman, said to the Count of St. Hermine:

"After all, my dear sir, time and experience soften opposition, and even aversion. At the end of a long life one is apt to take a very different, or at least a very modified view from the one entertained in the beginning of it. We find, when the frost of age matures and mellows our judgment, that there are very few things worth quarreling about, and hardly any evils unmixed with good. I confess for my part, that more than one change in my former feelings has come over me. For instance, born in the lowest ranks of the people, I had imbibed all their prejudices against the clergy and against the order to which you belong, count. Well, sir, the worthy chaplain of my regiment under the empire, by his many virtues and admirable traits of heroism, and the sanctity of his life, reconciled me with the cassock, and, after that, at the battle of Wagram, I relinquished my long entertained hostility against the *noblesse*."

The count remained silent, but I remarked that he had assumed a more erect position, that his eye flashed, and that an expression had stolen over his face which seemed to say: Ha! ha! is justice rendered at last?

"You remember the Duke of Montmorency, my dear count," resumed General Defrance. "You will admit that he was not above mediocrity. At the time the battle of Wagram was fought, he was on the staff of Marshal Davoust. He had been very ill for several weeks and altogether incapable of duty. On the day on which the battle was foreseen to take place, at dawn guns began to be heard, and the marshal, mounting his horse, galloped to a hill, from which he examined with his glass the position of the enemy and the movements which were going on. We of the staff

were also absorbed in the contemplation of what was before us. The marshal, having finished his observations and turning round, saw with astonishment the Duke of Montmorency on horseback within a few steps of him. We all wondered how he had got there at all. He looked like a ghost, or as if he was soon going to be one.

"'What on earth are you doing here, Mr. de Montmorency?' exclaimed the marshal.

"'My duty,' was the simple reply. 'I heard the firing of cannon. I asked my servant what it meant. He told me it was the beginning of a battle. I ordered him to put me on my horse, and here I am.'

"'I commend your spirit, sir,' said the marshal, 'but you have acted very imprudently. You have endangered your life by coming out of your bed to join me, to whom you can be of no service in the condition in which you are. I thank you, but beg you to retire.'

"Mr. de Montmorency refused, pleading that he was bound to be at his post on such an occasion, and that he could not fail to do so. The marshal expostulated in vain. Mr. de Montmorency persisted in his determination to be at his post. It was a duty which he could not forego.

"'Very well, duke,' said the marshal, 'since you speak of duty, you must not forget that I have also a duty to perform—which is, to see that those who are intrusted to my care shall not expose their lives without necessity. Thus far I have spoken to you as a friend; but now, as your superior officer, I command you to retire.'

"The duke drew himself up in his saddle and replied: 'I will disobey you, marshal. *Un jour de bataille un Montmorency n'a jamais eu la fievre.*'*

* On a day of battle a Montmorency never was known to be sick.

"The marshal put spurs to his horse, and we flew over the ground. The battle had fairly begun, and lasted the greater part of the day. Montmorency, or rather his horse, kept up with us, for the reins had escaped from his feeble hands; he reeled in the saddle like a drunken man, and clung to the mane of the noble animal, which seemed to be aware of the responsibility of its charge and which followed us with fidelity. When the last gun was fired, Mr. de Montmorency, as if conscious that he was now permitted to yield his post and be conquered by the infirmity of nature, fell from his horse like a bag of corn. We picked him up, and carried him to his quarters in a complete state of insensibility. On that day, sir, I gave up all the bitter hostility which I had entertained against the *noblesse*, and I came to the conclusion, that there must be something good in an institution which could inspire an ordinary man like Mr. de Montmorency with such heroism." The count acknowledged this observation with a slight bow, but made no other response.

When I reached Oloron, a town of six to eight thousand inhabitants, situated at the foot of the Pyrenees and divided into two parts by a stream which runs through it, and which, in the language of that locality, is called *le gave*, I learned that thirty thousand men under General Harispe were stationed along the frontiers of Spain, and prevented communication between that country and France. On one side of the stream, or *gave*, which divides Oloron into two parts, there is a considerable Spanish population composed of merchants, who are large dealers in wool which they import from Aragon and Navarre. They live agglomerated in one quarter of the town, and form, as it were, a small Spanish colony in France. As I wished to

have a foretaste of Spain, I alighted at a *posada*, or Spanish inn, in preference to the more comfortable *Hotel de France*. I found the *posada* answering exactly the description of the like establishment in Gil Blas and other works on Spain. I was ushered into an immense kitchen, where were assembled all the family of the tavern-keeper and his numerous employees. The apartment was not only a kitchen, but also a dining-room and a parlor, and the dinner which I had bespoken was cooked in my own presence. When "mine host," Antonio, was informed that I was an American, and that I had no other motive in going to Spain, at a critical time, than that of seeing and serving a friend, he became very enthusiastic, his eyes flashed, and he walked up to me, cordially shaking both my hands which he eagerly grasped, and saying to me: "*Señor*, you have a generous heart."

From that moment he became as devoted to me as if I had been an ancient chieftain of his tribe, or clan. There was nothing that he was not willing to do on my behalf, and I was invited to put him to the test. I took him at his word, and told him that I had determined to cross the frontiers at any hazard and join my friend in the Carlist army.

"Well," said he, "if you are bent on it, I will go and speak to a trusty mountaineer, who, I am sure, will agree to take you across the Pyrenees for two hundred dollars in gold. He will hardly do it for less, in consequence of the great dangers to be encountered under present circumstances."

"Then let us see him at once," I said, "and close the bargain."

We departed together, and, after a pretty long and rough walk through crooked and ill-paved streets, we

arrived, in the outskirts of the town, at an isolated and dilapidated house of a rather forbidding appearance. He knocked at a door, which was opened by a man whom my tavern-keeper saluted by the name of Bendetto, and to whom he introduced me with all the formality of the Spanish etiquette. I dismissed "mine host," assuring him that I could find my way back.

Bendetto was a splendid fellow in the prime of life, with a hooked nose like the beak of an eagle, and with eyes with which it seemed that he could, like that royal bird, have gazed at the sun. His dark hair emerged in ringlets from under his red Phrygian cap. His broad chest and muscular limbs, which combined elegance with strength and great powers of endurance, were clad in picturesque garments that reminded me of the garb or costume usually ascribed on the stage to Calabrian and Spanish bandits, or smugglers. He welcomed me to his roof with a highly polished courtesy, which was hardly to be expected from a man of his condition.

"I understood," I said, "that you will take me safely across the Pyrenees for two hundred dollars. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, *señor*," he replied with a low bow, "provided you do not go to assist the Christinos."

"I go," I answered, "neither to assist the Christinos, nor their adversaries. I go merely to see a cherished friend from whom I have long been separated, and who is now in the Carlist army."

"Then it is a bargain," he said with emphasis.

I drew out of the side-pocket of my coat two hundred dollars in gold which I put on the mantel-piece, and Bendetto's hand had just reached the glittering pile, when he said: "May I know the name of that friend of yours?"

"I have no objection. It is the count of Treviño."

He dropped the gold as if it had burned his fingers, and exclaimed, "*Santa Maria! El conde!** Take back this gold. May my hand be paralyzed for ever, if I receive any remuneration for serving a friend of *el conde!* I was born on his domains, *señor*, and those of my blood have for centuries served his ancestors like faithful vassals."

He gave a shrill whistle, and a beautiful girl bounded in with the soft and light spring of a fawn.

"Daughter, *ese caballero*,"† he said, "*es amigo del conde*" and, turning round to me, he added, whilst pointing to his daughter, "and the *conde* is god-father to the *niña*" (girl).

She dropped me an exquisitely pretty courtesy, and expressed her gratification at meeting a friend of the count, with as much dignity and grace, and in as choice language, as if she had been rocked in her cradle by a duchess. She wore a black velvet boddice fitting close to her sylph-like waist, and opening in front on her breast, to show a snow-white linen underdress edged with the richest lace; a Moorish silver chain of delicate workmanship was thrown over her neck, and held up a gold medallion of the Madonna glittering on her bosom. Her petticoat was of red cloth with black stripes, and did not seem to have the slightest pretension to conceal any portion of the silver embroidered blue stockings, which ran into the most tiny satin shoes which I ever saw encasing a woman's feet. I almost fancied that I saw flashing the polished scabbard of the deadly little dagger, which Spanish women are said to be fond of wearing at the garter of the right knee. Her luxuriant hair was as black and glossy as the rav-

* Holy Mary! The count! † This gentleman is a friend of the count.

en's plume. Two braided tresses of it hung down almost to her heels, and were decorated at their extremities with bunches of wild mountain flowers tied together with a gilt ribbon. Truly, she was something to gaze at, when she moved about the room with the elastic step of a goddess treading on clouds. She reminded me of Byron's description of the daughters of Spain:

> Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
> But formed for all the witching arts of love.
> Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
> And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
> 'T is but the tender fierceness of the dove,
> Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate;
> In softness as in firmness far above
> Remoter females famed for sickening prate.

But Bendetto brought me down from my poetical flight to the sober realities of life, by asking me when I intended to depart.

"As soon as you are ready," I replied. "But what are the preparations which I have to make, and how shall I carry through yonder troops and across yonder mountains some pretty heavy baggage, which I should not like to leave behind?"

"All that you have to do is to provide yourself with a hunter's dress, such as we all use here; have a brace of pistols in your belt, and a carbine slung across your shoulders, stout nail-studded shoes, and a sharp-pointed iron stick which will be of great help to you in ascending and descending some difficult paths. I shall be accoutred like yourself; but if you carry in your knapsack a respectable quantity of biscuits, a good sized flask of the best cognac, and as many *puros* (cigars) as you can find room for, we may not find it amiss on our

way. As to your baggage, it must go in another direction than the one we shall take. It will, however, be safely conveyed to you not long after you shall have reached the *conde's* camp."

By *el conde*, Bendetto always designated Trévigne, as if there had been no other *conde*, or count, in the world. After a pause he added: "I promise, *señor*, to depart with you the day after to-morrow at day-break."

CHAPTER X.

FERNANDO, THE BANDIT AND HIS DAUGHTER.—WHY THE OLD PRIEST OF THE MOUNTAIN REFUSED TO BECOME A BISHOP.

Bendetto was one of those smugglers, or contrabandists, who, from time immemorial, have waged war in the Pyrenees against the commercial restrictions of France and Spain, and who had long anticipated the modern doctrine of free trade and no custom-house. Those men have no idea whatever that they are doing anything illicit or immoral. On the contrary, they take pride in their hereditary profession. When they excel in it, they become popular among the frontier people, and almost rise up to be considered heroes on account of their manifold encounters with the police, their romantic adventures, daring courage and hair-breadth escapes. Bendetto was true to his word, and ready to set off on our perilous journey when I presented myself at the appointed time. Dolores, the daughter of my guide, accompanied us ten miles to a spot where she was to part company with us, in order to stay with an aunt of hers in the neighborhood during the absence of her father. When she bade us farewell and good speed, and when I saw her turn fearlessly into a lonesome path which seemed to lead her into a wilderness of rocks and precipices, I asked Bendetto whether he did not think it hazardous, to let her go by herself into a region which did not appear secure

even for men. He slowly and deliberately drew two or three heavy clouds of smoke from his cigar, and, withdrawing it from lips which curled with a peculiar smile of tranquil pride, he said:

"*Señor*, the daughter of Bendetto has nothing to fear as long as she treads the earth within the shadow of these, her native mountains. She is known to every man, woman and child in this community, loved and respected by all. None but a stranger would venture to attempt aught against her in the most secluded and God-forsaken spot, if there be any such in this lovely and grand country. But should there arise any real and serious danger, the *niña* (the girl) is as swift of foot as she is stout of heart, and were she to shout a cry of alarm, men would spring up from under these stones to defend her. Besides, although very gentle, she would not be unequal to her own protection. Aye! *amigo mio* (my friend) she is exceedingly sweet of temper. But, by the Holy Virgin," and here he crossed himself, "the girl is not unlike the bee, which can sting fiercely although full of honey."

Just as the sun was disappearing behind one of the highest mountains which stood before us, and leaving piled up on the verge of the horizon his wide-spread pavilions of celestial splendor, which night seemed loth to approach, I descried at the bottom of a valley a small village of about one hundred houses. The spire of a modest church loomed up in the distance, and its chimes, which the evening breeze brought to our ears, announced to us the angelus, or the salutation to Mary, which in Catholic countries is repeated three times a day. We soon arrived at the pastor's residence, which was an old building almost entirely covered with a dark green mantle of ivy. It looked like an appro-

priate hermitage for Time himself, if Time, instead of continuing, as he ever will, to be the creator, the destroyer, and the beautifier of every thing in this ever-changing world, had thought proper to abdicate his scythe and turn hermit. I almost fancied, however, that I saw him sitting on a rough stone bench under the porch of the building I have described, and that he had taken the shape of the more than octogenarian priest, whose hospitality Bendetto told me we would claim for the night. That individual addressed the venerable looking man with the most profound respect.

"I thank God, father," he said, "that you still look so strong and so healthy. May you be preserved to your flock many years to come!"

"Thank you, my son, for your good wishes," replied the priest, rising and saluting us both with an expression of benignity which it is difficult to forget. "I am the servant of the Lord. His will be done in every thing! I have long been working in His vineyard according to my humble capacities; and sometimes I am almost disposed to think that I am entitled to be dismissed, and to give way to younger and more efficient laborers. But the Master knows best."

"Former favors at your hands," said Bendetto, "have emboldened me, father, to apply for a night's shelter under your hospitable roof."

"Blessed be the stranger who comes in the name of the Lord!" said the patriarch priest, whilst raising his right hand to confer on us the blessing which he expressed, and which we received with our foreheads bent towards the ground. He invited us to come in with the most genial cordiality, and we were soon seated round a comfortable fire, for the evening was quite cold in that mountainous region.

Shortly after we were seated, Bendetto drew from one of the pockets of his jacket, a beautiful pair of embroidered slippers which he presented to father Hubert, for such was his name, as an offering sent by Dolores, whose work they were, and surely they did credit to her skill and taste.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the priest, "how have I deserved such kindness? It is singular how much affection is shown to me by every body! Now, sir," turning to and addressing me, "will you believe it? Here is that sweet girl, Bendetto's daughter, for whom, heaven knows, I never did anything which ever deserved thanks, who never fails in loving and unceasing attentions to me. Every body is constantly loading me with favors, with services of all sorts, and I may say, with filial caresses, when I do not remember that I ever had the opportunity of doing anything for them. Truly, it passes my understanding. For instance, here is Bendetto, who, if common report speaks the truth, which I hope it does not, is a sort of wild scapegrace, and who, they say, is not always walking in the straight path of the law; and yet he never passes by my door, whether engaged in his madcap expeditions or not, without thinking of me and bringing me valuable presents. Now, Bendetto, what have I ever done for you except pray God to reclaim you from your evil ways, if you have any?"

Bendetto, whose stern features were smoothed into an expression of womanly tenderness as he gazed at the simple old man, replied with a humorous twinkle in his eye:

"Of course, father, you never did any thing for me, nor for any body else in this wide world. Your long life has not been a perpetual sacrifice for the good and

comfort of others. Oh! no, no. Who speaks to the contrary? Who talks such nonsense? But, nevertheless, it is our whim and our pleasure, for miles and miles round, without any cause or reason whatever, to think ourselves your children, and to strive to show which of us loves you the best after his own fashion. So that, you had better make up your mind about it, and trouble yourself no more about the why and the wherefore."

"You hear him?" said the priest, addressing me. "How singular! How unaccountable! By the by, how kind he was to me in bringing you here, and how kind it is on your part to have come with him! Don't you see," he added, with a benevolent smile which illuminated his face; "you are, although a perfect stranger, like the rest of them, doing me a favor which I never can return."

He was interrupted by a young girl, who had come in evidently to set the table for supper.

"Pepita," said the priest, "is there in the larder any thing for these guests of mine? And . . . and . . . Pepita," . . . he now spoke, as I thought, with hesitation and a faltering voice, "you might . . . you might . . . if absolutely necessary . . . and if nothing else is at hand . . . you might, I say, kill a pair of my doves. They have multiplied a good deal of late, and are somewhat in the way of one another . . . although, poor things, they are so gentle and so sweet, and they know me so well and love me so much, that I am not exactly sure that I am justifiable in depriving them of their natural right to live. It is a question. What do you think, Pepita, what do you think of it?"

"Pshaw!" said the girl, with an impatient toss of her pretty head, "you are always, father, troubling yourself

about your doves. You will never be reduced to the necessity of eating any one of them as long as there is any one of us living. The gentlemen, I hope, will be pleased with their supper, which will soon be ready." She dropped a courtesy to us, and gracefully tripped out of the room.

"Did you hear her?" said the priest. "There is absolutely no end to what they do for me. How could I ever have deserved such uniform and sleepless kindness? Will you believe it? The girls of the village have actually taken possession of my household. They control it as they please, they do every thing needful in it, cleaning and sweeping the premises; and each one in turn brings me my breakfast, dinner and supper. They feed and clothe me when in health, and nurse me when sick. In their zeal they create wants for me, merely to supply them, when in fact I need nothing. Is it not really puzzling? For I cannot imagine what I have done for these people. Besides, what makes it still more strange is, that I am never called on to pay for any thing. Was the like of it ever seen? Perhaps it is . . . yes . . . no doubt it is," he added musingly, and as if communing with himself, "because I never have any money."

Just as he arrived at this solution of the question which perplexed him, the supper was brought in, much to Bendetto's satisfaction and to mine. It consisted of a delicately roasted kid, of mountain trout, of delicious milk, cheese, and various other good things, to which we did ample justice, for we had traveled long that day, and our appetites had been proportionately sharpened. As to father Hubert, he took only a cup of goat's milk with a small crust of bread and a few dried figs.

In the course of the evening, father Hubert told me

that he had been educated in Toulouse; that it was the largest city he had ever seen; that he had been the pastor of this secluded village in the mountains for sixty-five years, and that, during all this lapse of time, he had never been farther than thirty miles from his residence. During this long run of years, faint echoes of the great events of the world had barely reached him. They had made no impression on his memory, and, if they had, they would have been soon forgotten. The simplicity of his mind did not exclude a faultless logic, when treating of such subjects as were within the limited grasp of that mind. His faculties were not impaired by age. They were such as they had ever been; only, they had crystallized into a small lump. But that lump, whatever was its size, was still crystal of the purest transparency. He had read very little beyond some of the writings of the fathers of the Church, the Old and the New Testament, and his breviary. When I mentioned some controversial works which had attracted the attention of the world, he shook his head.

"I have never heard of them," he said, "and if they had been within my reach, I never would have glanced at their contents. What did their authors aim at? What good could they do, if they succeeded in sapping the belief in the divine origin of what is universally admitted to be the purest system of morality that ever was devised, even if it be considered as mere morality? As to myself, I have always believed implicitly in the revealed truths of Christianity. I have never had a doubt. Belief came to me as naturally as the faculty of breathing. I have never reasoned religion. It has been with me a matter of instinct and feeling. I believed without effort, and with as much ease as I exercise any of the functions appertaining to my

organization, and because I could not do otherwise. To live was to believe. Once, a veteran of the old imperial guard told me that he always knew when Napoleon had arrived and joined the army, even had he been sixty miles off from his presence. I asked him how he knew it. 'I knew it instantly,' he replied; 'I smelt him in the air—nay—I felt him.' Thus it is with me in relation to the Saviour. I know His existence, His divinity, and His ubiquitous presence instinctively. I smell Him in the air—nay—I feel Him!"

I asked him if he had never been tempted to leave, for a larger sphere of action, the retired spot where he had spent so long a life.

"I was tempted once," he replied. "It was when the first consul rebuilt our altars and reopened our churches. A kinsman of mine, whom I had never seen, remembered that I was alive. How wonderful! I cannot understand it, do you? How kind it was on his part, and how bounteous is Providence in giving me so many friends, when I never did any thing for any body! That kinsman, to whom I thought that I was completely unknown, and who, it seems, had become a power in the state, wrote to me and offered me a bishopric. I never was so astonished in my life. It was perfectly overwhelming. I, a bishop, and in a palace! I felt a swimming of the head, a sort of vertigo. The demon of pride had entered into me, but I crossed myself, and he departed. Then I interrogated myself, and I asked if I had the necessary qualifications to be a bishop. The unhesitating and emphatic answer was: no. But had I been qualified, could I have left my beloved flock? Few indeed among the old people of this valley are those whom I did not baptize, instruct and marry; and have I not done the same for

all their children and grandchildren? Could I also abandon the dead in yonder cemetery? Could I think of no longer praying for their souls in sight of their tombs. Was I no longer to decorate those tombs with flowers? Then I thought also of my doves, which, under my protection, have multiplied so much. They are so numerous, will you believe it, that I no longer know how many they are. They dwell in a little wood close to my house, at the extremity of my garden. Whenever they see me, the whole flock is on the wing. They strive which will be the first to be on my shoulders, or on my head. They take their food from the palm of my hand. They clap their wings, they spread their tails, they stretch their necks, they keep cooing . . . cooing, as if they were saying tender things to me, and they look at me as doves alone can look. No idolized monarch, returning to his capital after a triumphant campaign, ever was greeted by his subjects as my doves greet me in the morning. They are so kind to me! And yet what have I done for them beyond giving them some grain for my own amusement? Providence too is so much to be thanked for having inspired these innocent creatures with such love for the hand that nourishes them. What right then, I said to myself, have I to abandon after having taught them to rely on me? Ought I not to remember that the dove is a sacred bird? Was it not a dove which first brought into the Ark the welcome proof of the cessation of God's wrath? Did not the Holy Ghost descend in the shape of a dove to sanction and consecrate the baptism of our Saviour? I wish you had not determined to depart at day-break to-morrow. I should have taken much pleasure in introducing my winged friends to you. But to return to my kinsman and to his proposition to

make me a bishop, I lost no time in writing to him, and giving the reasons which I have mentioned for not accepting his munificent offer. I never thought of it since, nor did he, I suppose, for this was the first and the last time that I ever heard from him."

The worthy man stopped here, and seemed to be reflecting. After a minute or two of silence, he said: "I am puzzled, however, to find out the motive which could have induced a man to whom I was unknown, to pass over so many learned priests, conspicuous no doubt for their merits, and to ferret me out—me, an obscure *curé* in this obscure spot. It must have been the natural affection and affinity of kindred blood. What is your understanding of it?"

I gave an evasive answer, for I could not make up my mind to destroy the illusions of a soul so simple and so pure, by suggesting that his kinsman had probably been moved by interested motives, and had only thought of strengthening himself by increasing his family influence when giving him a bishopric. He dismissed us early to our rest, after our having joined him in prayer, and I went to bed thinking of the Christian philosopher who had preferred his doves to the crosier, the mitre and the palace of a high dignitary of the Church of Rome. This was the cause, I presume, of my dreaming, that night, that I saw father Hubert carried up to Heaven, seated as it were on a cloud of doves, each one of which had on its head a bishop's mitre.

CHAPTER XI.

FERNANDO JOINS AT RONCAL, IN NAVARRE, HIS SCHOOLMATE TRÉVIGNE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CARLIST ARMY.

We departed next morning long before father Hubert and the sun were up. Our journey was an exhausting and perilous one, through mountain passes where it seemed only safe for the chamois to tread. But there was excitement in it, and the scenery was of the wildest and grandest. Bendetto entertained me with old ballads and all sorts of peculiarly Spanish stories. Toward noon we were within one mile of the frontier, and had struck into a path which, as Bendetto informed me, would lead to a habitation where we could obtain some refreshment and rest awhile, when, on our turning round a jutting rock, we stumbled as it were on a score of policemen, or *gendarmes*, who were probably returning from some expedition for the protection and enforcement of the revenue laws of France. The commanding officer immediately advanced toward us, and, addressing Bendetto, whom he seemed to know, said to him in a bantering tone:

"Friend Bendetto, I am glad to meet so noted a personage as you are. I hope that you have nothing to fear from an examination of your papers."

To inquire for passports, with which we were not provided, for the very reason that they could not have been granted under present circumstances, since all

communication with Spain was prohibited, and to arrest us, was but the affair of one moment.

"I hope you will excuse me, friend Bendetto," continued the same individual, "if I take you back to the point from which you started, always giving you, for your comfort, the benefit of this stranger's company, and if I insist on your explaining to the proper and competent authority why you are so near the Spanish frontier, through passes only known to yourself, without having complied with the formalities imposed upon all who wish to travel. Evil tongues, you know, accuse you of being an inveterate smuggler, although it has to this day been impossible to catch you in the act."

I was greatly disturbed at the idea of retracing my steps under an escort of French *gendarmes*, but Bendetto looked perfectly indifferent to what had happened. We were then standing in a very narrow gorge between two ridges of mountains running in parallel lines within rifle shot, and covered with stunted pines and thick bushes. Suddenly we heard the scream of an eagle on the right, and another on the left, as if the royal birds were disposed to enter into conversation with each other. These two screams were followed in quick succession by the angriest and loudest tones that ever came out of the throats of those favorites of Jove. Surely, said I to myself, there must be a number of them assembled and quarreling over their prey, and I looked round, but in vain, to see if any one of them would show itself on the wing. In the meantime, Bendetto had lighted a cigar with much composure—what a Spaniard would call *sosiego*, and, offering another to the commander of the French forces, said:

"And so, Lieutenant Bernard, you are determined that I shall not accomplish the object which I have in

view, whatever it is; and, if I interpret your present intention correctly, I am your prisoner." The Frenchman gave an unequivocal nod.

"This is unfriendly and uncourteous, Lieutenant Bernard," continued Bendetto. "Besides, to go back would be very inconvenient to me and to this gentleman who is my companion, and whom I serve in the capacity of a mountain guide, which, I believe, is a legitimate occupation. Wherefore, supposing I should not be disposed to care to be interrupted in it, and that I should make up my mind to resist you, what then?"

"That, methinks," replied the person addressed, "would be a perilous undertaking," and he glanced at his men, who, while we had been parleying, had contrived to surround us on all sides.

"It looks like it, I confess," said Bendetto, "but appearances are very deceitful, Lieutenant Bernard, and more than one man has been defeated in his best laid plans, at the very moment when he thought he had clutched success. We, Spaniards, say that there are a thousand leagues between the cup and the lip. Shall I prove it to you?"

To this question which had been put in a rather defiant tone, the French commander made no other reply than to say: "Attention, *gendarmes*. Secure the prisoner, and then, forward, march!"

Hardly had he spoken these words, when he fell back three steps at least, so startled was he by the deafening eagle cry which burst from Bendetto's broad chest. Quick as lightning up sprang from the stunted pines and from the dense bushes on each side of the gorge about two hundred men with red caps on their heads, and in their hands glittering muskets which were lev-

eled at us. It reminded me of the well-known passage in the "Lady of the Lake:"

> Instant, through copse and heath, arose
> Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
> On right, on left, above, below,
> Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
> From shingles gray their lances start,
> The rushes and the willow wand
> Are bristling into axe and brand
> And every tuft of broom gives life
> To plaided warrior armed for strife.

Bendetto, however, did not wave his hand like Roderick Dhu, and the red caps did not sink into the earth. On the contrary, they remained in full view and evidently ready for hostile action.

"Lieutenant Bernard," said Bendetto, "those men are Carlists, who are so near their native heath that they have mistaken the soil of France for their own. Besides, the frontier line is not very accurately drawn, I believe. Be it as it may, if you wish to go to headquarters and report this invasion, let me pass on quietly. For if I make a signal, I will bring upon you forces which you cannot resist. Look round, and see if discretion would not advise even desperate valor to retreat, when facing such odds. Now, shall I pass onward without interruption, and shall we part as friends?"

"Go unpunished for the present, bandit, but as friends we do not part," said the lieutenant haughtily.

"Please, however, to remember," replied Bendetto, "that you are in the power of the bandit, and that he releases you scot free."

Thus ended this episode of our journey, and, in a few minutes, we were in Spain, escorted by those who had saved us from captivity. It was not long before I

clasped Trévigne in my arms, and, overcome with fatigue, I threw myself on my friend's iron camp-bed, and slept as if I had never intended to awake.

I found the Carlist army, ten thousand strong, in the valley of Roncal near the frontiers of Aragon and France. Don Carlos, the pretender to the crown possessed by Isabella II, was present, and I had to go through the formality of an introduction to his Royal Highness. The prince received me graciously.

"You bear a Spanish name not unknown to me," he said. "I hope that you return to the country of your ancestors with the intention of making it a home. Spain is now distracted by a civil war, which, with the blessing of God, may soon be at an end, and it will then be in my power to reward gratefully and liberally those who shall have periled all on behalf of the right cause."

From the manner in which these last words were uttered and from the look which accompanied them, it struck me that the prince was under the impression that I had come with the purpose of being one of his adherents. I thought that it was proper to undeceive him at once, and I told him that my grandfather having been sent to Louisiana in the service of Spain and having occupied a high position in that province, where he had married and where he had died, and the province itself having become one of the United States, I owed my allegiance to the country of my birth. Being an American by the will of Providence, this circumstance and other ties would connect me forever with Louisiana.

"Nevertheless, I admire and venerate Spain," I said, "and I hope that she will soon enjoy that political tranquillity and stability so necessary to the development of her physical and intellectual resources. My sole object

in coming here was to see once more, before returning home, the cherished friend of my boyhood."

"*Bueno, bueno!* Very well, very well," replied the prince. "Treviño is worthy of all the devotion of his friends, and he is the best of mine."

Whilst expressing this sentiment, the prince laid his hand on Trévigne's shoulder as if he leaned on him for support. After an interview of half an hour's duration with which he favored me, he dismissed me with the impression that he was a man of limited intelligence and unconquerable prejudices, of obstinate will, and with a heart which would have been uniformly good and kind, if he had been tutored from infancy as he should have been.

The Christinos were approaching on all sides, and the Carlists were almost hemmed in. It was evident that perhaps the last act of that long death-struggle was soon to be performed. Although their enemy was much superior to them, not only in numbers, but also in equipment and in resources of all kinds—such resources as an organized and established government ever possesses over insurgent bands—yet the Navarrese and the inhabitants of the Basque provinces did not seem to be discouraged. They flocked to the standard of Don Carlos with an eagerness which must have seemed unaccountable to those who did not understand their motives. Outside of Spain the general impression was, that her northern provinces were supporting the cause of despotism—the *rey netto*—the absolute king in the person of Don Carlos, in opposition to the constitutional and liberal government of Isabella. This was an error. That part of Spain had always been in the enjoyment of greater liberties than the rest of the Peninsula. They had many *fueros*, or privileges, which they wished to

retain. The tendency of the new government was to sweep away those privileges, and to establish throughout the kingdom an uniformity of laws. All Spaniards were to be on the same footing, and no political, local, or social distinctions were to exist for an Aragonese, or a Basque, or a Navarrese, which an Andalusian or any other citizen could not possess, and *vice versa*. The fact is, that Aragon, Navarre, and the Basque provinces may be considered as having been republics under the form of a monarchical government, but republics not excluding the appreciation of noble birth or race, which with them was as intense as in Athens and Rome. Among those *fueros*, or privileges, immunities and liberties, I shall, as a specimen, mention a few of those existing in the valley of Roncal in Navarre, where the Carlist army was encamped. No native of that valley, for instance, could be compelled to perform military service unless a prince of the blood commanded in person, and every native had also the privilege granted to both sexes of wearing, at the marriage ceremony, a *fac-simile* of the crown of Navarre, besides the possession of other privileges of which those mountaineers were exceedingly jealous and proud. The distinctions which I have mentioned partly originated in a historical event of an ancient date.

In the year 800, or thereabout, if I recollect rightly, the Moorish king Abderahman, after having ravaged a great portion of Spain and recently defeated King Sancho of Navarre, was approaching the valley of Roncal on his way across the Pyrenees to France. "His host," says an old chronicle, "was innumerable, flushed with the confidence gained by a long series of victories, and gorged with spoils. The Roncalese thought that resistance was impossible. The whole population of the val

ley assembled to determine what they had to do. After mature deliberation, after having listened to the sentiments of cold-blooded old age and to those of impetuous youth, the men resolved unanimously that they would kill all the women and children, to save them from the disgrace of captivity in the hands of unbelievers and blasphemers of their holy religion, and that, afterward, they would rush on the Moslem dogs, and perish with arms in their hands, but not without vengeance. The women, in whose presence this singular determination had been taken, had, in their turn, something to say. One of them thus addressed the superior sex:

"The resolution which you have taken shows you possessed of very little sense, and demonstrates that you have but a very imperfect knowledge of what your mothers, wives and daughters really are. Do you think, forsooth, that we are capable of allowing ourselves to be made prisoners by the accursed pagans whom we soon expect to appear among us? Are we not the same breed of women, who, century after century, have shown their unchangeable nature? Are we not the descendants of those females who helped our ancestors in driving away from this hallowed soil the Carthaginians, the Romans and the Goths, baffled in their successive attempts to conquer our unconquerable race? Do you not see that you thereby weaken yourselves and strengthen the enemy! Are your ranks so full that you can discard us? No. Give us arms, put weapons even in the hands of our children, and let us all perish together on the slaughtered bodies of those unmerciful invaders."

"This is, I confess, a very sensible idea," said the president of the assembly, "and it is very strange that it did not occur to us. We accept your suggestion

señora, and, with the assent of all present here, let it be done as you propose."

Thus the whole Roncalese population prepared themselves for death. They took a strong position along a gorge through which they conjectured that the Moors would pass. Abderahman, not suspecting any resistance from a few mountaineers, was advancing carelessly, and, meeting no human being on his passage, concluded that all the inhabitants had fled terror-struck. He entered the defile where he was expected, and, when the whole of his army was fairly engaged in it, there came headlong an avalanche, not of stones, not of snow from the mountain sides, but of infuriated men, women and children, whose fierce shouts were repeated by a thousand echoes. The surprise, the novelty, the strangeness, and the almost insane fury of the attack, the immense clamor of a frenzied multitude wrought up to the highest pitch of despair, produced a panic in the Mussulman army. The soldiers of the Crescent, who had performed prodigies of valor in a hundred battles, fled like frightened sheep. The pursuers glutted themselves with slaughter, and King Abderahman himself fell into the hands of the Spaniards. The spoils were of untold value, for the Moors had accumulated a very large quantity of plunder, with which they had encumbered themselves, despite all the efforts of their commanders to induce them to leave it behind in some safe places. There never was a more absolute and decisive victory.

The whole population of the valley met again where they had assembled before, when it had been resolved that the women and children should be put to death. The men said to the women:

"You have more than kept your word. Therefore we shall award to you the best part of the spoils, and

we give you as your share Sultan Abderahman. Put him to ransom, and, in exchange for his liberty, let him pour into your laps all his misgotten treasures."

"Very well," replied the women. "We accept your award, and we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to teach you to appreciate us better than you have done. Ha! ha! You thought that we might consent to be the willing and abject slaves of that miscreant, and, in your wisdom, you determined to put us to death. We showed you that something better might be done. Now you think that, for the sake of gold, we will spare the life of that infidel who has brought desolation into our country, and whose hands are red with the blood of our brethren. We will show you our disinterestedness after having shown you our courage, and our resolve to die when necessary."

Having thus spoken, they took Abderahman to a bridge, and, cutting off his head, stuck it on the point of a lance on that bridge. King Sancho of Navarre, who arrived shortly after with such forces as he had been able to recruit in haste, and with which he intended to harass the Saracens on their march to France, granted to the Roncalese as a reward for their prowess the privileges which I have recited, and to the valley a coat of arms consisting of a field of azure, with three mountains argent, spanned by a gold bridge lined with lances, and surmounted with the turbaned head of King Abderahman. This is not exactly in the language of heraldry, with which I am not familiar, but it is sufficiently descriptive for the purpose intended.

The inhabitants of that valley, who pretend to be as old as their own Pyrenees, and as pure in their unmixed blood as the recently fallen snow on the tops of their native mountains, were so proud of their antique valor

and other antique virtues, that they had, by the most stringent regulations and laws, endeavored to guard themselves against the introduction of any foreign element. Thus if any Roncalese wished to sell any real estate, he could not do it without the consent and sanction of the community. The inhabitants of the valley were first to determine if the purchaser was acceptable to them. If the sale was one which could not be avoided, three of the notables among them were appointed to estimate the value of the property, and a proportionate tax was levied on each inhabitant according to his means, in order to enable the three notables to buy the estate at the assessed price. It thus became the property of the community, and, as soon afterward as it was sold to a person who gave all the guaranties of morality, religion and birth which were deemed requisite to entitle him to become a denizen of the valley, the amount levied by taxation was refunded according to the proportion paid by each. As to Jews, heretics, protestants, Moors, and persons condemned, or even suspected, by the Inquisition, the intrusion of any one of them would have produced an earthquake. None but a *Christiano viejo y rancio*, that is, a Christian so old as to be rancid, according to the quaint meaning of the Spanish expression, could have dwelt within the shadow of these orthodox mountains. The idea that a Navarrese, a Basque, or an Aragonese, was to lose his peculiar autonomy, and possess only the name and rights common to all Spaniards, without retaining his time-honored local privileges, exemptions, or liberties, his hereditary immunities, customs and prejudices, and his cherished distinctions of race and nationality, could not be tolerated by those proud mountaineers. To be assimilated to a half Moorish Andal-

usian, or a swinish Gallician, was preposterous, and fired their blood with indignation. There a man is *first* an Aragonese, a Basque, or a Navarrese, *next*, a Spaniard. Hence the obstinate and heroic struggle for Don Carlos, under whose rule they hoped to remain what they had always been.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BATTLE OF RONCAL, BETWEEN THE CARLISTS AND CHRISTINOS.—DEATH OF TRÉVIGNE.

One evening I was sitting by the side of Trévigne, on the brow of a mountain which commanded a full view of the army of the Christinos, whose numerous fires were blazing in the valley below.

"Trévigne," I said, "I see that a battle is at hand, and I almost wish that you may lose it; for a victory would only prolong a contest in which I think that you cannot succeed, and which will expose you to more dangers. I am aware that, under present circumstances, you cannot abandon with honor the prince's cause, but, if you are defeated, it will be impossible not to acknowledge that cause to be lost. Should such be the case, I flatter myself that neither you, nor his Royal Highness, will persist in this civil war."

"What the prince will do, I do not know," replied Trévigne; "but, as to myself, I shall have, I am convinced, nothing to say in the matter; for I may as well confess to you, my friend, that I have a presentiment, and my presentiments never deceived me, that I am to perish in the next battle. Nay—you need not look at me reproachfully, as if I were abandoning myself to some improper apprehension. It will not prevent me from doing my duty to the last, and with as much energy as if I were animated with the hope of success. If it be a delusion, it can do no harm. Besides, I fear

not death. It never had any terrors for me. The idea of separation, it is true, from those we love, is very painful. But then that separation must take place one day or other. What matters it, after all, whether it comes now, or to-morrow, or a few years hence. I shall have shown my gratitude to the prince who restored me to the possession of my ancestral rights and splendor; I shall leave my wife and my children in the enjoyment of high rank and great wealth; and I know that I shall be faithfully and fondly remembered by you as long as you live. This is comforting enough. Providence has been very bountiful to me, and if it be decreed that I am to close my career in the prime of life, why should I repine? Have not all my most earnest wishes been gratified? Compare Treviño, the ragged boy and the inmate of a hovel in Louisiana, with Treviño the grandee of Spain the head of a house illustrious for centuries, the commander of an army and the main support of a pretender to the crown of Spain. Most fervently do I thank God for all that he has done for me. But it is the destiny of those patrician families who have adorned the annals of history, to live in perpetual storms. Such also has been the fate of my ancestors from time immemorial I do not remember one of them who had a quiet and easy life. Dwellers on the alpine heights of society, they had often to meet the thunderbolt and the avalanche. It was the natural consequence of their exalted position. Therefore, you will admit that the dangerous course in which I am engaged is at least in conformity to family precedents."

This last phrase was delivered with a smile, but that smile was sad, indeed. He added:

"Besides, this world is very prosaic and humdrum.

Materialism and utilitarianism are the gods of the age, I do not belong to it certainly, and in it I feel out of place. What would be Lope de Vega, Murillo, Cordova the great captain, or Isabella the Catholic and sublime queen, or the brightest genius who ever honored the human race, when compared to a money-making machine that promises to put a dollar in every body's pocket? Would not every body run after the machine, and let genius freeze in the cold? I have been a dreamer, as you well know, since my infancy, and I am afraid that, like Don Quixote, I am a little cracked about chivalry. I am conscious that I am an anachronism in flesh and blood. I ought to have existed in the days of the Cid. What is such a madman as I am good for in the days of bankers, stockjobbers, demagogues, and mud worshipers? Might it not be a blessing, if death removed me from an uncongenial world to another where perhaps eternal bliss awaits my soul? There is a passage in Scott's 'Old Mortality' which speaks my feelings through the lips of Claverhouse better than I could do myself, and which has remained indelibly fixed in my memory. 'It is not the expiring pang,' says the noble chieftain, 'that is worth thinking of in an event that must happen one day, and may befall us in any given moment—it is the memory which the soldier leaves behind him like the long train of light that follows the sunken sun—that is all which is worth caring for, which distinguishes the death of the brave or the ignoble. When I think of death, Mr. Morton, as a thing worth thinking of, it is in the hope of pressing one day some well fought and hard won field of battle, and dying with the shout of victory in my ear—that would be worth dying for, and more, it would be worth having lived for.' "

As he spoke these words with the enthusiasm of another Græhame, a gun thundered in the valley below, sending to us the reverberating echo of its angry voice. It seemed an answer to Trévigne's wish. It impressed me with a sort of superstitious awe, and, glancing at my friend's face which, by the light of our camp fire, stood in bold relief out of the background of surrounding darkness, I felt a sharp pang shooting through my heart and tears filling my eyes, as I thought of the loss with which I might soon be afflicted."

The Carlist army was intrenched behind a small river which ran through the valley of Roncal. It had its centre at the village of Isava situated on that stream, and its left and right wings extended to hills fortified with redoubts. The Christinos, confident in their superior numbers, attacked with great vigor the whole line of the Carlists at seven in the morning, and during three hours the fate of the battle hung uncertain, when it became evident that the enemy was concentrating his forces upon Isava, to pierce the centre of his adversary. Forming themselves into a deep column, the Christinos advanced steadily, being only retarded but not foiled in their movements by the determined resistance which they met and by their heavy losses. On the left wing of the Carlists there was a body of cavalry five hundred strong, posted on an eminence, more to keep the enemy in check by a demonstration than to act effectually, for they had received the order not to allow themselves to be drawn into any serious engagement, but to hold themselves in readiness, should there be any danger of defeat, to move rapidly to the quarters of Don Carlos, which were a little back of Isava, and to escort him to a place of safety. As I had resolved when I entered Spain, not to participate in the civil war, I had taken

my stand with that corps, which occupied a spot conveniently proper to enable me to observe the various phases of the battle. I soon acquired the conviction, as I looked at the plain below, that the heavy column which was step by step pushing forward on Isava with irresistible doggedness, would carry it before long, unless soon broken and thrown back by a successful charge of cavalry supported by light artillery. The moment was so critical, that, in spite of myself, my excitement rose to the highest degree of intensity, particularly when Trévigne put himself at the head of a body of fifteen hundred cavalry which he had kept in reserve on his right wing. I saw that he was conscious of the danger which I had perceived, and that he had determined, by leading a charge in person to change the fortune of the day. By heaven! gallant was that charge and worthy of him. Murat could not have done better. But he and his brave followers receded in shattered fragments, like the waves of the sea breaking on an immovable rock. Again they formed and again they rushed upon the serried ranks of the enemy, only to be brought down by the thrust of the bayonet, by the musket shot, or the cannon ball.

I felt my heart rising to my throat, and my hand mechanically grasping one of the pistols in my holsters. Almost one third of Trévigne's men had fallen, but I saw him rally them as before and form them into a compact body. Waving his hand aloft and pointing to the enemy, he seemed to address them in those burning words which I knew must burst from his lips on such an occasion. No doubt he exhorted them to retrieve their former repulses, to avenge the dead, and to die, or to conquer. They replied with loud hurrahs, and, bending on the necks of their horses, burying the

spurs into their sides and loosening the reins, they came upon the enemy like a whirlwind. I lost sight of them for a few minutes in the cloud of dust and smoke which rose over them. But I shouted involuntarily as if intoxicated by the scene, when I descried them forcing their way through the broken ranks of that terrible column. Trévigne had seized a flag which he waved as an encouragement and signal to his troops. But every man who fell among the Christinos was replaced by another, and another, and a gathering and ever increasing mass of them surged round Trévigne like a raging stream. A human tide literally poured upon him. I saw his horse rear, leap forward, and fall down with his master. At that sight, something like a flash of lightning passed before my eyes, my brains seemed on fire, and, without knowing what I was doing, but driven on by an irresistible impulse, I shouted: "Sons and lions of Navarre, follow me to the rescue of your chief." I dashed down the hill like a madman without thinking, and without caring if my appeal had been responded to. But the clatter of many hoofs came thick behind me, and yells of defiance rent the air. We were all mad, I think, and the horses too, for horses and men fought like incarnate devils. We went through the left flank of the enemy like a thunderbolt, and joined just in time the almost overpowered forces of Trévigne. Elated by this reinforcement they redoubled their efforts; and, being seconded by a battalion of artillery which with four pieces opportunely came to our assistance, we remained masters of the battle-field. The victory was ours, and the enemy retired. I found Trévigne alive, but, to my unspeakable grief, mortally wounded. As soon as he recovered his senses,

he pressed my hand tenderly, and said in faint accents:

"Thank God, Fernando, I owe you this victory. When I fell, I thought of you. I knew that you were looking on, and I felt that you would come. Another presentiment, you see, which has also turned out to be true. My life ebbs fast away. The knight dies on a well-fought field of battle as he desired, with his trusty friend by his side. It is well. Carry my sword to my boy, and to my wife this portrait of hers, which I always wore next to my heart. Take my body to the family vault. My soul, I trust, goes to where I hope to meet again and for all eternity, those I loved in this world. Tell the prince" . . . .

Death closed his lips. I kissed that pale face, which was more beautiful after life had departed than it had ever before appeared to me. His features had assumed the expression of one who gazes at a vision of unexpected beatitude and glory. His companions in arms covered his body with the standards they had taken from the enemy, and the funeral march began amidst the tears and lamentations of the whole army. I had to be carried on a litter, for a ball had badly wounded me in the left leg, and I have retained to this day the scar which it produced. The ball had penetrated to the bone, glanced round it, and gone out on the other side. Two months afterward I was limping on the *Boulevard de Gand* in Paris, when I met one of my college friends, whom I had left in the enjoyment of the pleasures of that gay capital.

"Halloo!" said he. "We have all been wondering for the last four months at your sudden disappearance. But what is the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing worth mentioning," I replied. "I have

been rusticating and hunting in the country. A foolish game-keeper took me for a hare and gave me a taste of his slugs. That 's all. By the by, what news from home?"

"Nothing of consequence, except that Verdier, your quondam chum and favorite, is dead."

"The wretch! How did it happen? Did he bleed to death through his proboscis?"

"No. The fellow married an heiress as bad tempered and ugly as she was rich. But wealth, you know, has wings. An untoward law-suit deprived her of it. This circumstance did not improve her looks, nor her temper, and she tormented her husband so pertinaciously and with such diabolical skill, that, tough as he was, he could not stand it and drank himself into a coffin."

I went away musing on this piece of news and saying to myself: how strikingly in harmony with their respective character is the mode of death of those two men so widely dissimilar! Verdier, the jealous-minded and the embodiment of meanness, sinks in a barrel of whiskey, and the magnanimous and heroic Trévigne, on a battle-field and in the lap of victory! But I stop abruptly, from the fear of falling into a moralizing mood like a sexagenarian spinster. Besides, I must not forget that I am in Paris, the last spot on earth where it would be in good taste, to permit the face to betray any gloom of the mind and any aching of the heart.

CHAPTER XIII.

FERNANDO RETURNS TO LOUISIANA AND BECOMES ACQUAINTED WITH TINTIN CALANDRO, THE CRAZY SEXTON OF THE ST. LOUIS CEMETERY, BUT IN WHOSE BRAIN THERE YET LURKS MUCH WISDOM.

Shortly after the events which I have related, I returned to Louisiana. There was then living in New Orleans a man called Tintin Calandro. His true name was Augustin Calandrano, which, by the little blackguards of the city who were ever at war with him, had been abbreviated into Tintin Calandro. He was said to be a Parisian by birth, although I suspect from his name that, if he was not actually a native of Italy, he was at least of Italian origin. Tintin had been twenty years the sexton and watchman of the St. Louis cemetery, of which he had the entire charge, and he was so identified with it in the eye of the whole population, that, when a person was in very bad health, it was customary to say: "He is on his way to Tintin Calandro." He had in his employment two stalwart negroes, who worked for him in that line of business which he had adopted, and who dug mud holes in the ground for the tag-rag of mortality, and built tombs above the ground for those of the dead who had pretensions to gentility. He kept at the same time a shop for marble slabs to be put on the graves of the wealthier portion of his customers; he wrote epitaphs when requested, in the lapidary style, and was even reported

to be felicitous in that kind of composition. He had also the reputation of having some talent for statuary, and of being no mean performer on the violin, according to the judgment of those who had heard him at a distance, for he was a man of solitary habits, and never associated with any body. He would not therefore have played for any human being. But, when he felt musically inclined, he went at night to the cemetery, of which he had the keys, and which was surrounded by high walls; and, betaking himself to its very centre, so as to be as far as possible from any human hearing, that eccentric individual would for hours entertain himself with his favorite instrument.

Pale as a ghost is supposed to be, dwarfish in size and as thin as a wafer, Tintin Calandro was always dressed in old clothes cut after so strange a fashion, that it was hard to imagine where he had got them. A long curved nose, the tip of which almost reached his wide but thin-lipped mouth, separated his large coal-black eyes, which sometimes scintillated wildly as if lighted with the fire of insanity. The forehead, which rose above a sharp and razor-like face, was disproportionately broad and high. There seemed to be from his brows to the top of his head near twice the space that there was from his brows to his chin. So massive was his head, that his crane-like neck and his thin face looked like the blade of a knife stuck into a square block. It was a singular deformity. The oddness of his appearance was completed by a profusion of very white hair combed back from his forehead with much care and precision, and gathered behind into a cue secured with a black ribbon twisted into manifold bands. His arms fell down almost below his knees and tapered off into the longest fingers that had ever been seen.

I had been compelled, like the rest of the population, to take notice of this fantastic looking manikin, and had been more than once amused by the laughable sight which he presented, when pursued in the streets by the mischievous boys who delighted in flinging brick-bats at his diminutive legs, in mere fun, and in exercising their wits at his expense. This was done, however, with some degree of prudential reserve, for Tintin Calandro, although overlooking these attacks with good-natured patience, was very fierce when too much provoked; and when he happened to lose his temper, he would rush upon his youthful assailants with the agility of a monkey, and no Trojan ever fled from the wrath of swift-footed Achilles with more rapidity and terror, than the little ragamuffins of New Orleans ran from the rod with which Tintin Calandro was always provided. From long experience, however, the boys had discovered a sure sign which indicated to them that Tintin was teased beyond endurance, and they would then abstain from trespassing any further on his comfort and tranquillity. When Tintin's clothes, which habitually hung loose about his emaciated body, began unaccountably to swell and bristle like the feathers of a hen which is preparing to defend its brood, Tintin's assailants took care to beat a hasty retreat, and not wait for the flashing rod which they had been taught to dread. My acquaintance with that individual would have probably remained superficial and distant, had it not been for one circumstance which brought me into contact with him, and which, leading to a long and familiar intercourse, enabled me to do full justice to an extraordinary character which, for a length of time, had seemed to me so ridiculous.

The mortal remains of one whom I loved with an

intenseness of passion which still glows to this day under the accumulated frosts of sixty winters, had been deposited in the St. Louis cemetery. Since that event one month had elapsed, during which, with the help of a rope ladder armed with hooks of steel which I flung over the walls, I had easily penetrated into that asylum of the dead. Every night, at ten o'clock, no storm or foul weather had prevented me from carrying thither a bouquet to be laid on a recently built tomb. It was the hour when her pure spirit had departed from this world. Such was one of my reasons for having selected it, and the other was the hope of escaping detection at that time of night. To be suspected of a parade of grief would have been hateful to me. When the heart is forever crushed, there springs up from what remains of it a chastity of sorrow which shrinks from mortal eye. I wondered myself at the strange and wild delight which I took in seeking that tomb, when the tempest howled, and when in the darkness I had to be guided by the flashes of lightning. I loved to draw from under my cloak the flowers which I had protected from the pitiless rain, and deposit them in all their freshness on the cold and drenched marble. She had so loved flowers!

One night when the moon was shining in all her indescribable glory, and was bathing the whole cemetery in a flood of placid light, I was standing where I used to stand, and gazing at the same object. A sort of trance stole over me, and I had lost insensibly the consciousness of thought and feeling, when I was awakened by a slight touch on the shoulder. I turned round, and, to my surprise, I faced Tintin Calandro. He looked graver than usual, and I thought that I detected some emotion in his face. He had in his hand a superb

bouquet, which he laid on the tomb, saying to me with a voice full of tender sympathy :

"She loved flowers—did she not? I guessed as much, when I saw what you were doing night after night. You look surprised—do you? You thought that no human eye had observed you, but thought so erroneously. No intruder here can deceive the vigilance of Tintin Calandro, the friend, the guardian, the watch-dog of the dead. He is always at his post, and he saw you the first time you came. Because I had not barked, you imagined that I was asleep. Ha! ha! ha!" and he chuckled with evident glee at his not having been foiled. "Who can deceive Tintin Calandro any more?" he continued. "Attempt it not, young man. If it be your fancy to come here every night, and hold spiritual communion with her whom the busy world calls on you to forget, I am not the man to object to it. But climb no longer over the walls. Come to my house ; you know, no doubt, that it is close by. Rap at the street window ; it will open ; and you will find on its sill the key of the small gate through which I pass into the cemetery, and which is exactly in front of my dwelling. When you retire, your visit to the dead being paid, drop the key like a letter into the small aperture which is in the centre of my door, and now, good night." Without giving me time to reply, he vanished from my sight as if he had suddenly melted into the invisible air.

As he was the keeper of the cemetery, and accountable for all that might occur in it, he could have enforced the regulations which prohibited my being there at that time of night. I felt therefore grateful for the kindness with which he had treated my trespass, and I determined to comply with his request. Accordingly, on the next night, at ten o'clock, I knocked at his win-

dow. It flew open. Nobody was to be seen, but I found the promised key where he had told me. Several months elapsed, during which I continued my knocks at Tintin Calandro's window and my regular visits to the cemetery, but without obtaining a glimpse of him. At last, one night, he appeared again at my elbow and at the usual place.

"You have grown upon my esteem," he said. "I see that the feeling which brings you here is too deep-seated to be evanescent." He looked at me with eyes which seemed to become luminous as he steadily fixed them on mine, and continued: "You must think with me that something yet lives in that tomb, or else you would not come here night after night, and month after month, merely to contemplate the monument enclosing an inanimate object which has no perception of your devotion. For you the dead is not dead, and you are right. You are a man after Tintin Calandro's heart. You must be one of the few elect to whose souls revelations are made. I should like to know more of you. If you feel similarly disposed towards me, at midnight I am always among the dead. Seek me there." Having thus spoken, he disappeared like a goblin.

A few nights after this incident, having come to the cemetery later than usual, I found myself within its walls, when the town clock struck twelve. Just as I was preparing to depart, I heard some preluding strains on the violin. They were evidently by a master hand. I knew at once who the musician was. There could be at such a place, and at such an hour, no other than Tintin Calandro. I listened, and was soon riveted to the spot where I stood. The mellifluous notes of the instrument came floating on the air, charming the ears and soothing the soul. The impression conveyed by the

harmonious *adagiò* which he played, was that of repose —of blissful oblivion of the cares of the world. It was a hymn to the night with its balmy wings and its consolations to the weary. The tunes were descriptive; they had the power of language. They told, as clearly as the human voice could, that it was night—a glorious and calm night with its illumination of stars escorting the unclouded moon, which sailed chastely effulgent athwart the heavenly vault. They made one hear the rocking of the cradle by the mother's hand and her sweet lullaby. It was followed by a gorgeous variety of fantasias chasing each other with the capricious irregularity and the confusion of dreams, and ending with the shrill crowing of the cock. Day was breaking; a concert of birds saluted the rise of the sun. A chorus of villagers broke forth, whilst moving to the field where the harvest expected their sickles. Then came a duet between a shepherd and shepherdess. They pledged their faith to each other in accents which gushed from the fervid strings of the inspired instrument. The lovers must have stood on the bank of some mountain stream; for now and then the rush of a waterfall was heard during pauses in their impassioned dialogue. Suddenly the instrument imitated the beating of the drum and the loud clangor of the trumpet. Alas! The shepherd had become a conscript; he was marching to the enemy. Then came sweeping on the breeze distant lamentations. They must have been those of the disconsolate bride. Boom, boom, boom! The artillery roared. Row, row, row! The musketry rattled. The fire grew gradually less spirited, and finally gave way to a funeral march. The body of the conscript was to be carried back to its last resting-place. The organ peals! we are in a church.

The requiem for the dead is sung. Then the discharge of the muskets of a platoon over the grave of the youthful soldier, and here ends the poem.

Wild with enthusiasm, I rushed to the spot whence the music had come. I found Tintin Calandro on his back, stretched at full length on a tomb, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his violin lying across his breast. I hugged him in my arms and exclaimed:

"Tintin Calandro, you are the greatest violinist in the world. I never heard any thing like this in any of the capitals of Europe. What on earth are you doing here? You have a fortune in your bow, and you will be the admiration of the *elite* of mankind."

"Thank you for your compliments," he replied gravely. "They are well meant and sincere, no doubt, although they sound like extravagant flattery. But you don't know what you are talking about. What makes you suppose that I care a fig for a fortune, or the admiration of mankind. Neither Paris, nor London, can have for me the attractions which this cemetery possesses. One day, or rather one night, you may discover it. For the present, I am not in a mood to talk. Good-by; we meet again, I hope." This time he bowed to me with great formality, and, clearing a tomb at one bound with the agility of a deer, he disappeared at once, leaving me to ponder over the eccentric being with whom I promised myself to become better acquainted.

I waited with impatience for the next night. When Tintin saw me approaching, he said: "Is it me, or my violin you are seeking?"

"Both," I replied.

"One is absent. You must be contented with one-half of what you expect."

"I shall not be too exacting this time," I answered in the same tone, "but I shall hope for better luck in the future."

Tintin Calandro wound his arm round mine, and we took a stroll among the tombs. In this interview and in those which followed, I discovered that Tintin Calandro had received the most brilliant education. Who could Tintin be? How came such a man to be the sexton of a cemetery, a sort of grave-digger? I soon made an effort to satisfy my curiosity and solve that enigma. That effort, however, was the first and the last. "I have chosen," said Tintin on that occasion, "to allow you to know more of me than perhaps it was wise to do. But thus far shall you go, and no farther. Let this be well understood, or all intercourse between us ceases at once—much to my regret—for I confess that I need your company. It has become a relief to me. But remember that as long as I live, I must be known outside of these walls as having no greater fund of intellect and culture, than that which befits the condition of grave-digger and custodian of the St. Louis cemetery."

All Hallows, a religious feast in honor of all the saints, which takes place, according to the usages of the Roman Catholic Church, on the first of November, was drawing near—to be followed by All Souls' day, another feast, on the second of the same month, the object of which is to supplicate for the souls of the dead. When these solemnities are to occur, Catholic cemeteries are beautifully decorated with vases containing flowers, with odoriferous bushes or shrubs, with crowns or garlands of immortelles, or other lasting blossoms, with lighted candelabras and lamps, and such other ornaments as may be deemed appropriate to

tombs, and expressive of the regrets and tender remembrances of those who have survived the objects of their affection. On this occasion, all the tombs in the St. Louis cemetery had been repaired, brushed up, or whitewashed, and looked new, save a few forgotten ones which had reached the utmost stage of dilapidation. On the two festivals which I have mentioned the crowd was greater than usual, and never had the old cemetery looked to better advantage in its holiday dress. Tintin Calandro was much elated, and I found him in his best mood.

"Was not my cemetery a beautiful garden to-day?" he said to me. "What a time-honored and soul-moving custom! How touching is the homage to the dead! All of it is not unalloyed gold, it is true. There is in it a good deal of counterfeit, sentimental tinsel, sheer affectation, mere conformity to usage without the enlistment of the heart, much of the love of display, much of doing as others do, much of the wandering of the eye in noticing with envious admiration the vanities of the world which are sweeping by in rustling robes, and, therefore, proportionately less of religious meditations and thinking of the departed spirits to which the day is consecrated. Many, alas, come merely to see and be seen; there are idlers, triflers and even scoffers in the crowd. Still it is good that there be a connecting link between the spiritual world and the material one, and that there be at least one day in the year on which cemeteries shall be crowded in commemoration of the dead. Now that all this multitude has gone away, is it not a sight that speaks to the soul, those flower-strewn and perfumed tombs? What a pleasing contrast in this solitude and profound silence, with the bustle and animation which prevailed

here during the day! At this hour comes the turn of invisible visitors more grateful to me and more acceptable than those in the flesh. The tenants of those tombs are now moving round us in as dense a crowd as the one you lately saw. They flit from tomb to tomb; they inhale the perfumes of the flowers offered to them. Some rejoice at the fond tokens of affection which they have received; others look with mortification at their neglected graves. Truly, my friend, this cemetery is at the present moment full of life, but not the life which you know. There is in death an existence you dream not of. You look at me with surprise. I read your thoughts; you think I am mad. Very well, think so if you like; I have no objection. But, tell me: what is death? Do you know anything about it? Do you know whence came the soul of Lazarus, when recalled to the body? Was it from Heaven, from Hell, or from Purgatory? Do you know if the spirit of Lazarus was not at the time in or about his tomb, in an expectant and transition state? Why should not those whom we call the dead, remain within our atmosphere under different conditions of existence, until the promised day of the resurrection? It might account for some of those phenomena which the pride of science rejects, because it can not explain. Why, whilst awaiting the day of final judgment, should not the dead retain their connection with this world, and in that connection, and in the knowledge of those human events which may be the consequences of their own deeds when they were in the flesh, find a certain degree of reward, or punishment, preparatory to that final bliss, or eternal misery, which is to be decreed in the universal judgment that is announced to us?"

We had, by this time, reached in our stroll an unsightly tomb made of brick, which had crumbled to pieces and almost sunk into the earth. Weeds and creeping vines had spread over it. I pointed it out to him, saying: "Here is neglect for you."

"Ay," exclaimed he, stamping his foot with indignation. "Accursed be those who neglect it! She who is buried there was the daughter of a man who, to use a common phrase expressive of a common idea, *had been eminently successful in life*, for he had acquired more than a million of dollars, although born poor. The fellow was a genius for gathering and amassing. His mother used to say: "I am not uneasy about Peter. He will make his way; for when he comes to see me, rather than go away with empty hands, he carries my napkins." By one of those freaks of the devil which are but too often seen, this son of mammon, who looked like Hyperion when in reality a satyr, and whose depth of meanness was such that no plummet could ever reach it, married a woman who was his very opposite in heart and mind. The antipodes had been brought together. There never could have been a union of more antipathetic materials. It followed that she had either to die outright, or to be stupefied, or petrified by a long lingering martyrdom. She was stupefied and petrified. One would suppose that, as a general rule, a wedlock of this nature must be barren. It is not so, however; and in this particular case it was fruitful, and brought into the world two girls and one boy. One of the girls, when grown into womanhood, surpassed her mother in loveliness, but lacked her powers of endurance. She was a lily of heaven dropped from its choicest garden spot, and not capable of resisting the rough winds of this earth. Her father married

her to one who was congenial to himself, and not to her —to one much older than she was, and whose obtuse conscience was as tough as the hide of a rhinoceros. But what of that? He was one of those men whom nature seems to have destined to be but a sort of machine to coin shillings. If the shillings come out fast and bright out of the human mint, that is all which is expected of the workmen; their vocation is fulfilled. Such a son-in-law was, of course, after old Peter's heart, and the leper and the angel were united. In less than six months the bride had withered, a coffin became her garment, and this cold pavement here her couch. Nobody knew what was her ailment. The physicians shrugged their shoulders, looked wise, and said that nothing was the matter with her. And yet she was perishing, oh, with such a melancholy smile on her lips, and with eyes in which tears would often glitter as morning dew on the parched grass. I could have told those physicians what was the matter with her, and I will tell you. She had seen the silver veil withdrawn from Mokanna's brow. That was all; that was enough—and more than enough."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH IT IS SHOWN THAT THERE IS NO BETTER SCHOOL FOR PRACTICAL AND MORAL INSTRUCTION THAN A GRAVEYARD.

SEATING himself on a tomb, Tintin Calandro remained silent for a few minutes. He then spoke in these words:

"Is it not in the Book of Revelations that we read? 'A voice from above was heard which said: "Blessed are the dead."'—'Blessed are the dead,' said pagan antiquity, 'for the favorites of the gods die young.' It is an instinct of human nature to venerate and propitiate the dead, as is testified by the tombs of Egypt, Greece and Rome, without mentioning other countries less celebrated. Is it not because, in all ages and in all nations, man, whether in a state of civilization or barbarism, feels that there is immortality in death—that it is nothing more than a change of existence? It is impossible to be a materialist and to decorate a tomb with flowers. Hence I rejoice to see that decoration, because materialism excludes the only guaranty which we have for morality. Why should perishable matter care for virtue, if matter could care for any thing? Materialism is the denial of God; and if there is no God, if our brief material existence here is followed by annihilation, why should not the strong treat the weak just as the wolf treats the lamb? The study of nature teaches us that she never does anything without an object, al-

though we may not always discover it. Matter, once created, never perishes. Science has demonstrated that to us. It may be modified and decomposed, but it subsists in a different form. Omnipotence does not create to annihilate. Creation and annihilation are irreconcilable.

"If matter is not to perish, why should thought and feeling, supposing them to be nothing but the emanations of matter, and therefore matter also? If that part of my body which is thought and feeling perishes no more than the other material portions of that same body, and can only be decomposed and modified like the rest, it follows that, however infinite in their fractional number may be the atoms into which thought and feeling may be divided and subdivided, each atom cannot cease to be thought and feeling, and must retain, as thought and feeling must infallibly do from their very nature or essence, the consciousness or recollection of the aggregation of soul and intellect of which it was once a part; and if my former intellectual organization is not annihilated in toto, then I am immortal and still living in every remaining atom of it, notwithstanding the modifications and divisions to which it may have been submitted, and each atom of my intellect, however separated it may be from the whole, must retain the consciousness of the past, I was, and of the present, I am.

"But intellect and soul are not and cannot be matter. Why should and how could matter think and feel? Why give matter a craving for spirituality? Who gave it? Did matter give it to itself? If not, whence is it derived? Can matter desire that of which it is not susceptible and of which it can have no idea? Why is matter gifted with the capacity of believing in God, when there is no God, as the materialists affirm?

How can matter have faith in its own spiritual nature, when it has no such nature? For I am told that I am nothing but matter, and yet I have that faith which is in conflict with that assertion, and I feel that there is a spirit in me. How can matter be capable of such deception toward itself? Why place conscience in our breast? Who placed it there? Conscience, it is said, is nothing but the result of education. But this is no answer. If conscience is nothing but the result of education, how came we to be capable of the education that produces and forms conscience? How comes matter to create such illusions for itself, and be their victim and dupe? How can it be its own regulator and legislator? How can it be checked and controled by what is of its own creation, or what is an emanation of itself, as thought and feeling are said to be? When that part of myself which is matter craves with an almost insatiable desire the gratification of an appetite appertaining to its nature, there comes something which is called my will and which conquers the appetite. Has that will come out of that matter of which it is the master? If not, what is it? The doctrine of materialism, as taught by pretenders to science, is not true on the face of it, because it would defeat the very object for which man has been created in this world, and that is, to live in a social condition and to attain civilization. Can we, in a purely material existence which begins and ends here, conceive any room for the reciprocal relations of duty, and the necessities and obligations of civilized life? If we are nothing but matter, how have we aspirations, which do not belong to, and which could not proceed from, matter, because they are antagonistic? No. It is because man believes in spirituality, and believes in it because it is a reality, that he erects tombs.

"A graveyard, my friend, is an eloquent protest against the doctrine of materialism, which some wish to raise to the dignity of a new creed destructive of superstition and priestly domination. Hence I love graveyards. He who builds a tomb, and who, at least once a year, on a fixed day sanctified by religion, brings to that tomb the tribute of his sorrow, or remembrance, cannot believe that the thick mush which we have in our skull and which we call brain, can produce the poetry of Homer, the philosophy of Plato, the thoughts of Pascal, the discoveries of Newton and the astronomical calculations of Laplace. Was Moses, that wonderful legislator who made of the Jews an imperishable nation, nothing but a lump of matter? Could Christianity, which crucifies matter, have been invented by it? Could the effect be at war with the cause? Could what proceeds from a cause be entirely and essentially different from it? Could darkness emanate from light, or light from darkness? Could matter, even supposing it gifted with the power of creation, or invention, have produced anything so repugnant to itself as the Gospel? Could matter conceive and proclaim the apotheosis of the spiritual? Would matter have brought out of its womb a Jesus Christ, by virtue of the same physical and gradual transmutations through which it hardened itself into a piece of granite? How could matter act in a manner thoroughly inconsistent with its own essence, and with the laws which regulate its own existence? If those laws exist, as they undoubtedly do, did matter establish them? No. There is, therefore, something more potent than matter, something which mixes itself with it and operates on it. It is what we call spirituality, something which, issuing from the bosom of God, pervades the universe, and shows itself resplendent in

man, shining in him as beautiful as a light in an alabaster lamp. It is because there is a God, because there is spirituality, because there is immortality of the soul, because we know these truths from instinct, that there are graveyards, and believe me, sir, a graveyard is the best of schools for theology, philosophy and morality. There is not a tomb here which does not convey to me a lesson.

"Look at this one, for instance. It is the sepulchre of one who died very young. She was beautiful and rich, and, as one would have supposed, destined to a life of happiness. She lived in a distant parish of the State. A young man from New Orleans had won her heart. He was worthy of her, but the girl's mother had another match in view. She wanted no Catholic for her son-in-law, and she used all the authority of a mother and the arts of a woman to prevent the intended marriage. But that daughter was of age and had a will of her own. The day for her marriage ceremony was fixed, and the wedding presents had been made. On the eve of that day, Arthur Sidney (let that be the name of the bridegroom) called as usual on his intended bride. When he knocked at the door, a note was handed to him by a servant. That note informed him that the marriage could not take place, and that he must cease all relations with the family into which he was going to enter through a sacred alliance. When he reached his home, he found that the marriage presents which he had made had been returned. He sent two friends to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary proceeding. The mother of the young lady, whom I shall call Evelina, received them with freezing coldness, and, in the presence of her daughter who remained silent and looked in her pallor like a statue of marble, told them that

there were sufficient and satisfactory reasons, with the consent and approbation of her daughter, to renounce the projected marriage, but that she was bound in honor not to divulge them. Two weeks afterward, Evelina was married to the man who was the choice of her mother. He was a Protestant and the son of a bishop. I shall call him Waverley. Before the year was out, Mrs. Waverley had become a Catholic; she had died and had been buried here.

"Shortly after, Arthur Sidney received this anonymous note: 'If I inform you of what broke your marriage with her over whom the tomb has now closed, will you send a check of one thousand dollars to box 2312 in the post-office?' The prompt and short answer was the sending of the sum required. The next day, another communication came to Arthur Sidney. It ran as follows:

"'When a very young man, you had a natural son, who assumed your name of Arthur Sidney—a fact of which only very few were aware. That natural son was, on a certain occasion, as you well know, brought before one of the Recorders of New Orleans for having created a disturbance in a house of ill-fame, and was fined ten dollars. Your rival, acting in concert with the mother of Evelina, took a certified copy of that judgment and with it blasted your character, by presenting it as having been given against you. Ask the Recorder's clerk, whether on the —— day of ——, he did not give the certified copy to which I refer. Distracted with grief, Evelina became an automaton in her mother's hands, and married as that mother desired. Not long after her marriage, she accidentally knew the truth. It killed her. How could it be otherwise? She had wronged the object of her love, lost him forever,

and discovered that her husband and her mother had committed an atrocious crime. In her heart she renounced them. She wrote you a letter which was intercepted, and in which she begged your pardon; and shortly after was conveyed to the grave where she reposes.'

"With this letter in his quivering hand, Arthur Sidney stood before his illegitimate offspring: 'Read this, sir, and see what you have done. I begged you long ago, for obvious reasons, to call yourself, as you might be pleased, Stephen, George, or Peter Sidney, or by whatever other appellation you might prefer, but by all means to avoid this confusion of name. It was your pride, regardless of consequences to me, to assume the name of Arthur Sidney. It flattered your vanity. Besides, you seemed to take a malicious pleasure in annoying me and in proclaiming to the world, as much as in your power lay, the youthful error of which I had been guilty. Nay, more, you loved to pass yourself off for me, and, as such, to frequent low places and make dupes. In this way many of your delinquencies were laid at my door, and more than one of your promissory notes, which had been taken under the false impression that they were mine, were presented to me as the supposed drawer. All my remonstrances you have treated with mockery and insolence. You now see the cruel consequence of what you have done. What have you to say?'

"'I have nothing to say,' replied the unabashed youth. 'I don't see why you take me to task for what has happened. It is no fault of mine. Why did the girl make a fool of herself? She ought not to have been so squeamish about you, and turned you off for a mere trifle. Nonsense! If you want to scold any body, go to her gen-

tle mother and to her virtuous and disconsolate husband,' and he grinned a sardonic smile.

"'Wretch!' exclaimed Sidney. 'This is the last time that we meet. I suspected you to be a monster; now I have the proof of it. God has severely punished me for one of the follies of my youth. May He punish you in your turn as you deserve! You claim me as your father. I hope that we have been both deceived as to the relations which exist between us. Be that as it may; if I am your father, then may a father's curse rest on your head!'

"This was the last interview between father and son. One morning I came to the cemetery very early; day was just breaking. Indisposition had prevented me from visiting the tomb during the night as usual. In my stroll of inspection I passed by the grave of Evelina. What was my astonishment! A man was stretched on it at full length. I approached. O wonder! He had been strangled. The rope was round his neck, and on his breast was pinned this inscription: *Justice done to the felon.* It was the body of Waverley."

Tintin hung down his head and was silent. He evidently was moved. "Was there ever any clue," I said, "to discover the author of this deed?"

"Not any," he replied; "but, since that event, Arthur Sidney never was seen in this country. What became of him, I do not know. There came a rumor in the course of years, that he had fought his way to a high post under the British government in the East Indies. It is probable that he still lives, for on the annual festival in commemoration of the dead, this tomb never fails to be highly decorated. I interrogated the man who does it. He answered that he was paid for his work, every year, by the British consul, and that it

was all that he knew. The moral of this story is: beware of having bastards. It is a sin, and sin has a scorpion tail with which, in the end, it stings to death its parent."

We were suddenly overtaken by a thunder storm. We took refuge under the portico of a Gothic sepulchral chapel, which was a superb monument erected by a Spaniard to his wife. The darkness became intense, the rain descended in torrents, peals after peals of our magnificent Southern thunder came thick upon each other, and the lightning seemed to leap from tomb to tomb, which it fitfully illuminated. At each flash I gazed round, and almost expected to see some strange and supernatural sight. Tintin Calandro guessed at the undefinable feeling of awe which had crept over me, for he said:

"You will not see any spirit abroad in such weather as this, except for some powerful cause. Disembodied spirits are as luxurious as when in the flesh. They are all at home now, enjoying themselves in their snug small houses. They listen with delight to the hubbub of the elements, to this roaring wind and bespattering rain. Each one rakes up his dry bones, hugs himself in his shelter, stretches his skeleton limbs with a keen sense of the enjoyment of complete repose, like an epicurean in his soft and rose-perfumed bed, and, rubbing his bony hands, says to himself: how comfortable I am! Let me sleep—this is the weather to sleep. Pit, pat, pit, pat, comes down the rain on our nice and tight roof. How sweet! Go it, rain, and thou, O wind, crack thy jaws! Fire all thy guns, and throw out all thy bomb-shells, O thunder! And thou, lightning, shoot forth thy forked tongue like the arrow of Jehovah! We enjoy our repose the more from its contrast with this war of the elements.

"You see, my friend," continued Tintin Calandro, "the dead still live after their own way. In such a night as this they relish their beds as much as you do. They also, like us, love to pull the coverlets over their nakedness, and to doze away. No bills to pay to-morrow! No illusions to lose! No treachery to counteract! No disappointments to encounter! No brains racked! No heart bleeding! No tears shed! The battle of life has been fought; their cares are over. Hurrah! What a luxury to be dead! No more forced attention to any of the wants of earthly existence! Hurrah!"

This wild enthusiasm for death was expressed in a manner to which no description can do justice. Whilst he spoke, the thunder roared with increased fury, the lightning flashed more vividly, and the mad wind, grasping the floods of rain as they poured down from above, dashed them upon the roof of our white marble sepulchre, and swept over it with hurricane-like violence. Tintin Calandro, whose personal peculiarities I have already described, and who, on every-day occasions, had so much of the fantastic and elfish in his appearance, looked now, when seen by the lurid light of the evanescent flashes of electricity which made him only visible by fits and starts, so unearthly and weird-like, that I felt a creeping of the flesh as if there stood near me something supernatural. After he had delivered himself as I have related, bending his head and burying his face in his hands, he remained silent so long, that I thought he had gone to sleep. Feeling a sensation of cold, I wrapped my cloak round my body in tighter folds, and retreated further back under the portico. Suddenly he started up.

"Are you not tired of this storm?" he said. "It is

magnificent, to be sure, but there may be too much of a good thing. To escape from it, I have been trying a diversion in my own mind, and I have been thinking how glorious my cemetery looks by moonlight. There is nothing then equal to it. Don't you agree with me, my friend? You have witnessed it yourself. What a scene worthy of the angels! It is when my cemetery is but one sea of serene light, that I love to perform on my violin for the dead. When I begin, I see at first a kind of haze or vapor settling on each tomb. Then shadowy forms glide upward through brick, marble, or granite, and an immense assembly gathers for my concert. Some stand up, some sit down, others recline on their tombs as on sofas. The little children, how daintily they look! God bless them! Sometimes they dance before me, moving their tiny feet in harmony with my music. When they are tired, they trip up to me, they courtesy, they kiss their fairy hands to me, and thank me so prettily, that, to please them, I could play the whole night. They sing in a chorus: 'good-night, Tintin Calandro, good-night, dear Tintin Calandro,' and they vanish. If you could only see such a sight, you would like to dwell for ever in my cemetery."

"Tintin Calandro," said I, not appearing to notice these exhibitions of insanity to which I had become accustomed, and speaking with apparent earnestness as if I shared his convictions, "I should like to possess like you the faculty of seeing the dead and all the wonders which you have witnessed."

"You may one day have that faculty," he replied. "It is, however, an invaluable privilege which it is not easy to obtain. You will have to do all that is required to arrive at its possession. You must spiritualize yourself; you must renounce all the appetites of the flesh, and satisfy them only so far as is indispensable to

keep soul and body together. In that physical and spiritual union and partnership to which we are temporarily subjected here for purposes beyond the depth of our shallow comprehension, let the soul have the best part of the bargain, and grant to it, as far as possible, the monopoly of your existence. Reduce your body to the having of merely a pittance out of the inheritance to which you were born as the child of God. Give it but mere crumbs out of that banquet of life during which poisonous drugs are so often mixed up with the rich wines that sparkle in our cups, and devils, in the livery of menial fidelity and devotion, stand behind our chairs with obsequious deference, and with tempting dishes from which we are in vain warned to abstain by our guardian angels. Never forget, friend of mine, that you are a compound of matter and spirit, and that matter is a screen between the spiritual world and that soul or spirit which dwells in you. Therefore purify and thin off that matter, so as to make it of crystal transparency. Then your soul will look through it as through a glass, and will be enabled to have communication with congenial essences. But the flesh must first be subjugated, and this can only be done by voluntary privations, by incessant macerations, by prayer, and particularly by the discipline of secret and nobly supported sorrows, resulting in a deep-seated abhorrence of earthly pleasures. When you are thus schooled and thoroughly prepared, let your mind gather up its loins and depart from that domain of the material world to which it had devoted but too much attention. Fix your thoughts intently on the dead and the spiritual. Come then, if you like, to the tomb that contains the mortal remains of the disembodied spirit which has not as yet perished in your memory. Do it day after day, and for consecutive hours. Call that spirit to you with

that power and strength of will which magnetically commands obedience, and with that faith which removes mountains. Evoke that beloved spirit, I say, hardly without interruption, and with that importunity which, we are scripturally told, will not meet with refusal, and probably you will be heard and gratified. I am almost sure that you will one day feel, that a mystical correspondence has been established between you and the departed. You will see, through the very walls of the tomb, the body which reposes there, and you will see it just in the same condition in which it was deposited on the day of its burial, although, were that tomb opened to coarse and vulgar vision, it would show nothing but disgusting decay, and perhaps nothing but dust. O, the wonders of the grave! If you could understand the language of the dead and appreciate their society, you would never leave my cemetery to go back to the bustling and deceiving world, which is nothing but a pack of damnable lies and tormenting illusions, sprinkled over with a modicum of hardly perceptible truths and half rotten morality. Never would you abandon the tranquillity of this place, where there is so much consolation and true knowledge—that knowledge which comes from heaven, and not from hell. Ha! ha! ha! Better consort with the dead than with the living. Tintin Calandro has long ago made that discovery. But it is late, and the storm has almost ceased; let us go, to seek oblivion in sleep, which is the sweet anticipation, forerunner and foretaste of death, and the object of which, I suppose, is to prepare us for that final sleep on earth which will herald us to sleepless and eternal felicity in the bosom of God, or to just and condign punishment under the inevitable judgment of the liege Lord of the wicked and the good."

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH FERNANDO AND TINTIN CALANDRO RELATE TO EACH OTHER MANY INTERESTING THINGS.

Once, contrary to my habit, I entered the cemetery during the day. The sun, however, was disappearing behind the western horizon. I saw Tintin Calandro. He was leaning on a tomb, his back turned to me. I approached him without his being aware of it, and touched him on the shoulder. When he faced me, I observed that his eyes were full of tears. "What is the matter?" said I.

"Twin sisters," he replied, "five years old, were put in this tomb this morning. The mother has just been visiting this last resting-place of her children. Oh! How she kissed the cold marble! How she wept! How she prayed! What pathos there is in a mother's agony of sorrow! I have never been able to witness it without being overpowered by sympathetic grief. She did not see me; for I was hidden behind that monument yonder. I longed to come up and tell her: 'Do not weep; your children are not dead. They are hovering above your head at this very moment, and are crying also like yourself, because of your sorrow.' But I said to myself: 'she will think that I am mad.' All the while, the two little girls, invisible to her, were wringing their hands in despair because of the sobs and tears of their mother, and trying in vain to

make her aware of their presence. The scene was becoming intensely painful to me, when suddenly two baby angels, with wings as white as a swan's feathers, came down from heaven, and, throwing their pretty arms round the necks of the children, said to them: 'sisters, be comforted. Come up with us. We will show you the wonders of our celestial home and of your future one. Be not uneasy about your mother. It is our mission to console her, and, to-night, we shall appear to her in a vision and bring her cheerful tidings of her loved ones.' And they all ascended together and were soon lost to my sight."

What strange insanity! said I to myself. But, since it makes him happy, why should I attempt to shake his belief in the reality of what to me is but the hallucination of a diseased brain? Whilst this reflection was presenting itself to me, I had taken notice of another fresh grave near the one of the twin sisters. "Well, Tintin Calandro," said I, "no angel of light, I suppose, will approach what remains of him who has been deposited there to-day," pointing out the tomb, "for he has left behind him almost a dishonored name."

"Don't be so sure of that," he replied. "This man, it is true, had vices, and did things which he had better have left undone. But human nature is a strange compound, and this weak and erring specimen of mortality was better than he had credit for. Poor sinful Joubert, who is now within the hearing of my voice, I will vindicate your character, at least to some extent." Then turning round to me, and fixing his luminous eyes on mine, he continued in these words:

"You know some of the bad deeds of Joubert; let me relate to you some of the good ones, for the dead

have no secrets for me. One day Joubert was on a steamboat crossing Lake Pontchartrain. One of the passengers, whom he had reasons to believe his enemy, fell overboard. He threw himself into the angry waves, for it was stormy, and saved the drowning man at the great risk of losing his own life. What do you think of that? Ha! ha! And yet every body used to call him a scamp, and a scamp he was in some respects.

"Many years ago he had been the boon companion of a rich young man, whom, with other parasites, he had helped to ruin himself. A bankrupt in fortune and in health the spendthrift died, leaving a widow and a daughter. Shortly after, wealth was bequeathed to that widow by a distant relation, and she married again. Much time had elapsed, when it happened that Joubert called on that second husband.

"'Sir,' said he to him, 'have you not found among the papers of your wife a promissory note for two thousand dollars, which I drew in favor of her husband more than fifteen years ago?'

"'Yes,' replied the gentleman. 'I remember having seen it, although I must confess that I never thought it deserved much attention, as I always considered it a worthless piece of paper on account of your absolute want of means. Besides, the debt is prescribed.'

"'Look for it, however,' said Joubert, 'for I will pay it to-morrow at twelve o'clock, out of a small sum which I have recently inherited.'

"He was punctual, and true to his word. The promissory note was redeemed with the payment in full, not only of the capital, but also of the interest accrued during fifteen years. Ha! ha!" continued Tintin, raising his voice to a higher key, "what do you think now of the scamp?

"Once there was an execution issued against a Spaniard living in Condé street. The sheriff was in the room, seizing and inventorying the scanty furniture of that poor foreigner whom nobody knew, or cared for. A few persons whom curiosity had attracted were looking on, and could not but admire his stoical indifference. His face might be thought a little paler than usual. That was the only external indication, slight as it was, of what feelings might be working within. Having completed his inventory, the sheriff was preparing to withdraw, when he discovered a miniature painting hanging on the wall near a window and nearly concealed by the folds of a tattered curtain. The officer of the law advanced to lay his hands on it, when the hitherto self-possessed Spaniard bounded like a tiger, and, planting himself between the officer and the portrait, said in a tremulous voice: 'Must this be taken also?'

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Then,' exclaimed the Spaniard, drawing a dagger from his breast, and looking as if he defied heaven and earth, 'it shall be at the peril of your life and mine.'

"At that critical moment, one of the spectators of that scene whispered these words into the sheriff's ear: 'How much is the whole debt?'

"'One hundred and fifty dollars,' was the answer.

"'I will pay them, on condition you tell that man that his creditor, on hearing of his poverty, has relented and withdrawn the execution.'

"It was finally settled on those terms, and the Spaniard kept the miniature he valued so much, without ever knowing to whom he was indebted for it. The individual who thus interfered in favor of that poor

unknown stranger, had at the time only three hundred dollars at his command. That was his whole fortune. He divided it, as you see, into two parts, and in the way I have mentioned. Who was that man? Joubert! And now, what think you of the scamp?"

This time Tintin almost shouted the question which he had thus been pleased to repeat thrice in the course of this story. I looked at the tomb, and reverently took off my hat. "Well done," said he, "and Joubert's spirit is deeply moved at this demonstration of respect to his memory—the more so, because, on a certain occasion, you were very near flying at each other's throats. But now you are both reconciled. A tomb, as you see, is an excellent mediator, and charity covers many sins."

In our walk we came near that part of the cemetery where the wall is from six to eight feet thick, and honeycombed into graves where are put the bodies of those who are too poor to have any thing better. On the stone slab which closed one of these pigeon-holes I read the name of Henry O'Neil, although the letters were almost half effaced. It put me in mind of former days. O'Neil was an Irishman by birth and the nephew of a Catholic bishop of that name, who had acquired in Ireland some celebrity and possessed great influence. He had been educated at a college of Jesuits in France. Coming to New York to better his fortune, he had been a private teacher in one of the oldest families of that city. With excellent letters of introduction he had subsequently repaired to New Orleans, where he continued to give lessons. Being an accomplished scholar and versed in several languages, he was advised to study law and enter the bar, where his talents would have secured him a high position and

golden harvests. But the demon of dissipation had got hold of him. Instead of studying the civil code and qualifying himself for the practice of an honorable profession, for which he seemed eminently fitted, he plunged into all kinds of excesses. He associated with none but the wildest young men of the city, and becoming

> A sorry wight,
> He vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night.

O'Neil was immensely superior to his boon companions, on whom he exercised a sort of fascination, from which, although I was not one of that set, I had not altogether escaped myself; for sometimes I imprudently joined in the frolics of that madcap and scapegrace crew, merely to enjoy the society of O'Neil. I can fancy that I still see him seated at the banqueting table of revelry, with lips curving with contempt for his giddy and shallow-pated associates, and, as it was evident to me, scorning himself for the life he led. Once I told him so, and he gave me no denial. Was the man under the irresistible influence of some unaccountable spell? Are there human beings doomed to pursue an unavoidable career of folly and vice, when apparently born to a better and higher one, and compelled by some malignant demon to keep splashing in the sewers of society, when they have wings to soar to its alpine summit, and there light up those beacon fires which would be signals by which others would be encouraged, and guided in that march of progressive improvement to which man is believed to be destined? Why had O'Neil thus been gifted in vain and to no purpose? How came he to be afflicted with a madness which destroyed his excellencies? Was he providen-

tially intended only as a warning to others? But who ever profited by such warnings? Be it as it may, he was a puzzle to me. The eagle had stooped from the empyrean vault, to associate fraternally with stinking buzzards and to fatten on the same carrion. This O'Neil of mine affected to be an empty-headed dandy, forsooth! He, that vast repository of knowledge—he, on whom nature had conferred the mighty gift of eloquence, with which he loved occasionally to grasp any subject which the caprice of the hour presented to his pleased fancy amidst the confusion and uproar of bacchanalian orgies. O'Neil's eloquence did not gush out impetuously like a mountain torrent, but moved quietly onward like the almost insensible heaving up of some vast but lazy tide of the Pacific Ocean. He spoke very slowly and deliberately. He dwelt on every word, which, after all, was no idle and empty word, but had sufficient substance to be dwelt upon. Whilst he rolled out every sentence with distinct emphasis, he always pointed at you with his index, as if, with it, he intended to push through your brain and heart everything he said. He had a trick, when speaking, of gravely shaking his perfumed locks, and fixing steadily on you eyes which struck you as being of unfathomable depth, and which, as you gazed at them, seemed to grow deeper and deeper. Much as I admired the genius of the man, there was something in him which was very repulsive to me. It was the eternal sneering smile which played on his lips, and the peculiarly diabolical dry chuckling with which he always closed some of his grand tirades. He had also an ill-natured habit which did not raise him in my estimation, but which, I confess, afforded me sometimes a good deal of amusement. Whenever he was displeased with some presumption on the part of one

of his companions in profligacy, he would watch for an opportunity, and, lifting up his ponderous intellectual club, did not scruple to belabor without mercy the poor fellow, and gave him no respite until he saw him thoroughly humbled, and ready to admit himself to be the greatest ass that ever brayed in this world!

I will relate two anecdotes which will give some further insight into O'Neil's character. He and a young Frenchman called Melville, were courting an interesting widow. Having met at one of her parties, in the course of the evening they happened to be seated, one on the right, and the other on the left, of the fair hostess. It was not long before the two rivals began talking at each other in a sly and indirect manner. The lady was amused. It stimulated the two champions and carpet knights in their encounter of wits. But Melville was no match for O'Neil, who, in the use of polished but withering sarcasm, and in the terrible art of blasting with ridicule every thing he chose, possessed a Voltairian skill. His keen and bright Damascus blade incessantly plunged through the defenceless breast of his adversary, until the impetuous Frenchman, stung into utter disregard of what was due to himself and to others, so far forgot all propriety as to slap his rival's face. It was a slap given with a right good will, for it resounded throughout the vast rooms. Dancing and the music stopped instantly, and we looked anxiously toward the fatal spot. O'Neil had not changed color; he had remained seated, perfectly composed and unruffled, and retaining stereotyped on his lips the same smile with which he had been addressing the lady, when struck. But impressively shaking his index as was his wont, and almost touching the Frenchman's breast with it, he drawled out these words: "I will kill

you to-morrow," and, turning away from him, resumed, as if nothing had happened, the conversation in which he had been engaged, whilst his discomfited antagonist apologized to the lady for his unfortunate vivacity, and retired. What self-control! It was sublime. We all felt it to be such. The next morning they met. O'Neil was dressed as for a ball, and in exquisitely varnished patent leather pumps. His glossy and perfumed hair was artistically arranged into ringlets, and he held in his hand a delicately scented cambric handkerchief edged with lace, which he now and then passed over his face. His eternal smile was on his lips, but this time its expression was so cynical and mischievous that it made my blood run cold. At the first fire, Melville fell to rise no more. O'Neil's ball had gone through his heart; as to Melville's, it had only grazed O'Neil's left temple and cut off one of his curls. He picked it up, and put it carefully in a neat little pocket-book which he drew out of his coat, saying: "Nicely clipped for my lady-love."

On another occasion, I was with O'Neil at a place of public resort. One of the notorious duellists of the day, and they were numerous at that epoch, for it was the fashion to be one, came up to us, evidently with the intention of picking a quarrel with him, and used offensive language. "Bah!" said O'Neil, with the utmost good humor, "I see what you are driving at. You desire a duel with me to show what nerves you have. But allow me to say to you that you behave very stupidly, and very unjustly to me. Your hair-brained courage is very well known. Hence, my good friend, it is absurd, you will confess, to attempt to demonstrate what is universally admitted. You may, however, be as foolish as you please, if you like the indulgence,

whenever your foolishness does not affect others. But, in this present circumstance, why should you act so unfairly toward me, against whom you can entertain no well-founded grudge, for I have always treated you with uniform courtesy and even cordiality? Why, I say, should you be so unjust as to compel me to kill you, which I will infalliby do, if I cannot honorably escape from that dire necessity? I think that you are an excellent hearted fellow after all, although you sometimes choose to demean yourself as if your brains were in your heels, instead of being in the proper place. Therefore it would be very disagreeable to me to put you out of this world, if I cannot put some sense in that shallow pate of yours;" and he patted it familiarly and almost affectionately, to the utmost confusion and bewilderment of the professed duellist, who growled between his teeth like a subdued mastiff, willing but afraid to bite, and who, having lost all presence of mind, did not know exactly what to do. I was greatly amused. O'Neil went on remonstrating, half in earnest and half in jest, on the preposterousness of a duel without a cause, and so worked on the feelings of his would-be adversary, that the pugnacious animal apologized to him. "That is well," continued O'Neil with the kindest intonations of voice. "I knew there is something good in you, and that you are not the absolute fool you chose to represent yourself to be. Now let us all take a drink like loving friends." And to the bar they went, O'Neil leading the tamed tiger, and smiling his peculiar sardonic smile. The whole thing was exquisitely done, and must have been seen to be fully appreciated.

Will you believe that a man so gifted, did, in the end, destroy himself with brandy, not on occasions of conviviality, but in the solitude of his own chamber?

At my own house he would take a bottle of Cognac which he would divide into two equal parts, and pour into two small crystal decanters. They were placed by him at both ends of my oblong library room, as far removed from each other as possible. He called them the North and South Poles, and would, for consecutive hours, pace in silence from one decanter to the other, out of which he helped himself alternately, until not a drop was left of the fiery liquid. Strange to say, he never showed the slightest sign of intoxication. His tongue only would seem a little thicker, but his mind was as clear as ever. I had made frequent remonstrances against that suicidal course, but friendly as they were, they had always been received with a cynical levity which at last disgusted me, and I closed my lips. Having absented myself for three years, a note from O'Neil was handed to me shortly after my return, requesting me to call on him without loss of time, for he was dying. I immediately complied with his desire, and found him, on the outskirts of the city, in a miserable room bare of every thing save a greasy mattress on which he was stretched, and an empty bottle on the floor within his reach. When I appeared, conscious, I suppose, of the contrast which must have struck me between the once brilliant dandy scholar and the alcoholic skeleton before my eyes, he quoted the exclamation which Virgil puts in the mouth of Eneas when relating to Dido the apparition of the ghost of Hector: *quantùm mutatus ab illo!* "How changed from what he was!" A change indeed! For this Hector, this prince of the intellect, was reduced to a mere shadow of his former self. He thanked me with a husky voice for my presence at the last closing scene of his life, and his mind soon wandered into the ravings of delirious imbecility,

until death brought relief to him and to me. I have, ever since, not unfrequently thought of O'Neil, and I have wondered how such a man could have been an atheist and a drunkard.

"Perhaps," said Tintin Calandro, "he was a drunkard because he was an atheist, or professed to be one, and an atheist because he was born with the innate beastly propensities of a drunkard. But do you know, my friend, that I have always doubted that there ever existed a human being, with his intellectual faculties not actually deranged, who ever denied to himself and in his heart the existence of God? To profess atheism is nothing but bravado, and the insolence of an intellectual pride seeking to put itself above the level of what is called the vulgar credulity of mankind."

"O'Neil," I replied, "pretended to be in earnest, and I believe he was."

"Pshaw! nonsense. What did he say in support of his assertion that there was no God?"

"Nothing new. He repeated arguments as old as the deluge—only the rags of ancient and modern skepticism and infidelity re-washed, re-ironed, and made smooth to help their circulation in the market."

"A poor compliment to the intellect you valued so much in your departed friend," said Tintin.

"This was not due," I answered, "to any deficiency of intellect, but to the weakness of the cause which his intellect, large as it was, undertook to advocate. Strong eyes may squint; thus his mental vision squinted when directed to that subject. He was mad when he thought there was no God, just as thoroughly mad a man is, who thinks himself to be God; and let me tell you that the most extraordinary man I ever met, was one who was afflicted with that infirmity. He was confined in a

Quaker lunatic asylum in Philadelphia, and he was as sane as any of his race, and more sapient than the immense majority of it, save on one point—he believed himself God. And now I will give you, as well as I can, a general view of what O'Neil used to say when our conversation took a metaphysical turn."

CHAPTER XVI.

O'NEIL THE ATHEIST.

"I WILL not," said O'Neil to me, "examine all the disquisitions more or less fanciful of ancient and modern philosophers about simple, and compound or composite matter—matter purely material, or mixed with something apparently immaterial—matter self-existing from all eternity and self-sufficient, and matter created, obeying certain laws issuing from a source foreign to itself and perfectly inexplicable—matter not God, and matter God. Those learned men never understood themselves, and the more I have studied their various propositions and conjectures, for I will not honor their pretended expoundings of the truth with any other name, the more bewildered I have become, like every body else, I presume, who attempted to be enlightened by their teachings, and who only found that they made darkness still darker. I believe in matter and in matter alone, because I see it, whatever its nature may be, unknown or known to me in all its elements and properties; and I do not puzzle myself with what may possibly exist beyond the range of my physical and intellectual vision, because I know beforehand that I could not establish any rational belief on what is imaginary. I believe simply in matter and in the laws which govern it, because I discover those laws in part, or in whole. Matter does not present itself to me as

an article of faith. I am to accept its existence only so far as it is demonstrated to my senses. It does not expect me to abdicate my reason at the foot of its throne. I am not called upon to recognize in it any right of dominion over me ; or if it should chance that I find myself liable to submit to its action on me against my will, I may, in my turn, be able to operate and re-act on it with ten times more power and efficacy. It makes me feel that I am something in the material world, of which I am a part.

" But when we come to what is called the immaterial, I find myself in a vacuum, where there is no substance and where nothing exists which I can conceive. What is God? It is said to be the Supreme Being, the eternal, infinite and omnipotent Spirit, the Creator and the Sovereign of the universe. These are high-sounding words, but they convey nothing precise to my understanding, no rational comprehension or appreciation of that invisible, bodiless and mystic Being, residing in the infiniteness of space, and generating matter out of nothingness at his will and pleasure. But if the elements of matter did not exist at the time of its formation into what it is now, whence did it come? If God alone existed previous to the beginning of the universe, matter must have come out of Him. Hence it existed in Him under some form or other, and if existing in Him in principle, He must have been material Himself, whether in whole or in part, and if not entirely immaterial, then He is not a spirit. Oh, no. This is profanation and impiety. God is a pure spirit. Why? How do I, or do you, know it? Is it because God has never been seen? But is any thing escaping the detection of our senses a spirit? Iron may be reduced to an invisible, intangible gas. But will that gas cease to

be matter for all that? Can we conceive existence without substance, and what is substance but matter, although it may be so light as not to be ponderable in human scales? What then is a spirit? Is it, according to unsatisfactory definitions, an immaterial, intelligent something, either created, as we are told, like the angels, or uncreated but self-existing and self-sufficient before the commencement of time, like God—a thing without a beginning and without an end, not governed by imposed laws, but by its own will? The explanation is as vague and obscure as the subject itself. It is a shadow holding a dark lantern to show me what is the composition of another shadow. Thus the poor human mind, like a tread-mill horse, is whipped forever round a circle of incomprehensibilities, without advancing an inch beyond the ground to which it is confined.

"Matter with intelligence I see, and therefore I believe in it, although it is full of mysteries. But intelligence unmixed with matter I have never been able to discover, therefore I reject it until better informed. I have the right to say to you: show me the immaterial as clearly as you show me the material, before you demand my acknowledgment of its existence. Besides, if God is a pure spirit, free from the alloy of matter in His composition, how is it that being created after His own image, I am half matter and half spirit? Must I not infer, that there is that in Him which must be material like one half of myself, if I am His image? But, leaving aside those questions of the eternity of matter, or of spirit, in a divided or inseparable existence—questions which will never be solved—I maintain that if God is, and if He is omnipotent, He is responsible for the prevalence of evil, which must have come out of Him, or must have existed independently of Him from the be-

ginning. If independently of God, what becomes of the omnipotence and unity of the ruler of the universe? If evil be under His control, what shall I say of His responsibility for its existence? But evil, which we know to be such merely from its connection with created things, must, like all created things, have proceeded from the almighty Creator, and not from nothingness. Hence if God drew out of Himself all things now in existence, including evil, He cannot have been absolutely and completely good in His essence, since evil coexisted in Him.

"But it is said that evil came out of the corruption of man. Then why was man made susceptible of that corruption? The reply is, that if made otherwise, he would not have been man. But why was man made at all, when his creation led to the introduction and prevalence of evil? Where was the necessity of it? Could such an imperfect work have been fashioned by the hands of a perfect and omnipotent being before whom the past, the present and the future are but one thing? If I can prevent a murder and do not choose to do so, I am morally as much of a murderer as the one who did the deed. What sovereign, if it was in his power to relieve one single case of distress in his dominions, and if he omitted it, would not be blamed for such indifference, supineness, or even cruelty? Thus God, in permitting, no matter for what reason, the existence of evil in this world, when he could have done otherwise, becomes Himself the author of evil. I know the answer. He permits evil that good may come out of it. But this is the sheerest cant, and worse than cant. It would be tracing up to God and deriving from Him the immoral maxim that the end justifies the means, Omnipotence becoming Jesuitical, and having recourse

to evil in order to produce good! Bah! What sort of God is this? Surely He is none for me. I would rather, with so many millions of the martyrs of life, believe in the existence of Ahriman and Ormozd, the two distinct and adverse principles of good and evil in Eastern theology, which from all eternity have been struggling against each other for supremacy. But I am told not to judge God by the feeble light of my human reason. What other means have I to form an opinion of Him? I am also told that the finite cannot grasp the infinite. Very well. If God has thought proper to make Himself an inexplicable enigma to my comprehension, it is exactly as if He did not exist at all for me.

"But what shall I say, when I look at the fate of man as constituting a race or species. Can a benevolent Deity have created that most miserable of all beings? See what David and Solomon think of human life, notwithstanding all their piety and their being the favorites of Jehovah. Their lamentations strike terror into the heart. We know, on the other hand, what view, from the remotest pagan antiquity, man has taken of his own condition and destiny in this world. I refer you to Homer and the oldest authors. Plato doubted 'if the gods had created us for some serious design, or merely as puppets for their own amusement.' Sophocles proclaims before a Grecian audience, "that the greatest of evils is to be born, and the greatest of blessings is to die.' Pindar said, 'that life is nothing but the dream of a shadow.' As to Socrates, whom an oracle has pronounced the wisest of men, he told his disciples 'that life ought to be nothing else than a meditation on death.' If life is a curse, and this seems to be the universal sentiment of the thinking part of mankind, how could it have been inflicted on us by omnipotent benev-

olence? Hence the supposition that we were created free from evil, and destined to the enjoyment of eternal bliss if we had retained our innocence, but that, on account of some crime perpetrated by our first parents, we were ejected from paradise, and doomed to the tortures resulting from the altered conditions of our primitive existence. But if God foresaw the guilt of man, was it not cruel to create him to be criminal, and to be punished in himself and in his descendants? If He had no such foresight, where is that omniscience which is the essential attribute of God? Alas! Evil predominates over good, wickedness over virtue, and sufferings over enjoyments. Hence there can be no God, at least such a God as I am desired or expected to believe in. I can very well understand the policy which dictated Voltaire's well-known verse:

'Si Dieu n' existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer.'
If God did not exist, He would have to be invented—

which means that, as we are afraid that the public executioner, with rope, ax, and gibbet, may not be sufficient to protect life and property, we need, above, another bugbear more dreaded than the officer of the law here below. Hence, although Voltaire, the skeptic, ridiculed every sort of religious worship, Voltaire, the rich man and the proprietor of the *chateau* of Ferney, erected within the shadow of his mansion a temple to God, for the protection of his broad acres and of his silver spoons.

"Few are willing to die, I am told, and therefore life is a valuable gift; otherwise it would not be clung to with such tenaciousness. And yet, how few, at sixty, when they have the full experience of life, will consent to live again on the same conditions, and tread their

way through the same avenue which has led them to the side of the grave! They might be tempted to take another road, hoping that it would be lined with fewer thorns to tear their flesh, and with a greater abundance of flowers and fruits to gladden their senses. It would be another illusion, no doubt. For to live, is to be hacked and covered with wounds, because life is war. The very elements teach us that lesson; the beasts of the field and the birds of the air repeat it to us; in fact the whole of nature is at war with itself. This is the spectacle offered to man's imitation, and richly does he better the instruction. For to him belongs the pre-eminent distinction of nursing, fostering, caressing, feeding and fattening dumb animals which lick his hands, merely with a view to slaughter them and gorge himself with their flesh, until he himself is devoured by all sorts of creeping things! Our globe is a vast shambles, and man, a gigantic and pitiless butcher. He has no mercy for his own race, whose blood he sheds with instinctive ferocity whenever it suits his purposes. Generations of our species succeed one another like the waves of the sea, which, one after one, in rapid succession, rush to the distant rocky shore, merely to break into spray, and disappear on reaching their destination; or they wither like the leaves of the forest which periodically fade and fall year after year. Why should we attach more importance to the appearance or disappearance of those successive crops of flesh and blood which our race supplies, according to settled laws, or the exigencies of its elemental nature? I see around me nothing but the demonstration of a cold and implacable self-made system of production and destruction. If I am an intelligent being, partly immaterial, and if that immaterial part is destined to live for ever in a state of

bliss, or suffering, according to my merits or demerits in my present existence, I think that I am entitled to a clear revelation of the designs of my creator, as to the purposes and ultimate object of my creation and as to the course which I am to pursue, whilst I am in a state of pretended probation. Such is not the case, however. I am assured, it is true, with a tone of authority which I am almost forbidden to question, that such a revelation has been made. Where? I do not find it engraved on the face of the earth, or flaming in shining letters on the vault of Heaven. I am referred to a book; but that book, like other books, even if it were originally inspired, has been re-copied, re-printed, translated and re-translated, and transmitted to us by man; and we know that whatever man touches, becomes permeated with lies. But, admitting it to be divine revelation, if I do not see it in that light, or if I do not understand its language, or if its doctrines shock my reason, it is for me exactly as if that revelation had not been made. I ask a question of vital importance, and I am answered in something which is incomprehensible to me. Is it an answer?

"It is our boast to have over the other animals three distinctive features—hope, foresight, and religious aptitude—which, as it is pretended, would not have been granted to us, if we were destined to perish soul and body. But this does not strike me as a logical deduction, unless I concede the postulate: that the more we suffer, the greater proof we have of our immortality; for it must be admitted that foresight racks us with fears, and that hope feeds us with disappointments. When it summons a smile to our lips, some sad reality presents itself to make our eyes overflow with tears. As to our religious aptitude, it is but a propensity to

the adoption of debasing superstitions, rather than to the correct conception of divine laws for our rule, if there be any we are called on to discover and to obey. I do not see that man, to-day, is nearer to the acquisition of new moral and religious truths than he was four thousand years ago. Therefore it is false that he is progressive in that spiritual character which is claimed for him as his attribute and birthright, and, if he has no spiritual career expanding before him as he advances, he is nothing but matter, intelligent matter, it is true, but, as such, he moves onward only to fall back, after having ferreted out some of the secrets of that universal world of matter of which he is a component part. I see frequently national ignorance gradually rising into a vast development of sciences and arts; and I see civilization, like a boundless ocean, swelling up to the summit of the highest mountains. But that civilization invariably leads to the lowest depths of corruption. Then comes some grand irresistible catastrophe—a deluge—wars—pestilence—famine—an avalanche of desolation. That society, those laws, those arts, that literature, those sciences, that civilization, which it had taken centuries to mature and establish on an apparently solid basis, are swept away in an instant by some physical convulsions, or by political earthquakes, or by the invasion of barbarians. Opaque darkness overspreads the land, then a little ray of light beams from some distant star or other, and, by that feeble light, we discover the huge human spider again working at its web, which will again be swept away, and so on without an end. There may be divine benevolence in all that; but it must be confessed that a very dense screen exists between our imperfect vision and that infinite benevolence. Let that screen be withdrawn, let an explanation be given

of the horrible mysteries by which we are surrounded, and then if my heart is not filled with due gratitude, and my tongue does not teem with the praise of my Creator, let me be punished.

"The fact is, that the question of the immortality of the soul, which is the basis of our relations with the Deity, if Deity there is, is such, that, outside of revelation, it must remain eternally unsolved. It has in vain been investigated by the greatest minds of ancient and modern times. The arguments for and against its probability have been exhausted, and the doubts of mankind have remained the same ever since Job complained of his hard fate, and would not be consoled by his loquacious friends. The arguments on both sides are so equally balanced before the tribunal of the world, that the wisdom of man, in its judicial capacity, has remanded the case for further information and discussion, which, if attempted, will produce no better results. There are ever-glaring contradictions in the works of most of those who have written on the subject, and those very contradictions show the absurdity and the uselessness of such investigations. For instance, Cicero expresses the opinion more than once in his Tusculanes, that the soul perishes with the body, whilst he maintains its immortality in his work on the 'Nature of the gods.' Nay, in his speech for Cluentius in the senate of Rome, he says: 'We all reject the stupid fables related to us about the infernal regions,' and he therefore affirms that we have nothing to fear from death which 'only takes away from us the faculty of feeling pain.'

"In one of his familiar letters, in which he must be supposed to have expressed his real views, he says: '*Cùm non ero, sensu omni carebo.*' 'When dead, all feeling shall have perished with me.' Then, O Cicero,

if you were to be annihilated and to lose for ever all consciousness, how could you care for the gods! Could there really be gods for you, and to what purpose? How limited was their power over you, if they existed, since you could at any time escape from them by putting an end to your existence! Did you not make a solemn humbug of yourself when you wrote a book on 'The Nature of the gods?' Could you, when the dagger sent by Mark Antony was at your throat, have thanked the gods for your glorious career, when you were to be annihilated into an entire forgetfulness of your past existence? The poet Lucretius preached to the Roman people the same doctrine of skepticism about our spiritual immortality, with all the charms of harmonious and concise versification and with a terrible earnestness of logic. It was customary to sing on the theatres of Rome: *Post mortem nihil est.* 'After death there is nothing.'

"Cæsar, in his speech in the senate against inflicting death on the accomplices of Catiline, although invoking the immortal gods (*per deos immortales*) says: 'Death is nothing but sleep, and, like it, relieves us from grief and all miseries. It is no instrument of torture. Beyond it there is neither pain nor pleasure.' *Ultrà neque curæ neque gaudio locum esse.* The virtuous Cato, in his reply, does not indignantly protest against such demoralizing sentiments. On the contrary, he says: 'Cæsar has spoken well and appropriately (*benè et compositè*) on life and death.' This very Cato, who also invokes the immortal gods in his speech, does not however vindicate them against the epicurean doctrine of Cæsar, that they are indifferent to vice or virtue in man—which, it must be confessed, would be very logical on their part, since virtue or vice in a being so soon to be reduced to nothingness cannot be of any im-

portance whatever. The same Cato, if he had been persuaded of the immortality of the soul, which alone can make us care for the Deity, would not have passed a considerable part of the night on which he killed himself, in reading the arguments of Plato in favor of that immortality. If Brutus had believed in the immortality of the soul and in a future state of rewards and punishments, he would not have exclaimed when dying by his own hands: 'O virtue, thou art but a name!' The belief in annihilation necessarily excludes the belief in virtue and in a benevolent Deity; for a being who is to be dissolved into non-entity, there can be no God, and if there should be a God, why should he care for that God, particularly when he sees, whichsoever way he turns his eyes, that evil predominates, and that he is more largely visited with pain than with pleasure? For, what says Job? 'Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.' Hence the conclusion that there is no God; for God without benevolence is not admissible.

"Bayle, in modern times, has recapitulated and summed up all the arguments, for and against, on these questions. As to antiquity, I have shown that atheism, or something much resembling it, was the result of the civilization of Rome, the grandest the world ever knew before the Christian era, and that a thorough skepticism had invaded the breasts of the noblest citizens of the eternal city on the virtues and the duties of man. Since that era, the effects of civilization have shown themselves to be the same in Paris, London and New York, and in all those regions of the earth where the torch of knowledge shines the brightest. Knowledge leads to civilization, and civilization to knowledge

reciprocally, and both civilization and knowledge lead to the corruption of morals, and the corruption of morals to an interested disbelief in all religious creeds, to a denial of the immortality of the soul, and finally to atheism or pantheism. All this happening as regularly as the prescribed revolutions of the planets! All this under the nose of omnipotent benevolence! Hence I am willing to admit that there is a creative and primitive principle, force and power in the universe capable of producing man and what man discovers, or thinks he does. But I deny that there is such a God as you wish me to accept. You are always falling back on Christianity, because you know that, out of it, all is darkness for the human mind in relation to these questions of life and death, of the immortality of the soul, and of the existence of a God who rewards virtue and punishes crime. Revelation is your only refuge, and that proves the correctness of my position outside of revelation. After all, what is revelation? 'Revelation is truth!' Thus spoke Christ. But, 'what is truth?' was the skeptic reply of civilization through the lips of Pilate, the Roman representative of Cæsar. Happy are those, I confess, who believe in that revelation. It is a sweet delusion, if it be one. But remember that faith is a 'gift,' and that we are authoritatively told that, 'although many are called, few will be the elect.' Consequently, until better enlightened, I say, with sorrow in my heart, but with resignation to a fate which I cannot avoid, that being destined, after the brief period of my material existence shall be over, to be annihilated like the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, there is no God. Therefore 'let us drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' Give me a glass of brandy.

"You have argued that the liberty of action existing

in man is a proof that he is not purely and absolutely material. But this is begging the question and assuming the truth of a disputed fact. You forget that this pretended liberty of will attributed to man has been an endless theme of discussion. How many have believed in inexorable fate—the *fata* by which Jupiter himself was bound? Most philosophers and statesmen may agree, as a matter of policy, that man ought to be reputed free, for the good of society and for the sake of religion and morality, which are powerful bridles to the bad instincts of our nature, but do they agree that he is really and actually free? Thought is the spring of action, and how can he be free to act or not to act in a particular way, who has not the power to think as he pleases? What man has not been haunted by thoughts which he could not prevent from hatching in his brain, and which he strove in vain to drive away? Whence comes that thought which presents itself unbidden to my mind? Unbidden it comes, unbidden it goes. I cannot recollect it, notwithstanding my desire and my efforts to do so, and if not written down, it fades away for ever from my memory. If my body moved without my consent, I could not be said to be physically free; therefore if my mind thinks without my consent when I am awake and when I am asleep, I cannot be said to be spiritually free. Frequently my thoughts or ideas conflict, and one of them gets the mastery over the rest, and it is inferred that I have decided for myself, and consequently that I am free. But if the *controled* ideas came up unbidden as natural and involuntary secretions of my brain, why not the *controling* idea? Does the controling idea represent me more than the controled one? No. Hence, as the result of that conflict, I may be determined to a course

of action without the real exercise of any volition. But if my thoughts are not the necessary and unavoidable secretions of that brain which is a part of my material organization, but are emanations from a spiritual essence in me, how come I to have simultaneously pure and impure thoughts—thoughts which are at war with one another? Can my intellect, or soul, or whatever you may call it, be sound and unsound? Are there parts of it which are pure and others impure? It must evidently be so, for the impure cannot come from the pure, and the pure from the impure. Thus I am fractionally bad and fractionally good, fractionally sound and fractionally rotten—here the soil which produces an odoriferous rose, there the soil from which springs up a stinking and prickly weed—here the domain of hell, there the domain of heaven. If the former is more fruitful and larger than the latter, and brings forth a superior force of wicked thoughts which overcome the inferior force of honest thoughts arrayed against them, I am a villain; or I am a righteous man should the white thoughts of purity prevail.

"But how can I be held to be a free agent in either character, when it is remembered that I do not think how and when I please? Every body knows that sometimes a man wishes to think on a particular subject, and he cannot, whilst, to his mortification and even despair, he cannot help thinking on another, from which he recoils with horror. Besides, what man, when he has reached that ripe old age from which, as from a commanding stand point, he can clearly and calmly review his past life, does not come to the conclusion that, during all that life, he was a slave to circumstances? And what is circumstance but an apparently accidental force which impels us in one direction rather than in another,

whilst we delude ourselves with the idea that we are free agents? We are machines, my friend, more or less artistically contrived to meet the end for which we are respectively destined, and such blind machines can have no souls, no matter how galling this may be to our pride. A soul! Most physicians, a class of men whose profession is to study the human body, do not believe in it. How can the soul, if immaterial, grow, expand and decay with my body, and be affected by all the variations or modifications occurring in the condition of matter? Has an idiot a soul? Is that soul idiotic in itself, or is its idiocy due to the imperfections of the body? Would that idiotic soul have become genius and ambition in the body of Cæsar, and would the soul of Cæsar have been palsied with imbecility, if shut up in the body of the idiot? Man is composed of intelligent and unintelligent matter, and the predominancy of one over the other, according to a greater or lesser degree, gives him his rank and position among his species. When that temporary union of coarse matter and sublimated matter, visible and invisible substance or gas, or what is commonly called spirit, is dissolved by what goes by the name of death, nothing remains; for that union was the condition of life and thought. Hence the immortality of the soul is a chimera. Therefore, as I have already said: 'Let us drink, eat and be merry, for to-morrow we die.' Give me another glass of brandy. A bumper to annihilation! While we live, let us live. *Carpe diem*, says Horace—the free translation and amplification of which is: Let us take existence by the forelock and squeeze out of it, whilst we possess the strong hand of youth, all the sweets which it contains. Hand me a third glass of brandy in honor of the three Graces."

CHAPTER XVII.

TINTIN CALANDRO, THE GRAVE-DIGGER, REFUTES THE ARGUMENTS OF O'NEIL, THE SCHOLAR AND THE ATHEIST.

WHILST I was thus giving a synopsis of O'Neil's sentiments as expressed in many conversations, Tintin Calandro had some of those nervous twitches which in him were the signs of smothered impatience, and more than once had drawn from his violin some angry notes like the growl of a mastiff. Before I had done, however, he had laid his instrument quietly aside, and had closed his eyes after having taken an attitude which left me in doubt whether he had fallen asleep or not. After a little while, however, he shook his head, chaunting as it were to himself, with a sort of musical intonation, the well-known scriptural words: "'The fool hath said in his heart: there is no God!' And your Irish friend," continued he, "was a very great fool."

"He accepted of no evidence but that which came through the senses, as if what we imagine to be the positive and direct testimony of the senses was not frequently more deceptive, or at least less certain, than the circumstantial evidence proceeding from the logical deductions of the intellect. Pure matter and matter mixed up with intelligence he believed in, because he saw, or fancied that he saw such things. But intelligence without matter he rejected, because this is a phenomenon which had never fallen within the im-

mediate reach of his personal observation. And yet he believed in the existence of Cæsar whom he quoted! How did he know that Cæsar ever existed? Which of his five senses brought that conviction home to him? None. But this conviction settled in his mind from a concatenation of evidence, perceived, not by his physical, but by his intellectual vision. Is not, for that intellectual vision, the evidence establishing the actual existence of the invisible and spiritual ruler of the universe as strong as that which commanded his belief in the past existence of a human being whom he never saw? Hence if we believe in Cæsar, we must believe in God for the very same and even for better reasons, and believe also in the immortality of the soul, which is the necessary corrollary of the existence of the Deity. Take Cæsar out of history, there is a link broken in the chain. Take God out of the universe, it is not one link, nor two links, which are missing — the whole chain vanishes. If the soul of man is not immortal, crime and virtue are empty words; and if such is the case, there can be no God. But there is a God, because there are such things known to us as crime and virtue, of which the existence cannot be doubted, in as much as they are actually found in the heart and the acts of man, who feels their presence, who discriminates between them, and who has invented words to express his conviction on the subject by saying: this is morally wrong, this is morally right, this is crime, this is virtue. Hence the evidence of God lies in that very consciousness of guilt, or of innocence in man. It is not man himself who has put that consciousness there. Of what use, and for what purpose, would that consciousness be without God and the immortality of the soul? How is God to reach

prosperous guilt reposing on the couch of luxury, or receiving homage enthroned in the seat of power? By destroying that couch of luxury and that seat of power, or by the pricks of conscience? But suppose Sardanapalus and Nero do not feel them, what then? I am willing, however, to admit that they are lashed by their conscience, or to grant you the satisfaction of seeing them hurled down from their tower of pride. Why such a punishment? The object of punishment is to restrain, or to correct; and why restrain or correct a being who is to be annihilated at the very moment perhaps when he feels the curb of restraint, or the sting of correction? Therefore punishment and reward are aimless when confined to our brief existence. It can only be understood, when resorted to for the progressive improvement of an immortal being. Why should God encourage me in the path of virtue, or chastise my errors, when my crimes or my virtues lead to the same goal—annihilation? Hence the logical doctrine of those who do not believe in the immortality of the soul is, that God or the gods are indifferent to what we are doing in this world, and that they neither punish vice, nor reward virtue. Such a supposition shocks the universal instinct of mankind; it follows that it cannot be true. It is repugnant to our very nature, is not of it, and cannot be accepted by it.

"We intuitively know that God cannot be indifferent to vice and virtue, and our reason must infer from it that the soul of man is necessarily immortal. 'Oh! but the existence of evil is incompatible with the existence of infinite and omnipotent goodness.' Thus spoke O'Neil. What means this nonsensical prattle on the existence of evil? What is evil? Was he sure that what he thought evil was not good, and what he

thought good was not evil? St. Paul tells us that we see the things of this world as in a glass, darkly. How is it that we do not draw lessons from the experience of our own lives? When each one of us looks back on his past life, does he not frequently discover in its web that the threads, which at the time the weaving went on seemed black to him, were in reality white, and that the white ones were black? How are we to judge of the proportions of a building, or of its appropriateness to its object, when we see but one of the stones used for its construction? Suppose an intelligent being unacquainted with the art and object of surgery. Introduce him suddenly into a room where a man is sawing off the legs of an unfortunate wretch, who is mastered into motionless submission by vigorous arms or binding cords, whilst his shrieks rend the air. Would not the astonished witness of such a scene, either interfere with impetuous indignation, or run away with terror in his soul, and with imprecations on his lips against the monster who was thus tormenting the object, no doubt, of his hatred and vengeance? His deductions would be apparently logical, and yet they would be false. The monster was in reality a benefactor. Thus we may misinterpret the high surgery of heaven. I will no more condescend to argue with a man, to demonstrate the existence of God, notwithstanding the existence of evil, than I would attempt to prove to him the existence of the sun, if he denied it on the ground that its giving light and life to nature is incompatible with its scorching us with intolerable heat, with extracting malaria out of the bosom of the earth, and finally producing death. I would merely say to him: Here is the sun, and here is also God, a thousand times more luminous than the sun. Woe to him who does not see both!

"It fills me with indignation when I see puny man arraigning almighty God before his petty terrestrial tribunal, and saying to him: I refuse to acknowledge Thee because I do not understand Thy ways. Is it not the climax of the most ridiculous sort of insanity! Why, man does not know himself; much less does he know his fellow-man. Who is not conscious that his own true character is not thoroughly understood by the very mother who nursed him, and by the friends of his infancy who grew up with him? Do you not sometimes hear this exclamation: How incomprehensible is that man? How inexplicable is his conduct? But there are circumstances which forbid explanation; there are words which cannot be spoken. Otherwise, what seems mysterious and unaccountable would be found very natural and very simple. Has it not happened that you have been aggrieved by wrong interpretations put on your actions—which interpretations you were not at liberty to correct? And so, O skeptic, although you do not know yourself, although at times you are a riddle and a puzzle to your own understanding, although you are often bewildered by the strange ways of your fellow-men, yet you believe in the existence of the human sphynx; and because the creator of that sphynx does not make Himself as clear to you as a schoolboy alphabet, you question whether there is any thing beyond that primitive organic force of the universe which pervades it, and with the knowledge of which you even refuse to trouble yourself, because in reality you despair of ever attaining it, and because you think that, if attained, it would have little bearing on your happiness here. But I see man, you say, O atheist! I consort with him, I embrace him with my five senses, I am man myself! So it is with your

creator, I reply. He is as visible as man; He is visible in man; you may consort with him at will; and if you do not embrace him with your five senses, it is because you choose not, and because you have voluntarily and for some sinful purpose of your own, made those senses blunt and obtuse; and if you are not in God and part of God, who has made you after his own image, it is because you are ungodly and have defaced that image.

"Evil predominates in this world, and precludes the idea of omnipotent divine benevolence. But, admitting that it does predominate, could good be appreciated without evil? Can there be a material substance without a shadow in this sun-lit world of ours, and could the shadow be suppressed without a recast of creation? How do we know that it would be better if recast? How do we know but what there is a sufficient reason for every thing that is? Without misfortune, where charity? Without national calamities, where patriotism and the sacrifice of self for the public good; without the sufferings under which we writhe, how could our fortitude be shown, and how could the devotion of wife, or friend, be tested? How could we measure the grandeur of that intellect which one man possesses, and which is almost commensurate with the vastness of the universe, if we had not in view, as a point of comparison, another intellect so dwarfish that it hardly rises above the instinct of the brute? How could there be valleys without mountains? Who would know what light is, without the offset of darkness? Which of us would ever remember that there is a God, if prosperity only was the lot of man? It is only when adversity becomes his familiar companion, when grief racks his heart, when pain

tortures his body, that these words burst from his tremulous lips: 'O my God!' Probably God had some reason of His own, for desiring not to be entirely forgotten by that intelligent part of His creation which He had gifted with foresight and memory. Hence pain and labor, two great institutions, which make us look up to God for assistance. Let us then be satisfied that what is, could not be otherwise. God had a motive for every one of His acts, and has wisely and nicely harmonized causes and effects. Let us trust Him implicitly and blindly, being convinced that all is well, and will in the end appear to us in that light, even should the present seem nothing but unmitigated evil to the dull-eyed appreciation of our finite understanding. Why not trust God to the extent that we trust man? A commander-in-chief gives an order; his soldiers obey without hesitation. They risk their lives or limbs by rushing on death-dealing batteries, or undergo without murmuring a thousand fatigues in long marches. They endure hunger, thirst, cold and heat with stern alacrity. They have entire reliance on their chief, and believe that he has good reasons for everything he does, although they cannot guess at them, or discover them at all. Well, God is the supreme commander of the universe. We are His soldiers. Why not take it for granted that He is right in all His inexplicable manœuvres, and that it is for our ultimate victory over those evils which surround us, that He inflicts on us laborious marches and counter marches, and decrees innumerable and almost incessant sufferings, which, if spared us, would leave us rotting in some foul mire, or in some voluptuous Capua, far short of the destination which He has in reserve for the being made after His own image?

"Oh! But man is not free; he is the slave of circumstance, if not of an imperious destiny. Therefore he is nothing but a machine. If a machine, he is not responsible, and if not responsible there is neither vice, nor virtue; and if no vice nor virtue, what becomes of God, or the necessity of having one? Bah! Where is the proof that man is not free as asserted? The proof, I think, is on the other side. Let us see. Two men are placed in identical circumstances. They are starving, for instance; and, what is worse for them, their families are starving also. Both have the opportunity to relieve themselves and the objects of their love by stealing without fear of detection. One says: 'perish my wife and children and myself rather than be a thief!' The other says: 'I shall steal a thousand times rather than allow my wife, my children and myself to die of starvation.' They both act accordingly. If both have entered a different path under the same circumstances, is it not clear that they were not the slaves of those circumstances? Therefore they were free. Here are two wheels exactly alike. They are undoubtedly machines, or the part of a machine, for the same screw which controls the movements of one, will have the same effect on the other, if applied to it. Thus, should man be like a wheel, or machine, the screw of circumstance would operate on him with mechanical uniformity.

"Man, it is said, does not command his thoughts. They come and go unbidden, and if he is not master of his thoughts, he is not master of himself, because thought controls the course of action. Indeed! Is this true? I wish to be illustrious, says Bacon to himself, and he compels his mind to produce those stupendous works which will be the eternal monuments of his genius.

Let the Iliad be, says Homer, for I need bread, and the Iliad is. He might have chosen to be a carpenter or any thing else to make a living. Were not Homer and Bacon free to produce or not, at will, what they have produced? Had they no command over their thoughts? Have I not the faculty of withdrawing as it were my soul from my body, and to plunge it into such absorbing meditation, that the material part of my organization will be entirely forgotten and its wants suspended? Is it not related of Socrates that he would at times be so wrapped up in thought, that he would remain motionless, and as if in a trance for hours, in the hot rays of the sun? Was not, on a well-known occasion, the intellectual existence of Archimedes so separated from his physical one by the eagerness of study, that he remained ignorant of the storming of Syracuse, until he received the blow of the Roman soldier who killed him? Is not my mind a swift Ariel which, without the wand of Prospero, I can send where I please? Can I not dismiss it like a flash of lightning from this cemetery, and send it rambling over the world? Can I not so transport my spirit out of my body, that I can look at my corpse, as I sometimes do in fancy, and follow the funeral which carries it to the grave, with as much distinctness of vision as if the conjured up scene was a real one? Am I not then the master of my own mind, and do I not feel that it is distinct from the body which it can control with bit and spur, as a good rider rules the fiery steed on which he is seated?

"The soul, I am told, is nothing but a secretion and modification of matter, and must perish with matter, for it grows and decays with the body. A blow on the skull, some internal concussion or other, some physical infirmity may transform genius into idiocy. A poet

yesterday spoke like an inspired bard; to-day he is a driveler. What has become of his intellect? Is it under an eclipse? I answer that it may be as bright as before, but it cannot transmit its rays unbroken, undistorted and undiminished through the fragments of a broken and tarnished glass. For instance, exquisite music is heard in a room adjacent to yours. You exclaim: 'What a glorious musician!' Let the instrument be cracked, let the strings be snapped, or the keys disarranged, and the music becomes execrable. You exclaim: 'What a bungler!' Yet the musician is the same. It is still the great performer you had heard before. Apply this to the body and the soul. The body has changed, the soul is the same, but its tunes passing through an altered and defective instrument, cease to be harmonious. The soul is not of, but in, the body, and, being encased in it, cannot act except with such material means as it can dispose of. Hence its apparent strength or weakness according to the conditions of our physical organization.

"A band of barbarians have tied me to the stake and torture me with demoniacal skill. I say to my writhing limbs which are convulsed with pain and to my tremulous flesh: be motionless; and they assume the rigidity of a bar of iron. A shriek of agony is forcing itself through my throat. I say: be still, and it is still. My soul which thus binds the body to its will cannot be of the body, but is merely in it, just as the ottar of rose is not of, but in, the vial which prevents its evaporation; and should the vial be broken, its contents would not be altered by the accident, but would survive the crystal envelope which had been given for a particular purpose. Thus, if my soul is not of the body, if it controls and directs it at will, if it panders to its appetites, or re-

fuses to minister to its most legitimate wants, or chooses to torment it with macerations and privations, if it is its master and not its slave, it is not destined to perish with it, because it is of a different essence; and if it is not to perish like matter, then it is to be immortal like a spirit which came into us as the breath of God. As to Cæsar's observation quoted by O'Neil, that annihilation followed death, and therefore that death was no punishment since it puts an end to all the sufferings and troubles of life, let it be remembered that he spoke like an advocate, who had assumed in the senate the defence of Catiline's accomplices against the capital penalty recommended by Cicero. Therefore he contended for their mere expulsion from Rome and the confiscation of their property, which he maintained to be a greater punishment than death. But surely Cæsar could not have believed what he said. He knew very well that the accused would have joyfully accepted exile and confiscation of property in preference to death, therefore exile was not the greater punishment, and for obvious reasons. Exiles have been recalled, confiscated property has been released, but dead men never return to life. Admitting, however, that Cæsar spoke as Sallustius makes him speak, it was a speech for the occasion and for a particular purpose. It is hard to suppose that Cæsar, who so ardently desired such immortality as this world can afford, seriously and really thought that his grand soul or mighty intellect could be reduced to nothingness by death. But, whatever was his true sentiment on this subject, the popular instinct, which in such matters is probably surer than individual perception, would not admit that the soul of Cæsar was mortal. The people said and believed that the comet which appeared immediately after Cæsar's death, was Cæsar's soul.

"I agree, however, on one point with your defunct Irish friend—which is—that all the arguments that can be used for or against the freedom of the will of man, for or against the incompatibility of the existence of evil with the existence of omnipotent benevolence, and for or against the immortality of the soul, have long ago been exhausted; and those who are curious about it must be referred to the learned disquisitions, more or less lucid, which are to be found in libraries. I will merely content myself with one argument in the shape of a question after the Socratic fashion. What is most to be desired for the improvement of man, and what is it that most contributes to that improvement? I believe that I do not risk much in saying that the universal answer will be, that it is the pursuit, acquisition and fruition of truth. Hence it follows, as a natural deduction, that whatever contributes to the moral and physical improvement of man has its foundation in truth, and is the criterion and the test of truth. Therefore, to ascertain what is true, we have only to find out what is beneficial to our race. If it be religion and morality, for they are inseparable, the inevitable inference is that religion and morality are truths; and if religion is the truth, or a truth, the logical sequence is that a belief in free-will, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of reward and punishment is based on truth; for these doctrines or dogmas are the foundations of all religions, and none can deny that religion improves and renders man virtuous and trusty. This is the view which the practical sense and experience of mankind take of it. Let us illustrate it by an example. Two men stand before you—one of them has no faith in the existence of the soul, much less in any accountability to God for his actions, but believes

only in the existence of his transient self, and in the pursuit of his own individual welfare, as a paramount right vested in him by nature. The other is firmly convinced that his immortal soul is answerable to God, for all his deeds whilst he runs here through his short career of joys and sorrows. Which of these two men will you choose for the keeper and guardian of your treasure, life, or honor? Surely the believer, and not the skeptic. I leave you to draw your own conclusions from the motives which have determined your choice. The same reasoning applies to Christianity. It is true because it is perfection, and would make man perfect, if strictly followed; and if it is perfection, it will hardly be maintained that it can have come from man, who is imperfect, and if it does not come from man, it must have come from God, and if from God, it must have been revealed. This is Pascal's reasoning, and you will permit me to believe that Pascal is fully as good authority as O'Neil. But enough of this. O'Neil knows better now. One thing at least he is sure of; it is that he has a soul which has not perished with his body. As to myself, I need no information on the subject from philosophers or metaphysicians. I deal too much with the dead, not to know that all is not dead which appears dead."

"Tintin Calandro," I said, "I have listened to you with much pleasure, and, I hope, with profit. Alas! I am far from being the Christian I ought to be. I have been wayward and headstrong and selfish in my worldly career, and the dupe of my ungoverned passions. But my mother's faith and the prayers which she taught me to lisp in my childhood, whilst kneeling at her feet with my hands clasped together and my eyes riveted on her angelic face, have sunk too deep in the

memory of my heart ever to be forgotten. I will try yet to become what she desired me to be. I have already, in more than one terrible ordeal through which it has been my fate to pass, submitted with resignation to the will of God, and I have on those occasions repeated to myself, whilst my brow sweated with the agony of grief, the words of a very old inscription in Spanish, which, in my travels, I read on the frontispiece of the heavy stone gate of the castle of Coarraze in Bearn, at the foot of the Pyrenees, in which castle the great Henry IV of France was raised."

"Ha!" exclaimed Tintin with lively interest, "what is it? I am as fond of moss-covered inscriptions as of tombs."

"It ran thus:" I replied, "'*Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar.*' *What must be, cannot fail.* And here is the origin of it as told me on the spot. There was a Spanish nobleman, who, centuries ago, fled from the wrath of his sovereign and took refuge at the court of the king of Navarre, who resided at Pau. The king of Spain demanded the surrender of his subject; the king of Navarre refused, and pleaded the sacred rights of hospitality. The Spanish monarch was not satisfied, and threatened war against his weaker neighbor, who, fearing the consequences of it, entered into a negotiation which ended in a compromise, as is generally the case. The king of Navarre would not arrest the fugitive and deliver him up, nor would he permit him to be arrested by the emissaries of Spain, within the precincts of his royal domain of Coarraze which had been assigned for the residence of his guest; but he consented to his being seized any where else on his territory. The persecuted nobleman was secretly informed of the agreement between the two sovereigns, and cautioned

not to venture out of the privileged grounds where he would remain safe. Time flew, and the fugitive became very tired of his confinement. He had recourse to every sort of amusement and occupation, but in vain. At last, with the permission of his protector, he took to building and to making improvements. He erected pavilions, and added wings to the main edifice. He even raised a lofty tower from which he could run his eyes over the broad expanse of country on any part of which he could not set his foot. He would every day walk to the principal gate of that royal residence, and, standing on its threshold, would gaze wistfully at the public road which ran by it. One day that gate struck him as not being in good taste and in harmony with the rest of the premises. He had it pulled down, and ordered another to be put up. He drew the design himself, and it became with him a labor of love to have it properly executed. Every day he was among the workmen, superintending them and correcting their blunders. But, strange to say, notwithstanding all his efforts, the gate, being finished, looked not, and never could be made to look, as if it stood plumb. It seemed to have a horror of the perpendicular; it always leaned in one direction or the other. The nobleman got out of all patience with his workmen. Day after day he was amongst them, wondering at this architectural singularity which he strove in vain to alter, and sometimes, in his wrath and disappointment, using harsh language and threats which they bore with exemplary meekness.

"'It is not plumb, you rascally blockheads,' he would say.

"'Pardon us, my lord, it is plumb.'

"Hence endless disputes, and repeated examinations

and verifications of the position of the stubborn gate. At last, one day when the contest had waxed very hot about the gate being in the perpendicular line or not, one of the mechanics who had always contradicted the nobleman with the most teasing pertinacity, putting himself in the middle of the public road, and taking a minute and critical look at the gate, said in the most provoking manner:

"'Well, I consent to be flayed alive, if any one standing here as I do, does not admit that the gate is perfectly perpendicular; and this is certainly the most proper point to look at it.'

"The enraged nobleman, forgetful of his safety, rushed out to see if the fellow was right or not, and was immediately seized by some of the workmen, who were the disguised emissaries of the king of Spain. The unfortunate prisoner met his fate with dignified calmness.

"'I am ready to follow you,' he said, 'without your using constraint. But do me at least one favor before carrying me away. Set this gate plumb.'

"His wish was immediately complied with; there was no longer any difficulty in obtaining the perpendicular. 'And now,' continued he, 'but one thing more; put this inscription on the gate: *Lo que ha de ser, no puede faltar. What must be, cannot fail.*"'

"I like that Spaniard," said Tintin Calandro with a sort of childish but earnest simplicity. "What was his name?"

"I do not know."

"I am sorry for it: I should like to inquire for him among the dead and learn the end of his story. The fact is, that there is something which strikes me in it. It is this: we are never satisfied with what we are per-

mitted to achieve, and there is always in a man's life some gate or other which he has determined to set plumb; and, neglecting every thing else, he works at it until the gate crushes him. Will you believe it? The very gates of my cemetery are not plumb. It used to worry me. Now I am content to let them stand as they are, without any more fretting about it; for it may be the perfection of wisdom to let things remain as they happen to be on this earth, be they in or out of the perpendicular line, without for ever worrying every body to set or keep every thing plumb."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VALDECK, THE RICH GERMAN MERCHANT, AND ANAYA, THE PORTUGUESE JEW.

In one of my day visits to the St. Louis cemetery, I found Tintin Calandro, much to my astonishment, reading a newspaper. He was seated near a grave which his two faithful black subordinates had been digging. "Why, my friend," I exclaimed, "are you retaking interest in the affairs of this world?"

"Oh!" said he with a melancholy smile, "it is long, very long since I bade farewell to this busy world of ours, and, as you well know, I am not disposed to go back to it. But somebody dropped this newspaper on yonder tomb, and I picked it up. When you spoke to me, I was thinking of the singular impression which a newspaper produces on one who, like myself, lives in a cemetery. It is here rather than anywhere else, that a philosopher must listen to those distant echoes which come from the hubbub beyond these walls, and which make him appreciate more keenly the repose he enjoys and his placid intercourse with the dead. What jostling of each other among men outside of this place! What high and what groveling ambition! What adverse interests! What intrigues, and counter intrigues! What sleepless passions! What deafening noise! What incessant tumult! What lying! What cheating! What envying and slandering! What open and secret murders! And yet what does it amount to in the end?

One day, my lord Cupidity, or whatever may be the appellation of that other thing which most stings man into action, is brought to me in a coffin, in the shape of a corpse, with all its past failures, successes, hopes and disappointments, nailed at last between four planks. Another name is added to the never-ending list of obituaries, and the fullest and longest life shrinks within the span of an epitaph. The scene in the church-yard, in Shakspeare's Hamlet, is the one most to my taste in all the works of that author. Poor prince! His mother was an adultress! His uncle and stepfather a fratricide! His friends would have sold him at any time, and cheap enough. The woman he had loved committed suicide, and he was haunted by his murdered father's ghost! No wonder that he found the atmosphere of a church-yard so congenial, and that he took a melancholy pleasure in apostrophizing the skull of Yorick, who had been his boon companion in more than one merry revel."

Tintin Calandro was interrupted in his reflections by a messenger who brought him a note. He glanced at it, and said to me: "I am instructed to have ready at five o'clock in the afternoon, to-day, the family tomb of the wealthy merchant Valdeck. Well, it shall be ready. He dies full of years, and honored by all, after what, I believe, may be said to be a long career of uninterrupted prosperity."

"I happen to know better than that," I replied. "He was near being ruined twice, a thing not unusual with merchants. The first time, he became insane for a while, and, on the second occasion, he was near attempting his own life in a fit of despair. Now that he is dead, and is coming to dwell within your dominions, you are bound to take some interest in knowing some

thing of his life, and I shall therefore relate to you a few of its main incidents.

"Valdeck was of an excellent German family. He fell in love, on the romantic banks of the Rhine, with a girl who was his inferior in birth and very poor. His father forbade his intended marriage. Valdeck did not respect the prohibition, and married according to the dictates of his heart, in consequence of which he was disinherited. He came to New Orleans with a light cargo of German goods, which he peddled along the banks of the Mississippi, and in the interior of the then territory of Orleans, which was subsequently promoted to be the State of Louisiana. He became acquainted with most of our planters, pleased and interested them in his behalf, for he was a man of education and refinement of manners, and when, in the course of time, he set up as a commission merchant, he was so extensively patronized by them, that, in a few years, he rose to the first rank in our mercantile community. But there came one of those periodical crises, which, like epidemics, afflict our country. There had been a feverish mania for speculating in cotton. The higher the staple was sold, the more greedily was it bought, as if it had been destined to go up indefinitely. Valdeck was a man of good sense, and yet he lost it on that occasion. It seems that there are, at times, great commercial or political fits of insanity for communities as well as for individuals. History teaches us that nations have gone mad more than once. Valdeck had been seized with the contagion of the hour, and had speculated largely. He learned with dismay that his drafts on England and Germany for more than three hundred thousand dollars had not been accepted, and were coming back on him. He was aware that he

could not meet those obligations, and that he was to go into bankruptcy. In those days this was more serious than in ours. To be a bankrupt was a thing which sounded badly in many ears, and made cheeks turn pale. This shows the barbarous condition in which New Orleans was, when such a prejudice of the dark ages still prevailed against such an easy way of settling old debts. Valdeck himself had antediluvian Germanic notions on the subject. He thought that no act of any legislature and no decree of court could discharge him from the payment of a just debt. The consequence was that he lost his mind at the prospect of ruin and disgrace which rose before him.

"Fortunately Valdeck's wife, according to European habits in the mercantile classes, had kept herself well informed of her husband's business. She had not confined herself to playing a part in the parlor, or in the nursery, but she had always acted as if she took much interest in commercial operations in general, and particularly in those of her husband. She had gradually drawn him into communicating to her all his plans, by the apparent eagerness with which she listened to him. He had even permitted her to read, when she pleased, the business letters addressed to or by him, and he had frequently used her as his secretary, for which occupation she showed the utmost readiness and capacity. She had looked into his books under the playful pretext that she wished to be able to act as his clerk, should he ever be compelled to retrench his expenses. In fact, without alarming his pride, and without appearing to exercise intermeddling influence over him in matters which were not within her department, she had acquired considerable authority over him, and she acted as an invisible and unfelt check, although a real and

effective one. She knew the frequent wrecks to which merchants are liable, and, although she did not pretend to pilot the ship in which her husband's fortune and reputation were embarked, yet she desired to be on deck to spy the horizon and perhaps to discover in time the breakers ahead. With true feminine instinct and vague sagacity she had tried to dissuade Valdeck from his late cotton speculations, but unfortunately she had failed. The current of example which drove him onward with a host of companions in folly, was too strong for her to arrest. Her worst fears were more than realized. Not only was her husband ruined, but he became insane. She, however, did not lose her presence of mind and fortitude under the crushing afflictions which had visited her. She asked for an interview with the presidents and cashiers of two of our banks, and through them she obtained leave to appear before the respective directions of those two institutions, to which she demonstrated that it was their interest to come to the relief of Valdeck, because a timely loan of three hundred thousand dollars would prevent her husband from failing, and thereby would not only save the credit of one of our first merchants, but also ward off heavy losses which otherwise would fall on the banks and on certain influential firms, connected in their relations with her husband's house. She spoke with such an astonishing knowledge of business, and with such a depth of feeling as a woman and a wife, that, exciting the admiration and commanding the confidence of those she addressed, she obtained the desired loan. She paid all the drafts when presented, and, gradually making her husband understand that his house was as firm as ever, she restored him to reason, to his family and to society.

"Years had elapsed, and Valdeck would have been cited as the richest merchant in New Orleans, were it not that he had a rival in Anaya, the Portuguese Jew. Valdeck was fond of show and lived with magnificence, giving profuse and costly entertainments. Hence he had acquired reputation for generosity and had become very popular. He had been twice elected a senator in the State legislature without his desiring it, and other honors had been tendered him, which he had refused as incompatible with his avocations. He had but one son, to whom he was devotedly attached, but whom he ruled despotically. It was in his nature to be a despot like his own father, and, forgetting what he himself had suffered in consequence of it under the paternal roof, forgetting that he was the disowned and the disinherited for no other cause than that of having married to please himself, he was pursuing toward his son the same course which had been pursued toward himself. He had been a slave; he had resented it bitterly; and yet, in his turn, he was making his son a slave. So little do we profit by the lessons which we receive!

"Anaya, the Jew, had a different turn of mind. He was a man of remarkable energy and of indomitable will, it is true, but that will became exceedingly pliant when in contact with that of his daughter Esther. Anaya was a widower, and Esther was 'the sole daughter of his house and heart.' He was a small, lean, dark visaged man, as nimble as a weazel, and whose foot hardly touched the ground in his rounds of business through the streets of New Orleans. He seemed to be walking on springs, and was never seen without a sort of half-formed smile on his thin lips and a twinkle in his eye, which some interpreted as expressive of self-satisfaction at the consciousness of his being

a razor so superlatively polished and sharp. He lived entirely for business, having no idea outside of it and unconnected with money making. Every evening, a little before sunset, he took a walk with Esther, whose magnificent shape and eastern face—such as painters have loved to gift with the celebrated female characters of the Bible, made every one turn round to cast a lingering look at the splendid Jewess, for there was no mistaking the origin attested by such features. There was in her marvelous beauty a sort of effulgence, which a lover might have thought sufficient to light up the very temple of Solomon and add to its splendor, had she lived when it existed and had she appeared there to worship the God of Israel. That royal poet and philosopher might have been tempted to make her the theme of one of his songs, and might have chosen her as the sultana of his soul. Whatever may have been the physical and intellectual discrepancies which were conspicuous between the father and the daughter, and they were many, those two beings agreed and were congenial at least in one thing—the love of retirement. Anaya lived in an humble house, and Esther was always modestly dressed. No diamond ever sparkled on her person, and she was but an indifferent customer for milliners. It is not surprising, therefore, that Anaya was said by some to be the Jew of Jews, and meaner than the meanest of his race. There was a faint rumor, however, that he secretly gave largely to the poor of all religious denominations. But who had ever seen it, or could swear to it? 'Pooh! a Jew is a Jew,' was the reply to any who attempted to throw in a word in favor of Anaya, and this pithy sentence silenced at once all opposition.

"Valdeck was an ambitious and ostentatious man,

and his hobby was to be the first—a sort of Cæsar—among the moneyed men of the city. But, notwithstanding his large credit, notwithstanding the profusion of his household expenses, and perhaps on account of it, the public obstinately believed that he was not so rich as the modest and hard-saving Portuguese Jew, and it was rumored that the name of Valdeck ranked a little lower than the name of Anaya in the estimate of the banks. Valdeck was cut to the quick, and, although a man of generous impulses, allowed the worst feelings of his nature to prevail so much over the best, as to make him gradually harbor in his breast the greatest aversion for Anaya, based on an intense jealousy. It is not astonishing that what has happened frequently should happen again. This world of ours, in its rotatory movements is but a repetition of old things, and, notwithstanding it is so fond of changes, it is constantly, after a little while, resuming and putting on its cast-off garments. Hence Solomon said with truth that there was nothing new under the sun. Well, precisely because Valdeck's son and Anaya's daughter should have kept apart from each other, they came together and mutual love ensued. Esther did not hestitate to make an avowal of her feelings to her father as soon as she ascertained their existence. The old man listened quietly, and, drawing Esther to his bosom, kissed her brow and said:

"'Two words . . . . two words of warning, daughter. Hear a short story. I was at the battle of the 8th of January gained, in 1815, by General Jackson. Valdeck was there also. A cannon ball struck me down, lacerating a considerable portion of my body. I must confess that the surgeon in attendance immediately declared that the wound was not mortal, and this may

palliate to some extent the cruel levity of Valdeck's remark on that occasion.'

"'Father, father, what did he say?' exclaimed Esther, growing pale.

"'Well, he said, on hearing of my misfortune, "It may be a fit retribution, and a gentle hint of Providence to the Jew, by which let us hope that he will profit. The Shylock has taken so many pounds of flesh out of Christian hearts, that it is just that a shot from a Christian gun should have carried off some of his own."'

"Esther sank into her father's arms and wept bitterly. "'Daughter,' continued Anaya, 'I know that the son is not responsible for the father's harshness of heart. You have my consent to act as you please in this matter. But beware that the unfeeling jester does not jest at you.'

"In his turn, Valdeck's son opened himself to his father. 'My son,' replied he dryly, 'marriage is a very serious thing—very. I must reflect on the subject, for your sake.'

"Early on the next morning he entered his son's room. 'I have,' he said, 'given due consideration to the communication which you made to me yesterday. For the present, I will not express either approbation or disapprobation, of your choice. You are yet very young, and I wish you to travel before you settle in life. You shall depart to-morrow in one of my ships, and make yourself personally acquainted with all my correspondents in Europe. In two years you will come back.'

"The disconsolate youth, after having written a hasty letter to Esther, in which he informed her of what had happened, and pledged himself to eternal constancy,

obeyed his father as he was wont to do in all things. The ship which carried him away carried also a letter addressed by Valdeck to the Austrian minister of foreign affairs in Vienna, and president of the emperor's cabinet council. It ran thus:

"'PRINCE,—A circumstance, which I always thought one of the most pleasant events of my life, once put it in my power to render to your excellency a service, which you spontaneously assured me would never be forgotten. You had the kindness to say, that if I ever asked you a favor, it should be granted. I now take the liberty to remind you of a promise which you so graciously made. You will soon be informed of the arrival in Vienna of my son, recommended to the great banking house of Rothschild & Co. It is my desire that he should be arrested, under the pretext of his being connected with some of those political intrigues which are always kept on foot by those disorganizers who are so numerous and so active in Europe. I beg that he be shut up in some fortress, but treated with gentleness whilst thus imprisoned. The bankers I have mentioned to your excellency will be instructed to provide liberally for all his wants. My object, in depriving my son of his liberty for a little while, is to save him from the consequences of a foolish amour.

"'I have the honor, prince, to be, with the most profound respect, your excellency's most humble and faithful servant.'

"The puissant man in Vienna remembered the debt of gratitude which he had promised to discharge, and the young traveler was arrested in compliance with his father's request. As soon as he was informed of the

fact, Valdeck made no secret of it. He publicly and contemptuously said, that he would incarcerate his son for his lifetime rather than allow him to marry a Jewess. His object was to wound, and he did wound. Two weeks afterward he received this brief note from Anaya:

"'Sir,—My daughter has just married a Jew like myself. She hopes that your son's imprisonment will soon cease, as there is no longer any cause for it.'

"One year after this incident, there was another financial crisis. Again Valdeck had been imprudent, and had not resisted the temptation of speculating immensely in cotton. There seemed to be some fatality about such an infatuation. The liabilities which he was suddenly called upon to meet were five hundred thousand dollars, and all his resources, owing to the stringency of the times, had become unavailable. Valdeck was an exceedingly proud and sensitive man, with all the prejudices, as I have said before, which had prevailed so long against bankrupts in his native country. Besides, the day had not yet come, even for this new and most progressive part of the world, although it was now approaching, when the more bankruptcies a man goes through, the higher his credit, and the greater his weight and consideration in society. Valdeck had not changed his old conviction—that no law can free a man from the moral obligation of paying his debts. He was also antiquated in many other respects, and particularly as to what was understood as *honor* in former times. Evidently the man's brain had a taint of insanity, or was prepared for it. Otherwise, how could he, in the nineteenth century, entertain notions

so little in harmony with those new gospels which had lately beamed on the world, and introduced such changes in religion, morality, philosophy, politics, and the usages of social intercourse? Sane, or not, on one thing he was inflexibly determined—which was—not to be a bankrupt and poor, and survive it. He had not learned the art to become a bankrupt, remain rich, and retain a quiet conscience. He had not adopted the convenient maxim: 'What every body else does, I am justified in doing.' I mention this as another proof of his predisposition to insanity. Hence it follows that he did not think of putting aside under his wife's petticoat the greatest portion of his property, which he could thus have saved from the seizure of his creditors, or rather of his creditor, for he had learned that Anaya the Jew had bought up all his liabilities, and had him in his gripe. This added to the intenseness of his despair, which became so ungovernable, that he resolved to put an end to his life. He wrote a letter to his son, in which he informed him of his unchangeable resolution, and gave him instructions as to certain things to be done after his death. Enclosed was another letter to be delivered to his wife. It was seven o'clock in the evening when he sealed that communication to his family.

"'Peter,' said he to his black body-servant, 'you will carry this letter to my son at half-past twelve to-night. Take care not to fail. You will knock him up, because it is important that he should receive it precisely at the time which I mention.'

"The negro, who had some misgivings as to his being able to keep awake and be punctual, came to the conclusion after much sage cogitation, that it was better to deliver the letter immediately, and thus make sure

that it would reach its destination at half-past twelve, as desired by his old master. Besides, servants are remarked to have frequently a natural blundering disposition to do the very reverse of what they are told. This accounts for the reception of the letter several hours before the intended one. On reading it, the young man ran to Anaya's house. It was eight o'clock. The Jew was in his closet, deeply engaged in examining some papers, which examination he now and then interrupted to make additions to an interminable column of numbers which spread before him. The youth flung himself at Anaya's feet, exclaiming:

"'O, pray, spare my father; he is in your power. I know how much he has wronged you. But, be generous, save him from ruin and death. Do not force him into bankruptcy; stop the arm that will soon be lifted up for self-destruction. At midnight he will cease to live. You know him well, and you cannot doubt that he will do what he contemplates.'

"'You forget, young man,' said Anaya with a sternness which was the more alarming from the icy tone of the speaker, 'you forget that I am a Jew, not a Christian; and that my religion permits me to exact a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye.'

"At that moment a door opened, and Esther walked up to her father without appearing to notice the youth, who had remained in the same posture. She put a finger on her father's shoulder, and, looking imploringly in his face, she said with a calm voice made still more impressive by its gentle tone:

"'Father, pardon your enemy whose son is at your feet. Pardon him for my sake. I know you will, for you have never refused me any thing.'

"Without waiting for an answer, she kissed his brow

and quietly withdrew as she had entered. Anaya laid his elbow on his desk, and bent his forehead to rest it on the palm of his hand. In that attitude he remained several minutes. The suitor for mercy continued on his knees, breathlessly expecting the decision of him who held in his power his father's life and mercantile reputation. It seemed to him that the beating of his heart must have been audible in the awful silence of that room. At last, Anaya drew up painfully a deep sigh, as if he was mourning over the sacrifice of some cherished plan at the accomplishment of which he had long aimed, and, taking a pen, wrote these words to Valdeck:

"'Sir,—I am your only creditor, as you know. I forego my well-matured and successful scheme of vengeance. Your obligations shall not be protested. I will grant you what terms you may desire. My notary is known to you. Call on him; he will have received my instructions, and your affairs shall be satisfactorily settled.' He signed: 'Anaya the Jew.'

"He handed the note open to the young man, who glanced at it, and who, after kissing Anaya's hands in a transport of gratitude, darted like a deer to return home and save his father. Valdeck did not fail as was generally expected, and re-established his fortune, which became larger than before. Truth requires it to be said that he was profoundly grateful, and sought the Jew's friendship with as much perseverance and earnestness as he had been sedulous before in avoiding all contact with him. But the Jew checked all his advances. He remained cold and distant, and contented himself with being a mere acquaintance for Valdeck, to whom he would barely touch his hat as they met, and then passed on."

CHAPTER XIX.

SOMETHING ON THE JEWS. THE WHITE AND BLACK PEAS OF PAPILLON, THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

A WEEK later, I visited Tintin Calandro. "You have neglected me," he said, "since Valdeck's funeral. It was a grand affair. The whole city, it seems to me, escorted him to his last place of repose; and, what pleased me exceedingly, was the presence of Anaya. I kept my eye on him. He came close to the grave, looked at it fixedly, and I thought I saw tears glistening in his eyes. Something had evidently touched and softened his heart. I wonder what can be the feelings of a man who stands by the tomb of his enemy, and who can say: 'I have saved him from ruin, from despair, and from destruction at his own hands.' Faith! I am a Christian by birth and conviction, but I assure you that, at that moment, I envied that Jew."

"Since you take so much interest in Anaya," I said, "let me tell you, Tintin Calandro, that Valdeck's will has just been opened. It contains these words: 'Joseph Anaya is the man whom I esteem the most in this world, and whom, with my dying breath, I love to proclaim my benefactor. I hereby appoint him my testamentary executor, and I bequeath to him, as a feeble testimonial of my feelings toward him, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, which I beg him to use in the construction of a synagogue, should he deem proper so to

do. After what he knows to have passed between him and me, I hope that he will feel that he cannot refuse me this last favor.'"

"Bravo!" exclaimed Tintin, "and what has Anaya done?"

"He has accepted the trust and the legacy, but only to distribute the amount of the legacy among the Christian charity institutions of the city."

"Bravissimo!" ejaculated Tintin, rubbing his hands as if he wanted to strip them of their skin.

"Stop," said I, "it is not all. Anaya has declared that he would carry into execution Valdeck's desire as to the building of a synagogue, but that it should be at his own expense."

Tintin leaped full three feet high, and, when again safely resting on solid ground, exclaimed: "By my good soul, this is as proud a Jew as ever was any Paynim warrior, or Christian knight in the days of chivalry. He is an honor to his race. When he dies, I shall seek his friendship in the realm of spirits. Then only will it be permitted to poor Tintin Calandro, the grave-digger, to approach on a footing of equality Anaya the rich Jew."

A moment of silence ensued. It was broken by Tintin, who said to me: "Do you know that, in the midst of these tombs, where I have nothing better to do than to think, I have frequently meditated on the Jews, and have come to the conclusion, that they are the most wonderful race that ever lived. What has become of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans and the other nations of antiquity? Either swept away, or entirely different for the worse, from what they were formerly. The Jew alone—the Jew of to-day is the Jew of the past. Here is a people,

and the only one, whose history begins with the creation of the world. Their religion, their legislation, their population in its number, their literature, their prejudices, their customs and manners have remained the same, whether existing in Judea as an independent nation, or dragged collectively into captivity, or individually dispersed throughout the earth after their nationality had been shivered into fragments. They still say: We are a chosen people, we are the elect of the Lord, we shall be restored to the Holy Land, we were and are distinct, and shall ever be distinct from the rest of mankind. There is but one God—it is the God of Israel, and the Messiah is still to come. Is it not a most remarkable fact, that it is the only nation in the world which never worshiped persistently a multiplicity of gods? Although some of them occasionally strayed into idolatry, yet pantheism and paganism never were institutions with them, as among the other nations. Can there be a greater phenomenon than the immutability of that people? They seem to be susceptible of neither expansion, nor contraction. What a miracle that a nation of five or six millions of souls should have so long retained its existence and identity, after its being rooted out of its native land? God grasped the Jews like a handful of sand and flung them to the four quarters of the horizon, and yet each grain remains imperishable and unmixed. It is as if some drops of the water of the Red Sea had been cast into the Atlantic Ocean, and still retained their distinctive color and their original composition, after resisting a fusion into which they could not be lashed by the storms of successive centuries. What has not perished among those things which existed four thousand years ago? The Jew alone floats like the ark over the vast

deluge of destruction. He is a wreck, it is true, but a wreck gifted with the awful privilege of bidding defiance to time, the resistless.

"Take a Jew in any part of the world, and how does he differ from a Jew in the days of Moses? Simply in dress. He has the same religion, the same laws, the same moral principles, the same observances and ceremonies prescribed by the legislator of Mount Sinai. He still believes in the same promises; and the ungratified hope which his heart still cherishes has traversed with unimpaired strength the barren wilderness of forty centuries. In the French, the English, the Spanish, the German Jew, it is the Jew who predominates over the Frenchman, the Englishman, the Spaniard and the German. First, the Jew, and then any thing else you please. Neither blood nor water will wash out his national and primitive type. The seal of Jerusalem is on his brow. Is it possible to refuse to believe that he is singled out, marked and put aside for the accomplishment of some grand purpose, to which he has been destined by Heaven from all eternity, and that he is emphatically a providential instrument? Take a Greek family, for instance, and carry them to England. After five hundred years of residence in that country, will there be on the face of the descendants of that family a peculiar expression which will say to all beholders: there goes a Greek? Why this miraculous prerogative which sets the Jew apart, and which prevents him from being confounded with any other of the sons of man? There he stands, an eternal and never changed sentinel, listening to the voice of prophecy sent to him by the faint echo of distant ages, and watching for the shadow of Jehovah as He passes, after having disowned His light and His substance in His Son. Truly there

is a divinity that hedges that people. Religion was their breath and life, and the worship of God was mixed up with every act of their daily and most common avocations. Their history is so entirely and so absolutely theological, that you could not write one page of it, if that theology was suppressed. Jehovah was their King, and can no more be struck out of the records of their national existence than the sun from heaven. That history is but one long series of predictions and a concatenation of typical and foreshadowed events, from Adam and Eve the parents of mankind, down to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and the final dispersion of the Jews. If the importance of a nation is to be determined by the consequences to humanity resulting from its existence and the part which it has performed, then, among the greatest nations of antiquity, there is none which does not sink into insignificance when compared with the Jews.

"Take them at the birth of Christ, for instance, and take the Romans at the same epoch. Put Christianity in one scale, and the victories, the legislation, the literature and civilization of the Romans in the other, and see which will kick the beam. Which, for the last nineteen centuries, has had the most influence on the destinies of our race? The answer cannot be doubtful. Select Cæsar as a type of the Roman people, and Christ as the representative of the Jewish, and see how incommensurably the one yields to the other. Look at all mankind, and tell me if you can discover any portion of it that possesses so signally as the Jews all the characteristics of predestination. The Romans and the Jews are the two grandest figures among the nations of the earth. They were the selected champions of the Almighty for a particular mission. That of the Romans

was, to bring the whole world into the unity of despotism and establish the centralization of physical and intellectual power for the spreading of pagan civilization. That mission being fulfilled, Rome passed away. That of the Jews seems to be, as predicted, to subject all nations to the unity of Christianity through and by Him whom they crucified and of whom they bear testimony in their very unbelief. That mission is not yet accomplished. Hence the Jews still exist with undiminished vitality. God works slowly. Time is for Him as if it were not. At the end of the first century there were five hundred thousand Christians, and about six millions of Jews. In the nineteenth century it is estimated that there are three hundred millions of Christians, and still the same stationary number of Jews. This disproportion will probably continue to progress until the time destined for the end, and until no testimony is any longer necessary to establish that the man God was crucified. They are preserved intact, as witnesses and actors in the sublime drama of Calvary. In the meanwhile, the Jews show themselves more observant of their laws, religion and time-honored usages, than any other people would probably be of their own, if placed in similar circumstances. We seldom or never hear among them of divorces, adulteries, and other offences which crowd our criminal courts with defendants against State prosecutions. Who ever saw a Jew beggar? Who ever heard of a Jew not able to make a living? How very few of them, if any, are carried to our charity hospitals? They certainly appear to love one another much more effectually than we Christians love our brothers in Christ, and they lend to one another a more readily helping hand than we are prepared to do among ourselves. Now that they are no longer kept in a state of

degradation and oppression, they exhibit a remarkable aptitude for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. As bankers, traders, lawyers, and as the possessors of the secret of acquiring speedy wealth, we know their wonderful capacity; and it must be acknowledged with much satisfaction, that, since they have ceased to be a universal subject of contempt and reprobation, they have become much more liberal in their feelings and views, and that, if they reject the corner-stone of Christianity, they practice at least one of its fundamental principles—which is—charity toward all men. 'So Israel shall be saved.' Let us hope for the accomplishment of this prophecy. This gradual softening and humanizing of those whom Moses characterized as a 'stiff-necked' people, may be the beginning of that desired end."

Whilst he was delivering these sentiments, we strayed to a place where a tomb hardly raised itself above the weeds which grew around the modest structure. I stooped to read the inscription, and saw that it was to the memory of Papillon, a justice of the peace who had flourished during the days of my boyhood, and acquired some celebrity for his peculiar mode of exercising the powers intrusted to him. He had established as a judicial rule, and as a guide to his private and official conscience, that, as the altar must support the priest, so the court must support the judge, and, as he had no regular salary, but had to look to the costs for his living, he had to watch over this contingent and precarious revenue with a keen eye, and no hen was so solicitous about gathering its chicks under its wing, as Papillon was in gathering the costs in his court. He had with great sagacity and good luck selected as his constable a man named Pindar, whose skill in swelling the bill of fees in every suit was unparalleled. Pindar had the advan

tage of knowing everybody in New Orleans, which knowledge was of invaluable advantage to the justice in deciding every case. That magistrate, shortly after taking his oath of office, had proclaimed that the administration of justice should be prompt, and that the law's proverbial delays should be unknown to suitors before his tribunal, and therefore that he never would, as other judges do, "take time to consider." He preferred giving judgment on the spot, when the arguments of counsel were fresh in his mind. "After all," he would say, taking a pinch of snuff from a capacious horn box, "the first impulse is the best and the safest, and I will trust to that."

In accordance with this maxim and determination on his part, and in the interest of the public as he alleged, the justice, as soon as a suit had been gone through, wrote his judgment *ex-abrupto*, invariably with this preamble: "Considering the law and evidence applicable to this case," etc.,—and these sacramental words were followed by the usual conclusions for plaintiff or defendant, without at all stating the law and evidence on which the judgment was based. In fact, the justice had very little trouble in coming to those conclusions, for they were generally settled in his own mind before the trial of most cases, and by a very simple process. Every day a list of all the cases to be tried on that day was laid before him by constable Pindar, with whom he never failed to have a confidential interview before the opening of the court, and during which a short dialogue ensued. "Well, Pindar," he would say, "which of these rascally parties is most able to pay costs?" And, according to Pindar's answer, Papillon wrote this memorandum in his docket book: "N.B., judgment to be given in this case for defendant, or judgment for plaintiff."

Another peculiarity of Papillon's administration of justice was: that he never refused an application for a new trial. "It increased the costs," said he, "and gave satisfaction to the applicant." When the parties litigant were reported by Pindar to be of about equal pecuniary means to pay the costs, then Papillon would decide according to the merits of the case, if those merits were so clear as to leave no doubts in his mind. Otherwise, he consulted two peas which he always carried in his pocket. In his jokes with Pindar over a bottle of wine, he used to call those two peas his "associate justices on the bench." One was white, and the other black. Thrusting his hand into his breeches pocket, Papillon drew at random one of the peas, whenever he was embarrassed about the side he was to decide for. Black was for defendant, white for plaintiff; and he entered judgment accordingly by and with the advice of one or the other of his peas. Notwithstanding these judicial eccentricities Papillon was very popular; for he had a splendid cook, and gave frequent dinners on Sundays. Every Saturday, he would say to his constable: "Pindar, my friend, what is the condition of the larder?" By larder he meant the fee bill which had accrued during the week. Generally, the constable's short answer was: "Fine, sir, extra fine." Then the justice would take his seat with a face beaming with benevolence, and would say to such of the lawyers as practiced the most before him, and who, on that day of the week, took care to be present at the opening of the court, in anticipation of what would be forthcoming: "Gentlemen, the dignity and peace of the State require that there should be a good understanding between the bar and the bench. Hence I invite you to dinner to-morrow at five o'clock, to dis-

cuss, with all the learning and the acumen which you are known to possess, the merits of a royal turbot, a fat capon, a corpulent turkey, a haunch of venison, or a sirloin of beef, as the case may be."

When Papillon died at last of an indigestion, the glory of those inferior courts of which he was the chief ornament departed for ever. He was soon followed to the grave by the incomparable and inconsolable Pindar, who succumbed to his grief and to his too frequent potations to drown it. Between the conflicting effects of grief and grog, that mirror of constables yielded the ghost, after refusing the most tempting offers on the part of other justices of the peace who strove to secure his services. He had heroically declared that he would serve no other man after having served Papillon. Although lean and hungry, he had remained true to that determination and to his devotion to the memory of that great magistrate. A rare example of fidelity in these dege- erate days!

CHAPTER XX.

A JURY TRIAL.—THE FORCE AND VITALITY OF PREJUDICES.

"I WILL relate to you," said Tintin Calandro, "an anecdote about a jury, which will be the fellow to that of your justice of the peace. I have it from a member of the New Orleans bar, a Frenchman by birth, whose name was Delpit, and who had acquired some reputation in the management of criminal cases. In one of the parishes of the State one of his compatriots had married into a Creole family, and had quarreled with Cornelius, the brother of his wife. The Frenchman, having been naturalized, had been appointed by the Governor sheriff of the parish, and was ordered, one day, to serve a writ on his brother-in-law, who had conceived a deadly hostility to him. In the fulfillment of his duty he went to the house of that brother-in-law, and found him seated in the porch of the dwelling with a double-barreled gun in his hand, and evidently expecting the visit of the officer of the law. The sheriff opened the front gate to enter.

"'Stop,' exclaimed Cornelius, 'one step more, and I fire.'

"'You know very well,' said La Grange, (that was the Frenchman's name,) 'that I come in obedience to an order of court. As sheriff of the parish I am compelled to serve this writ on you.'

"Whilst thus speaking, he exhibited a paper and

advanced to deliver it. He was met by a discharge of the double-barreled gun which stretched him lifeless on the green sward. Cornelius remained quietly at home, as if nothing had happened. His friends and relations came to him and urged him to leave the country. It was clear that his case admitted of no defence, and nothing but flight could save him from the gallows. 'What do I care?' replied the stolid fellow to all their entreaties. 'Hang me if you please, but I will not fly.'

"True to his word, he remained in his house until he was at last arrested and put in jail. Again his friends and family begged him, for their sake, if not for himself, to seek safety in flight. They could easily, they said, secure his escape. But he continued to be deaf to all their appeals. His constant reply was: 'Hang me if you please, but I will not fly.' Seeing his invincible obstinacy, they told him to employ at least a lawyer. 'No,' said he, 'hang me if you please, but I will employ no lawyer.' All those who took an interest in him, and who, being connected with him by blood, shrank from the disgrace of having one of their family die on a gibbet, were in despair, and, having determined to save him if possible, in spite of himself, resolved to employ counsel for him at their own expense. They sent to the city a letter which brought up Delpit.

"'I had received a good fee,' said he, who himself liked to tell the anecdote, 'but, by heaven, what defence could I make? So, when the trial came on, after my having challenged the most intelligent jurors and every foreigner, and accepted only those who, I presumed, might be partial to my client, or be stupid enough to be befogged, and not know their right hand from the left, I thought I had done all that could be

expected, for I had microscopically examined the indictment and the other proceedings, without finding the slightest flaw. It was a desperate case, and, what made it worse, my client peremptorily objected to the usual plea of insanity.'

"'Gentlemen of the jury,' said the prosecuting attorney, after the evidence had been heard, 'the prisoner at the bar is accused of murder. His crime is so unprovoked, so cold-blooded, so unjustifiable and so well-established, and his guilt so undeniable, that it would be insulting your understanding, and wasting your time and that of the Court, to go into any argument on this occasion. I leave, therefore, the case in your hands without further observation. You will remember your oath and do justice to the State and the accused.'

"'It became my turn to speak. I felt confused; for there never had been a more atrocious and a less defensible murder. I talked about the moon and the sun, and the four elements, for I did not know what to say. But I had to say something, and I launched out into a roaring ocean of pathetic nonsense. I tried to stun and distract the judge and jury with a cataract of words and a whirlwind of passion. When I had done and was endeavoring to recover my breath, the District Attorney, who conducted the prosecution for the State, rose and said dryly:'

"'Gentlemen of the jury, the law and evidence in this case have been laid before you. The eloquent counsel who has just addressed you has not been able, notwithstanding his well-known skill in managing affairs of this nature, to present to you the shadow of a defence in the defenceless case of which he has taken charge. He has in reality attempted none, as you may have observed. What he has said, merely because he

was bound to say something, needs no refutation—nay—is not susceptible of any, as he has offered nothing substantial and tangible; for his words were but empty sounds, signifying nothing; and, to do him justice, let us admit that it could not be otherwise. As I have said before, I submit the case without further comment.'

"The judge, in a short charge, echoed the language of the District Attorney, and delivered the indictment to the foreman whom he appointed. Every body expected a verdict on the spot. But no. To the astonishment of all, the jury asked to retire to their room of deliberation, to which they were conducted by the sheriff. There they remained an hour. What had been astonishment at first, rose to the highest pitch of amazement. The Court, its officers, the members of the bar, and the numerous spectators who had witnessed the trial had a blank look, which was beginning to assume a ludicrous aspect, when at last the jury made their appearance. Their names were called, the twelve answered. The foreman handed the verdict on which they had agreed to the clerk, who read aloud: 'Not guilty.'

"'What!' exclaimed the judge, who was a naturalized foreigner, 'this is not possible. Mr. clerk, read that verdict again.'

"'Not guilty,' repeated the clerk in a more sonorous voice.

"The judge became pale with indignation, and shouted fiercely: 'Gentlemen of the jury, you are discharged,' adding between his teeth in a less audible tone, 'and may the devil take you to where you ought to be!'

"What a triumph for the counsel of the accused!" continued Tintin Calandro. "He swelled with self-

importance, and addressed the warmest congratulations to his client, who received them rather coldly. But something puzzled him. What had he said which had produced so marvelous a result? He was determined to discover it, for it might be of immense service to him in other cases of a similar nature. Impressed with the importance of obtaining the desired information, he ran after the foreman of the jury, whom he discovered at a distance slowly wending his way home. He thanked him for the verdict rendered in behalf of his client, and asked him as a favor to tell him which of his arguments had induced the jury to acquit the accused. The foreman hesitated, and tried to avoid answering the inquiry. The man of law became more pressing.

"'You had better not be so urgent,' said the impor tuned juror, 'for my answer might offend you.'

"'Offend me!' exclaimed the astonished attorney. 'That is impossible. If I insist so much on your doing me the favor to gratify my curiosity, it is because I expect to obtain information which may be of consequence to me professionally. Therefore, pray, tell me, which of my arguments acted on you so powerfully?'

"'Pish! pish!' grunted the foreman, whose politeness at last gave way to his impatience, 'since you will have it, let me tell you that the jury did not pay the slightest attention to your address to them. We acquitted the prisoner, because we could not put up with the idea that a Creole should be hung for a Frenchman.'

"Here is certainly," said Tintin, rubbing his sharp nose, "as striking an instance of prejudice as I ever knew."

"I admit it, Tintin Calandro," I replied, "and what

astonishes me, is the existence of the same feeling among all the descendants of Europeans in America against the source whence they came. The Cubans, the Mexicans and the inhabitants of South America, even of unmixed Spanish blood, detest the Spaniards. The natives of the French West India Islands, and of St. Domingo in particular, and of Louisiana and Canada, have no very decided sympathy for the Frenchmen who settle among them; and the Anglo-Saxon Americans are not supposed to entertain much partiality for the English."

"There may be several reasons to be alleged for it," said Tintin Calandro, "but I will not venture to give even a single one. The witty and sage Fontenelle once observed, that, if he had his hand full of truths, he would clutch them tight, and not allow one, if he could, to slip out between his fingers, because he had no taste for martyrdom. In this way he managed to keep egotistically free from all troubles and to live a hundred years. A lesson to you and to me."

"Tintin," I answered, "prejudice is inseparable from human nature. All the philosophers of the world will not eradicate it, and they themselves are not free from its sway. There is not one man whose mind, like his body, does not cast a shadow, and the stronger the light which falls on either, the stronger the shadow. Prejudice is the shadow which projects from the mind. But Louisiana is not the only field where prejudices have a luxurious growth. Follow me a thousand miles or more to the west, where I shall put some actors on the stage. Two members of Congress from this State were traveling once through Ohio, on their way to Washington City. One of them was an Irishman by birth, the other a native of Louisiana. The coach in which they

were, broke a wheel on a part of the road which ran through a thinly inhabited section of the country. The passengers were informed that the detention would last several hours, so that the two gentlemen from Louisiana determined to explore the environs of the place where the accident had happened, and seek shelter against a cold drizzling rain which had set in. After wandering for some time, they arrived at a log-cabin embedded in a cluster of trees. There they found a woman whose flaxen hair and lily complexion showed her to be purely Saxon; but they were astonished at the mahogany color and kinky hair of her young children. Whilst they were wondering at this phenomenon, a big strapping Hercules of a negro entered the cabin, and was introduced to her visitors by the woman as her husband. After a while, the black man went away. The native of Louisiana and the native of Ireland were shocked, and could not refrain from expressing their feelings to the Saxon female, who, thereupon, showed great distress of mind and began shedding a flood of tears. Pained at the effect which they had produced by their reproaches, and, reflecting that it was but poorly rewarding the woman for her hospitality, they tried to soothe her, and even to find an excuse for what she had done, by laying it at the door of the education she had received, and attributing her want of self-respect to the absence of a prejudice, which existed in them with a vigor entirely due perhaps to circumstances.

"'Do not distress yourselves about me, gentlemen,' said the woman. 'It is not over what I have done that I am crying, but about my sister, who has done a great deal worse,' and she went on weeping more profusely than ever.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed the horrified gentlemen. 'What can she have done?'

"'O Lord! O Lord!' ejaculated the woman, blubbering and wringing her hands. 'Will you believe it, gentlemen? She has married an Irishman!'"

Tintin laughed. "Certain people," he said, "complain of the prejudices of the white inhabitants of the Southern States against the negro; and yet the negro is the most prejudiced of all human beings. What he despises the most on earth, is what he calls the 'white trash' that is imported from Europe; and it is that very white trash—it is those poor hewers of wood and drawers of water in a distant country, where they know nothing of negro nature and of the condition of that portion of the human family, who feel the most sympathy for the imaginary sufferings of those imported sons of Africa! Really, this is a funny and a sad world. One day, I saw a young negress, evidently a native of Louisiana, and as evidently a spoiled child of the land, black though she was and a slave, standing like a block of ebony at the corner of St. Peter and Royal streets. She had a basket on her head, which she, with graceful ease, kept in equilibrium, and she held her arms akimbo on a beautifully shaped waist. She was very cleanly dressed, and handsome for one of her race. She was staring at a long line of dirty German emigrants who had just landed, and who, two by two, were ascending Royal street. Her eyes were flashing, her lips curled, and her nostrils dilated with scorn. She reminded me of the statue of Apollo looking at the serpent Python, and preparing to let loose his unerring shaft at the monster—which shows what far-fetched comparisons sometimes present themselves to the mind. Spying one of her class on the opposite

side of the street, she hallooed to her and said: 'Gossip dear, what cattle are these? Whence do they come, and where do they go?' Never shall I forget the scene. Mrs. Siddons herself could not have thrown more contempt into her voice. On another occasion, in a political riot which occurred on a day of election, an individual was killed before the house of a gentleman, who related the anecdote to me. 'I looked out,' he said, 'and saw the dead body stretched out in the street right in front of my door. At that moment my dinner was announced to be in readiness. I was so shocked by what I had seen, that, instead of going to my dinner, I stepped into my little garden back of the house, which I paced thoughtfully, with my head hanging down. My cook, a small, soft-hearted and soft-spoken colored woman, came up to me in a sort of stealthy and cat-like fashion, and, in an affectionate whining tone which hardly rose above a whisper, said to me: 'O master! master! Don't take it so much to heart. That thing, after all, that lies yonder, is nothing but a Dutchman.'

"What a tragi-comedy," continued Tintin, "the life of man is! I wonder which predominates in it—the horrible, or the ridiculous! And I wonder still more that any philosopher who looks at the hideous spectacle, does not take refuge like me in a cemetery."

"Men of your keen sensibilities and of your turn of mind," I replied, "had better keep out of the vortex of the world, which would make of their light-skinned bodies but one sore. It is otherwise for those to whom nature has given a bad heart, or no heart at all, a sharp intellect, a good stomach and a plentiful stock of perseverance and energy. Such a physical and mental organization is said to be an infallible element of suc-

cess. It qualifies its possessor to meet with advantage the multifarious and ever-varying exigencies and trials of life, which, for the greater portion of mankind, is a death struggle for bread. In all professions and pursuits he who is the most adroit gladiator, and who wields his weapons the most skillfully, has the best chance. For most men, principally among the educated, success is the sole aim and object of existence—that kind of success which secures wealth, worldly honors and pleasures. If that is the case, as I suppose it will be admitted to be, then success becomes with them a question merely of mathematical calculations, with which the rigid principles of virtue and the impulses of a kind heart must not be permitted to interfere; and yet it cannot be denied that even those calculations, accurately precise as they may be, are subordinated to that mysterious and incomprehensible agency called good, or bad luck. But success, whatever may be its cause and the qualities which secure it, is so dazzling, and covers imperfections and even crimes with a sheet of light so powerful, that it blinds the eye of the multitude to every thing else than to its overpowering effulgence. Mankind may quarrel with the Deity, but never with the idol of success, before which it is always prostrated and burning incense. Therefore why should he who aims at the success which procures wealth, fame, rank, power, care for really possessing virtues and merits of any kind, when they will surely be supposed to exist in him as soon as success is achieved?"

"This is a misanthropical and incorrect view of the question," replied Tintin Calandro. "Success attends the good as well as the wicked. Success and failure, joy and happiness, contentment and discontent, with

miseries of all sorts, are showered here and there upon the heads of men in the same manner that rain falls occasionally, and apparently at random, over the surface of the earth. A breeze springs over the bosom of the ocean. The sails of one ship will catch it, and those of another will not. This one will arrive in time to sell her cargo at an enormous profit. The other will be too late in the market, and will meet with nothing but disaster and ruin. But what of that? Do you remember Falstaff on the battle field, pointing to the dead body of Sir Walter Blunt and saying: 'There is honor for you.' Well, I say in my turn," and he pointed at the same time to a tomb, "There is success for you. Success, or no success, have the same end. What matters then the temporary difference, flitting like a shadow, which may exist between them?"

"Whose tomb is it?" I inquired.

"That of a judge who died lately," replied Tintin. "Do you know any thing of him?"

I looked at the marble slab. "Oh! oh!" I exclaimed, "I can give you, Tintin Calandro, a sketch of his life, if you desire it."

"Do so, I pray. I am at leisure, and may derive some information, moral and philosophical, from your narrative, which will give me food for reflection."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE OLD CHIEF-JUSTICE AND HIS BLACK SERVANT, TOM.

"THERE reposes one," I said, "who lived eighty-four years, and who, from an humble threshold rose by patient labor and by slow steps to wealth and reputation. His name was Francis Xavier Martin, and he was born in Marseilles in France, as the inscription tells you. He was poor, and, when only fifteen years old, he had the energy to leave his home and family, and go to a distant land with the hope of bettering his prospects in life. He came to the British provinces of North America, which were then in the beginning of their struggle with the mother country for independence. This youth joined the rebels with the expectation of rising to fame and command, like all those who attempt a military career. An incident destroyed all his illusions. Being, on one occasion, sent to reconnoitre, he came back spurring his horse to its utmost speed, and shouting lustily: 'The enemy is upon us.' The troops rushed to arms, thinking themselves surprised, and, with the heroic determination to die, or conquer, advanced in the direction pointed out by the scout. Stern resolution was on every soldier's face, for every soldier knew that he was to meet a foe worthy of his steel, and that a beloved country looked for salvation to the serried ranks and glittering bayonets of its sons. But what peals of laughter

shook the sides of the heroes of the hour, when they encountered a long line of red flannel shirts hung up by washerwomen to dry in the sun! Young Martin, who, not being yet bronzed by the buffetings of life, was keenly sensitive to ridicule like a true Frenchman, fairly ran away from the jeers of his tormentors. The fact is, that he was so near-sighted, that he could not see farther than the tip of his nose. This incident took place in Virginia, and Martin, although gifted with very little imagination, fancying that he still heard in his wake the shouts of derision of a whole army, kept on his flight until he reached North Carolina. There he found himself without those government rations on which he had existed, and as threadbare as a fleeced lamb. I must live some way or other, thought he; and, after much anxious cogitation, the best thing the poor fellow found to do, was to engage to carry the mail on horseback from place to place through a certain district of North Carolina, in defiance of mud, cold and rain, and for a mere pittance that hardly enabled him to keep soul and body together. To improve the straitened condition to which he was reduced, he determined to trade, and, as he had no capital beyond a few dollars scraped together by hard savings, he began with procuring stale newspapers as a gift, or at a great discount on the original price, after they had been read by the subscribers in the town from which he started on his mail-carrying expeditions. These he sold on the way to such people as wished to know how the world wagged. When passing by some farmer seated on a stile, or when arriving at a village, he would shout: 'Great news! great news! Battle at Trenton! Immense slaughter at Brandywine!' or as the case might be, he would announce some other startling event. The next

step up the ladder for this aspiring youth, was to be employed as a compositor in a printing establishment. There he worked with indefatigable industry at the types intrusted to him, whilst his mind was diligently improved by study in his scant leisure hours, and during those he stole from the time which nature, if listened to, would have allotted to sleep. After a while, he became one of the editors of a small paper, and, having had the good luck to win the golden opinion of a great jurist of North Carolina, he was received as a student of law in the office of one eminently qualified to guide him.

"He was in due time admitted to the bar, and, having a clear, strong and logical intellect, he could not but become a sound and learned lawyer. An eloquent, or even a pleasant speaker he could not be. No one can be an orator without possessing the glowing soul and the fervid imagination of a poet. Martin had none of those glorious attributes of the choicest specimen of human organization. He was as dry as a hard baked brick-bat. Being known, however, as a safe and trusty counsellor-at-law, he made a decent living, and won the esteem of the community among which he resided. When President Washington visited North Carolina, he was on the committee charged with the duty of receiving that great man with appropriate honors. It was one of the circumstances of his life of which he loved to talk. When Washington, whom he had never seen before, showed himself to his admiring eyes in a coach and four, with that majestic bearing which is attributed to kings, and which made that illustrious individual look like the very incarnation of intensified aristocracy, the young Frenchman, who had been dreaming of Cincinnatus with spade and plough, and dirt-

stained, hard-fisted hands, was rather disconcerted. The committee conducted this Louis the fourteenth of republicanism to his apartments, but, before entering them, Washington said with a smile to those who reverently surrounded him: 'Gentlemen, I am in the habit of attending to the comforts of my horses before thinking of mine. Please therefore to be so kind as to lead me to the stables.' And to the stables the founder of an empire went with a measured and august step, not assumed, but prescribed to him by nature. With placid dignity he patted his horses, and gave the minutest directions to his groom, much to the edification of the astonished committee. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States, Martin came to the newly acquired territory, where he thought that a fertile field was open to him. His anticipations were realized, for he became attorney-general, and afterward chief-justice of the State of Louisiana. He was an upright, fearless, and just man, and, being a thorough master of the common and the civil law, a combination of knowledge seldom found in any jurist, he became an honor to the bench, and to the State which had adopted him. His decisions in many important cases are worthy of being forever remembered. They will remain permanent monuments of his abilities and legal erudition, and of sterling honesty which was always above temptation and suspicion; but they lack that judicial eloquence which is admired, for instance, in Lord Mansfield. Judge Martin wrote two histories, one of North Carolina and the other of Louisiana, which I have read with pleasure and much profit, but they are as lifeless as the minutes and records of proceedings in a court of justice.

"Judge Martin was a man rather below the ordinary

size, with a large and expressive head. He was so near-sighted that, when he read or wrote, his robust and fully developed nose touched the paper and sometimes was tipped with ink. He walked along the streets of New Orleans with his eyes closed, and with tottering and hesitating steps, feeling his way like a blind man, absorbed in thought, probably lost in utter darkness, or at best guiding himself only by the twilight of his imperfect vision, running one of his hands abstractedly over the side walls of the houses, mechanically and unconsciously twirling round with his index the iron catches intended to hold fast the outside shutters of windows and doors, muttering to himself half formed sentences, and frequently ejaculating in a dolorous undertone these words: 'poor me! poor me!' He was always shabbily and sometimes dirtily dressed, for he could not see with his own eyes what was the condition of his clothes, which, after all, he had a profound aversion to renew, being of an extremely penurious disposition. He had to trust to his black housekeeper for information as to the necessities of his wardrobe, and any one who knows the carelessness of that incorrigibly shiftless race, can be at no loss to form for himself an idea of the peculiar physiognomy of the judge's apparel. His uncouth and odd figure used to attract the attention of the juvenile blackguards of the city, who loved to serve him with tricks which the old gentleman bore with philosophic serenity, for he never permitted his displeasure to go beyond a slight expression of disgust manifested by something which partook of the snort and the grunt. He never recognized any of his acquaintances or friends, who passed by him in the streets in perfect incognito. Frequently, on addressing him, they had to name themselves, when he did not

know them by the sound of their voice. Everywhere, and invariably, Judge Martin kept his eyes closed, and very few, I believe, ever caught a glimpse of their color. His conversation was argumentative, and he was fond, after the Socratic fashion, of proceeding by questions, which he accompanied with a grunt. Questions after questions, logically linked together, each one more shrewd and insidious than the other, and leading to some conclusions to which he vigorously drove the person interrogated, whilst he emitted grunt after grunt, was the sum total of his colloquial powers. He was not destitute of humor, and relished a joke. I am not sure that he did not prefer a coarse one. On such occasions, when pleased, he showed his satisfaction by laughing after a fashion peculiar to himself. He threw his heavy and massive head back, opened his mouth wide without uttering a sound, and drew up to his bushy eyebrows the deep wrinkles of his face. There was something striking in that silent laugh. When he met with a knotty point of law which perplexed him, his habit was to drop in, as it were in a friendly way, at the offices of those lawyers for whom he had the most consideration, and who were not interested in the case he had under advisement. After a few minutes of desultory conversation, he would slyly approach the subject which he had in mind. 'Well, counsellor,' he would say, 'suppose such a point, what would be your views on it?' Whatever opinion the counsellor might express, the judge would take the other side, raise objections after objections, insinuate plausible doubts, puzzle the counsellor, and, after having pumped his antagonist dry, would leave his office with his usual grunts, and with ejaculations of: 'poor me, poor me, as soon as he was again in the street and thought him-

self alone. Thus he went round, repeating the same scene until he was satisfied with the result of his investigations. When, after having duly weighed a case, he found that the arguments for and against were equally balanced, it is said that he wrote two judgments adverse to each other, which he would read to his associates, and between which he desired them to decide, as he was ready to adopt either of them as correct. It is related that, one day, he had thus prepared two judgments, one for the plaintiff and the other for the defendant. The decision for the defendant was adopted by the court. As chance would have it, the two judgments got mixed up, and Judge Martin, to the dismay of the court, delivered from the bench the one which was in favor of the plaintiff, and which had been rejected. The defendant, either from his own impulse, or from a hint which he received, made an application for a rehearing, which was granted, and the error was rectified.

"A great imperfection in that excellent judge and honest man was his extreme avarice. It was jocosely said, that, on principles of economy, he had never married. He lived in the vicinity of the city in a brick-yard which he owned, and hardly spent two hundred dollars a year out of a salary of five thousand. His household was composed of an old black man and his wife, and of Tom, his confidential body servant, carrier and driver, for the judge sported a rickety antediluvian buggy drawn by a one-eyed, half-starved horse. In regulating the economy of his household the judge had said to his black cook and to her husband: 'I intend to be a generous master. I will furnish you with a room, but you must feed yourselves and supply my table with decent fare, beside cleaning the house in which we all

reside, and which is yours as well as mine. This is all I require of you; the rest of the time is yours, and whatever money you may make and save after having nourished me, and kept my clothes in a good state of repairs, is your absolute property.' Such was the peculiar idiosyncracy of the judge, that I am convinced he thought himself very generous on that occasion. It may easily be imagined what fare he had, and what an infinite variety of stains and patches adorned his garments, which really were a nondescript curiosity. Fortunately, he had the appetite and the digestive powers of an ostrich, and could not distinguish between a rotten cabbage stump and a luxurious cauliflower. When he dined out, he swallowed with indiscriminate voracity all that was piled upon his plate. His apartment never was swept, his scanty furniture never dusted, and the spider festooned his ceilings with its airy drapery, securely conscious, I presume, of reaching old age in undisturbed repose. From this den the miser would come out, year after year, to ascend the bench in the hall of justice, where he was transformed into an impartial, high-minded and inflexible judge, far above courting popularity, shedding on the subject before him the rays of his luminous but cold intellect, and pouring the treasures of his vast erudition with a profusion and appropriateness which won the confidence and excited the admiration of an appreciative bar, largely composed of men of exalted talents. It was no longer Shylock, but Daniel come to judgment.

"Tom, the body servant of Martin, was as much of a character in his way as the personage he waited upon, and was well known throughout the State; for he never failed to accompany the judge in his annual circuit. The slave looked on his master as a sort of helpless

grown-up baby of whom he had to take care, and for whose safety and welfare he was accountable to the State, of which that master, as he proudly knew, was one of the highest dignitaries. Tom very naturally came to the conclusion, that, notwithstanding the color of his skin, he was a man of much importance, and even assumed authority over the great personage whom he considered as his ward. For instance, when at home, where Tom had full sway, the judge rose from his seat, Tom would sometimes say: 'Where are you going, sir?' ——'I am going to take a walk.'——'What! without consulting me! Do n't you know it is raining?'——or—'Do n't you know that you have walked enough to-day? Sit down, sir, sit down;' and taking his master by the shoulder, Tom would gently force him back to his seat. The judge was overheard once, saying to his faithful companion in a hotel where he had stopped:

"'Tom, Tom, have I dined to-day? Humph! humph! humph!' three grunts as usual.

"'What! what!' replied Tom in a scolding tone. 'What a question, sir? Are you getting clear out of your mind? Do n't you recollect you ate a whole duck?'

"'Oh! very well then, very well, all's right. Humph! humph! humph!' Three grunts.

"One day Tom said to him: 'I want a whip for our buggy.'

"'Well, Tom, if you want a whip, buy a whip, of course. I do not see any objection to it.'

"After a while, Tom came to him, whip in hand. 'Master,' he said, 'I want a dollar.'

"'A dollar from me! Monstrous! What for? On what tenable ground do you establish your petition?'

"'To pay for the whip.'

"'Why, Tom, I thought you were a man of sense.

Did you not buy the whip for your own accommodation?'

"'I bought it for your buggy, sir.'

"'My buggy! Our buggy, you mean. You called it yourself *our* buggy. Don't you ride in it as well as I do? Tush! Don't trouble me any more about it.'

"Tom might have replied: Master, if we are in partnership, you ought at least to pay for one half of the whip. Tom might have had some other points to urge, but did not think of them, and failed to argue his master into recognizing the justice of his claim. Besides, opinionated and conceited as he was, there was one subject on which he never hazarded a domestic conflict—which was—anything bordering on the law—anything concerning legal rights or claims. 'I can rule the old man, as my master,' Tom would say, 'but as judge, it is no go. He is too mighty awful on *de* law. He can't be beaten there by anybody. God Himself would think twice of it before fighting my master on *de* civil law, *de* common law, and *de* criminal law. Better not, sir, better not.' When thus delivering himself, Tom looked perfectly awe-struck and reverently sank his voice.

"This eccentric black man possessed a good deal of sense and a good deal of humor. Judge Martin, being once on a judicial tour throughout the State, was occupying the same room with one of his associates on the bench, who was an Irishman by birth and a gentleman of fine abilities, a scholar and a wit. Tom, who was in attendance on them, now and then had a word to put in with all the freedom of speech of a privileged servant. 'Tom, Tom,' said the judge, 'where did you get the expression you have just now used. Have you not been long enough with me to learn to speak pure English? Do you intend to disgrace me, sir?'

"'I beg pardon, master,' replied Tom. 'Have the kindness to excuse me. If I talk broken English, it is due to my having lately kept bad company;' and he glanced with a mischievous smile on his thick lips at the Irish gentleman, who relished the joke at his expense, and who gave it circulation by repeating it.

"Tom thought himself very learned in the law, although as I have already said, it was the only subject on which he never ventured to enter into a conflict with his master, and was frequently heard expounding it with the most comical gravity to his ebony friends, for whom his word had indisputable authority. Poor Tom! He died in a distant part of the State, where he had followed his master who left him there, when taken sick, as he could not spare time to wait for his recovery. The tavern-keeper, at whose house he had departed from this world, knowing the peculiar relations which existed between Tom and the judge, had him decently buried, and sent to the latter a bill of twenty dollars for the costs of the funeral. The judge broke out into the fiercest grunts he had ever been heard to emit, and refused to pay the bill, because the expenses had been unauthorized and excessive; and one dollar, which he tendered, was, he said, all that could be required for the burying of a negro. The landlord sued the judge in the parish where Tom had died; but the judge excepted to the jurisdiction of the court on the ground of his being domiciliated in the Parish of Orleans. The plea was sustained, and the plaintiff was thrown out of court with costs. Pitiful human nature! What shades and lights there are in the character of a man! And must they not be all faithfully, although regretfully, reproduced, to give a correct knowledge of the individual to be portrayed, and to adorn a tale, or point a moral?

"Chief-Justice Martin (for he had reached that distinction) had resigned on account of his growing infirmities, before he died at the age of eighty-four, leaving to a younger brother his whole fortune amounting to about five hundred thousand dollars, which he had slowly and patiently acquired cent after cent, by depriving himself of every comfort during a long life. Some years before his death, the chief-justice had summoned from France his brother with the intention of making him his heir. That brother was a sexagenarian bachelor, although the chief-justice could never see in him but the boy with whom he had parted more than half a century ago. He called him by the familiar, childish name of Mimi, a diminutive, no doubt, and an appellation which dated from the nursery. Mimi operated a revolution in the way of the chief-justice's living. He compelled him to have decent lodgings, and to keep a substantial table affording a wholesome variety of food, and enlivened with the presence and use of wine. The chief-justice grunted more than ever, and even gave vent to plentiful groans and remonstrances, but Mimi, who had some pecuniary means of his own and who felt his independence, threatened to return to France if he was not allowed to regulate the household as he pleased. The chief-justice, conscious of the helplessness of old age and isolation, and having Tom no longer at his elbow, succumbed at last and surrendered at discretion. But he would frequently complain of the extravagance of his sexagenarian brother, and say piteously: 'That prodigal boy will be the cause of my ruin, and will send me to die in the charity hospital.'

"The chief-justice, knowing from his own judicial experience that the more lengthy a testamentary will is, the more liable it is to give rise to litigation and to

be declared null and void, had taken care to make his with Spartan brevity and to bequeath in three lines, under his own handwriting, all his earthly possessions to his brother. And yet a law suit sprang from that instrument, short as it was! It was alleged that the chief-justice, having become entirely blind, could not have written the will himself. But there was the handwriting so well known to all. There was the signature to which every member of the bar could swear. A fact is a fact, and there was the fact. It was further alleged that the bequest of the chief-justice's fortune to his brother, who had become a naturalized citizen five years after his arrival, was a fraud intended against the State, which was entitled by an existing law to ten per cent. on all inheritances claimed by foreigners; that the universal legatee was a mere trustee who was to divide the greater portion of the legacy among numerous nephews and nieces whom the testator had in France, and who would be the real heirs to be benefited by the will without paying what was due to the State; and that the apparent legacy of the whole fortune to one of the heirs only, because he was naturalized, was what is called in law a *fidei commissum*, which was a subterfuge invalidating the will. But Mimi, being interrogated on oath, declared that he was a *bona fide* legatee, and that he had made no promise to the testator, and was under no obligation to divide among the other heirs what he inherited to their detriment. Judgment was rendered in favor of the will, and thus the chief-justice was successful even after death as he had been throughout life. Posthumous honors also were rendered to him. His bust in marble, resting on a handsome column, adorns the hall of the Supreme Court. It is no ordinary face. What strongly

marked features, and how indicative to a physiognomist of the character of the man who possessed them! The dark side of that character was avarice and want of charity. The chief-justice had been very poor, and entertained a morbid apprehension of falling back into that dreadful condition. Hence he clung to a dollar with as much desperate tenacity as a drowning man to any thing which his hand seizes. He had made his way without any pecuniary assistance from any body. Why should not others do the same? If they did not, it was because they were worthless. Let all work and economize as he had, and there would be no indigence. As to contributions to religious missions, to the erection of churches, or to the propagation of morality in some shape or other, it was all a humbug in his estimation—a thing got up for the benefit of a few designing mountebanks and to soothe the sentimental nerves of a pack of old women. With regard to establishing or supporting schools, colleges and literary or scientific institutions with the assistance of his purse, he thought that he was under no obligation whatever to make any contribution. He had educated himself. Why should not others do likewise? Hence, during his long career, he showed himself incapable of any charitable impulse, and always turned a deaf ear to applications for donations of any sort and for any purpose; nor did he, even on his death-bed, as his will proves, think of giving any thing as a souvenir to friendship, or as a tribute to the poor. He never knew the exquisite luxury of relieving distress. He rather chose never to expose himself to the sharp tooth of ingratitude. He must, however, have enjoyed, I suppose, the gratification afforded by the pride of success, for it cannot be denied that he was the sole architect of his own fortune."

CHAPTER XXII.

BETTER BE A PIONEER THAN A LAWYER.—TINTIN CALANDRO'S HALLUCINATIONS.

"Such instances of successful industry and perseverance are numerous in this new country," said Tintin Calandro. "I know one in point and quite as remarkable as the one you have related. A young Swiss, called Emmanuel Brie, came here in 1803, shortly after the cession of Louisiana to the United States. He was of a good family and classically educated. He brought letters of introduction to some of the most distinguished members of the New Orleans bar, who advised him to adopt their profession, and who offered him every facility to enable him to follow that advice.

"'Thanks for your kindness,' said Emmanuel, 'but I will be a farmer. I think with Cicero, that of all the professions and pursuits which may bring wealth to man, the best, the most fruitful, the most pleasant, the most worthy of a free man, is that of the farmer.'

"His friends laughed at his illusions: 'You are dreaming, whilst you should be awake to the sad realities of life,' said one of them, who was at the head of the New Orleans bar, and who was making thirty thousand dollars a year. 'You are fresh from the bench of the schools, and you are full of the Bucolics of Virgil. You know by heart, no doubt, the poetical effusions of Horace about his Sabine farm. But Horace

and Virgil were the favorites of the master of the world. They saw what they described through the *aurea mediocritas* which they possessed. Will you have in your rural retreat that gilt mediocrity of fortune which the Latin poet recommends? No. Your horizon will have the copper hue of poverty. Far from erecting their tent in a distant and savage land, they lived in the vicinity of Rome amidst the enjoyments of the highest civilization, and of boundless wealth which, if not their own, was in the possession of admiring patrons, too happy to minister to their comforts and wants. They had slaves to work for them; they were gentlemen of leisure residing in voluptuous villas, rather than farmers. You might as well fancy that the real peasant is like those opera rustics who figure on the stage in clean cambric linen, with perfumed hair, soft hands adorned with rosy nails, and a shepherd's crook decorated with ribbons at two dollars a yard, amidst an Arcadian scenery which never existed save on painted canvas, where sheep and cattle look so dainty that they would be admitted into a lady's boudoir. They sing the charms of a pastoral life after the fashion of Seneca, who eloquently descanted on the advantages of poverty when promenading in his gorgeous gardens, and living alternately, like a Sardanapalus, in his urban and rural palaces. How many slaves can you buy to begin with?'

"'I have none but these two vigorous hands of mine.'

"'Bah! this is sheer folly. You are not used to manual labor.'

"'I have a strong will.'

"'But exposure and an unhealthy climate will make you sick.'

"'I will conquer the climate and every other obstacle.'

"'Very good. Make the experiment, and in a short time you will come back to the city. Remember that the law is the profession suitable to your education, and that my office, my books and my counsels will ever be at your service.'

"Emmanuel Brie had only a few hundred dollars at his command, and therefore could not aspire to purchasing any farm or plantation in those parts of the country which were densely settled. He had the intrepidity to go as far as the Washita district, then a perfect wilderness. He bought from the United States a tract of land, cut down the first tree, built himself a log-house, and planted corn and potatoes. He had no neighbor within forty miles, save a few Indians. He was not disheartened, however, and went on working with a stout heart, and making to himself a home in the midst of primeval forests. He had been absent about a year when he returned to New Orleans, and visited his friend, the great lawyer.

"'Ah! ah!' exclaimed the light of the bar, 'you have come back sober-minded this time. You have had enough of your country paradise.'

"'Not in the least,' replied Emmanuel, 'I just begin to appreciate it,' and he related all that he had done; 'and what will astonish you still more,' continued he, 'is, that I have come here only to buy a few things which I need for my approaching marriage. The daughter of a pioneer like myself consents to be my wife. She will cook, wash, milk and take care of the household whilst I plough.'

"'Good God!' exclaimed the lawyer, 'this is the most intense case of insanity which has ever fallen un-

der my observation. To marry, when rich, is a hazardous undertaking; but to marry, when poor, is more than man ought to dare!'

"The insane youth, however, was not deterred by the remonstrances of his learned friend. He married as he had intended, and thought himself a wealthy man when he was able to buy a slave. The district of Washita, where Emmanuel had established himself, was gradually settled in the course of years, and his lands rose greatly in value. He became in time a wealthy cotton planter, the owner of a hundred negroes, and the head of a numerous family of children to whom he took care to give a liberal education, habits of industry, and those principles of honor and morality which had guided him through life. He who had refused to be a lawyer, was compelled by the solicitations of the inhabitants of the parish in which he lived, to become a judge, and gave great satisfaction in that office—which shows that the study of law, paradoxical as it may seem to be, is not absolutely necessary as a previous condition to a popular administration of justice. Although he had tilled the ground with his own hands, the farmer Emmanuel had retained and cultivated his literary tastes. He wrote interesting articles for newspapers and contributed essays to reviews. Notwithstanding his leading so long a rustic life, outside of the precincts of civilization, he never lost the original polish of his manners, and remained a beautiful type of those gentlemen of the old regime, of whom we always read with admiration the fascinating description, whilst we feel refreshed and peculiarly fortunate, if we have the advantage of occasionally meeting some fossil relic of that almost forgotten race. He was generous and hospitable, and the palm of his hand was always open to

relieve distress. I heard Judge Emmanuel, on this very spot, when he was very old, give a sketch of his life to a friend. He had come here to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of that distinguished lawyer who had treated him with so much kindness when he first arrived in this country. On that occasion, I heard him say:

"'I still think at the end of my career, as I thought at the beginning of it: that Cicero was right when he advocated a country life as the safest, the most pleasant, the most dignified, and the most befitting a free man. The proof of it is afforded me whenever I leave my distant home to visit New Orleans. When I look round me in this thriving and fast-growing city, I see an appalling number of wrecks in the midst of much prosperity. The lawyers and merchants who, fifty years ago, were making so much money, and who laughed at me when I shouldered my ax for the wilderness, have, almost without an exception, died in debt and left their families in destitution, whilst I am prosperous beyond my expectations. My numerous children are in comfortable circumstances, and my grand and great-grand children have sprung up around my hearth, blessing me with a luxuriant harvest of love, to delight my sight and fill up the granary of my heart. I am now ready to depart like an old patriarch, in peace with the world and with myself.'

"So you see," said Tintin Calandro to me, "that, to obtain success, it is not always necessary to have a bad heart and a cold calculating head."

"Agreed," I replied, "but exceptions, you know, only prove the rule. The success of the farmer Emmanuel, being that of an excellent man, is exceedingly gratifying to me, but I am not as convinced as he is,

that rural property is safer than any other, and that agricultural life is freer from vicissitudes than that of men engaged in other pursuits, at least in our country. The history of those splendid plantations which dot the banks of the Mississippi, three hundred miles on both sides of the mighty stream, would, if written, be a curious one, made up of fearful changes and catastrophes. A planter, for instance, succeeds after a life of toil in establishing a sugar or cotton estate, productive of a princely revenue, which at his death he leaves free from debts to his family. Shortly after he has departed, that plantation, which used to make large crops, no longer yields enough to cover expenses. In a few years it has to be sold to a stranger, and the family that was born to the manor sinks for ever. Where are they, the heirs of wealthy parents? They were up above the clouds, now they are down in the mud, and the swift-coming wave of oblivion sweeps over them. Woe to those who fall in civilized society! They have seldom time to rise before they are crushed under the iron-shod feet of the rushing multitude in hot chase after some alluring phantom."

"This is not the fault of that kind of property so much valued by farmer Emmanuel," replied Tintin Calandro, "but it is due to a want of industry and economy, and is rather to be attributed to those false ideas, false habits and false education prevailing in Louisiana. There is nothing conservative in your moral and social atmosphere, nor in your public polity, nor even in the sacred hearths where ought to burn the fire of the family circle. There is no secret and consecrated place for household gods. There is here no civil, political, religious, or even natural authority. There is no help, or charity, for the laggard or loiterer by the way-

side, who should be digging in the gold mine below, instead of looking up at the wonders of the sky above his head. Every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost in the general rush into Mammon's mint for the largest share of the coin on which he sets his stamp. Every one is born an enlightened and free thinker, independent of all ties but those imposed and removable at pleasure, acknowledging no superior, because every body is as good as every body else and a god to himself, recognizing no other power than that which is assented to or granted for the time being, and which is to be withdrawn or set aside at will like an inconvenient or worn-out garment. I will not go into details on this sad subject. I will merely ask you how many men, in the broad breadth and length of Louisiana, live in the paternal house in which they were born? Very few, indeed, if any, you will admit. As to any one dwelling under his grandfather's roof, either in cities or in the country, I venture to say such a phenomenon is hardly to be found. On those who do not care for the past, the future will frown, for that future well knows that, in its turn, it is destined to be the past. What the world in its present course of reform and innovation, particularly on this continent and in this republic, calls prejudices and errors, has been the deep-laid foundations and the sills of the social edifice every where since the beginning. They are the roots of the oak, burying themselves in the earth like foul things, and not admired like that noble tree's leafy head, which is gilded by the rays of the sun, and to which the winds sing their wild melodies. But dig out those roots, and the fallen oak would soon rot among reeking weeds. Hence nothing can be stable here, neither families, nor wealth, rank, position, laws and ideas, nor any thing

else. They lack roots. To build here is to build on quicksand. Besides, the prosperity of the Southern States reposes on African slavery—an institution which is battered down by the converging fire of irresistible batteries inside and outside of the United States. I hear the rumbling of the volcano. I shall not live long enough to see its eruption, you may. Universal suffrage, the doctrine of equality, the enthronement of pride where humility should be kneeling, the blasphemous apotheosis of the populace whose voice is proclaimed to be the voice of God, the deification of brutal appetites, the worshiping of the body and the ostracism of the soul, the inverting of secular pyramids so as to make them stand on their apex as a new basis, the sceptre of power and command given to the blind and uncultivated intellect of the multitude, rather than to the innate and nurtured genius of the heavenly chosen few, the putting of the feet where the head should be, and the preference of the secretions of the toe over those of the brain, the intoxicating incense burned in honor of the many-headed monster whose thousand altars are ministered to by the self-constituted priesthood of greedy demagogues, the locust swarm of new-fangled notions obscuring the light of the sun, the adoption of false and unnatural dogmas, the hatred of all superiorities made an article of faith for the lower classes, the inevitable tyranny of irresponsible majorities, the introduction among you of Tarquin's levelling rod, the certain and not very distant emancipation of your slaves, probably and finally a civil war on a larger scale and fiercer than the world has ever seen, these are the causes which will produce in your republic a chaos of evils sufficiently horrible to gladden the heart of his satanic majesty. Hurrah! What work there will be for grave-diggers like me!

The graves of armies! The graves of liberty, of order, of morality, of political honesty, of national patriotism! The grave of the Constitution of the United States! The grave of State sovereignties! Hurrah! Hurrah for the grave-diggers! But, hist! hist! Don't you see him? There! there! . . . . there . . . . how he strides with imperial majesty!"

"Who? who?" said I, carried away and thrown into a state of contagious excitement by Tintin Calandro's wild look and maniac-like language.

"Who?" he screamed. "Why, Julius Cæsar! Ave, imperator! I salute thee, O emperor! Why dost thou revisit this globe? Art thou in search of the Great Unknown who is to imitate thee and become the master of this continent? Ave, imperator! I salute thee again, and again, O sublime chief of a sublime people!" And Tintin, shouting hurrah for Cæsar, and hat in hand, rushed frantically after the phantom of his own creation, and was soon lost to my sight among the tombs. It was one of those fits of insanity which occasionally seized on the strong mind of that unfortunate man, and conquered it with the force of a demon.

Musing on the strange hallucinations which clouded an intellect so lucid and so rational in its main texture, I was leaving the grave-yard, when, at the gates I met a funeral. Hastening to pass by it with my hat off, in token of respect for the dead, I was stopped by a friend of mine who was in the numerous cortege accompanying the corpse to the place of its sepulture. He lived some distance below the city on the bank of the river.

"Is that you?" I said. "I confess that I am astonished to meet you so far from your plantation, where

your presence, I know, is so necessary at present, when you are taking in your sugar crop."

"I heard," he replied, "that this lady was dead, whom we are burying. As I had no time to lose, if I wished to be present at her funeral, I ordered my swiftest horse to be saddled, and I rode full speed without drawing breath, to pay her this last tribute of regard."

"She must have been a very dear friend, or relative."

"No. I never saw her. But she was no ordinary woman and deserved to be honored, as a noble example to be set before those of her sex who, in these days of turpitude, show so little principle and such a laxity of morals on a certain subject."

"Who was she, and what do you mean?"

"Accompany me to the grave, and, when the ceremony is over, I will give you the explanation you desire."

According to his request I joined the procession, and, after the funeral rites had been performed and the crowd had dispersed, my friend thus addressed me:

"The lady whose last remains we have brought here was a native of Louisiana, and the wife of a Spanish naval officer, who continued in the service of his country in the Island of Cuba, but who, nevertheless, had bought a sugar plantation in the parish of St. Charles, where his wife and numerous children resided. The proximity of the Island of Cuba permitted him to visit them frequently. It is an old Roman proverb: 'that the foot of the proprietor fertilizes the soil.' The Spanish officer was generally absent from his estate. The consequence was that he made poor crops, and at last died in debt. His wife, who had brought him a handsome dowry, for which she had a mortgage on the

plantation, had, whilst he lived, renounced the rights which she had under the mortgage, in order to enable him to borrow money. Her lawyer, after her husband's death, told her that the renunciation which she had made was null and void, because certain formalities had not been observed at the time, and that she and her children would be entirely ruined, if she did not avail herself of that circumstance to screen the plantation from a seizure by her husband's creditors.

"'Is this really the law?' she said. 'Yes, madam,' replied her counsel.

"'Well, then the law sanctions an infamy. My husband's debt was incurred with my knowledge and consent for what I thought to be for our common benefit, and I well understood, at the time, the engagement I had entered into—which was, that the lender of the money should be paid in preference to my own claims. Shall I now repudiate that debt and disgrace my husband's memory and myself, under the pretence of a want of legal formalities? No. Let that just debt be paid, even if I and my children are to starve to-morrow. *Honor before bread*, is my motto, and must be that of all my descendants.'

"Much pressure was exercised on her by friends and relatives to induce a change of resolution. She was immovable, and died shortly after in the utmost poverty. This is the reason why I rode twenty-four miles post-haste and almost killed my best horse, to be present at her funeral."

"It is well that she is dead," said I, "for she did not belong to this progressive age. She must have been full of moth-eaten prejudices. She would have been a standing reproach to the present generation of women, many of whom keep concealed under their ample petti-

coats the plunder stolen by their husbands from their creditors, and who, if they had known the out-of-the-way conduct of your old lady, would have overwhelmed her with maledictions, if not with stones, for her want of maternal love and prudent consideration for her own welfare. She evidently had not been philanthropically and philosophically educated in our public schools at the expense of the tax-payers; she must have sewed her husband's breeches instead of writing epileptic poetry; she must have read her prayer-book instead of the epistle of Héloise to Abélard, and the novels of Dumas and Eugene Sue; she must have thumped her churn for butter instead of thumping her piano for execrable music, whilst languidly howling amorous sentiments. But I remember that the Spaniards say: *del rey y de la inquisition, chiton**—which suggests to me this modification of the saying I have quoted: of contemporary vices and follies, and of the goddess of modern civilization, mum! I will recommend, however, the good widow's tomb to Tintin Calandro, to whom I shall relate what you have told me. He will take most tender care of it."

"Who is Tintin Calandro?"

"Surely you must have heard of Tintin Calandro, the sexton and grave-digger of the St. Louis cemetery."

"Oh! yes, now I remember. I had forgotten Tintin the crazy."

"True," said I, "Tintin the crazy. But there is method, and reason, and sublimity in his madness at times, and always much kindness and nobility of feeling in his heart. I even suspect that it is the too exquisite organization of that heart which is the cause of the disorder in his brain."

* Of the King and of the Inquisition, mum!

CHAPTER XXIII.

MASTERS AND SLAVES.—TINTIN CALANDRO'S VATICINATIONS ON THE SUBJECT.

A FEW days afterward, I was passing in Rampart street, when at the corner of that street and of Conti, I met a funeral which attracted my attention. It was an expensive one, such as is reserved for the privileged few who die rich. The hearse was superb; the coffin was of solid mahogany with gilt carvings. The whole clergy of New Orleans were present. An immense concourse of blacks, of both sexes, formed the procession. Two white men, besides the priests, were the only attendants of the Caucasian race to be seen. They walked bareheaded immediately behind the chariot which carried the corpse. It was an unusual and strange sight. I inquired whose funeral it was. I was answered, as I expected, that it was that of a negro. My curiosity was excited. I followed the procession, and my astonishment reached its climax when I saw a magnificent mausoleum open its portals, and the black man's coffin deposited in the sepulchral vault of one of our most aristocratic families. After the obsequies of the departed were over, I approached one of the officiating priests with whom I happened to be acquainted, and I asked him if he could give me an explanation of what I had seen.

"I can," he replied. "Years ago, a Sicilian mar-

ried the daughter of a wealthy widow. Her family consisted of the daughter who had married that foreigner, and of a son. Shortly after that ill-fated alliance, the son and son-in-law had a violent quarrel. The Sicilian's threats were fearful. They were looked upon, however, as the mere ebullitions of evanescent wrath, and inspired no disquietude. All the parties I speak of lived on a sugar plantation not very distant from the city. One day, when Chastelar, the son of the widow, was in his field, overlooking his negroes who were at work, and armed with a gun with which he had provided himself in the hope of meeting a bear which had lately been discovered on the premises, one of his slaves, on seeing him turn round and strike into a road which led into a dense sugar-cane field, threw down his hoe and followed him.

"'What do you want?' said the master.

"'I want to watch over you,' replied the negro. 'I am satisfied your brother-in-law is concealed in the canes and that he intends to kill you.'

"'Nonsense! Go to your work, and trouble me no more with your foolish fears.'

"The slave did not obey, and, falling on his knees, begged not to be dismissed. Chastelar, without paying any further attention to the negro's obstinate entreaties, went on his way, whistling an opera tune. He had not gone far, before the Sicilian, stepping out of his hiding-place, pointed his gun at the object of his hatred, whose back was turned, and who apprehended no danger. But the negro had been as watchful and keen-sighted as a hawk. Keeping close to his master, he had been looking right and left and over his shoulders. He noticed a waving of the top of the canes; he heard a rustling sound; he saw a man emerge from the dense

green mass of foliage, and a gun take its murderous aim. Quick as thought and with a warning shriek he sprang upon his master, and covered him with his body as with a shield. He received the buckshot destined for that master and fell at his feet. Chastelar wheeled round and fired in his turn at his intended murderer, who dropped dead. Fortunately, Baptiste (that was the negro's name), had only been dangerously wounded, when the probability was that he would be killed. It is needless to say that he was attended by the best physician and tenderly nursed. As soon as he recovered his health he was set free, and became the body servant of his former master whom he refused to leave, although a handsome pension for life had been offered him. In the course of time Chastelar died. A clause in his will prescribed the funeral which you have seen, whenever the ceremony should be required. The two white men who followed the hearse as mourners, are his sons. The testator further ordered that his faithful Baptiste, when dead, should be placed by his side in the family tomb. His wish has been complied with, as you have witnessed."

The priest had just departed, when Tintin Calandro came. I related the anecdote to him. "It does not surprise me," he said, "I know one of the same nature. In the town of Opelousas, in the parish of St. Landry, there resided a French merchant whose commercial operations were extensive. He owned a herculean negro, called Jasper, who had been so disorderly and rebellious, that he had loaded him with chains. Jasper had been for some time dragging these heavy ornaments in the streets of the small town in which he lived, when the three-story brick store of Vernon, his master, took fire. The rush of the devouring element was so rapid,

that, in a few minutes, it enveloped the whole edifice. Vernon, remembering that a box which was in his attic contained valuable papers, ran up to get them, when, lo! the staircase, undermined by the conflagration, fell with a crash which resounded like a death knell in his ears. The crowd outside screamed with horror. The lambent flames were already closing round Vernon, who was seen at a window, measuring with his eyes the depth of the abyss below. 'A ladder! a ladder!' shouted the excited multitude who contemplated the dreadful scene, but no ladder was at hand. The wife of Vernon had fainted, and his children were wringing their hands in despair. Twice, with a bundle of papers pressed to his breast, the unfortunate man had shown himself at the window, as if determined to attempt the fearful leap, twice his heart had failed him, and he had retired. But the pursuing flames had soon brought him back to the same spot, and already their shooting tongues could be seen, like that of a huge serpent, licking his shoulders and hissing for joy at having reached their victim. At that moment, Jasper presented himself under the window. Opening his sinewy arms and displaying his colossal breast, he shouted to his master, 'Never fear; throw yourself down on me; I'll break your fall and save you.' There could no longer be any hesitation. Master and slave, locked in each other's arms, rolled on the ground, but fortunately both rose safe and sound—the master, with his valuable papers in his right hand, and the slave, with his rattling chains. 'Jasper, my dear rascal,' gasped Vernon with a voice almost choked with emotion, 'you are free; run to the blacksmith and have your chains knocked off. Then come to me, for I have something more to do for you.'"

"Well done," I exclaimed. "Such things speak

volumes in favor of that unfortunate race. Many noble and touching stories could be related of the master and of the slave which would show, that the institution which is the basis of Southern society is not so demoralizing as represented. Masters and slaves have no doubt committed crimes in their respective relations to each other, but it is unquestionable that those relations are wonderfully misunderstood where they do not exist. Under the softening influence of Christianity and of an education which is becoming every day more extended and more liberal, the master is growing more indulgent, more humane and more affectionate, and the slave more attached and more contented, because he feels that he is treated justly and kindly, and that he is improving physically and morally. If left to themselves, the slave and master would with harmonious reciprocity work out their mission of laborious partnership, of cheerful obedience on one side, and friendly protection on the other, bound together in a patriarchal mode of existence by the links of duty and love, and mindful of the mandates of St. Paul : 'Servants be obedient to them that are *your* masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ. .. and ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening.' But alas, they are not left to themselves ; the master is chafed by systematic calumny, and the tempter creeps into the Eden of the African, saying to him : 'Eat of this fruit of knowledge, and thou shalt be free, and thou shalt not work, and thou shalt be equal to the white race.' Would to God that those who are actuated by pure and sincere motives, would come and judge for themselves, and not pass judgment at a distance on what they know nothing of! All those who have acted otherwise, and who have honestly and conscientiously

studied African slavery on the spot where it grows and flourishes, have been agreeably surprised. They have seen blemishes and abuses inseparable from all human institutions, but also much that is commendable. I remember a French physician of much merit, who had been at home a red republican and somewhat of a duellist, and who, after some years of residence in New Orleans, once said to me: 'If I had met you in France, and if you had said one word in defence of slavery, I would have fought you, such would have been my indignation! Now that I know what slavery is, I should run into the other extreme and could not help insulting an abolitionist, because I am convinced that the blacks of Louisiana are the happiest peasantry on the face of our globe.' There certainly was here some exaggeration of views and feelings, but it shows how widely men will conscientiously disagree with themselves when looking at the same object from a different stand-point.

"I will mention another instance of the like nature, among many others, although it may appear a little strange that I should again bring another physician into play on the same subject. A doctor Bosco had been at the head of a hospital at Odessa. He had been decorated by the Emperor Nicholas for the services he had rendered to humanity during the prevalence of the plague. But Bosco, although a man of much brain, had heated it into a diseased condition by inappropriately wearing the Phrygian cap of liberty, which suited the head of a Greek near three thousand years ago, but surely not a modern Sarmatian skull. It acted as an extinguisher, to a considerable extent, on the bright flame of his intellect and obscured his judgment. He had greedily adopted the flattering doctrine for some, that all men are born free, equal and self-sufficient like

God, and no allowance was to be made in this matter for time, place, and other circumstances. A Cossack was as capable of self-government as an Athenian of the days of Pericles. Evidently the doctor had a generous soul, which had run mad from over indulgence in dangerous illusions, and which required a straight jacket to prevent mischief. Why should there be a Czar, a nobility and serfs in Russia? He was for an ex-abrupto solution of that question. Therefore our Esculapius had determined to cure the social body of all its ills in his native country, by administering to it the panacea of revolution, and had entered into a conspiracy for a topsy turvy improvement of his fellow-citizens in particular and of the world in general. The consequence was, that he had to abandon a brilliant position and fly with his wife, his daughter and three grown up sons, all of them very refined and worthy of a better fate than that of having a father with equality, fraternity and liberty on the brain. He came to Louisiana, where I had the honor of making his acquaintance, and I found him to be a very interesting man even in his crotchets.

"'I had such a horror of slavery,' he said to me, 'that, had I been able to speak English, I never would have come to your State, but would have settled in Massachusetts under the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument. I soon discovered, however, that I could not exercise my profession successfully and make a living anywhere in the United States, except among a French population, whose language I possess. Hence I am here; and, although I retain my same old opinions and feelings, yet I must confess that I am agreeably disappointed, and that I found out that your slaves, so far as physical comforts go, are superior to a great portion of

the European peasantry, and have even as much intelligence and morality.'

"'Well, doctor,' I replied, 'I suppose that we Americans, who are horrified at the slavery of white people in Russia and at the tales of hellish oppression which we hear, would, like yourself in this country, discover there a very different state of things from what we dream of, if we were to visit the dominions of his imperial majesty, the autocratic ruler of that immense territory from which you have fled.'

"'I would strangle the emperor, if I could,' continued Bosco, 'put down all the nobility, emancipate all the serfs and carve for them handsome farms out of the estates of their lords, but, at the same time, I am too honest a man to disguise the truth, and not to admit that no set of laborers on the face of the earth, not even your own slaves, can be compared with advantage to the Russian serf in the enjoyment of a home full of comforts and plenty. Yes, sir, go into a serf's cabin, and he will give you, as a stranger, a hearty welcome. His good wife will spread before you on a clean table cloth a frugal, simple, but abundant meal. You will have white bread, eggs, meat, milk, potatoes and other esculents, with a variety of vegetables at will. If you spend the night with him, you will have a blazing fire until you go to bed, and, when you retire to rest, you will have a weather-tight room, sheets as white as snow and warm covering.'"

"'This a gratifying description, doctor, of the condition of those people.'"

"'It may be so to you, but their stupidity and fanaticism shock me. It passeth the understanding. For if I say to a peasant: "My friend, you seem very comfortable here," he will answer: "Yes, sir, thanks to our

father the czar," and, doffing off his cap, he will turn reverentially and bow to a coarse portrait of the emperor, which always hangs on the wall of a Russian hut. Such servility is intolerable.' "

"'I have attentively listened to you, doctor,' I said, 'and you confirm me in a conclusion to which I came long ago: that nothing but improper pride is at the bottom of much of the discontent existing in this world. All that I have to say in the way of comments on the information you have imparted to me about the Russian serf, and for which I am thankful, is, that if the Emperor Nicholas, Alexander, Peter, or whatever may be his name, should give me all I desire or need to constitute complete happiness or contentment, I would, although born a free and enlightened citizen of the greatest and purest of all past, present and future republics, hang up his portrait in my bed-chamber, and three times a day salute the cherished image. I should think it but a dog cheap exhibition of gratitude.' "

"The doctor's only answer was a lofty smile, which I construed into an intimation that I was a very mean-spirited and chicken-hearted fellow. I felt rebuked and humbled, which did me good, for I knew I had the reputation of having a proud temper, which I wished to be subdued, if that enemy existed in my breast. Shortly after, the yellow fever came with all its might and glory, like a grand monarch possessed of the divine right to pick among his subjects those whom he chooses to appropriate to his special service. I followed to their respective graves in Baton Rouge the doctor's wife, then one of his sons, then another, and another—all three gone. Next, the doctor's turn came. He stretched himself on the bed where so many of his family had breathed their last, and had the good fortune

to die. Slightly modifying Madame Roland's celebrated exclamation when on her way to the guillotine, I said to myself: O liberty, what follies are perpetrated in thy name! The daughter of Bosco was the only member of that family who remained alive. She was an accomplished musician, and, with a sad heart, she was beginning to give lessons of music to have bread, when a rich European, rather boorish, and in point of culture very inferior to her, offered his hand. She hesitated. Friends and sympathizers advised her to accept. What could she do? She was alone in the world, destitute, and in a foreign land. She yielded, and with her uncongenial mate she returned to the land of unequal rights. What has since become of her, God only knows. It is to be hoped that, henceforth, whenever she met with superiority of rank or fortune, she, unlike her father, accepted her inferiority with contented humility, and never forgot the family sacrifice which had been made at the altar of that Moloch of pride, which repudiates all authority and hierarchy, to inaugurate the license of thought and speech, and the anarchy of action."

"If the characteristic of truth," said Tintin Calandro, "is universality and duration, and if the distinctive feature of error is to be local, circumscribed and transitory, then slavery, with its various modifications, is an institution founded on truth, for it has existed throughout the world since the beginning of historical records, until recently when it has begun to shrink into a smaller compass. It had thrived for centuries every where, under forms more or less visible, and with chains more or less heavy. It seemed to be a spontaneous and natural growth indigenous to our globe. But, like all sublunary things, whether it came from hell, or from heaven, it is

bound to disappear, at least in name, and the sooner in consequence of its having openly lasted so long. It is hoary with age and must decay, but not perish entirely, for nothing once created ever perishes, be it spiritual or material. Ideas are decomposed merely to reappear with modifications; social and political institutions are struck down, apparently to rot, but they germinate again from the earth with a change of foliage which conceals the identity of the roots; all matter crumbles into dust and vanishes, only to assume another composition and organization; the name, the shape and the complexion of things will be altered, but the substance will eternally remain. Be it as it may, the whole civilized world, as it is called (Heaven save the mark!) now thunders forth that slavery, as we have it here, where the white man avowedly owns the black man as property, and not clandestinely as white masters own white slaves in philanthropic communities where sanctimonious cupidity throws a veil over the title deeds of bondage, is contrary to Christianity and a monstrous sin. It is not true, however, for the God man and His apostles would not have hesitated to denounce it as they denounced all other sins. On the contrary, they respected and sanctioned it, as they respected and sanctioned the authority of Cæsar. We hear it bawled out on all sides that slave communities are necessarily immoral. All cant, all cant! Nothing else. The Romans, during four hundred years, were the most moral and religious people that ever lived. Although they were pagans and slaveholders, and although they had the right to repudiate their wives as they pleased, there was not among them during that long period of time, one single divorce; and, although they had the power of life and death over their children, that tremendous

power never was abused. The cry also is: slavery stupefies the master and the slave. It is false again, as false as Judas, for the Athenians had more genius, more refinement, more wit and more taste than all the modern free nations of the earth put together; and it cannot be denied that, in America, slavery has Christianized the savage blacks imported from Africa and greatly improved their moral, intellectual and physical condition. Nevertheless slavery, African slavery, against which such a hue and cry is raised, whilst the slavery of whites is allowed to slumber peacefully elsewhere, must succumb at last. It is merely a question of time. Whether that time is near, or distant, must be left to the sagacity of the wise to determine. To my mental vision it is clear, that the abolition of slavery in the United States is comparatively near. Free States and slave States, aristocracy and democracy, cannot live long in fraternal embrace. It is a law of nature. It has pleased God to create irreconcilable antagonisms like fire and water. Your slaves shall be freed by the superior force of an intruding hand, and, as it is another law of nature that distinct races, particularly like the black and white which cannot commingle and fuse into a heterogeneous compound, shall not exist together on a footing of equality, the Caucasian race will annihilate the African, and, in less than a hundred years, the black man will become as rare as the red man.

"There might be a chance, if not to escape from, at least to retard, those evils with which you are threatened. Take the initiative, emancipate gradually your slaves, give them an appropriate education, institute a sort of feudal tenure, let them be attached to the glebe, and into them let the spirit of the Scottish clans be infused. Your negroes are naturally aristocratic in their

instincts, and, besides, they hate all foreigners, all those who are not born on their native soil. Put them under the sway of hereditary chiefs; let them be the vassals of those chiefs, and let the chiefs be their patriarchal heads. Let them have interests in common—a bond of union between the protected and the protectors. Let the negroes have all the civil rights you enjoy, and some of the political, under proper restrictions. Let them have a country, let them have property. Improve them morally and intellectually, as much as practicable; elevate them to you instead of descending to them, but keep them distinct and apart, and beware of debasing amalgamation. Let them be loved, loving and prosperous vassals and tenants. Then, if they are not an element of force, they may not be an element of weakness, and perhaps of danger. When the inevitable struggle shall come between the Southern States on one side, and the Northern and Western States on the other, aim above all at forming a strong government, if you wish to avoid the worst of all fates—that of a conquered people; and the only strong and durable government which the world has ever seen is the aristocratic, as is exemplified by Rome, Venice, England, and particularly France, whose aristocratic monarchy, ten centuries old, perished shortly after it became autocratic under a cardinal's blood-red hat."

"But, Tintin Calandro," I said, "you are dreaming of impossibilities. You are forgetting that you live in an age essentially democratic, in which numbers will, with the rod of majorities, rule despotically over crushed and obedient minorities."

"Then your hour of trial will soon be at hand," replied Tintin; "and your five millions of slaves will desert you, and you will be overwhelmed."

"You forget, Tintin Calandro, that the Federal census only gives us a little above three millions."

"The census is false and deceptive like your 'Declaration of Independence,' which, as to the principles it proclaims, is nothing but a pack of fallacies. The planters, as you well know, never gave but a very incomplete list of their slaves. To diminish taxation, more than one-third was omitted."

"Well," said I, laughing at his rueful countenance, "we can afford to wait a good while, I suppose, for the happening of the awful catastrophe which you announce. The horizon is not so dark after all. Words of fury are often but empty sounds; it is not every blustering wind that uproots the sturdy oak; and threatened men live long."

"Lay not this flattering unction unto your soul," replied Tintin with increasing animation; "rather fly from this doomed land and from the rain of blood which will deluge it; fly from it, as the wife of Lot once fled from the city which the wrath of heaven was to blast, but, wiser than her, do not look behind. Take along with thee thy earthly goods, and God speed thee as thou runneth, for the hand of the spoiler is waxing strong."

Struck with the vehemence of his manner, I interrupted him, and said: "Tintin Calandro, my friend, you are running wild, almost mad; compose yourself."

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed; "that is but an old and stale story. When Cassandra cautioned the Trojans against their impending fate, and when the man on the walls of the sacred city of Palestine cried: 'woe to Jerusalem, and woe to myself!' they were said to be mad by those they wished to save. But the Greeks and the Romans justified those prophets of evil, and

made good the lamentations which had been derided and despised. When the soothsayer said to Cæsar: 'beware of the Ides of March,' he was waived aside as a madman, or a quack. But when the dagger of Brutus flashed in the senate, which of the two had acted madly, the soothsayer who had given the warning, or the dictator who had disregarded it? Have you heard of the well-authenticated supper of Cazotte, the crack-brained, with Condorcet, Champfort, La Harpe and other celebrities? At the festal board, when wine sparkled in the cup and witty jests enlivened the passing hour, he predicted to them the horrors of the French revolution. Pointing his finger at Condorcet the strong-minded, the atheist, and the advocate of the right of women to vote and be elected to office, he said: "You, marquis, will die in a prison by your own hand, to escape being publicly beheaded by your revolutionary accomplices and associates in destroying the work of ages; you, La Harpe, the favorite and enthusiastic disciple of Voltaire, and the scoffing infidel, will haunt the confessional like a nun, and be as fanatically pious as a Carthusian monk.' Thus he went on, telling each guest what his fate would be, and he ended with prophesying his own, which was to perish on the scaffold. O, how they roared, the half inebriated philosophers, deists and atheists, when they heard these predictions! They were particularly tickled at the idea that La Harpe would put on the cassock. How they toasted La Harpe, the future saint, and Cazotte, the resuscitated Calchas! What bumpers they drank to the new prophet! Why should they have been afraid? Was not Cazotte known to be half mad? And being half mad, was he to be believed, when he pretended to read in the book of destiny? Well then, why should I com-

plain, I, poor Tintin Calandro, the old grave-digger and the ghost-seer? Why should I not be laughed at when I say: Look! look at the gigantic vampire of fanaticism whose dark shadow projects itself over this continent. Poor Tintin Calandro is mad!" And he slowly and musingly walked away repeating to himself mournfully: "Poor Tintin Calandro is mad! mad! mad! mad!"

I was accustomed to Tintin's fits of insanity, but, I do not know why, there was something in this scene which shattered my nerves. An unaccountable and invincible gloominess came over my soul. I hastened home, drank a whole bottle of champagne, but felt more blue than before. I tried to read, but could not, went to bed in self-defence, and had dreadful dreams.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE STATESMAN.—BETTER BE A DOG THAN A POLITICIAN.

THE next time I met Tintin Calandro, I was surprised at the extreme cordiality with which he greeted me. He took both my hands and shook them heartily again and again, saying: "I esteem and love you more than ever. I have learned that a *comité de salut public*,"* and in uttering these words a visible tremor passed over his whole frame, and his habitually pale face became still paler, "but what am I talking about?" said he correcting himself; "I mean that a Committee of the Democratic party has called on you to invite you to run for an office to be obtained by the popular vote, and that you have refused, thank God! So, my dear Fernando, you are not disposed, it seems, to turn politician, to be a buzzard living on the carcass of the social body, which, the more putrified it is, the more abundant and luscious food it offers to those foul birds."

I wondered at such utterances from the mouth of my recluse friend, and I replied: "No fear of that, and there are several reasons for it. The first duty of a man is to know himself. Well, I know that the cut of my coat, such as it has pleased nature and her adjunct operatives, to wit, circumstances, to make it, does not permit me to hang it on a pole in the market-place

* A Committee of Public Safety.

with any reasonable hope that it may ever become a popular flag. Besides, I remember an advice which was given me by a great man, who could speak on the subject with full and special knowledge. It was in 1829. I was returning to New Orleans from Philadelphia, where I had obtained the honor of being admitted to the distinguished bar of that city, after having successfully, and therefore proudly, passed through a severe examination conducted by such men as Sargeant, Duponceau and Dallas. On my way home, I spent some days in Washington, which loomed in my youthful mind as the Olympus of all that was admirable and noble in this world. I was welcomed with much kindness by Henry Clay, who had more than once been an honored guest in my family. On the day fixed for my departure, I called on him to take leave. Whilst he had my hand grasped in his, he said: 'Well, young man, what do you intend to do when at home? What course of life have you sketched for yourself?'

"'I thank you for the inquiry, Mr. Clay,' I replied. 'It is probable that I shall try to rise in my profession, and then why should I not have the legitimate ambition to become a statesman; and, in imitation of stimulating examples which I have before me, why should I not attempt to serve my country to the best of my abilities, although in an humble manner?'

"Never have I since forgotten the expression of his eye and of his lips on that occasion. Squeezing with a sort of nervous pressure my hand, which he still held tightly, he said in the richest tone of his peculiarly musical and sympathetic voice, and with a shade of melancholy which flitted over his face like a light cloud across the luminous disk of the sun:

"'Beware and reflect. Statesmen are few, politicians are many. I have been thus far, I believe, one of the most successful politicians in the United States, and yet, allow me to say to you before we part, what I have said to my own sons: be a dog rather than a politician.'

"I frequently met Mr. Clay afterward, when the wind of political adversity had withered his hopes, when disappointments after disappointments had soured his heart, when the hounds of party warfare barked at his heels, when friends had proved untrue, when partisans had dwindled away before the prospect of failure, when the people had become cold before their former idol, when enemies had gathered with a triumphant flourish of trumpets round the noble stag at bay, when slander had done its best to blacken and tarnish the pure and bright panoply of gold with which the great commoner thought he had armed his illustrious name, when an occasional savage scowl sat on his furrowed brow, when his thin lips curled with contempt, when sometimes a fierce flash shot from his eyes as from those of an eagle looking round from the altitude of his eyrie for a prey to pounce upon. Then it was, on my hearing, even at the warm and social board of friendship, the bitter sarcasm and the sneering laugh which sometimes betrayed the galled and jaded soul within, that I repeated to myself more than once: 'be a dog rather than a politician.' It is not that I am insensible to the glory of being a martyr in a great cause. But great causes are not of frequent occurrence, and is not a martyr at will, he who wishes it. If I might make some concessions to the 'prince of darkness,' whom Shakspeare proclaims to be a 'gentleman,' to gratify the ambition of being, like Pitt, the

ruler of a great nation, I would not condescend to burn a tallow candle to the scullions of his satanic majesty's kitchen, to be the emasculated governor of an equivocally sovereign state, or an obscure senator in Congress. But, to be less figurative; I do not mean to say that there are not circumstances under which I should not accept office. I hold that any public or political situation, which is spontaneously tendered with expectations that the commonwealth will be benefited by the acceptance, no member of that commonwealth has a right to refuse, whatever his tastes, inclinations, or interests may be, whatever is his distrust in his own capacity, or whatever discomforts or even dangers might result to him from that acceptance. The most sacred and imperative duty which civilized society imposes upon a citizen, is that of answering without hesitation the call of his country. But we are living in an age when no office is tendered, because it is hunted after by too many humanitarian terriers and bloodhounds, because no people will go to a Cincinnatus at the plow, and, taking him by the collar, will compel him to become dictator and save Rome. I have not read in any code of morality, or of national law, that a man, to conquer the opportunity of serving his country for *a consideration* indispensable now to patriots, is bound to engage against a crowd of them in a free fight, after the fashion of hungry curs snarling and tearing one another to pieces over a bit of bone in the gutter. And if this is not sufficient, dear Tintin, let me introduce you into a room where you will witness a scene the recollection of which never will fade away from my memory. Do you see that majestic octogenarian on his death-bed? Do you see a boy standing by that bed? Do you see those feeble and trembling hands laid on his head

to bless, whilst these words are addressed to him: 'Son of a cherished daughter, you are still very young, and yet I commit to your care your widowed mother. Be dutiful and loving to her, and her support through life. My career has been very long, and, when I review it at this solemn hour, I see nothing in it which makes me afraid of meeting my God and Creator, who now summons me to His presence. My conscience is calm and my death is serene, as you see. I have never voluntarily wronged any one, and no man, or woman, can address to me a just reproach. Live as I have done, that you may die as I die. Whatever may be your temptations, and whatever the errors into which you may be betrayed, for some are inseparable from human nature, be sure to keep clear of such as would make you forfeit your own esteem. Be always a gentleman from the root of your hair to the very sole of your feet and in the very marrow of your bones. March steadily in the path of honor, although it may bristle with thorns that will tear your flesh at every step, for the path of honor is also the path of true religion. Now, farewell, I bless you, and may God sanction the blessing!'

"When he ceased to speak, I raised my eyes which streamed with tears. He was dead; I gazed at his face. The expression left on it was that which one may suppose to be communicated by the sweet recollection of a life well spent. By heaven, Tintin Calandro, whenever I have been tempted into any action on the nature of which I entertained doubts at the time, I have stood before the portrait of him I speak of, and which I have always carried with me wherever I went, for I felt it to be my guardian angel and monitor, and I have said to the image of the departed: would you do it, grand-

father, if alive, or would you approve of it? Believe it or not, as you please, I always have read the answer in those calm blue eyes which were fixed on me, and whenever my determination was taken according to that answer, I saw, or fancied I saw, a smile steal over his lips. You see, my friend, why I can not be a bob-tail and tag-rag politician, if you have any conception of what I should have to stoop to, and of the terror with which, in that case, I should approach that portrait. You see also that I am as mad as you are, for, if you are under the influence of ghosts, I am under the spell of a painted canvas."

"No madness, no madness," exclaimed Tintin Calandro. "The ancestral soul was there, speaking to your soul in answer to your appeal. Spirits love to hover round their portraits and even to dwell in them, when held sacred by their descendants, or by those who loved them when in the flesh. O God! O God! what mysteries there are in this world, of which man knows nothing, because of his incredulity!"

He seated himself on a tomb and buried his face in his hands, which was his habit when he felt some uncontrolable emotion. After a while he looked up. Tears were trickling down his cheeks. "I also have a portrait in my bed-chamber," he said. "When I die, which will be before long, it shall be committed to your care, with the request that every day, as my representative, you kneel before it and do homage to her whom you will see for the first time, and whose eyes will beam on you as if still instinct with life. Do that, and, with the consent of Almighty God, I will appear to you, and give you such proof of our spiritual existence after death and such comfort to your grieving soul, as I may be permitted to bring."

At that moment, deafening shouts were heard and the tramp of many feet. It was a political procession filing off alongside of the walls of the cemetery with flags and emblematical devices, for we were on the eve of a presidential election. They had a band of music marching in front of them. Suddenly the electrifying notes of the *Marseillaise* burst upon us. "What? what? what is that?" shrieked Tintin Calandro, his whole frame quivering with intense excitement, and his eye flashing with that wild light peculiar to insanity. "A Jacobin club! A procession of cut-throats! It is the rising of the people! The upheaving of the sewers! A torrent bursting from hell! They are the demons of faubourgs St. Marceau and St. Antoine." He looked round terror-struck, as if for help. "Beat them back," he shouted with frantic energy. "Keep them off, charge them, give us time to fly. Where are the body-guards? O God! It is too late. O horror! Do you see that fiend there?—there, there—the fiend in human shape who carries on a pike that angelic head dripping with gore. It is her head—the head of beauty, virtue and innocence! It is the noblest blood that ever flowed in mortal veins."

Poor Tintin fell into convulsions, uttering the most dismal yells of agony. I took him in my arms as if he had been a child, for his diminutive and emaciated body only weighed a few pounds, and I flew rather than ran across the cemetery to my friend's humble abode. I knocked at the door with such force as to batter it down. It was promptly opened, however, and an old negro woman whom I knew, and whom everybody else knew in New Orleans under the appellation of Zabet, surnamed the "philosopher," made her appearance. "It is not the first time," she said, "that I

have seen him in this condition. Carry him to bed. This will last some days, but, with tender and careful nursing, he will recover, poor thing!" She opened an inside door, and, for the first time, I entered Tintin Calandro's bed-chamber, which was the second room from the street. It was plain and rude enough; it looked like the cell of an anchorite. A few hard planks, raised above the floor and covered with a thin mattress, constituted his bed. At its head a crucifix was appended. There were two or three straw-bottomed chairs, a dilapidated sofa, a Yankee wooden clock, a round pine-wood table in the centre with a copper candlestick and his violin, a wash-stand in a corner with a cracked bowl and pitcher, a Bible and a complete edition of Swedenborg's works resting on dusty shelves. Above the mantelpiece of a chimney which looked as if fire had not been made in it for years, hung a large frame which, as I conjectured, contained the portrait of which he had spoken. I say that I conjectured, because the painting, whatever it was, happened to be covered with a thick black crape veil. I wanted to go for a physician, but the negress, with some degree of scorn at the suggestion, I thought, said that it was not necessary, and that she knew what was to be done better than any doctor. Seeing that the patient was a little more calm, although still delirious, and having perfect confidence in his nurse, I retired, and, on my way home, I became so absorbed in turning over in my mind certain suspicions which had been produced by this late incident, that I ran foul of a lamp-post, against which I violently struck my head, and was near being picked up by the night-watch as a drunken man.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLD ZABET THE BLACK WOMAN, AND HER PHILOSOPHY.

As Zabet had predicted, the illness of Tintin Calandro continued several days. I passed most of my time in watching over my suffering friend. He had recovered his senses at last, but great debility had been the result of the violent fever which had followed the paroxysms of insanity which I had witnessed in the graveyard. I had improvised for myself a sort of bed in a room which preceded the chamber of Tintin, and which was dignified with the name of parlor. There I slept every night, to be, when wanted, in attendance on one who was for me an object of love and admiration, notwithstanding the mental infirmity with which he was afflicted. I must also confess that I was attracted to him by an intense curiosity excited by the mystery which shrouded the existence of one, who evidently was very different in reality from what he wished to appear. I had for companion in my vigils the faithful Zabet, who entertained me with amusing stories of the colonial life of our ancestors, and of whom I shall proceed to give a biographical sketch. I think that she is quite worthy of it, as one of those singular characters possessed of a decidedly marked physiognomy, who abounded in the Louisiana of the past, and who seem to have since withered and disappeared under the leveling system by which everybody is made as much like everybody else

as a sheep is like another sheep. We have sunk to the platitude of monotonous and uniform mediocrity.

For the population of the past Zabet was as much of an institution as the city council, or *Cabildo*, and as curious and favorite a monument in flesh and blood, as the cathedral was in brick and mortar, or the antiquated convent of the Ursulines in Condé street. At the time I met her at Tintin Calandro's, she pretended to have run a career of very near a hundred years. She was born in the house of Madam de Gauvrit, the widow of an officer who had served under Bienville, the founder of New Orleans. The widow had made a pet of the young negress, and had emancipated her by testament. Elizabeth, or Zabet, as she was called by contraction, after having acquired her freedom, had successively hired herself out as a chambermaid and hair-dresser to several of the most aristocratic ladies of the colonial epoch. The word *aristocratic* is here correctly employed, because there was then an aristocracy in Louisiana; and it is now ridiculously used and misapplied, because there is no longer among us a legitimate shadow of anything of the sort, for our society is thoroughly plebeian and democratic. But to return to Zabet. Although she knew neither how to read nor write, she spoke very pure and even elegant French, without being aware of it and without being acquainted with one single grammatical rule, but merely from the force of memory, association and habit. The magpie of Horace, or Virgil, if they had one, must have chattered in metrical language. I have in my possession a letter of one of the beauties of the court of Louis XV. The style is as classical as that of a muse, and the orthography as bad as that of a cook. The last lady whom Zabet had served was the wife of the colonial prefect Laussat, who hand-

ed over Louisiana to the United States after having received it from Spain, like a decanter of wine, or a sponge cake, which circulates round the convivial table. The day on which the French flag was lowered before the American almost broke Zabet's heart. She wept as if the greatest calamity had befallen her. On being asked what was the matter with her, she replied that she did not know what to do for a living, and that her former occupation was gone.

"I have heard," she said, "that this new government proclaims that all white folks are equal. Well, if the old French woman who sells sausages in the market-place is as good as the wife of Governor Claiborne, then there are no longer ladies in the land, for, since aunty, the pork-pie seller, cannot rise above what she is, it is clear that madam the governess must come down to her, in order that they both may be on the same level. Having always waited on ladies, I am not going to wait on any other of my sex of an inferior degree, however rich their dresses may be, and whatever may be the loads of diamonds they carry on their heads, or round their necks; and besides, if, according to this government, all white women are equal, although one is nothing but a stinking rag, and the other a piece of silk embroidered with gold, I don't comprehend why my black skin makes me inferior to a white female thief, or a white mushroom of the gutter, to whom I feel that I am much superior by my feelings and education. Therefore, in my humble opinion, I am as much entitled as she is to be the equal of anybody; and please, how can I be a servant to my equal? *That's my philosophy*, do you see. O Lord! O Lord! If I cannot be a chambermaid and a hair-dresser, as I used to be, how shall I live?"

But the grief of Zabet did not last long. She was a woman of spirit and action; she kept her word, and ceased to be a menial. Her next appearance in public was as a seller of delicious cakes which she delicately made with her own hands, and of pecans, those luscious nuts so much appreciated in Louisiana. She stationed herself under the porch of the cathedral, and, as she knew everybody that she cared to know, and was reciprocally known, and as she had always been a favorite with the *elite* of the population, she carried on a brisk trade. She was complimented on her spirited resolution to be independent in a free country, and pieces of silver rained into her basket. To all her blue blooded patrons who had a kind word for her, she behaved with the highflown courtesy of the old regime to which she was so much attached, and was profuse in humble thanks expressed in well set phrases. If any allusion was made to her change of occupation, she would say: "It is as evident as the Holy Virgin is the mother of God, that, if one cannot live by the dressing-comb, one must live by the broomstick; and, if not by the broomstick, let it be by the wash-tub, or in any other way, so it be honest. Do you see, *that's my philosophy;* and old Quemper, the schoolmaster, has told me that it is as good as any other: and old Quemper knows everything on earth."

When church hours had elapsed, Zabet would migrate from the porch of the cathedral to the arcades of the court-house next to it. There she was in the way of the lawyers, judges and jurors, who seldom passed her without stopping for a little chat, when they had any time to spare, for she was keen and sarcastic, old Zabet, a sort of black Diogenes in petticoat. Faith! She had a tongue as sharp pointed as her needle, and, when she

chose, she was very entertaining. Moreau Lislet, Livingston, Mazureau, Grymes, Judge Martin, and other luminaries of the bar and bench, would linger before her basket, picking up a handful of her pecans, and, whilst cracking them, would crack jokes with her, and would ask for some information on the usages and habits of the last century, and laugh at some scraps of good humored scandal, or some piquant anecdote which she would relate; for old Zabet was a living chronicle and a picturesque painter of past things and events. When she sold her merchandise to those she liked, she was all smiles and graciousness, and had always something pleasant to say. Those she disliked were treated with the utmost indifference. She would hand her cakes or nuts to them with a sort of grim solemnity of manner, without looking at them, and would pocket their money in silence. Sometimes, when their backs were turned, she would toss up her head and cast at them a glance full of intense disgust. In the beginning of the evening, and as the sun went down, she would operate another migration, and station herself at that entrance of Jackson square which is in front of the cathedral, where all the promenaders who came there to inhale some fresh air were bound to pass by her. She would examine with a critical eye all those who went by, and, when she had by her side some ebony or orange colored female friend, to whose discretion she could trust, she would thus unbosom herself to her companion, particularly when in a dyspeptic or sour humor, which happened occasionally, for Zabet, in common with many other philosophers like herself, was not exempt from being fretted by those vexations of life which frequently follow too close on each other's heels:

"O dear! O dear! Look at that popinjay. How he

swells! He thinks that he is somebody, because he has a sugar plantation. Bless me! He forgets that his grandfather used to blacken the shoes of Governor Galvez, and that the governor tossed to him that piece of land, like a penny to a beggar, as a reward for his clever exercise of the brush. My stars! Gossip, if you ain't afraid of being struck blind, look at that other fellow yonder, the marquis of cotton bags, whose purse is so fat and whose brain is so thin. I heard him say, the other day, that his family was the best in the State. O Christ! That old Zabet should hear such things, and not dare to open her lips! Why, why, dear gossip, his grandfather was a convict, who, harnessed like a horse, used to pull the Government's barges up the river. Ha! ha! Shut up your umbrella, my gossip, the rain is over, sure; for here is a walking rainbow. See how she struts, *Madame La Princesse*, with all her colors flying! Upon my word! She thinks she is some pumpkins, because she wears a cashmere shawl and a velvet dress, although the weather is almost suffocating. She don't permit one of her black girls to lift up her head in her presence. If the poor thing raises her eyes, she is called insolent, as if a cat was not permitted to look at a king. To be sure, she ought to have plenty of dresses in store, and she ought also to know how to make them, for her mother was the milliner of the baroness of Carondelet. Give way, give way, mercy on me! That dashing equipage, with those crazy bay colored horses, has almost knocked my basket off the *banquette* and run over me. Jeremiah! What changes in this world! I have seen the father of their proprietor standing behind the coach of Governor Miro!" Thus would Zabet vent her spleen; but she would invariably wind up with: "Patience! patience! There is no more wisdom in quarreling with

upstarts than in picking burrs. I will sell them my cakes, and . . . . spit. *That's my philosophy.*"

Sometimes, in the midst of her pungent remarks, Zabet's face would assume an expression of triumph. "At last, at last!" she would exclaim. "I see one of our old blooded stock. Here is a gentleman coming, and no mistake. There is royal blood for you, gossip, mark it, and know it again when you see it. I'll get up and courtesy." Or, "look at that timid lady, modestly and plainly dressed, who walks as if she was afraid of being in the way of somebody. Royal blood again, gossip, royal blood! May God bless her for ever! Honor to whom honor is due. *That's my philosophy.* Old Zabet cannot be deceived. She knows who is who, and which is which. There is no fooling her with false colors. She knows what milk every baby has sucked, and she can tell, a mile off, a canary bird from a jackdaw. But mum! To be silent and not open my lips when the cold wind would give me the tooth-ache, *is my philosophy.*"

Apart these outbursts of feelings in which she occasionally indulged when she could be heard only by confidential ears, Zabet was naturally affable and kind, and was a great favorite with high and low, notwithstanding her studied reserve toward the latter. Even children seemed to entertain for her a sentiment of veneration, and abstained from plaguing her. It is true that she was fond of them, and generally had an apple or a cake to give. They called her: "old aunty that will never die;" and the only liberty they were ever known to take with her in a playful manner, was to say: "old aunty, how are you to-day? It is said that you will never die. It is your philosophy, we hope, to live for ever and give us apples. Is it not?" The sum total

of human excellence, according to her peculiar notions, was to have royal blood. When, speaking of an individual, she said sententiously: "royal blood," she had blown the last and finishing blast of the trumpet of praise; nothing was to be added. I once asked her what she meant by royal blood. She replied that she meant those to whom kings had given a small picture, or design, which they wore on their seals, or on the pannels of their carriages, or which they hung up in frames at home. Thus a coat-of-arms and royal blood had become inseparably connected in Zabet's mind. On one occasion, I maliciously asked her what she thought of the family of Grandmaison. "Extra royal blood," she answered. "How is it then, Zabet," I said, "that Eugene Grandmaison is such a conceited, mean, perfidious, stupid, good-for-nothing wretch, that a cur would hardly condescend to be fed by him?" She looked much distressed by my question, and, after a little cogitation, she replied: "I must confess that it is a thing beyond my comprehension, and which grieves me to the heart. I cannot account for it. There must have been something wrong in the hatching, somehow or other. The devil must be at the bottom of it. But still, royal blood is royal blood. *That's my philosophy.*"

Once, in 1815, on her being pointed out to General Jackson, as he happened to pass by the cathedral, he stopped before her basket, picked a few of the nuts, for which he gave her a dollar, shook hands with her, inquired about her health, and expressed his satisfaction at her looking so well notwithstanding her great age. When he departed, Zabet, looking long and steadfastly at the retiring hero, said to the by-standers: "The general is a stranger to me; I know nothing of him. But he is royal blood, sure; else he would not have behaved as he did. *That's my philosophy.*"

The old woman was fond of visiting me, because she had discovered that I never tired of listening to her anecdotes and stories, which were so graphically descriptive of the feelings and manners of the past. How different was that past from the present when seen through the spectacles of the narrator! On entering my apartment, she used to sink into an arm-chair after having deposited her basket on the floor, blow for a few minutes, and exclaim, when she had some cause of vexation to complain of: "My son," for she always addressed me by that endearing appellation, "my heart burns," and then she would relate what had excited her indignation.

"Aunty," I said to her on one of those occasions, "I wonder that you allow your heart to *burn* so often. It might consume it in the end. This is not sound philosophy on your part."

"Why not?" she replied with vivacity. "A heart that is not susceptible of burning is like rotten wood. It is not good for any thing; there is nothing in it. It is as cold as ice and lifeless. I pray God that my heart may never cease to burn, whenever there is a cause for it. *That's my philosophy.* Ah! This poor world is now topsy turvy. Who had told me, when I dressed the hair of the Countess of Galvez, that old Zabet would see such times as these would have killed me outright. But old age becomes tough, and can bear much affliction. It is hard though, very hard, when I meet a *dochan** in the market place, or in the streets, to hear myself thus addressed in an imperious tone: 'Negress, how dare you to brush by me so close? Keep your distance. Don't you know who I am?' O Lord!

* This word in the Creole vocabulary of the blacks in Louisiana means a person of very low birth.

O Lord! I say to myself: You are right, darling. Do n't I know who you are? Dirt, dirt, dirt!" and she would spit with disgust. "Well, well," she would say, resuming the subject, "thank God, there is a compensation for every evil; for, the next moment, I meet royal blood, and it is a kind shaking of my bony black hand, and making way to me as to a lady, and, 'good-bye, Aunty Zabet, remember to come and see me, and get a bottle of wine, or a dress, or something else that may please you.' This shows that we must take things as Heaven sends them, although the heart may be permitted to burn a little, and no harm done. *That's my philosophy.* But the world is getting worse every day, my son. There is no denying that. For instance, you are a very nice young man, blood royal, and all that, but you are not to be compared with your father, and neither he nor you could have come up to your grandfather's standard, Governor Lemos. It would have been worth traveling a whole day to see him bow to a lady, or take a pinch of snuff. You can't conceive what that was."

Evidently old Zabet was *laudator temporis acti*, as Horace says. Tradition reported that she had been rather fast in her youth, although she was now very pious. When this was hinted to her, she took it in good part. "Admitting that to be true," she would say laughing, and showing a wonderful set of white teeth of which she was very proud, "admitting that to be true, pleasure and the ball-room when young, prayer and the church when old, *that's my philosophy.*"

She had accidentally become acquainted with Tintin Calandro, and had taken hugely to him. She had soon persuaded herself that he was a person who, like a child, required to be looked after, and had discovered that,

not only was he partially mad, but also, that he nourished in his soul a secret sorrow, which he did not permit to be probed even in the most delicate manner. During twenty years, before attending to her own avocations, which I have described, she had, early in the morning, performed the functions of housekeeper for Tintin Calandro, and prepared his modest breakfast consisting of two eggs and a cup of coffee, and, in the evening, before retiring, she attended to his frugal supper which was made up of a bowl of hot milk, a crust of bread, and a dish of vegetables, for Tintin Calandro never took any dinner. "He never eats," said Zabet, "between sun up and sun down. Is it not queer? But the poor thing is crazy, and as harmless and innocent as a new-born baby. He will go to paradise, sure." Notwithstanding the long duration of these intimate relations between Zabet and Tintin Calandro, she knew nothing of his past life, except that, many years ago, on his arrival in New Orleans, he had waited on the bishop, had remained several hours closeted with him, and, through the recommendation and influence of that prelate, had obtained the position which he now occupied.

Not only had that excellent creature, old Zabet, watched over Tintin Calandro with sisterly affection, but, as if she still had more time and benevolence to spare, she had also adopted a white orphan boy, to whose education and support she devoted her hard earnings. On her being asked why she had not chosen one of her own race, she had replied: "A white woman took care of me in the cradle, and I, in my turn, will take care of a white child. *Gratitude is my philosophy.*"

Such is the associate I had when nursing Tintin Calandro, and, in two weeks, we had the gratification of seeing him as well as before.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—THE MUSICIAN AND THEOLOGIAN.

It was on Christmas Eve. In the morning I had received a note from Tintin Calandro, informing me that, at night, he would give a concert to the spirits of the dead. I had been invited to several parties for that evening. I was hesitating which to accept, when Tintin's note was delivered. I no longer hesitated, I declined them all. I knew that a feast was prepared for me alone, which in excellence would far exceed any other which could be offered. Fortunately the weather was beautifully serene and mild. When night came, not a cloud could be discovered on the horizon. The sky was transparent, all the stars were at their post. The smallest and the most distant gleamed with vivid distinctness. They all shone with a brilliancy which seemed to me unusual even in our Southern climate. I met Tintin Calandro walking thoughtfully in one of the alleys of the cemetery. As I approached, he signified to me with a wave of his hand not to address him. I seated myself on a tomb, and waited. Tintin paced to and fro, wrapped up in meditation. Suddenly he took his violin, and seemed to try its powers by a magnificent prelude, in which he attacked and conquered all the difficulties of his art. Instinct with life and passion, the bow moved with electric rapidity, and, under

its fiery contact, the strings glowed with sympathetic ardor, drawing increasing inspiration from the very sounds emitted with such profuse wealth and variety under the magic touch of genius. It was the eloquence of harmony. The instrument had assumed a soul; it had became a living thing. It was the enthusiasm of the poet—the voice of the prophet reading in the skies the decrees of Jehovah. One could almost have fancied hearing it shout like the Sybil of Virgil: *Deus, ecce Deus.* "The God comes, here is the God." I listened, as it were with a feeling of delightful intoxication, and the inspired musician laid before me the following poem, which he had the marvelous art to make me understand as clearly as if it had been written down in human language:

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Christ was there. "Before Abraham was, I am." The crucified of Jerusalem was present at the creation. Hallelujah! hallelujah! Then came a chorus of angels rejoicing at the birth of man, followed by a grand *adagio* picturing the holy repose of Paradise, Adam and Eve walking hand-in-hand in the presence of the Lord in blissful innocence, their lips whispering to each other the chaste language of conjugal love, and their hearts full of gratitude for their creator. They separate, Adam being called away by some manly occupation, and Eve to attend to her favorite flowers. Sweet melodies float around her as she strolls from one perfumed bush to the other in dreamy contentedness. Suddenly a prolonged hiss is heard. It is the serpent's. The bow of the musician glides swiftly over the strings of his instrument in imitation of the movements of the wily reptile on the flowery ground. The tempter's flattery is addressed to

the willing ears of deluded vanity in the softest and most voluptuous strains, which swelled gradually into the loud and thick-rushing notes of exultation at expected triumph, when the fatal asseveration was made to the woman: "Eat; ye shall not surely die; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good from evil." A world of sorrows ensues. What wailings! what gnashing of teeth! what lamentations! Thunder seems to roll round the sublime musician. It is the curse of God on the guilty pair—divine wrath tempered with mercy—a Saviour is promised—the Saviour eternally existing from the beginning. But, before he shall come, ages must elapse. Meanwhile the reign of the arch enemy begins. Listen: the marvelous instrument bursts into bacchanalian songs—a wild chaos of sounds expressive of the demoniacal raptures of Hell, which sings the epithalamium of the nuptials of the sons of God with the daughters of man. Lo, the roar of the cataracts of Heaven! The cataracts falling—falling—falling! The seas—the vast seas swelling—swelling—swelling until the highest peak of the earth is covered! The deluge is universal, and the ark calmly floats over the watery grave of the world. The seed, however, from which the Saviour is to come, is spared. But again, the most syren-like and enervating music that ever greeted human ears lulls the very wind. It is the worship of Astarte, or Venus, the adoration of the senses, the deification of the flesh, the triumph of the idols over the one God. Paganism reigns supreme, and the degradation of mankind is complete. A chorus of rejoicing demons appalls the heart; over the prostrate form of the human race hope wings its flight, and despair howls its maniac laughter. But, O

joy! Hear the angel's salutation to Mary. It arrests departing hope and gladdens despair. The miraculous child is born! The long-silent harp of David vibrates again, and repeats one of the most soul-stirring songs of the royal poet and prophet: "The Lord said unto my Lord: sit thou at my right hand, till I make thine enemies thy foot-stool;" thus giving assurance of salvation to mankind. Then comes the wild barbaric clamor of Oriental music. It is the adoration of the Magi, which is followed by floods of melodies poured down from the most distant heights of heaven. It is the adoration of the celestial hosts. Hallelujah! "Glory to God above, and peace to man on earth!" The instrument stopped. The sudden silence was not without its effect. It seemed to continue and increase the overwhelming influence which held me spell-bound. I imagined myself before the manger of Bethlehem and I fell on my knees in mute prayer. When I rose, I saw, to my amazement, Tintin Calandro standing erect on a tomb, and, from that elevated position, looking round as if his eyes were surveying a large audience spread far and wide before him.

"I see here many," he said, "who, in the flesh, doubted that spiritual existence of which they are now convinced from their own personal experience. I see also many who, in their new existence, have retained their disbelief in Christ as well as their vicious and wicked idiosyncracies. They were not Christians in the world of the living, and they have not become Christians in the world of the dead. But I tell you all, on this anniversary of the birth of the Saviour of mankind, that it is not too late for such of you as are unbelievers, to throw yourselves into his loving arms and accept his tendered forgiveness. I know that some learned men

have said, for it is the privilege of learning to raise doubts on all subjects, where is the proof that Christ ever existed? Had they never read, or had they forgotten the much admired Tacitus, the great historian, a skeptic and a scholar like themselves? Had they not been told that it pleased Nero to set Rome on fire, in order to give to himself a representation of the burning of Troy, whilst he sang with accompaniment of the lyre Virgil's description of the destruction of that city? Did he not affect to be indignant at being suspected of such a deed? It was an atrocity of what he, the excellent Nero, was incapable. It became his duty, as he pretended, to ferret out those who had perpetrated the grim joke of burning Rome and setting it at his door. What did he finally imagine to divert suspicion from himself? He accused and prosecuted an 'immense multitude' of men, writes Tacitus—*ingens multitudo.* Who were they? 'Those who were commonly called Christians.' *Quos vulgus Christianos appellabat.* Why were they commonly called Christians? Tacitus will again answer you: 'that name was derived from Christ'—*auctor nominis hujus Christus.* Who was that Christ? Come forth, Tacitus, and continue to give your testimony. He says: 'that Christ, who, under the reign of Tiberius, had been put to death by the procurator Pontius Pilatus.' *Christus qui Tiberio imperitante per procuratorem Pontium Pilatum supplicio affectus erat.* Put to death in Jerusalem only twenty-seven years before the conflagration of Rome, and yet those who believed in him in the latter city already formed an 'immense multitude.' The *credo* of the apostles is repeated almost word for word in Tacitus. It is impossible to agree more explicitly on a statement of facts, and it is equally impossible to suppose that there

was a conspiracy between Tacitus and the apostles to invent Christ. The apostles might have been accused of a pious fraud to establish a new religion for some purpose of their own, or they might have been suspected of so much partiality or zeal for the doctrine which they preached, that they might have been rejected as prejudiced witnesses, but not so with Tacitus, who cordially hated and despised what he designated 'as a mischievous superstition which, temporarily suppressed, had again broken out not only in Judea, where the evil had originated, but even in Rome.' These are his words. *Repressa quæ in præsens exitialis superstitio rursus erumpebat, non modo per Judeam originem hujus mali, sed per urbem etiam.* Thus the existence of Christ, the judgment of Pilate, the crucifixion, and the incredible spread of the 'superstition' which originated in those events, are recorded by the immortal pen of Tacitus.

"What shall I say of that 'immense multitude'—*ingens multitudo*—the contemporaries of Christ—who also proclaimed that he had lived and been crucified under Pontius Pilate? What was that multitude? Was it made up of cowardly and prevaricating fellows of low degree who propagated a falsehood with whispering breath and in dark corners? No. It was composed of the educated and uneducated, of the high in rank and of the humble in station, of experienced age and of artless youth, of the chaste virgin, of the virtuous matron as well as of the repentant courtezan, of the scarred warrior and the timid civilian. What did they do with astounding and unwavering perseverance? They firmly and openly maintained what they knew to be true. *Primò correpti qui fatebant.* Under what circumstances? When arrested, when brought before the tribunals

of irritated and prejudiced judges, when death stared them in the face, when infuriated wild beasts were ready to spring upon them at the bidding of a ferocious populace. Would those who, after eighteen hundred years, maintain that Christ never existed, be willing to shed one drop of their blood, or endure the slightest torture, to assure the triumph of their negation? Surely not. What becomes then of such negation, when met by the affirmation of those countless martyrs who have continued to die to this day in an uninterrupted line of soldiers of the cross, which, starting from Calvary, now encircles the globe? Tacitus informs us that the followers of Christ were 'hated'—*invisos.* Why? Because of their purity of morals which separated them from a corrupt world, and because Christ himself had predicted to his disciples that enmity. 'They were less convicted,' says Tacitus, 'of the crime of arson,' of which they were accused by Nero, 'than of hatred against mankind.' *Haud perendè in crimine incendii quam odio humani generis convicti sunt.* Hatred against mankind! It is not astonishing that he who knew so little what Christianity was, should have called it a mischievous superstition.

"Sixty-two years after the death of Christ mentioned by Tacitus, under the reign of Trajan, Pliny the younger, another classical authority, and proconsul of Bithynia and Pontus, writes to the emperor to consult him on the manner in which he is to proceed against the Christians. 'A very large number of people,' he says, 'of every age, of every rank and of both sexes are compromised in this matter, and others will, in the course of time, be in the same condition. Not only the cities, but also the villages and the country are inundated with this contagious superstition.' Remark

this expression: *inundated.* Could there be such an inundation without an undoubted and undeniable cause? Thus, at that enlightened epoch, in those days which immediately followed the luminous age of Augustus, the crucifixion of Christ in Jerusalem was an acknowledged fact of general notoriety. Could an 'immense multitude,' spreading from Judea to Rome, have believed in a fact alleged to have happened only twenty-two years before, within a short distance of the capital of the world, if that fact had not actually taken place? Would not the Roman authorities, who were so anxious to suppress what they called a mischievous superstition, have not said to the deluded people: 'You fools, the whole of Jerusalem testifies that no Christ ever existed there. His crucifixion is a fiction. There never was a Pontius Pilate.' But they could not say *then* what is *now* said. It could too easily have been disproved. They knew that they could not hold such language to the contemporaries of Christ, to those perhaps who had witnessed his agony on the cross of Calvary. They denied his divinity and his miracles; but his existence and the peculiarity of his death, Oh! no. This would have been too absurdly mendacious. Such a piece of folly was reserved for the modern effrontery of skepticism, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years of acquiescence on that point. But the Jews themselves, who deny the divinity of Christ, admit his existence and his miracles in that celebrated work called the Talmud. They even confirm the performance of his miracles which they attribute to a wrong cause, such, for instance, as his having obtained superhuman powers from the possession of the real name of God, which he had stolen from the sanctuary of the temple.

"Two hundred and fifty years before Christ, under

the Egyptian king, Ptolemy Philadelphus, and by his orders, the Old Testament was translated into Greek, and thus made known, not only to the Greeks, but also to the whole civilized world, among which that language was universally spread as the language of science, literature and the fine arts. In that Old Testament, thus translated, we find the predictions which announced the Messiah, and which therefore could not be subsequent interpolations. More than two thousand years before Christ, the Jewish nation was ushered into existence. Coeval with that national birth was the Messiahanic idea—the idea that this chosen people carried within its bosom a blessing which was to spread over the whole world. It is announced to Abraham, when ordered to move away to the land destined to him by the Lord. Years after, when he attempted to sacrifice his son Isaac in obedience to what he thought the will of God, he received a clearer and more positive assurance, that all the nations of the earth should be blessed, not in him, but in his posterity. The same prophecy is made to Isaac, and after him to Jacob, and, on his death-bed, Jacob himself gives a new sanction to the preceding predictions. To his sons assembled round him, and from whom were to spring the twelve tribes of Israel, he announces what is to happen to every one of them and the birth of the Saviour from the loins of Judah, on a predestined day which is to be marked by a particular event.

"When Israel, flying from Egypt, met the princes of Moab in arms on the banks of the Jordan, we again find on the lips of Balaam, a stranger to Israel, the announcement of the Messiah. Then comes the royal poet and prophet. In a psalm which glows with divine inspiration, and in which he speaks of the secrets

of heaven as if revealed to him, he thus announces them: 'The Lord hath said to me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee.' 'Ask of me, and I shall give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth *for* thy possession.' . . .

"When the days of the captivity of Israel were approaching, several hundred years before Christ, Isaiah proclaimed his advent, his sufferings and his triumphs, with a clearness, a precision and a fullness of language which cannot be surpassed, and which must remove all doubts even from the most incredulous mind. He speaks with the assurance and the lucidity of a historian who has witnessed the facts which he relates. His words are so accurately descriptive that one would suppose him present at the performance of the grand drama of Calvary, and yet seven centuries separated him from the day on which it was acted.

"One hundred years elapse since that prediction, and the people of Israel are captives in Babylon. To console them, Daniel announces the coming of the Redeemer six hundred years before it is to happen. He fixes the epoch and describes the circumstances attending it with an accuracy which future events proved to have been almost mathematical. It was the will of God that prophet after prophet should, from time to time, renew the assurance of the promised Messiah. Five hundred years were yet to elapse, when the voice of Haggai addressed the people of Israel in the same strain on the same subject. What a chain of evidence remaining unbroken through such a long series of ages and events, from Eve to whom God said 'that her seed should bruise the serpent's head,' down to the generation among which Christ was born!

"This belief in the coming of a miraculous personage

who was to change the face of the world, and redeem the human race from the abyss of woes in which it was plunged, was common to almost all the nations of antiquity, however divers and distinct, and unconnected with one another. It was a uniform hope; it was a universal tradition; it was a dim recollection of a promise given by the infinite mercy tempering the rigor of an inevitable judgment, which inflicted punishment for some great crime perpetrated by man shortly after his creation. On the extreme confines of Asia, Confucius had spoken of the coming of the *true saint* who was to bless and to save. Virgil, referring in one of his immortal poems to the oracles of the Sybil of Cumæ, had announced, in conformity with those oracles, the birth of a mysterious child, son of Jupiter, who was destined to efface from the bosom of the earth the vestiges of the foot of the demon of iniquity, and to inaugurate a new order of things. 'See,' he says, 'how, at the birth of that cherished child of the gods, the whole world is agitated and moved from its basis; how all earth, and all the seas, and the heavens in their profoundest depths, and all things, rejoice at the bliss which the coming age is to bring.' Not only had the world, in which there are so many differences of belief and opinion, agreed as to that extraordinary expectation, but also as to the time for the occurrence of its realization. Tacitus, whom I have already quoted, and whom I love to quote to pagans, because he is for them an authority which they dare not impeach, says, when he comes to the reign of Vespasian: 'It was a widely-spread conviction that, according to ancient sacerdotal writings, precisely at that epoch, the East was to prevail, and that men coming out of Judea were to possess themselves of the government of all things!'

The rationalistic philosophers of the 18th century, subjugated by the irresistible proof of the evidence bearing on that subject, had frequently admitted this unanimity of the expectation of a Messiah. Voltaire has written: 'It was from time immemorial a maxim among the Indians and the Chinese that the *sage* would come from the *East*.' Volney, in his celebrated anti-Christian work entitled 'the Ruins,' has written this remarkable phrase: 'The sacred and mythological traditions of the past had spread throughout the whole of Asia the belief in a great mediator, a final judge, a future saviour, king, god, conqueror and legislator, who would bring back the Golden Age, and deliver mankind from the reign of evil.' Another distinguished author, Boulanger, using a more sweeping phraseology, has declared: 'That all the nations of the earth had entertained an expectation of that kind.' It was the Northern Pole to which their hope pointed with the fidelity of the magnetic needle, without their knowing that they were looking to the realization of the prediction of Jacob on his death-bed.

"Thus it was the traditional belief of man that his race had once committed some awful transgression, for which it had been doomed to its present existence, and that a Redeemer was to come. That belief was more definite, more precise among the Jews; it was interwoven with their national life. The promised Messiah was the breath, the soul of Israel. His pre-existence went back to the creation of the world. Take the Messiah out of the Bible, and there is nothing left of it; there is not an inch of solid ground on which Judaism can stand; for a historical record, false in its main point, must be rejected in toto as being unreliable. But there is none which carries within itself such complete

evidence of its being true; and when came the time for the accomplishment of that miracle which it announced and which was to remain perpetual in its duration, there appeared a man who said: 'I am He.' Who was that He? A Jew of the tribe of Judah, of the house of David, according to the prophecies. As long as he preached in the name of God and worked miracles to prove his mission, he was safe, although the doctrines which he proclaimed were not such as were acceptable to the rulers and authorities of Jerusalem. Besides, the self-sacrificing, poor and humble being, who exacted from his followers a complete renunciation of the goods of this world, was not the glorious and conquering Messiah with whose reign the national vanity had flattered itself. Any man in Israel had the right to assume, and assumed with impunity, the part of a prophet and of an envoy of God. But to say: 'I am God,' was blasphemy, and that blasphemy was punished with death. Hence the scene before the chief of the priests, when Jesus said: 'Hereafter shall you see the son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.' Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying: 'He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses?' Thus the Jews sentenced Christ to death in conformity with their laws. But the sentence could not be executed without the permission and sanction of the Roman procurator who represented Cæsar. Hence their taking him to Pilate; hence the remark of that magistrate: 'What has that man done? I see no guilt in him.' A Roman could not have spoken otherwise. For, according to Roman ideas, it was no crime for a man to say: 'I am a god, or I descend from a god?' And how natural was it also for a Roman to say with

contemptuous indifference: 'He is a Jew; he is one of you; he is subject to your laws; he belongs to your jurisdiction; do what you please with him. I wash my hands of it.' If Jesus had been a Roman, the arm of Rome would have been stretched for his protection. How natural also is the sneering answer, steeped in that cynicism of doubt which is but too often the result of what is called the highest degree of extreme civilization —a cynicism which is eclectic in its bearings and applications, which precludes faith in anything, and which pricked its ears when hearing Jesus say that he announced the truth! The reply of the skeptic Roman of the Augustan age was: 'What is truth?' Is it not a simple and credible story? So credible that one almost fancies having witnessed it. Do you doubt its authenticity, brethren of the spiritual world? Ask the millions of Jews scattered over the face of the earth. Every one of them will say like one man: 'It is true, I was there.' The Jew is imperishable; he never changes. He was present on Calvary through his ancestors and saw what they saw. He will tell you that Christ was crucified, and that it was for blasphemy. Ha! ha! spirits, God knows what He is about. He foresaw that the existence of His son might be denied in the course of time, and He provided for it. He needed the Jews, to testify to certain things as a nation and in a body. Therefore He embalmed them as it were with His own hands to prevent their dissolution, and He made them what they are to serve His purposes. If instead of repudiating Christ, they had adopted him as their Messiah, it would have been said: out with them! It is a conspiracy on their part, in order to assume a religious supremacy over the world by the propagation of this cunningly devised fable. They would have been

witnesses suspected of interest; they might have been accused of a pious fraud. But surely they are to be believed, when they attest the existence of one whom they rejected as an impostor and crucified, and whose death has ever been to them a bitter and abundant source of reproach and opprobrium, and of indescribable sufferings for eighteen centuries.

"There would be as good grounds to doubt the existence of Cæsar and of Alexander as that of Christ. The historical records which relate the deeds of those two great men are not more authentic than those which recite the life of the Saviour. The deeds of the Hebrew, as to their importance and the duration of their effects, are far superior to those of the Greek and the Roman. Who cared for Cæsar or Alexander as soon as they had perished? Who cares now for their memory? Who would die, or undergo the most exquisite tortures of martyrdom, rather than not proclaim that they once existed, and that they still live, and are invisibly omnipresent, and are entitled to the same veneration which was accorded to them during their life time? Who would have his limbs torn from his body, rather than not prostrate himself in the dust at the bare mention of their imperial names? There are none. But at the time when the drama of Calvary was acted, and before the generation passed away that had witnessed it, thousands in Jerusalem and thousands in Rome, and elsewhere throughout the whole civilized world, were ready to die in the hands of the public executioner and under the fangs of wild beasts, to maintain in the face of a multitude howling for their blood, the truth of what they believed to be an unquestionable historical fact. Is there another one supported by better proofs in unbroken concatenation? You would

in vain challenge heaven and earth to produce a more striking and marvelous co-operation of attestations, than were those successive predictions through a long series of ages, which announced the happening of a particular event, and which were confirmed and justified by the manner in which it was in the end so strictly accomplished.

"Thus it is established beyond the shadow of a doubt, by sacred and profane authorities, that, at the epoch of the highest civilization of the Roman empire, there lived a man who declared himself to be God in a large and enlightened city of that empire, that an 'immense multitude,' *ingens multitudo*, believed it at the time, and that their number has been steadily increasing ever since, during an uninterrupted series of eighteen hundred years. What a unique and unparalleled phenomenon!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ELOQUENT MADMAN.

"THE Bible was the preface to the Gospels," continued Tintin Calandro. "Judaism was the vestibule of Christianity. I have shown you the spiritual pre-existence of Christ in the Bible; I will show you his bodily and actual existence in the Gospels. In Adam was the germ of Christianity; in Jesus its full and final development. During the first two thousand years of the history of the Jewish people, it was in a state of incubation. During the last eighteen hundred years it has introduced itself into the history of all the civilized nations of the earth; and that history could not be written, if it were attempted to suppress Christianity from its pages. You have seen the figure of Christ reflected from the clear mirror of the Biblical records. You have also seen it chiseled in the imperishable granite of Roman history by Tacitus, in which is repeated almost verbatim the profession of faith of the apostles. Shall I call him St. Tacitus? But no; he is a pagan. From his annals let us pass to those of the apostles? Do I not hear from behind yonder tomb a voice which says: 'Where is the proof of the authenticity of the Gospels?' Greater, I reply, than the proof of the authenticity of the works of Tacitus. That authenticity proves itself by its own internal evidence. The Gos-

pels were written by four different men, who manifestly did not consult together on the subject. They are as distinct as possible in their style and in the selection of what they relate, and yet every one of them so faithfully and strikingly represents, under different aspects and circumstances, the same ineffable character, that their respective hands seem to be guided by the same inspiration. Had they attempted a fiction, they would not have possessed and exhibited this sublime uniformity of inventive creation. Take the Gospel of St. Matthew. If it is a work of the imagination, the author of it, as the inventor of Christ, would be as marvelous as Christ himself. So would St. Mark, so would St. Luke and St. John. *One* would be sufficiently wonderful, but *four!* Never. That is impossible. Besides, how can the authenticity of the Gospels be questioned, when it is recollected that they are nothing else than the public records of public facts? The doctrines of Christ were preached, in the very beginning, on the recommendation and after the example of the Master, from the tops of houses, in the fields, and in the streets of cities. He was publicly put to death after a public trial. The Christian society which sprang from the cross was not a secret one. They, in less than twenty-two years since the death of Christ, had become, according to the testimony of Tacitus, an "immense multitude,"—*ingens multitudo*—disturbing the tranquillity of the master of the world. *Fatebant*, they confessed openly their creed. In the face of such publicity of belief and doctrine, it is hard to imagine that the Gospels, when they appeared, should not have met with direct contradictions and refutations, if they had contained anything not in strict harmony with what was professed to be the well-known character of Christ, al-

ready received and worshiped as such by an 'immense multitude.' Although subsequently attacked by Celsus and Porphyry who lived, the former in the first and second century after Christ, and the latter in the second, that attack was not as to their authenticity. Nay, apocryphal gospels were published, which were immediately branded as such, and, like all counterfeits, only went to establish the value of the genuine article. The Gospels therefore were only confirmatory and preserva tive of what was already known as true by the vast Christian community to whom they were addressed, and by whom they were accepted as coming from Apostolic authority. Hence what folly is it to deny *now* their authenticity! It is a late folly, the folly of rationalism, the folly of infidelity reduced to despair before the irresistible evidence of truth, for infidelity well knows, that once the existence of Christ established and the history of his life admitted, acquiescence in his divinity must follow as an inevitable sequel.

"What mortal was ever heralded into the world like Jesus? Was there ever a man whose birth was announced twenty centuries before it took place? Certainly none. Jesus is the only exception, and, if in this exception he is above all men, then he must be more than man. Was there ever one among the sons of Adam who could show his own pre-existence like Jesus? Then it follows that Jesus could not have been a man like us, but must have been the incarnation of the spirit of God. And was his life like the life of any man that ever preceded or followed him to this very day? What is the synopsis of that wonderful life? Try to realize it in all its sublime grandeur, if you can, and transport yourselves back to the time and to the country in which he made his appearance in the flesh. Look

at a map; look at Judea, occupying a central position among the nations of the earth, retaining to the last its adamantine belief in the One God in the midst of universal paganism, and in close geographical connection with idolatrous Greece and Egypt, with Assyria and the other great empires of the gorgeous East, and with Rome the mistress of the world. Look at Jerusalem, a great and rich city. Surely such a spot, on which shone the reflected light emanating from the most civilized parts of the earth, even admitting that it possessed none of its own, was not the locality where the most stupendous fraud which had ever been seen could have been successfully prepared and executed, particularly when you remember that the civilization I speak of, had, at that epoch, attained a degree of intellectual splendor which hardly pales before the civilization of modern times. There was not in Rome and Jerusalem such an agglomeration of darkness and credulity, as to permit us to suppose that any man could have passed himself there for the God of the universe in the eye of an 'immense multitude.' And yet, what did one day happen? A Jew, about thirty years old, who had been known as a carpenter by trade, says to some of his fellow-citizens in humble life like himself: 'I am the Christ you expect: I am the only Son of God, I am God. Your father Abraham rejoiced to see my day; before Abraham was, I am. He that will believe in me shall have eternal life.' Was that man laughed at? Was he locked up as crazy and as too dangerous in his insanity to be permitted to roam at liberty? No; and why? Because every one knew that he was not insane, but, on the contrary, that he was one gifted with the soundest and even the most luminous mind.

"In order to appreciate the miraculousness of what

he has achieved, only suppose that one should suddenly say to an assembled multitude in this city: follow me, obey me, believe on me: I am the greatest and best of all men. Would not the multitude turn away from him in disgust? 'Oh! oh!' would they not probably exclaim: 'So you are the greatest and best of mankind, as you pretend. Very well, prove it by your works.' Who does not see that any one thus proclaiming himself the first of his race, and claiming its allegiance by virtue thereof, would necessarily raise to himself almost insuperable difficulties in the way of whatever end he might aim at? How much greater would his difficulties be, should he proclaim himself God Almighty, the Creator of the universe! Such a thing had never been attempted before, nor has it since, because any one attempting it would inevitably and instantly be called upon to make good his word. To assume publicly the obligation to perform the part of God, and be God the omnipotent, is something so stupendously bold that the imagination cannot realize it, and yet this is what Christ has done. And how did Christ act that part? Look into the gospels, and you will see that the doctrine which he preached and which established what is called Christianity, is perfection itself and would produce it in all its effects, if strictly and faithfully complied with. This is the greatest of his miracles. Hence Christianity cannot be of man who is imperfect, and if not of man, then it must be of God. To greedy and selfish men, such as they all are in general, whom Jesus met in the by-ways, on the high roads, on the sea shore, in the fields, or in the crowded lanes of cities, he said: 'Renounce your earthly goods, renounce all worldly pleasures and all that makes life desirable here, check your appetites and passions, sanctify your souls, mortify

your flesh, follow me, be my disciples, be poor, beg for your daily bread, or work for it and nothing beyond. For so doing, you shall surely be vilified, and tortured and hated; you shall be rewarded in heaven only, for my kingdom is not of this world.' O wonder! They followed him on such conditions, lived as he prescribed, humble and abjectly poor, and proclaiming what he had told them to proclaim. They at last died martyrs of their faith, and frequently in the exquisite agonies of a lingering torture, rather than acknowledge that Jesus was not God. What a miracle! Some who, very naturally, doubted his word, for that word was passing strange, put to him this pertinent question: 'Thou sayest thou art the Son of God. Where is the proof of it?' He might have been satisfied with the answer: 'Do not the blind see, the deaf hear, and the paralytic walk?' But he adds: 'I was born and I have lived amongst you, which of you has known me to commit a sin?' And this, indeed, was the strongest proof which he could give of His divinity. The skeptics were silenced, and some believed. But why should I go into the details of his life? Read the Gospels, I say; read those records written by four different historians, sublime in their unity and similarity of description of a character so far above any human standard which ever was known before, or has been known since. Is that life, is that death, the life and death of a man? The spontaneous answer in the negative must burst from the conscience of humanity, because it knows itself but too well.

"Was Christ a self-deceiver? No. He could not persuade himself that he was God unless he was mad, and there is in him such external and internal evidence to the contrary, that none ever seriously brought such a charge

against him. Was he an impostor? There may be a possibility or a feasibility of imposture in one who pretends to be a prophet, or the delegate of God, but, as I have already said, the assumption of divine omnipotence and perfection is an imposture which man cannot attempt. The mere shadow of God which he would profanely try to carry on his shoulders would be too much for him. Its weight would crush him instantly. But why an impostor? What had he to gain by it? What were the attractions of his self-imposed career? Humiliation, poverty, the stone of the wayside for his pillow, the canopy of heaven for his sheltering roof, the sneers and gibes of enemies, the betrayal of friends, persecution, flagellation, the crown of thorns, crucifixion and an ignominious and cruel death. Besides, he had announced that his mission would be closed by that death, that he would resuscitate, that he would appear to his disciples, and before them be glorified and ascend to heaven. Why assume these impossibilities, if he was not God? Was he not giving those he had deceived sure means and opportunities to be undeceived? Oh! But he did not, of course, accomplish these things; the programme failed, and his disciples testified to what had never happened, in order to gratify the pride of fanatical obstinacy and establish the divinity of their leader. But to what purpose? and what interest had they in so doing? What did they make by it, except as St. Paul said: 'to be in prison, lacerated with stripes above measure, beaten with rods and stoned, and to be often in journeyings, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of their own countrymen, in perils by the heathens, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in

hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' This is what the disciples of Christ gained by preaching his doctrine and affirming his divinity.

"I have brought before you the spiritual pre-existence and the bodily existence of Christ. In both is the Godhead visible. Does not Christ still survive on earth where he once lived? Is he not still the bread of life, as he proclaimed himself to be near two thousand years ago? According to all present appearances and according to all probabilities, if we look into the past and into the future, must we not come to the conclusion that he spoke the truth, when he said: 'The heaven and the earth shall pass, but my word shall never pass.' What philosopher ever had the audacity to proclaim the eternal duration of his doctrine and of the school which he had founded? None. What legislator has ventured to declare the endless immutability of his laws in this ever-changing world? None. Every one knows that Time would have replied to the boldness of such asseverations: 'Thou liest, puny man,' and would have proved the lie by one stroke of his scythe. What conqueror, what founder of an empire ever dared to say to his lieutenants assembled near his death-bed, at that solemn hour when he felt the sceptre escaping from his grasp and the crown dropping from his head: 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. No power on earth, not even the gates of hell shall prevail against you and against what I have done?' If Alexander, if Cyrus, if Cæsar, Charlemagne, Tamerlane, or Napoleon, had indulged in the temerity of uttering such a declaration, how ludicrously presumptuous it would appear, when we see recorded in history what happened after them. Christ alone could say to his apostles when preparing himself for the gibbet of Calvary: 'Be of good

cheer. I have overcome the world.' And have not their successors ample reason to be of good cheer? Is not Christ still triumphant, and even more triumphant than ever, after a long lapse of ages? Does not Christianity, after eighteen centuries, continue to be the head and heart of civilization, and what would become of that civilization, if Christianity, folding under its arm the Bible and the Gospel, departed from among us never to return? Would it not be as when the soul departs from the body? Would not society be a putrefied, worm-engendering corpse?

"If there is any thing to which man is attached, it is the absolute and complete right of thinking as he pleases, and of being without restraint the lord of his own intellect, and an anointed monarch holding undisputed sway over himself. In the defence of that privilege so dear to his very nature, he has always resisted the tyranny of power on the throne, the dictation of theology in the temple, and of science in the schools, and yet Christ says to him: 'I am the light, and the truth and the way.' He commands us to abdicate the royalty of our mind, to lay aside the sceptre of our will, to become the vassals of his own mind and the tools of his own will, and during eighteen centuries millions have obeyed and still obey that injunction! To none but God could such a sacrifice be made. None but God could have exacted such self-immolation and worked the miracle of obtaining it. He who died as man, in such hearts still survives as God. Throughout the world, millions to this day kneel to him in complete intellectual servitude, and exclaim: 'Thou art the light, the truth and the way.'

"You who listen to me, denizens of the tomb, did you ever, when in the flesh, dream of loving and being

loved? How many of you did succeed in that aspiration? How sad would be the tale of your affections. How long did they last? How long did you love? How long were you loved? To what degree? With what disinterestedness? How many times did you deceive, or were deceived? How often were love and friendship but thorns in your bleeding hearts? And of love, that coveted prize in the lottery of life, if you were so fortunate as to obtain a large share, how much remained of it after your death? Grant that a prayer is still said in your behalf, grant that flowers occasionally decorate your tomb, grant that your name still escapes from the lips of pious sorrow. Soon time effaces you from the memory of a once bereaved, but now consoled mourner, and sends also to the grave the few who may have retained a lingering remembrance of you. Yet a little while, and no longer comes to you that ethereal breath of love which is so refreshing to the soul; yet a little while, and you are as if you had never existed.

"But there is one man, on whose tomb still sits the same love which wept at the foot of the cross of Calvary, the same love which the frost of eighteen centuries has not made cold, and which, gifted with eternal youth, is self-reproducing, and is as pure, and as intense as on the day it sprang into existence. There is one man whose bloody feet are daily kissed by thousands of men, women, and children, who kneel before his sacred effigy. There is one man whose gibbet is still glorified. There is one flagellated and crucified convict, before whose image, love on its knees and prostrated in the dust, is intensified into ecstasy and sees him sitting on the right hand of God. That convict is Christ, and were he not God, he could not have operated such a

miracle. Who among the sons of men is loved fifty years after his death? Which of them among the most illustrious in war, in science, in the arts, and in literature? Name one. Do I hear one of you, spirits, say: Mahomet? But Mahomet is venerated by the Moslem, and not loved. 'God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet,' he exclaims. But when did the followers of the camel driver of Mecca give proof of such ineffable love for him as the Christian gives to Jesus? And not only has Jesus done this for himself, but he has also granted to his apostles and to his saints the privilege of inspiring through him eternal love and veneration for themselves. He who is still loved, and who still lives after centuries of death, was not and is not a man, but is God.

"If to be thus loved is miraculous, what shall I say of being worshiped? It is something still more miraculous; it is the miracle of miracles. The pride of man is such, that there is nothing which he would covet more ardently than the felicity of being worshiped. To this, the strongest of human passions, is due the unextinguishable thirst for power which characterizes him —particularly that kind of power which makes mortal man bend the knee in abject humiliation before his fellow-worm. But, on the other hand, and perhaps in consequence of our intense desire of being worshiped ourselves, there is nothing which we hate so much as to be compelled to worship one of our race. When thus prostrating ourselves before the idol at whose disposal are our honor, our fortune, and our life, we concentrate within ourselves our secret indignation and lasting protest. We watch keenly for the day of weakness which inevitably follows the day of strength, when our master towered over us with lofty insolence. Woe to the vile

creature who, aping the Deity, has forced mankind to burn incense before his nostrils! The hour of retaliation will come, and the offending reptile will be bruised under the heels of an avenging Nemesis, and, if it be true that there is but one step from the capitol to the Tarpeian rock, it is no less true that there is also but one step from the altar to the sewers of the street. Were it possible for a man to cause himself to be worshiped like a God, we know that, on one day, or on the other, he would be pulled down by the hands of his worshipers from the usurped Olympus of his divinity, that he would be dragged with a rope round his neck through mud and mire, and be nailed to the pillory of eternal opprobrium. Such is the invariable teaching of those annals of the human race in which the pen of the historian has been providentially destined to register the judgment of God against the pride of man. There is but one exception to that universal rule, and that exception is Jesus. He was worshiped during life, and has never ceased to be worshiped after death. Seated on the stool of ignominy and not on the car of triumph, he has conquered with the weapons of humility and self-sacrifice the tribute of an adoration which is paid to him to this day, and which can plead at the bar of the world a prescription of eighteen hundred years. Temples after temples, statues after statues, have been erected to the rulers of the earth. Where are those statues, where are those temples? Can your finger point out a corner of the earth, where the eye can discover a living remnant of that populace of gods created by flattery? Temples, gods, and statues have long since crumbled into dust, and even that dust has been swept away. Jesus alone stands erect on his ever-increasing altars, not in an obscure nook of the earth,

but over its broad surface, among barbarians, and among those nations most renowned for their luxurious and skeptic civilization. The prolific vitality of the love of which he is the object knows no bounds. Architecture, poetry, music, painting, sculpture, have exhausted themselves and accomplished prodigies in support and in manifestation of that adoration which grows and expands with time. He has not triumphed alone; His apostles and his disciples have shared in his glorification, and are still loved and venerated for his sake. What king, what conqueror, what master of the world ever did the like for himself and for his lieutenants? If this is without a precedent, if this cannot have been the work of man, he who achieved it is none, but is God.

"What makes his triumph more strikingly marvelous is, that the children of the earth, the Titans of infidelity, have never ceased to strike at him and his altars, each with his one hundred arms, but the impotent malignity of their attack has only demonstrated his eternal and invincible strength. Out of the clouds and dust of every contest he has come out with greater splendor. Genius has protected him against genius, science against science, philosophy against philosophy, the sword against the sword, and the eloquence of logic against the eloquence of sophistry. He has gathered unto himself and forged into a shield all the weapons which were leveled at him, and whenever, during the darkness which had overspread the battle field, he was thought to be at last prostrate on the ground never to rise again, returning light showed him standing victorious, calm, serene, the ever-adored Lord of the innumerable hosts of the faithful, to whom he had said when few in numbers and sorrowful: 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.'

"Did ever man frame any institution, or any system, or any laws or doctrines so perfect, that they were not susceptible of improvements and presented this singular phenomenon: that it could not be within the power of human ingenuity to find their substitute, or equivalent, or any thing approaching to their excellence? And yet this is the case with Christianity, which extorts this confession of its perfection even from its most violent enemies—a confession showing the strange insanity of the war waged against it. Christianity is of a triple essence made up of humility, charity and fraternity. Hence it is the only religion which is capable of encircling the whole of mankind within its embrace. It is not confined to any locality, or to any mode of government. There is no country which would not become an Eden, if thoroughly christianized in theory and in practice, instead of being a mere semblance and counterfeit, and assuming a name to which it is not entitled. There is no government, be it monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic, which would not answer the purposes and expectations of man, if its veins were injected with the pure unadulterated blood of Christianity. Universal charity and fraternity are fine things to talk about, but they do not exist without humility, and where is humility to be found outside of Christianity? Charity, fraternity and equality are the eternal themes of revolutionists and reformers, who declaim against the ignorance and prejudices of the past, the absurdities and abuses of the present, and who distribute with profusion, on handsomely ornamented cards, their bewitching promises of a golden future, to all those who will follow in their footsteps, to be conducted by them to the distant land where the expected millennium awaits them, whilst in the meantime they realize

it for themselves, and for the saints manufactured after their own fashion, amidst the wild orgies of unrestrained lust and plunder. O charlatans drunk with pride! Where, outside of Christianity, do you discover charity, fraternity and humility erected into a doctrine? I do not say equality, for it is not in the Gospel, but an invention of the devil, the father of all lies; and, wherever preached and adopted as the equivalent or synonym of fraternity, it will work satanical mischief and perturbation. Do you discover the doctrine of humility, charity and fraternity in the mythological religions of Egypt, Greece and Rome, in the Druidism of the Gauls, or in the wild Scandinavian creeds? Is there a particle of this glorious trinity in the Buddhism, Brahminism, fetichism and other idolatries of India and Africa, or in any of the crude and savage worships of the American Indians? Is there any of it in Mahometanism, that uncouth plagiarism of the Bible and Gospel, or even in the temporary dispensation of Judaism? No. It is a doctrine peculiar to Jesus and to Jesus alone. It is repugnant and abhorrent to the pride of man, and therefore if Jesus had partaken only of human nature without any of the divine in him, such would not have been the doctrine which he would have established, and such would not have been its duration and its capacity of universal expansion. A doctrine! Ah! My brethren of the world of spirits, have you any idea of the difficulty of creating a doctrine and of procuring its absolute, undisputed adoption by even a few disciples within a restricted locality? What shall I say of a doctrine which is to extend to the confines of the earth, which is never to pass away, and which, like the high and lofty One, 'inhabiteth eternity?' Before Christianity, was there any doctrine, either of

religion, or of morality, which aspired to universality? Was there any doctrine at all in the religions of antiquity? Was there any thing else in them than gorgeous ceremonies? Is there any doctrine in the still existing religions of Buddhism and Brahminism? What sort of a doctrine is that which squats inert and unprogressive in the cradle where it was born, and which disdains that proselytism which is the characteristic of truth? What is the doctrine of the Koran beyond what is borrowed from the Bible and mixed up with error and imposture? 'There is but one God. God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet.' That is all. And how was that doctrine, simple as it is, to be propagated? Listen: 'Go and subjugate the world,' said Mahomet to his followers. Why? Because Mahomet was not 'the light, the truth and the way.' Hence the sword was to be his apostle and missionary. What was the command of Christ? 'Go and convert all the nations of the earth.' How? Merely with the *Word*, merely with the force of persuasion. Such is the difference between the march of truth and that of error.

"Neither Socrates, nor Plato, would ever have been able, nor will any other philosopher ever be able, to create and establish a doctrinal system like Christianity. There are two reasons for it: first, because such perfection is beyond the reach of man, and next, because philosophy proclaims that man ought not to subject and enslave his own judgment to the judgment of another, for any one man is as good as any other, and ought to hold in his estimation nothing more precious than the independence of his own mind. Then philosophy, or science, also maintains that man ought not to believe in any word purporting to come from God, because it is philosophically or scientifically demonstrated that God

never speaks to man. But if man must not believe either in God, or in man, what will he believe in? Philosophy answers: he must believe in himself and in nothing else. Then every one must be his own teacher, or at liberty to dissent from the one he may have chosen, or who may have been imposed on him. But is it not clear that, where one believes only in one's self, there can not be disciples, of course? Where there are no disciples, there is no master or teacher. Where there is no master, there are no acquiescence or assent, and no unity. Where there are no acquiescence, or assent, and no unity, there can be no doctrine. Hence, outside of Christianity, there can be nothing but incredulity, because there is no authority to teach, and no right to command obedience. Its authority is derived from its celestial origin, and it is the only religion which has proof of such an origin. Incredulity is powerless to build anything, and, whenever incredulity gives up its attempted work in despair of finishing it, there is nothing on which it can fall back, except it be Christianity. Therefore Christianity cannot be modified, or replaced. It is perfect and eternal, it meets all the wants of man; it contains principles and doctrines so mathematically true, that they must prevail forever, not only on this earth, but also in those innumerable spheres which are probably inhabited by intelligent beings, and which appear to us like a golden dust scattered over the infiniteness of space. What conclusion must we come to, brethren of the grave? It is that Christianity is of God, and that Christ is God." *

At this moment, the shrill crowing of a cock was heard. Tintin Calandro stopped abruptly. The cock

* Some of the theological views expressed in these pages have been borrowed from Lacordaire.

crew again. Tintin looked round as if seeking for the intruding bird and seemed strangely agitated. I soon saw that the wild light of insanity flashed from his eyes. He passed his hand over his forehead repeatedly, as if endeavoring to recall departing reason. He shook disconsolately his long gray hair which streamed down over his shoulders. The cock crew a third time. "Thus didst thou crow," he shouted, "when Peter denied his divine Master, and thus has the world ever crowed over every act of successful treachery—over every cowardly but money-making retreat from the exposed position of perilous duty—over the triumph of purple-clad vice sneering at virtue in rags—over the trampling down of every thing that is noble, beautiful and refined under the iron foot of senseless pride, vindictive jealousy and brutish force. Thus crew the world when the sons of illustrious knights, whose name sounded like the valor-inspiring blast of the clarion, were driven into exile from their ancestral and time-honored roofs by the multitudinous viper brood of rebellious scullions and footmen, when the worshipers of the goddess of reason slaughtered the ministers of the true God and blasphemed thy name, O Christ! Thus crew the world, when the descendant of St. Louis and the heir of a hundred kings, died on a scaffold like a common malefactor, and when the martyred daughter of the Cæsars met with the same fate. Thus I heard the chanticleer of hell crow, when the gory head of the fairest, noblest, purest daughter of France, whom the angels themselves must have loved, was carried on a pike by the hand of a woman amidst a crowd of exulting fiends. Thus it crew, when that sight sent me a howling maniac through the streets of the modern Babylon, and has ever since made me the fit companion

of the dead. But if the world crows, I will crow too, for I belong to him who said: 'Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.'"

Here Tintin began to imitate with frantic energy the shrill notes of the harbinger of day. I rushed to him and lifted him from the tomb on which he stood. I pressed the poor maniac to my breast, and kissed his brow. It was hot and feverish. "My friend," I said, "you are ill. Take my arm, and let us go home." He complied with my request mechanically, for I am convinced that he had ceased to be conscious of my presence. When we reached his house, we found the faithful Zabet already at her post, for day was beginning to break. She crossed herself on seeing the condition in which he was. "Bless me!" she exclaimed. "One of his fits is on him. O Jesus, how long will it last?" She took charge of the old man, and we put him to bed like a child. I left him in the hands of his kind nurse, and went home, musing on the strange Christmas night which I had passed. I was worn out with fatigue and emotion, and I tried to rest. I fell asleep, but the most fantastic and tormenting dreams crowded upon me. At one time, for instance, I fancied that the overseer of my plantation had turned out to be Robespierre in person, whom, to my horror, I surprised boiling a negro in one of my sugar kettles in the name of equality, liberty and universal fraternity.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOMINIQUE YOU, THE PIRATE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the careful and affectionate attendance of Zabet and of myself during a week, Tintin Calandro did not appear to grow better, so that I determined to have recourse to one of my medical friends, with whom I was on a footing of great intimacy, and in whose talents and experience I had the most implicit confidence. Tintin had become very feeble, and was thinner and paler, if possible. He was consumed by a slow fever, and, at a certain hour of the night, was liable periodically to a sort of nervous fits, which were followed by a lethargy out of which it was difficult to rouse him. Doctor Rhineberg was unremitting in his attentions. Under the influence of his skillful treatment, I had the satisfaction of seeing Tintin gradually returning to such health as he usually possessed, and this is not saying much. Once, however, he had a relapse. I sent for the doctor, who promised to come at ten o'clock at night, when a crisis was expected in the patient. But he made his appearance much later. "Don't blame me," he hastened to say as he entered. "I am exhausted; I have been several hours at the side of a dying and now dead man, and I need some rest." Thus speaking, he threw himself on the old rickety sofa which cracked

and seemed ready to break under his weight, and with a yawn, he inquired how his patient was.

"In a profound sleep, or rather in one of his habitual fits of lethargy," I replied.

"Well, let him sleep," said the doctor. "His state of lethargy is due to general debility. The poor fellow is worn out. He may rally to some extent from his present prostration, and we may send him back alive to his paradise of a cemetery. But it will not be for long. Thus passeth away the glory of this world."

Having uttered this trite sentence, the doctor stretched himself at full length, and fell into a snoring slumber. In half an hour he woke up. "Faith!" he said, "I stood in want of some refreshment. The dying man whom I have already mentioned clung to my skirts and chose to take me for his confessor. A strange whim, is it not? He also instituted me his universal legatee, whereby I am now in possession of this trinket," and the doctor exhibited a small dagger, which he handed over to me for examination. The blade was four inches long, thick, broad, and terminating in a very sharp point; it was exactly in the shape of the head of a lance, and its two edges were as thin and keen as that of a razor. On the blade were engraved these words in Spanish: *Quien a mi amo offendere, de mi la venganza espere.* "Who offends my master, in me meets the avenger." This sentence was repeated on the massive silver sheath. The handle was of carved ebony, and its upper end represented the grinning head of a turbaned negro.

"Look at it well," said my friend, "for this little weapon drank the life blood of a stout heart—the heart of Lafitte."

"Lafitte!" I exclaimed. "Which Lafitte?"

"Lafitte of Barataria," he replied, "Lafitte the smuggler, the outlaw, the pirate, at least by reputation —Lafitte the companion in arms of General Jackson in the defence of New Orleans—he who refused the tempting bribes of the English to help them in the invasion of Louisiana—he who with his dare-devil men performed so conspicuous a part in the battle of the eighth of January."

"Hasten to tell me the story," I said. "My curiosity is intensely excited, and I am all ears."

"Two weeks ago," resumed the doctor, "I was called upon to visit a sick man in St. Philip street, No. 117. Dominique You was his name. Wrapped up in a morning-gown, he was reclining in a large arm-chair with his slippered feet resting on a stool covered with a tiger's skin. The monstrous head of the animal, exhibiting a terrific row of teeth and glaring with ferocious eyes, was remarkably preserved and made to retain all the appearance of life. My new patient had been originally a man of powerful make, but he now was attenuated and feeble. He was evidently a stranger, and occupied a room in one of those furnished houses which are kept for the accommodation of the public, and which are so numerous in this city. His physiognomy was remarkable and not easily to be forgotten. It was massive and of the Leonine style. It looked as if the monarch of the forest had assumed the human form, but still retained something of his primitive type. A thick bushy hair, falling like a shaggy mane over his shoulders, added to the effect. His voice was deep toned and sounded like a subdued roar, as it came out of the large cavities of his broad chest. He invited me take a seat by his side.

"'I am recently from South America,' he said, 'and

I was on my way to France, when my health, which had become very bad for some time past, failed me entirely here. I am completely conquered by my implacable disease, and I pull down my flag to it at last. I consult you, not with the expectation of being saved, for I suspect that this is the beginning of the end, but because I have some reasons of my own to know precisely how long I am to linger. Remember that I want no childish concealment. The truth must be told me plainly. Is that agreed to?'

"I nodded assent, and, after a thorough examination of the part where the disease was, I said to him: 'You are suffering from an ossification of one of the valves of the heart.'

"He looked at me with a calm but searching eye, and merely said in an interrogating tone: 'Mortal?'

"'Mortal,' I replied. 'There remains nothing to do but to try to alleviate your sufferings.'

"He remained unmoved under this sentence of death. Wrapped up in thought for a little while, he seemed to forget my presence. But, returning to the object of my visit, he said: 'How many days have I to live?'

"'Very few.'

"'Thank you, doctor, for your frankness. Now I have a favor to ask. Will you come and stay with me half an hour every day? I need a little company and do not desire to die as if abandoned by the whole creation. I will remunerate you largely.'

"I promised to comply with his wishes, and, true to my word, I visited him every day with increasing interest, I must confess, because there was in the fortitude with which he bore his sufferings a sort of majesty which won my admiration. I believe that he became aware of it, for ere long he seemed to warm up to me.

One day he said: 'Doctor, do you believe in God, in the soul and in its immortality?' I answered in the affirmative.

"'You are not then,' he said, 'a materialist like almost all the members of your profession?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'Well, your belief is mine. So far, so good; and now, pray, tell me if you think that one having such a belief is necessarily susceptible of remorse for having committed what is generally understood to be a crime?'

"'Necessarily, no; probably, yes.'

"'What is a crime, doctor?'

"'Any wicked or atrocious act, I suppose, which is a grave violation of a human or a divine law.'

"'Setting aside divine law,' he said, 'for I always give a wide birth to religious discussions, I am then a criminal, according to your definition, for I certainly have violated human laws even to the shedding of blood, and yet, although I believe in God and in the immortality of the soul, I have no remorse. I assure you that I am as calm and easy as if I did not stand guilty in the sight of man.'

"'Surely,' said I, 'your own conscience must tell you that you are under the obligation of obeying the laws of the civilized society of which you are a member, because if society was not entitled to have its laws enforced, good or bad as they may be, it could not exist, and man would return to his original isolation and helplessness in his primitive state of nature.'

"'Bah! Doctor; what is conscience but the accidental result of education? Conscience is an elastic word which may be stretched to meaning this or that. What is against the conscience of one man, is not against the conscience of another. Some call it an interior light.

What sort of interior light is it? A very dim one, I am afraid, if it exists at all. Catch a man in a forest and in that state of nature you allude to, what interior light will there be in him? Should he be very hungry, and should he meet another biped of his own species devouring a deer or some other animal, would he not help himself to a slice, or to the whole of it, without asking leave? And if he encountered resistance, would he not knock on the head, if he could, the successful hunter, and perhaps eat him too? What interior light would tell him that he is wrong? I have read somewhere that conscience is the testimony of the heart given before the tribunal of reason. Pshaw! This is copper-spangled stuff—there is no gold in it—only a glittering definition—but as empty as a drum. Is conscience the voice of God, secretly whispering to us within the dark chambers of our passions and appetites? This is metaphysical nonsense and nothing else. No, sir; conscience, after all, can only be that judgment which we pass in our own mind over our actions; and is not that judgment the result of education, and, if education, in its turn, is the result of an infinite variety of accidental circumstances, how diversified and unreliable must that judgment be which we call conscience!'

"'The susceptibility,' I replied, 'of being educated into that intellectuality which man has attained and which he may carry still further, constitutes his grandeur, and his superiority over the rest of animals. In all ages, in every country possessing the slightest enlightenment, under whatever form of government, under whatever systems of laws, under whatever religious creeds, and whatever are the differences of race, the people have, as it were spontaneously and instinc-

tively, agreed as to the recognition rather than the establishment of certain moral laws which they deem a crime to violate. The universal concurrence of the civilized portion of mankind in the adoption of those moral precepts and laws, demonstrates that the capacity of appreciating them is a component part of our organism, in which it lies dormant until developed into gradual expansion in due time, and according to the designs of Providence. It is in this sense that conscience may be called the voice of God. That voice may be more or less imperfectly heard, in proportion to the less or more correct education one has had the good fortune to receive in conformity with those moral laws of which I have spoken; but, when that voice is heard at all, however indistinctly, it is the duty of every one to lend to it an attentive ear, and to obey it so far as comprehended. He who should disregard it, would be guilty in the eye of God and man. But allow me to bring to a close our philosophical discussion. My other patients await me. I must leave you for the present to your meditations, which may perhaps operate a beneficial change in the state of your mind, and make you look with hope and pleasure to that future existence in which you have expressed belief. In the meantime, I will prescribe an anodyne which I recommend you to take before going to bed.'

"On my next visit, after having examined his condition, which I found to be worse, I seated myself near him to keep him company, as he had begged me to do, during as much time as I could spare. He looked at me uneasily, I thought, and with some hesitation and awkwardness of manner he said: 'Doctor, how do you account for that extraordinary impulse which sometimes constrains a man to make confessions injurious to his

reputation, and often imperilling his life? How comes he to speak, when he has such powerful reasons to keep his own secrets?'

"'I have reflected very little on the subject,' I replied. 'I presume, however, that sometimes men act as you say, under the pressure of a feeling of remorse which they are unwilling to acknowledge to themselves, and which seeks relief in confession and atonement, although, and perhaps because, it may lead to the scaffold. It is probable that frequently it originates in that impatience of solitude which is innate in man, who is evidently born for sociality. A solitude of thought! A solitude of feeling! It may become at times so oppressive that it cannot be endured. The long pent-up agony of the soul in the barren desert which sin has made around it, seeks the companionship of sympathy, of pity, even of reproof or contempt, rather than accept the horrors of the frozen loneliness to which it finds itself condemned. But why such a question?'

"'Because I feel a growing and unaccountable temptation to give you a sketch of my life.'

"'You had better not. It might agitate you to look into the past, and you need the utmost quietude. Besides, what good could it do you?'

"'It would be the gratification of an almost irresistible impulse, and, as my life is ebbing fast away, any gratification which I may procure is not to be disdained.'

"'Dying men,' I remarked, 'when they are conscious that their last hour approaches, frequently have confessions to make which will be fit only for the ears of a priest. Shall I send for one?'

"'No, no,' he said in a rather excited tone, 'no priest for me. The ghostly mountebank, because of his shaven crown, would expect me to ask forgiveness at

his hands, and I have none to ask, although you see in me an outlaw and the perpetrator of many bloody deeds, one whom the sword of human justice, if invoked by you, would soon put out of this world, were it not that he is already in the gripe of death. I have a strange desire to unbosom myself to *you*, and to nobody else. If caprice, it is the caprice of a dying man, and as such is entitled to kind consideration. I shall not trespass beyond the limits of that time which you usually allow me, and for which I am sincerely grateful.'

"With a gesture of resignation to his will, I dropped into the arm-chair which had become to me a familiar seat, and I prepared myself to listen. He continued in these words:"

"'I was born in Bayonne, France, of respectable parentage, that is to say, in the estimation of the world, whatever it might be in reality. When in the cradle, I was nearly killed by a rooster which attacked me furiously. When I was six or seven years old, it seemed to me that every human being, young and old, male and female, was disposed to continue against me the war first begun by the rooster. My father and mother incessantly quarreled with each other, and their ill humor expressed itself in kicks and cuffs to my address, which were perhaps parentally intended for my physical improvement by hardening my body. On my going to school, all the boys entered into a coalition against me. They conspired together against my peace of mind and my bodily comfort, day and night. Each one of them emulously strove to surpass his juvenile allies in the perpetration of tricks and pranks upon me. As I was not of a very enduring temper, I fought them with obstinacy, and I was regularly punished by the usher who acted the part of police officer over us, for having

been the aggressor, when I was the aggressed. I distinguished myself in my studies, and invariably, every year, I carried away the prizes in every one of the classes to which I belonged. Yet I received but cold commendation from my teachers, who seemed eager to console my class-mates for their inferiority. When, on vacation-day, I went home loaded with honors and with the consciousness that I deserved a family ovation, I was received with indifference, whilst my brother, who was a dunce, was welcomed with enthusiastic affection. The public journals contained flattering biographical notices of all those pupils who obtained prizes. In relation to me they were always silent. It is true my name was mentioned, but it was a mere item in the list of the successful contenders. My parents died when I was still a minor, and one of my uncles became my tutor. He cheated me out of a considerable portion of my inheritance, and so played his cards that he largely increased at my expense the share of my brother, who subsequently became the husband of his daughter. On reaching my majority, and on my going to Paris, I married into the family of a merchant of St. Denis street, and became his partner. My wife committed adultery with one whom I considered my most intimate friend, and my father-in-law swindled me out of all my property. That intimate friend was not satisfied with robbing me of my wife. Having perpetrated forgery, he fastened it on me, and he had the art, on my trial, to convince the court by the most skillfully arranged circumstantial evidence, corroborated by his own direct testimony against me, that I was guilty of what he had done, and I was sentenced to hard labor for ten years. I was then twenty-five. At the expiration of several weary long years, I managed to escape. You may

easily imagine that, whilst in durance vile as a felon, I had possessed sufficient opportunity and leisure to ponder over human life as arranged for us by the Creator, and to analyze minutely all that had happened to me in particular since my infancy. I came to the conclusion, after much reflection, and after a scrutinizing review of all I had experienced, as well as read and been told of, that life, in and out of society, either in a state of civilization, or in a state of nature, is war, open or clandestine, but certainly war, war with a smile or war with a frown, war with the sword or war with the pen, war under the peaceful garb of the civilian as well as under the cuirass of the soldier, strategy in the tented field and strategy in the gilded saloon, stratagems, false assurances, invasions of time-honored rights, diplomatic lies in the line of business, plunder open or concealed, cheatings under the mask of honesty, invidious stabs in the back, sweetened poison tendered to the lips of the unguarded, sly homicides in a thousand gentle ways—in substance and to sum up: a perpetual struggle in every family, and between man and man wherever they meet—the strong living at the expense of the weak in the infinite chain of created beings—among the human race—among the animals, the birds, the fishes, and the insects—the elements themselves being in irreconcilable conflict—nay the whole of nature convulsed with intestine war. So far as I was concerned, society had begun the hostilities under which I had suffered so long without retaliation. I swore at last that I would better the instruction received, and, in my turn, wage war with a vengeance.

"As soon as I had set myself free, I inquired about my bosom friend, who, it must be admitted, was largely in my debt. I learned that he had purchased a beau-

tiful country seat distant eighty miles from Paris. One morning, there was a great commotion in that *chateau* and for many miles round. The Don Juan and his paramour, my former wife, had been found stabbed to the heart in their adulterous bed, with this inscription on the wall of their chamber: 'Wonder not; they have reaped what they deserved; justice is done.' Need I say whose deed it was? Was this a crime, doctor? no, sir, it was war, just war in a good cause. It was taking by surprise the castle of the enemy, and putting the garrison to the sword. This was legitimate, and strictly according to the rules of war, a war which they had begun. Shortly after this event, my foot was on the deck of a vessel bound to New Orleans. I had heard of Lafitte and of his settlement at Barataria with his bold band of freebooters. He also was of Bayonne, and I had known him at school. I remembered him as a mild and inoffensive boy. I concluded that, if common report did not belie him, he had greatly changed since he had grown into manhood. I met him again in his stronghold and he gave me a hearty welcome. My real name is Raymond. I assumed then the name under which I am now known: Dominique You. I had brought with me fifty desperadoes. On this my first interview with Lafitte, I said to him:

"'I come not here to join your troop and to be under your command, but to be your ally and friend, if you have no objection. To each one his own responsibility. You call yourself a privateer sailing under letters of marque from Carthagena and scowl at the imputation of being a bandit, although your rough-hewn companions, when you are not with them, perpetrate deeds which savor more of the corsair than of the privateer. Your position is equivocal; mine shall be open,

frank, and above-board. I intend to be a pirate, and to hoist the black flag. I will be no half-way man, I wish for no quarter, and will give none. I am already an outlaw, and a willing one, and will continue to be one, even if, on any future trial, I should be held innocent by a verdict in my favor. I am determined to set at defiance all laws, and to know none but those which I shall establish for my own government and that of my crew. There is room enough here for both of us. Let us not interfere with each other, but, in cases of necessity, unite for our common protection.'

"'He agreed to it, on condition that, when operating in concert with him, I should do nothing without his consent, and that, when acting on my own hook, I should, on my return from my expeditions, refrain from communicating to him any atrocity, as he called it, which I might have committed. I shrugged my shoulders at the scruples of one, who, being in for an ounce, shrank from being in for a pound. Lafitte, after all, was not a complete man, and not above mediocrity. He was nothing but a smuggler, not good enough to "make an honest living by hard work" according to the common phraseology of the moralist, and not bad enough, as the same moralist would probably say, to push the logic of evil to its utmost consequences. A sneaking smuggler! Pshaw! If a smuggler, why not the open iron-handed corsair? This is what I became at once, without hesitation, I tell you. With the black flag at the top of my mast, I swept over the seas, and principally over the Gulf of Mexico. It was a grand life, full of emotions, which in your dull plodding career, doctor, you cannot conceive. I felt like one of the old Scandinavian kings battling against winds and waves, and against mankind, and enforcing this universal law

of nature: render unto the strong what belongs to the strong. *Ego sum leo.* We made of Barataria, which was our usual *rendezvous*, another Eldorado. What piles of gold, silver and merchandise I have seen there! What mad revels under the ever-green magnolias and the broad canopy of the moss-covered live-oaks! What a keen relish we had of life, for we knew that we might forfeit it at any moment, and we hastened to make the most of it! The United States had set a price on our heads, and from the navy of all the nations of the earth we had nothing to expect but a broadside, and short shrift if made prisoners. On land I permitted my men to do what they pleased, I was only their boon companion. But at sea I was their absolute chieftain, and a stern one too. The most rigid discipline was enforced; and on its slightest violation a blow from my boarding ax clove the head of the offender. Such are the exigencies of war, doctor. There is, I assure you, an indescribable charm in that career of constant danger and of what you would call crime. I burned every vessel I took, and everybody on board had to walk the plank. You shudder! But again, doctor, this is nothing but one of the unavoidable necessities of war. It was not to do an act of cruelty for the pleasure of being cruel. It was to destroy all evidence against us. After all, our victims, as a blustering attorney-general would designate them in a set speech before a jury, were doomed to die one day or other, at random. Of what consequence was it, if I assumed to fix the epoch of that inevitable event? Of what importance are the duration of anything so brief as life and the mode of its termination? Why not crush an obnoxious man with as much indifference as a buzzing fly? How do we know but what the fly has as much right to live as we have, and is of equal weight

with any one of us in the eye of the Creator? The fact is, that I have never been able to see the difference in guilt, if guilt there is, between an emperor who causes a million of men to be killed for his own purposes of grand scale robbery, and a pirate who butchers a few of the bipeds to whose race he appertains, merely for petty plunder, and to silence voices that might tell on him. The one seeks gold and safety in a bucket of blood, the other, glory, wealth and power in an ocean of the same liquid. The world, however, awards a halter to the freebooter and a throne to the conqueror. This is the judgment of man; the judgment of God remains to be known. But to return to our story. On the third of January, 1813, there occurred an event which, some years afterward, had consequences which I have ever since bitterly regretted, although I have become nothing but a solid mass of stone, or bone; and this ossification of the heart, doctor, of which I die, is nothing perhaps but the ultimate result of the gradual transformation I have undergone.'

"This was said with a tone and with a smile which made me shiver. What sense of deeply remembered wrongs and sufferings it implied! That man had evidently been fatally hammered into the hard material he had become."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE FATE OF THE DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR REVEALED.—GENERAL JACKSON AND THE CORSAIRS OF BARATARIA.

"We were," continued Dominique You, "in the latitude of Cape Hatteras on the coast of North Carolina, when we met a small schooner named the 'Patriot,' which had been dismantled by a late storm, and which was bound from Charleston, South Carolina, to New York. She was a vessel famous for her sailing qualities. After many successful privateering cruises against the English, she was going home loaded with rich spoils, and with her guns stowed below—which circumstance made her incapable of defence. We boarded her. She was commanded by an experienced captain, and had for sailing master an old New York pilot noted for his skill and courage. Such men could not be allowed to live to tell tales, and perhaps avenge their mishap at our hands, even if sparing them had not been contrary to the regulations of our association. They were slaughtered and thrown overboard with the rest of the crew. After this execution my men rushed down below, and brought up to the deck a woman of surpassing beauty, deadly pale, but showing no other signs of terror. She looked at us with a sort of serene haughtiness which was truly wonderful. She made such an impression on

me, that I can almost fancy her now standing in this chamber precisely as she stood on that deck.

"'Who are you?' I said to her.

"'Theodosia Burr, the daughter of Aaron Burr, ex-vice-president of the United States, and wife of Joseph Allston, governor of South Carolina.'

"'A grand conquest,' exclaimed one of my men, 'and we shall have a jolly time with her.' And he advanced toward her, followed by the rest of the crew. She stepped back with an offended look of queenly dignity. I planted myself in front of her.

"'Back, my men,' I shouted, 'back at the peril of your lives. Don't you know better? Don't you know that I sanction death, but no outrages of the kind you contemplate? Death to prisoners is a necessity of the war we wage. Every vessel we take is to be scuttled, and every soul on board must perish. That is our covenant. In that we are justified on the principle of self-defence. But what you intend doing would be, not only a mean and cowardly act, but also an atrocious crime, because useless for our protection, and not an indispensable sacrifice which we must make to it. Death is in the bond which I signed, but not rape. Back then, back!'

"They murmured and seemed to hesitate. I put my hand on one of the pistols which I had in my belt, and they slowly and sullenly retired to their quarters, leaving me alone with the lady.

"'Sir,' she said, 'I thank you; you have more than saved my life.'

"'I regret, madam, that I cannot do more; that life is forfeited.'

"'It is well. When must it be?'

"'Now.'

"'I am ready; the sooner done, the better for me and for yourself, for I am in your way and a source of peril to you.'

"I had the plank laid out. She stepped on it, and descended into the sea with graceful composure, as if she had been alighting from her carriage. She sank, and rising again, she, with an indescribable smile of angelic sweetness, waved her hand to me as if she meant to say: farewell, and thanks again; and then sank for ever. By the living God! she must have been a splendid creature."

"Wretch!" I exclaimed in a burst of indignation. "How dare your lips thus profane the name of God! And how dare you confess to me such horrors! Were you not dying, I would have you arrested and hung!"

"Precisely, doctor, precisely; but I am dying. Pray, sit down; I am safe from human justice; and, as to your making a scene here under present circumstances, it would be decidedly vulgar and in bad taste. If you cannot hang me, listen at least. You may, when I am dead, repeat the story for the information of whom it may concern."

"I sank back into my seat as if spell-bound. Dominique resumed his relation in these words:"

"I spare you the history of our other expeditions. Suffice it to say that we baffled all the efforts of the United States navy to put a stop to our depredations. Toward the end of the next year, a powerful English fleet had gathered in the Gulf of Mexico, and Louisiana was threatened with the invasion which subsequently took place. You know what happened. Tempting offers were made to us in the name of the British Government, if we consented to put at its disposal the minute knowledge we had of the coast of Louisiana

and assist the invaders. Had we consented to be their guides, Louisiana would have been lost. But we were Frenchmen, and the sworn foes of England. Besides, we had always been secretly entertained with generous hospitality in New Orleans, and honor as well as gratitude, of which bandits are not always destitute, prevented the possibility of our lifting up our hands against that city. It was agreed, on the contrary, that we should offer our services to the Americans, provided the past should be forgotten and full amnesty granted. Hence Lafitte's famous letter to Governor Claiborne, who, as it is well known, rejected his offer. This is a matter of history with which you are familiar, no doubt. But General Jackson, on his arrival in New Orleans, being informed of our propositions, desired an interview with Lafitte and sent him a safe conduct for himself and for one of his companions. Lafitte chose me to accompany him. We were introduced into a room where we found the general alone, and standing with his back to a chimney in which there was a blazing fire. He bowed courteously as we entered. For a moment he looked keenly at us. He seemed to be making a critical survey of what he probably thought to be dangerous ground. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'do you speak English?' We answered in the affirmative.

"'I am glad of it,' he said, 'for we shall need no interpreter. Which of you is Lafitte?'

"'You have him before you in my person,' replied Lafitte, 'and my friend here is named Dominique You.'

"Again a scrutinizing glance from the general. Meanwhile, we had returned the compliment, and had been examining the commander of the United States forces. He was of middle size, spare, wiry, evidently all steel. His hair was erect and bristling like the quills

of the porcupine. There was in that stiff hair, in that chin, in that mouth, in that nose, in those gray eyes, and in the deep furrows of that face and forehead an expression which could not be mistaken. It clearly said to the physiognomist: I have a will of my own which no mortal can change or influence. I immediately felt a strong sympathy for him. What a magnificent corsair he would have made, if driven into it by circumstance—that despotic and omnipotent ruler of man!

"'Lafitte,' said the general, 'how many men can you bring to me?'

"'Three hundred, and splendid fighters too.'

"The general smiled with grim satisfaction. 'I need every soul of them all,' he said, 'for the defence of Louisiana. I am short of men, and particularly of such as are capable of working artillery. My guns are few and must be well managed. I will confide most of them to you. Governor Claiborne and everybody else around me, save General Villeré, are for refusing your services. I will dare to accept them. I will go further; I will, as I have said, intrust you with my artillery.'

"'We will render to you, general, a good account of it,' said Lafitte.

"'I rely on your word. The world calls you bandits; I will call you gentlemen, and treat you as such. You are Frenchmen, and you will surely not forget that it is against the hereditary enemies of France that we are in arms. If you have committed crimes, let British blood wash you clean; let your services in a just cause redeem your guilt. The United States will forgive all violations of their laws on your part. Prepare yourselves to receive on a well-fought field the baptism of regeneration.'

"'General,' I replied, 'whatever we have done, we acknowledge no other judge on earth than ourselves. I must confess that, according to certain articles of the code of morality which governs the so-called Christian nations, we must be considered as having in us more of the bandit than of the gentleman. Nevertheless, bandits of our calibre, whatever may be their crimes, never betray, but keep inviolate their plighted faith.'

"'Let us shake hands on that,' said the general, 'for were you to betray me, nothing would remain for me to do, after reposing so much trust in you in opposition to the advice of all those in authority here, but to blow my brains with the same hand that you grasp.'

"'If you die only in consequence of treachery on our part,' replied Lafitte, 'you will live long, general.'

"'Very well, gentlemen. From this moment you are in the service of the United States, and you shall soon receive my orders.'

"He then bowed us out of the room. Doctor, somebody, I believe, wrote a book on the 'Curiosities of Literature.' If you ever write one on the 'Curiosities of History,' do not forget to mention in it that three hundred smugglers and pirates had the singular luck to be courted at the same time and their assistance invoked by Great Britain and the United States; that they contributed to save Louisiana from foreign conquest, and thus were instrumental in restoring peace between those two powerful belligerents."

"Here he stopped, and gasped for breath. I motioned to him to take rest. After a little while he thus continued his narrative:"

"On the 8th of January, 1815, when the battle had begun, and the artillery was roaring on both sides, Jackson came galloping rapidly along the lines. When

he reached my battery, he stopped short his foaming horse: 'By the eternal!' he exclaimed. 'What does it mean, Dominique? How come your guns to be silent?'

"'Because, general, I never waste time in using bad powder.'

"He turned to an officer who was near him, and thundered out: 'If, in five minutes, Dominique has not got such powder as he approves, I will make your head fly from your shoulders.'

"I soon had the powder which I wanted, and the British were not slow in discovering that at their costs. When the general returned, he stopped again, and waving his hat over his head, shouted: 'Hurrah! Dominique, your fire is splendid.'

"'By St. Andrew, your patron,' I replied, 'I will make it a point, general, to keep up this fire until the victory is yours. You shall not repent of having trusted the bandit Dominique.'

"After the defeated Britons had retreated with humiliation from Louisiana, we determined also to abandon our old nests within her western bays, inlets and lakes. We broke up our establishments and went to South America. One day, talking with Lafitte of our past life, which was so strikingly in contrast with the peaceful, easy and law abiding one we were leading, I thought that, as our copartnership had so long ceased to exist and the responsibility of all my acts was entirely mine, I was released from the agreement I had entered into with him when I first joined him at Barataria. Partly for that reason, and partly because I was somewhat heated by the convivialities of which we had both partaken, I ventured on the once forbidden ground, and I related some remarkable scenes of which I had

retained a vivid recollection—among others, the superb manner in which Theodosia Burr had met death. Lafitte, who had always had a sort of womanly tenderness lurking in some corner of his heart, became excited and abusive. Harsh words passed between us. He entirely lost the command of his temper and struck me in the face. Swift as lightning my dagger was buried in his breast, and he fell at my feet. Thus he had the good fortune of a sudden death, whilst I have been lingering under the torture of this incurable disease. But I feel exhausted . . . . my breath fails . . . . what is it? . . . . I . . . I . . . suffocate, doctor, I suf . . . ."

"He did not complete the utterance of the word. His sufferings were ended in this world. I was preparing to depart, when the nurse said: 'According to the request of your late patient, now dead, I present to you this dagger which he bequeaths to you, this letter and this small package.' I opened the letter. It was short and ran thus:

"'DEAR DOCTOR,—I thank you gratefully for your kind attendance, which I did not deserve and which I hardly expected, considering the light in which you must have regarded me. Lafitte is of historical importance in your state. I bequeath to you the dagger which put an end to his existence. I am alone in the world and care for nobody. You are entitled to the most liberal remuneration for your medical services, and particularly for the gratification which you afforded me in keeping me company every day, perhaps for a longer time than you could well spare. I will repay you munificently for what you have done on my behalf. In the package which will be delivered to you are certain papers in

which you will find an accurate description of a place, where I left buried an immense treasure. It is in that part of Barataria Lake called the 'Temple.' I had determined not to touch it, except on the happening of a certain contingency. That contingency had occurred, and I was on my way to the place I have mentioned, when I became too ill to execute my intentions. That treasure shall be your fee. I need no longer any thing. The war of life is over with me in this world. Shall it continue in the next? Signed: DOMINIQUE,

THE BANDIT.'"

The Doctor stopped, took back the dagger which I was still retaining in my hand, and thrust it into his coat pocket.

"Quick! quick!" said I eagerly. "Tell me what you found in the package. I am anxious to know how rich you will be."

"It was closely and carefully enveloped," said the doctor, "and secured with a large black seal bearing the impress of a cross made with two daggers surmounted by a skeleton's head. My first impulse was to break the ominous seal; the next, followed by immediate action, was to throw it into the fire, where it was speedily consumed."

"By the gods," I exclaimed, "and why?"

"Simply because there are dwelling in man two spirits at war with each other—the one good, the other bad. On that occasion, the good spirit prevailed over its antagonist. The bad one had prompted me to open the package; the good one whispered to me: Thou must not break such a seal; it is of the devil. Thou shalt not pollute thy honest hands with a treasure which reeks with blood and smells of murder. The result was what I have stated. Now, good night

Tintin Calandro sleeps well and does not need me for the present."

I shook my departing friend's hand with a more energetic grasp than I had ever done before. Poor Rhineberg! I alone ever appreciated him to his value. He was a genius of a physician. As a lecturer on the science to which he was so devoted, he would have attracted crowds in Europe and become famous. I have heard many members of his profession express that opinion. But, alas, he had the simplicity of a child, and had an incurable modesty which sometimes fretted me into anger. He could not blow his horn to attract attention, and never thought of advertising his truly admirable cures, and would not have permitted others to do it for him, so morbidly afraid was he of appearing to resort to any mountebank practices. Add to these fated deficiencies in his character an inexhaustible fund of charity. Hence his merit remained under the bushel, and competitors, not worthy of untying the strings of his shoes, easily out-stripped him in the race of success. He lived and died poor, leaving to me Dominique You's dagger, which killed Lafitte. The deadly weapon hangs over the mantelpiece of my fireplace in my library, and daily recalls to my remembrance my departed friend Rhineberg, and his refusal of the treasure which lies concealed in the "Temple" in Lake Barataria.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE IN THE ST. LOUIS CEMETERY.— THE ACTRESS GRISELDA AND THE SPANISH DUKE.— BACKBONE AND SADFISH, OR GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

ACCORDING to the prognostics of the doctor, Tintin Calandro continued to improve, although it seemed to me that the aberrations of his mind were more marked than before. He had lately spoken repeatedly of returning to his usual avocations in the St. Louis cemetery, when came Shrove-Tuesday, or *mardi gras*. In the evening of that day, happening to call on him, he said to me: "I must have a night of it with my friends the dead. They are all rejoicing at my convalescence, and they are bent on celebrating it with a ball. I will play for them an overture on the occasion. Then, I will leave them to their own musicians; for they have good ones among themselves, I assure you." I earnestly remonstrated against the determination he had taken. I begged him not to forget that he was still very feeble, and that fatigue and exposure might bring on a relapse. But I pleaded in vain, so that, at nine o'clock, we departed together for the cemetery. When Tintin had passed its gate, and when he trod on the sacred soil within its gray walls, he looked round with a glow of satisfaction on his weird face; his step became more firm and his whole body seemed invigorated.

"Ho! ho!" he exclaimed. "I knew that they ex-

pected me; see how they flock round and greet poor Tintin Calandro. Good night, my friends, good night. I am sincerely glad to meet you again in my capacity of a denizen of this world, which I am soon to quit, but only to join you for ever in the spiritual one. In the meantime, we will have for once a merry time of it. The broken-down old man will play for you, although his heart is full of grief. Come on, not a moment is to be lost, for I cannot stay long with you. My keeper here," he said with a smile and pointed at me, "will not permit it. Sit down all of you on those tombs; be silent and motionless, or you will confuse me; my head is weak. That's right, very well, that's the way I like it; and now, hurrah for the carnival of the spirits! Here it goes, four in hand and a crack of the whip—folly unchained, and the devil chasing it with a halloo."

Seizing with a frantic grasp the violin which I had carried for him, he dashed the swift bow on the strings, over which it swept in a semi-circle, electrifying them into the production of a grand musical storm, in which all sorts of melodies seemed to rush pell-mell in a wild gallop. Listen to this joyous burst of all known instruments, acting sometimes in harmonious concert, and sometimes engaged in emulous contest for pre-eminence —a perfect and complete orchestra. One could hear the gleesome castanets of the Spanish fandango, the sprightly tunes of the Neapolitan dances, the German waltz, the old French minuet, the modern cotillion, the Russian mazourka, the Scottish reel, the American jig, and all the favorite dancing airs of most of the nations of the earth, successively following one another, or blending together with the most striking and admirable effect. Fast came the squeaks of Punchinello, the shrill

laugh of the Merry Andrew, the rush of the pleasure-intoxicated crowd whirling round under the spell of the demon of the hour. Now and then the wildest and most unearthly shouts clove through the hot and dense bacchanalian atmosphere. It was the devil's halloo urging the sons and daughters of carnival to speed faster in their race of mad frolic, and faster went the whirlwind of feet, more piercing the squeaks of Punchinello, more sharp the laugh of Merry Andrew, and more brilliant, more fascinating, more soul-ravishing the strains which gushed like a torrent from the supernatural instrument of the maniac. I have since heard the celebrated Carnival of Venice executed by Paganini. But Tintin Calandro was more wonderful than Paganini and Rossini. Never did they produce in me such emotions. So intense grew my excitement, that I felt as if a sort of hallucination was coming over me. I fancied that I saw the scene which Tintin depicted, and that an irresistible attraction was drawing me within the vortex of the insane crew that shot by with a velocity which it made me giddy to look at, as if it had been a living reality. Fortunately, the musician stopped. I drew a long breath.

"Spirits," said Tintin, "I have done, and sufficiently prepared you for the enjoyments you expect to have. Now, quick, select your partners for the dance, the ball is open, and let me see you begin the sport."

Tintin remained a little while with folded arms, looking round with as much interest as if he really saw something pleasant to his sight. "Very well, very well," he said. "All goes well. Now I leave you. A good night to you and a merry one until the cock crows." And, taking me by the arm, he whispered: "Hist! hist! listen. Is it not truly a creditable per-

formance--a very fair orchestra? The leader of it was the chief musician in the St. Philip Theatre, when first established. I will tell you, as we walk home, what befell him, poor fellow, under the Spanish colonial government of Louisiana:

"Ernest Vanderlingen was a portrait painter of considerable talent and an excellent performer on the violin. He had in an eminent degree those peculiarities of temper and habit which are said to be the common characteristics of artists, and he had led for several years a sort of Bohemian life, during which he had visited all the capitals of Europe, in each one of which he had sojourned some time, making a living by his brush and violin. At Prague he had married a gypsy, and the offspring of that union was a daughter called Griselda. I do not now recollect what were the circumstances which brought that family to New Orleans, but, shortly after their arrival in this city, Vanderlingen lost his wife, and there remained nothing to console him save an infant girl on whom all his affections centered at once. True to her origin, she was an admirable specimen of the gypsy style of beauty—the large, dark and lustrous oriental eyes, the olivaceous complexion, the glossy and silky hair, raven-like in its hue, the exquisitely delicate hands and feet, the oval face, the nose and mouth so pure in their outlines, the pearly teeth, the whole body full of symmetry and grace and as flexible as the willow. She was indeed a thing of beauty and passion—beauty redolent with youth, life and innocence—and passion yet asleep—but which, in its slumber, looked as if it could wake up suddenly and rage with uncontrollable fury. Any one believing, as many do, that the gypsy originally came from the far-famed land of Egypt, would have been apt to fancy,

when beholding Griselda, that such must have been the witchery of the charms of Cleopatra. Her father being the leader of the orchestra of the St. Philip Theatre, she had become early acquainted with actors and actresses. She conceived a fondness for stage life, and, at sixteen, she made her appearance on the boards. She carried the audience by storm; it was a perfect *furor*. At the time when the enthusiasm she inspired was at its height, there came to New Orleans a young grandee of Spain, called Villalva, who was a distant relation of the Baron of Carondelet, then governor of Louisiana. Villalva became so desperately in love with this *houri*, that he carried it so far as to propose matrimony, on discovering that he could not gratify his passion in any other way. The spirited girl refused, on the ground that she could not rise up to him and would be contemptuously rejected by his family. His reply was: 'I will then descend to you, and only beg to be accepted by you and your parent.'

"One day, the whole population of New Orleans was convulsed with the news that the young duke of Villalva, allied to several of the royal houses of Europe, had joined the troop of actors of the St. Philip theatre, and was shortly to appear in a celebrated piece of Lope de Vega, in which two lovers, being crossed in their love, meet with a tragic end at their own hands. It is useless to say that, on the evening of the expected performance, every seat was taken and the theatre crowded to suffocation. Even a large crowd remained outside, talking excitedly, and gazing at the building into which they could not penetrate. In the royal box always reserved for the use of the representative of his Catholic Majesty, the Baron of Carondelet sat alone. His family had stayed at home, probably as a sign of dis-

pleasure at the course pursued by their relative, and the usually benign face of the baron was observed by all to wear a striking expression of sternness. The curtain rose; Griselda and the new actor, with all the blue blood of Spain in his veins, were greeted with enthusiastic shouts and plaudits. They both acted admirably, with the most extraordinary spirit, and almost with genius like inspiration. But, during one of the *entre-acts*, when the actors were behind the scenes, the duke received the following note:

"'MOST DISTINGUISHED SIR,—I hasten to warn you against the perils which threaten your excellency and her whom you love, although I am afraid it is too late. But I could not do it sooner. The theatre is now surrounded with troops; escape is impossible. At the end of the play, you and Griselda will be arrested. Two ships are ready to sail by order of the governor. One will carry Griselda to some unknown fortress, and the other will take your excellency to Spain, where the king, at the request of your family, will provide against your not being able to perpetrate what is called an incomprehensible folly. Signed: A FRIEND.'

"This note was communicated by the duke to Griselda, and their resolution was instantly taken. The final act of the play remained to be performed. The scene in which the lovers had to express their despair at the inevitable separation to which they were destined, was portrayed with such pathos, that the whole audience was melted into tears, and held its breath in awful suspense, when the heroine of the play invites her lover to plunge his dagger into her breast rather than allow her to be the bride of another. But what

was the horror of the assembly when the blow was struck in earnest, and a purple stream gushed from the bosom of Griselda, who reeled and fell on the stage! Shrieks after shrieks rose from every part of the theatre. But among those shrieks there was one which never could be forgotten by those whose ears it appalled. It burst out of the agonizing heart of the father of Griselda, clear, frightfully distinct, and recognized by all. He leaped frantically from the orchestra to the stage, and lifted up his dying daughter in his arms. She looked at him with a smile, and said: 'Father, I die happy.' These were her last words. Meanwhile, the young duke had approached the box of the governor, which was close to the stage, and, shaking his bloody weapon in his face, exclaimed: 'Baron and loving cousin, tell the king and my family what you have seen. I defy you all, and I go to join her from whom no human power can now separate me.' These words were hardly uttered when the sharp blade was buried to its hilt into his own breast, and he fell dead by the senseless form of Griselda. From that day Vanderlingen became mad, and was confined in a lunatic asylum, until he was brought here. Poor thing! How terrible it is to be mad! I should not like to be mad. It is too shocking. Mad from grief! O horror of horrors! Mad from grief! Such was the fate of Vanderlingen. Thank God, Tintin Calandro is not mad, not mad from grief. No. Oh! no. I am not mad, not I. I am not mad." I took him home whilst he kept repeating to himself: "thank God, poor Tintin Calandro is not mad—not mad from grief."

A few days afterward, I was with Tintin Calandro in the St. Louis cemetery, examining a tomb which had been offered for sale. It was a monument of plain

white marble surrounded by an iron railing, and overshadowed by a willow tree whose drooping branches seemed to weep in sympathizing sorrow. This tomb was located in a retired spot, near two of the enclosing walls which met at right angles. It had been constructed for a Frenchman who had grown old in New Orleans in the pursuit of wealth without attaining it, but who had unexpectedly inherited a large fortune in his native country, whither he had determined to return without loss of time, and enjoy what remained to him of life. Hence the tomb which he had prepared for himself was advertised for sale to the highest bidder. There was an air of repose about it which must have been inviting to all spirits weary of the torments of existence. We were withdrawing from that spot, when a doleful-looking man, on the verge of old age, approached us, and said to Tintin that he had come to buy the tomb in question. On his being told that it had just been sold, the stranger heaved a deep sigh of distress, and his already very gloomy face assumed a more sombre hue.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Shall I forever be disappointed in every thing I desire, and shall I not even be buried as I choose? I had set my heart on having this tomb. It follows as a matter of course that I cannot have it. I ought not, however, to be astonished, for it is of a piece with every thing that has happened to me since my infancy—a beautiful consistency and harmony running through the whole drama from beginning to end. And pray, sir," he said, turning to Tintin, "who is the fortunate purchaser of the last object I coveted in this world?"

"His name is Thomas Backbone," was the reply.

"Heavens!" cried the stranger. "Can this be pos-

sible? Still is the same man in my way, even on the very brink of the grave—that man who was born to be the bane of my whole life!"

As he remarked our astonishment, he invited us to take seats on a bench which was close by in one of the alleys of the cemetery, promising us an explanation of the language he had used. After we were seated, he thus addressed us:

"My name is John Sadfish, and the person to whom I have alluded is Thomas Backbone, my first cousin, both of us natives of Philadelphia. We were left destitute orphans by our parents, whom we lost in early life and who were Catholics. Fortunately we had an eccentric, kind-hearted old Quaker uncle, an inveterate bachelor, who took care of us without finding fault with the church in which we had been born. He amply provided for our wants, for he was rich and generous, and sent us both to school with the determination to make thorough and brilliant scholars of us if possible, (that was his hobby) and with the explicit declaration that he would leave the bulk of his fortune to Thomas, or to me, according to the superiority which one might acquire over the other. Thomas plodded heavily through his studies—a respectable student by his ox-like ploughing and steady labor in a hard field, but as dull and ponderous as lead. As to myself, I was always at the head of every class I was in; yet, strange to say, and unaccountable as it was to me, the fame of my success never spread out of the college walls, whilst Thomas' negative career as a student was, by some inexplicable hocus pocus, or freak of luck, magnified into one of brilliant achievements. Many said, it is true, that he was a confirmed blockhead, but others maintained that something—they could not exactly tell what—would

yet come out of that head, and that in that block, rough-hewn as it was from the quarry, and valueless sand-stone as it appeared to be, more than one vein of gold would, in the course of time, be discovered. I was then puzzled at the obstinacy with which these conjectures were entertained by some people in relation to my desperately stupid cousin. But, as I grew older, my wonder ceased, for I discovered that in this world of obliquities, it frequently happens that, by some optical illusion, the buzzard on the hill is taken for an eagle, and the eagle in the valley is taken for a buzzard. What is high up basking in the light, is supposed to be worthy of it, and what is low down in the deep shadows, must be foul and creeping. Be it as it may; we had gone at last through our intended course of collegiate education, and the day when our academical probation was to cease, rapidly approached. We were at Cowhurst College in New Jersey. That institution had of late been losing ground, and the public patronage was gradually withdrawing itself. Therefore it had been resolved by the trustees and managers of that establishment, to have a grand display and flourish of trumpets at the end of the scholastic year. Long before the time for the closing of the exercises and the beginning of vacation, advertisements and invitations had been extensively circulated, and a great concourse was expected from New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other places, to witness the exhibition of the merits of the scholars who were to make their exit, and the distribution of prizes and diplomas. The *élite* of the *élite*, the cream of the cream of the intellectual and financial aristocracy of the country was to be there. A grand prize in particular was to be contended for. It consisted in a gold medal bearing the effigy of Washington on one side, and on the

other an eagle with outspread wings, carrying the globe of the earth in its talons and the thunderbolt of Jove in its beak. This was the reward to be given to that pupil of Cowhurst College who should be deemed to have treated with the most ability, a theme on which we had been given ample time to reflect and to write.

"The subject was: 'The Destinies of America.' Of course, America meant the United States, for the United States are America, it being ascertained beyond a doubt by our most distinguished naturalists, that our enlightened and freeborn citizens constitute alone the *genus homo* on this continent, and that all the other bipeds who are outside the sacred precincts of our self sufficient and perfect government, which diffuses morality, civilization, religion, wealth, education, happiness, republicanism and many other isms, with the liberality and beneficial effects with which the sun diffuses light, have no claim whatever to be ranked much above the kangaroo."

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONTINUATION OF THE STORY OF SADFISH AND BACKBONE, OR GOOD AND BAD LUCK.

"I WORKED day and night with indefatigable ardor," continued Sadfish, "on the grand Homeric subject which had been laid before me. Besides the literary fame which was to be acquired, there was another stimulant for me—which was, that my uncle's accumulated treasures were to be the reward of my success. The momentous day of judgment for me was fast drawing near. On the one preceding it, the pupils contending for the prize had to submit their contributions to a conclave of men of letters, who were to meet at Cowhurstville, and who were to be presided over by no less a personage than John Adams, whose presence the Trustees of Cowhurst College were exceedingly rejoiced at having secured. My composition had been transcribed with the utmost calligraphic skill on the most beautiful paper I could find, for I knew the value of appearances and how repulsive is an illegible scrawl. Being neatly rolled up and tied with a blue ribbon, it was lying on a chair, whilst I was dressing to appear before the assembled tribunal, to which each competitor was to present in person his lucubration. Judge of my dismay, when, after being dressed, I looked in vain for my manuscript! It was impossible to account for its mysterious disappearance, and too late to repair the mischief done and make another copy. I became ill from vexation, and

took to my bed. A strong fever set in; I was delirious for several days, and, when I recovered my senses, I discovered that a dog, which Thomas Backbone had trained to pick up anything it found in its way, and to fetch it to him, had entered my room unperceived, and that, attracted, it seems, by the glittering roll of paper adorned with ribbons, it had taken hold of it and carried it to Backbone, who had the audacity to use it as his own. My composition procured for him the much coveted medal and a flattering commendation from the venerated lips of John Adams. It was published in most of the leading papers of our principal cities, and made Backbone famous. When I reproached him with his treachery and his impudent imposture, he laughed and said: 'that he did not know at the time who the writer was; that, after all, it was a waif, a windfall which he thought he could avail himself of; that it was his dog's treasure-trove; that what belonged to his dog, whose possessory rights he was not called upon to question, belonged to him, until a superior right to the property was made out; that it was a present from his canine friend, and that a given horse is not to be looked in the mouth.' He fought me off with such madcap logic, affecting to treat the whole affair as a capital joke. But the worst of it was, that before I could inform my uncle of the trick of which I had been the victim, the old gentleman died suddenly, leaving to me a mere pittance, and the bulk of his fortune to his other nephew, who, as he believed, had reflected so much honor on his family. Thus a dog had ruined one man, and enriched another. So much for what we generally call good luck, and bad luck! But was it really an accident, and had not that dog risen to the dignity of a providential agent?

"I need not say how low-spirited I became. All my

hopes were blasted at the beginning of my career. It was the first blow struck at my young heart, and, on that account, it was more keenly felt than all those which I subsequently received; for man becomes metallic, when laid out too long on the anvil, and hardens under the hammer of an unrelenting destiny. But I had not then gone through that delectable process of induration. Hence my health visibly declined, and I was getting worse every day, when the first clerk of the Secretary of State at Washington informed me, at the request of his wife to whom I was distantly related, that important despatches were to be sent to France, and that, if I consented, he would have me appointed the bearer of them—thus giving me at the cost of the government the opportunity of a trip across the ocean, by which my health might be benefited, and of a pleasant visit to a foreign country, which then attracted universal attention by the mighty revolution that had shattered to pieces the oldest monarchy of Europe. I accepted the proposition with gratitude. This was in 1792. I was kindly received by our minister plenipotentiary, who insisted on my becoming his guest, adding playfully that he liked to keep all Americans as close to him as possible, particularly the young and inexperienced, for fear that they should be mistaken for aristocrats, whose manners they are very fond of imitating, and have their heads chopped off before he could be made aware of their danger. Two weeks after, I was greatly surprised, when, at one of the evening receptions of our minister, I saw Thomas Backbone come in with his usual imperturbable composure. There was leaning on his arm another Thomas — no less than Thomas Payne, of half Quaker and half Voltairian breed, the world-renowned philanthropic innovator,

the author of 'Common Sense,' of the 'Age of Reason,' of the 'Rights of Man,' and other works, in which he attempted to prove, that, before his advent on earth, there never had been any common sense or reason in it, and that he alone had discovered the 'rights of man' buried under the rubbish of ages since the original creation of the universe. I gazed with curiosity at the ubiquitous demagogue who had made himself so conspicuous at the same time—in England, France and America—in England where hangmen had burned his writings and himself in effigy, and from which he was a fugitive—in France, where he was to be hugged at first to the tender bosom of Robespierre, as long as he sang to the tune of that apostle of the goddess of reason, and where he was to be incarcerated and doomed to the guillotine, which he narrowly escaped, as soon as it was discovered by the knights of the Carmagnole and the proclaimers and champions of the 'rights of man,' that he was not quite as much of a blood-thirsty tiger as they expected—in America, where the once popular advocate of our independence was to run the risk of being assassinated by an unknown hand, and where, forgetting that he lived in an age of progressive virtue, the reformer of society died a drunkard on his farm near New Rochelle in the State of New York, leaving a rotten carcass, to which a Quaker burial was refused by that religious society, to which his family, if not he, had belonged. It is laughable to think of what occurred, when the conversion of Payne was attempted a few days before his death. That attempt was made by the founders of a new church, called 'New Jerusalem.' This 'New Jerusalem' came from Baltimore in the shape of a soul-saving deputation. The spokesman of these missionaries told the dying man, that they

did not find fault with him on account of his opposition to the Bible, such as it was generally interpreted—which interpretation, of course, could have no sense for the author of 'Common Sense;' but that they had discovered in the New Jerusalem the true key to the Holy Book—a key which had been lost for many centuries, and which would open to him the sealed casket of eternal truths. 'Go to,' was the cynical reply, 'if that key has been so long lost, it must be too rusty to be of any use.' As you see, Payne was not consistent. He forgot that he also was the finder of a very rusty key—the key to the 'rights of man,' and that, notwithstanding the antediluvian date of the manufacturing of that key by the eternal blacksmith, he thought that it could yet fit the lock of the 'age of reason.' Perhaps an amiable, but surely an egotistical and vain-glorious delusion.

"Let us return to Backbone, from whom we have digressed. On learning my departure from home, my loving cousin, either in a spirit of imitation or from a vague instinct that he might profit by any mishap of mine, had taken to ship and landed in England. One morning, Backbone who, the evening before, had indulged too freely in convivialities with a certain set of rakes and radicals, woke up with an excruciating headache. He rang for some tea. When brought, it was cold and vapid. He flung it with cup and saucer at the waiter, who beat a hasty retreat. Another pull at the bell, and another waiter appeared. 'Sirrah,' bawled out Backbone, who liked to borrow words from the Shakespearean vocabulary, 'send or bring me my boots, I charge thee. How is it that they are not at my door?' Waiter vanished, and the boots came up according to order, but they were an extravagantly worn-out pair, and not the glossy new ones which he had taken off

when he went to bed. In a fit of rage, for there is something of the hotspur in Backbone, he seized one of these relics of the past, and knocked on the head with it the unfortunate menial who had them in charge. The fellow reeled under the blow, but, soon recovering himself, took a theatrical attitude. Folding his arms on his breast, with an evident exhibition of extreme self-importance, he said:

"'Are you aware, sir, of what you have done?'

"'Yes. I have knocked you down with an old rag of a boot. What then?'

"'Do you know who I am?'

"'No, nor do I care a chew of tobacco to know it. My name is Backbone, damn you, and I am an American, ready to meet you or any body else.'

"'An American!' exclaimed he of the bruised head. 'How fortunate! Then, I can open myself to you in all security. Sir, you have before you Thomas Payne, who, being hunted by bailiffs like a wolf, has been reduced to take this disguise to escape from them, and whose only crime is an attempt to pull down the tyrannical Guelphs from the throne of England, and transform the velvet-lined and gilded seat of the Plantagenets into the raw-hide bottomed chair of an American Cincinnatus.'

"The United States were then in the honeymoon of their institutions. They had the credulity and innocence of youth, for they had just sprung up into a new type of existence. They greatly admired Thomas Payne and the principles contained in their own declaration of independence. In the intoxication of patriotism, many then believed, notwithstanding the protest of nature staring them in the face, that all men were born free and equal; and, in case this should be a

mere figure of speech, they felt sure at least, that, in such a republic as they had lately inaugurated, the most virtuous and the most enlightened citizens would always be called to office by acclamation. They believed in it with as much faith as little children believe in Mother Goose, despite the indignant cackling negation of the geese in the poultry-yard, as to the human part which one of their feathered tribe is made to assume. But the tales of the political nursery, where manhood gallops childishly on a stick with only the shirt of folly on, are often as fabulous and nonsensical as those of the nursery where is rocked the cradle of infancy. Backbone was not yet free from the leading strings with which he had been raised. The consequence was, that he flung himself at the feet of Payne in a paroxysm of contrition, and begged pardon, after the fashion of savages, for having flogged his idol. That pardon was magnanimously granted, and Payne told his worshiper that he was anxious to reach Dover, where he wished to embark for Calais, because he had been elected to the National Convention of France by the department in which that city is situated, although a foreigner and personally unknown. Payne had not a cent in his pocket. Backbone lent him what he needed, and they crossed the straits together with American passports, Backbone as the master and Payne as the valet. On arriving at Calais, Payne learned that several other departments had also elected him—an Englishman—in preference to Frenchmen—him who knew nothing of France, and who neither spoke nor understood one word of French. Evidently we were in the 'Age of Reason,' or such a thing could not have happened. Payne acted with proper courtesy. As he had been first elected by the department of the *Pas de Calais*, he accepted that

election in preference to the election of much more influential departments, such, for instance, as the department in which Versailles is located—Versailles, which owed its birth and prosperity to kings, and which had chosen for its representative their most mortal enemy. When Payne and Backbone landed at Calais, they found the garrison under arms; an officer presented the national cockade to Payne, and the prettiest woman of that town pinned it to his hat. The artillery boomed on all sides, and the cries of 'Long live Thomas Payne' rent the air. With risible inconsistency, to this *Sans-culottes* and Jacobin all the honors hitherto granted only to royalty were enthusiastically paid, and were received, as usual, with the blushing modesty and humble disclaimer of a 'friend of the people.' All the fat and lean burghers of the place down to the very mendicant at the corner of the street, agglomerated themselves into a patriotic rabble, and, escorted by the whole of the military, conducted Thomas Payne to the city hotel, where he was harangued by the mayor and city council, as the new representative of the French people—and truly, a new sort of representative he was, who did not comprehend one word of the compliments paid to him by those he represented, and who could not return his thanks, except by repeatedly placing his hand on his heart and bowing profusely. What a farce! Well, Backbone, as the friend of Payne, partook of the ovation, and, in that capacity, had become and still was a lion in Paris, where I met him at every one of our minister's receptions. To what was he indebted for his distinguished position? Was it to his merit? No: to an old pair of boots. If that pair of boots had not been brought to him instead of his own, he would not have cracked the head of the boot-

black; and, if he had not cracked the head of the boot-black, he would not have been the friend of Thomas Payne; and, if not the friend of Thomas Payne, he would have remained the same insignificant Backbone that he was before. Was *this* the inexplicable and vague thing we call luck? Or was it the practical joke of some mischievous hobgoblin or elfish buffoon? But, mark the sequel.

"One day, our minister sent for me. I found him in his library with an old lady of great dignity and majestic presence, to whom he introduced me, saying with a smile: 'This lady, with whom I have the honor of being intimately acquainted, has a proposition to make to you. It is of much importance, and I hope that it will suit you to accept it.' I turned to the lady, whose scrutinizing looks were fixed on me, as if determined to read me like a book, and whose communication I expected with much curiosity. She beckoned me to a chair in front of her, and said with much calmness of manner and directness of language:

"I am the dowager duchess of Montgolfier. To-morrow, at day-break, I am to be arrested, and my property is to be confiscated after I am sent to the guillotine. My life I no longer value, but I wish to save my property for my grandson, the Prince of Blanchefort, who is my heir and the only representative of my family. To save that property, I have, by the advice of my friends, among whom I reckon your ambassador, resolved to become an American by marrying one of your nationality. From the knowledge which I have obtained of your character through him, I say to you: will you be my husband-in-law and in name only, be it understood? If you accept, you will live in my house as the ostensible head of the family, as long at

least as this reign of terror shall continue, but perfectly free as if not married at all. To one to whom I shall owe so much, and who, in the eye of the world, is to occupy the position of my husband, it is my duty and pleasure to be grateful, and I am determined to donate to him by my marriage contract five hundred thousand francs. But, no time is to be lost, and the ceremony must take place this very day in this very room, where the American flag protects me. Do you accept ?'

"I was completely stunned, but, after some hesitation, I was persuaded to assent to an act which, I was assured, would be considered as an immense service to the noble lady, and which would be of much advantage to me. All being settled, I departed to provide for the accomplishment of some necessary formalities. I was walking rapidly in the *rue Vivienne*, when I met Backbone. I communicated to him what had happened, and, to do him justice, I must say that he seemed to be rejoiced at my good luck. Perhaps he felt a twinge of conscience at having robbed me of my uncle's fortune, and thought that any self-reproach which he addressed to himself, might be softened, if he saw me in better circumstances and no longer suffering from the consequences of his treachery. We had hardly parted, when passing before a house which was in the way of construction, a brick, escaping from the hands of a mason who was working at the top of the house, laid me senseless on the ground. Backbone carried the news to the embassy, and, as it was impossible to wait for my recovery, and as an American was needed at any price within a specific time, my inevitable cousin took my place. Thus five hundred thousand francs were lost by one man, and gained by another, in consequence of the fall of a brick."

CHAPTER XXXII.

END OF THE STORY OF SADFISH AND BACKBONE, OR GOOD AND BAD LUCK.—DEATH OF TINTIN CALANDRO.

After a pause, Sadfish resumed his story in these words: "I studied the civil law in Paris during my residence in that city, and, I may say, with a success which elicited commendation from the learned professor under whose care I had placed myself. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States, I thought that new country would afford me a fine field, and I departed for its distant shores. I arrived in New Orleans in time to see Claiborne's installation as governor of the newly acquired territory, in 1803. I was admitted to the bar, and was practising with very encouraging results, when Backbone turned up on the banks of the Mississippi in quest of adventures and speculations. He had lost his French wife, and was a widower without having been a husband in reality. I would have bribed him to go away, if it had been in my power. I felt that his presence would be fatal to me, and so it happened. A client of mine had bought claims to an immense tract of land; Backbone had purchased the adverse ones. It ended in a lawsuit. The whole case turned on a single word. The question was, whether in a certain phrase of an original deed there was the connective, *and*, instead of the alternative, *or*; Backbone had a duly certified copy of the original,

which was believed to be lost, and the word *and* was in it. That made out his case. Several witnesses were ready to swear that they had frequently seen the original title, and distinctly recollected that it contained the conjunction *or*, instead of *and*. That testimony, if admitted, would have been decisive in my favor. But would it be admitted, and, if admitted for what it was worth, would it have the desired effect in the face of the duly certified copy of the original? With considerable ability, I think, I had the trial postponed, in the hope of finding the lost document. I was indefatigable in my researches, and I discovered at last what I had so diligently sought. The alternative *or* was in it, and success was certain. My fortune was made, for I had stipulated, as a contingent fee, for one half of the claim, if I succeeded. On the other hand, if I failed, besides getting nothing for all my labor, I had to pay the costs. I had concealed my luck from my client and every body else, in order to produce a surprise in court. The jury was empanelled and sworn, and my adversary opened the case. When the certified copy of the deed was presented, I opposed its reception as evidence, in as much as the original was in existence and in my possession. There was a great sensation, which I enjoyed hugely. I drew the instrument slowly from my coat pocket, to the blank dismay of the attorney on the opposite side, and I unfolded it with a sort of triumphant solemnity, when, lo! the phrase with the alternative on which I relied was not there. I had sat up late the preceding night, a drop had fallen from a tallow candle on the manuscript, and, after I had retired to rest, a mouse had nibbled away at the greasy spot; it was impossible to determine what the missing phrase was, and whether it contained the conjunction

or instead of *and*. It was my turn to shake, and not without reason. 'A capital trick!' exclaimed my opponent with an exulting laugh, 'but it will not impose on this intelligent jury;' and the intelligent jury gave a verdict against me without leaving their seats. A drop of tallow and a mouse had turned the scales of justice.

"I had reached the age of forty, and felt the want of a companion for the remainder of my life. I cast my eye on a widow of thirty-five, who, besides other attractions, was abundantly supplied with the flesh-pots of Egypt. It followed of course, that Backbone did the same. We became rivals. The widow coquetted with us both for a long time, and so committed herself, that, in the opinion of the public, she could not do otherwise than marry me, or Backbone. I felt therefore certain of the prize; for the widow had in secret informed me of her having decided in my favor, but for some reason or other, best known to herself, she wished it not to be divulged for some time. This I did not much object to, because it was a pleasure to me to witness the efforts of Backbone to cut me out, as I had the comfortable assurance that they would be fruitless. The greater his hopes, the keener would be his disappointment in the end; and had I not the right to indulge in the enjoyment of some revengeful feeling against one who had done me so much harm? But, one day, when I was at the feet of the widow, giving vent to impassioned utterances of eternal love, I suddenly remained with my mouth wide open, without being able to articulate a sound, or to close my gaping lips. She stared at me with amazement, and discovered for the first time, that the beautiful teeth which she admired so much were false. The fact is,

that I sported a full set, an upper and lower one, so exquisitely made that it was impossible to detect it, without the most minute and persevering observation. The artist had surpassed himself; it was the work of a man of genius. But, on this occasion, the springs which supported the upper teeth had suddenly got out of order, and hence the accident. My widow became convulsed with laughter, and I rushed out of her presence like a madman. As the adventure would have made her ridiculous as well as myself, she did not reveal it, but, the next day, she took care to make it known that Backbone had always been the choice of her heart, and they were soon married. A little gold spring had robbed me of a wife. I felt smashed for ever—perfectly overwhelmed with the conviction of my unavoidable bad luck.

"In my despair, I abandoned my profession and New Orleans, and I plunged into the far West, where I became acquainted with all the trappers, and became a trapper myself. At the end of three years I had secured an immense quantity of furs, with which I expected to realize a fortune in Europe. I brought them to New Orleans in perfect condition and chartered a ship. My cargo was soon on board, and I was preparing to depart with it, when I met Backbone, who said to me with a grin: 'I hear, cousin, that you have been speculating in furs. I am going to do the same, for it brings me good luck to follow in your tracks.' My stomach rose up to my throat, and, casting on him an indignant look, I went away without giving a reply, and with gloomy apprehensions. My vessel glided down the river with the fairest wind imaginable, but she stuck two months on one of the sand-bars at the Balize. At last she got loose, but what with tempests and calms,

what with being put out of her course and having repairs done in ports whither she was driven by stress of weather, she was five months before reaching her destination. On the day she entered the harbor she was bound to, a vessel loaded with furs for Backbone had arrived after a very short passage. Both cargoes were landed at the same time. Mine, from the delays I have mentioned and which had taken place in hot climates, had been eaten up by moths; his was in the best state of preservation, and sold proportionately high in consequence of the destruction of mine. Thus two great commercial operations of the same nature, were indebted to so little an insect as a moth for their final and widely different results. Why talk of human foresight and skill to secure success?

"Sick at heart, sick of the world, sick of myself and sick of Backbone in particular, I determined to bury myself in a rural retreat among cows, mules and negroes, and I bought a sugar plantation on the bank of the Mississippi. It was a superb bargain according to the opinion of the best judges. I paid one fourth cash, and for the balance I gave my notes at one, two, three and four years. Everybody said that those notes would be paid out of the crops, and I thought that it was not unfair to suppose that everybody must be right. I felt therefore somewhat elated. But, when I heard that Backbone had discounted my notes, I had the presentiment of some impending calamity. My crop, however, was magnificent, and my neighbors complimented me every day on my prospects, when, precisely at the time of the highest rise in the river, a crawfish, during the night, pierced through my levee and produced a *crevasse* which could not be stopped. I was a ruined man. My plantation and negroes were sold at auction, and

adjudicated to Backbone for one third of their value. Such is my recent mishap, and I had resolved that it should be the last. I had saved out of the general wreck one thousand dollars which I wished to invest in a tomb, and then have done with a burdensome life. I should have been in time to buy the desired tomb, had I not been deceived by a sudden irregularity of my watch, which I had always known before as the best time-keeper that had ever been manufactured. But God's will be done! The end is in harmony with the whole tenor of my life. It could not be otherwise, I suppose, without marring some pre-arranged fitness in matters and things, which is beyond my own comprehension. But, since there are grinding stones, there must be something created to be ground. This may account for my fate. Be it as it may, I am tired of it. Good-bye, gentlemen; I am off to hang myself."

"Halloo!" exclaimed Tintin Calandro, "surely, you are not mad enough to do it."

"I am wise enough to do it," he replied. "A man, whose destinies have successively been shaped and controlled by a dog, a brickbat, a drop of tallow and a mouse, a set of false teeth, a moth, a crawfish and the spring of a watch, is justified in putting an end to so deplorable and humiliating an existence. He has no business to live at all. Therefore I go hence with the firm determination to close my ridiculous and lamentable career."

He walked away a few steps; then turning round, he looked at us with the most rueful countenance, and said in a dolorous tone of voice: "Mind what I tell you, gentlemen. Backbone will be in the way as usual, and will prevent me from hanging myself, because I desire it."

We saw him, after that, move rapidly toward the main gate of the cemetery and step out into the street. We had hardly lost sight of him, when a loud clamor arose. We ran out to the place whence it came, and we found Sadfish dead in the midst of an excited crowd. Just as he was crossing the street, a pair of fiery horses which had run away, and against which the coachman struggled in vain, had come rushing on with the speed of a whirlwind, notwithstanding the weight of the splendid carriage to which they were harnessed, and had dashed upon poor Sadfish before he could get out of the way. The horses, however, had not gone far after the accident, without being stopped, and their proprietor, returning to the spot where he was aware of having involuntarily injured one of his fellow-beings, was alighting out of the carriage, to ascertain the condition of the man he had run over. We asked who he was, and were told that it was Backbone. We were struck with a feeling of awe, and felt as if we had witnessed something supernatural. Backbone had his relative put in his carriage, and drove with the inanimate body to the luxurious home, where, whilst living, the unlucky defunct had never set his foot. I took care to inform Backbone of the circumstance concerning the tomb. He seemed to be moved by it, and in that tomb he had the body of Sadfish deposited, after a decent funeral which he conducted in person. From that day he became a different man in his looks, demeanor and actions, for he was henceforth observed to be as thoughtful and religious as he had been gay and worldly, and as generous to the poor as he had been close-fisted and selfish. Did he wish to make atonement for the past? As to Tintin and myself, it was gratifying to us, who could not but have taken a deep interest in

the sad story which we had heard of such uninterrupted bad luck, to know that he who, throughout life, had been defeated in all his pursuits and aspirations, had at last succeeded, after death, in securing the tomb which he had coveted for his resting-place.

Lent had come, and Tintin Calandro had fasted with such rigidity, that he had been reduced to extreme weakness, and had become so thin that he was almost shadowy. I remonstrated in vain. He not only persevered in his spare diet, hardly sufficient to support life, but, notwithstanding his debility, he never would give up his nightly visits to the cemetery. On Good-Friday night, I met him there at his favorite spot; he was holding his violin as if preparing to use it. When he saw me he said: "This has always been to me a very solemn day—the day when our Saviour expired for us on the cross! Only think of it, my friend. The Godhead consenting to assume in the human shape the agony of all the sufferings and punishments deserved and to be deserved for all the past, present and future crimes of mankind! What an accumulation of guilt! An infiniteness of sin, and, in proportion to it, the agony of a voluntary expiation! And the Holy Mother, who knew the extent of that agony which divinity alone could inflict upon itself, and could be strong enough to bear, she stood by and witnessed it! What must she also have suffered! Listen: I have composed a *stabat mater dolorosa*."

He began to play. How long it continued I cannot tell, for the prodigious performance had soon held my senses captive and thrown me into a trance. There never had been, nor ever will be, I think, such music heard on earth. Tintin Calandro surpassed himself on this occasion, and really ceased to be human for me.

I fancied him to be a musician from the celestial spheres. By the spell he wielded I was transported to Judea, on Mount Calvary, and the whole scene of the crucifixion, in its minute details, appeared to me with all the awful distinctness of reality. I did not imagine—I saw. Such was the vividness of my impressions, that I remained absorbed in them a long time after the music had ceased. I was brought back to myself by Tintin's touch on my shoulder. "It is time to go," he said. I walked with him, as usual, to his dwelling, and, on my bidding him farewell, he requested me to call on him on the next day at twelve o'clock, to receive some communication which he wished to make, for he felt that his end was at hand. I begged him to select another hour, because, at the one he had fixed, I had another engagement—which was, to meet the newly-elected principal of the College of Orleans, a distinguished exile from Europe, who, it was thought, would breathe a more vigorous life into that institution, which had fallen into a state of decay.

"Who is he?" inquired Tintin Calandro.

"The celebrated and learned Lakanal," I replied.

Tintin gave a piercing shriek, as if he had been struck to the heart by a dagger. "What!" he exclaimed with the wildness of returning insanity. "Lakanal! the member of the National Convention of France, the friend of Couthon, St. Just, and Robespierre! Lakanal the regicide, the murderer and spoliator of nobility. He, to breathe life into any thing, he, the destroyer! Ha! ha! ha! When did Satan create aught but evil? I cannot but laugh when I think of it. He, Lakanal, revive the College of Orleans! A good joke, truly, by Beelzebub his patron! I tell you, my friend, the College of Orleans is dead. Never shall it recover from the blight brought to its walls by that

accursed man. Where he shall pass, the grass itself is doomed to wither, and nothing shall grow there any more. Joseph Lakanal, the apostate priest, the bloody Jacobin, permitted to be the parental guide and the example of the youths of Louisiana! No, no, it shall not be. Mind me, and remember my words. Before you die, no vestige shall remain of that college where he is now installed. Hardly a brick shall be left to show where the buildings stood, and posterity shall be ignorant of the spot, where the first educational establishment of Louisiana once existed with honor. Lakanal the atheist! Oh! he shall not triumph here as he once did on the banks of the Seine. He shall soon depart, cursing for his want of success the people who welcomed him, instead of attributing it to his own wicked self. O the wretch! On the spot where he now blasphemes Heaven in secret, a church shall yet erect its cross-adorned tower, the shadow of which will suffice to redeem and purify the now polluted ground."

Whilst he thus spoke, he kept moving restlessly about his room, sobbing in anguish and wringing his hands. Suddenly he fell on his knees, uttering this prayer: "Mayest Thou, O God, in Thy infinite mercy, spare Thy servant the misery of again breathing any longer in the same atmosphere, with one who has repudiated Thy name and deserted Thy altars!"

All this scene had taken place in a much shorter time than it has taken me to relate it. The effect which I had produced by mentioning the name of Lakanal, had been to me a painful surprise. As soon as I had recovered from the shock I had received, I attempted to lift up Tintin Calandro, who appeared to have swoon, ed whilst kneeling, with his head resting on one side of his bed. He was dead.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT WAS THE VEILED PORTRAIT BEQUEATHED BY TINTIN CALANDRO TO FERNANDO.—THE PRINCESS OF LAMBALLE, AND JOSEPH LAKANAL, THE REGICIDE, AND THE LAST PRINCIPAL OF THE COLLEGE OF ORLEANS.

Tintin Calandro had named me his testamentary executor, and very little I found to execute. He had only left one thousand dollars, one half of which, with his scanty furniture, was to go to Zabet, his faithful nurse and housekeeper; the other half was destined for funeral expenses and the purchase of a tomb. To me he had bequeathed his violin and the veiled picture that had always excited my curiosity. There is in the St. Louis cemetery a modest monument, on the slab of which there is no name indicating who reposes there. It bears only this inscription: "At home at last." Above that inscription there is engraved a cross, at the foot of which there is represented an angel, with one hand holding a broken violin, and with the other pointing to heaven — the meaning of which is, that thither had gone the melody of the instrument and the soul of its proprietor. This is Tintin Calandro's tomb, in a corner of the cemetery, as hidden as possible from the public eye, according to his instructions. After having performed all the duties which the death of my late friend

had imposed upon me, I went to take possession of my legacy. With a hand somewhat trembling with excitement, and with the feelings of one expecting some strange revelation, I drew the veil from the picture, and I started back when I recognized the portrait of the unfortunate princess of Lamballe, which I instantly knew; for, when in France, I had frequently gazed with admiration and sympathetic sadness, in the gallery of paintings of the duke of Brissac, at the lovely and never-to-be-forgotten features of the celebrated friend of Marie Antoinette.

Who was the princess of Lamballe, may ask one little acquainted with French history. To answer that question, I will state that the princess of Lamballe was of the illustrious house of Savoy, the house of Victor Emmanuel, now king of Italy. She had married Louis Alexander Joseph Stanislas of Bourbon Penthièvre, prince of Lamballe, and a member of the royal family of France. Her virtues, her beauty, the unalterable sweetness of her temper won the hearts of all those who approached her, but did not secure the fidelity of her young husband exposed to the temptations of a corrupt court. She still continued to love passionately him whose conduct grieved her heart. She bore it all, however, with dignified resignation and a prudent abstention from useless reproaches, hoping that time and her unchangeable love would bring back to her arms her erring husband. That hope was sadly blasted. The prince of Lamballe, in the bloom of youth, died of a lingering disease probably produced by his excesses. He had wasted away his life and constitution. The young widow was tempted again into matrimony by the most seductive offers, but she had firmly resolved to remain single, and she kept her reso-

lution. Respected by the family into which she had entered and by all her household, cherished by her father-in-law, the duke of Penthièvre, who was surnamed the "virtuous duke," she soon obtained the tender affection of Marie Antoinette, the brilliant queen of France, for whom she, in her turn, conceived an attachment of which she never ceased until death to give the most signal proofs. Appointed superintendent of the queen's household, the princess of Lamballe was cited as one of the brightest ornaments of the court of France, when the revolution broke out. In the beginning of June, 1791, the court had returned to the design, previously entertained, of flying secretly from the volcano which threatened them with its eruptions. The princess of Lamballe was not to accompany the queen, who did not think it prudent to have a numerous suite; but she was, in a different direction, to make her way to a foreign country, from which she might join the royal family wherever they might be. In the evening of the 10th of June, the queen informed her of her intended departure that very night, which, however, was postponed until the 21st. It is well known how the flight of the king and of Marie Antoinette was interrupted at Varennes. The princess of Lamballe departed also on the 21st of June, at one o'clock in the morning, and reached Dieppe on the coast of Normandy, from which she sailed and safely landed in England. Thus she had escaped from all dangers, after having saved sufficient means to live with comfort in the land which had given her hospitality. Her friends implored her no longer to expose her life; but her heart drew her fatally back, to unite herself to the unfortunate princess to whom she had devoted her life. As soon as she learned that Louis XVI, had accepted

the constitution of 1790, losing all hopes of meeting the queen in foreign parts, the princess of Lamballe, against the earnest remonstrances of all her friends, and fully aware of all the hazards to which she would expose herself, resolved to brave them all and to share the fate of her royal friend, whatever it might be. She went back to Paris, where she had the consolation of no longer being separated from the queen, until the revolutionary carnival of the month of August, 1792. After the famous day of the 10th of that month, she followed the daughter of the Cæsars to the *Temple*, from which she was, however, soon removed, to be incarcerated in the prison of *La Force*. Jacobin ferocity would not permit the two friends to have the satisfaction of remaining together, when the storm of an unparalleled adversity was sweeping over them. But that separation on earth was not to last long. The horrible days of September were brooding in the womb of that revolution, which had been inaugurated to re-establish the dignity and the rights of man, and universal fraternity and love.

On the 3d of that month, in the morning, when a stream of blood was running at the gate of her prison, she was informed that she was to be transferred to the prison of the "Abbaye." She begged to remain where she was; but a national guard approached her bed and ordered her to rise, announcing to her that her life depended on her obedience. The national guard knew better. It was a lie, to draw the victim with more ease to the shambles. Inside and outside of the prison there was a frightful tumult. The chamber of the princess, situated in the quarters appropriated to the female prisoners, was far from the wickets, and it is probable that she did not hear the groans of the victims who were slaughtered outside. But there was

consternation on the face of every prisoner, and the sullen looks, with the atrocious expressions, of the jailors, presaged but too plainly the fate which awaited her. When she was dressed, she called the man who had signified to her to get up, took his arm and allowed herself to be conducted to the fatal wicket. There she found herself in the presence of a set of monsters calling themselves judges, and of another set who assumed to be the ministerial officers of the court. They were all steeped in blood and smelling of carnage, with a dash of liquor. Questions of an infamous nature concerning the queen were put to her. "I have nothing to answer," she said. "I neither understand nor wish to understand you. I am ready to die. A little sooner, or a little later, it matters not."

"Ah! she refuses to answer," exclaimed the hangman of a judge who presided that tribunal of murder. "To the *Abbaye.*"

This word was a sentence. At the *Abbaye*, the word was: "to *La Force.*" It meant the same thing: death. It was a cunning device to entrap the prisoners into coming out with more readiness, in the persuasion that they were merely to be transferred to another place of detention. Otherwise, there might have been resistance. That resistance might have given trouble, and produced a loss of time which the expeditious and economical butchers wished to save. Violently dragged outside of the wickets, the princess of Lamballe had hardly gone over the sill of the gate, when she received a sabre blow on the back of the neck. She would have been felled to the ground by it, had she not been supported by the men who had hold of her, and who compelled her to continue her tottering walk over a carpet of corpses and blood, until she reached a spot

where both corpses and blood were satisfactorily and conveniently thick. On that heap of still warm and palpitating human beings she was permitted to fall, where she could be and was slaughtered with comfortable ease on the part of the assassins. Her body was outraged, her head separated from it, her breast ripped up and her heart taken out. This was necessary, perhaps, to obtain some appropriate and pure liquid for the baptism of the "Age of Reason," just born out of the amours of the Goddess of Liberty with the Demon of Atheism. This was done by the apostles and missionaries of those who had discovered the "rights of man," among which is the sacred one of proclaiming his own perfectibility, and of acknowledging no God but himself. These new-fashioned saints, after having assassinated the Princess of Lamballe, formed themselves into a procession of men and women, preceded by fifes and drums. Carrying the head of that princess stuck on a long pike, they paraded through the streets of Paris, passed several times before the *Hotel de Toulouse*, where she used to reside, traversed the *Palais Royal*, and at last carried that hideous trophy to the "*Temple*," under the windows of the queen, where they howled and shouted for her, calling on the "Austrian woman," with epithets which would have made the fish-market blush, to come and kiss her friend. I doubted not that Tintin Calandro had witnessed these horrors, that he had been crazed by them, and that in the mind of the poor maniac a fearful responsibility had attached to Lackanal; and I resolved, if possible, to gratify my curiosity in that respect. As Tintin had predicted, the College of Orleans withered and perished in the hands of Lakanal. It was the last of it. That personage, with whom I contrived to become well ac-

quainted, was a sour and discontented man, of whose historical record I shall now give a short synopsis.

Joseph Lakanal, before the revolution, was a priest and a professor of *belles-lettres*. In 1791, the revolution which was to change so many things being fairly under way, and running twenty knots per hour, with the genius of progress at the helm and a full crew of the philosophic sailors of reform in the riggings, he was appointed "Constitutional Vicar-General," a sort of ecclesiastical non-descript—pretending to derive its powers from the Church and from the State—an amphibious monster—a strange compound, clinging with its tail to earth and aspiring to thrust its horned head into heaven. In 1792, there was evident progress in him as well as in France, for he entirely secularized himself and became the representative of the department of Arriège in the National Convention, in which he voted for the death of Louis XVI, without appeal to the people and without reprieve. In March, 1795, he executed the mission of stripping the *Chateau de Chantilly* belonging to the prince of Condé, of all the gold, silver, copper and iron which it contained. The result of the spoliation was eighteen thousand ounces of gold and silver, which he deposited in the public treasury. It was reported that he himself was greatly benefited by the operation, but to what extent it is not known. He also seized all the archives and papers of that illustrious house, and put them in the possession of the government. Whilst a member of the National Convention, he was one of the Committee of Public Education, and, as such, made innumerable reports on the subject. It was the incessant flow of an irrepressible pedagogic diarrhea. He was, however, benefited by it, because to his fecundity on that occasion, and to his labors on that popular

theme, he was indebted for his subsequently becoming a member of the Institute. On the 1st of January, 1793, in a paroxysm of republican zeal, he had caused the Convention to decree that new appellations which he indicated, should be given to all the cities and towns of France whose names were in the slightest degree connected with royalty. This foolish measure was not carried into execution. On the 17th of April, 1794, he had proposed to raise a national column in commemoration of the patriots who had perished on the 10th of August, 1792. On that memorable day, one hundred thousand heroes had attacked the king's palace, which was protected by two hundred Swiss, who defended themselves to the last during three hours against such frightful odds. What was more sensible and honorable on the part of Lakanal, was his being instrumental in obtaining the establishment of primary and central schools. On the 7th of October, 1793, he spoke with vehemence against those "sections of Paris" which had risen against the National Convention. He proposed that they should be disarmed, and that all such persons as did not reside in Paris before the year 1789, be expelled from that city. Robespierre, however, and other brothers of the freemasonry of Jacobinism, thought that the ex-priest and newly-dubbed apostle of universal fraternity was riding his hobby too hard, and rejected the measure which he had advocated.

Lakanal was one of the council of Five Hundred until the 20th of May, 1797. Two years afterward, he was one of the commissaries of the executive department. But he was soon dismissed from office by the First Consul, on account of his having openly declared himself against the revolution of the 18th *Brumaire*. He became, however, one of the superiors of

the Bonaparte Lyceum, and exercised those functions until 1809. He was a professor of history and of ancient literature at the Institute, at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, but he ceased to be a member of that learned body in 1816. The royal government, thinking itself firmly seated, would no longer tolerate in such a position one of the assassins of Louis XVI. Lakanal then came to the United States, and established himself on a farm which he purchased on the bank of the Ohio. From that rural retreat he was induced to come out, and take charge of the College of Orleans, of which he was the last principal. He had been intimate with Tintin Calandro in France, and with Aubert Dubayet, a native of Louisiana, who, after having taken a part in our struggle for independence against Great Britain, had figured conspicuously in the French revolution, and had died, when still in the meridian of life, after having risen to be a member of the National Convention, lieutenant-general, commander-in-chief of a French army, minister of war, and ambassador at Constantinople. I loved to hear him talk of those two men, in whose memory I took a special interest, and of the gigantic drama in which he had been an actor. He seemed to speak frankly, freely, and even with pleasure of that grand historical past in which he had had his share. Although I felt no sympathy for him, and although I must confess that I rather entertained the reverse of such a feeling, yet I sedulously cultivated a close and frequent intercourse with him, on account of the varied information and thrilling narratives which I elicited from him, but which, according to a promise which he exacted from me, I was not permitted to make public in any form or shape, until after his death.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FERNANDO DE LEMOS RETURNS TO NEW ORLEANS, AFTER THE WAR OF SECESSION. — THE PORTICO OF THE ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

During the whole of the secession war, I was within the lines of the Southern Confederacy. Only some time after its entire collapse did I return to New Orleans, with a broken fortune and a broken heart. I had loaned large sums to planters and merchants. They were all ruined, and, in most cases, I was not paid one cent in the dollar. But it is singular, and this shows the wonderful resources of the country, that several of those poor men continued to live as luxuriously as they had done before they were ruined. Others, by the most fortunate circumstance, happened to have wives who, although by their marriage contract they had brought but a beggarly account of empty boxes, turned out in the end to be rich in their own right. It is true the time had been in Louisiana, under the benighted administration of France and Spain, notwithstanding the narrowness of intellect and the moral obliquity then existing among the colonists, in consequence of the moth-eaten and worn-out principles and usages then prevailing, when a wife would have applied a portion of her large income to the gradual extinction of her husband's debts, from her love to him and respect for his character, and in order to save her children from

the stigma of having a bankrupt for a father. Sons had been known as being so foolish as to work hard until they had redeemed every parental obligation. Even in later times, I have known one, a baron's son, and this perhaps accounts for his antiquated behavior, who was absolutely such a goose as to become an auctioneer, and who, ascending a public stand at Hewlett's Exchange, shouted himself almost into a pulmonary disease until he had paid every cent his father owed. But, now-a-days, such an occurrence would be an incredible instance of the tenacity with which the bequeathed rust of the dark ages still clings to certain human idiosyncracies, which are so obtuse as not to understand and accept the modern doctrine, that a man is no more responsible for his father's debts than for his crimes, and that it is perfectly indifferent to his success in life and to his social or domestic respectability, that he should know who his father was, or whether he ever had any father at all.

Among those who were largely indebted to me, there were some to whom I had rendered personal services of some importance. They had forgotten all their obligations, moral and legal, and I did not attempt to refresh their memory. I knew that it would be useless; I knew that, if by a fiction of the law their purses were empty, it was no fiction of nature that their hearts were bare of all gratitude. It was but too evident and sad a reality. Some had become near-sighted, and did not see me when I passed them in the street. It was a mere physical infirmity, of course. Others, when accidentally thrown into contact with me, apologized for not having recognized me sooner. Four years of absence and my many trials had changed me so much! It follows that I was bound to feel that it was my fault

rather than theirs, and that their apologizing was very kind. All this was quite natural, and easily understood by me. Hence I could not entertain any resentment. At times, I was even amused at the distant and almost imperceptible nod of recognition which some addressed to me, as with stiff and erect heads they strutted on the side-walks. It was truly ludicrous, considering who they were. Could those creatures really imagine, that it was within the range of possible things, that I should ask them for any favor? I survived all this, however, without much effort, but what affected me seriously was the utter demoralization which met my eyes on all sides. Four years had produced more corruption in my native land than centuries had ever done before in any country; and, what was more appalling, all moral sense had so completely departed from the community, that hardly any one seemed able to discriminate between right and wrong, and that what formerly would have excited indignation was now looked upon as a matter of course. It was a mere "business transaction," and not a penitentiary offence. "Every body does it," was a plea in bar to every reproach. After all, the best thing a wise man can do, is to philosophically accept circumstances as they are. That is what I did. Without declaiming against the new society among which I was placed, I went quietly to work, and tried to come to some settlement with such of my debtors as might be disposed to give a penny for a pound, on condition of a complete discharge.

There was one individual, however, from whom I expected better things. He was still very rich, a bachelor, and a man of few wants. He had been very generous to the Confederates, or so-called rebels, and had been a Confederate himself, as long as there had been hopes

of their success, and had always enjoyed the reputation of being an honest man. His name was Adolphus Belmont, and he was endorser on one of the promissory notes which I owned. During the war and my absence from New Orleans, a notary had demanded payment. The reply had been: "If you protest this note, I will deposit the amount of it into the hands of the Federal general who commands here, because I am a loyal citizen, and Fernando de Lemos is a rebel." The notary had hastily retired, under the apprehension of being denounced as the agent of a rebel, and of being as such sent to Ship Island, or some other equally objectionable place of involuntary residence. On my return to New Orleans after the restoration of peace and fraternity among the contending parties, I called on my opulent debtor, who, after the exhibition of a rugged temper, and some rough and lame explanation of the language he had addressed to the notary concerning me, finally promised to pay after a certain epoch and on a certain contingency. At the time fixed for payment and on the happening of the stipulated contingency, he denied having made the alleged promise, took a judicial oath to that effect, and, availing himself of the non-fulfillment of those very formalities which he had prevented by his threats from being accomplished, drew me into a law-suit which I was compelled to institute against him. One day, the following dialogue occurred between one of Belmont's friends and myself:

"Well," said he to me, "how goes on your suit?"

"Still hung up," was the reply, "but should I lose it, your friend will lose more than I shall."

"How is that?"

"How? I will meet your inquiry by a few short

questions, and please to answer me laconically and to the point. Is Belmont morally bound to pay me?"

"Yes."

"Is he able?"

"Yes."

"If you were in his place, and under the circumstances which you know, would you do honor to your signature?"

"Yes."

"Then ask me no more what I mean when I say that Belmont, should he defeat me through technicali ties, would lose more than I shall."

"Oh! my dear Fernando," continued he to say, "you are unjust to Belmont. He has very little brain, much obstinacy, and misunderstands the case."

"Very well," I replied; "I stand corrected, and will in future remember the new doctrine: that those who violate moral obligations are not to be deemed dishonest and disgraced, because they only 'misunderstand the case.' I am glad to learn that there are no longer any evil-doers in this world, but only ignorant beings who have 'misunderstood the case,' and that there soon will be a general jail delivery. After such a philanthropic and gratifying finale, let us pass to another subject. What has become of the family of our common friend, William Dabney, who died on the battle-field when in the Confederate army?"

The information which I received in answer to my interrogatory is embodied in the following narrative:

It was on the 15th of December, 1865. There had been a heavy shower followed by a sharp wind from the north, and the sun at its meridian shone gloriously, as it loves to do, on the Crescent city, more commonly and generally known throughout the world under the name

of New Orleans. A young man, apparently twenty years of age, was walking rapidly in Common street from Carondelet to St. Charles street. As he was approaching the corner of the latter crowded thoroughfare, he unluckily put his foot on a loose brick, which belonged to the uneven and rather worn-out sidewalk. A spout of liquid mud, occasioned by the unguarded pressure, rose up perpendicularly, and fell back on the boot which so prettily fitted his small and well-shaped foot. An exclamation of disgust escaped from his lips, which, although so youthful and hardly shaded by a nascent moustache, indicated extreme decision of character. The proprietor of the soiled boot walked with increased rapidity toward the St. Charles Hotel. When he arrived at its massive portico, he threw himself on a rickety chair, and, leaning back against the granite walls, placed his foot on one of those stools which are used by those public characters who are engaged in the commendable occupation of cleaning shoes. The youth who now claims our attention was dressed with remarkable elegance. He had that peculiar air which almost speaks these words: 'I am lately from Paris, and I am besides a thorough gentleman.' The fact is, that he had just returned from that city, whither he had been sent as a bearer of dispatches from the Confederate Government, a little before the surrender of General Lee. Two ladies, who, at that moment, were passing by, could not refrain from permitting the look which they cast on him, to linger with ill-disguised interest on his delicately chiseled features.

"A handsome youth truly," whispered one to the other in English; "a foreigner, no doubt."

"Oh! no," replied the other in the same language, but with a slightly French accent, "he is a Creole.

No mistaking that; trust the eye of a native like myself."

In the meantime, a little boy who claimed ownership of the chair and stool, had taken hold of the foot of his new customer, and was lustily polishing the leather which had been so lately stained. The task was almost done, when a young man who seemed to be sauntering leisurely and meditating on the smoke of his Havana cigar, said to the one who was seated and whom we have already described: "Good morning, Gabriel, I hope that your father, General B——, is well," and, without waiting for the answer, passed on. These words had hardly been uttered, when the boy who was cleaning the boots of Gabriel and who was scarcely ten years old, looked up with astonishment and with the keenest interest full in the face of his customer, and, again bending his head, resumed his work. Two or three strokes of his brush finished it. Gabriel was just rising and casting a satisfied glance at his boots, when they were unexpectedly tarnished by what looked like a few big drops of rain, but what in reality were tears gushing from the eyes of the child, whose head remained hung down as if in sorrow. "By heaven, boy," exclaimed Gabriel, "you weep, I believe." The boy gave no answer, and his head drooped lower on his breast. "Child," said Gabriel in a soothing tone and bending toward him, "what ails you? Can I relieve you?" These gentle words of sympathy went, it seems, to the heart of the little sufferer, for he raised his head and replied:

"Your name, sir, put me in mind of Shiloh. I was only thinking of my father who was killed there, of my poor sister Jane who is dying, and of my broken-hearted mother."

"Shiloh, Shiloh!" repeated Gabriel. "Take this dollar, my lad, instead of a dime. You may want it for your family."

"No, no," replied the boy, wiping his tears, "it is only a dime you owe me. I am very thankful for your kindness. I receive no alms from any body, and much less from you. It would displease mother."

"That is just like him, sir, he is so proud!" This remark came from a juvenile boot-black, who stood by, observing and noticing what I have related, whilst with one hand he upheld his tattered breeches, and with the other flourished his brush over his head, as a signal for those who might need it. "Willie," continued he, "take the gentleman's dollar, thank your stars for it, and treat me to a drink."

Not minding the interruption, Gabriel said to Willie: "It is not intended as an alms, it is a present."

"Pardon me, sir, I cannot take it," insisted the child. "Mother would scold me for it. But she will be so glad, when I tell her that I have seen the son of General B—— and talked to him."

At this moment, a little girl came up in breathless haste, as if she had run a long distance, and cried out to Willie as she approached: "Brother, come home, sister Jane has just fainted, mother is distracted, and sends for you." The boy seized his brushes and his box of blacking, and departed at full speed, forgetful of the dime to which he was entitled and not giving time to Gabriel to hand it to him, instead of the proffered and rejected dollar. The other urchin of whom I spoke before, came close to Gabriel with a knowing look and a grin, and said to him: "If you give me the dime you intended for Willie, I'll tell you a secret." The dime was given. "Stranger," continued the prom-

ising youth, "that fellow Willie, you see, somehow or other, is better educated than we are, and thinks himself above us that work with him here, because the talk is that his father was a gentleman, and his mother is a lady. But, with all that, his folks are as poor as Job and always sick, and he is ashamed of people knowing it, and won't tell where he lives."

Gabriel looked round, as if he had desired to see again the boy who had left him so abruptly. "Stranger," continued the other boy with characteristic pertinacity, and with a nasal tone which he had not yet lost, and which indicated that he was a recent importation from a well-known clime where there is a hereditary disposition to speak through the nose, "why do you keep staring so?" and, chuckling over his own smartness, he added: "I'll tell you another secret for another of Uncle Sam's paper dimes, and, if you like to trade in that line, I'll swap with you as many secrets as you want for a dime apiece. It is cheap, ain't it? I am not so green as Willie Dabney. He ran away from a dime; I'll make dimes run after me."

Gabriel turned his back on this precocious trader, and, after a little hesitation, crossed the street, and went up to a man who was looking complacently at some articles artistically displayed at a tailor's window, and whom the badge of a copper-plate on the breast designated as a police officer.

"Sir," said he to the guardian of the public peace, "did you, perchance, notice that boy who ran away so hastily just now in company with a little girl?"

"Yes, I know him by sight. He is a St. Charles boot-black."

"Well, sir, I feel some interest in that child, and I should like to discover where he lives. Can you do

that for me? I will remunerate you for the information. My name is Gabriel B——; here is my address."

The officer bowed a respectful assent, and took the card which was tendered to him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE DABNEY FAMILY.—THE APPARITION.

Two days after, at ten o'clock in the morning, Gabriel was standing in front of No. 350, in a street which shall be nameless. That number was affixed to the lintel of a small wooden gate, opening into a lot of ground fenced on the street with dingy-looking pickets, which, judging from the tint impressed upon them by time and from their appearance of long dilapidation, must be supposed to have attained a ripe old age. In the back part of the lot, at a distance of a hundred feet from the street, squatted a very humble tenement which seemed to be crushed under the weight of years, and composed of three rooms following one another in a row, along side of which ran a gallery with many of its balusters broken, or missing. It could not claim a higher rank than that of an octogenarian shanty, on the roof of which a dense green moss had spread itself like a carpet. It was evident that no paint had ever been used to modify and embellish the original complexion of this primitive structure, which probably had been erected in the days of Spanish domination. A grayish smoke issued spasmodically from the only chimney which could be seen, and which seemed to have hardly strength to raise its weather-beaten head above the rotten shingles from which it struggled to emerge. Some twenty feet behind this hut there was a shed, under

which were a rusty cooking-stove and a few wash-tubs. The whole space which intervened between the street and these humble dwellings was bleak and desolate. It was nothing but a monotonous patch of parched up grass. A line of planks, much worn out by use and half-buried in the mud, formed a path which led from the street gate to this abode of indigence. Gabriel had walked to within a few feet of its front door, when there came out a little girl, whom he instantly recognized as being the one who, two days before, had come for her brother at the portico of the St. Charles Hotel. He well remembered that cherub face flushed at the time by unusual excitement, and those long auburn locks which streamed back from her brow as she sped with her small shoeless feet on the hard pavement. His was not the heart to have forgotten the thick heavy breathing which parted those rosy lips, when, on account of the haste with which she had run, she could hardly gasp to her brother Willie that he was wanted at home by the sick and suffering. The little girl gazed wonderingly at the stranger.

"Is Mrs. Dabney at home?" said Gabriel.

"Mamma has gone out to get some work," answered the softest voice that ever greeted human ears. "Willie is at the St. Charles, blackening boots, and sister Jane, who is sick, is fast asleep."

"Will your mother be out long?" he inquired.

"Oh! no, she is never out long."

"Could I not then wait for her coming?" he asked. "I have some work to bespeak of her."

God forgive him for this unpremeditated deviation from truth! It is to be hoped that it was one of those lies which the wing of the angel of mercy brushes away, before it is registered in the record book of de-

linquencies. "Walk in, sir," said the little girl opening the door, and Gabriel entered a room of the most scrupulous neatness, but in which there were but three straw-bottomed chairs and a pine-wood table on which stood a lamp and a work-basket. The child, with inimitable youthful grace and matronly gravity, took him by the hand, and leading him to one of the chairs, courtesied as she offered it to him. He was hardly seated, when an object appended to the wall above the mantel-piece of the fire-place attracted his attention. It was a lithographic portrait of General B—— in a rough frame of oak placed in the centre of a circle of immortelles entwined with black crape. Below the portrait there was a crucifix, and, hanging by a black ribbon to the crucifix, there was a medallion as large as the palm of a woman's hand, representing the Virgin Mary weeping at the foot of the cross. It was an object of art and beautifully executed, which contrasted with the coarse appearance of the apartment. The child noticed the interest with which Gabriel looked at the portrait and its appendages. Pointing at it, she said: "Do you know him?" A slight affirmative inclination of the head was the answer. "Do you love him?" she continued. Gabriel smiled and nodded assent. "You are a confederate then?" Another nod. "Papa was one, and he lives no more." An expression of sadness darkened her lovely features as it flitted over them like a light cloud, and she hung down her head, but, soon raising it, and fixing her large beautiful blue eyes on Gabriel, she said: "When mamma is not nursing sister, she sits by that table, and she works and she cries, and cries and works the live-long day, and she kneels there before the crucifix, and she prays, and makes me pray too, for the soul of papa."

There was something so irresistibly touching in the tones of her voice, that the eyes of Gabriel became moist as he looked with tenderness at his infantine companion. She was quick in perceiving it with the instinctive intuition of her age, and, becoming garrulous on a subject which had evidently been kept dear to her heart, and had remained vivid in her imagination, she continued to prattle with increasing childish confidence, as she gazed at the sympathizing face which seemed to woo her to unreserved familiarity. "I will show you," she said, "how mamma makes me pray," and, sliding from the chair to which she had climbed, she knelt before the crucifix, and, after crossing herself and joining her little hands together, she raised her eyes to the medallion, and this short prayer was uttered in low, fervent, and melodious accents: "O sweet Virgin Mary, the protectress of little children like me, have mercy on the soul of papa, intercede for him near thy Son, our Lord and Redeemer. May he, through thy intercession, bless mother, sister, brother, and myself, and make us every day grow better and better and more worthy of his favor! In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen!" She again crossed herself, and, rising demurely, she looked at Gabriel as at a friend whose approbation she courted, nor did she court it in vain. What she had done was so unexpected, and was done so much after the fashion, one would suppose, of an infant seraph, that Gabriel was deeply moved.

"Child," he said, "I have no doubt the Virgin Mary will be kind to you and listen graciously to your prayers." But, as if he wished to escape from his own emotion, he said in a lighter tone: "Pray, what is your name, my pretty friend?"

"Mary," answered she. "Mamma says I am called

after the mother of God, and that it would be a great sin if I was not good, having such a name, and if I did not always pray to her to keep me good."

She paused, looked pensive for a minute or two, and, turning to Gabriel, she said with a playful smile, as if the consciousness had come over her that she, in her turn, had a right to know who her visitor was: "Now that you have heard my name, will you please to tell me yours?"

"Gabriel," was the reply.

"O! Gabriel, Gabriel!" she repeated, clapping her hands with glee, "the angel Gabriel! You must be good then, since you have the name of an angel. I sometimes dream of him with his blue wings and his flaming sword. I will show him to you;" and she ran to the table of which I have already spoken, and, pulling a drawer, she took out of it an illustrated catechism, which she carried to her newly-made friend. Gabriel felt quite interested in her innocent chattering and her winning ways, and patted her affectionately on the head. Thus encouraged, the child showed a desire to sit on his knees, which he hastened to gratify; and then, opening her book, she read with wonderful distinctness and appropriate emphasis the Lord's prayer. Gabriel warmly complimented her on her proficiency. She looked elated with his applause, and, jumping on the floor, she said with exultation: "I can read writing too, and I will show it to you." She seized a chair, and got on it after having dragged it to the fire-place, and raising herself on the very tip of her toes, she, with some difficulty, pulled the medallion from its place, pressed a spring which made it fly open, and took out of it a small piece of paper which was folded with minute care. As soon, however, as the child had it in her

possession, the vivacity of her manner instantly departed. She stood in the middle of the room as if she had been suddenly struck with a sort of mysterious awe, or, as if she was not sure she had not ventured on forbidden ground. But, whilst she seemed to be in suspense, her fingers mechanically opened the paper, and, as soon as it was unfolded and the characters met her eyes, she was no longer able to resist the temptation. The paper looked as if it had been written upon with red ink. Gabriel was too much taken by surprise, to think of checking the indiscretion which the child might be committing. To his greater astonishment, she kissed reverently the sheet she had in her hand, and said: "It is a letter which papa wrote from the battle field of Shiloh, a short time before dying. Mother has taught me to read it and to know it by heart;" and she went on, dwelling as it were on every word:

"DEAR WIFE,—I shall see you no more on this side of the grave, nor our dear ones. This is written with the blood which flows from a mortal wound—a glorious wound—for I died for you, for my adopted country, and after having, thank God, saved the life of General B——. There was a moment when our ranks were wavering. The general saw it. He seized a flag, and, putting himself at our head, he cried: 'Boys, follow me to victory.' I happened to be near him, and, just as he was rushing forward, I saw a Federal rifleman, who, hidden behind a tree, was taking a deliberate aim at him. I had only time to throw myself upon our general and shield him with my body, and, as I dropped at his feet, struck by the shot which had been intended for him, I had the satisfaction to see our beloved chief bounding onward, followed by the whole column of our

enthusiastic soldiers. Father Régis, the worthy chaplain of our regiment, who is now near me, will hand you these lines, should he survive this war and return to New Orleans, for he is as brave as a lion, priest as he is, and is always in the thickest of the fight, not to strike but to heal. Farewell, my eyes are growing dim, my hand is stiffening, and my head swims. Father Régis will also carry to you the sacred medallion which you wished me to wear on my breast. It has not saved my life, as you fondly expected, but perhaps it has contributed to make me die a Christian. You will observe that a drop of my blood stains the cross before which the Virgin kneels. I commend you to God and to the heavenly care of her in whom you always had so much faith. It will be sweet to you to know that I have received all the consolations of religion from Father Régis. Farewell, I hope we shall meet again in the bosom of God. Your loving husband, DABNEY."

Whilst the child had been reading, or rather reciting, Gabriel seemed to have been petrified into a statue. He was almost deprived of his senses by the suddenness of the discovery he had made, and recovered his self-possession only when the voice which had kept him spell-bound ceased to be heard. Then he felt the big throbbings of his heart which was bursting with emotion, and he was only relieved by a flood of tears which gushed from his eyes. Springing from his seat, he seized and pressed to his breast the struggling and astonished child, imprinting kisses on her forehead, and exclaiming: "Henceforth, I am your father, Mary." At that moment the door opened, and on the threshold stood a lady, riveted to the spot with astonishment at witnessing such a scene, and hearing such an exclamation.

I said a lady, for it would have been evident to the most superficial observer, that she was one of that class. Her usually pale cheeks were slightly flushed, either from the exertion of walking too rapidly, or from the emotion which was caused by her finding a stranger under her roof and under such extraordinary circumstances. She had a small bundle in her left hand, probably the work which she had gone out to get. Her right hand had been raised to her breast, which it pressed tightly, as if endeavoring to stifle some sudden pang. In her face there was an expression of intense surprise, mixed up with the indication of some physical pain. She still retained the traces of exquisite beauty, although she had reached more than the meridian of life. But cold and sharp had blown the wind of adversity, and soul and body were withering under its uninterrupted blast. Alas! what settled grief, what subdued resignation, what drooping spirit pervaded the features whose classical lines seemed to be slowly fading away under the corroding influence of the anxieties of the heart and mind! It would have been difficult for any person of refined feelings to pass by her in the streets without stopping involuntarily, and without following her with a long lingering look. It would have been difficult for such a one, not to say: "Poor woman! who can she be?" so striking in her were those marks which tell that the heart will break, and "brokenly live on." Her dress, on the day on which she thus presented herself to Gabriel, was that of a woman in humble life, but there was something in her which indicated at the first glance, that the cruel hand of an irresistible destiny had pushed her from a higher sphere. When Gabriel, after having deposited the child on the floor, advanced a step toward her and bowed with pro-

found respect, she had completely mastered the agitation into which she had been betrayed by the unexpectedness of his presence and the strangeness of his action, and she was waiting in a modest attitude of calm dignity for the explanation which was due to her.

"Madam," he said, "I am the son of General B——. Was I not justified in calling here, when I heard that your husband had died at Shiloh, and that sickness and destitution affected your family? This sympathy was natural, was it not, in one who bears my name? But now," and he took the letter which the little girl, perplexed with what had happened, still held unfolded in her hand, "you will admit, I hope, the strength of these credentials on which I rely to tender you my gratitude, my friendship and my support." Whilst thus speaking, he seized the hands of the poor widow, and shook them with the warm cordiality of an overflowing heart.

"The pleasure, sir, which I have in seeing you," she said, "is not unmixed with pain, but you are welcome here; pray, be seated;" and then, turning to her child with a look which was meant to be severe, "how came you, Mary," she continued, "to show to this gentleman . . . . . "

"Pray, madam," said Gabriel interrupting her, "do not scold this dear little one. She has been the instrument of Providence. My father had related to me the sublime sacrifice mentioned in the letter which has just been read, but he had never been able to discover after the battle was over, who it was to whom he was indebted for his life. Thank God, it is known now, and our debt of gratitude to you, which can never be paid, will entitle us at least to your unreserved friendship.'

Before Mrs. Dabney could have time to answer, the

door which led into the next room opened softly, and a young woman, apparently twenty years old, barefooted, dressed in a long loose gown, and extremely emaciated, made her appearance. She was in a state of somnambulism; her eyes were fixed on vacancy. She advanced, with a slow step and an air of solemnity, toward the table which was in the centre of the room, and stood motionless before it. At the first sight of this apparition, Mrs. Dabney had risen with precipitation and with open arms, as if she had intended to take hold of the somnambulist, and reconduct her to the place from which she had come. But, if such was her intention, she did not carry it into execution, either because she dreaded what might result from her interference, or because she was overpowered by her own emotion, for she tottered back to her chair, and, burying her drooping head between her hands, she gave way to the agony of her grief and sobbed aloud. Mary ran to her, and flung gently her arms round her neck, giving her affectionate kisses, and saying: "Mamma, don't cry, don't cry, I'll take Jane back to her room." The person who was called Jane said in a low, measured voice: "Ludovico, here I am at the altar, to receive your plighted faith. You will always love me, will you?" She then timidly stretched forth her left hand to one whom she fancied standing by her, withdrew it after a little while, and with her right hand seemed to seek on her finger for an imaginary ring. "Husband and wife! Husband and wife, now and forever," she murmured, and her face brightened up with a transient gleam of happiness. The ceremony of which she dreamed being over, she turned from the table, and, with the same noiseless and ghostly step with which she had entered, she walked to the door of the inner room, as if she intended to retire.

But, on reaching it, she stopped, and with a tone of the deepest indignation she exclaimed, as if another current of thought had swept through her brain: "What! You say I am not your lawful wife. O villain! O villain!" These words were followed by an unearthly shriek of anguish, and she fell insensible on the floor, apparently a corpse. Gabriel assisted Mrs. Dabney in carrying her daughter to her bed, and, on receiving the assurance that this was not an unusual incident, that no physician could do any good, and that his further services on the occasion were not needed, he felt that there are moments when misery must be left alone, and he glided out unperceived by the afflicted mother. She was kneeling before the couch and bending over the figure of the patient, who seemed to be gradually recovering from her swoon.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TWO WIDOWS.—JANE DABNEY AND HER LOVER, LUDOVICO BARBARINI.

Two months had elapsed, during which Gabriel had been unremitting in his attentions to Mrs. Dabney and her family. In fact, he had made himself at home under the roof of sickness and destitution. All pecuniary assistance on his part had been persistently refused, but he was permitted to bring some delicacies, such as oranges, syrups, etc.—for the invalid Jane, who remained invisible in her chamber, and also some slight presents for Mary and Willie. Mrs. Dabney insisted on supporting herself by her work and that of her boy, the boot-black, whom I have already introduced into my narrative. Her health, however, was evidently getting feebler, and her means of living more slender. Her husband, an Irishman by birth, had been a commission merchant, and, when the war broke out, showed himself one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the so-called rebellion. She had been cast away by her relatives for having married a foreigner who was objectionable to them; the quarrel had become more bitter in consequence of difficulties about money matters, and reconciliation had never taken place. On one side, there was the resentment of defeated avarice, the balking of interested hopes, the mortification of conscious meanness, the humiliation of exposed selfishness; and, on the other side, the wife's pride had never for-

gotten the injustice done to her husband's character by base aspersions and vindictive insinuations. It accounts for the isolation in which she was found. As to the friends who had gathered round her in her days of prosperity, she had, as her distress increased, gradually withdrawn from all communion with them, and they had not been very sedulous in looking after her, when gloom and clouds had settled around the once brilliant object of their admiration. On taking possession of New Orleans, General Butler had turned her out of her house which had been confiscated, and had dispossessed her of her furniture. The books of the commercial firm of Dabney & Co. had been seized and destroyed; at least, they could not be found. Mrs. Dabney had contrived to live during the war on a small sum of money which her husband had left her, when he departed to join the Confederate armies, and on the silver ware and jewels which she had secreted from Federal rapacity; she had also retained in her possession some promissory notes to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, which were her own private property. It was her dowry which had thus been invested. The persons to whom that money had been loaned, stood so high in reputation and fortune before the war, that the precaution of taking a mortgage had been omitted. but general devastation, ruin and demoralization had come hand in hand. The rich became poor, and the poor, rich, and those who were thought to be honest proved to have been rogues in disguise, wolves in sheep's skins. She had at last given up the expectation, once entertained, of collecting anything, with the exception of one claim which was represented to her as still safe, if her debtor chose to behave with good faith. The note which was now her only reliance against starva-

tion was drawn by one of her own sex, one who was reported, on high authority, to have largely speculated in cotton during the war, and to be as rich as she was before, if not more so. She herself, it was affirmed, had boasted of having a large amount of gold in her possession, the result of the skillful operations of which she was proud. She was a thorough utilitarian, there was no romance in her composition. Her head was a sheet of accounts and balances, or rather, as a mathematician would have said, a table of logarithms, of which the involutions and evolutions infallibly produced the required root, product, or power—which was the acquisition of money. She did not act the sister of charity to our soldiers like many of her sex—not she—but she had put on the gabardine of Shylock, and *speculated.* At least it was the conviction of many, and all sorts of rumors were rife on the subject. But, as this female man of business has thought proper to show herself under colors of her own which she cannot repudiate, it will soon be seen whether the character ascribed to her is not in perfect harmony with the one she had voluntarily assumed in her dealings with Mrs. Dabney. She was, like this lady, a native of the State, and a Catholic, although of a different stripe. She had a large plantation near the town of Alexandria in the parish of Rapides, and lived in great affluence. Her name was Cornelia Balfour. She was a widow like her creditor, and the mother of a large family of grown up sons and daughters. Being aware of these circumstances, Mrs. Dabney had sent a strong appeal to Mrs. Balfour, representing the whole extent of her distress. She had written with some degree of confidence, for she was a widow applying to a widow, a mother to a mother, a woman to a woman, affliction and isolation to wealth

and social influence. It was the draft of adversity on the exchequer of prosperity, not for alms, but for the payment of a just debt. The reply had raised her hopes of speedy relief, for it was conceived in these terms:

"OAK GROVE, June 30, 1865.

"DEAR MADAM,—I assure you on oath that I have not either gold, silver or greenbacks at my disposal, as reported, and that I have not been successful in any cotton speculation. I have though some very good notes, and I have had the promise of some money to be paid on them in a short time. I hold notes with mortgages for a handsome amount, and will be certain to pay you and all I owe. If I live, it is my intention to do this. I am doing all in my power to collect money. I do not wish to bring suit against any one, as I know how we all have suffered during the war. If you give me time, it will be all settled. I will try to pay something on the note in a few weeks. You can rely on my doing all in my power to not delay payment. I have a greater wish to pay the money than you have to receive it. I do sincerely wish that I could do so now, but you can depend on me, for I will not delay settling up. I will pay you all I can on the note, and that, as soon as possible. Just give me time, and I will not disappoint you. I will write you next week, and will then be able to say when I can go to the city, and what amount I shall be able to pay you. Hoping this will be satisfactory, etc.

CORNELIA BALFOUR."

It was of course very satisfactory. Mrs. Dabney's heart dilated at the prospect of sure subsistence for her family. Her brave boy Willie, instead of being a boot-black, would be neatly dressed, and would go to

school the whole day. She indulged in visions of a handsome pair of shoes for Mary, and of many little comforts for her poor sick Jane. She never thought of her own wants. A few days after, there came from the same source another letter, dated on the 6th of July, in which Mrs. Balfour repeated: "I have notes that are perfectly sure of being collected. They are mortgage notes, and I am using every means to collect them without injuring any one. You may depend on my word that I will do all in my power to pay that debt, and that very soon. I will try to see you in the course of ten days, when I hope to be able to satisfy you. I am indeed very anxious to do so. Hoping that you will find this satisfactory until I can do more, I remain, etc., etc. CORNELIA BALFOUR."

This was, truly, making assurance doubly sure. Mrs. Dabney had no longer any doubt, and she raised her eyes to heaven in thankfulness to God. In her morning and evening prayers she even remembered the honest debtor, and invoked blessings on her head. But the delay of ten days fixed in the letter elapsed, ten more went by, and Mrs. Balfour did not come. For two months, Mrs. Dabney wrote letter after letter addressed to Oak Grove, and, although she ascertained that they had reached their destination, she received no answer. This was passing strange! What meant such a change, from an extreme desire to pay to complete indifference, and to an ominous silence amounting to an absolute denial. At last, she called on a gentleman whom she knew to be a neighbor to Mrs. Balfour, and who, as she had heard, had recently come to the city. That gentleman read the letters which were communicated to him, and said to Mrs. Dabney: "Madam, you have been outrageously treated. Mrs. Balfour has been re-

peatedly coming here since she wrote to you, and, if she has not called on you, or informed you of her presence, as she had promised, it is because she has now accomplished her purposes of deception. She has thrown off the mask, because she thinks that, for the future, she is perfectly safe against your claim. Whilst flattering you with false hopes of payment, she has caused her plantation to be sold at the suit of her children and bought by them. She has, as the common phrase runs, *arranged her affairs*. Every piece of property which she has, is put out of the reach of her creditors. I grieve to undeceive you, madam, but it is better that you should know the truth. Mrs. Balfour is what is called a very smart woman—very. You never will get a cent from her."

On receiving such bitter information, Mrs. Dabney had put her claim in the hands of a member of the Alexandria bar, and she was reading a letter from the law firm to which he belonged, when Gabriel entered the parlor with the familiarity of an old friend. The letter was still lying open in her lap, and tears were fast dropping on it. In answer to his anxious inquiries she made him acquainted with the facts which I have related, and handed to him the communication which had blasted all her hopes. It ran as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,—We have obtained judgment against Mrs. Balfour after much litigation. She fought off your claim, through her ingenious counsel, with the fierceness of a tigress. But we cannot rejoice over our victory. Mrs. Balfour has sheltered all her property by such arrangements as it will be impossible to set aside. Her creditors are ruined, but she remains rich and infamous. Respectfully, etc., CHANCEY, FLETCHER & CO."

Gabriel's hand trembled with excitement as he read this letter. "Can such things be?" he exclaimed. "This creature should be pilloried, and these letters published. This frenzied love of money has defeated us in our glorious struggle, and it now sullies the dignity of our adversity. The corpse of our Southern Confederacy is wrapped up in a shroud of corruption, instead of being embalmed with the pure essence of public and private integrity. Woe to us! Our poor country is so demoralized as not to be recognized by its own children. The heroes are buried, the victims are consigned to oblivion, and the survivors are turning out to be swindlers, picking one another's pockets. I can put up with the rascality of our former gentlemen, but, when our ladies aspire to graduate among thieves, I despair of our commonwealth. But no, thank God, we have honest men remaining, and we have a host of glorious women yet alive and purifying the land. They will regenerate society. Authorize me to denounce this Mrs. Balfour, so that she may be proscribed by her own sex which she disgraces. Wherever she shall go, let the finger of scorn be pointed at her. Let the spoiler of the widow and the orphans be lashed with a whip of scorpions. Human justice requires it."

"No," replied Mrs. Dabney, "let us trust in divine justice. I dismiss this woman from my thoughts, and will bear my misfortune in the best way I can, with the help of Him who always makes good come out of evil. But let us turn to another subject of a far more painful nature, about which I have been endeavoring, for several days, to gather sufficient moral strength to address you. A sad scene which you witnessed in this room, may have produced in your mind suspicions unfavorable to the reputation of my poor dying daughter."

Gabriel waved his hand impatiently. "Dear madam," he said, "can you suppose me capable of . . . ."

"Pray, allow me to proceed without interruption, This is a matter of honor—it is a proper sensitiveness. It requires the explanation to which I beg you to listen." Gabriel folded his arms on his breast, as if fortifying himself against the forthcoming tale of woe which he expected, and bent his head in an attitude of profound attention. Widow Dabney continued in these terms:

"A short time before the war, there came to New Orleans an Italian who brought a letter of introduction to my husband. His name was Ludovico Barbarini. We understood that he was a refugee who had been compelled to leave his country on political grounds. He entered into no business, and pretended to live on remittances which he received from abroad. He was a man of most winning manners and of the most insinuating address, and he had gained the affection of my daughter Jane, before we had discovered that he was of dissipated habits. We still harbored the hope that it was not too late for him to reform. He had become engaged to Jane, but the marriage was postponed, because, as Mr. Dabney frankly said to him, it was necessary that we should receive more satisfactory information as to his character, and that he should give us a personal demonstration of the sincerity of his assurances, when he affirmed that his conduct would henceforth justify us in intrusting to his keeping the happiness of our child. Thus matters stood when the war broke out. My husband was killed at Shiloh, as you know, and, when General Butler came to New Orleans, we, to avoid all contact with our enemies, repaired to Baton Rouge, where we had, besides, some interests to which it was important to attend. Ludovico Barbarini

had insisted on accompanying us as our natural protector. When in Baton Rouge, yielding to his pressing entreaties, we consented to a private marriage, which he wished to be kept secret for some important considerations, until he should have an interview with the Italian minister at Washington. The ceremony was performed by the parson or *curé* of the town in the presence of two witnesses, who, shortly after, were compelled, with the regiment to which they belonged, to go to Virginia, where they were both killed. Two weeks had elapsed, when Ludovico informed us that he could not avoid going to Washington, to see the representative of his government, and through him to communicate with his family and with his sovereign, whose displeasure at his marriage he had reasons to dread. Four long months—they seemed eternal—crept wearily over us, and there was no letter from Ludovico! At last, after having undergone indescribable anxieties, we received one in which he coldly informed us that he had found it to his interest to take service in the Federal army, and to accept the grade of colonel. Words cannot convey any idea of the anguish which we felt. Another day of woe soon followed the one on which we had learned that Ludovico had joined our enemies, and enlisted under the banner of those who had deprived me of a husband and his wife of a father. Baton Rouge was taken by a body of Federal troops, the town was pillaged, the Catholic church sacked, the residence of the parson plundered, his archives destroyed, and he himself killed by a stray shot. O horror of horrors! Ludovico was one of the commanders of those barbarians, and when, on his appearing before us, he found his wife in tears, and heard the passionate reproaches which burst from her indignant heart, he

scowled at her, taunted her with bitter jests on the grand airs she took, and found fault with her assuming such liberties with him, when she was no more than his mistress. We were petrified with amazement. 'Ay,' said he with increasing vehemence, 'you must learn better manners, and not hang up so high your flag of termagant virtue and boisterous patriotism. You are nothing but my paramour, my pretty rebel, and I will subdue you yet, and teach you to sit obediently on my fist like a tamed falcon.' On hearing these words, my daughter fell insensible into my arms, and I remained speechless with terror. It seemed for a moment that reason in me was unsettled and that I was verging on insanity. 'Ha! ha!' he exclaimed more furiously, 'you stare at me like a wild fugitive from Bedlam. You had better come to your senses, and look for the proofs of that pretended marriage. Where are the witnesses? Where is the priest? Where is the contract? Methinks that all these things are necessary;' and, turning on his heels, he strode away with a demoniacal laugh which still rings in my ears. We immediately departed for New Orleans, and what has since become of the wretch we have never inquired. You have seen the condition of Jane. She has but a short time to live, and I know that I cannot long survive her, for I have a disease of the heart which is beyond cure, and which must soon terminate fatally. To the only protection of our Heavenly Father I shall have to leave my poor children."

"Human protection shall never fail them as long as I live," said Gabriel with a voice choked with emotion. "O, what an excess of unrelenting and overwhelming misery! What shall I do for your relief?" His eyes were suffused with tears; he took Mrs. Dabney's hand,

which he pressed with all the tender affection of a son, and said: "O dear mother, allow me to use that name, you have more fortitude than I possess. I am almost rebellious against heaven for inflicting such trials, whilst you are calm and resigned. But I must leave you; I feel unwell; I can hardly breathe in this room, I need the open air; excuse me if I depart abruptly. I thank you for having been so frank and for having confided to me your sorrows," and he rushed rather than walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

GABRIEL, THE FRIEND OF JANE DABNEY, CALLS ON COLONEL LUDOVICO BARBARINI, HER BETRAYER.—A FASHIONABLE BALL.

Gabriel had hardly passed through the small gate which opened into the street before he stopped. He breathed with difficulty and as if he was suffocating. After a little while, he resumed his hurried walk, shaking his fist menacingly. "Thank God," said he, "this time it is not a woman who has done the wrong. It is a man—a Federal officer, to boot," and he stamped his foot as if he was crushing a reptile. "Ludovico Barbarini! I have seen the dastardly dog. Well, well, I swear by the memory of Shiloh and Dabney that it shall be no fault of mine, if there is not ere long one rascal missing on the staff of Gen. C——." Faster and more irregular his steps became as he went on, like those of one laboring under the influence of some uncontrollable passion. There must have been on his face a very visible expression of the feelings which convulsed his heart, for more than one of those persons whom he met in the streets looked at him wonderingly, as he hurried on perfectly unconscious of the attention which he excited. He came to the corner of Carondelet and Canal streets, where an old black woman was seated with a basket of cakes before her. He upset it as he passed, and, being recalled to himself by the exclamations of distress which he had provoked, he flung at the

injured woman a dollar, and was out of sight before she had recovered from the perturbation into which she had been thrown. She lost no time in picking up carefully her scattered ware and replacing it in her basket, now blowing off the dust which some of the articles had borrowed from the pavement, and now saying to herself, whilst she shook her head dolefully like a Chinese doll: "Young massa, whoever he may be, is clean mad. Somebody will be hurt soon, if the old missus don't keep him at home."

On the next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, Gabriel was seen coming out of the office of the Italian consul. There he had learned, among other particulars, that Ludovico Barbarini had not left his country, as was generally supposed, for political reasons, but because his extreme profligacy had involved him in affairs of so serious a nature, that he had been compelled to fly. "All the information which I have communicated to you," added the consul when Gabriel parted from him, "is strictly confidential. To none else must it be known except to him who calls himself Colonel Barbarini, in case you should think that what I have intrusted to your honor and discretion may facilitate the success of your undertaking, although I am sorry to say I do not expect for it any favorable issue." On leaving the consul's office in Royal street, Gabriel crossed Canal, and entered St. Charles street, up which he walked slowly and wrapped in meditation. He looked very different from what he did the day before. There was no longer any agitation in his manner. He was calm, entirely master of himself, and the expression of his face was that of thoughtful resolution. Whatever his determination, his mind was made up to accomplish it, and inflexibility of purpose always cools a man. It

steels the nerves and regulates the pulsations of the blood. Arriving at the splendid mansion in which resided Gen. C ——, he rang the bell. It was twelve o'clock. To the servant who answered his summons he handed a card, which he requested to be carried to Colonel Barbarini. He was ushered into a magnificent saloon, in which the most conspicuous object was a full size oil portrait of President Abraham Lincoln, and where he was left alone. In a few minutes Colonel Barbarini made his appearance. He advanced within a few steps of Gabriel, and, bowing with formal courtesy, said:

"I am happy to see Captain Gabriel, whatever may be the business which brings him here," and, pointing to a seat, he took one for himself.

It was impossible for any one to meet Colonel Barbarini, without being at once impressed, if not favorably to his character, at least with the striking and innate air of distinction with which his whole person seemed to be impregnated, not because he was a truly magnificent specimen of mortality in his physical proportions, but rather on account of a certain high bred reserve which enveloped him as his natural atmosphere, and which was not destitute of a mysterious sort of attraction. Although exquisitely polite, those with whom he was most familiar, after his fashion of familiarity, were kept at a distance without their knowing exactly how, and without the possibility of their being offended. Whatever he was to women, who all spoke enthusiastically of his elegance of manner and genial warmth of feeling, to men he was coldly bland, and intense pride peeped through the velvet mask which he cast over it. Even his military associates, or his boon companions, had never been able to detect an unguarded moment of re-

.axation in his dignified urbanity. He had established around himself an invisible barrier, beyond which the closest intimacy could not venture to penetrate. There was, however, something sinister on that smooth and noble brow, and in those sedate dark eyes which, like the ocean when unruffled, seemed to grow deeper and deeper and more unfathomable under your gaze. Nature had put there an indescribable mark, which would not have escaped an attentive observer, and which would have said to him: *beware.* There is a sort of Olympian boldness of depravity which may, at times, awe virtue itself into confusion, and Gabriel was not proof against the snake-like fascination which he felt creeping over his faculties in the presence of the man he had sought, and he was vexed at this unexpected sensation. He soon rallied, however, and, in answer to the courteous phrase which had been addressed to him with some stateliness of manner, he said:

"You have guessed right, sir. I could have no reason to call on Colonel Barbarini except on business, and on business of an important nature."

"Whatever may be the nature of that business," replied Barbarini, "Captain Gabriel may be sure that it will afford me pleasure to gratify him, if possible."

"May it be so," continued Gabriel, "but, before proceeding any further, and that we may come at once to a correct understanding of our respective position, and of the subject of which we have to treat together, it is better that all disguise should be dropped. Hence I ask your permission to say to you at once that I have not called on Colonel Barbarini, and that I have nothing to do with such a personage."

"You speak in riddles, sir," said Barbarini, and his piercing look seemed to endeavor to penetrate the hid-

den meaning of those strange words. He was not long kept in suspense.

"No, sir," continued Gabriel, "I do not address here Ludovico Barbarini, but Carlo Visconti, prince of Massarino."

A slight manifestation of surprise, which was immediately checked, a transient compression of the lips, was all that he could discover in the individual on whom his eyes were intently fixed. A moment of silence ensued. Barbarini was the first to break it.

"Pray, Captain Gabriel," he said with the utmost composure, "what excuse will you give me for this prying into the affairs of an utter stranger to you?"

"No excuse whatever, prince of Massarino; I am only exercising a right. You will understand it, when I inform you that I am the intimate friend and the sworn protector of the Dabney family."

"Ha, ha! I see it all," said the Italian elevating his eye-brows superciliously; "I see through it all at one glance. You are, my good sir, on a Quixotic expedition, eh? I have before me a paladin of romance, a redresser of wrongs."

"I regret to see, sir," replied Gabriel, "that you are disposed to treat with such levity the mission which I thought it my duty to assume as a man of honor. I had come here with the hope, a faint one, I confess, that a prince of the illustrious house of Visconti, remembering what is due to himself, to his lineage and to his rank, when made aware that he is known, and on an appeal being addressed to a conscience which might not be entirely callous, and which might wake up to a sense of justice and virtue, would not choose to remain guilty of the perpetration of wrongs which it is never too late to repair."

"I warn you," said Barbarini, for I shall continue to give him that name, "I warn you that I prefer the paladin to the preacher."

"Be it so," was the answer, "and I warn you, in my turn, that I prefer the gentleman to the prince, and I regret to find them not united in Ludovico Barbarini, colonel of a regiment of cavalry, and disgracing the epaulettes which he wears."

Ludovico Barbarini rose from his seat without betraying any emotion, and, with a voice in which there could only be detected a slight fastidiousness of tone, said: "You must be aware, Captain Gabriel, of the late Confederate Army, that such a remark closes at once our present interview. I understand you, of course, to invite me to another, in a different place. Shall I have the honor to re-conduct you to the front door?" To the front door both went, and bowed courteously to each other as they parted.

In the evening of that day, one of the largest and finest houses of the city was illuminated, in consequence of a sumptuous entertainment given to her friends by Miss Sarah Butler. She was living with her mother and a married sister. Although possessing great wealth and having had of course many suitors, she had remained single. Perhaps, as she exaggerated her homeliness, she imagined that all those who approached her for matrimonial purposes were fortune hunters. Perhaps she was right, perhaps she was wrong; for, if she had no personal beauty, she was not repulsive, and she certainly had moral and intellectual qualifications which might have won the heart of a man of worth, possessing a correct appreciation of excellence in woman. But she had persistently rejected all offers, numerous as they were, and, at the time when the incidents I am relat-

ing were taking place, she was about thirty-five years old. She was a strict Presbyterian, but eclectic in her charities. Few knew the whole extent of the good which she did in secret. The clock of the cathedral had just struck twelve, when Gabriel entered one of the magnificently lighted apartments. The first person he met was Miss Sarah, who came to him with a manifestation of warm and affectionate greeting, saying in a playfully reproachful manner:

"Why so late, sir knight? Many belles have been looking round for you, and missing you sadly."

"The loss is mine," answered Gabriel. "But I have been spending the evening with the Dabneys. Jane, alas, is fast growing worse, and will not be long of this world. Perhaps, after all, it is the best thing that could happen to her."

"How thankful I should be to you, Gabriel," said Miss Sarah, "for having made me acquainted with your suffering friends, were it not so difficult to relieve them. But Mrs. Dabney is one whom it is impossible to put under the slightest obligation. She is so oversensitive! She refuses the gifts of friendship, under the apprehension that they may be alms. It is so painfully shocking to know that, sick as she is, she works so hard, and will not forbid that stout-hearted boy, Willie, to be boot-blacking under the portico of the St. Charles Hotel! You must scold her, indeed you must."

"Not I, surely, gentle lady. I admire Mrs. Dabney's resolution too much for that, although I regret it for your sake and mine. But do you conceive, Miss Sarah," said he, sinking his voice into a tremulous whisper, "can you realize all the keenness and bitterness of the torture which lies in the bare idea of being an object of charity?"

"Ah! naughty boy," said the lady, looking at him with the complacency of maternal fondness, "you are too proud yourself. This pride is in our very blood—the warm Southern blood of Louisiana. But, my friend, pride is sinful. After all, the meaning of the word charity may be misunderstood, or misapplied. Why should there be any thing humiliating in being what is called an object of charity, or the occasion for the exercise of benevolence? If I have more than I need, why should I not divide it with those whom it may benefit? Why should they refuse their just share in the inheritance of the goods of this world, when tendered to them? Those who accept from me what I can spare, amply repay me by the pleasure which I am permitted to derive from their acceptance."

"This is nobly thought and nobly expressed," replied Gabriel, "and it is worthy of you, but still, in your heart of hearts, I know there is someting that responds to the delicacy of Mrs. Dabney's feelings — is there not?"

"Well, well, Gabriel," answered the lady, evading so direct a question, "you are so fond of contradicting me! Instead of teasing me in this way with all this nonsense, you must come to my assistance. We must enter into a regular conspiracy against the pride of Mrs. Dabney; we must tax our ingenuity to find out something that may be acceptable. It is too harrowing to think of the condition of that poor family, particularly in the midst of this scene of gayety! It throws a funeral pall over it. I reproach myself with all this display of opulence, when I remember that, not far from here, there is a mother hard at work for the bread of to-morrow." This was said with an earnestness which showed the depth of her feelings.

"Really, Miss Sarah," whispered Gabriel, "do you know that you are the loveliest woman I have ever seen, although you are always talking about your being a fright? Your soul embellishes your whole person like yonder light shining through the transparent substance of that alabaster vase. Do you want to make me fall like a lover at your feet?"

"Oh, no," said the lady, laughing, "my days of romance, if ever I had any, are past never to come back. I will not, by entrapping you, break so many hearts younger than mine. Besides, lovers are not to be trusted, but friends are, and to friends secrets are told. I have one for you. Give me your arm, and lead me to yonder vacant sofa. That's right. Now, sit by me, and look as grave and wise as some hoary minister of state who is to be consulted by some inexperienced queen—old Cecil Burleigh, for instance, and Elizabeth of England.

"Let the queen speak," said Gabriel, with a smile, "the octogenarian wisdom of her loyal subject is at her service."

"Well, then, to the point, Mr. Counsellor; let us lose no time, for you are wanted for the next cotillion."

"I occupy the seat of honor here, and I am not in a hurry to relinquish it, I am sure."

"Flatterer!" exclaimed Sarah, "I see that, young as you are, you could play the courtier as well as any Leicester, or Essex. But let us be serious. Fifteen thousand dollars diverted from my very ample fortune will hardly be missed, and would not be much, if taken away from those expectations which my family may legitimately entertain, and which I ought not to disappoint. What would you say, if I provided for your little favorite, Mary, and settled that sum on her?

Would Mrs. Dabney consider it a humiliating charity? Would she refuse it?"

"I say," spoke Gabriel, transported with joy and amazed at the liberality of the donation, "that you are an angel, and that it would be impious to refuse an angel's gifts."

"Then it is all settled," added the generous benefactress, giving him a slight tap on the shoulder with her fan, "and I appoint you my minister plenipotentiary for that negotiation. Now, I dismiss you, and I send you to court yonder beautiful fairies, who have a better title to your compliments than an old maid."

She rose to shake hands with a venerable looking old gentleman, who, thinking it was time for him to retire, was seeking for her to take leave. An artist would have been delighted to paint that magnificent head crowned with long locks of hair as white as snow, which fell down on his shoulders, and which were an appropriate frame for a countenance beaming with benevolence. He was one of the elders and pillars of her church. As he approached, Gabriel leaped from his seat with a buoyant heart and joined in the dance.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE OLD SPANIARD ALVAREZ.—A CHAPTER ON IMPULSES.

On the following morning, you must accompany me, gentle or ungentle reader, to a princely house on Rampart street occupied by a Spaniard, called Pedro Alvarez, who, as a merchant, had made a large fortune in New Orleans. He was a childless widower, and had reached the age of sixty. So honorable had been all his mercantile transactions during more than a quarter of a century, that the most envious malignity had not dared to throw on his character the slightest aspersion. He was a type of the old Castilian, as generous as a prince, or as a prince should be, and had always been as punctilious on points of honor as a knight-errant. He had reconciled two things apparently irreconcilable, chivalry and commerce. There never had been an application made in vain to him for any benevolent or scientific contribution, unless by a priest, or a mathematician. He had a thorough antipathy for these two classes of men, and how they came to be thus united in his deep and relentless aversion has always remained a mystery. It is hard to imagine what connection there may have been in his mind between these two objects of his detestation. It must have been a monomania. Who is without a monomania of some sort or other, patent, or secret? "Priests," he used to say, "have

very little in common with the religion which they preach. Religion is love, religion is charity, and those priests always beg, but never give. Who ever saw a priest cross the open palm of a beggar's hand with a piece of silver? Not I, faith! They grab right and left, but always for themselves." He had another peculiarity. He never went to church, but he never allowed a day to pass without reading a chapter of the New Testament. He sometimes muttered between his teeth this passage of the Gospel where Christ says: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret." As to mathematicians, he was equally severe on them. They would, as he maintained, reduce all the operations of the brain to algebraic calculations, if they could. "Out upon them," he exclaimed with indignation. "Have they not the presumption to assimilate themselves to God, and to say that He is only the greatest of them all? Pshaw! Algebra, geometry and trigonometry are their Holy Trinity."

"Be sure of it, sir," he would sometimes say to a friend who, amused at his theological eccentricities, would occasionally draw him out on the subject, "the universe is nothing but a big heart of which God is the centre, and the palpitations of which are so many impulses which carry life and motion throughout the infinite. That is the reason why God is ineffably good. All impulses originate in God, who is the primitive, the self-sufficient, the self-producing impulse. What are the physical laws of nature? They are defined as the invariable tendencies and determinations of any species

of matter to a particular form, or to certain motions, changes and relations which unfold themselves in the same circumstances. Well, can you understand a tendency, a course, a determination, a motion, without an impulse? What is mind? Is it a receptacle of ideas communicated or imparted? If so, how can there be any communicating or imparting, without something that is transferred, and how can there be any transfer without motion, and any motion without an impulse? Or, is mind a mere ethereal and perennial source emitting from its depths innate conceptions or thoughts? If so, how can there be any thing emitted or shot forth without the spring of impulse? Hence nature is all impulse and action, nothing but an agglomeration, or rather a concatenation, of impulses descending from God to the worm through the whole chain of created things. Even mathematicians have impulses, although half developed, because they are made of stuff which is but a poor conductor of the required electricity. Why, sir, I speak advisedly on the subject; whenever I pretended to reason and calculate before acting, I went astray. All my success in life came from impulse, and all my failures from what men are so proud of—reason—or what is so called. It is a fact, although it may sound nonsensical, or paradoxical. Facts are facts; they are as hard as adamant. My trading operations or speculations were mere impulses, and, nevertheless, I am worth five hundred thousand dollars. Instinct or impulse is a good pointer; its setting is almost infallible; it starts the true game, and not the snake in the grass. Cold-blooded calculation in affairs of this life is nothing but a mischievous and implacable logician. The moment a man betakes himself to calculating, he is on the high road to rascality. All impulses,

generally speaking, are noble, because they are of God; whilst all those world-wise calculations which check the impulses of the soul are bad, because of the devil. Show me a grand, a sublime action in history which did not come from impulse, and in which there was not a complete absence of reasoning, or calculation. Every act of heroism is a piece of nonsense, and yet it draws tears of admiration! Even St. Paul tells us that the preaching of the gospel is 'foolishness.' When a man is in the habit of saying; *I calculate that I'll do this, or I'll do that,* set him down at once for a knave. Hence I like impulsive men and impulsive nations. The greatest were the most impulsive—such as the people of Greece, Italy, France, and particularly Spain —a country where, when the national fibre is touched even by the prick of a pin, the whole nation will spring up to arms in an instant, without previous concert, and without thinking of the effect it may have on the rise or fall of stocks, or on the sale of dry-goods. Look at the women, they are a thousand times better than we are. No one who ever knew his mother will deny that. And why are they better? Because, as a general rule, they don't reason, or calculate. They only feel, and that's enough. Thank God, they are not logicians; they act merely from impulse. Whenever a woman reasons, she is lost at once. She becomes strong-minded, and a strong-minded woman, sir, is Antichrist himself."

Some of the every-day acts of Alvarez in ordinary life were as eccentric as his metaphysical and philosophical doctrines. For instance, he had gradually withdrawn from commerce, and yet he still kept his counting-house as before, and three or four clerks who did nothing but pick their teeth from morning to night.

This sort of business was certainly far from producing enough to pay their wages and the rent of the store. "Poor things," Alvarez was once heard to say in relation to these clerks, "I do not exactly need them, but then they have families to support." At 11 o'clock, every day, except Sundays of course, old Alvarez, very sprucely dressed, with a glossy hat and shining patent leather shoes, for he was very precise on these points, would, with the utmost punctuality, make his appearance at his counting-house, read the newspapers, smoke four or five of the purest Havanas, converse with some friends, who dropped in, peruse and dictate a few letters, and, at two, the business of the day was over. He would slowly wend his way home, never failing to stop, during warm weather, at the same soda shop, to take a glass of that refreshing beverage.

On the morning which I have mentioned, old Alvarez had just finished his breakfast and was taking his last bumper of malaga, when Gabriel opened the door of the apartment with the familiarity and assurance of one who knew that he could rely on a hearty welcome, and saluted him with a "Good morning, most worthy and excellent sir; glad to see you looking so well."

"Ah! Dearest son of a dear friend, why did you not come soon enough to enliven the breakfast of the solitary old man?" said Alvarez, and he folded the youth caressingly in his arms. "It is not too late, though, to take a glass of pure malaga. It is sound to the core, and will not sour on your stomach like those thin adulterated French wines."

"Thank you, not any for the present," replied Gabriel. "I have something of importance to communicate to you. Can you give me half an hour?"

"And why not, *carissimo hijo mio?** The whole

* My dearest son.

day, if you need it. But how is my much esteemed and much loved friend, General B——?"

"Well, I hope; for I have not heard from him since his late departure from New Orleans, and it is because he is absent that I come to you as to a second father."

"This is speaking, child, like thy father's son, and I like thee the better for it."

Gabriel took a seat by the old man, and remained pensive for a moment, whilst his companion was contemplating him with an expression of paternal fondness. "Sir," said he, "I have taken the liberty to call thus early, because I have things which I wish you to say to my father, in case I see him no more, for I have a duel to-day."

"Heavens! What do you say?" exclaimed the Spaniard springing from his easy arm-chair with all the impetuosity of a young man; "and who in this community will dare to raise his arm against the son of General B——? It must be some felon, whom it is impossible that you should meet on a footing of equality. I will have this affair stopped immediately."

"Pray, my venerated friend, listen to me, and be composed. This thing cannot be stopped. I must relate to you all the particulars, so that you may repeat them to my father, if I fall. Otherwise, I would have spared you this interview and the anxieties which it will cause you."

Gabriel first related his meeting the little boot-black at the portico of the St. Charles Hotel, and then his subsequent discovery of the miserable condition of the Dabney family.

"And you did not come to me!" said Alvarez in a reproachful tone.

"Pardon me, I had no appeal to make to your

generosity, for Mrs. Dabney would receive no assistance."

Gabriel went on relating all that we already know, with the exception of mentioning the rank and the true name of Ludovico Barbarini, and other particulars concerning that individual which he had promised the Italian consul to keep to himself.

"This is a sad story," said the Spaniard, when Gabriel had done, "and the sadder because you are going to risk your life against that of a scoundrel. I do not well see, however, how it can be prevented. But, by the by, my young friend, do you not see here the beautiful effects of impulses? In the self-sacrificing Dabney on the battle-field, in the sensitive and proud mother working herself to death for her children and refusing assistance, in the deserted young wife dying of grief, in the boy Willie supporting bravely his family with his shoe brush, in the lovely little Mary prattling and praying so touchingly, and reading to you the bloody letter, in your own self coming to the rescue and beard-ing that Italian bandit in his den, in your friend Sarah Butler, God bless her, who opens her purse so magnificently for the relief of distress, what is there but a chain of impulses, the upper end of which is in the hand of the Ruler of the universe, and the whole of which is working as He directs."

"Then," said Gabriel smiling, "Barbarini's conduct must have proceeded merely from bad impulses, and he can hardly be responsible for . . . ."

"No, no, sir," exclaimed the old Spaniard fiercely, and striking a heavy blow with his fist on the breakfast-table, "all impulses are from a Divine source. God never made a rogue or a rascal. But this fellow Barbarini, depend on it, reasoned too much; he argued,

he debated within himself, he calculated, and, with all the additions, subtractions, multiplications and divisions which he made on the tablet of his brain, about what he had, or had not, the right to do for the gratification of his beastly appetites, he arrived at the result of being a rascal. That was the solution of the problem. I will wager something that he is a Jesuit, or a mathematician."

"I will take up your bet on another day," said Gabriel, "but, for the present, I must content myself with taking leave of you and embracing you perhaps for the last time. The hour appointed for the hostile meeting approaches, and my second waits for me near the Orleans Theatre, where there is, as you know, a spacious ball-room, which we have selected as suiting our purpose, and which will be ready to receive us at twelve o'clock."

"Stop, we have almost an hour before us," said Alvarez, pulling out his watch. "Let us settle a little piece of business before *we* depart, for with you I go, as I am determined to see this affair through." He went to an escritoir which was in a corner of the room, opened it, wrote a few lines on a scrap of paper, and returning to Gabriel, "My child," he said, "I am somewhat superstitious. All impulsive men are so. I believe that those who bring good luck to others have good luck for themselves, and I want you to have luck this morning, when you cross swords with that adversary of yours. You had luck yesterday for Mary, and you shall have luck to-day for Willie. I want to crowd your hands with the very best cards, and make you win the game when that Italian stands in front of you with nothing but his rascality in his breeches to meet your trumps. Here," continued he, giving to Gabriel the

paper he held between the index and the thumb, "here is a check for ten thousand dollars, to raise and educate your little boot-black; put it in your pocket, and let it be a spell to ward off the point of the devil's weapon, when directed against your breast. Let your arm be nerved by the idea that you have such good news to carry to Mrs. Dabney. Pin the Italian to the wall like a vile insect, which he is."

Gabriel threw his arms round the neck of Alvarez and kissed him on both cheeks. "Do n't thank me so much," said the latter. "It is not worth it. I am paying a mere debt, after all. I have been more than once plundered by those Yankees, and I owe them a grudge for that. I hate them—they are a close calculating race—all, mathematicians—every one of them—creatures without impulses—nature's unfinished, incomplete work—physiological abortions—all brain and no heart. I would, at any time, have paid half-a-dollar per head to have those canting blue-nosed puritans swept out of this world, which they would, if they could, turn into a vast steam-factory of bags of money and tons of isms of all sorts; and, as I suppose that your father must be responsible for having sent at least twenty thousand of them, to show their ledgers and books of accounts to the Supreme Judge, I owe him ten thousand dollars for it, which I pay to you as his representative."

"Bah!" said Gabriel, laughing, "I know you better than you do yourself. You can not impose on me. If you saw a regiment of wounded and starving Yankees on the ground, you would let go another check of ten thousand dollars for their relief. It would be your impulse, and I should admire you and love you the more for it, father."

"Tut! tut!" said the old man, "you are too soft, too lenient, Gabriel, and I am a great deal worse than you think. Yes," he continued with animation, "I would have fought those Yankees until dooms-day. We, Spaniards, never yield. *Cantabri indomiti*:—the indomitable Cantabrians—is it not so that it runs in Horace? Your memory is better than mine, and you are fresh from *Alma Mater*. Well, well—but those of our race are impulsive, you see, and these people here are a reasoning, philosophic set. Perhaps," he added with a slight sarcastic tone, "it is better for your commercial prosperity and worldly welfare that you should be as you are. Every man to his impulses, or his nature, or his training, like any other animal, and God's will be done." His own impulse at that particular moment was to take his hat, and to wind his right arm around Gabriel's left, saying: "Let us go to the New Orleans ball-room. It is time. But, Gabriel, those Northern country-men of yours, seriously speaking, are a very exceptional set among the sons of Adam. Ask any other man but a Yankee whether white is black, and that man's first impulse will be to say: No. Not so with a Yankee. He will reason himself and will try to reason others into the belief that black is white." Thus talking, he had reached the street with his youthful companion. "Pietro," he said, addressing a servant who had accompanied them to the front door, and who was going to close it, "Pietro, leave the bottle of malaga on the table, and have two clean glasses ready. I will shortly bring Gabriel home with me."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A DUEL. — COLONEL LUDOVICO BARBARINI DIES LIKE A PRINCE.

At the corner of Bourbon and Orleans streets, Gabriel, accompanied by Alvarez, met his second, who was waiting for him. The three gentlemen walked together to St. Anne street, and, turning into it in the direction of the river, soon stood before a massive door of dilapidated appearance. On three measured taps being given, it turned noiselessly on its hinges, and Gabriel with his companion entered into a dark ante-room, and looked in vain for the person who had given them admittance. He was no where to be seen. They trod their way through several gloomy passages which seemed to be known to Gabriel, and, after going through more than one large and empty apartments, they at last reached the ball-room, which fronts on Orleans street. It had been in better days the Almack of the city, where fashion, beauty and wealth had delighted to meet. *There* had been the gorgeous revels of taste and opulence, the remembrance of which still dwells in the land; *there* had been the night-protracted dance until the early morn, the gayety of the sparkling goblet and flower-decorated banquet, the fascination of social intercourse enlivened by wit and refined by elegance of manner; *there* had been the bewitching strains of soul-stirring music; *there* the warm atmosphere of love, the

glee laugh of pleasure and the pent-up emotions of the heart palpitating under its panoply of velvet, silk and lace. So much for the former splendor of this magic hall of fairy-like memories. Now that splendor had departed, and left no vestige of the past; owls seemed to dwell in the solitude from which the gay birds of paradise had fled. Occasionally, it was still used at night for political meetings, or for some entertainment or other of a plebeian nature; and, in the day, more than one duel had been fought within its dingy and mournful walls. Ludovico Barbarini and a friend were already on the spot. Another individual was present; it was a well-known surgeon of the city with his ominous box of tools. The new comers bowed gravely to the party which they found in possession of the room, and the seconds of Gabriel and Ludovico, after examining the swords which were to be used by the combatants and measuring their length, handed them to those for whom they had been brought. Whilst Gabriel and Ludovico had taken their position in front of each other, and, in order to feel each other's skill and power of muscles, were skirmishing with slight passes like good swordsmen, which they both were, old Alvarez, concealing his emotion under a calm exterior, and retiring into the embrasure of a heavily curtained window, clasped his hands together, and, raising his eyes to Heaven, said: "O God! O Almighty self-originating impulse, supreme mover and ruler of the universe, grant that this young man escape unhurt from the peril which threatens him, and I will, before the close of this day, give ten thousand dollars to the Charity Hospital, where the poor whom Thou lovest, and the sorrow and disease-stricken whom Thou pitiest, are waiting for relief."

He had hardly uttered these words, when he was startled by a fierce clashing of swords, which showed that the conflict had become more animated. The two adversaries were about equally matched. Gabriel was more agile; Ludovico more robust. Thrusts were parried with the same vigor and rapidity with which they were given. Now Gabriel pressed on Ludovico with such impetuosity as to drive him to the opposite wall, and now Ludovico, returning the fury of the attack, compelled Gabriel in his turn to retreat. So swift were the weapons, that they gleamed like streaks of lightning, and entwined like snakes shooting in anger their forked tongues of fire. Most expert must the two adversaries have been in the noble art of attack and defence, for five minutes had elapsed without any wound being inflicted. The experienced eye of Gabriel's second detected incipient fatigue in his friend, and said: "According to the stipulations made and accepted for this meeting, the parties are now at liberty to rest." They stopped, and separated with a courteous bow. Gabriel went to Alvarez, who shook his hand warmly and spoke to him words of encouragement. "My young friend," he said, "I am proud of you. The Cid himself could not have fought better. Rest yourself thoroughly, and, when you begin again, gird up all your energy and strength, think of the wrongs of dying Jane and of the rascality of this superb bandit, and throw your whole soul into one mighty impulse—then, one leap forward—one single blow at him from the very depth of your heart—and he will fall dead under the thunderbolt of your vigorous and irresistible arm, justly raised to punish crime."

As to Ludovico, he had sauntered leisurely to a large mirror at the extremity of the room, before which,

with the utmost composure and complacency, he drew himself up to his full height, displaying the magnificent, harmonious proportions of an Apollo, and trying, as it were, the elasticity of his muscles. He was in a civilian's dress of exquisite taste and elegance. After a little while, he walked back to the centre of the room where the swords had remained deposited on a chair; and to Gabriel, who was approaching, he said in the tone of one who was receiving a favor: "I thank you, for the pleasant exercise you have afforded me. Shall we resume it?" Gabriel assented with a nod, and took up his sword. This time, Alvarez came out of his hiding place behind the curtain in the recess of the window, and, planting himself near Gabriel, fixed his eyes on Ludovico. Evidently the aged Spaniard had yielded to one of those impulses of which he loved so much to talk; for no tigress ever glared with a more deadly look at the hunter threatening her cubs, than he did at Ludovico. When the two swords again struck each other, it was with an angry clang which showed that they were put to the utmost of their mettle, and which indicated that, this time, the fatal struggle would be violent and short. Whirling his sword closely round the blade of Gabriel along which it glided onward, Ludovico threw himself on his antagonist with the whole weight of his body. Fortunately this impetuous thrust, which Gabriel could not parry, only grazed his breast, and, ripping up his vest, carried out of its side pocket the check of Alvarez for Willie. Whilst Gabriel had staggered back under the force of the blow, Ludovico had resumed safely a defensive position, and said calmly to Gabriel: "You have dropped, I believe some love message." Alvarez stooped to pick up the paper, and, as he rose, whispered to Gabriel: "Now, my son,

is your turn for a full blooded heroic impulse and a thrust worthy of it." When putting himself again on his guard, Gabriel did not cross his sword as before with that of his antagonist, but, stepping back, kept it at the distance of about five inches from the point of the other weapon. "Ha, ha!" said Ludovico with a sneer, "you are becoming prudent." "Perhaps," replied Gabriel, and he retreated as Ludovico advanced, still keeping his sword disengaged, but, when he came within two feet of the wall to which he was pushed, he sprang forward with a long leap, and his sword, hugging the adverse one, which it mastered as it sped along the shining blade with the velocity of electricity, buried itself into Barbarini's breast to the very hilt. Alvarez caught Gabriel in his arms, and hurried him away, repeating several times to himself: "I knew that impulse would carry the day."

Night had come, and Gabriel was pacing his room with uneasy steps. The fact is, that it was hardly possible for him not to feel a little nervous after what had happened a few hours before. He was no professed duellist, and the idea of suddenly sending out of this world a fellow-being, however wicked he may be, is not a comfortable one to everybody. It is true, Gabriel felt that he had been the mere instrument of deserved punishment, but still there was something, way down at the bottom of his heart, which made him wish that it had been otherwise. According to usage among gentlemen following the traditions of the old regime on such occasions, he had sent his compliments to Colonel Barbarini with courteous inquiries about the condition in which he was. It must be confessed that Gabriel was in a state of mind which made solitude particularly irksome, and it was not without a feeling of relief that

he heard footsteps ascending the staircase which led to his room. The door opened and his messenger entered. It was the same gentleman who had acted as his second in the morning.

"Gabriel," he said, "Colonel Barbarini is not expected to see the light of to-morrow's sun. He expressed his appreciation of your high-bred courtesy, and requested me to carry to you his very anxious desire to see you immediately."

"To see me!" exclaimed Gabriel, greatly astonished.

"Yes. He repeated twice that he would consider it a favor, which he was sure you would not refuse him."

"Certainly not," replied Gabriel, "although I cannot but think that it is a strange request. The interview will be painful to both, assuredly to me at least. But, of course, go I must."

Half an hour afterward he was entering the chamber of Colonel Barbarini. He was evidently expected; for as soon as he made his appearance, two Federal officers who were sitting by the bed of the wounded man rose and retired, as if it had been preconcerted. Fidelio, the Italian servant of the colonel, remained motionless at some distance. The room was dimly lighted, and the gloom which pervaded it, combined with the knowledge that death was at hand, increased the weight which was on Gabriel's soul.

"I beg you, sir," said Barbarini to him with a feeble voice, "to accept my acknowledgments for this kind compliance on your part with my wishes. Pray, be seated, as near as possible, for I am faint, and I am told, and indeed I feel, that I am not to be long of this world. That thrust of yours, faith, came from a master hand. I could not have done better myself."

"I hope," said Gabriel, whose embarrassment was increasing, "I hope that it is not as bad as you think."

"Bah! Captain Gabriel, it would be womanish to indulge in idle hopes. I am not the man to deceive myself, nor to be deceived. By the by, let me tell you that, at my earnest request, General C—— has pledged me his word of honor that he would ignore this affair. I told him that I was the aggressor, and the only one to be blamed."

"This was quite generous," replied Gabriel.

"No," continued Barbarini, "it is only what it was proper that I should do." Then he added with a faint smile: "I see that you are almost ready to admit that the gentleman in me is not yet completely extinct, eh?"

He paused, and remained silent, as if exhausted. After a little while, he said: "Fidelio, give me the cordial which the physician has prepared for this occasion."

The faithful servant, with tears trickling down his cheeks, took a vial which was on a table, and poured into a glass some of its contents, which was greedily swallowed by Colonel Barbarini, who had raised himself on his elbow with much effort, and who, after taking the draught, let his head fall heavily on his pillow. After a few minutes he looked much invigorated.

"Captain Gabriel," he said, "I must shorten this interview which must be far from being pleasant to you. I must not draw too largely on your politeness. I have neither the time, nor the inclination, to be prosy, nor have I invited you here to witness any pathetic scene, ending with some stage-effect confessions. I hate all scenes; I hate sentimentalism and cant. I die without fear, as I have lived, believing neither in the immortality of the soul, nor in religion. I have, since

my infancy, seen in Italy too much of what is called religion, not to know that it is an unmeasurable, unfathomable humbug. That word *humbug*, by the by, has been very properly introduced into your American vocabulary. It is so very expressive! After this short metaphysical preface, allow me to mention the true reason why I wished you to be present at the fall of the curtain. You know my rank. Well, I wanted you to see that I am true to it to the end. You said you regretted that the gentleman and the prince were not united in me. My intention is to compel you to reverse your verdict, as the phrase runs in your country. *Nobility obligates*, is the motto of our order in Europe, and a Visconti is not the man to forget it even in America. How is Jane Dabney?"

"Dying," said Gabriel.

"Is there no doubt of it?"

"None."

"I never thought," continued Barbarini, seemingly speaking to himself rather than to his visitor, "that the girl would take it so much to heart. Those women of Louisiana cannot be like the rest of their sex. The fact is, captain," addressing Gabriel, "that, on sober reflection, I concluded that it was a very unbefitting, unequal match, which would complete my ruin, and I availed myself of a favorable opportunity to set myself free. Surely a thousand girls for one would have forgotten the past, and would not have lived less happy for it afterward."

"Perhaps in your country, colonel, not here," said Gabriel, dryly.

"Whew! everywhere, allow me to say, without offence to your chivalry. Women do not break their hearts for such trifles."

"Colonel, the tone which you assume is not to my taste, neither does it become you, nor the present circumstance."

"I beg your pardon," said Barbarini meekly, and he fell into a profound silence, which continued so long, that Gabriel felt uncertain how to act. The wounded man was motionless, his eyes were closed, and it was only his hard breathing which showed that he was alive. At last he seemed to revive, and he languidly uttered these words:

"Captain Gabriel, excuse me for detaining you so long. I have been reflecting, and I have made up my mind. I say it again; I will not violate the old motto: *nobility obligates.* And so, you affirm that Jane has so loved me that she dies of grief for my desertion?"

"She is your victim, sir, in the full sense of the word."

"Well," said Barbarini in a more animated tone, "if she has been so true to me, she shall no longer be my victim, that is to say, as much as it is in my power to repair the wrongs I have done. Fidelio, hand me the small casket you know of."

Fidelio laid on the bed a beautifully-chiselled steel box, which Barbarini presented to Gabriel:

"Take this," he said, "and carry it to Jane Dabney. There will be found in it the duly authenticated marriage contract which had disappeared. Fidelio, a little more of that cordial. My strength is failing me too soon. Thank you, Fidelio. This beverage is wonderfully invigorating, and I feel better."

Then turning to Gabriel, he said: "Do me the favor to convey to the princess my most respectful regards. Tell her that I deeply regret the sad doom to which I

have condemned her. As to yourself, dear sir, I shall take the liberty to beg you to be my testamentary executor. Fidelio will hand over to you six thousand dollars in gold, which I have here. Let that sum minister to the wants of the princess as long as she lives, and, when she is no more, let the remainder be used for the erection of a tomb, in which I wish her to be laid by my side, and on the marble slab of which you will inscribe these words: 'Here lie Prince and Princess Massarino, of the most noble and illustrious house of Visconti.' Nothing more, mind you; no date of birth, and date of death; and now, kind sir, I dismiss you with my warmest thanks. Farewell, may you enjoy many years of happiness!" Here his voice faltered, and he had a fainting fit, but he rallied as it were by the mere force of his will. He half-turned himself toward Gabriel, and, with a graceful wave of the hand, he said, in French: "*Adieu pour toujours. Vous direz au moins, mon cher, que je suis mort en prince.*" He fell back lifeless with these words of pride on his lips.

* Farewell for ever. You will at least say, my friend, that I died like a prince.

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUSION OF THE STORY OF THE DABNEY FAMILY.

When Colonel Barbarini died, the clock which was in the room struck nine. By a strange coincidence, it was on the anniversary of the day on which he had married Jane Dabney, and at that very hour when he had pledged faith to her at the altar before God and man. Leaving the body to the care of the attendants who were at hand, Gabriel hastened to call on Sarah Butler. He was anxious to show her the document which established beyond a doubt the social condition of Jane, and which excluded the possibility of a stain on her reputation. For several days preceding the death of Colonel Barbarini, this benevolent lady had not failed to visit assiduously those poor women, mother and daughter, who evidently were approaching the end of their sufferings. She could not banish them from her mind during that night, so great was the excitement produced by the tale which Gabriel had told her. In the morning, as soon as she could leave her home, she hurried to the abode of Mrs. Dabney, whom she found diligently plying her needle as usual in the room where Gabriel had first seen her. Little Mary was sitting on a stool at her feet, and trying to spell a book which was the gift of Sarah. When the welcome visitor made her appearance, Mary ran to her with eagerness. She was reward-

ed for this warm display of affection by repeated kisses, by a gentle patting on her curly locks and the present of a beautiful doll.

"O, I love you so much, good lady," said the child. "Take a seat by mamma. She is so sad! and you always make her cheerful. Sit down; in return for your kindness to her and to me, I'll sing you a song which mamma has long been teaching me. I know it well, now. You will see."

"Miss Sarah," said Mrs. Dabney, "you indulge your pet too much. You will spoil her."

"Oh, no," answered the lady. "I am willing to be responsible for that. I don't think it easy to spoil Mary. Come, child, come to me, and let me hear your song."

Thus encouraged, the little favorite, kneeling down cheerfully, with her elbows on the lap of her patroness, and her tiny hands brought together as if in prayer, sang in a low silvery voice this ballad of the nursery:

The Holy Virgin laid
Upon His bed her sweetest babe,
The Babe divine;
And forth she went to gather flowers,
Where roses bloomed beneath the bowers;
And as she culled the lily pale,
And violets that decked the vale,
She sweetly sang, "I'll weave a crown
His baby brow to place upon!"
The Babe divine!
The Saviour of the world, and mine!

In love she quickly toiled,
And quickly to her babe returned,
The Babe divine—
And found two angels clothed in light,
One at the left, one at the right,
With wings so bright, and eyes so blue,
Just like the heavens whence they flew;

They had been singing while He slept,
And o'er the babe a watch they kept—
The Babe divine!
The Saviour of the world, and mine!

They knew that when she came
Their loving care was done for Him,
The Babe divine;
And as their shining wings they spread,
And joyful up to Heaven they sped,
The rustling sound, though soft and low,
Woke up the babe, who saw them go;
The Mother chid them, though He smiled,
Because they woke her holy child—
The Babe divine!
The Saviour of the world, and mine!

She took Him from His bed,
And kissed, and kissed again His brow,
The Babe divine!
He kissed her too, and laughed so sweet!
While "sleep again!" she would repeat!
And then the Holy Virgin said,
"I'll rock Thee on this lily bed!
Thou prettiest of babes that be!"
But He would sleep no more, not He!—
The Babe divine!
The Saviour of the world, and mine!

O Virgin Mary sweet!
Watch o'er the little babes that sleep!
Thy Babe divine,
Gives us the name in which we pray!
O! keep them holy every day!
She loves the babies of the earth—
She loves to see their joy and mirth—
And when they need a faithful friend,
A kind protector she will send,
Because the Holy Mother, kind,
With tender love still bears in mind
The Babe divine!
The Saviour of the world, and mine!

The little songstress stopped, after having uttered these lines with a rare felicity of tone and musical taste in one so young. Being duly complimented and caressed, she retired to a corner of the room, to play with her doll. Whilst the child was thus engaged, Sarah related to Mrs. Dabney all that had happened the day before, and delivered to her the marriage contract sent by Colonel Barbarini. "Next to God," said the poor mother with gratitude beaming in her face, "we are indebted for this to our generous young friend Gabriel. Let us go into the next room, and gradually break open the exciting news to Jane." The two women rose, and were soon by the bed of the patient, who had been enjoying a placid slumber. Probably she was disturbed by the slight noise which they made, cautiously as they moved, for she welcomed them with a slight waving of her feeble hand and with a smile. She even spoke, but so low, that they had to bend their heads over her to catch the indistinct words.

"Mother," she said, "I have had such a delightful sleep, the sweetest for a long time, and I feel so happy!" Mrs. Dabney, expressing her satisfaction at what she heard, and feeling her way prudently as she proceeded, made her daughter acquainted with the tardy reparation which had been made for her wrongs. Jane remained unmoved, and showed no surprise: "I knew it all, mother," she said calmly. "I saw him last night; he looked so pale, but, O, how beautiful! He said he repented of what he had done, and that he had come to take me to his bosom, never more to be separated. I threw my arms round him, and I heard a voice so tender and motherly that it melted my heart. Thus spoke the voice: 'For thy sake and for thy prayers, and for thy long sufferings, and for his repentance, he is forgiven,'

and we rose up to Heaven, husband and wife—husband and wife." An expression of ecstasy settled over her features. The soul had departed with the glowing hope of eternal happiness.

Two weeks had elapsed, and the little Willie, the boot-black, had not appeared at his stand under the portico of the St. Charles Hotel. He had been kept at home with his mother and sister Mary. Occasionally, either one or the other of these two children, dressed in a full suit of mourning, would be seen running out of the old wooden gate, evidently sent on some pressing errand, and eagerly bent on executing it. Gabriel and Sarah Butler were the only habitual visitors at Mrs. Dabney's, and, whenever they came out, it was always with a sorrowful face. As to Mrs. Dabney, she was invisible to all save to her two friends. It was reported that her health had entirely given way and that her decline was rapid. One morning, a carriage stood in the street before the old gate with which we are familiar. It had brought Gabriel to the humble dwelling of the poor widow. After a little while, Mrs. Dabney came out, leaning heavily on his arm, and, with his assistance, got into the vehicle. "Coachman," said Gabriel, "drive to the archbishop's mansion, Condé street, between Ursulines and Hospital."——"Aye, aye, I know the place well enough," replied he, as he whipped his horses and rattled away. Gabriel gazed at the carriage as it whirled rapidly onward, shook his head mournfully, and, re-entering the lot, walked pensively toward the small tenement in the background, probably to stay with the children until Mrs. Dabney's return.

Let us follow Mrs. Dabney to the oldest edifice in Louisiana. In the history of our State are mentioned in these words the erection of that building and the

continuation of its existence until the present day: "This edifice was constructed for the use of the Ursuline Nuns on Condé street, between Ursuline and Hospital streets. They took possession of it in 1730, when it was completed, and they continued to occupy it until 1824, when they moved to a more splendid and more spacious convent, which they had caused to be built three miles below the city on the bank of the river. After the State House had been burnt in New Orleans, the legislature sat in the old convent, and, in 1831, its sacred walls, one century after they had pealed for the first time with holy anthems, and had heard soft prayers whispered to the Virgin Mary, were converted to purposes of legislation, and resounded with oratorical displays and fierce, political party debates. It has since resumed a character more consonant with its original destination, and has become the bishop's palace."

At the time when the incidents of the story which I relate were taking place, there lived within the walls of the old convent, as the titular secretary of the archbishop, and as the friend and librarian of that prelate, an ecclesiastic who, from his great age, had felt himself compelled to retire from the discharge of those duties which he had been performing in Louisiana for more than half a century. He had baptized and married a large portion of the Catholic population of New Orleans, and was venerated as a saint. Now he seldom went out, but they frequently sought him for advice in the difficulties of their ordinary life and for consolation in their days of sorrow. He had known Mrs. Dabney when an infant; he had poured upon her head the baptismal water of Christianity; he had instructed her in the faith and qualified her for communion, when for the first time she had to approach the Holy Table; he

had administered to her the sacrament of marriage, and he had remained her confessor since her early youth. The old man, on the day which I mention, wore a loose wrapper of coarse gray cloth girded round his waist with a rude cord, from which, in front, hung a crucifix of ebony. His head was covered with a worn-out velvet cap, from under which emerged a few straggling ringlets of snow-white hair. His long beard, as white as his hair, spread in ample folds on his bosom. His broad forehead, which receded back as it rose up from his eyebrows, the spiritual expression and beauty of his eyes in which dwelt the melancholy of habitual contemplation, his straight aquiline nose, his lips which spoke decision of character, and the ascetic paleness of his cheeks, formed a countenance which it was impossible to see, without its leaving a deep impression on the memory. He was reading attentively, when Mrs. Dabney entered. On his noticing how feebly she moved toward him, his natural paleness increased visibly, and he hastened with tottering steps to meet her, saying:

"How now, daughter, what imprudence is this? You should not have come out in your condition of health."

"It matters little, father," replied Mrs. Dabney, "you know, as well as I do, that God is recalling me to Him, and my dear Jane awaits me in a better world. But time presses, and I wish to have a short interview with you in relation to my children, who will soon be without a mother."

The old priest took both her hands in his own, made her sit by him, and looked at her like one who was ready to hear her communication.

"Father," she said, "you already know that, thanks

to the noble youth Gabriel, my little Willie has found a protector who provides for his support and education."

"I have more than once, daughter, thanked Heaven for it, and blessed that generous Spaniard, although he hates the holy priesthood so insanely, for I am not uninformed as to his ways and peculiarities. His heart at least is most sound, if he has got some disorder in the brain. But charity covers many sins. He who, within a few hours, gave ten thousand dollars to the widow's child, and ten other thousand dollars to a hospital, and whose hand is habitually open for the relief of misfortune, is surely entitled to indulgences from the Church. The aberrations of intellect in such a Christian, for a Christian he must be, or deserves to be, are truly deplorable. But the ways of God are mysterious, and no doubt He will in due time enlighten the mind of that excellent Samaritan. Besides, he is a Spaniard, and there is always hope for the salvation of every one of that noble race, obstinate and haughty though it be, but yet so thoroughly impregnated with religious convictions. A Spaniard is by birth a soldier of the Church. It cannot be forgotten above, that those champions of the Catholic faith fought eight hundred years for the cross, without asking for rest, or mercy."

"Amen," said widow Dabney devoutly. "And now, father, with a heart full of gratitude, I come to inform you also that a wealthy lady proposes to adopt my Mary."

The worthy priest raised his eyes to Heaven, and seemed to offer silently a short thanksgiving. After a pause, he said:

"Daughter, I do not wonder at it, for what does the Psalmist tell us: *I have been young, and now am old;*

yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

"But," said Mrs. Dabney with much hesitation, "the lady is not of our persuasion."

"Ha! indeed," exclaimed Father Anselmo, for such was his name, and a slight shade of displeasure passed over his face. After musing awhile, he asked Mrs. Dabney of what persuasion that lady was.

"A Presbyterian."

"Her name?"

"Sarah Butler."

The priest heaved a deep sigh, as if greatly relieved. "I know her by her deeds," he said; "a most worthy and Christian woman, although she does not see the whole truth yet. But God abides His time. And I suppose, daughter, that you wish to consult me on the propriety of intrusting your child to the maternal care of Sarah Butler?"

"Yes, father; your approbation has been made a condition to my surrendering my daughter to her, and," she added in a somewhat deprecating tone, "I must inform you that this most liberal friend of mine has promised to raise Mary in the creed which I wish her to have."

"I will trust the generous lady," exclaimed the priest joyfully; "for God dwells in that charitable heart of hers, and I will leave the rest to Him. Besides, my daughter, I have been struck with a sentiment expressed by one of the most eloquent of our pulpit orators," and he laid his hand on a book lying open near him on a small round table, "there are," says the Dominican Lacordaire, "*Protestants among Catholics, and Catholics among Protestants, without their being conscious of what they are.*"

"Then, with your consent, all is settled in relation to Mary," continued Mrs. Dabney, "and I have done with earth. May I not be permitted to say: "*Now, O Lord, dismiss thy servant?* But, before parting with you, probably for ever, pray, father, grant me your benediction."

As she thus spoke, she knelt at the feet of the minister of God, who rose slowly, looked up to Heaven, stretched forth his hands over her head and uttered his blessing with all the fervor of his pious and affectionate heart. When he had done, he bent his looks down. Mrs. Dabney did not move; she seemed to have sunk lower to the floor. He attempted to raise her, and saw that she had closed her earthly career. The so long broken heart had ceased to beat.

Easter came, that great festival of Christianity. In the morning of that day, all the boot-black boys of the St. Charles Hotel were at their post under its lofty portico. They expected a shower of dimes, for they knew it to be an occasion on which their customers would like to wear clean shoes as well as clean linen. As it was yet very early, there were but few persons stirring in the streets. The news-boys and the boot-black boys had congregated near one of the pillars of the portico, teasing each other, and cracking jokes to kill time, whilst waiting for the opportunity to exercise their trade, by entrapping somebody into purchasing the "Times," or the "Picayune," or stretching his foot on one of the numerous stools which invited his choice. Suddenly one of them said:

"By the by, what has become of Willie Dabney? We have not seen his sad face for a long time."

"What will you give me to tell you?" answered a nasal voice. It was that of the hopeful youth who, in

the beginning of this story, had, as he said, put Gabriel on the right track and had got no reward for it.

"You are so stingy, Sam Slick!" said one of the boys, and the rest assented in a chorus to this sentiment. "You never do, or even say anything without a consideration."

"Because," answered Sam, "I want to make my way in the world. But, for once anyhow, since you are so beggarly that I cannot make anything out of you, I'll satisfy your curiosity for nothing. You are so dull, you never can see or hear anything that is valuable, and I must come all the way from Connecticut with matches in my pocket to light up your Southern two-penny candles. Listen, all of you, my hearties, and, if there is any particle of latent sense in your skulls, follow my example, keep your eyes open, and see whether it is a mouse or a weazel that stirs around you. If you had been as sharp as I am, you would have known, without my telling you, that Willie has been picked up by a rich man, and Mary his sister, by a rich lady, who are going to educate them, and settle them in life with a silver spoon in their mouth. Here is luck for you, you gaping boobies."

Various exclamations of surprise arose among the juvenile listeners. "Wonderful," said one, "how some folks are born for luck!"

"Well," said Sam, "if I am not born for luck, I'll make luck wait on me."

"Of course you will," squeaked a voice, "you are such a smart Yankee!"

"Certainly I am smart, and the smartest boy too in all creation. My mother told me so the very first day she brought me out and laid me in the cradle," replied the recent importation from New England. "I

have now fifty dollars on hand, and I came here without a cent two months ago! When I have a capital of one hundred dollars, I'll set up a shop; and, when I have a thousand dollars, I'll speculate in cotton and sugar. I'll become a rich merchant, or a fat-bellied banker."

"And you will be elected mayor of the city," shouted one of the youthful knights of the shoe-brush.

"And why not?" said Sam.

"He will be governor, before we can say Jack Robinson," shrieked another.

"And why not?" repeated in a louder tone of assurance the undaunted object of these quizzes.

"That is not enough for his merits," bawled another. "I propose Sam for the Senate of the United States."

"That might come to pass," retorted Sam, "if you were not too much of a goose ever to be a member of the legislature and have a vote in the matter. But I'll tell you all a secret gra—a—atis," dwelling on that word, and extending it so as to make it a yard long. "Come here, all of you, my jewels. I want to ask you two questions, and answer them myself, because I don't believe you can, unlighted lamp-posts that you are. Was not Abe Lincoln a rail splitter? Y—e—s, and a great man he was, a capital joker, for whom a whole nation, the greatest nation in the world, is in mourning. Was not Andy Johnson a tailor? Y—e—s, and you are all throwing up your caps at whatever he does, and thanking him on your knees for keeping the lash from your backs. Now for my secret. Open your long ears. Here you see a future president of the United States in Sam Slick the boot-black. I tell it you confidentially. Keep it to yourselves, mind you, and make your profit of it."

"We will not keep it to ourselves. We will tell it to the whole universal Yankee nation," shouted the boys tumultuously. "Hear, hear! Hip, hip! Hurrah, hurrah! Three cheers for Sam Slick the bootblack, and the future president of the United States!"

CHAPTER XLI.

WHAT HAPPENED TO FERNANDO DE LEMOS IN NEW ORLEANS AFTER THE END OF THE SECESSION WAR.

It is inexpressibly distressing for one who was born in opulence, and who had always existed comfortably on an inherited income, to be suddenly reduced to the sad necessity of making a living, when sixty years old. Besides its being the hardest and the most difficult of things for a high-born and high-bred gentleman to transform himself into a scraper of dimes, it is, at that time of life, too late for any body to become a stage actor, a preacher, a physician, a lawyer, a broker, a merchant, a clerk, a druggist, a charlatan, a manufacturer of yellow-backed novels, or anything whatever, not even a politician or a thief. *It is too late!* A terrible sentence uttered by fate, and from which there is no appeal. What on earth then shall I do to keep soul and body together, was the question which I put to myself, notwithstanding I really longed for their separation? I had nothing left to me beyond the violin of Tintin Calandro and the portrait of the princess of Lamballe, bequeathed by him to me. I was almost irresistibly tempted to put an end to an insupportable existence. But I am somewhat of a Christian, and I doubted whether I had the right to dispose of my life. Besides, I had survived the loss of one whom I valued much more than life and fortune; and could I not now

survive a much inferior loss? Should not I continue to deposit a bouquet on her tomb, as long as I had twenty-five cents to buy one, and then starve, stretched on the cold marble under which she slept, if I could not honestly earn the morsel of bread which I thought it my duty to strive to get? That will I do, said I to myself, and I felt greatly relieved after taking that resolution. I looked round for employment of some sort, even of the humblest. "What!" exclaimed every friend and acquaintance to whom I applied. "What joke is this! You poor, Fernando! You are too clever for that. If you were really poor, that calm grand air of yours which you always wear, would have quickly vanished. What! you say that you must work for bread, and you look as lordly as a Roman senator! Pish! that stiff upper lip of a feudal baron won't pass current in Carondelet street among the lords of the cotton bag, I assure you, if you attempt to be a broker." They thus seemed to agree in expressing the same sentiments in different language. Another said to me with a rude and well-meant kindness: "If you really have lost every thing, the sooner you blow out your brains the better. What the deuce will you do in this world with your antiquated notions? You belong to another age. Can you lie and cheat? No. Then you cannot make a living. You think perhaps that, perchance, somebody may need an honest man, and will employ you because you are worthy of trust and will not rob him. That is one advantage you would present to him, to be sure, but, on the other hand, you could not help seeing him steal; you would hear him lie, and he would know that you despise him at the bottom of your heart. This he would not stand; he would not expose himself to blush when meeting that stern eye of yours, not he. I would not

for one, by the gods, much as I like you, old fellow. He would, I am sure, prefer one belonging to his own peculiar school of morality—one who would help him on a pinch, without too many scruples about what is right or wrong, do you understand me—even should he thereby run the risk of being plundered by his employee. You know that birds of the same feather like to flock together. Do you think that the eagle, if he chanced to have a broken wing like yours, would be employed by the buzzard as his carrion carver? No! Remember that our whole social body has become by the effect of our last war a topsy-turvy concern, where demoralization thrones at the top, and morality is choked at the bottom. Now find a place for you, if you can, in this jamming of rotten materials. Good-bye, excuse me. I have an engagement with a patriotic alderman who awaits my coming and from whom I expect a decently fat job."

Well, said I to myself, if this is true, the prospect before me is any thing but flattering. Surely it is too late, with gray hair, to become an apprenticed rogue, and study the alphabet of rascality. It would be worse than a crime, it would be a *bétise*, as the French say. In my perplexity a thought struck me, and I immediately acted on it. I had in the Confederacy saved the life of a Yankee soldier, and had learned that, after the war, having settled in New Orleans, he was at the head of a prosperous printing establishment of his own. I went to him; he received me with great warmth of manner.

"My dear sir," he said, "I am happy to see you. Never shall I forget what you have done for me. You come, no doubt, to order some printing. I will, of course, have it done for you cheaper than for any body else."

"No," I replied, "I came not for that, but to procure employment for a poor friend of mine. Do you need a proof-reader?"

"Just in time, mine left me this morning, and in his stead I at once accept your friend."

"I thank you. What will be his salary?"

"Fifty dollars a month."

"Very well, that is sufficient. When shall I begin?"

"What, what!" exclaimed the Yankee, staring at me with an almost ludicrous expression of astonishment. "You cannot be serious."

"I mean what I say. When shall I be installed in office?"

"Do n't talk so," said the printer. "You, a proof-reader! You, reduced to such a strait! Damn me, if I permit it. Excuse my swearing, but damn me, I say, if I do n't do something better for you. I can spare a few thousand dollars. Do me the favor to accept them, until a situation worthy of your social position and of your talents can be found."

"I am deeply grateful to you," said I, pressing his hand. "But not one word more on the subject, if you do not want to give me great pain. My resolution is inflexible. Therefore consider, I pray, this matter settled. I am your proof-reader from to-day."

I confess that there was in the emotion and gratitude exhibited by my Northern friend a balsam needed by my bruised heart. Not long after I had begun to make a living by my own efforts, (it is never too late to do so) I happened to be passing by the cathedral, when, to my astonishment, I saw Zabet, who, notwithstanding her being one hundred years old, had returned to her former place of trade with her basket of cakes.

"Is that you, dear old Zabet?" I said. "Have you resumed the occupation you had given up?"

"Alas," she replied, "I have, like all the decent and respectable people here, lost my little means of support, which I had acquired by hard work and economy and the liberality of Tintin Calandro. But I can bear it; I have, after all, but a few days to live. What I can not bear, is all that I see around me. O Christ! O Christ! Only think of it! All our ladies, royal blood and all that sort of thing, turned to be cooks and washerwomen, and the real washerwomen and cooks, with turnip-juice in their veins, lodging in fine houses and sporting equipages! Ah, me! ah, me! I can't stand it. My philosophy is clean broken-hearted." After a pause, during which she groaned piteously and shed a flood of tears, she resumed her discourse: "And you, my son, how have you fared? Have you also suffered much?"

"I am no exception," said I, informing her that I was totally ruined, and that I had turned out to be a proof-sheet reader, at fifty dollars a month. She clapped her shrivelled hands and fairly shrieked:

"Mercy on me! The grandson of Governor Lemos a printer's employee! Fifty dollars a month! Mercy! Mercy! This blow finishes me. You can not live on fifty dollars a month, my child. I have saved three hundred dollars, which I had hoarded for a special purpose; take them for God's sake. I had destined them to buy a tomb near poor Tintin Calandro's, but take the money, take it all. This world has become so bad, that old Zabet does not care now where she will be buried in it. I will fetch the silver to-morrow, not greenbacks, mind you. You need it more than I do. You are royal blood, and I am nothing but an old negress."

I thought that she would go distracted in her despair, and it was with great difficulty that I could restore her

to some composure. "Zabet," said I, "the old negress, as you call yourself, has offered me all that she possesses, when some of my friends and relatives, of royal blood as you call them, have not remembered sacred obligations and not bethought themselves of asking me if I needed anything. I will not allude to those who have even forgotten to pay me money which they owe, when they have the means to do so, if they choose. Therefore, Zabet," continued I, smiling, "I proclaim you royal blood."

"I, royal blood!" she exclaimed in an ecstasy of pride. "I, proclaimed royal blood by one who has the right to do it. Then old Zabet has had honor enough in this world and regrets no more having lived so long. Now, my son, I will die game as royal blood ought to die, and my philosophy, far from drooping, shall wear cap and feathers to the last!"

"Yes," I said, "we will die game, grandma Zabet, and you shall sleep near Tintin Calandro. No longer disturb yourself about my fifty dollars a month. It is enough to procure for me shelter, clothing, bread and cheese. With that, we, of royal blood, ought to be satisfied, and we can afford not to care a pinch of snuff for an upstart world." I left the old soul as happy as if she had been ushered into paradise by some archangel, and I went to my proof-sheets in a better mood than I had been able to do before.

It was the anniversary of the death of Tintin Calandro. I determined to visit, as usual on that occasion, his tomb in the St. Louis cemetery, at his favorite hour of midnight. I knelt before it and prayed fervently. I felt a pressure on my right arm; it was the grasp of a hand. I looked round in astonishment, and saw nothing. The hand retained its hold, and my mind heard

within itself these words: "I am Tintin Calandro, and I am at last permitted to communicate with you, my friend. Think not that this is a dream and a delusion. I will give you a substantial proof to the contrary. When you go home, look at the back of the portrait of the princess of Lamballe. Examine carefully the lining of the canvass; you will discover a spot thicker than the rest. Rip it up, and you will find concealed there five thousand pounds sterling in the notes of the Bank of England. During the French revolution, in 1793, they had been intrusted to my safe-keeping by a friend. I never met him again on earth. He is now in the world of spirits, and permits me to say to you that this sum is yours. I am happy at last, and we soon shall be happy together." The grasp was released. I ran home, looked at the place indicated, and there found what I been told I should find. I relate the fact as it happened. What inferences shall I draw? Are there spiritual manifestations, as believed by many, or mysterious revelations within the soul, or merely wonderful coincidences between dreams and realities?

Now, by the blessing of God, I was once more independent, and had ample means to satisfy my physical wants for the remainder of the few years which, according to the course of nature, I had to pass on earth. Alas, that I could not say as much as to the wants of my soul! But it was much, to be able to attend to them exclusively, and to live within a world of my own—a world of the imagination peopled by beings of my own recollection, or creation, according to my choice, without being constantly dragged out of the dreamy solitude which I love, by the stern necessity of groveling expeditions abroad, made daily in company with Mammon, to rake a shilling out of the mud of the sewers of hu-

manity, and provide an aching body with shelter, raiment and food. Thanks to the timely revelation I have mentioned, or to a mysterious and unaccountable incident or circumstance, I have been able to secure comfortable lodgings near the St. Louis cemetery, and my windows overlook that sacred spot. There I live in the utmost seclusion, waiting calmly for the end to come. To while away time I have penned the preceding pages, and I was saying to myself: What next? when, opening one of the morning newspapers, I saw announced the death in France of Joseph Lakanal after an unusually long career. Thus I had become free from the obligation of secrecy which he had imposed upon me, and I resolved to amuse my idle hours with writing a narrative, drawn from the sources of information which he had opened to me during his residence in Louisiana, and which I may, on a future day, publish under the title of Aubert Dubayet, as a sequel to this story, should I, Fernando de Lemos, meet from the public a sufficiently favorable reception, to embolden me to present my humble follower to that fastidious sovereign.

THE END.

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