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NIAGARA.*

NIAGARA should be first approached from above, and from the Canada shore. Let the tourist who, with his face Niagara-ward, stands at Buffalo some bright summer morning, resist the voice from within that whispers in his ear—"Take the cars · in an hour you will be there!" Let him choose rather the little steamer that plies down and across the lake to Chippewa There let him forget the Americanism which holds it undignified to walk when one can ride, and pass on foot over the three miles which separate him from Niagara.

For awhile the way lies through level green fields along a railway which looks venerable enough to be the grandfather of all railways. But as you reach a point where the river makes a sharp bight inshore, descend the bank to the water's edge. You are now a little below the first ledge of rocks that break the smooth current, forming the entrance to the Rapids, which stretch before you in white lines far away to the American shore. The prospect is soon shut out by a low crescent-shaped island, at the distance of a stone's throw. The intervening water is as smooth and placid as that of the quiet brook in which long ago you were wont to bathe, and comes rippling up to your feet with a low whisper which almost overpowers the deep murmur that overloads the air, but which you know to be the voice of the great cataract, hitherto unseen.

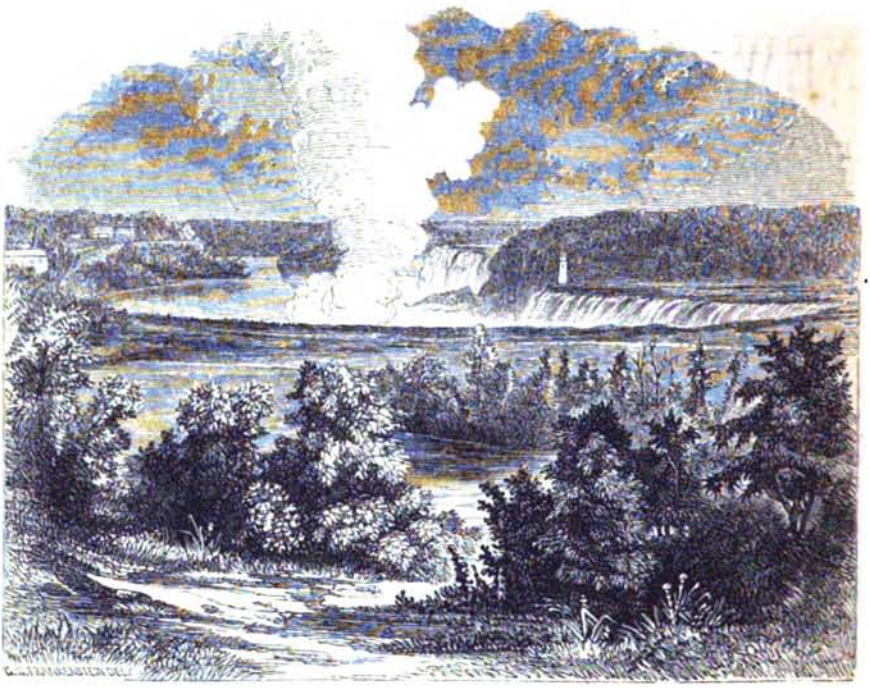
You round the green point of the island, and the Rapids are full before you. You have gradually descended until you are below the level of their summit, and as you look backward their white foaming crests are drawn sharply against the horizon. Down they sweep, rapid, multitudinous, apparently illimitable, seeming to pour from the blue sky.

You have never seen Niagara, but you have all along had fancies as to what it should be. You have read that the river is the outlet of the Great Lakes, the reservoirs of almost half the fresh water upon the globe; so you have tried to picture to yourself an Atlantic plunging down a precipice of unknown depth. But you know also that the stream has been measured, the precipice gauged, the quantity of water estimated, and the whole stands recorded in some quite finite number of yards, feet, and gallons. But now, as you look upon this mad rush of waters whirling down the slope, you feel that your most imperial fancies fall far short of the great reality. You had placed the sublime wholly in extent, forgetting entirely the more potent elements of motion and velocity. The ocean stretching beyond reach of vision, or swooping upon the sternest lee-shore, is a feebler emblem of power than is the inevitable and despairing rush with which these tortured waters plunge down. The Rapids are a fit portal for Niagara.

How slowly you now pace along, though the sun has passed mid-heaven, and the shadows of the trees are lengthening eastward toward the river. At length your eye fixes upon some special white crest of foam, and follows it down until it melts away into a smooth green surface rounding gently over, and disappearing in an abyss the depth of which you can not see. This green slope sweeps round in a magnificent curve to the right; beyond this is a purple-gray precipice, and still further on a white cataract flashing back the sunbeams. From the centre of the curve, a pillar of spray floats calmly up, with the crown of a rainbow just rising above the verge of the abyss

You have unconsciously paused within a hundred paces of the brink of the cataract. Pass that space, and you will see all. Yet you hesitate and linger. We always, I think, pause before any great experience which is the highest of its kind we can ever know. We tremble to clutch a pleasure, beyond which there can be no other, when it is fairly within our grasp. We dally with our own feelings in order to prolong the thrill which precedes the supreme moment, which once known can never be experienced again. Did not the youth at Sais pause long with his hand upon the vail that shrouded the mysterious statue? Did you not hesitate within the vestibule of St. Peter's, and almost refuse to look upward into the vast dome that overarches the stately aisles? Were you not prompted to close your ear as the marvelous Swede opened those lips from which were to pour forth notes whose like you should never again hear upon earth! Who has not hesitated long before he would give utterance to that unbounded love which vailed eye and flushed cheek had long ago assured him would meet with a like unbounded and generous return?

* The accompanying Illustrations are selected from more than a hundred Original Paintings, executed by Mr. G. N. Frankenstein as studies for his "Panorama of Niagara Falls."



THE FALLS FROM ABOVE, ON THE CANADA SHORE.

"See Naples and die," says the Italian proverb. You knew that with the view of Niagara one great chapter of your experience would be closed up. So you seat yourself in the cool shadow, light a cigar, and watch its blue smoke curling up between you and the white rainbow-tipped spray rising from before the great cataract. You pore lazily over the columns of a last week's journal which you have brought with you, and have forgotten to throw away. Yet ever and anon you lift your eye toward that innumerable rush of waters, and sweep around the circumference of that majestic curve, and feel that you are growing into Niagara. And now, at the distance of months, or years it may be, as you close your eyes and in imagination look again upon that scene, you do not wonder that we have chosen it for our opening illustration; or that the Swedish Singer should twice have commissioned the artist to paint it for her.

You spring up with a sudden impulse, and hurry over the space which separated you from Table Rock, and the Fall is full before you. You had been told by some who had approached Niagara from below, that their first feeling was one of disappointment at its apparent want of elevation. But you feel nothing of the kind. Had honest old Father Hennepin stood by your side, and told you that the height of the Fall was six hundred feet, you would have believed him.

Your mood has now changed; you no longer pause to note details; you have taken the plunge, and are eager to advance; you wish to master Niagara at once. So you hurry along the brink of the gorge, across which gleam the woods of Goat Island and the white descent of the American Fall.

A small lad, with a large head and faded yellow hair, sidles up to you, and says something about "Ing'n Work," or "Cur'osities," or "Cam'ra 'bscura," or "Guide." You give some sharp, quick answer; the small boy collapses and vanishes. You shake your head negatively at the cab-man who, catching your eye, asks, "Car-ge, S'r?" A man shambles frantically from a shanty upon the edge of the cliff, and thrusts toward you a yellow handbill, announcing that the biggest giant, the smallest dwarf, the leanest man, or the fattest woman in the world can be seen within for a trifling consideration. You look negation; whereupon the shambling individual adds persuasively that you can enter and "not pay nothink if you aren't satisfied." Still reading denial in your eye, he whispers hysterically that "if the gen'lm'n 'd please to give the hunfort'nit hobjec hany think, it 'd be a hact of ra'al char'ty." You remain obdurate. Are you growing hard-hearted? It would seem so; for you hardly notice the good-natured smile with which the ebony gentleman, seated at a small table under the shade of a friendly tree, suggests, "May be, then, Massa 'll take some when he comes

back," in reply to your gruff rejection of his small refreshments You are not even moved to sympathy by the weather-beaten canvas that marks the spot whence the unfortunate Martha Rugg fell from the bank "while picking a flower "—in fact, it does not strike you just then that she was particularly unfortunate.

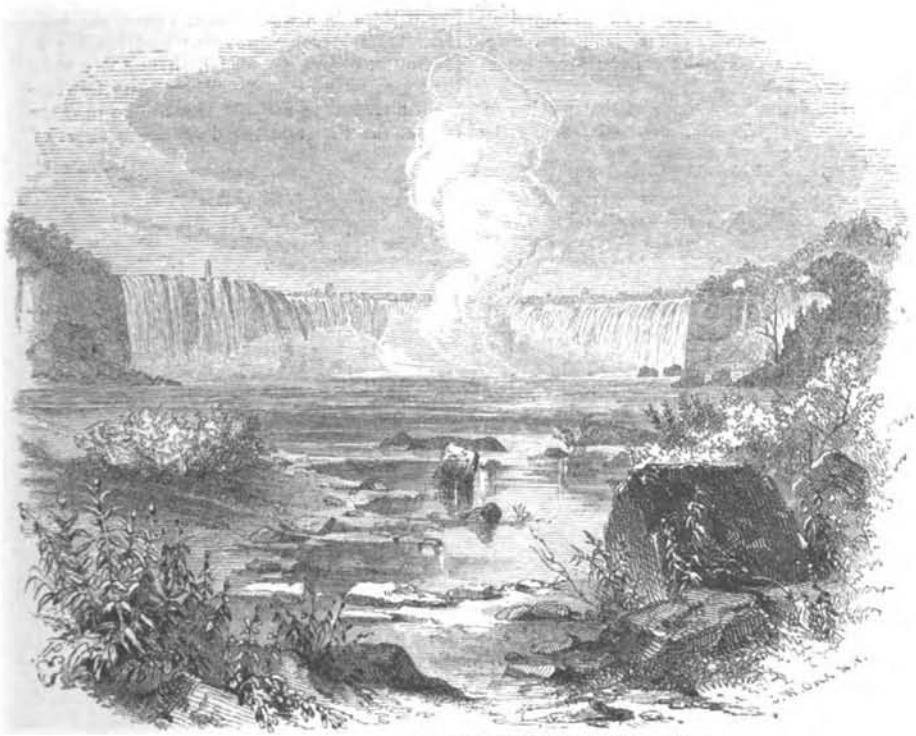
A hollow-cheeked man accosts you. His hair seems to be in a perpetual drip, and he exudes a faint odor of wet oil-skin, which you somehow imagine must be inseparable from him. He speaks in a low, mysterious tone, as though he were a hierophant proffering to you the exposition of some sacred mystery He wishes to conduct you "behind the Fall." He has evidently a theory of life He supposes the "chief end of man" to be to go behind the sheet of water.—Not now. You are satisfied to stand in the outer court, and have no present desire to penetrate within the vail.

"But all this is not describing Niagara; it is merely hinting at one's own impressions upon his first visit."

Well, then, for the Falls themselves, by way of running commentary upon our artist's clever sketches

From the bank just below the Clifton House there is a fine panoramic view of both Falls. Their general outline bears a close resemblance to the shape of the human ear; the Horseshoe Fall constituting the upper lobe, while Goat Island and the American Fall represent the remaining portion. The river, whose general course has been east and west, makes a sharp turn to the right just at the point where the Fall now is. Its breadth is here contracted from three-fourths of a mile to less than one-fourth. The Horseshoe Fall only occupies the head of the chasm, while the American Cataract falls over its side; so that this Fall and a part of the Horseshoe lie directly parallel with the Canada shore, and its whole extent can be taken in at a single glance. It is this oneness of aspect which renders the prospect from this side so much the more impressive for a first view of Niagara. It gives a strong, sharp outline which may afterward be filled up at leisure.

The most complete view of the Horseshoe Fall is that from the bottom of the cliff, at a point near the ferry landing. If, however, the water is unusually high, the quiet pool which the artist has depicted in the foreground, becomes a fierce and angry rush of waters, foaming above and around the jagged rocks. If the water is very low, the bed of this pool is entirely dry. Two years ago the scene presented the aspect here represented during the whole summer Last year there were but few days when the whole spot was not overflowed. The current nearest the Canada shore runs up-stream, as though seeking an outlet in the direction from which it came. The middle distance is



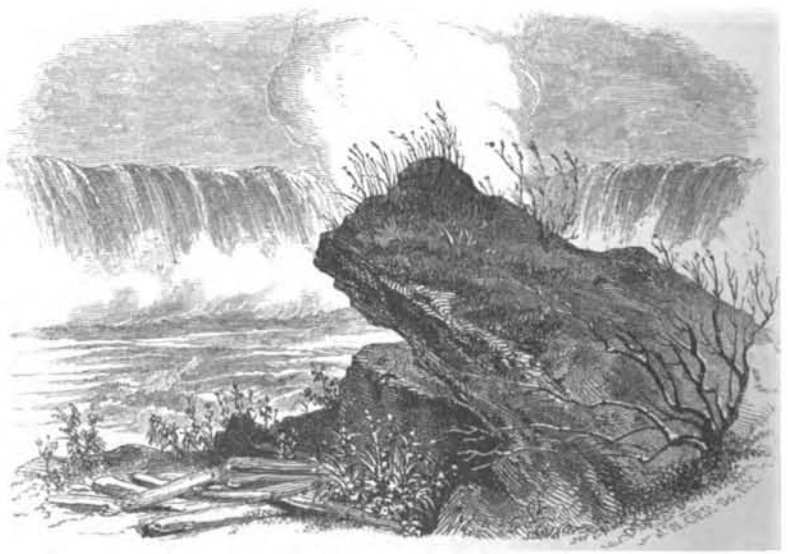
THE HORSESHOE FALL, FROM NEAR THE FERRY, CANADA SHORE.

THE TOWER, FROM NEAR THE FERRY, CANADA SHORE.

marked by a line of white foam, beyond which the current runs down-stream. The centre of the Horseshoe Fall is directly in front, defined on the right by the verge of Table Rock, and on the left by the upper extremity of Goat Island. Just below the tower which seems to rise from the midst of the waters on the American side, an immense mass of rock is dimly visible, which became detached from the precipice in February, 1852.

A very charming glimpse of that portion of the Fall directly in front of the tower may be caught through a clump of trees which stand a little above the ferry landing. The limitation of view heightens the effect, when contrasted with the unlimited prospect of the Fall presented from almost every other point on the Canada side.

It is no very difficult task for a stout pedestrian to make his way along under the edge of the precipice from the Ferry up to the foot of the Fall. The path winds among huge fragments of rock which have tumbled from above, and is slippery with the falling spray. You stop to rest upon a huge rock, where a couple of rough-coated men are fishing. They tell you that it is named "Bass Rock," and you recognize the propriety of the appellation, as you observe the finny spoil that has repaid their labor. The water rushes foaming and eddying around the fragments of rock, sometimes rising in great swells to the spot on which you stand. Fragments of timber, their ends rounded and worn like pebbles on a wave-beaten shore, are scattered around; some groaning and tossing in the water, others stranded high and dry upon the rocks, where they have been flung by some swell higher than usual. You are so near the foot of the Fall that the descending sheet of



THE HORSESHOE FALL, FROM BASS ROCK.

water occupies the entire field of vision; the immense rock which interposes between Bass Rock and the descending water has as yet received no distinctive name.

The path now begins to ascend the sloping bank, winding around huge boulders, and among gay shrubs which the perpetual spray nourishes in luxuriant greenness, wherever there is a resting-place for a patch of soil. At last you reach the dilapidated staircase which descends the perpendicular face of the cliff, and clambering around its base upon a rotten and slimy plank, you find yourself below the overhanging mass of Table Rock. You are close at the edge of the falling water, which descends in a mass apparently as solid as though carved from marble. You now begin to comprehend the height of the Fall. It makes you dizzy to look up to the upper edge of the rushing column. You stand just midway between the top and the bottom. Above you hangs the imminent mass of Table Rock; below, far down by the wet and jagged rocks, is the seething whirlpool, where the water writhes and eddies as though frenzied with its fearful leap. Round and round it goes in solemn gyrations, bearing with it whatever floating object may have been plunged into its vortex.

A year ago, this very month of August, a young woman walked in the cool gray morning down to the brink of the cliff, and flung herself into the whirlpool below. So resolute was the leap, that she shot clear of the jagged rocks at the base, and plunged sheer into the water beyond. When the visitors came sauntering down to the Fall, her body was seen whirling round and round in the mad eddies, now submerged for an instant, and then leaping up, as though imploring aid.

A day or two thereafter, I was one of a group to whom a rough-looking man was describing the scene. He told how he and two others had descended amid the blinding spray close to the foot of the Fall. A rope was then fastened to his body, which was held fast from above by the others, while he groped his misty way down to the very edge of the water, where he waited till they whirled the corpse close inshore. He then darted a spear with a spring barb into the body, but the force of the current tore out the hold, and it drifted away. Again it came within reach, and again the hold of the spear was too weak to overcome the force of the current. A third time, the body approached, and the spear was darted. This time it caught among the strong muscles of the thigh, and held, so that the body was drawn to shore.

The narrator was a rough man, roughly clad, and told his story roughly; but there was in his voice a low thrill of horror as he told how he was obliged to cut the spear-head out of the flesh with his knife, before the weapon could be extracted: "It was too bad," said he; "but it couldn't be helped." And it was with unconscious pathos that he told how they stripped off their own rough garments, and tenderly covered the poor maimed and mutilated body before they bore it up the bank. It was a commentary, wrought out into practice, upon Hood's immortal "Bridge of Sighs."

From behind the curtain of water, you now see a troop of figures slowly emerging in single file, clinging to the side of the cliff. They look like overtasked firemen or half-drowned mermen. As they draw near, you recognize in the foremost the hollow-voiced guide who, a few hours before, offered to be your Virgil, to conduct you into the Inferno before you. He smiles a ghastly recognition, for he knows that sooner or later the spell will be upon you, and you will essay the gloomy way. Among the uncouth figures is one whose light elastic step can not be disguised by the dripping oil-skin. A few hours later, as you pace the piazza of the "Clifton House," looking now at the cataract shining in the calm moonlight, and now through the open windows into the illuminated parlors, your eye catches the same light step and lithe but vigorous form.

With the exception of the Fall itself, the Canada side presents little of interest. The brink of the gorge is bare and naked, the trees which once clothed it having been cut away. The regular "drive" seems to be up to the Burning Spring, and thence back by way of Drummondville and Lundy's Lane.

At the Burning Spring you registor your name, pay your fee, and are introduced into a small apartment in the floor of which is a spring in constant ebullition from the escape of an inflammable gas. The flaxen-pated children of the show-woman place a receiver over the spring, and set fire to the gas, as it comes out of the jet; they then remove the receiver, and light the gas as it rises to the surface of the water; and that is all. You take your departure, looking vastly edified; while the driver thrusts his tongue into his cheek, as though he were mentally quoting a certain proverb touching "a fool and his money."

In the gray little tumble-down village of Drummondville, the driver shows you a petty shop kept by Sandy McLeod, notorious for his connection with the burning of the "Caroline;" a fellow upon the safety of whose worthless neck once apparently depended the question of war or peace between America and England. "Eh, but that Sandy's a great rogue," said a hard-featured Scotchman with whom I fell into conversation; "but it's no that easy to catch him."

The battle-ground at Lundy's Lane is marked by two rival observatories. The old campaigner who does the honors at the "original" has, they say, two versions of the action, which he produces as he supposes may suit the nationality of his auditors. The story goes, however, that at the "celebration," a year ago, General Scott was regaled by him with the English version, and then learned for the first time how thoroughly he was beaten upon that well-contested field.

THE AMERICAN AND HORSESHOE FALLS, FROM PROSPECT POINT.

In the early morning you commit yourself to the little boat, in which you are to be ferried over to the American shore. Your half-felt misgivings are dissipated as you see the dexterous manner with which the brawny boatman handles his oars, and takes advantage of the "up-eddy" and "down-eddy;" and in a few minutes you are landed close at the foot of the American Fall.

Half-way up the ferry stairs is an opening which gives access to a path along the foot of the perpendicular precipice to the verge of the falling water. From this point, in the early morning, may be gained one of the most picturesque views of Niagara. Your position gives you the full perception of the height of the Fall, which forms a standard by which you measure that of the Horseshoe Fall which stretches away in the distant perspective.

I was standing, one glorious Autumn morning, looking now up to where the crown of the Fall, illuminated by the early sun, shone like opal, now downward where the gray mist curled up in the deep shadow, or across the chasm which seemed bridged over by the rainbow, whose feet were planted by the American shore, while its summit, which not long before had topped the height of the Canadian precipice, flinging a glory over the bare rocks and scanty shrubbery, crept slowly down, as the sun climbed its steep way up the eastern sky. I was suddenly roused from a reverie by a sharp voice:

"It's a-bilin' and a-sizzling down there fustrate!"

Looking down into the seething caldron below, I could not but assent; though mentally excepting to the phrase in which the opinion was expressed.

"But, I say, Mister," continued my interlocutor, "is the water really bilin' hot down there, so that you can't hold your hand into it?"

Upon inquiry, I found that my new friend had fallen into the hands of one of those ingenuous youths who are on the watch to earn a few shillings by officiating as guides. He had amused his patron by a number of fables, of which this may pass as a fair specimen.

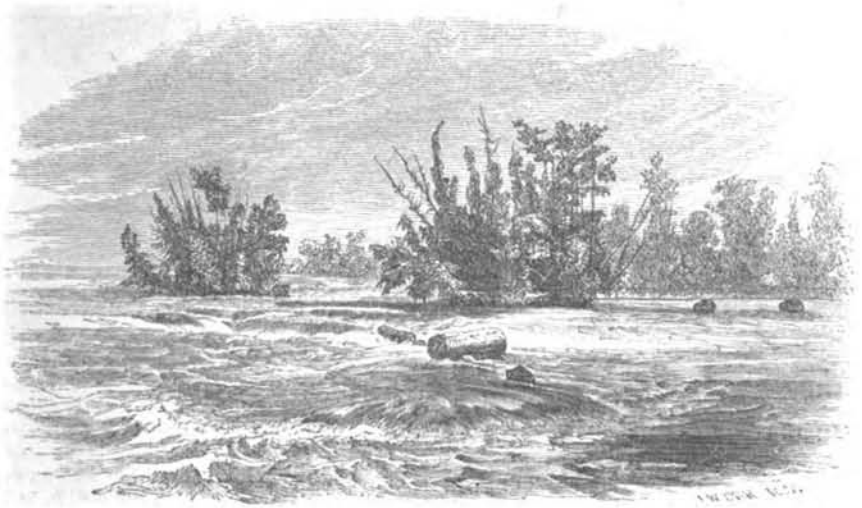
Completing the ascent of the ferry stairway, you reach Prospect Point, at its head, from whence the same general view is gained, from a more elevated point. It is hard to say whether the view from above or below is the finer The latter brings more into notice the height of the falling column of water, thus gaining an additional element of grandeur, while the latter embraces a view of the wooded islands above the Fall, adding greatly to the picturesque effect. The precise point from which the artist has taken this sketch is not now attainable. It was a projecting shelf of rock, a few feet below the precipice, which has been cut away to make room for the terribly unpicturesque, but most convenient stairway.

This was apparently the point from which honest Father Hennepin, who has left us the earliest written account of Niagara, gazed upon that "prodigious Cadence of Waters, which falls down after a surprising and astonishing Manner, insomuch that the Universe can not afford its parallel."—"The Waters," goes on the quaint narrative, "which fall from this horrible Precipice, do foam and boyle after the most hideous Manner imaginable, making an outrageous Noise more terrible than that of Thunder." The good Jesuit would seem to have been deeply moved by this "dismal Roaring;" for in the curious picture which he gives of the Falls, he represents the spectators holding their hands to their ears to shut out the din; and he hints that the Indians were forced to abandon the neighborhood of the Falls lest they should become deafened by the uproar.

The good Father must have heard the "horrid Noise of the Falls," as he elsewhere calls it, with the imagination rather than with the ear. You hardly notice it, as you loiter along the brink, except when some sudden atmospheric change varies its deep and solemn monotone. The sound is like the continuous and pervading murmur of the wind through a forest of sombre pines. You are not forced to raise your voice in conversing with the friend by whose side you loiter along the brink of the Fall, toward the bridge which gives you access to the wooded islands that beckon you on.

Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the small wooded islands which stud the Rapids upon the American side. Two of rare beauty, known as "Ship" and "Brig" Islands, stem the current a little above the bridge which connects Goat Island with the shore. It needs but little effort of the imagination to fancy them vessels under full press of sail, endeavoring to sheer out of the current that hurries them inevitably down. The former of these Islands is accessible by a bridge which connects it with Bath Island, and is one of the loveliest spots imaginable. The old cedars, whose gnarled and contorted trunks overhang the waters, dipping their branches into the current, seem to cling with desperate clutch to the rocks, as though fearful of losing their hold and being swept away.

From the bridge leading to Goat Island the Rapids present that same appearance of plunging from the sky which renders their view from the Canadian shore so impressive. So thought



THE AMERICAN RAPIDS, FROM THE BRIDGE.

THE AMERICAN FALLS, FROM HOG'S BACK.

a young man whom I saw one calm moonlight evening leaning on the railing, and contemplating the rush of waters.

"They are beautiful, wonderful—but not quite what I expected," said he, as we fell into conversation. "I had supposed that the Falls were higher"

He had hurried from the hotel, ignorant which way to go, and supposed that he was now looking at the Great Cataract.

Goat Island—so let it still be called in spite of the foppery which has of late attempted to change its name to Iris Island—presents an aspect almost as wild as it did before it had been rendered accessible to human foot. Were it not for the path which girdles its entire circumference, and the rustic seats disposed here and there, one might fancy that he was the first who had ever sauntered through its grand and stately woods. The beauty and variety of the trees on this island are wonderful. There is the maple, greeting the early spring sunshine with its fire-tipped buds; spreading out in summer its broad dome of dark green leaves in masses so thick

that beneath them you have no fear of the passing shower; and in autumn wearing its gorgeous crimson robe like an Oriental monarch. The beech shows its dappled trunk and bright green foliage at every point, giving perpetual life and vivacity to the scene. The silvery trunks of the white birch gleam among the underwood. An occasional aspen, with its ever-quivering leaves, which almost shed a sense of breezy coolness in the stilliest, sultriest day, contrasts finely with the dark evergreens by which it is relieved. Almost all of our northern Fauna have their representatives here. Even upon the little Ship Island, which can be crossed in any direction in a dozen strides, and which appears to a hasty view but a mass of twisted and gnarled cedars, there are at least seven distinct species of trees. Those trees, however, which immediately overhang the Falls have an aspect peculiar to themselves. They are bent, broken, twisted, and contorted in every direction. They seem to be starting back in horror from the abyss before them, and to wind their long finger-like roots around the rocks, in order to maintain their hold.

One of these, an aged birch, growing upon the ridge known as the "Hog's Back," affords a resting place from which to gain one of the finest views of the American Falls. Right in front is the small Central Fall, and the footbridge which leads to Luna Island, with its trees dwarfed and stunted by the weight of frozen spray which loads them in the winter. Beyond is the serrated line of the American Fall; while the distance is filled up with the receding lines of the banks of the river below.

A few paces—past groups of blithe tourists, past companies of sombre Indian girls in blue blankets and high-crowned hats, with their gay wares spread out at their feet—brings you to the Biddle staircase, down which you wind to the foot of the precipice.

The path to the left leads along the foot of the overhanging cliff, up to the verge of the Horse-shoe Fall, only a portion of whose circumference is visible from any point on the American shore. You are here close upon the fragments of rock that fell from just in front of the tower, in February, 1852, the latest of those changes which are slowly and almost imperceptibly altering the form and position of the Falls. This fall of rock was seen by the artist who has given us so faithful a picture of its effects. He was just recovering from an illness, and while sitting in his room at the Clifton House, on the opposite Canadian shore, he was startled by a crash, almost like that of an earthquake. Tottering to the window, he beheld the immense curtain of rock in front of the tower precipitated from its ancient hold, and lying in huge masses upon the ice below; while a few streams of water trickled down the brown cliff, where but a moment before nothing had been seen but a surface of dazzling ice. The water at this extremity of the Fall descends in light feathery forms, contrasting finely with the solid masses in which it seems to plunge down the centre of the sweeping curve. The tower is perched upon the very brink of the

HORSE-SHOE FALL, FROM BELOW THE TOWER.

ENTRANCE TO CAVE OF THE WINDS

precipice, so close that the next fall of rock must carry it along with it.

The path to the right from the foot of the staircase, leads to the entrance to the Cave of the Winds, which lies behind the Central Fall. It is hard to imagine how this cavern missed being called the "Cave of Æolus" by those classicists who have exhausted ancient mythology for appellations for our American scenery. But it has escaped this infliction; and the "Cave of the Winds" it is, and will be. From the little house close by the entrance, where the requisite changes of dress are made, you look down into an abyss of cold gray mist, driven ever and anon like showers of hail into your face, as you grope your way down the rocky slope. Haste not, pause not. Here is the platform, half-seen, half-felt amid the blinding spray. Shade of Father Hennepin, this is truly a "dismal roaring" of wind and water. We are across—and stand secure on the smooth shaly bottom of the cave. Look up: what a magnificent arch is formed by the solid rock on the one side, and the descending mass of water on the other. Which is the solider and firmer you hardly know. Yet look again—for it is sunset—and see what we shall see nowhere else on earth, three rainbows one within another, not half-formed and incomplete, as is the scheme of our daily life; but filling up the complete circle, perfect and absolute.

Upon an isolated rock at the very brink of the cataract stands a round tower. It is approached by a long, narrow bridge, resting now upon ledges of solid rock, and now upon loose boul-

THE TOWER, FROM THE HEAD OF THE BRIDGE.

ders. From the balcony upon its summit, you can lean far over the edge of the precipice, and there catch the freshness of the cloud of spray that rises evermore from the unseen foot of the great Fall. Or you can climb down the low rock upon which the tower stands, and gather shells and pebbles from within arm's length of the verge of the descent, so gentle, to all appearance, is the current. But be not over-bold. These waters, apparently so gentle, sweep down with a force beyond your power to stem. Not many months ago, a man fell from the bridge into their smooth flow, and was in the twinkling of an eye swept to the brink of the descent. Here he lodged against one of those rocks that lie apparently tottering upon the brow, looking over the fearful descent, with as little power to retrace his course, as he would have had to reascend the perpendicular Fall. A rope was floated down to him, which he had just strength to fasten around his body, and he was drawn up from his perilous position.

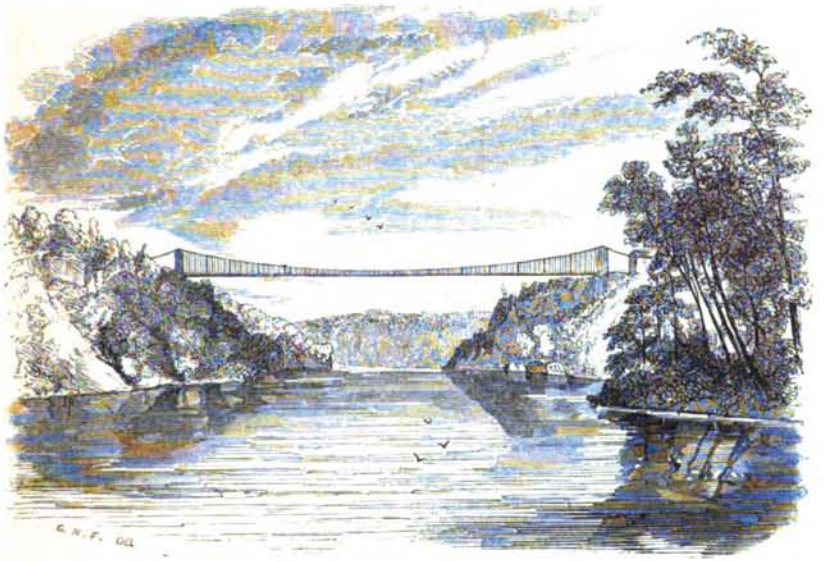
It is usual to speak of the Horseshoe Fall as Canadian; and our rather slow neighbors across the river have been wont to plume themselves upon the possession of the more magnificent part of Niagara; while Young America has been heard to mutter between his teeth something about "annexation," on the ground that the lesser nation has no fair claim to the possession of the major part of the crowning wonder of the Continent. But the portion of Niagara belonging to Canada is hardly worth contending for. The boundary line between the two countries is the deepest water, which runs far over toward the Canadian shore. The line passes through the lonely little isle in the centre of the river, which has never been trodden by human foot. Right through the very centre of the Horseshoe Fall, where the water is greenest, cutting the densest pillar of spray — through the inmost convolution of the whirlpool — through the calmest part of the quiet reach of water above the Suspension Bridge — through the maddest rush of the rapids below — goes the boundary line — leaving to Canada nothing of Niagara except Table Rock, which yearly threatens to fall, and the half of the great Fall: while to America it gives, together with full one half of the Horseshoe Fall, the varying beauties of the lesser Cataracts, and the whole wealth of the lovely islands which gem the Rapids.

The general form of the Fall is slowly changing from age to age. When good Father Hennepin saw them, a century and three-quarters ago, they presented little of that curved and indented outline which now forms their most striking peculiarity. The Fall on the western side extended in nearly a straight line from the head of Goat Island to Table Rock, which terminated in a bluff that turned a portion of the water from its direct course, forming another cataract which fell to the east. A century later, this projecting rock had disappeared, but the spot which it had occupied was distinctly traceable. From the character of the strata through which the water has slowly worn its way back from the shores of Lake Ontario, we learn what must have been the appearance of the Fall at any period of its history. Thus, it can never have overcome the descent of three hundred and fifty feet at Lewiston at a single leap, but must have formed at least three cataracts separated by intervening rapids. When the Falls occupied the position of the Whirlpool, three miles below their present site, the descent was evidently greater than at any period before or since. But there never can have been a period when their beauty equaled that which they present at the present age. The immense breadth of the sheet of falling water, its graceful sweep of curves, and the picturesque islands that stud

the brink, belong solely to our present Niagara. The Falls recede at present, we are told, at the rate of something less than a foot in a year. Geology is able to predict that when a recession of a mile has taken place—some five or six thousand years hence—the height of the Fall will be reduced by a score of feet. Another five thousand years will subtract two score more of feet. Ten thousand years more, when the Fall shall have worn its way four miles farther back, all that constitutes Niagara will have disappeared, and the whole descent will be accomplished by a series of rapids like those near the Whirlpool.

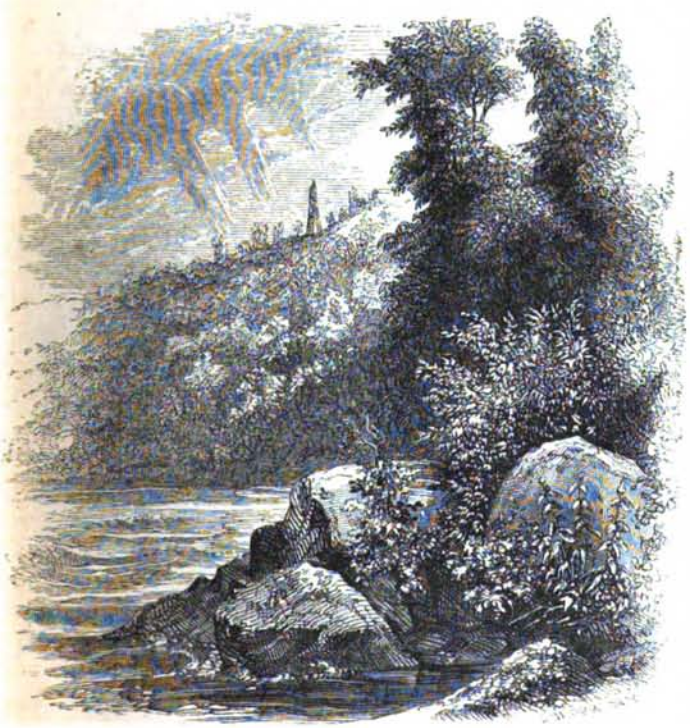
It is strange how little of direct human interest is connected with Niagara. One would have supposed that it would have been a sacred spot with the Indians; but, with the exception of a few graves on the upper extremity of Goat Island, no special memorial of the aborigines exists here. In truth, the actual North American Indian was a terribly unpicturesque and unheroic animal. The Falls have been known to the white race for too short a time to gather around them legendary associations. One or two points are associated with the memory of a young Englishman who, something like a score of years ago, set up as the "Hermit of the Falls." A picturesque little break in the Rapids between Goat Island and one of the rocky islets known as the "Three Sisters," has been named from him the "Hermit's Cascade." It is a lovely spot by the side of which one may lie under the overarching trees, and while away the noontide hour, lulled into dreamy slumber by the deep voice of the Cataract. This "Hermit" seems hardly worthy of being made the hero of the Falls. Little is told of him except that he was fond of music and of pacing by night along the margin of the river; that he was alike indisposed for human society and for clean linen. It is said, indeed, that he was accustomed to record his musings in Latin, but as no fragments of these were discovered after

THE HERMIT'S CASCADE.



THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FROM THE MAID OF THE MIST

his death, we may set the story down as apocryphal. A deeper tragic interest is attached to a tale, now some three years old, which will be told you as you stand by the margin of the Lesser Fall. A party of visitors stood here, in gay discourse. Among them were a young man, his affianced bride, and a laughing child. The young man caught the child in his arms, saying gayly, "Now I shall throw you over." She glided from his hold in affright, half real, half feigned, and plunged into the stream; he sprang after, but the current was stronger than his strength, and swept them both down the smooth slope, and over the Fall Their bodies, mangled and bruised, were recovered from the rocks below.



BANK BELOW THE WHIRLPOOL.

The pedestrian can hardly find a pleasanter summer day's ramble, than that along the river to Lewiston, descending on the American side, and returning by the opposite bank For a mile below the Falls, where the channel is narrowest, the current is so smooth, that one might fancy he was gazing down into some quiet tarn embosomed in the mountains, were it

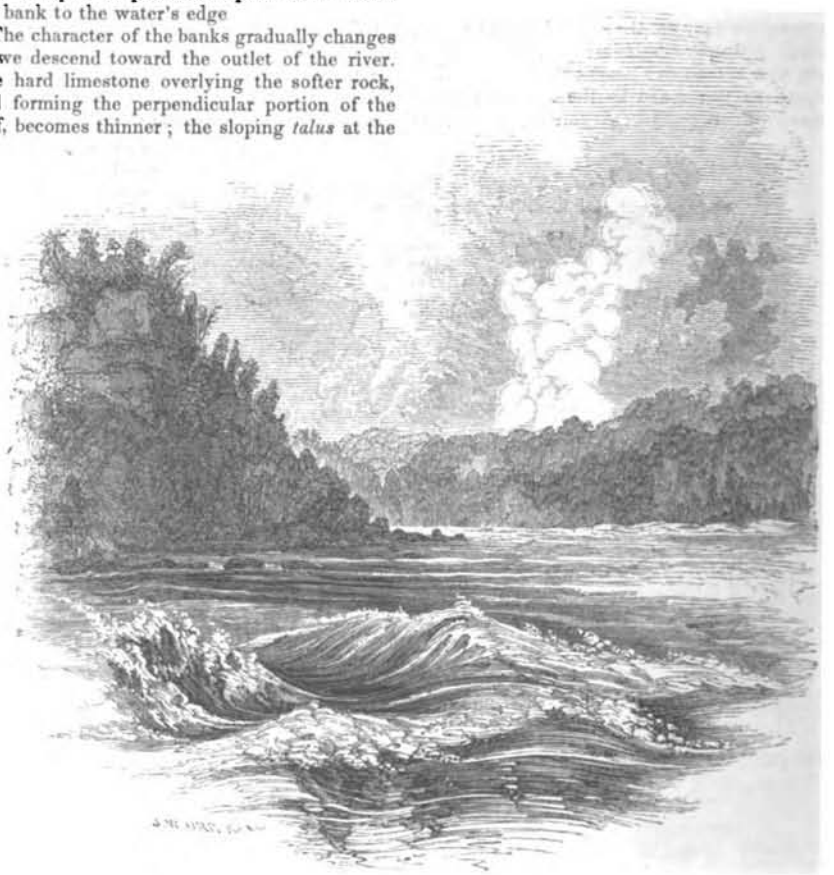
not that you catch the white margin of the lower Rapids just where the Suspension Bridge stretches its slender line from the summits of the opposing cliffs. In this quiet reach of water plies the little steamer, the "Maid of the Mist." After passing the ugly, bustling little village growing up around the American extremity of the bridge, a path leads through quiet fields and woods along the very verge of the precipice. Here and there some tree growing upon the brink forms a safe balustrade over which you lean, and look down upon the green water dashing furiously through its confined channel far below.

The Whirlpool, three miles below the Falls, is an adjunct worthy of Niagara. The stream makes a sharp bend just where the channel is narrowest and the descent of the Rapids the steepest. At the angle the current has scooped out an immense basin, around whose whole circumference the water circles before it can find an outlet. All floating bodies that pass down the river are drawn into the Whirlpool, where they are borne round and round for days, and weeks sometimes, it is said, before they make their escape. A practicable path winds down the bank to the water's edge

The character of the banks gradually changes as we descend toward the outlet of the river. The hard limestone overlying the softer rock, and forming the perpendicular portion of the cliff, becomes thinner; the sloping *talus* at the foot grows higher, and the rocks are clothed with a luxuriant forest growth.

A half mile below the Whirlpool is a deep cleft in the precipitous bank, which is connected with a wild Indian legend ascribing terrible convulsions of nature, and even the approach of the fatal white men, to an unauthorized violation of the privacy of a great demon who once abode here This was the scene of a terrible tragedy in the old Franch wars A convoy of British soldiers fell into an ambush of Indians at this point, and were all, with the exception of two, slain outright or driven over the edge of the chasm. The little rivulet which flows over the brink, ran red with the blood of the slaughtered, and thus gained the name, which it still bears, of the "Bloody Run."

Close by the Devil's Hole the railroad now in course of construction from Lewiston to the Falls, gains the level of the top of the bank. From this point downward, it is excavated in the face of the cliff, forming a steep grade to its bottom An almost continuous line of *shanties* occupied by the laborers engaged in the excavation extends along the very verge of the preci-



THE WHIRLPOOL, FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

pice. It was curious, as I passed along in the early April days, to see children whom we should scarcely trust out of the nurse's arms, sprawling upon the very verge of the cliff. The laborers are apparently all Irish, and it is noteworthy to see how much more intelligent is the aspect of the younger than of the older children. I thought I could distinguish by their mere physical appearance those who were born under the freer and happier auspices which surround them here.

At the foot of the cliff the Suspension Bridge stretches like a slender thread across the stream, its supporting towers resting on a ledge above the level of the roadway. No line of guards watches the quiet frontiers of two great nations. The sole police is a small boy at the gate, and the only passport demanded is a shilling for toll. You climb the smooth slope to the summit, where the shattered monument to the noble Brock is the only memorial of the day when the thrice-won victory was at last wrenched from the hands of the Americans.

THE AMERICAN FALL BY MOONLIGHT.

A flock of sheep are cropping the tender herbage; a couple of lambs have found a shady resting-place in the crumbling archway of the monument. To the right the white village of Lewiston presents an aspect of bustling activity; while to the left, on the opposite Canadian shore, Queenstown rests gray and sombre. At your feet, just below the dilapidated memorial of war, the bridge—symbol of union—binds the two shores: may it never be a pathway for the march of hostile armies!

There are two or three things in the way of excursion which must sooner or later be performed. Some bright afternoon, when the west is all a-glow, as you sit upon Table Rock, watching the clouds of spray momently torn from the face of the descending column, the guide with the hollow voice, whose mission is to conduct visitors behind the great sheet, presents himself. You commit yourself to his guidance, and donning the suit of yellow oil-skin follow him down the spiral staircase, along the base of the precipice up to the verge of the cataract. You shudder, and hesitate to enter the blinding spray along that winding path which seems in the dimness like a slender line drawn upon the face of the rock. The guide whispers a word of encouragement, deftly insinuating how boldly "the lady" trod its slippery length. You take courage and advance. You can scarcely breathe, much less see—but you feel that the torrent is plunging from the immeasurable height above into the unfathomable depth below. Somehow, how you hardly know, you have passed through the thick curtain of blinding spray, and are peering eagerly into the gray depth beyond. You are on Termination Rock, and farther than this mortal foot may never penetrate within the vail. Whichever way you turn, it is all cold gray mist, shrouding the overhanging rock

and the over-arching water above, and the profound depths below :—all mist, cold gray mist above, below, around, except when you turn your eyes back along the path by which you entered, where you behold a strip of golden sky between the grim rock and the edge of the descending flood. Drenched and dripping, spent and exhausted, as a shipwrecked sailor flung by the surf upon some inhospitable shore, you follow your guide back along the misty path, and emerge gladly enough into the clear outer air, into the free sunshine, and beneath the bright sky. You have been within the vail. As you doff the heavy oil-skin integuments, a printed paper is put into your hand, certifying that you "have been under the great sheet of water, the distance of two hundred and forty feet from the commencement of the Falls to the termination of Table Rock," verified by the signature of the proprietor of "Table Rock House." Your guide looks on you complacently, as though he would assure you that the great end of life was now attained, and you might take up your "*Nunc dimittis*."

Or you take your place upon the deck of the "Maid of the Mist," hard by the Suspension Bridge, and are steamed up to the foot of the cataract. The little steamer answers but poorly to her romantic name. She swings wearily from her moorings, and goes panting and tugging up the current. Yet she manages to hold her course, unless the wind blows too strong down-stream, and slowly wins her way close up to the huge rocks upon which the waters of the American Fall are broken and shattered, into the thickest of the spray. A sharp gust of wind tears a sudden rent through the spray, dashing it in arrowy sleet against your upturned face; but through the rent you catch a glimpse of the green crest of the Horseshoe Fall, sinking grandly into the ocean of vapor below.

Or better still, on some calm moonlight night, you invoke the aid of "Charley Jones" or his brother "'Ras," the ferrymen, and glide up along the foot of the American Fall, keeping just outside the dark line of shadow. There is nothing on earth so weird and ghostlike as the spectacle before you. The column of spray rises from the blankness below, like the spectre of some gigantic tree, and spreads solemnly up into the clear air above.

The mere summer tourist sees, however, but half of Niagara. In the winter the great rocks at the foot of the Fall are piled with an accumulation of frozen spray to the depth of half a hundred feet. By creeping cautiously up the slippery ascent, you may stand face to face with the cataract, half-way up its height. Every shrub on the margin is loaded with glittering ice. The thick-branched evergreens are bowed beneath its weight, and bend to the ground like enormous plumes. The face of the cold gray rock is cased in glittering ice, and ribbed with pillars and pilasters, which flash back the reflection of all gems, in the slant rays of the sun.

WINTER VIEW AT NIAGARA.

These are but words, and words can only faintly suggest some of the more salient features of Niagara. Even the painter's pencil is inadequate to express that in which lies its deepest charm—everlasting motion and perpetual change, conjoined with an all-pervading sense of unity. The artist from whose labors we have so largely borrowed, has made the study of the Great Cataract a labor of love. He has summered and wintered by it. He has painted it by night and by day; by sunlight and by moonlight; under a summer sun, and amid the rigors of a Canadian winter, when the gray rocks wore an icy robe, and the spray congealed into icicles upon his stiffened garments. The sketches from which we have selected, have grown up under his hands for a half score of years; and we can not doubt that many to whom Niagara wears the face of a familiar friend, will find themselves transported to it in imagination, as they look upon the results of his labors; and many who may never behold the Falls, will gain some just though inadequate conception of their magnificence and beauty.

THE ARTIST AT NIAGARA.

A RIDE WITH KIT CARSON
THROUGH THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT AND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY GEORGE D. BREWERTON.

IT was some time in the boisterous month of March, 1848, that I found myself on board the good ship Barrington, then lying in the harbor of San Francisco; but only waiting the arrival of passengers to take her departure for Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Pedro; the last-named port being the place, which I hoped, with the assistance of favoring winds, shortly to reach. I say I found myself on board the Barrington; now be it understood, that my finding myself in so unstable a position as that of a ship's deck, was the result of no particular whim or fancy of mine own, but rather in accordance with the mandate of an authoritative old gentleman, then holding military sway in the Californias: which mandate having come in true official form, duly signed and sealed by order, I, as an humble lieutenant in the service of "Uncle Sam," felt bound to obey its requirements; with (to quote from the document aforesaid) "as little delay as possible."

San Francisco, in those palmy days of the olden time—at least five years ago—was not even a dim foreshadowing of the present capital of our new "El Dorado," and, consequently, the departure of the only vessel boasting three masts then in the harbor, was a kind of epoch, or red-letter day, with the majority of the population. Even the usually deserted beach was enlivened by parties of sauntering Californians, who watched our movements with a sort of idle curiosity, smoking their eternal "cigaritos," or uttering an occasional "*caramba*," as the strong wind sweeping down the bay, disturbed the sand and dust, and sent its blinding shower against their faces.

But adieu to these discursive observations. Here come our tardy fellow-voyagers — but three in number, it is true—but far too important personages to be left behind. Our anchor rises rapidly to the bows, the seamen singing gayly to the chorus of "Fare you well, California gals; cheerily, oh cheerily." And now, the Yerba Buena hills having given back the last echo, we lose our hold upon the oozy bottom, our white wings are fairly spread and fairly filled, and San Francisco, with its sandy streets, and low adobe houses, becomes a mere speck in the distance.

But as it is my purpose to carry the reader with me to a dry and torrid land; and as I have no desire to toss him upon the long surging swells of the Pacific, I will leave it to his imagination to fill up the hiatus of ten days of alternate ship and shore, storms and sunshine, head winds and fair; with all the weary catalogue of indescribable nothings which while away the hours for the traveler over the trackless roads of ocean; suffice it to say, that on the morning of the eleventh day from our departure we anchored safely in the harbor of San Pedro, some five hundred miles down the coast.

The *town* of San Pedro, at the time of which I am writing, consisted of only one *rancho*, or Mexican farm-house, then owned and occupied by an adventurous American, who received us with great hospitality, and very kindly offered my friend Dr. D. and myself, horses to convey us to the Pueblo de los Angeles (City of the Angels), a town some sixteen miles inland; at which place I expected to meet the future companions of my journey, and make the necessary preparations for encountering the perils of a trip through the Great Sahara of North America.

It is difficult for the quiet denizens of a city, whose most memorable experience of life on shipboard is confined to the miseries of a rough night in a steamer off Point Judith, to appreciate the almost ecstatic feelings of delight which stir the heart of a landsman, upon being released from the narrow limits of a ship's deck and cabin. The very earth seems greener, and the sky brighter; in fact, all nature seems to be in holiday-trim, and to have ordered a new suit in honor of his arrival; at least, it so appeared to me when, on the day following our landing, the rising sun saw, or "might have seen" (as a distinguished modern novelist says), myself and friend and myself mounted upon noble horses, and all prepared to take the road for Los Angeles. As usual in such cases, our host and his family had turned out in force to make their *adios* and see us off; and, considering the number of persons, I do not believe that I ever witnessed a greater scene of noise and confusion. Every discordant sound, of which a California farm-yard is so prolific, seemed present, and doubly magnified to grace the occasion. Donkeys brayed, Mexicans chattered, cocks crew, every horse in the *corral*, or horse-yard, seemed determined to give us his farewell neigh; and amid the almost stunning din I could with difficulty catch the parting words of our host: "Good-by; never trouble yourselves about the horses—but take good care of my saddles." These latter articles, I would remark, being then, in the almost primitive state of society existing in California, regarded by their owners as more valuable than the animals who carried them.

The whole, or nearly the whole of our road to Los Angeles, traversed a rolling prairie, sometimes dotted with groves of stunted trees, but for the most part presenting long slopes and ridges of grassy fields, rich at that season of the year in flowers of every dye; while here and there appeared a *rancho*, where the cattle lying lazily in the shade, and the children playing at their favorite game of lassoing each other, gave animation to the scene, and completed the painting of a beautiful and ever-varying picture. Putting our good steeds to their work, they soon took a long and steady gallop, which brought us rapidly over the ground; and ere many hours had elapsed, the white-walled buildings of Los Angeles opened upon our view.

Leaving my friend at the door of his own domicile, I wended my way to the mess-room of the military gentlemen stationed there, and

received from the dragoon and volunteer officers a kind and hospitable welcome. Mr. Christ-

STREET IN THE PUEBLO LOS ANGELES.

opher Carson (or, as he is better known, Kit Carson), the guide and leader of the party which I was to accompany, not being in town, although soon expected, I was obliged to defer my preparations until I could obtain the aid of his advice and experience; in the mean time I amused myself with visiting every point of interest about the town, riding out, smoking, and now and then flirting with some fair "señorita," thus managing, between pleasant friends and dark eyes, to pass the few days prior to Carson's arrival pleasantly, if not profitably.

The Pueblo de Los Angeles has a population of several hundred souls; and boasts a church, a padre, and three or four American shops; the streets are narrow, and the houses generally not over one story high, built of adobes, the roofs flat and covered with a composition of gravel mixed with a sort of mineral pitch, which the inhabitants say they find upon the sea-shore. This mode of roofing gives a perfectly waterproof covering, but has the rather unpleasant disadvantage of melting in warm weather, and in running down, fringes the sides of the buildings with long *pitchicles* (if we may be allowed to coin a word), thus giving to the houses an exceedingly grotesque appearance; when the heat is extreme, pools of pitch are formed upon the ground. The adobe is a brick, made of clay, and baked in the sun. Walls built of this material, from the great thickness necessary to secure strength, are warmer in winter, and cooler in summer, and are therefore better adapted to the climate than either wood or ordinary brick. In most respects, the town differs but little from other Mexican villages.

Just as I was beginning to weary of the comparatively idle life which we were leading, a friend informed me that Carson had arrived, and would shortly join our party at the messroom. The name of this celebrated mountaineer had become in the ears of Americans residing in California a familiar household word; and I had frequently listened to wild tales of daring feats which he had performed. The narrators being oftentimes men noted for their immense powers of endurance, I had caught, almost insensibly, a portion of their enthusiasm, and loved to dwell upon the theme. It is scarcely wonderful, then, that I should in my mind's eye (a quiet little studio of mine own, where I conjure up all sorts of fancies) not only sketch, but, by degrees, fill up the details of a character which I thought must resemble the guide and companion of the adventurous Frémont. My astonishment therefore may better be conceived than described when I turn both sides of the canvas to the reader, by drawing the picture as I had dreamed it out, and then endeavoring to portray the man as he really is.

The Kit Carson of my *imagination* was over six feet high—a sort of modern Hercules in his build—with an enormous beard, and a voice like a roused lion, whose talk was all of—

"Stirring incidents by flood and field."

The *real* Kit Carson I found to be a plain, simple, unostentatious man; rather below the medium height, with brown, curling hair, little or no beard, and a voice as soft and gentle as a woman's. In fact, the hero of a hundred desperate encounters, whose life had been mostly spent amid wildernesses, where the white man is almost unknown, was one of Dame Nature's gentlemen—a sort of article which she gets up occasionally, but nowhere in better style than among the backwoods of America.

I will not attempt to sketch Kit's earlier life and adventures; Frémont has drawn him with a master's hand, and my inexperienced pen may not improve upon his description.

In making the foregoing remarks, I have only offered my humble testimonial to the sterling worth of a man who, I am proud to say, was my guide, companion, and friend, through some of the wildest regions ever traversed by the foot of man.

"Kit," as I shall often call him, informed me that he had made camp at Bridge Creek, some fifteen miles distant from the Pueblo, on our road to the Great Pass, by which we purposed crossing the Californian mountains and entering into the solitudes of the Sandy Desert. This camp at Bridge Creek had been established by Carson with the view of preparing our animals (many of whom had seen hard service) for the long and tedious journey before them; and a better locality for our purpose could scarcely have been selected. Bridge Creek is a pretty little stream of clear, sweet water, fringed with trees, which afforded plenty of timber for our *corral*. On the plains, in its vicinity, the wild oats grew in luxuriant abundance, furnishing a rich pasturage. As Kit purposed taking up his residence in camp, a variety of reasons induced me to accompany him. For one thing, I had grown heartily tired of fleas, with which the houses in town are densely populated; and, in the second place, I wished to get an insight into the sort of gipsy-life which I must necessarily lead for some months to come. So, having concluded that an immediate commencement of my education in this respect would render its privations easier when the time of trial came, I

provided myself with a tin-plate, a tin-cup, which might hold about a quart, for no true mountaineer ever drinks less than that amount of coffee at a sitting—if he can get it. To these articles I added a common fork, a large bowie-knife, and a rifle;—and thus, having furnished my table and armory, I turned my attention to the bed-chamber portion of the establishment. Here my preparations were equally simple and unpretending: two Mexican blankets serving me at once for mattress, sheets, and pillow-cases, while my saddle gave a rude, but never-failing pillow. Imagine me, then, fully equipped, and prepared to take up my abode under the first tree, if the good of the service should require it.

Late in the afternoon Carson and myself, mounted upon a couple of stout mules, left the Pueblo behind us, and after three hours' riding, over hills and dales so rich in flowers that it seemed as if nature had contemplated the manufacture of a patch-work quilt upon a grand scale, we reached the spot which was to be our abiding place for nearly a month. Here I found the men, twenty in number, who had been hired for the expedition, all busily employed in taking care of our large *caballada* of mules and horses; many of these men were noted woodsmen, old companions of Carson's in his explorations with Frémont; while others, again, were almost as ignorant of mountain life as myself; knowing nothing of the mysteries of a pack-saddle, and keeping at a most respectful distance from the heels of a kicking mule.

Our daily routine of life while sojourning at Bridge Creek, was certainly primitive in its simplicity. Shortly after sunrise the camp was awakened, the animals released from their confinement in the *corral*, and driven to water, from thence they were conveyed to the fields of wild oats where each mule being secured by a long *réata* (a kind of strong Mexican rope made by twisting thongs of hide together), to an iron picket-pin driven into the ground, was permitted to graze until sunset, when the drove were again watered and secured in the corral for the night. The habits of the Californian mule are rather peculiar. Though very cautious animals when relying solely upon their own judgment—under which circumstances they generally get along very well—they would appear to have a consciousness of their own inferiority, which induces them to entertain a great regard for the sagacity of the horse, and particularly for that of a white mare. Now why the "gray mare" should be the "better horse" in their estimation, I can not say, but such is certainly the fact; and the wily Californians taking advantage of this amiable weakness, are in the habit of employing a steady old white mare of known gentleness and good character to act as a kind of mother and guide to each drove of unruly mules. This animal is sometimes called the "bell mare" from a large bell which they attach to her neck, to the tinklings of which, sooner or later, every mule in the *caballada* becomes an obedient slave. In conformity with so excellent a custom we had destined for this service an old gray mare belonging to one of our party; and I often amused an idle hour by watching the court paid her by

LIFE AT BRIDGE CREEK

the mulish crowd. To be allowed to graze in her immediate vicinity, was evidently considered a privilege by every long-eared lady and gentleman in the herd; and to obtain this much coveted position many was the quarrel, and many the spiteful bite and kick given and received. But the old mare, like a philosophical beast as she was, looked upon all their attentions with great scorn and indifference; or only noticed them, when annoyed by the tumult around her, by using both teeth and heels with wonderful dexterity, and showering her blows with great impartiality among her four-legged admirers.

For ourselves, we fished, hunted, and practiced rifle-shooting (in which latter accomplishment many of the mountaineers are almost incredibly expert); and when the evening had fairly set in, and the round bright moon, peeped slyly down through the trees, we gathered round our fire in the open air, with the blue heavens and broad spreading branches for our canopy, and with these, with songs and stories not the less interesting for being real, and in many cases the personal adventures of their narrators, we whiled away the hours so pleasantly that it was often midnight, before we spread our blankets, and laid down to sleep more soundly, and dream more sweetly, than many a man who reclines upon a couch of down.

It was finally determined that we should take the road upon the 4th of May; and having procured four stout mules, already experienced in mountain travel, from the Quartermaster at "Los Angeles" (two for riding, and the same number to pack my baggage and provisions), I purchased, after much bargaining, and many serious misgivings that I had been sorely cheated, two additional mules and one horse; which latter proved to be an animal of terrible experiences, being troubled with some painful internal complaint, which induced him to lie down whenever his rider particularly wished him to stand up. I finally thought that he found the hydropathic treatment beneficial, as he seldom crossed a stream without rolling himself and rider in the water. Having thus got together seven animals I concluded that so far as horse-flesh was concerned I should do well enough; but where to procure a proper servant, or *arriero* as they are called in Mexico, to pack my mules, and take charge of the cooking, was a problem which seemed more than difficult to solve; at last, just as I was beginning to despair, fortune appeared to favor me and a Mexican presented himself as a candidate for the office of cook, muleteer, and man of all work. A single glance at Señor Jesús Garcia (I will give only two of his half a dozen names), convinced me that whatever other qualifications he might exhibit he was certainly old, ugly, and possessed of a most villainous cast of countenance. But as it was a sort of last chance with me I was fain to receive him graciously, and after asking a few questions to which Señor Jesús replied with all the volubility for which the Mexicans are famous, I felt fully satisfied that—if one were to believe his own account of his manifold perfections, both as a man and as a muleteer—there had never existed such a paragon of virtue and skill. He could pack a mule in the twinkling of an eye, lasso and ride the wildest horse that ever ran, and as for honesty "El Teniente might load him with bags of uncounted doubloons and he would not steal a single medio."

On the second of May we broke up our camp on the Creek, and returned to Los Angeles, from which point we purposed starting on the morning of the fourth In the interval we employed ourselves in making our final preparations; drawing rations and ammunition for our men, and dividing our provisions into bags of equal size and weight for the greater convenience of packing The stores provided for our own mess (which had been increased to four in number by the addition of an old mountain man, a friend of Carson's, and a citizen returning to the States); consisted of pork, coffee, brown sugar, "Penole," and "Atole."

The two articles last named are peculiarly Mexican, and worthy of a description. Atole is a kind of meal which when prepared forms a very nutritious dish not unlike "mush," both in taste and appearance. Penole is made by parching Indian corn; then grinding it, and mixing with cinnamon and sugar. This condiment is almost invaluable to the travelers in the wildernesses of the Far West; as it requires no fire to cook it, being prepared at a moment's warning by simply mixing it with cold water. It has the further advantage of occupying but little space in proportion to its weight; but when prepared for use, it swells so as nearly to double in quantity. A very small portion is therefore sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger. In addition to these matters, we carried with us for our private consumption a small quantity of dried meat; this is also obtained from the Mexicans, who cut the beef into long strips, and then hang it upon a line, exposing it to the influence of the sun and wind until it is thoroughly hardened. When they wish to employ a more rapid process, a rude framework is erected, and on this the strings of meat are laid, a slow fire being kept up underneath until the whole becomes smoked and dried. Beef prepared in this way will keep for a long time, and is generally sold by the Mexican *vara* or yard.

The morning of the fourth of May at length dawned upon us; and although we were all up with the sun, nine o'clock found our camp in a state of terrible confusion. I have already stated that some of our party were inexperienced hands; and as packing a mule is not always a thing to be learned by intuition, they certainly made an awkward commencement at their new business. I have since thought that it might have been amusing to an uninterested spectator to watch the quiet look of contempt with which our old stagers regarded some poor greenhorn who succeeded in getting the pack upon his mule's back, only to behold it kicked off by the

indignant animal, who after performing this feat would turn round to the discomfited packer with a look that seemed to say, "Well, you haven't traveled, that's certain."

While others were thus annoyed, I was by no means exempt from my share of vexation; my pattern of a muleteer, Jesús, was nowhere to be found. That paragon of virtue had allowed himself to be seduced by a new pair of boots, and a trifle of clothing which he found in my carpet bag; and if he had not "sloped to Texas" he had at all events migrated to parts unknown; and there was I, at the last moment, with seven animals to be taken care of, packed, saddled, or driven, and not a soul to attend to them. Just as I was about giving up in good earnest, a young Mexican came up to me and requested that he might be allowed to fill the vacancy. Upon questioning him Kit recognized him at once. "A greater rascal," said Carson, "I don't think ever lived than that same young Mexican, but he knows how to take care of a mule."

It seems that Juan, such being the name of my new applicant, had crossed the desert once before as a muleteer to an American trader; and to revenge himself for some ill treatment, real or fancied, he had cut holes in the provision bags; by which means their contents were lost upon the road, and both master and man reduced to the very verge of starvation before reaching the settlements. As I could do no better, I concluded to employ him, at the same time making a mental determination to keep a sharp eye upon Master Juan, and bring him up, nautically speaking, with "a round turn" upon the first occasion of transgression.

Juan being thus duly installed as my muleteer in chief, and cook in general, commenced operations *instanter*, by packing my mules with a celerity which fairly astonished me; for in a few moments the heavy loads were properly arranged, and my mule and his own were fairly saddled and bridled. It was fully ten o'clock before our party finally got off. We numbered twenty hired men, three citizens, and three Mexican servants, besides Carson and myself, all well mounted and armed for the most part with "Whitney's rifle," a weapon which I can not too strongly recommend for every description of frontier service, from its great accuracy and little liability to get out of order—an important point in a country where no gunsmith can be found.

The order of our march, unless altered by circumstances, or some peculiar feature of the ground, was as follows. Kit and myself, with one or more of our party came first, then followed the pack mules and loose animals, and in their rear the remainder of our men, who urged the mules forward by loud cries, and an occasional blow from the ends of their lariats. Our saddles were of the true Mexican pattern, wooden trees covered with leathers called *machéers*. This saddle for service I found far superior to those of American make, being both easier and safer, the great depth of the seat rendering it almost impossible for the animal to dislodge his rider, a fact which partly accounts for the fearless horsemanship for which Mexicans are so famous. Our bridles, formed of twisted hide or horse hair, were ornamented with pieces of copper, and furnished with strong Spanish bits. As for our spurs, they were sharp and heavy enough to have driven an elephant, not to speak of a Californian mule, which I take to be the more unmanageable beast of the two. To finish the details of our equipments, I will describe my own costume as a fair sample of the style of dress which we wore. I was attired in a check or "hickory" shirt as they are called, a pair of buck-skin pants, a fringed hunting shirt of the same material, gayly lined with red flannel and ornamented with brass buttons (which last I afterward found useful in trading with the Indians). As for my head gear, my hat would scarcely have passed muster among the "Genins" and "Learys" in Broadway—being nothing more than a broad-brimmed straw of very ordinary texture. To go to the other extremity, my feet were cased in a pair of strong cowhide boots, which reached almost to the knee. My weapons I have already noticed; but among my list of sundries I must not forget my water flask, which was a curiosity in its way, and as I have not as yet taken out a patent for the invention, it may give some ingenious Yankee a new idea. It was a bottle made of porous leather which held half a gallon, and suffered just so much of the liquid to soak through as was requisite to keep the outside constantly wet, so that whenever I desired cool water I had only to hang up my flask, or expose it to a free current of air.

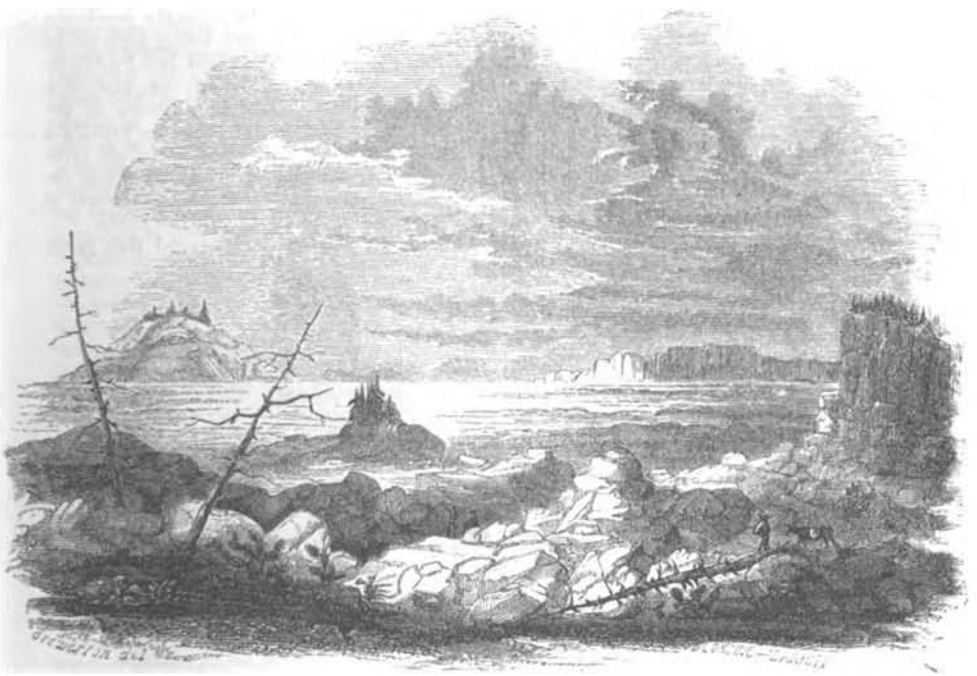
As the first day's march was intended as a sort of trial trip, we determined to make the distance a short one, and encamp for the night at our old stand, Bridge Creek, which, as I have before stated, was directly on our way to the Pass; and it was well that we did so; for though our camping ground was but fifteen miles distant from the Pueblo, our march seemed more like a chapter of accidents than a progressive movement. Many of the mules, saddled for the first time in months, got up all sorts of ungainly antics; and were as vicious and obstinate as possible. We had scarcely cleared the town when a tremendous clatter in our rear apprised me that something was coming; and ere I could turn my head, a pack-mule passed me at the top of her speed, with her head stretched out and her heels flying in the air, while at every jump, the beast flung some article of my personal property, right and left, here a frying-pan, and there a bag of sugar, while Juan came thundering in her wake, swearing indifferently in Spanish and English, and threatening all sorts of personal violence to the long-eared offender. And so we jogged along until sunset. I do not believe that a more tired man, or one more keenly sensible of the luxuries of rest and a good cup of coffee, could have been found that night than myself.

By sunrise the next morning we were on our way to the Pass, and a hard and hot day's ride we had of it. During the day we passed the last house which we were to see until our arrival in the Territory of New Mexico, and I must confess that I turned in my saddle and cast many "a longing, lingering look" behind. Our camp that night was upon a rough, and stony hillside, within the Pass. I remember well that I felt something more substantial than a crumpled rose-leaf under me during the night; to say nothing of awakening in the morning with an accurate impression of divers small geological specimens in my back and sides. But these were minor difficulties and a mere foretaste of the troubles to come.

And now, dear Reader, as I am about entering upon the theatre of our more exciting travel, I will remark that it is not my intention to treat the subject geographically, geologically, or botanically. I have had a horror of the "ologies" ever since my days of schoolboy experience, and as Frémont has described the country, its general features and productions, it would be not only unnecessary, but presumptuous in me to portray it: I shall therefore confine myself to such such scenes of incident and adventure as might prove most interesting; and—thanks to Indians, hard travel and harder fare—I think there will be no lack of incident.

My sensations upon viewing the Great Desert for the first time were certainly peculiar, and I think that they who know the country will acquit me of any unmanly feeling, when I say, that, as my eye wandered over the vast expanse of hot sand and broken rock, I thought that I should not altogether dislike "backing out." But we were "in for it," and there was no use moralizing. Besides I soon had matters of more moment to occupy me.

Among my seven animals (of whom, to criticise them as a body, I can safely say that they appeared to be about equally made of viciousness, obstinacy, and a strong disposition to laziness) I found a little gray mule which I had reserved for my especial riding. She had her unpleasant peculiarities too, one of which was that it generally required about two men to saddle her, one to throw her down, and one to put the saddle on. Another amiable failing was a trick which on this occasion I learned to my cost; though perfectly gentle with her rider fairly seated, she took advantage of your getting off, to look quietly round, get your exact position and attitude, then let both heels fly, knock you down, and be off like the wind. We had just got to the foot of a long, steep sand hill, when by some ill fortune I found myself half a mile in the rear of our men, who were crossing the summit of the ridge; my saddle slipping at the same time, I dismounted to tighten the girths, when my "gallant gray" at once practiced her favorite manœuvre, leaving me "*hors de combat*," doubled up on a heap of sand in company with about fifty pounds of light luggage, in the way of blankets, gun, and ammunition, from which recumbent position I elevated myself just in time to behold my treacherous



APPROACH TO THE GREAT SANDY DESERT.

SAND ROCKS IN THE DESERT

mule under full sail for the rest of the caballada Talk about Job's troubles, if you will; it *was* enough to make a minister forget himself. I did swear a little, and once I leveled my rifle at the flying steed; but prudence stepped in and whispered that one live mule was worth ten dead ones—particularly on the road—so I determined to pocket my anger for the present, and shouldering my gun, with a blanket on either arm, I trudged up hill through the deep sands for nearly a mile, when just as I had made up my mind to stop where I was until the Diggers should be pleased to come and take me, Juan galloped up with the truant mule which he had captured with his lasso. I can assure the reader that I was not the only sufferer by the transaction.

Our route for several days lay over a dreary waste, where the eye met the same eternal rock and sand. In fact, the whole country looks more like the crater of an immense volcano than any thing else that I can compare it to; or, to use the words of one of our men, he believed "the darned place had been a-fire, and hadn't got quite cool yet." Our general course was by the great Spanish trail, and we made as rapid traveling as possible, with the view of overtaking the large Mexican caravan which was slowly wending its way back to the capital of New Mexico. This caravan consisted of some two or three hundred Mexican traders who go on one year to the Californian coast with a supply of blankets and other articles of New Mexican manufacture; and having disposed of their goods, invest the proceeds in Californian mules and horses, which they drive back across the desert. These people often realize large profits, as the animals purchased for a mere trifle on the coast, bring high prices in Santa Fé. This caravan had left Pueblo de Los Angeles some time before us, and were consequently several days in advance of our party upon the trail—a circumstance which did us great injury, as their large caballada (containing nearly a thousand head) ate up or destroyed the grass and consumed the water at the few camping grounds upon the route.

We finally overtook and passed this party,

NEW-MEXICAN TRADER.

after some eight days' travel in the Desert. Their appearance was grotesque in the extreme. Imagine upward of two hundred Mexicans dressed in every variety of costume, from the embroidered jacket of the wealthy Californian, with its silver bell-shaped buttons, to the scanty habiliments of the skin-clad Indian, and you may form some faint idea of their dress. Their caballada contained not only horses and mules, but here and there a stray *burro* (Mexican jackass) destined to pack wood across the rugged hills of New Mexico. The line of march of this strange cavalcade occupied an extent of more than a mile; and I could not help thinking, while observing their arms and equipments, that a few resolute men might have captured their property, and driven the traders like a flock of sheep. Many of these people had no fire-arms, being only provided with the short bow and arrows usually carried by New Mexican herdsmen. Others were armed with old English muskets, condemned long ago as unserviceable, which had, in all probability, been loaded for years, and now bid fair to do more damage at the stock than at the muzzle. Another description of weapon appeared to be highly prized among them—these were old, worn-out dragoon sabres, dull and rusty, at best a most useless arm in contending with an enemy who fights only from inaccessible rocks and precipices; but when carried under the leathers of the saddle, and tied with all the manifold straps and knots with which the Mexican secures them, perfectly worthless even at close quarters.

Near this motley crowd we sojourned for one night; and passing through their camp after dark, I was struck with its picturesque appearance. Their pack-saddles and bales had been taken off and carefully piled, so as not only to protect them from damp, but to form a sort of barricade or fort for their owner. From one side to the other of these little corrals of goods a Mexican blanket was stretched, under which the trader lay smoking his cigarrito, while his Mexican servant or slave—for they are little better—prepared his coffee and "atole."

Not long after leaving the great caravan I had gone aside from our trail, and found a small quantity of water, which looked clear and tempting, in a deep crevice among the rocks. The noon-day sun shone fiercely upon the burning sand, and my mouth was parched with thirst; but though longing to drink, the water was in so inaccessible a position that, without some vessel in which to draw it from the chasm, my case would have been but little better than that of Tantalus. I looked in vain for my ordinary drinking cup, but Señor Juan, with great forethought for his own comfort, had fastened it to his saddle before starting. As I stood racking my brain to discover some expedient which might overcome the difficulty, I espied a human skeleton near me. A thought struck me. I remembered Byron, and his libations from the skull; and, revolting as it would have been under different circumstances, my strong necessity compelled me to make use of it. So I drank a most grateful draught of water from the bleaching bone, and then sat down to moralize upon the event, and wonder to whom it had belonged, and how its owner died; the result of all of which was, that I felt much obliged to the unknown individual for the use of that which could by no possibility be of any further service to him; and as a committee of one, sitting alone in the desert by the side of the fountain, I voted him my thanks accordingly.

I have heretofore briefly mentioned my Mexican servant Juan, to whom Carson had given so indifferent a character. This scapegrace had for some days shown a disposition to give trouble in various ways; but we had come to no open rupture until one afternoon, when riding in the advance, I looked back and observed the "*réata*" of my pack-mule dragging upon the ground. Calling to Juan to secure it, I rode on, thinking that my orders had been attended to. Now it so happened at that particular moment that Señor Juan was engaged with the assistance of a Mexican friend and his cigarrito in making himself exceedingly comfortable; and upon again turning my head I found my *réata* in a worse way than before. "Now," said Kit, "that fellow is trying which is to be the master, you or he, and I should advise you to give him a lesson which he will remember: if we were nearer the settlements I would not recommend it, for he would certainly desert and carry your animals with him; but as it is, he will not dare to leave the party, for fear of the Indians." As I fully concurred in Carson's opinion, and felt moreover that the period had arrived for bringing up Señor Juan with the "round turn" I had mentally promised him, I simply rode back, and without any particular explanation, knocked the fellow off his mule. It was the first lesson and the last which I found it necessary to read him. Juan gave me, it is true, a most diabolical look upon remounting, which made me careful of my pistols for a night or two afterward; but he was conquered, and in future I had no reason to complain of any negligence.

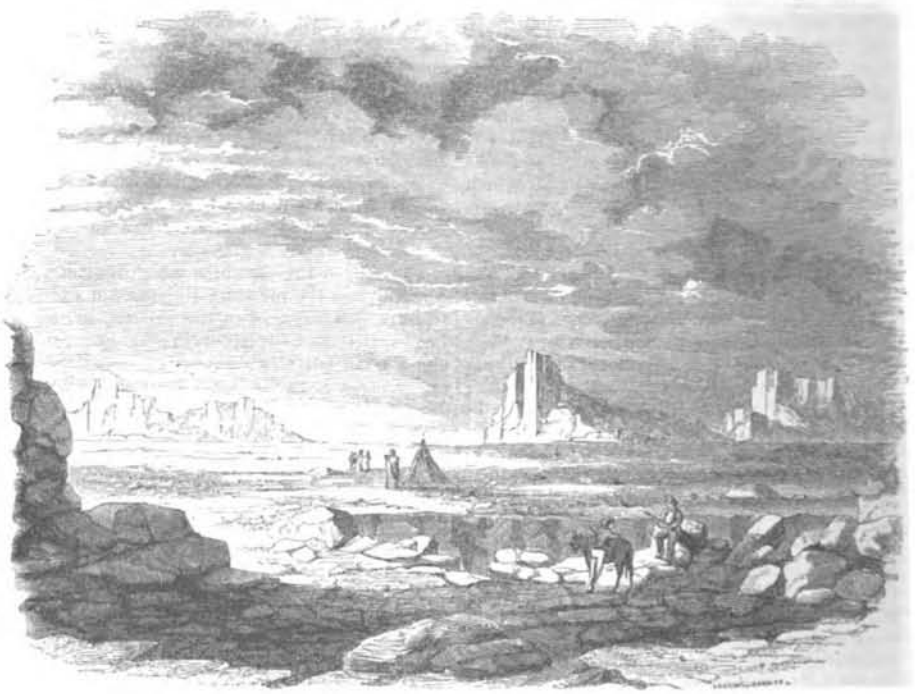
The only living creatures which inhabit the desert except the prowling Diggers, are a small rabbit which burrows in the ground, existing I can scarce say how, lizards in great quantities, and a small but very venomous description of rattlesnake; with the last named reptile I was destined during my sojourn in this region to have any thing but an agreeable interview.

It was a bright moonlight night; I had, as was my custom, spread my saddle leathers for a bed, and drawn my blanket loosely around me. Weary with the day's march I had been sleeping soundly for several hours, when about midnight I awoke suddenly, with an unaccountable feeling of dread: it must have been a sort of instinct which prompted me, for in a moment I was upon my feet, and then upon removing my blanket found a rattlesnake swollen with rage and poison, coiled and ready to strike. I drew away the *machecra* which served as a mat-

tress, intending to kill the reptile, when to my astonishment it glided away, making its escape into a small opening in the ground directly beneath my bed. The whole matter was explained at once; I had retired early, and in arranging my couch had spread it directly near the door of his snakeship's domicile. The snake had probably been out to see a neighbor, and getting home after I was asleep, felt a gentlemanly unwillingness to disturb me, and as I had taken possession of his dwelling he took part of my sleeping place, crawling under the blanket where he must have lain quietly by my side, until I rolled over and disturbed him. I can scarcely say that I slept much more that night, and even Carson admitted that it made him a little nervous. Had I been bitten our only remedy would have been some common whisky, which we carried with us in case of such an accident. It is a fact worth knowing, that in the mountains strong liquor is considered a certain preventive to any ill effects from snake-bites; to administer it properly it must be given at once, and in large quantities, until the patient is fully under its influence.

Our daily routine of life in the desert had a sort of terrible sameness about it; we rode from fifteen to fifty miles a day, according to the distance from water; occasionally after a long drive halting for twenty-four hours, if the scanty grass near the camping grounds would permit it, to rest and recruit our weary cattle; among our men there was but little talking and less laughing and joking, even by the camp-fire while traversing these dreary wastes; the gloomy land by which we were surrounded, scanty food, hard travel, and the consciousness of continual peril, all tended to restrain the exhibition of animal spirits. Carson, while traveling, scarcely spoke; his keen eye was continually examining the country, and his whole manner was that of a man deeply impressed with a sense of responsibility. We ate but twice a day, and then our food was so coarse and scanty, that it was not a pleasure, but a necessity. At night every care was taken to prevent surprise; the men took turns in guarding the animals, while our own mess formed the camp guard of the party. In an Indian country it is worthy of remembrance that a mule is by far the best sentry; they discover either by their keen sense of smell, or of vision, the vicinity of the lurking savage long before the mountaineer, experienced as he is, can perceive him. If thus alarmed, the mule shows its uneasiness by snorting and extending the head and ears toward the object of distrust.

During this journey I often watched with great curiosity Carson's preparations for the night. A braver man than Kit perhaps never lived, in fact I doubt if he ever knew what fear was, but with all this he exercised great caution. While arranging his bed, his saddle, which he always used as a pillow, was disposed in such a manner as to form a barricade for his head; his pistols half cocked, were laid above it, and his trusty rifle reposed beneath the blanket by his side, where it was not only ready for instant



VIEW IN THE GREAT SANDY DESERT.

INDIANS CASTING STONES DOWN UPON THE TRAVELERS.

use, but perfectly protected from the damp. Except now and then to light his pipe, you never caught Kit exposing himself to the full glare of the camp fire. He knew too well the treacherous character of the tribes among whom we were traveling; he had seen men killed at night by an unseen foe, who, vailed in darkness, stood in perfect security while he marked and shot down the mountaineer clearly seen by the fire-light. "No, no, boys," Kit would say, "hang round the fire if you will, it may do for you if you like it, but I don't want to have a Digger slip an arrow into me, when I can't see him."

A rather amusing story is told of Kit's quickness of action in time of danger. Some inexperienced mountaineer had given the alarm of Indians during his tour of guard duty at night, or as Westernmen sometimes express it "stampeded the camp;" Kit sprang to his feet in an instant and while yet half asleep seeing some dark object advancing upon him through the long grass, seized one of his unerring pistols and shot, not an Indian, but his own particular riding mule right through the head.

When the hour for our departure from camp had nearly arrived, Kit would rise from his blanket and cry "Catch up;" two words which in mountain parlance mean, Prepare to start; and these words once uttered, the sooner a man got ready the better; in a moment the whole scene would be changed, the men who just before were lounging about the fires, or taking a journey to the land of dreams were now upon their feet, and actively employed in bringing up refractory mules, who, true to their obstinate nature, and finding that their services were about to be required, declined any forward movement, except upon compulsion. This generally called forth a volley of oaths from their enraged drivers—English, Spanish and Canadian French being all prolific in objurgations; until at length the loads were fairly secured, saddles put on, and the pack-mules having been gathered together were started upon the trail; the old bell-mare leading off with a gravity quite equal to the responsibility of her office. Kit waited for nobody; and woe to the unfortunate tiro in mountain travel who discovered to his sorrow that packs would work, bags fall off, and mules show an utter disregard for the preservation of one's personal property. A man thus circumstanced soon learns to pack a mule as it should be done, at first, put on his saddle as it ought to be put on, and keep his arms in serviceable order; or if he don't, Heaven help him; the sooner he gets back to the settlements the better.

In crossing the Desert it is often necessary to march long distances without water; these dry stretches are called by the Mexicans "jornadas;" the literal meaning of the word being a journey, but in instances like the present it refers to the absence of water upon the route traveled On the "jornada" of which I am about to speak, which is sometimes called the "Jornada del Muerto" (the journey of death), the distance from one water hole to another can

not be less than eighty miles; and on account of the animals it is highly important that it should be traveled at once; to accomplish this we started about three o'clock in the afternoon and reached the other side of the jornada late in the morning of the following day, the greater part of the distance being gone over by moonlight. I shall never forget the impression which that night's journey left upon my mind. Sometimes the trail led us over large basins of deep sand, where the trampling of the mules' feet gave forth no sound; this added to the almost terrible silence, which ever reigns in the solitudes of the desert, rendered our transit more like the passage of some airy spectacle where the actors were shadows instead of men. Nor is this comparison a constrained one, for our way-worn voyagers with their tangled locks and unshorn beards (rendered white as snow by the fine sand with which the air in these regions is often filled), had a wierd and ghost-like look, which the gloomy scene around, with its frowning rocks and moonlit sands tended to enhance and heighten.

BOULDER IN THE GREAT DESERT.

There were other matters, too, to render the view impressive: scattered along our route we found numerous skeletons of horses, who at some former period had dropped down and died by the wayside. The frequent recurrence of these bleaching bones in a road so lonely, induced me to ask some explanation in regard to them of an old trapper belonging to our party. He informed me, that many years before, Billy Williams, a mountaineer almost as distinguished as Carson himself, had, in some interval of catching beaver and killing Indians, found time to gather a band of mountain men, with the view of undertaking a sort of piratical expedition to the coast of Lower California. In this enterprise he succeeded so far as to enter California, help himself to upward of fifteen hundred head of mules and horses, and regain the desert without losing a man. But from this point his troubles began. The Californians, disapproving of this summary mode of treating their property, determined to pursue and retake it by force; and to carry out their design, followed closely upon the trail of Williams's party, with nearly two hundred men. Finding himself pursued, the mountaineer, whose men were not over thirty in number, pushed on with all possible speed; and in crossing the great jornada, lost from fatigue and overdriving nearly one thousand head of his ill-gotten booty. Rendered desperate, he encamped at a water-hole, some fifteen miles distant from the termination of the jornada, at which latter point his pursuers had already arrived; Williams remarking to his men, "Well, boys, we have lost the most of our caballada, but we have five hundred animals left; and as we must recruit our stock, we will just stop where we are till we have done so; and, in the mean time, if those Mexicans want to get their animals, let them come and take them, if they can." In accordance with this determination Billy's people waited three days; but so far as the coming of their enemies was concerned, waited in vain; their courage had evidently failed them; and, although they could pursue a retreating foe, they felt no inclination to face the rifles of American hunters, who had turned like a stag at bay. At length, growing tired of inaction, and exasperated by the loss which he had already sustained, Williams proposed to his comrades to visit the Californian camp by night, and steal the horses upon which their pursuers had followed them. To this they assented; and that evening took from their enemies every horse and mule which they had with them, leaving them to return as they best might. This feat having been thus successfully performed, the Americans went on their way rejoicing. But alas for human expectations! as though to mete out a sort of even-handed justice, it was destined that they should be attacked by the Indians, who drove off their whole caballada, leaving them to find their way back to Santa Fé on foot. I will add that it is rumored that Williams curses the Indians heartily whenever he tells the tale. Such is the story; but beyond the dry bones upon the jornada, I can bear no witness to its truth.

I was not permitted to pass this portion of the desert without meeting with an adventure, which even now makes my heart beat quicker when I think of it.

When almost midway in the jornada, we entered upon what appeared, by the uncertain light, to be an immense circular basin of sand, surrounded by a range of mountains so distant that the eye could barely make out their dim outlines against the moonlit sky. This sand plain must have been fully eighteen miles in diameter; and we had barely got into it when one of my pack-mules kicked off her load; and by so doing, rendered it necessary for Juan and myself to dismount, collect the bags, and repack the animal; an operation which, as the mule was extremely restive, occupied some time to perform. When we were ready to start, I directed Juan to go ahead with the pack-mule, while I followed slowly in his rear. Now, among other imperfections, it is my misfortune

to be very absent-minded; and having fallen into some train of thought which I wished to ravel out, I threw the reins upon the neck of my mule, and jogged along slowly, until a sudden stumble warned me that we were getting into rocky ground again; and upon looking round to discover the whereabouts of our party, I found that they were not only out of sight, but out of hearing. Now as this had happened to me before, I did not give myself any particular uneasiness; but alighted, thinking that I could easily retrace my road by the track of the mules' hoofs in the sand, and thus return until I struck the back trail of our caballada, when it would be an easy matter to rejoin them; but my horror can scarcely be conceived, when I discovered that the strong wind which was blowing had filled the hoof tracks almost as fast as they had been made, so that all trace of my route was gone. My situation was certainly one to appall the stoutest heart; in the depths of an almost trackless wilderness, five hundred miles from the nearest settlements, and perfectly ignorant as I was, not only of the locality of the water hole, but even of the general course which Kit intended taking, I saw no prospect before me but a lingering death from starvation, with none to witness my sufferings—or, at best, to be murdered by the Indians, who were continually lurking about the Spanish trail. My very mule seemed to sympathize with my uneasiness, by snorting wildly, tossing her head in the air, and beating the ground with her hoofs. At length, a hope dawned upon me. I had often heard of the great sagacity of the Mexican mules, and the astonishing distances at which they will scent water; and I felt that if I was to be saved, the mule's instinct must be my preservation. So springing upon her back, I gave her the spur, at the same time uttering the cry used by Mexican muleteers to encourage their animals; then flinging the reins loosely upon her back, I left her to take whatever course she pleased. For a moment, the animal faltered and seemed uncertain, then bounded madly forward, snuffed the air, and put her head to the ground. A moment more, and with a wild cry and a shake of the head, she was off at a rapid gallop, never halting, save now and then to snuff the sand, until she had carried me safely into the very midst of our party. I need scarcely say that I felt very much like a man who had been badly scared, and had only just begun to get over it. I remember, too, making a resolution never to be left behind again—which I kept, at least, a week.

The Pau-Eutaw or Digger Indians (so called from the roots which they dig from the ground and on which they depend for the greater portion of their miserable subsistence), first made their appearance shortly after we had crossed the great jornada. Our camp was then situated upon the borders of a little stream, where a few scanty patches of grass afforded some refreshment to our tired beasts; and our party, with few exceptions, besides the watchful horse-guard, were stretched upon the ground resting wearily after the long night's ride, which we had just accomplished. Carson, who was lying beside me, suddenly raised himself upon his elbow, and turning to me, asked: "Do you see those Indians?" at the same time pointing to the crest of one of the gravelly, bluff-like hills with which we were surrounded. After a careful examination of the locality, I was obliged to reply in the negative. "Well," said Kit, "I saw an Indian's head there just now, and there are a party of at least a dozen more, or I am much mistaken." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a savage rose to his full height, as if he had grown from the rocks which fringed the hill top: this fellow commenced yelling in a strange guttural tongue, at the same time gesticulating violently with his hands; this he intended as a declaration of friendship: and Kit rising up, answered him in his own language, "Tigabu, tigabu" (friend, friend). After a little delay, and an evident consultation with his people, the old Digger (for such he proved to be), came, at first rapidly and then more slowly toward us, descending the steep hillside with an agility astonishing in so aged a being. Carson advanced a short distance to meet him, and again renewed his assurance of our friendship; but it was not until the old man had been presented with some trifling gift that he seemed fully at his ease, and yelled to his companions to join him. This they did with evident caution, coming into our camp two or three at a time until they numbered upward of a dozen. The old man had evidently been sent as a sort of a forlorn hope, to fall a victim, should we be inclined to hostility. Our Indian visitors soon gave us to understand that they were hungry; to meet this demand upon our hospitality we ordered more coffee put upon the fire, and presented them with what little remained of our dried beef, which having got wet was now both spoiled and mouldy. This, disgusting as it was, they ate voraciously; but in regard to the coffee, they seemed somewhat doubtful, until we had ourselves drank of it, when they followed our example without further hesitation, and soon emptied the kettle. In fact, had we been disposed to furnish the material, they would have devoured our whole stock of provisions; as it was, seeing that no more was to be had, they expressed their satisfaction by rubbing down their stomachs, and grunting in a manner which would have done credit to a herd of well-fed swine.

We were just arranging ourselves on the ground in a circle for the purpose of smoking and having a talk, "à la Indian," when a new party, with a large drove of horses and mules made their appearance. These new-comers proved to be a small band of Americans, who were driving their cattle into the Eutaw country with the view of trading with that tribe of Indians. The owner of the animals and leader of the party was a Mr. Walker, an old acquaintance of Carson's. After securing his caballada,

and making camp in our vicinity, Mr. Walker joined our party, and the interrupted council was resumed.

Though this was a state occasion, and one which required due gravity of countenance, I found it rather difficult to control my risibles at the singular scene which we presented.

Imagine us seated in a circle on the ground, checkered red and white, with here a half naked Indian, and there a mountaineer, almost as uncouth, in his own peculiar garb. The arms of both parties, though not ostentatiously displayed (which might have interfered with our negotiation) being placed where they could be reached at a moment's warning: a pipe (Carson's own particular "dudheen") being put in requisition for the occasion, was duly filled with tobacco, lighted, and a short smoke having been taken by Carson, Walker and myself, it was then passed to the oldest man among our Indian guests, who took two or three long whiffs, retaining the smoke in his mouth, until his distorted face bore so strong a resemblance to an antiquated monkey's under trying circumstances, that I had all but disturbed the gravity of the assembly by bursting into a roar of laughter. The old warrior, having first reduced himself to the very verge of suffocation in his anxiety to make the most of the fragrant weed, then proceeded to utter a chorus of grunts, which were intended to signify his satisfaction either in meeting us, or, what is quite as likely, in the flavor of our tobacco. The pipe having finally gone the rounds of our parti-colored circle, found its way back into the hands of the old Indian, who having placed it securely in his mouth, seemed to continue smoking in a fit of absence of mind, which not only induced him to refill it, but rendered him perfectly insensible to the reproving grunts of his brethren. I have since thought that the old warrior may have been a deep politician in his way, and therefore retained the pipe to obviate the necessity of his talking, which might have obliged him to commit himself disadvantageously upon some diplomatic question.

The talk then commenced. Kit told as much of his route and future intentions as he thought necessary, though I doubt whether they gained much *real* information; and concluded by charging divers murders and outrages upon the members of the tribe to which our visitors belonged. The Diggers answered to the effect that there were bad Indians living among the hills who did such things, but that for themselves they were perfectly innocent, never did any thing wrong in their lives, entertained a great regard for the whites in general, and ourselves in particular; and wound up, diplomatically speaking, by "renewing to us the assurances of their distinguished consideration," coupled with a strong hint that a present (a horse, or some such trifle) would not be unacceptable as an evidence of our esteem.

These Digger Indians are by far the most degraded and miserable beings who inhabit this continent; their bag-like covering is of the very scantiest description, their food revolting; the puppies and rats of the Celestials being almost Epicurean when compared with a Pau-Eutaw bill of fare. Some of the parties which I have been mentioning brought lizards with them into our camp, and ate them raw, or with no further preparation than jerking off the reptile's tail. To obtain this description of food more readily, many of them carried with their arms a sort of hooked stick, not unlike a long cane, which they use in capturing them. The hair of these savages is long, reaching nearly to their middle, and almost as coarse as the mane of a mule. Their faces seem perfectly devoid of any intellectual expression, and—save the eye, which is exceedingly keen—their features are in nowise remarkable. The traveler can not but notice a strong similarity to a wild beast, both in their manners and appearance. I have repeatedly observed them turning the head from right to left quickly, while walking, in the manner of a prairie wolf. In voracity, they bear a greater resemblance to an anaconda than to a human being. I have been told, by those who know them well, that five or six of these Indians will sit round a dead horse, and eat until nothing but the bones remain. Unlike the tribes of the Rocky Mountains, they steal your animals, not to ride, but to slaughter for food, and a loss of this kind is rendered doubly provoking to the trapper from the fact that they invariably pick out your fattest and best conditioned stock. I am informed, and I have no reason to disbelieve the story, that they will even sell their own children to the Californians, to obtain some addition to their scanty supplies. It can not be denied that there is some excuse for their failings in these respects; the miserable country which they inhabit is incapable of supporting them, and the surrounding tribes, who occupy the more fertile portions of this region, look upon these outcasts with a suspicious eye, and are unrelenting in driving them from their hunting grounds.

The arms of this degraded people consist of a bow of uncommon length, and arrows headed with stone; these last they are said to poison. In regard to their mode of obtaining the venom for this purpose, I have been told the following story, which, without attempting to endorse, I shall relate as it was told to me. The liquid which renders their shafts so deadly is a combination of the rattle-snake's poison with an extract which they distill from some plant known only to themselves. This plant would appear to possess the qualities of the fabled Upas-tree, as the noisome vapors exhaled by distillation act so powerfully upon the procurer as to destroy life. It becomes therefore a matter of some moment to decide upon the individual who is to prepare the yearly stock of poison for his tribe. Now it would naturally be supposed that so dangerous an office would be shunned by all; but, on the contrary (says my narrator), a yearly contest takes place among the oldest squaws as to which shall receive the distinguished honor of

sacrificing her life in the cause, and the conflict ends in the appointment of the successful competitor, who does the work and pays the penalty.

Our Indian visitors remained with us all day, hoping probably that some present would be given them; an expectation which was never destined to be fulfilled. About sunset, Kit's usual cry of "Catch up!" warned us to prepare for the road; and while most of the men were engaged in packing the animals, a young Indian (who, by the way, had been among the loudest in his protestations of good-will), seized the opportunity to abstract from the luggage of an old mountaineer a tin cup, which he tossed across the creek into the long rushes fringing its banks. Now this act, although certainly a gross violation of the laws of hospitality, was, under the circumstances of the case, a most ingenious mode of stealing, as the cup, even if it had been missed amid the hurry of our departure, would have been supposed to be accidentally lost; and the almost naked savages, who had evidently no means of concealing it about their persons, relieved from any suspicion of dishonesty. As it happened, I was the only one who perceived the manœuvre, and calling the man to whom the cup belonged, I informed him of his loss, at the same time pointing out the offender. He was, as I have already remarked, an old mountaineer, and long experience among the Indians had taught him the best course to pursue; so without wasting time and words in expostulation, he grasped the dishonest warrior by the hair with one hand and round the leg with the other, and then plunged him, head first, into the creek, at the same time ordering him, under penalty of death, to swim across, find the cup, and return it. This the savage did, though with evident reluctance; and as he stood dripping upon the bank, I thought that I had never seen a more forlorn or crest-fallen looking creature. As for his companions, so far from expressing any indignation at his treatment, they seemed to look upon the whole affair as a good joke, and laughed heartily.

Shortly after our departure from this encampment, we perceived smoke rising from prominent hills in our vicinity;—these smokes were repeated at various points along our route, showing that the Diggers, for some purpose best known to themselves, thought fit to apprise their tribe of our passage through the country. During the following day, parties of these Indians showed themselves occasionally upon the crests of inaccessible hills, but seemed unwilling to come within gun-shot: nor was it until we had gone two days' journey from the camp where they had attempted to steal, that a few of their people mustered courage to visit us. And when they did so, the actions of the party were so suspicious, that Kit concluded to retain one of their number (a young warrior about eighteen years of age), as a sort of hostage for their good behavior during the night. Our so doing appeared to give much greater uneasiness to the tribe than to the object of their solicitude, who either from a feeling of security, or by a strong exercise of that power of self-control for which the North American Indian is famous, exhibited no signs of timidity, but made himself perfectly at home after his own fashion. Sitting beside us on the ground, he conversed freely with Carson in the low, guttural accents of his native tongue, which he eked out with gestures and figures rudely drawn upon the ground. After partaking of our supper, he stretched himself quietly upon a blanket which we had lent him for his bed, and was about composing himself to sleep when his companions set up a most dismal howling from the adjoining hills. This yelling—sounding more like a chorus of screech-owls, or a troop of hungry wolves, than any thing else I can compare it to—was rendered doubly mournful by the gloomy shades of evening, and the otherwise total silence of the hour. This disturbance was finally quieted by Kit's replying in the Pau-Eutaw tongue, aided by the assurances of the young man himself, who yelled back an answer to the effect, that he was still in the land of the living. We knew too well the treacherous character of these people to permit this Indian to sleep in our very midst without some guard over his movements during the night; so our own mess divided this duty among them. It fell to my lot to keep the first watch until midnight; and I remember well standing beside our temporary captive with my rifle in my hand, almost envying the calmness with which he slumbered, although separated from his friends, and surrounded by those whom he must have considered the natural enemies of his race. I must not forget to say that, while arranging his bed,

DIGGER INDIAN.

he asked for his bow and arrows, which I handed him; these he placed carefully beneath the blanket by his side, explaining to me, by signs, that the damp might impair their efficacy by relaxing the bowstring, which was composed of twisted sinews.

The night passed quietly away; and in the morning we allowed our hostage to depart, making him a few trifling presents as a recompanse for his involuntary detention. Among these matters, an old pair of pantaloons, worn and tattered from long service, seemed most valued by their new possessor. So much was he elated by this acquisition, that it seemed difficult for him to restrain the expression of his joy. In fact, no city dandy, faultlessly arrayed for the fashionable side of Broadway, could have exhibited more perfect satisfaction in his strut and air than our untutored Digger. I doubt not that his new costume made him the wonder and envy of his comrades, whose principal garb was the dress with which Dame Nature had provided them.

At the Archilette, a well-known camping-ground in the desert, we passed a day and night. This dreary spot has obtained a mournful notoriety among the few travelers through these sandy wastes, from its having been the theatre of a tragedy which, though I have heard the tale from the lips of Carson himself, and witnessed the bleaching bones of the victims, I will relate in the words of Frémont, who has given in his journal full details of the outrage. The Colonel first mentions it under date of April 24th, 1844, when he says:

"In the afternoon we were surprised by the sudden appearance in the camp of two Mexicans —a man and a boy. The name of the man was Andreas Fuentes; and that of the boy (a handsome lad, eleven years old) Pablo Hernandez. They belonged to a party consisting of six persons, the remaining four being the wife of Fuentes, the father and mother of Pablo, and Santiago Giacome, a resident of New Mexico, with a cavalcade of about thirty horses; they had come out from Puebla de Los Angeles, near the coast, to travel more at leisure, and obtain better grass. Having advanced as far into the desert as was considered consistent with their safety, they halted at the Archilette, one of the customary camping grounds, about eighty miles from our encampment, where there is a spring of good water, with sufficient grass, and concluded to await there the arrival of the great caravan. Several Indians were soon discovered lurking about the camp, who, in a day or two after, came in, and after behaving in a very friendly manner, took their leave, without awakening any suspicions. Their deportment begat a security which proved fatal. In a few days afterward, suddenly a party of about one hundred Indians appeared in sight, advancing toward the camp. It was too late, or they seemed not to have presence of mind to take proper measures of safety; and the Indians charged down into their camp, shouting as they advanced, and discharging flights of arrows. Pablo and Fuentes were on horse-guard at the time, and mounted according to the custom of the country. One of the principal objects of the Indians was to get possession of the horses, and part of them immediately surrounded the band; but in obedience to the shouts of Giacome, Fuentes drove the animals over and through the assailants, in spite of their arrows; and, abandoning the rest to their fate, carried them off at speed across the plain. Knowing that they would be pursued by the Indians, without making any halt, except to shift their saddles to other horses, they drove them on for about sixty miles, and this morning left them at a watering-place upon the trail called Agua de Tomaso. Without giving themselves any time for rest, they hurried on, hoping to meet the Spanish caravan, when they discovered my camp. I received them kindly, taking them into my own mess, and promised them such aid as circumstances might put it in my power to give."

Under date of April 25th Colonel Frémont again alludes to the subject, in the following extract from his journal:

"After traveling about twenty-five miles we arrived at the Agua de Tomaso—the spring where the horses had been left; but as we expected, they were gone. A brief examination of the ground convinced us that they had been driven off by the Indians. Carson and Godey volunteered with the Mexican to pursue them; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening Fuentes returned, his horse having failed; but Carson and Godey had continued the pursuit. In the afternoon of the next day, a war-whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon Carson and Godey appeared, driving before them a band of horses, recognized by Fuentes to be part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps dangling from the end of Godey's gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They informed us that, after Fuentes left them from the failure of his horse, they continued the pursuit alone, and toward nightfall entered the mountains, into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonshine until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Afraid of losing it in the darkness of the defile, they tied up their horses, struck no fire, and lay down to sleep in silence and in darkness. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and about sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war-shout, they instantly charged into the camp, regardless of the num-

ber which the four lodges would imply. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows shot from their long bows, one of which passed through Godey's shirt collar barely missing his neck; our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad that was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off; but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprang to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and uttered a hideous howl. An old squaw, possibly his mother, stopped and looked back from the mountain side she was climbing, threatening and lamenting. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made to feast a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the best horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up; for the Indians, living in mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse-beef; and several baskets, containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence, or expectation, of a considerable party. They released the boy who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else, of the savage character, in commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head, as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner. Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object, and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of Western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage desert, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians, into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight, without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant, and for what! To punish the robbers of the desert, and to avenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat, it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an American born in the Boon's Lick county of Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis; and both trained to Western enterprise from early life."

Under date of April 29th the same writer adds:

"To-day we had to reach the Archilette, distant seven miles, where the Mexican party had been attacked; and leaving our encampment, we traversed a part of the desert, the most sterile and repulsive that we had yet seen. Our course was generally north; and after crossing an intervening ridge, we descended into a sandy plain, or basin, in the middle of which was the grassy spot, with its springs and willow bushes, which constitutes a camping place in the desert, and is called the Archilette. The dead silence of the place was ominous; and galloping rapidly up, we found only the corpses of the two men; every thing else was gone. They were naked, mutilated, and pierced with arrows. Hernandez had evidently fought, and with desperation. He lay in advance of the willow, half facing the tent which sheltered his family, as if he had come out to meet danger, and to repulse it from that asylum. One of his hands, and both his legs, had been cut off. Giacome, who was a large and strong-looking man, was lying in one of the willow shelters, pierced with arrows. Of the women no trace could be found, and it was evident they had been carried off captive. A little lap-dog, which had belonged to Pablo's mother, remained with the dead bodies, and was frantic with joy at seeing Pablo: he, poor child, was frantic with grief; and filled the air with lamentations for his father and mother. "*Mi padre! mi madre!*" was his incessant cry. When we beheld this pitiable sight, and pictured to ourselves the fate of the two women, carried off by savages so brutal and so loathsome, all compunction for the scalped-alive Indians ceased; and we rejoiced that Carson and Godey had been able to give so useful a lesson to these American Arabs, who lie in wait to murder and plunder the innocent traveler. We were all too much affected by the sad feelings which the place inspired, to remain an unnecessary moment. The night we were obliged to pass there. Early in the morning we left it, having first written a brief account of what had happened, and put it in the cleft of a pole planted at the spring, that the approaching caravan might learn the fate of their friends. In commemoration of the event we called the place *Agua de Hernandez*—Hernandez's Spring."

As I have remarked, the foregoing details were narrated to me by Carson, one of the principal actors in the affair, while we were encamped upon the ground where the murders were committed. I remember that during our visit, the dreariness of the scene was enhanced by a coming storm, which rendered the sides of the naked *sierras* still darker, and muttered solemnly among the hills. The bones of the unfortunate men still whitened on the sand, and one of the skulls which the Indians had thrust upon a pole planted in the ground, betokened the recent presence of their murderers.

Upon reaching the banks of the Rio Virgen (Virgin's River), we found the "Indian Sign," as it is called by the trappers, growing every where more plentiful. The signal fires, too, were still continued; and furnished additional

evidence that our presence in this region was regarded with suspicion and distrust. Among

SKULL OF A MEXICAN.

our halts near the Virgen, we stopped at the point where Frémont, in the spring of 1844, lost one of his best men, an old mountaineer, who fell a victim to the hostility of these same Indians. The intrepid explorer has thus described his murder in his official report; from which valuable document I have already taken the liberty of quoting.

Under date of May 9th, 1844, he writes:

"I had been engaged in arranging plants; and, fatigued with the heat of the day, I fell asleep in the afternoon, and did not awake until sundown. Presently Carson came to me, and reported that Tabeau, who early in the day had left his post, and, without my knowledge, rode back to the camp we had left, in search of a lame mule, had not returned. While we were speaking, a smoke rose suddenly from the cotton-wood grove below, which plainly told us what had befallen him; it was raised to inform the surrounding Indians that a blow had been struck, and to tell them to be on their guard. Carson, with several men, well mounted, was instantly sent down the river, but returned in the night, without tidings of the missing man. They went to the camp we had left, but neither he nor the mule was there. Searching down the river, they found the tracks of the mule, evidently driven along by Indians, whose tracks were on each side of those made by the animal. After going several miles, they came to the mule itself, standing in some bushes, mortally wounded in the side by an arrow, and left to die, that it might be afterward butchered for food. They also found, in another place, as they were hunting about on the ground for Tabeau's tracks, something that looked like a little puddle of blood, but which the darkness prevented them from verifying. With these details, they returned to our camp, and their report saddened all our hearts."

"*May 10th.*—This morning, as soon as there was light enough to follow tracks, I set out myself, with Mr. Fitzpatrick and several men, in search of Tabeau. We went to the spot where the appearance of puddled blood had been seen; and this, we saw at once, had been the place where he fell and died. Blood upon the leaves, and beaten-down bushes, showed that he had got his wound about twenty paces from where he fell, and that he had struggled for his life. He had probably been shot through the lungs with an arrow. From the place where he lay and bled, it could be seen that he had been dragged to the river's bank and thrown into it. No vestige of what had belonged to him could be found, except a fragment of his horse equipment. Horse, gun, clothes—all became the prey of these Arabs of the New World. Tabeau had been one of our best men, and his unhappy death spread a gloom over our party. Men who have gone through such dangers and sufferings as we had seen, become like brothers, and feel each other's loss. To defend and avenge each other, is the deep feeling of all."

As an apology for this long quotation, I may state that many of our party had been friends and companions of the unfortunate Tabeau; and the exciting sensations called up by revisiting the scene of his tragic end, found vent in the deep and general feelings of indignation expressed by our mountaineers against the tribe who had committed the murder.

We had scarcely been encamped two hours, when one of the horse-guard reported that he discovered fresh Indian tracks near our caballada, and expressed the opinion that they had just been made by some Digger spy, who had reconnoitred our position with the view of stealing the animals. With the associations connected with the spot, it will hardly seem wonderful that our line of conduct was soon determined upon. Carson, two old hunters named Auchambeau and Lewis, and myself, took our guns, and started upon the freshly-made trail. The foot-tracks at first, led us through the winding paths, along the river bottom, where we were obliged to travel in Indian file; and then turned suddenly aside, ascending one of the steep sand hills which bordered upon the stream. There we lost some time from the obscurity of the trail, but finally recovered it upon the crest of the bluff. A moment after, I heard Kit shouting, "there he goes;" and looking in the direction to which he pointed, I saw a Digger with his bow and arrows at his back, evidently badly frightened, and running for his life. Such traveling through deep sand I never saw before. The fellow bounded like a deer, swinging himself from side to side, so as to furnish a very uncertain mark for our rifles. Once, he seemed inclined to tarry, and take a shot at us; but after an attempt to draw his bow, he concluded that he had no time to waste, and hurried on. Kit fired first, and, for a wonder, missed him; but it was a long shot, and on the wing to boot. I tried him next with a musket, sending two balls and six buck-shot after him, with like success. Auchambeau followed me, with no better fortune; and we had begun to think the savage bore a charmed life, when

Lewis, who carried a long Missouri rifle, dropped upon one knee, exclaiming, "I'll bring him, boys." By this time, the Indian was nearly two hundred yards distant, and approaching the edge of a steep cañon (as it is called) of rocks and sand. The thing was now getting exciting, and we watched the man with almost breathless care, as Lewis fired; at the crack of his rifle the Digger bounded forward, and his arm, which had been raised in the air, fell suddenly to his side. He had evidently been hit through or near the shoulder; yet, strange to say, such is their knowledge of the country, and so great their power of endurance, that he succeeded in making his escape. In running, this warrior (who may have been an inferior chief), dropped his head-dress of fur; which, as he did not stop to get it, I thought might fairly come under the head of captured property, and took it away accordingly. From this time forward we had no more trouble with the Diggers.

Our adventures in the desert were eventually terminated by our arrival at "*Las Vegas de Santa Clara*;" and a pleasant thing it was to look once more upon green grass and sweet water, and to reflect that the dreariest portion of our journey lay behind us, so that the sands and jornadas of the great basin would weary our tired animals no more. But with all this, dangers, hardships, and privations were yet to be encountered and overcome; the craggy steeps and drifted snows of the Wah-Satch and Rocky Mountains, with many a turbid stream and rapid river, presented obstacles of no small magnitude to our onward progress. But with a better country before us, and the cool mountain breezes to fan our fevered limbs, we looked forward with stout hearts to the future, doubting not that we should yet attain our journey's end.

"*Las Vegas de Santa Clara*," to the traveler going eastward, must always appear beautiful by comparison. The noise of running water, the large grassy meadows, from which the spot takes its name, and the green hills which circle it round—all tend to captivate the eye and please the senses of the way-worn "*voyageur*."

If I remember rightly, it was not far from the Little Salt Lake that we first met with the Eutaw Indians. At this point we found one of their principal chiefs, "Wacarra," or Walker, as he is commonly called by the Americans. His encampment consisted of four lodges, inhabited by his wives, children, and suite of inferior warriors and chiefs. This party was awaiting the coming of the great Spanish caravan, from whom they intended taking the yearly tribute which the tribe exact as the price of a safe-conduct through their country. I found a vast difference in all respects between these Indians and the miserable beings whom we had hitherto seen. The Eutaws are perhaps the most powerful and warlike tribe now remaining upon this continent. They appear well provided with fire-arms, which they are said to use with the precision of veteran riflemen. I remember they expressed their surprise that the white men should use so much powder in firing at a mark, while to them every load brought a piece of game or the scalp of an enemy. Wacarra (or Walker, as I shall call him) received our party very graciously; in fact, their attentions, so far at least as my humble self was concerned, became rather overpowering, as the sequel will show.

We had been riding hard, and, as I have before stated, our rations were both poor and scanty. But to eat is a necessity; and when food is prepared, to secure your own individual share, even under such circumstances, becomes a duty of considerable importance. As our encampment was not over a hundred yards distant from the lodges of our Indian neighbors, we had scarcely sat down to take breakfast—it ought to have been called dinner, as it was then near noon, and we had eaten nothing since the day before—when Walker's warriors joined us. Now it is a difficult matter for me to eat a meal in comfort when even a dog looks wistfully in my face; and I sat gazing in some perplexity, first upon the tin platter which contained my share of the *atole*, and then at the capacious mouth of a burly chieftain who stood evidently waiting for an invitation to sit down. At length I mustered my courage, and by various signs, which he appeared to have no difficulty in comprehending, tendered a gracious invitation to my red-skinned friend to join me, and taste the *atole*. Now before inviting my guest I had fully determined upon the line of conduct which it would be necessary for me to pursue, to obtain any thing like a fair proportion of the meal. My plan was this: I intended to try my pewter teaspoon, with which I hoped to consume the *atole* faster than my copper-colored friend, should he eat with the long sharp knife which I had destined for his use, fondly trusting that he would cut his mouth if he attempted to handle it rapidly. I have since thought that Mr. Eutaw saw through the whole design, for, as he commenced operations, he favored me with an indescribable look and grunt, at the same time turning the knife in his hand so as to manage it with its back toward him. I saw in a moment that my chances were small, and quickness of execution every thing. But it was no use; as the Western men say, I was "no whar." I worked away with my teaspoon until the perspiration fairly streamed from my forehead, holting the hot *atole* like a salamander, but all would not do; the Indian, with his broad-bladed knife, took three mouthfuls to my one, and, hang the fellow! even condescended to look at me occasionally in a patronizing sort of way, and nod his head encouragingly. The solid portion of my repast soon grew "beautifully less," but before it had entirely disappeared, the Eutaw grasped the plate, and passed it to a friend of his, who stood directly behind him. This fellow literally *licked* the plate clean, and without any relaxation of his almost stoical gravity, turned it upside down, at the same time uttering a significant grunt, as an intimation that a further supply would be acceptable. I

looked ruefully at the empty dish, but the dark eyes of my guest were intently regarding me, and I had no time for meditation. So with a desperate determination to do nothing by halves, I handed my large coffee cup, with its precious contents, to the chief, at the same time smiling as amiably as my experiences would permit. Now this cup of coffee was my last and greatest dependence, as I knew that nothing was to be had in the way of eatables until the following day, and a long ride lay before us. So it was with something more than nervous trepidation that I watched the savage put the cup to his lips. Here, too, I was buoyed up by a delusive hope: certainly, thought I, he can not like coffee; the sugar is almost gone, and the beverage so bitter, that I hardly fancy it myself, and this fellow ought to spit it out in abhorrence. I watch his movements with breathless anxiety—he tastes—gives a grunt of uncertainty, and without lowering the cup, turns his eye to me, to ask if it is good. I shake my head negatively—could I have spoken his guttural jargon, I would have made a most impressive speech, to the effect that coffee was a great medicine, harmless to the pale face, but certain death to Indians in general and Eutaws in particular. But, alas! my sign was either unheeded or misunderstood. I sat in speechless agony, while the bottom of the cup was gradually elevated in the air, till—just as I was about commencing an expostulation, my guest uttered a satisfied sigh, and passed the cup to the same person who had cleared the platter. It was all gone—I felt it. Yes; "before you could say Jack Robinson" the second Indian had finished it, grounds and all, and placed the cup, bottom up, upon the ground. My meal for the day was gone; and I felt that to ask sympathy would only call forth a laugh against myself. So I kept my sorrows within my own breast until some days afterward, when Kit thought it one of the best jokes he had ever heard.

I have fancied that we must have reached Little Salt Lake upon one of my unlucky days, for it seems that I was destined to be cheated in a horse-trade by the same Indian who had consumed my breakfast.

The reader will probably remember my description of the horse which I purchased in California, and which I have alluded to as an animal of terrible experiences. I had found him so worthless upon the route that he had scarcely been ridden; and now the sharp stones of the desert had injured his hoofs so seriously, that I knew it would be impossible to bring him over the rugged country which remained to be crossed. Accordingly, I had the miserable beast duly paraded, and having got him in such a position that a rock at his back prevented him from lying down, a thing not to be desired until the negotiation for his transfer was ended, I proceeded, by means of signs and the few words of Eutaw which I had learned, to open a treaty for his exchange. My Indian friends, after carefully examining the animal, sent a boy for the horse which they wished to give for him. Pending the return of their messenger, they employed the time in destroying what little of good character my poor steed had ever possessed, shook their heads despondingly over his battered hoofs, and grunted hideously in token of their strong disapprobation.

The perfection of horse-flesh (which, alas! was soon to come into my stock), now made his appearance in the shape of a rough-looking Indian pony, who might have been twenty years of age or upward; his Eutaw groom led him by a hair rope, which he had twisted round his nose; but upon a signal from the chief the lad scrambled upon the animal's back, and began putting the old veteran through his paces, which seemed limited to a one-sided walk, and a gallop which would have done credit to a wounded buffalo bull. As a last inducement they exhibited his hoofs, which certainly looked *hard* enough, in all conscience. After considerable hesitation I was about making the trade upon equal terms, when to my great disgust the chief informed me that he could not think of parting with so valuable an animal, unless I gave him some present to boot. This new demand I was fain to comply with, and parted not only with my broken down horse, but with one of my two Mexican blankets; and many was the time while chilled by the cold breezes of the Rocky Mountains that I thought, with a shiver, of my horse-trade by the Little Salt Lake.

Before leaving this encampment, I was invited by Walker to visit his lodge, and accompanied him accordingly. These lodges are made of skins sewed together, with an opening at the top which serves as a chimney for the smoke, the fire being built on the ground in the centre of the lodge. Upon entering the lodge the children crowded round me, admiring the gaudy scarlet cloth with which my leathern hunting-shirt was lined; most of these young people were armed with small bows and arrows which they amused themselves by aiming at me. Walker's wife, or wives, for I think he had several, were busied in their domestic avocations about the lodge, and one of them (a good-looking squaw of some eighteen or twenty years, who seemed to be the favorite), was kind enough to spread a deer-skin for my accommodation. Wishing to repay her courtesy, I called my servant Juan, and directed him to get a brass breast-plate with the letters "U.S." conspicuously displayed, which I had among my traps, polish it up, and bring it to me. This he did, and I shall never forget the joy of this belle of the wilderness, upon receiving the shining metal. With the aid of a small mirror, which had probably been obtained from some passing trader, she arranged the breast-plate (fully two inches square) upon her raven locks, and then, with the air of a tragedy queen, marched up and down in front of the lodge, looking with great contempt upon her envious companions. It was certainly an amusing scene, and goes to prove that vanity may exist as strongly in the character of a Eutaw squaw, as in the breast of

CAMP AMONG THE WAH-SATCH MOUNTAINS.

a city belle; with this difference perhaps, that it is exhibited with much less taste among those whose education should have taught them better things.

UTAH LODGE.

After leaving the Little Salt Lake, we traveled over or near the Wah-Satch Mountains for several days, meeting with few adventures worthy of note until we reached the mountain snows, which even in the month of June we found several feet in depth. Some of our mules, who had never seen snow before—having been reared among the sunny plains of California—showed great uneasiness upon first approaching it, they would stop, try the depth of the drift with their hoofs, and hesitate until fairly spurred into it by their riders. Upon the mountain tops we sometimes encamped upon snow heaps many feet in depth, and while thus situated my mode of protecting myself from the cold during the night, was as follows. I made a small excavation in the side of some drift least exposed to the wind, and then wrapping myself closely in my solitary blanket, I spread my saddle cloths beneath me, and rolled myself into the hole, where I managed to sleep pretty comfortably, even amid the snows of the Wah-Satch Mountains.

In this same section of country, we encamped

SLEEPING IN THE SNOW.

one evening upon a beautiful little lake situated in a hollow among the mountains, but at so great

ENCAMPMENT IN THE SNOW.

an elevation that it was, even in summer, surrounded by snow, and partially covered with ice. There we were again visited by the Eutaw Indians, who, as usual, behaved in a very friendly manner. Our provisions had now become so scanty that it was necessary to add to our stock by purchasing what we could from the Indians. From the party who here visited us, we managed to obtain a portion of a Rocky-Mountain sheep, or "big-horn," as it is often called;—and, upon Kit's asking for fish, one of the Indians departed, but in a few minutes returned with a fine trout, which we bought for a couple of charges of powder. Our bargain had hardly been placed upon the fire when we discovered that the fish had been killed by an arrow-wound in the back. While we were wondering at this novel mode of taking trout, two of our men came into camp with as many fish as they could carry, and told us that they had caught as many more, but left them upon the banks of the lake. It seemed that in wandering about, they had discovered a little stream, a tributary to the lake, but quite shallow; this stream they represented as swarming with fish, so that they had gone in and killed them with sticks. To our hungry people this was *more* than good news; and that evening was devoted to the composition of a chowder, which was literally fish "*au naturel*."

Our supper ended, it was unanimously decided that we should move our camp next day no further than the stream, where we contemplated spending the day in fishing. With this pleasant expectation I betook myself to bed, where I was soon lulled to sleep by a low, monotonous strain which one of our Indian guests amused himself by singing.

By sunrise next morning we were not only settled in our new camp, but up to our knees in the icy water in pursuit of its frightened tenants. If fish keep chronicles, I fancy that those in the waters of Trout Lake will not soon forget us; for such a slaughter of the finny tribe I have rarely seen. For my own part, with an old bayonet fastened to a stick, I caught five dozen —and a twinge of rheumatism, which reminds me of the circumstance even now.

With our former experiences of scanty rations and hard travel, it will scarcely be thought surprising that after a day's rest and our famous feast of chowder, we should feel as if we could have faced not only a whole legion of "Diggers," but the "Old Boy" himself (always supposing that the "Evil One" could haunt so cold a region as the Wah-Satch Mountains). Our course was now for the most part upward; sometimes crossing snowy ridges, where the icy winds made us fairly crouch in our saddles; and then descending into valleys where the pine-forests afforded a grateful shelter from the sun.

While traversing one of these gorges, we came suddenly upon seven human skeletons, six of which, bleached by the elements, lay scattered here and there, where the bones had been dragged by hungry wolves along a space of some yards in extent; the seventh, which, from its less accessible position, being sheltered by rocks and, in part, by a fallen tree, had remained undisturbed by beasts of prey, seemed extended where its owner died. Upon a further examination of the ground, we concluded that these mournful relics were the remains of some unfortunate party of whites or Mexicans who had been cut off by the Indians. The skeleton which lay alone appeared, from the arrow heads and bullets yet marking the tree which guarded it, to have belonged to an individual of the party who had fought from this shelter until overcome by superior numbers.

SKELETON.—TREE PIERCED WITH ARROWS.

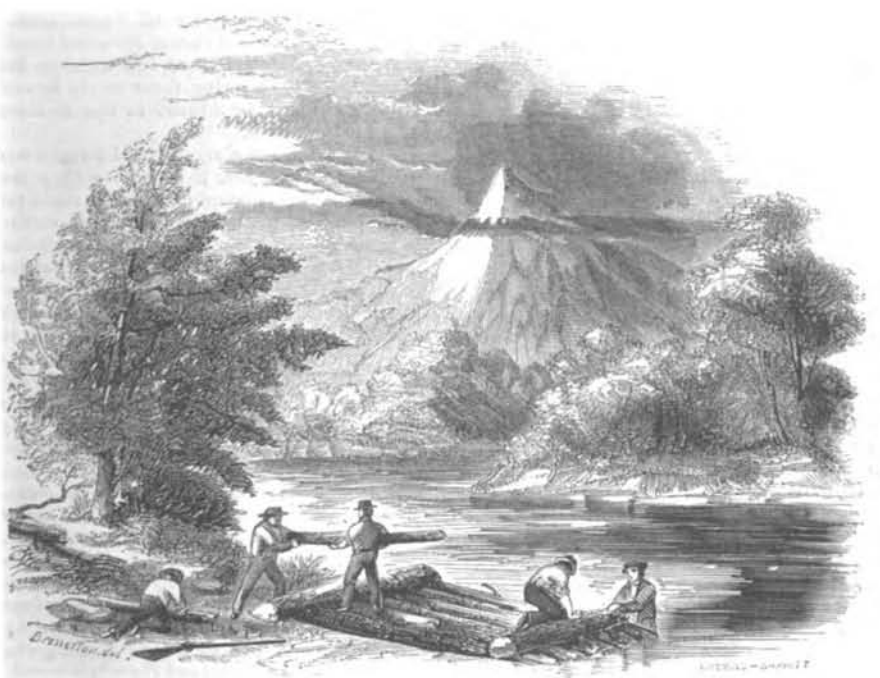
These surmises afterward proved but too true, as we learned from a band of friendly Eutaws, who reported that the bones which we had discovered were those of a party of Americans from Arkansas, who had been surprised by hostile Indians while resting at noon, and instantly killed, with the exception of one of their number, who snatched up his rifle, retreated to the nearest cover, and there battled with all the energy of despair, killing two of the savages before being dispatched by the arrows of his assailants. It was a sad sight for us to gaze upon these mouldering fragments. None of us

could say at what moment their fate might be ours—to die amid the wilderness, far from friends and home, with the wolf to howl over us, and the wild mountain breezes to chant our requiem, as they roared through the sombre branches of the pines. How many sad hearts may have yearned, and how many bright eyes, filled with tears, of the sufferers from "hope deferred," who were yet looking for the brothers and husbands whose fate we had been the first to learn!

I remember celebrating my birth-day, which comes in June (the precise date I will leave the reader to guess, if he be a Yankee), by standing upon the banks of Grand River, and looking with a most rueful countenance and many secret forebodings upon the turbid current of the swollen stream. And well I might. I have said it was in June; and one might suppose that a cold-bath in early summer was no great hardship; but in this case, I found that the association of the month with summer ended with its name; for the strong wind felt more like a December blast as it went rushing by, and the angry torrent at my feet, fed by the melting snows, was many degrees colder than the water of a mountain spring. But this formidable obstacle was to be passed, and how to overcome the difficulty I scarcely knew. Kit, however, solved the problem, by proposing a raft, and accordingly all hands went to work with a will to collect the necessary material from the neighboring woods. Kit, in his shirt-sleeves, working hard himself—instructing here and directing there, and as usual, proving himself the master-spirit of the party. After much labor, a few logs were properly cut, notched, and rolled into the water, where they were carefully fastened together by binding them with our *réatas*, until this rude expedient furnished a very passable mode of conveyance for a light load of luggage.

Having freighted it as heavily as we dared with our packs and riding saddles, and placed the bags containing the California mails upon the securest portion, we next proceeded to determine who of our party should be the first to swim the stream. Five men were at length selected, and as I was a good swimmer I concluded to join the expedition as captain. So taking Auchambeau as my first mate, we two plunged into the stream; and having arranged our men at their appointed stations, only waited Kit's final orders, to trust ourselves to the waters. These instructions were soon briefly given in the following words, "All you men who can't swim may hang on to the corners of the raft, but don't any of you try to get upon it except Auchambeau, who has the pole to guide it with; those of you who can swim, are to get hold of the tow-line, and pull it along; keep a good lookout for rocks and floating timber; and whatever you do, don't lose the mail bags." And now with one sturdy shove, our frail support was fairly launched, and with a farewell cheer from our comrades upon the shore we consigned ourselves to the mercy of the tide.

I have remarked that I went as captain; but



BUILDING A RAFT

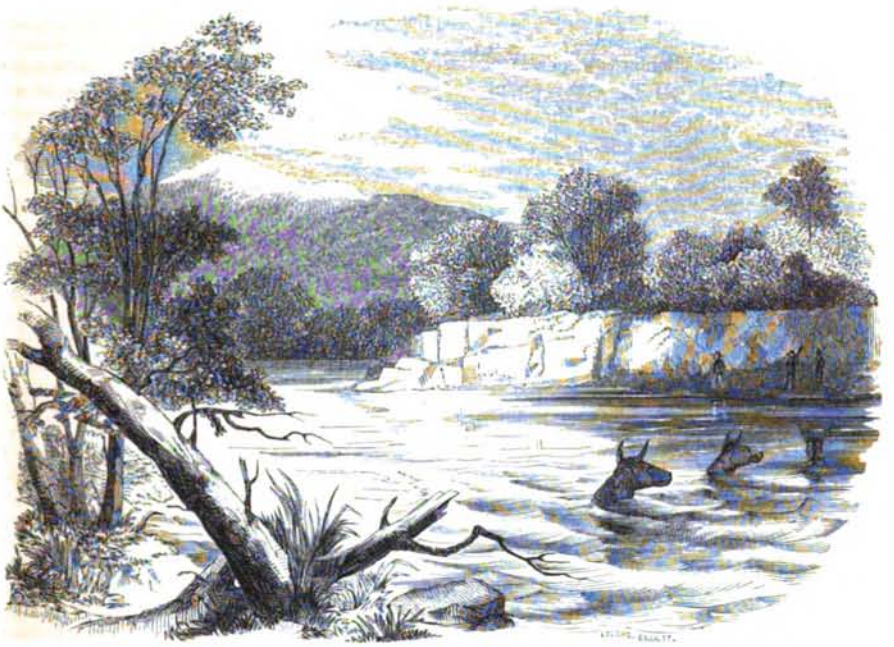
once under way, I found that we were all captains; if indeed giving orders did any good where half one's words were lost amid the roaring of the rapids. In fact we mismanaged the business altogether, until at length I fancy that the poor stream, already vexed beyond endurance, determined to take the matter under its own guidance, out of pity for the nautical ignorance which we had displayed; and finally settled the thing by abandoning us in disgust upon the same side from whence we had started, but more than a mile further down. Ere this operation was concluded, however, it favored me, doubtless in consideration of my captainship, with a parting token; which but for the ready aid of Auchambeau must have finished my adventures upon the spot. I had swam out with a lariat to secure the unfortunate raft to a tree, when the current brought the heavy mass of timber into violent contact with my breast, throwing me back senseless into the channel. Just as I was performing a final feat, in the way of going down, Auchambeau got hold of my hair, which I luckily wore long, and dragged me out upon the bank, where I came to in due course of time.

Our situation was now far from pleasant, the only article of dress which we wore being our hats, the rest of our clothing having been left behind to come by another raft. To go up the rapids against the stream was out of the question; and to cross from where we were, with a considerable fall and jagged rocks just below us, equally impossible. So we had no resource but to shoulder our baggage and travel back on foot, following, as nearly as the thickets would permit, the windings of the river; and uttering more than one anathema upon the thorny plants, which wounded our unprotected feet at every step. It was high noon before we reached camp; and nearly four o'clock ere we were again prepared, and once more summoned up our resolution for a new trial.

This second attempt, after an infinite deal of trouble, proved successful, and we landed upon the opposite bank in a state of almost utter exhaustion; indeed Auchambeau, from over-exertion, and long exposure to the chilling snow water, was taken, upon reaching the shore, with cramps which convulsed him so terribly that we feared they might even destroy life itself. Our first care was, therefore, for him; and by dint of violent friction and rolling in the sand we succeeded in restoring our patient; and then turned our attention to unloading the raft, which had been partly drawn out of the river, and secured to the trunk of a fallen cotton-wood. In this labor we were assisted by a party of Eutaw Indians who had come down to meet us. In fact these fellows did the greater portion of the work, as our weary crew were as yet incapable of much exertion. I have since thought that while thus employed we must have looked like Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday, supposing those distinguished individuals to have been multiplied by five; the wild scenery, the dashing waters, and our own singular costumes (for we were by this time dressed in buffalo robes borrowed from our Indian friends), all combining to carry out the delusion.

Having seen our baggage safely landed, and beheld the raft (bad luck to it for in this instance I could not "speak well of the bridge which carried me over") go down the rapids, to be dashed against the rocky cliffs below; we ascended the stream, hallooing to our companions to notify them of our safe arrival; the receipt of which information they acknowledged by a hearty cheer. Both parties, with the assistance of the Indians, then prepared to cross our caballada, who were expected to swim the river. With this view we selected a point upon our side, considerably below the position occupied by the opposite party, where the bank shelved gradually, and afforded a better footing than elsewhere. Here we took our station to attract the attention of the swimming animals by shouting and whistling. Upon our signifying our readiness to receive them, one of the opposite party rode into the water upon the old bell-mare, and the frightened mules were forced to follow, urged on by the yells and blows of their drivers. In a few moments the whole caballada was under way; the old bell-mare, striking out and breasting the waves gallantly, while the mules, with only their heads and long ears visible above the water, came puffing like small high-pressure steamboats in her wake. The yelling on our side now commenced, in which concert the Indians took the thorough base, performing to admiration; while our Mexican muleteers rent the air with their favorite cry of "*anda mula*," "*hupar mula*." The animals, attracted by the noise, made straight for us; and we soon had the gratification of seeing them safely landed, dripping and shaking themselves like so many Newfoundland dogs.

At this point, however, our good fortune was destined to end. Kit, it is true, with a few men, and a small portion of luggage, made the passage safely; but a large raft, which carried the greater share of our provisions, was dashed against a sawyer in the stream, which separated the logs, leaving the men to save themselves as they best could; this they did with considerable difficulty: but six rifles, three saddles, much of the ammunition, and nearly all our provisions were totally lost. Under these depressing circumstances, our camp that night was any thing but a lively one; the Eutaws being the only persons who seemed to feel like laughing. Indeed, I half think that our loss put them in high good-humor, as they had some prospect of recovering the rifles, when a lower stage of water should enable them to explore the bed of the stream. The little that remained of our private mess stores, was now the only certain dependence left to us in the way of food for our whole party. These stores were equally divided by Carson himself; our own portion being the same as that of our men, and the whole would, with economy in using, furnish but three days'



SWIMMING THE RIVER.

scanty rations for each individual. Some of our men had lost their riding-saddles, and were fain to spread their blankets upon a mule's back, and jog along as they best might—a mode of travel which, when the animal's bones are highly developed, I take to be "bad at the best," for the rider. Others of the party had lost their clothing; and I am sorry to say that the number of pairs of "nether integuments" was two less than that of the people who ought to have worn them. But this was a trifle compared with our other difficulties, for there was nobody in those regions who knew enough of the fashions to criticise our dress; and as for ourselves we were in no mood to smile at our own strange costumes. Personally, I had been more lucky than the majority of my companions, having saved my precious suit of deer-skins, my rifle, and a few rounds of ammunition; but, alas! the waters of Grand River had swallowed up my note-book, my geological and botanical specimens, and many of my sketches, a most serious and vexatious loss, after the labor of collecting and preparing them.

Two days' travel brought us to Green River, where we underwent much of the same difficulty in crossing which we had encountered in the passage of Grand River; but we had now learned wisdom from experience, and had, moreover, little left to lose.

The dreaded "third day" which was to see us provisionless at length arrived, and, instead of breakfast, I tried to fill the "aching void" by drawing my belt a hole or two tighter; a great relief, as I can testify, for the cravings of an empty stomach.

As I rode along, reflecting, rather gloomily, I must confess, upon the position of our affairs, and considering where or in what form a supply might best be obtained, I discovered that the same feelings were occupying the minds of most of the party; and before we halted for the night it was moved, resolved, and finally determined, that the fattest of our way-worn steeds should be killed, dressed, and eaten. This idea furnished ample material for contemplation. Eat horse-meat! The very thought was revolting. I had heard of such a thing. Dana tells some story of the kind, I believe; and I remember the chorus of a nautical melody, deservedly popular among seamen, which begins:

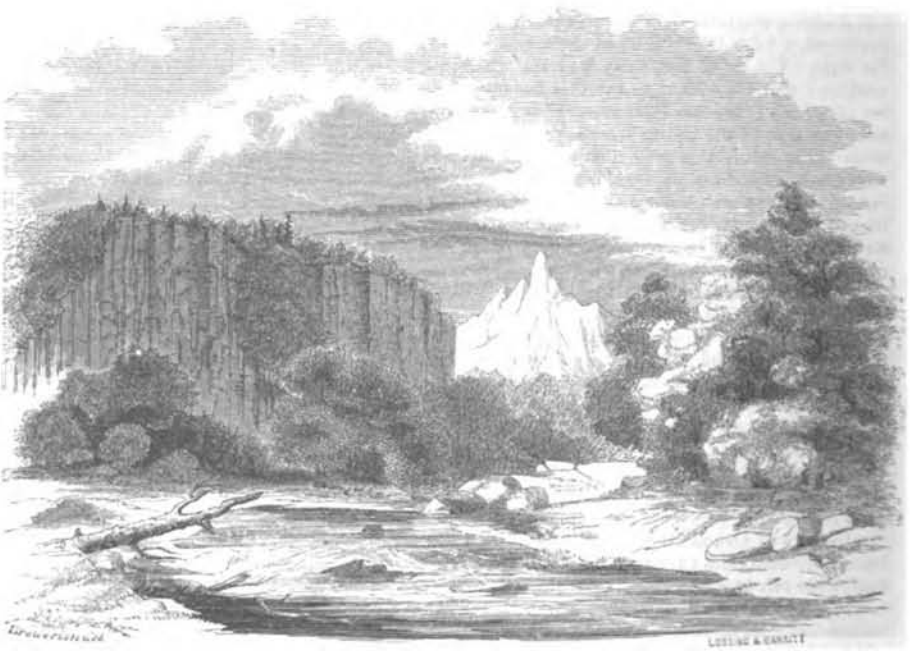
> "Old horse, old horse, what brought you here?
> From Saracen's Head to Portland pier,
> I've carted stone this many a year;
> Till killed by blows and sore abuse,
> They've salted me down for sailor's use."

And so on, through forty lines of doggerel. But then the contemplation of horse-meat, as an edible, had been with me but an abstract idea, which I had never contemplated putting into practice. Now, however, the thing was tangible. To eat, or not to eat, became "the question;" and, after due consideration, Hunger arguing the case on one side, with strong Necessity for an advocate—and Fastidiousness taking the opposite, with Prejudice for her backer, I came to the conclusion that I would not and could not eat horse-flesh. In accordance with this valorous decis-

ion, although upon our arrival at camp, a horse (lean, old, and decidedly tough) was actually killed, cut up, and freely eaten of, I alone stood aloof, and went supperless to bed. But it was all in vain; for Starvation is a weighty reasoner, and Hunger gained the day at last. I stood out like a Trojan for eight-and-forty hours, and then "gave in" with as good a grace as possible, and for more than a week ate horseflesh regularly. Perhaps the reader would like to know how it tasted. I can only say that it was an old animal, a tough animal, and a sore-backed animal —and, upon the whole—I *prefer beef*.

During this period of scarcity, we met with several parties of Indians; but found their condition little better than our own; indeed, I believe that it would have nauseated even a frequenter of a sixpenny "restaurant," to have seen the horrible messes which their women were concocting. But I had got bravely over my squeamishness by this time, and would have dined with a Mandarin, without ever inquiring into the contents of the dishes. Really, I blush to confess it—but I actually tried to buy a fat puppy, which, truly and conscientiously, I intended to have eaten. I enticed the brute (which, by the way, was a short-haired animal, with a stumpy tail, and a decidedly mangy look) into the lodge of its owner, and then by means of signs, opened a negotiation for its purchase. I offered the extent of my available capital—three cartridges and five brass buttons. I said, "bow-wow," pointing first to the dog, and then to my mouth, which already watered in anticipation of the dainty; but though my proposition was comprehended, and the savage looked upon the buttons with a longing eye, he seemed unwilling to trade; and, finally, explained his reluctance, by pointing with one hand to the puppy, while he gently patted his capacious stomach with the other: thereby giving me to understand that the beast was intended for his own private eating. Finding that the dog was not to be obtained by fair means, and urged by necessity to secure him, at all hazards, I returned to camp, and dispatched "Juan" as a foraging party of one, to invade the enemy's camp and carry off the puppy, "*nolens, volens*." But he found the animal (who may have suspected something from the intentness with which I had regarded him) safely housed, and abandoned the enterprise in despair.

Upon reaching the borders of the Rocky Mountains, our situation, so far as food was concerned, became somewhat improved. We found this portion of the country to be by far the most pleasing and interesting which we had yet seen—every turning of the trail disclosing some new beauty of its grand and majestic scenery. Our course, except while crossing a dividing ridge, lay mostly along the mountain passes, where huge cliffs reared their rocky barriers, upon either hand crowned with various trees, the pine and a species of aspen being the most prominent. These valleys abounded in game, among which I noticed the black-tailed



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

deer, elk, antelope, and the Rocky Mountain sheep or "big-horn," as they are sometimes called. This abundance, however, proved rather a matter of vexation than a real benefit; for the animals were so wild and unapproachable that our hunters were often disappointed in obtaining meat; so that but for the Indians, who were here better provided, we should have been obliged to return to the horseflesh.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BROOK.

I shall not soon forget accompanying Carson, about this time, on one of our many excursions to procure venison. We had discovered a doe with her fawn in a little grassy nook, where the surrounding rocks would partially screen us from their view, while we crawled within gunshot. Dismounting with as little noise as possible, I remained stationary, holding our horses, while Kit endeavored to approach the unsuspecting deer. We were both somewhat nervous, for our supper and breakfast depended on our success; and we knew well from former experiences that if the doe heard but the crackling of a bush she would be off like the wind. Kit, therefore, advanced with somewhat more than ordinary care, using every caution which a hunter's education could suggest, and at length gained a point within rifle-shot of his prey. My nervousness was now at its height; why don't he fire? thought I. But Kit was cooler, and calculated more closely than myself. At last I saw him bring his rifle to his eye, at the same time showing himself sufficiently to attract the attention of the doe, who raised her head a little to get a look at the object of alarm, thus offering a better mark for his rifle; a moment more, and at the report of the piece, the doe made one convulsive bound, and then rolled upon the sward. To tie our horses, cut up the deer, and attach its quarters to our saddles was the work of twenty minutes more; and then remounting, we pursued our way, making quite a triumphal entry into camp, where Kit's good luck rejoiced the hearts and stomachs of every man in the party: it was really a great event to us in those days, and we had that night a right jolly time of it.

As the events here recorded took place when I was several years younger than I now am, I trust that the following incident will be regarded leniently by the readers of this off-hand, but strictly veracious narrative. I relate it for the benefit of all romantic young ladies; and I may add, that although I consider the thing original in my own case, I have not the slightest objection to any young gentleman's doing likewise, if placed in a similar position.

To begin my story at the proper point, I must confess that in bidding farewell to the Atlantic coast, I left the object of a boyish flame behind me. A noble-hearted woman she was, with a very witching pair of eyes (at least, I thought so then—but, a plague upon such descriptions, say I. I never yet attempted to get through a lover's catalogue of lips and teeth, Grecian noses and ivory necks, and all that, without breaking down, so I will leave it to my lady readers to imagine all "my fancy painted her.") Suffice it to say, that she was a sensible woman withal, believing firmly in the old adage, "that a rolling stone gathered no moss;" and with such excellent principles it is hardly wonderful that she liked neither soldiers nor soldiering. But yet it was *one* of my first loves; a fancy of sweet sixteen; and campaigning had not altogether jolted her image out of my head. So one evening, as I stood upon a commanding height just above our camp, I thought of home and absent friends; until yielding to the duplex influences of a poetical temperament, and the solemn twilight hour, I fell into a train of romantic musings which ended in my cutting the name of my fair friend upon the barkless trunk of a gigantic pine, where it is doubtless legible at the present time, and may, for aught I know to the contrary, furnish some future traveler with a fair subject for wonderment and mystery.

The spot, morever, had an interest about it beyond the mere fact of its lying amid the depths of a mighty wilderness, as it is said to be upon the line which divides the waters of this vast continent, those on the right hand flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, while those on the left mingle with the calmer waves of the Pacific. Were I in that region now, I think that I could almost find the identical tree, from the vicinity of a huge pair of antlers which I recollect to have seen lying near its base. If any man believes that the achievement was simply a "labor of love" unattended by any exertion, hardship, or danger on my part, I can only say that if he will stand upon the summit of an airy cliff, at the rather chilly hour of sunset, and cut three large capitals into the trunk of a very knotty pine with no better tools than a rusty jack-knife, I will give him a certificate for any amount of chivalry and devotion, and—call him a fool to boot.

From these rugged mountain paths we at length emerged, descending into the beautiful plains known as Taos Valley. Here we had scarcely gone a day's journey, before we discovered a great increase in the amount of "Indian sign," and also a change in its appearance, which, though hardly perceptible to an inex-

perienced eye, was too surely read by Carson's not to beget great uneasiness.

"Look here," said Kit, as he dismounted from his mule, and stooped to examine the trail; "The Indians have passed across our road since sun-up, and they are a war party too; no sign of lodge poles, and no colt tracks; they are no friends neither: here's a feather that some of them has dropped. We'll have trouble yet, if we don't keep a bright look-out."

Our camp that night was upon the borders of a stream which had been swollen by the melting of the snows, until the neighboring prairies had been overflown to a considerable extent This deposit of water, now grown partially stagnant, had given birth to myriads of musquitoes, who at evening arose like a mighty cloud from their marshy beds to precipitate themselves upon our devoted camp. Talk about the plagues of Egypt! I will compromise for any amount of frogs and locusts, or even take fleas, by way of variety; but defend me from those winged torments, called musquitoes. These fellows, too, were of the regular gallinipper tribe, of which old officers who have seen service in the everglades of Florida tell such wondrous tales. To repulse this army of invasion we made smokes, and hovered over them until our eyes were literally "a fountain of water;" but though whole battalions were suffocated, and perished in the flames, millions rushed in to fill their places and renew the fight. Our poor mules, equally annoyed with ourselves, showed more sagacity than I gave them credit for, by getting together in a body, and standing in pairs, side by side, so that the tail of one was kept in motion near the head of the other, thus establishing an association for mutual protection, which kept the insects in some measure at a distance. But it certainly was a ludicrous sight to watch the long-eared crowd with their tails going like the sails of an assembly of windmills, and to observe their look of patient resignation when some musquito, more daring than his fellows, broke through their barrier, biting keenly in defiance of their precautions. Finding it impossible to remain by the camp fires, I at length rolled myself up in a Mexican blanket, covering my head so completely that I excluded not only the musquitoes but the air, and thus remained in a state of partial suffocation, listening to the shrill war song of our assailants, until the cooler winds of midnight forced them to leave the field, and take refuge in the oozy swamps.

We were up before the sun upon the following day, and continued on down the valley. Near noon Carson discovered a number of what appeared to be Indians some distance ahead, in a hollow, where a few stunted trees partially concealed them from our view. A little beyond their camp we perceived a large number of animals grazing, which betokened the presence of a party as large, or nearly as large, as our own. As these people were evidently unaware of our proximity, we called a halt, and after a moment's consultation, determined to make a charge, and as we seemed pretty equally matched in regard to numbers, to take, if necessary, the offensive line of conduct. With this view, we selected ten of our best men, and having arrayed our forces, came down, so far as determination was concerned, in very gallant style, each man with his rifle in his hand, firmly resolved to "do or die." But, alas, for the poetry of the affair, we could boast but little of the

"Pomp, pride, and circumstance of glorious war,"

either in our dress or accoutrements. "Falstaff's ragged regiment," so often quoted as the *ne plus ultra* of volunteerism, were regular troops when compared with our dashing cavaliers. We looked ragged enough and dirty enough in all conscience, without any extra attempt at effect, but, as if to complete the picture, the two unfortunate individuals who wanted "unmentionables" were front-rank men, and your very humble servant, the author, had a portion of an under-garment which shall be nameless tied round his head in lieu of a hat. Take us all in all, we certainly did not neglect the advice of one of Shakspeare's heroes, who bids his followers "hang out their banners on the outer wall." The mules, too—confound their stupidity!—ruined the affair, so far as it might be considered in the light of a secret expedition, by stretching out their heads, protruding their long ears, and yelling most vociferously. "Confound your stumbling body!" said one old mountaineer to his steed (a wall-eyed marcho), "maybe you'll have something to make a noise for, when you get an Apache arrow slipped into you." But our famous charge on mule-back was brought to an abrupt and inglorious close upon reaching the camp of our supposed enemies, by the discovery that they were nothing more nor less than Mexican traders, who had penetrated thus far into the wilderness for the purpose of trafficking with the Indians.

From these fellows we obtained some useful, but not particularly encouraging information, to the effect that a party of mountaineers, larger than our own, and better supplied with arms, had been attacked by the Indians near the point at which we expected to encamp that night, defeated, and despoiled of their property. There was nothing before us, however, but to push ahead, and that evening found few in our camp who cared to sleep soundly. With a view to greater watchfulness, our guard was doubled, the sentries crawling to and from their posts; and all making as little disturbance as possible. The fires of an Indian camp—probably a part of the same band who had defeated the mountaineers—shone brightly from a hillside about half a mile distant; and having nothing to cook, we deemed it most prudent to extinguish our own, which had been lighted to drive away the musquitoes. During the night great uneasiness among the animals betokened the presence or close vicinity of lurking Indians; and Kit, whose long acquaintance with the savages had taught him a perfect knowledge of their modes of warfare, believing that they would attack us about daybreak, determined to steal a march upon the

enemy. In pursuance of this object, we saddled our beasts at midnight, and departed as noiselessly as possible, traveling by starlight until the first glimmer of the dawn, when we paused for a few moments to breathe our tired animals, and then continued on.

We had, upon leaving our last night's camp, nearly one hundred miles to travel before reaching the first settlements in New Mexico, the nearest place of safety; and it was now determined to make the distance without delay. Accordingly we pressed on as rapidly as the condition of our cattle would permit, stopping only to shift our saddles to one of the loose animals when those we rode showed signs of giving out. Late in the afternoon we had, by the free use of whip and spur, reached a point some eighteen miles distant from the first Mexican habitations.

I was just beginning to feel a little relieved from the anxious watchfulness of the last few days, and had even beguiled the weariness of the way by picturing to myself the glorious dinner I would order upon reaching Santa Fé, when Carson, who had been looking keenly ahead, interrupted my musings, by exclaiming: "Look at that Indian village; we have stumbled upon the rascals, after all!" It was but too true—a sudden turning of the trail had brought us full in view of nearly two hundred lodges, which were located upon a rising ground some half a mile distant to the right of our trail. At this particular point the valley grew narrower, and hemmed in as we were upon either hand by a chain of hills and mountains, we had no resource but to keep straight forward on our course, in the expectation that by keeping, as sailors say, "well under the land," we might possibly slip by unperceived. But our hope was a vain one; we had already been observed, and ere we had gone a hundred yards, a warrior came dashing out from their town, and, putting his horse to its speed, rode rapidly up to Carson and myself: he was a finely formed savage, mounted upon a noble horse, and his fresh paint and gaudy equipments looked any thing but peaceful. This fellow continued his headlong career until almost at our side, and then, checking his steed so suddenly as to throw the animal back upon its haunches, he inquired for the "capitan" (a Spanish word generally used by the Indians to signify chief); in answer to which, I pointed first to Carson, and then to myself. Kit, who had been regarding him intently, but without speaking, now turned to me, and said: "I will speak to this warrior in Eutaw, and if he understands me it will prove that he belongs to a friendly tribe; but if he does not, we may know the contrary, and must do the best we can: but from his paint and manner I expect it will end in a fight anyway."

Kit then turned to the Indian, who, to judge from his expression, was engaged in taking mental, but highly satisfactory notes of our way-worn party with their insufficient arms and scanty equipments; and asked him in the Eutaw tongue, "Who are you!" The savage stared at us for a moment; and then, putting a finger into either ear, shook his head slowly from side to side. "I knew it," said Kit; "it is just as I thought, and we are in for it at last. Look here, Thomas!" added he (calling to an old mountain man)—"get the mules together, and drive them up to that little patch of chapperal, while we follow with the Indian." Carson then requested me in a whisper to drop behind the savage (who appeared determined to accompany us), and be ready to shoot him at a minute's warning, if necessity required. Having taken up a position accordingly, I managed to cock my rifle, which I habitually carried upon the saddle, without exciting suspicion.

Kit rode ahead to superintend the movements of the party who, under the guidance of Thomas, had by this time got the pack and loose animals together, and were driving them toward a grove about two hundred yards further from the village. We had advanced thus but a short distance, when Carson (who from time to time had been glancing backward over his shoulder) reined in his mule until we again rode side-by-side. While stooping, as if to adjust his saddle, he said, in too low a tone to reach any ears but mine: "Look back, but express no surprise." I did so, and beheld a sight which, though highly picturesque, and furnishing a striking subject for a painting, was, under existing circumstances, rather calculated to destroy the equilibrium of the nerves. In short, I saw about a hundred and fifty warriors, finely mounted, and painted for war, with their long hair streaming in the wind, charging down upon us, shaking their lances and brandishing their spears as they came on.

By this time we had reached the timber, if a few stunted trees could be dignified with the name; and Kit, springing from his mule called out to the men, "Now boys, dismount, tie up your riding mules; those of you who have guns, get round the caballada, and look out for the Indians; and you who have none, get inside, and hold some of the animals. Take care, Thomas, and shoot down the mule with the mail bags on her pack, if they try to stampede the animals."

We had scarcely made these hurried preparations for the reception of such unwelcome visitors, before the whole horde were upon us, and had surrounded our position. For the next fifteen minutes a scene of confusion and excitement ensued which baffles all my powers of description. On the one hand the Indians pressed closely in, yelling, aiming their spears, and drawing their bows, while their chiefs, conspicuous from their activity, dashed here and there among the crowd, commanding and directing their followers. On the other side, our little band, with the exception of those who had lost their rifles in Grand River, stood firmly round the caballada; Carson, a few paces in advance, giving orders to his men, and haranguing the Indians. His whole demeanor, was now so

entirely changed, that he looked like a different man; his eye fairly flashed, and his rifle was grasped with all the energy of an iron will.

"There," cried he, addressing the savages, "is our line, cross it if you dare, and we begin to shoot. You ask us to let you in, but you won't come unless you ride over us. You say you are friends, but you don't act like it. No you don't deceive us so, we know you too well; so stand back, or your lives are in danger."

It was a bold thing in him to talk thus to these blood-thirsty rascals; but a crisis had arrived in which, boldness alone could save us, and he knew it. They had five men to our one; our ammunition was reduced to three rounds per man, and resistance could have been but momentary; but among our band the Indians must have recognized mountain men, who would have fought to the last, and they knew from sad experience that the trapper's rifle rarely missed its aim. Our animals, moreover, worn out as they were, would have been scarcely worth fighting for, and our scalps a dear bargain.

Our assailants were evidently undecided, and this indecision saved us; for just as they seemed preparing for open hostilities, as rifles were cocked and bows drawn, a runner, mounted upon a weary and foam-specked steed came galloping in from the direction of the settlements; bringing information of evident importance. After a moment's consultation with this new arrival, the chief whistled shrilly, and the warriors fell back. Carson's quick eye had already detected their confusion, and turning to his men, he called out, "Now boys, we have a chance, jump into your saddles, get the loose animals before you, and then handle your rifles, and if these fellows interfere with us we'll make a running fight of it."

In an instant each man was in his saddle, and with the caballada in front we retired slowly; facing about from time to time, to observe the movements of our enemies, who followed on, but finally left us and disappeared in the direction of their village, leaving our people to pursue their way undisturbed. We rode hard, and about midnight reached the first Mexican dwellings which we had seen since our departure from the Pacific coast. This town being nothing more than a collection of shepherds' huts, we did not enter, but made camp near it. Here also we learned the secret of our almost miraculous escape from the Indians, in the fact that a party of two hundred American volunteers were on their way to punish the perpetrators of the recent Indian outrages in that vicinity; this then was the intelligence which had so opportunely been brought by their runner, who must have discovered the horsemen while upon the march.

It is almost needless to say that we slept the sleep of tired men that night. I for one did not awake with the dawn. Our tired animals too appeared to require some repose ere they renewed their labors; and it was therefore decided that we should take a holiday of rest before departing for Taos, now distant but one day's journey. I remember celebrating this occasion by visiting one of the Mexican huts, where I ordered the most magnificent dinner that the place afforded, eggs and goat's milk, at discretion—if discretion had any thing to do with the terrible havoc we made among the eatables, a thing which on reflection appears to me more than doubtful.

Early upon the following day we resumed our march, and that evening terminated our journeyings for a season, by bringing us to the Mexican village of Taos, where I was hospitably entertained by Carson and his amiable wife, a Spanish lady, and a relative, I believe, of some former Governor of New Mexico.

THE AUTHOR ON REACHING TAOS.

And now, as our good parsons say, "a few words more and I have done;" and I most sincerely hope that these farewell lines may not bring the sensation of weariness to the reader which I have sometimes felt upon hearing the foregoing announcement from the pulpit. What I have written is simply a plain, unvarnished statement of facts as they occurred. While I grant that the capital "I" has come in more frequently than I could have wished, I must disclaim all title to the hero-ship of my story. I was but a looker-on, "a chiel," who, though "takin' notes," did not then mean to "prent 'em."

Since writing a portion of the foregoing narnative, Mr. Christopher Carson has been nominated by our President to the Indian Agency of the Territory of New Mexico, a highly responsible office, requiring great tact, much common sense, and a fair amount of judgment. This excellent selection has been ratified and confirmed by the Senate, and I am free to say, that Kit Carson has no friend, among the many who claim that honor both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, who congratulates him more sincerely than myself. He is eminently fitted for the office; and all who know him will agree with me when I declare that I believe him to be

"An honest man, the noblest work of God."

MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

THE dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man; his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state, he is one of the most formidable of animals; but when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. "He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience; he is constant in his affections, friendly without

interest, and grateful for the slightest favors; he is not easily driven off by unkindness; but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him. He knows a beggar by his voice, his clothes, or his gestures, and forbids his approach. When at night the guardianship of the house is committed to his care, he seems proud of the charge: he continues a watchful sentinel, goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance, and gives them warning of his being upon duty."

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is "treated as one of the family;" with a marvelous sagacity, he recognizes the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person.

His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals, and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveler has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

The dog does not disdain to become the blind mendicant's assistant, conducting him through the streets of our cities and large towns, with the hat in his mouth, supplicating alms of the passers-by. We have seen the dog take portions of bread or even copper coin into his mouth, and place it in his master's hat; nor has the creature, though sometimes much tempted to do so, even tasted the bread till given to him by the hand of his employer.

"An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious, and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself. The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price, and brought him to England. He kept him tied up in London some time, and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight afterward, he was found with his former master, pursuing his old trade, of dirtying gentlemen's boots on the bridge."

The following instance of sagacity, which is

well authenticated, reminds us of some of the companions of our childhood, who, when ill-treated, have threatened their oppressor with the vengeance of their "big brother." A gentleman in Staffordshire was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Albans, till his return. On one occasion, calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. "Alas, sir," said she, "your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog, larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully, that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans." The gentleman, however, on arriving at home, found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home, and had coaxed away the great house-dog; who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

The dog, however, is not devoid of affection and sympathy for its fellows. Two dogs, near New York, were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself: he remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch, for this was his name, was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness; he would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length, the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is!" The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly; in addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The benevolence of dogs has excited universal admiration. But the Newfoundland dog particularly is justly celebrated for this quality. Children and adults have frequently been rescued from danger by these faithful animals. "In 1792, a gentleman went to the coast for the benefit of sea-bathing. He was conducted in one of the machines into the water; but being unacquainted with the steepness of the shore, and no swimmer, he found himself, the instant he quitted the machine, nearly out of his depth. His alarm increased his danger; and, unnoticed by the attendant of the machine, he would unavoidably have been drowned, had not a large Newfoundland dog, which providentially was standing on the shore, observed his distress, and plunged in to his assistance. The dog seized him by the hair, and conducted him safely to the land; but it was some time before he recovered. The gentleman afterward purchased the dog at a high price, and preserved him as a precious treasure."

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than "the fireman's dog," as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in London. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would stay with neither of them for any length of time. The "policeman's dog," as he has been named, may also often be seen following the officer on his beat in Paternoster-row. The writer daily, on his way to the city, sees a dog begging for his breakfast before the house of an inhabitant of the Blackfriars-road; and so well does he act the part of a mendicant, that the boys are often heard to say, that he "is coming the 'old soldier.'"

The animal has frequently been sent on errands, which he has performed with fidelity and safety. A person who kept a turnpike near Stratford-on-Avon had one so trained, that he would go to the neighboring town for grocery or other articles of provision that were wanted, and return with them in safety. A memorandum of the things required was tied round his neck, and the articles were fastened in the same manner.

The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse, in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and in pursuing the reindeer, the seal, or the bear. The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveler benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some years ago, a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him.

Remarkable instances of sagacity are on record respecting this friend of man. Sometimes he has proved a defense to his keepers in a manner which could scarcely have been imagined. Take an example. "In 1781, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretense that he had just arrived from the West Indies. Having agreed on the terms, he said he should send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock in the evening the trunk arrived, and was carried into his bedroom. As the family were retiring to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber-door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the chamber-door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it scratched and barked with redoubled fury. They attempted to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Suspicion becoming very strong, they were induced to open the box, when, to their utter astonishment, they found in it their new lodger, who had been thus conveyed into the house with the intention of robbing it."

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

MADRID AND VIENNA.

ENGLAND, encouraged by the insurrection in Spain, and by the threatening aspect of Austria, now redoubled her exertions.* She encouraged, by every means in her power, the rising of the fanatic peasants of the Spanish peninsula. Her invincible fleet swept the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and landed at every available point money, arms, and the munitions of war. Napoleon, unsuccessful in his renewed endeavors for the attainment of peace, was prepared for the arbitrations of battle. Before leaving Paris for the Spanish campaign, he assembled the Legislative body, and thus addressed them:

"I have traveled this year more than three thousand miles in the interior of my empire. The spectacle of this great French family—recently distracted by intestine divisions, now united and happy—has profoundly moved me. I have learned that I can not be happy myself unless I first see that France is happy. A part of my army is marching to meet the troops which England has landed in Spain. It is an especial blessing of that Providence which has constantly protected our arms, that passion has so blinded the English counsels as to induce them to renounce the possession of the seas, and to exhibit their army on the Continent. I depart in a few days to place myself at the head of my troops, and, with the aid of God, to crown in Madrid the King of Spain, and to plant our eagles upon the forts of Lisbon. The Emperor of Russia and I have met at Erfurth. Our most earnest endeavor has been for peace. We have even resolved to make many sacrifices, to confer, if possible, the blessings of maritime commerce upon the hundred millions of men whom we represent. We are of one mind, and we are indissolubly united for peace as for war."†

An army of two hundred thousand men, accustomed to battle, was now assembled in the gloomy fastnesses of the Pyrenees. Napoleon had stimulated their march by the following nervous proclamation:

"Soldiers!—After triumphing on the banks of the Vistula and the Danube, with rapid steps you have passed through Germany. This day, without a moment of repose, I command you

* "July 4, 1808, the alliance of Great Britain with the Spanish nation was proclaimed; and a struggle began, which, whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the conduct of Napoleon, every one will admit to have led, as far as respected Spain, to nothing but evil."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, Art. *Spain*. The final triumph of the English inflicted upon Spain the heaviest curse which could have befallen the nation. It riveted the chains of ignorance, despotism, and the most intolerable religious fanaticism.

"Future ages will find it difficult to credit the enthusiasm and the transport with which the tidings of the insurrection in Spain were received in the British islands. Never was public joy more universal—the general rapture knew no bounds. All classes joined in it. All degrees of intellect were swept away by the flood. The aristocratic party, who had so long struggled with almost hopeless constancy against the ever-advancing wave of revolutionary ambition, rejoiced that it had at last broke on a rugged shore."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 56.

† "There are many reasons why Napoleon should have meddled with the interior affairs of Spain. The Spanish Bourbons could never have been sincere friends to France while Bonaparte held the sceptre. The moment that the fear of his power ceased to operate, it was quite certain that their apparent friendship would change to active hostility. The proclamation issued by the Spanish cabinet, just before the battle of Jena, was evidence of this fact."—NAPIER, *Hist. of the War in the Peninsula*, vol. i. p. 24.

to traverse France. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard contaminates the peninsula of Spain and Portugal. In terror he must fly before you. Let us bear our triumphal eagles to the pillars of Hercules. There also we have injuries to avenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but you have not yet equaled the glory of those Romans who, in one and the same campaign, were victorious upon the Rhine and the Euphrates, in Illyria and upon the Tagus. A long peace, a lasting prosperity, shall be the reward of your labors. But a real Frenchman could not, ought not to rest until the seas are free and open to all. Soldiers! all that you have done, all that you will do for the happiness of the French people, and for my glory, shall be eternal in my heart."

On the 29th of October, Napoleon took his carriage for Bayonne, "traversing the earth," says Sir Walter Scott, "as a comet does the sky, working changes wherever he came." Madrid was distant from Paris about seven hundred miles. The cold rains of approaching winter had deluged the earth. The roads were miry, and often perilous. Regardless of fatigue and danger, Napoleon pressed on through darkness and storms. His carriage was dragged through ruts cut axle deep by the wheels of military wagons and of ponderous artillery. At length, in his impatience for greater speed, he abandoned his carriage, and mounted his horse. Apparently insensible to physical exhaustion or suffering, with his small cortège, like the rush of the tornado, he swept through the valleys and over the hills. At two o'clock in the morning of the 3d of November, he arrived at Bayonne.

Immediately he sent for General Berthier, to question him respecting the state of affairs. He had given particular directions that the French generals should do nothing to circumvent the plans of the insurgents. He wished to place his veteran troops in the very midst of the Spanish armies, that he might strike blows heavy and fast in all directions. He had therefore ordered his generals to permit the Spaniards to advance as far as they pleased upon his wings. "I sent them lambs," said he, in reference to the young and inexperienced soldiers who were first ordered to Spain, "and they devoured them. I will now send them wolves."

Napoleon found, much to his disappointment, that his orders had been but imperfectly executed. A sufficient amount of clothing had not been obtained for the soldiers. Mules and horses were wanting. There was but a scanty supply of provisions. Joseph, instead of concentrating the troops, that they might be enveloped in the masses of the enemy, incapable of appreciating so bold a manœuvre, had timidly dispersed them to guard his flanks and rear. Napoleon expressed his regrets, but wasted no time in recriminations. The incredible activity of his mind may be inferred from the labors of a single day succeeding his exhausting journey from Paris to Bayonne. He ordered all contracts which the contractors had not yet executed, to be thrown up. Agents were dispatched to purchase with ready money all the cloths of the south which could be obtained. Immense workshops were established, and hundreds of hands were busy making clothes. All the orders for corn and cattle were countermanded, that the funds might be appropriated to the purchase of clothing. Barracks were ordered to be immediately constructed at Bayonne for the shelter of the troops arriving there. Agents were dispatched to spur on the march of the conscripts to the designated points. The troops which had arrived at Bayonne were carefully reviewed by the eagle eye of the Emperor. Many letters were dictated to administrators of posts, bridges, and roads, filled with most important directions. As rest from the toil of such a day, when the sun had gone down, he leaped into his saddle, and galloped sixty miles over the mountains to Tolosa. He here passed the night of the 4th, busy in making preparations for a speedy and a decisive conflict. The next day he proceeded thirty miles farther to Vittoria. Napoleon encamped, with the Imperial Guard who accompanied him, at a little distance outside of the city. He wished to appear in Spain but as a general, leaving Joseph, as the king, to occupy the first place in the eyes of the Spaniards. If there were any unpopular acts to be performed, he assumed the responsibility of them himself, that he might shield his brother from odium.

It was late in the night when Napoleon arrived at Vittoria. He leaped from his horse, entered the first inn, called for his maps, and in two hours decided the plan for the whole campaign. Orders were immediately dispatched for the simultaneous movement of 200,000 men. In the morning, he had a hurried interview with Joseph, and immediately entered upon a series of operations which have ever been considered as among the most remarkable of his military career.

The Spaniards, in alliance with the English, had met with some astonishing triumphs. They were perfectly intoxicated with success. Their boasting was unparalleled. They had conquered the armies of the great Napoleon. They were surrounding, and in a few days would utterly devour those hosts whom Russia, Austria, and Prussia had found invincible. Five hundred thousand peasants, headed by priests and monks, were to cross the Pyrenees and march triumphantly upon Paris. The French generals, unable to endure the audacious movements of the boasting Spaniards, had occasionally attacked and repulsed them. Had Napoleon's orders been faithfully executed, he would have found his troops strongly concentrated and almost entirely surrounded by the swarming Spanish armies. Then, leaving a veteran band to check the movements of the right wing of the enemy, and another to check the movements of the left, he intended, with 80,000

NAPOLEON IN THE INN AT VITTORIA.

men, to cut the Spanish armies in two, at the centre He would then have fallen successively upon the two wings, and have enveloped and destroyed them. Bold as was this design, there could have been no question of its triumphant success, when undertaken by veteran French soldiers, headed by Napoleon. This plan could not now be so completely executed, for the various corps of the French army were widely dispersed, and the Spanish generals had been prevented from thoroughly entangling themselves. Napoleon, however, decided still to adopt essentially the same plan. He made his disposition to cut the Spanish line into two parts, in order to fall first upon the one, and then upon the other.

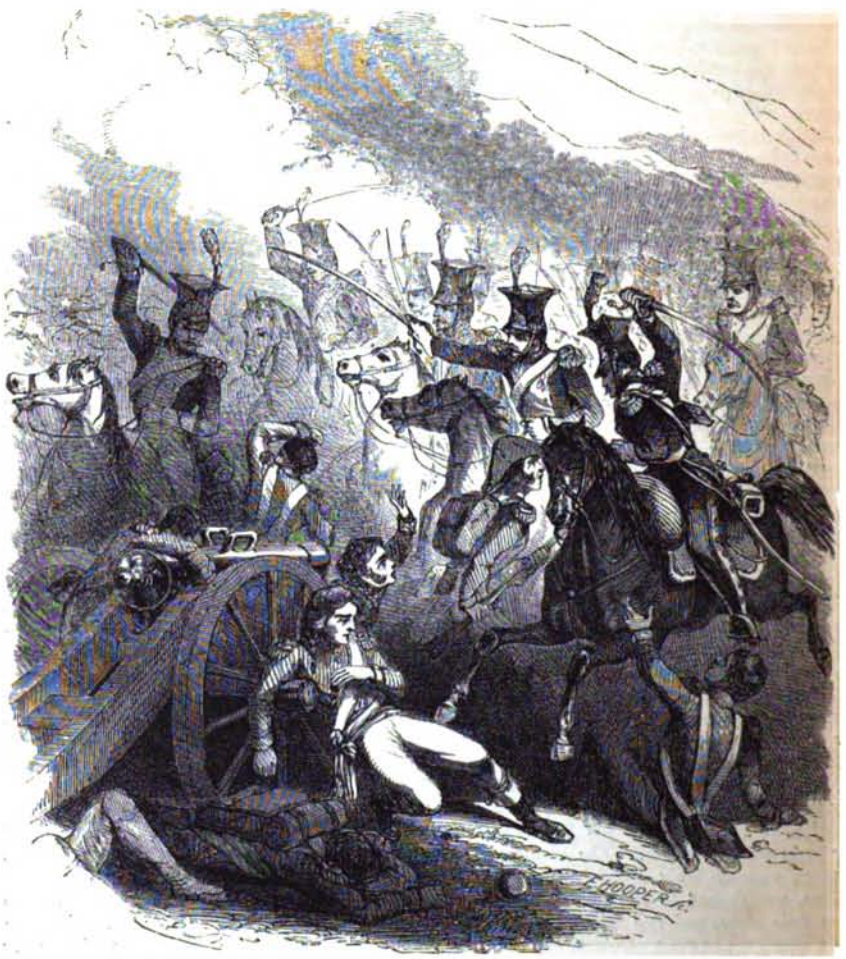
The moment Napoleon arrived at Vittoria, the whole army seemed inspired with new energy. Orders were dispatched in every direction. Hospitals were reared, magazines established, and an entrenchment thrown up as a precaution against any possible reverse; for, while Napoleon was one of the most bold, he was ever one of the most cautious of generals. Having stationed two strong forces to guard his flanks, he took fifty thousand men, the *élite* of his army, and rushed upon the centre of his Spanish foes. The onset was resistless. The carnage was, however, comparatively small. The peasant soldiers, accustomed to the mountains, threw down their arms, and fled with the agility of goats, from crag to crag. Colors, cannon, baggage—all were abandoned. In the night of the 11th of November, Napoleon arrived at the head of his troops at Burgos. Upon the entrenched heights which surround the city, the Spaniards had collected in great force. The French, regardless of shot and shell which mowed down their front ranks, and strewed the ground with the dead, advanced with fixed bayonets, and swept every thing before them. The Spaniards fled, with incredible alacrity, not merely defeated, but disbanded.

The conqueror strode sternly on, picking up by the way the muskets, cannon, and munitions of war, until he arrived at the little town of Espinosa. Thirty thousand men were here strongly entrenched. Six thousand Frenchmen marched up to the bristling ramparts. They fought all day. They did not conquer. Night separated the exhausted and bleeding combatants. The Spaniards were overjoyed at their successful defense. They built bonfires, and filled the air with their defiant shouts. Another division of the French army arrived in the evening. There were now eighteen thousand Frenchmen on the plain. There were thirty thousand Spaniards upon the entrenched heights. At the dawn of day the sanguinary conflict was renewed. One of the most awful scenes of war ensued. The rush of the assailants was resistless. Thirty thousand men, in frightful confusion, plunged down the precipitous rocks into the narrow street of Espinosa. Eighteen thousand men, in wild pursuit, rushed after them, intoxicated with the delirious passions

of war. Death, in its most revolting forms, held high carnival. Swords and bayonets were clotted with blood. Bullets pierced the dense masses of the affrighted and breathless fugitives. The unearthly clamor of the tumultuous and terrified host, the frenzied shouts of the assailants, the clangor of trumpets and drums, the roar of musketry, the shrieks of the wounded and the moans of the dying, created a scene of horror which no imagination can compass. The River Trueba, rushing from the mountains, traversed the town. One narrow bridge crossed it. The bridge was immediately choked with the miserable throng. An accumulated mass, in one wild maelstrom of affrighted men, struggling in frantic eddies, crowded the entrance. A storm of bullets swept pitilessly through the flying multitude. Great numbers threw themselves into the torrent swollen by the rains of winter, and were swept away to an unknown burial. After this awful discomfiture, General Blake with difficulty rallied six thousand men, to continue a precipitate retreat. The rest were either slain, or dispersed far and wide through the ravines of the mountains.

The Spaniards made one more effort to resist the conqueror. It was at the apparently impregnable Pass of the Somosierra.

The storming of this defile was one of the most astounding achievements of war. At daybreak, the advance of Napoleon's columns was arrested. There was a narrow pass over the mountains, long and steep. Rugged and craggy cliffs of granite, rose almost perpendicularly on either side to the clouds. A battery of sixteen guns swept the pass. An army of twelve thousand men, stationed behind field-works at every available point, were prepared to pour a storm of bullets into the bosoms of the French crowded together in the narrow gorge. As soon as the advancing columns appeared, a murderous fire was opened upon them. The stern battalions, inured as they were to the horrors of war, staggered and recoiled before a torrent of



STORMING THE PASS OF SOMOSIERRA.

destruction which no mortal men could withstand. Napoleon immediately rode into the mouth of the defile, and attentively examined the scene before him. He dispatched two regiments of sharp-shooters to clamber along the brink of the chasm, among the rocks on either side, from height to height. An active skirmishing fire immediately commenced, which was as actively returned. A dense fog, mingled with the smoke, settled down upon the defile, enveloping the dreary gorge in the gloom of night. Suddenly, Napoleon ordered a squadron of Polish lancers, on their light and fleet horses, to charge In the obscurity of the unnatural darkness they spurred their horses to the utmost speed. A terrific discharge from the battery swept the whole head of the column, horses and riders, into one mangled and hideous mass of death. Those behind, galloping impetuously forward over these mutilated limbs and quivering nerves, dashed upon the artillery-men before they had time to load, and sabred them at their guns. The French army poured resistlessly through the defile. The Spaniards threw down their arms, and, scattering in all directions, fled over the mountains. The battery, and muskets, ammunition and baggage in large quantities, fell into the hands of the victor. "It is indeed almost incredible," says Napier, "even to those who are acquainted with Spanish armies, that a position, in itself nearly impregnable, and defended by twelve thousand men, should, without any panic, but merely from a deliberate sense of danger, be abandoned at the wild charge of a few squadrons, which two companies of good infantry would have effectually stopped. The charge itself, viewed as a simple military operation, was extravagantly rash. But taken as the result of Napoleon's sagacious estimate of the real value of the Spanish troops, and his promptitude in seizing the advantage offered by the smoke and fog that clung to the sides of the mountains, it was a most felicitous example of intuitive genius."

An English army, under Sir John Moore, was hurrying across the north of Portugal to the aid of the Spaniards. Napoleon could not ascertain their numbers. He resolved, however, first to disembarrass himself of the Spanish forces, and then to turn upon the English. With resistless steps he now pressed on toward Madrid. There was no further opposition to be encountered. The insurgents had been scattered like autumnal leaves before the gale. On the morning of the 2d of December, he arrived before the walls of the metropolis. It was the anniversary of the coronation, and also of the battle of Austerlitz. In the minds of the soldiers a superstition was attached to that memorable day. The weather was superb. All nature smiled serenely beneath the rays of an unclouded sun. As Napoleon rode upon the field, one unanimous shout of acclamation burst from his adoring hosts. A still louder shout of defiance and rage was echoed back from the multitudinous throng crowding the ramparts of the city. Napoleon was now standing before the walls of Madrid at the head of 30,000 victorious troops. The city was in the power of the insurgents. An army of 60,000 men had collected within its walls. It was composed mainly of peasants, roused by the priests to the highest pitch of fanatic enthusiasm The population of the city—men, women, and children—amounted to 180,000. Napoleon was extremely perplexed. He recoiled from the idea of throwing his terrible bomb-shells and red-hot balls into the midst of the mothers, the maidens, and the children cowering helplessly by their firesides. On the other hand, he could not think of retiring as if discomfited, and of yielding Madrid and Spain to the dominion of the English. "His genius," says M. Chauvet, "inspired him with a plan, which conciliated at the same time the claims of his own glory, and the exigencies of humanity. Happily, fortune had not yet abandoned him, and gave still another proof of her partiality."

Napoleon sat upon his horse, and for a few moments gazed earnestly upon the capital of Spain. The soldiers, flushed with victory, and deeming every thing possible under their extraordinary chieftain, were impatient for the assault. He made a reconnoisance himself, on horseback, around the city, while the balls from the enemy's cannon plowed up the ground beneath his horse's feet. He stationed his forces, and planted his batteries and his mortars in such a position, as to reduce the city if possible by intimidation, and thus to save the effusion of blood The sun had now gone down, and a brilliant moon diffused almost mid-day splendor over the martial scene. "The night," says Napier, "was clear and bright. The French camp was silent and watchful. But the noise of tumult was heard from every quarter of the city, as if some mighty beast was struggling and howling in the toils" The tocsin from two hundred convent bells came pealing through the air.

At midnight Napoleon sent a summons for the surrender. He assured the Governor that the city could not possibly hold out against the French army, and entreated him to reflect upon the fearful destruction of property and of life which must inevitably attend a bombardment. A negative answer was returned. An attack was immediately made upon the outposts. They were speedily taken. A formidable battery was then reared to effect a breach in the wall. Another letter was now sent, mild and firm, again demanding the surrender. It was noon of the second day. The authorities still refused a capitulation; they solicited, however, a few hours' delay, that an opportunity might be afforded for consulting the people. With difficulty Napoleon restrained the impetuosity of his troops, and waited patiently until the next morning. In the mean time the scene in the city was awful beyond description. Fanatic peasants, dressed like brigands, patrolled the streets, assassinating all who were suspected of favoring the French. The bells of the churches and convents tolled

incessantly. The monks, heading the peasants, guided them in tearing up the pavements, and in raising barricades at every corner. The stone houses were secured and loop-holed for musketry. The inhabitants who had property to lose and families to suffer were anxious for the surrender. The fanatic peasants were eager for the strife. The monks had promised the reward of heaven, without purgatory, to every Spaniard who should shoot three Frenchmen

As soon as the brilliant sun had dispelled the morning fog, Napoleon himself gave orders for a battery of thirty cannons to open its fire upon the walls. A breach was soon opened The French soldiers, with wild hurrahs, rushed over the ruins into the barricaded streets. Again Napoleon curbed in his restive army. At his imperious command the action was promptly suspended. His troops were now in the city.

His batteries were upon the neighboring heights, and could speedily reduce the metropolis to ashes. A third time he sent the summons to surrender. "Though I am ready," said he, "to give a terrible example to the cities of Spain which persist in closing their gates against me, I choose rather to owe the surrender of Madrid to the reason and humanity of those who have made themselves its rulers." Even the populace were now satisfied that resistance was unavailing. The Junta consequently sent two negotiators to the head-quarters of Napoleon. One of these men was Thomas de Morla, Governor of Andalusia. He had made himself notorious, by violating the capitulation of Baylen. He had also treated the French prisoners with horrible inhumanity. Napoleon received the deputation, at the head of his staff, with a cold and stern countenance. He fixed his piercing eye upon Morla. The culprit quailed before his indignant glance. With downcast looks he said to Napoleon, "Every sensible man in Madrid is convinced of the necessity of surrendering. It is however necessary that the French troops should retire, to allow the Junta time to pacify the people, and to induce them to lay down their arms" In the following indignant strain, which echoed through all Europe, Napoleon addressed him. We quote the literal translation of his words, as recorded in the "Moniteur" of that day:

"In vain you employ the name of the people. If you can not find means to pacify them, it is because you yourselves have excited them and misled them by falsehood. Assemble the clergy, the heads of the convents, the alcaldes, and if between this and six in the morning the city has not surrendered, it shall cease to exist. I neither will, nor ought, to withdraw my troops. You have slaughtered the unfortunate French who have fallen into your hands. Only a few days ago, you suffered two servants of the Russian Embassador to be dragged away, and put to death in the streets, because they were Frenchmen. The incapacity and weakness of a general, had put into your hands troops which had capitulated on the field of battle of Baylen, and the capitulation was violated. You, M. de Morla, what sort of a letter did you write to that general!* Well did it become you to talk of pillage—you, who having entered Roussillon in 1795, carried off all the women, and divided them as booty among your soldiers. What right had you, moreover, to hold such language! The capitulation of Baylen forbade it. Look what was the conduct of the English, who are far from priding themselves upon being strict observers of the law of nations. They complained of the Convention of Cintra, but they fulfilled it. To violate military treaties is to renounce all civilization—to put ourselves on a level with the Bedouins of the desert. How then dare you demand a capitulation—you who violated that of Baylen! See how injustice and bad faith ever recoil upon those who are guilty of them. I had a fleet at Cadiz. It had come there as to the harbor of an ally. You directed against it the mortars of the city which you commanded. I had a Spanish army in my ranks. I preferred to see it escape in English ships, and to fling itself from the rocks of Espinosa,† than to disarm it. I preferred having nine thousand enemies more to fight to violating good faith and honor Return to Madrid. I give till six o'clock to-morrow evening. You have nothing to say to me about the people, but to tell me that they have submitted. If not, you and your troops shall be put to the sword."

These severe and deserved reproaches caused Morla to shudder with terror. Upon returning to head-quarters his agitation was so great that he was quite unable to make a report. His colleague was obliged to give an account for him. Morla was sent again to inform Napoleon of the consent to surrender. Thus, through the generosity and firmness of the conqueror, the city of Madrid was taken, with but a very slight expenditure of blood and suffering. The French army took possession of the city. Perfect security of property and of life was, as by enchantment, restored to the inhabitants. The shops were kept open. The streets were thronged.

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* Alluding to a letter which Morla wrote to General Dupont, in which he endeavored to vindicate the violation of the capitulation of Baylen.

† It will be remembered that the Prince of Peace, upon the eve of the battle of Jena, issued a proclamation, rousing Spain to attack France in her unprotected rear. The result of that battle alarmed the Spanish Government, and the Prince of Peace hypocritically protested that *his object was to send the troops to the aid of Napoleon*. The Emperor, feigning to be duped, expressed his *gratitude*, and called for the troops. Sixteen thousand men, under the Marquis Romana, were furnished, and were finally marched to the shores of the Baltic. Upon the breaking out of the war with Spain, a Catholic priest was sent to Romana to induce him to return with his troops to Spain. With ten thousand men he embarked on board an English fleet, and was transported to the Peninsula, where his army was united with the armies of England. These men, under General Blake, swelling his force to thirty thousand men, had entrenched themselves upon the heights of Espinosa. Napoleon hurled upon them a division of 18,000 veterans, and drove them, with frightful slaughter, over the rocks into the river.

The floods of business and pleasure flowed on unobstructed.*

Napoleon immediately proclaimed a general pardon for all political offenses. He abolished the execrable tribunal of the Inquisition. He reduced, one-third, the number of the convents, which were filled with lazy monks. One half of the proceeds of these convents was appropriated to the increase of the salary of the laboring clergy. The other half was set apart for the payment of the public debt. The vexatious line of custom-houses between the several provinces, embarrassing intercourse and injuring trade, he abolished entirely, and established collectors of imposts only at the frontiers. All feudal rights were annulled. General courts of appeal were organized, where justice could be obtained from the decisions of corrupt local authorities. Before the insurrection Napoleon had refrained from these important measures, to avoid exasperating the clergy and the nobility. It was no longer necessary to show them any indulgence. These were vast benefits. They promised boundless good to Spain. It is humiliating to reflect that England, our mother land, could deluge the Peninsula in blood, to arrest the progress of such reforms, and to plunge enfranchised Spain back again into the darkness and the tyranny of the middle ages.

Joseph returned, not to Madrid, but to the royal mansion of the Pardo, about six miles from the capital. To the various deputations which called upon Napoleon, he declared that he would not restore King Joseph to the Spaniards, till he deemed them worthy to possess a ruler so enlightoned and liberal; that he would not replace him in the palace of the kings of Spain to see him again expelled; that he had no intention to impose upon Spain a monarch whom she wished to reject, but that having conquered the country he would extend over it the rights of conquest, and treat it as he should think proper. In a proclamation which he then issued he said to the Spanish nation:

"I have declared, in a proclamation of the 2d of June, that I wished to be the regenerator of Spain. To the rights which the princes of the ancient dynasty have ceded to me, you have wished that I should add the rights of conquest. That, however, shall not change my inclination to serve you. I wish to encourage every thing that is noble in your own exertions. All that is opposed to your prosperity and your grandeur I wish to destroy. The shackles which have enslaved the people I have broken. I have given you a liberal constitution, and, in the place of an absolute monarchy, a monarchy mild and limited. It depends upon yourselves whether that constitution shall still be your law."

Thus, in less than five weeks, Napoleon had become master of half of Spain. The Spanish armies had every where been scattered like dust before him. This whirlwind march of the conqueror, had astonished the English, who were hastening to the aid of their allies. In their embarrassment they hardly knew which way to turn. Advance was inevitable ruin. Retreat, without the firing of a gun, was the most humiliating disgrace. Sir John Moore, with an army of about 30,000 men was marching rapidly from Portugal, to form a junction with Sir David Baird who was approaching from Corunna with 10,000 men. With this army of highly disciplined British troops, to form the nucleus of uncounted thousands of Spaniards, the English entertained little doubt of immediate and triumphant success. The tidings of disaster which they encountered, left for them, however, no alternative but a precipitate retreat. Napoleon had done nothing to arrest the march of the English. He earnestly desired to draw them as far as possible from their ships, that he might meet them on an open field.

Establishing his head-quarters at a country seat about four miles from Madrid, he devoted the most unremitted attention to the welfare of the army. An entrenched camp was constructed, bristling with cannon, which commanded the city, where his sick and wounded would be safe, and where his military supplies could be deposited without fear of capture.

A deputation of 1200 of the notables of Spain called upon him. He recounted to them the services which he had rendered Spain, and closed by saying, "The present generation will differ in opinion respecting me. Too many passions have been called into exercise. But your posterity will be grateful to me as their regenerator. They will place in the number of memorable days those in which I have appeared among you. From those days will be dated the prosperity of Spain. These are my sentiments. Go consult your fellow citizens. Choose your part, but do it frankly, and exhibit only true colors."*

Every speech which Napoleon made bears the impress of his genius. Every line which he

* "In a short time every thing wore the appearance of peace; the theatres were re-opened, the shopkeepers displayed their tempting wares, secure in the discipline of the conquerors; the Prado and public walks were crowded with spectators. Numerous deputations, embracing some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of Madrid, waited on the Emperor, and renewed their protestations of fidelity to his brother Joseph. It then appeared how completely and fatally the corruptions and enjoyments of opulence and civilized life, disqualified men from acting a heroic part in defense of their country."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 100.

* The Marquis of Londonderry, at that time Colonel in the 2d British regiment of Life Guards, thus testifies in reference to the perfidy of both Spain and Portugal. "The prospect of that rupture with Prussia, which ended with the peace of Tilsit, struck Godoy as furnishing a favorable opportunity of stirring up all Europe against a man, *whose ambition seemed to be unbounded.* A secret arrangement was accordingly entered into between him and the embassador Strogonoff (the Russian Minister) into which the Portuguese envoy was admitted, that the two kingdoms of Spain and Portugal should instantly arm, for the purpose of attacking France, at a moment when her troops should be called away to oppose the Emperor of Russia in the north. These preparations were to begin in Portugal; with the ostensible view of overawing which, Spain was next to increase her armies, while expeditions being fitted out in the English ports, a combined force was to invade the south of France, which, it was believed, would not be in a fit state to offer any efficient opposition. Had Bonaparte, as soon as the designs of Spain became known to

NAPOLEON AND THE DAUGHTER OF ST. SIMON.

wrote is stamped with his majestic power. Lamartine, who assails Napoleon in terms of measureless animosity and with a glow of eloquence rarely equaled, thus testifies to the Emperor's energy with the pen:

"He was perhaps the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. He is much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns. His style is not the written exposition alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counterpart and the counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, nor a color wasted, between the fact and the word; and the word is himself. His phrases, concise and struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them, with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment."

While here two events occurred peculiarly characteristic of Napoleon. He had issued an order of the day enjoining the strictest discipline, and threatening the most severe military rigor against any person who should be guilty of acts of violence. Two of his soldiers had been arrested for a shameful assault upon a female. By a council of war they were condemned to death. Earnest petitions were presented for their pardon. Napoleon firmly refused, and they were shot. Their execution produced a very salutary effect upon the army, and restrained the outbreak of depraved passion.

him, directed his victorious legions upon Madrid, the dethronement of Charles would have been viewed by the rest of Europe as an arrangement of self-defense. But it was not in the nature of the French Emperor to act in any case, either with openness or candor. *Though a passionate lover of war, he never effected that by force of arms, which he believed it practicable to effect by diplomacy.*"—*Story of the Peninsular War*, by the Marquis of LONDONDERRY, pp. 24, 26. The perfidious court merited its overthrow. It was humane to try to save the benighted populace from the carnage of war.

The Marquis of St. Simon, a French royalist emigrant, had taken at Bayonne the oath of fidelity to King Joseph. He was captured, at the head of a band of Spanish insurgents fighting against his country. A military commission condemned him to death. The daughter of the guilty man, aided by some of Napoleon's kind-hearted officers obtained access to the Emperor. He was on horseback at the head of his staff. She sprang from her carriage, rushed through a file of soldiers, and threw herself upon her knees before the horse of the Emperor. "Pardon, Sire, pardon!" she exclaimed, with suppliant hands and flooded eyes. Napoleon, surprised at the sudden apparition of the graceful and fragile maiden, reined in his horse, and fixing his eye earnestly upon her, said:

"Who is this young girl? What does she wish!"

"Sire," she replied, "I am the daughter of St. Simon, who is condemned to die this night." Suddenly a deathly pallor spread over her countenance, and she fell insensible upon the pavement.

Napoleon gazed for a moment upon her prostrate form, with a look expressive of the deepest commiseration. Then in hurried accents he exclaimed, "Let the very best care be taken of Mademoiselle St. Simon. Tell her that her father is pardoned." With a slight movement of the reins he urged on his horse, evidently struggling to conceal his emotion, and at the same time looking back to see if his orders were executed. Offenses, ever so weighty, committed against himself, he could, with magnanimity forgive. Wrongs inflicted upon helpless females were unpardonable.

General Moore was now directing his retreating steps toward Corunna. He had ordered a fleet of English transports to repair to that port to receive his troops. On the morning of the 22d of December Napoleon left Madrid, with an army of 40,000 men, to overtake and overwhelm the English. He well knew that the British soldiers would present a very different front from that which the Spaniards had opposed to him. He consequently took the whole of the Imperial Guard, foot and horse, and a large reserve of artillery. The Spaniards had all fled. The English, exasperated by the cowardice of their allies, were left alone. Napoleon was sweeping down upon them with a power which they could not resist. Their salvation depended upon the rapidity of their flight.

Napoleon urged his troops impetuously on till they arrived in the savage defiles of the mountains of Guadarrama. It was necessary to make forced marches to overtake the retreating foe. Suddenly, the weather, which had been, till then, superb, changed into a series of the most violent storms. The wind blew with hurricane fury. The snow, in blinding, smothering sheets, blocked up the mountain paths, clogged the ponderous wheels of the artillery-carriages and baggage-wagons, and effectually prevented the advance of the army. The mighty host of horsemen and footmen, with all the appliances and machinery of war, became entangled in inextricable confusion. Napoleon forced his way through the thronged gorge to the head of the column, which he found held at bay by the fury of the hurricane. The peasant guides declared that it was impossible to effect the wild passes of the Guadarrama in such a tempest. But he, who had set at defiance the storm-spirit of the Alps, was not to be thus intimidated. Napoleon ordered the chasseurs of his guard to dismount and form into a close column, occupying the whole width of the road. Every cavalier led his horse. Thus each platoon was composed of eight or ten men, followed by an equal number of horses. These veteran warriors, with iron sinews, trampled down the snow and made a path for those who followed.

Napoleon, in the midst of these toiling bands, climbed the mountains on foot. He placed himself behind the first platoon, and, leaning upon the arm of Savary, shared the fatigues of his grenadiers in breasting the storm, and in struggling along the drifted and tempest-swept defile. Such an example could not be resisted. The army, with enthusiasm followed its leader. The Emperor was greatly exhausted by the march. The main body of the army, encumbered by heavy guns and wagons, had not been able to keep pace with the advancing column. The Emperor stopped for the night at a miserable post-house in the midst of the mountains. Those engaged in his service were untiring in their endeavors to anticipate all his wants. Napoleon seemed ever to forget himself in thinking only of others. The single mule which carried his baggage, was brought to this wretched house. "He was, therefore, provided," says Savary, "with a good fire, a tolerable supper, and a bed. On those occasions the Emperor was not selfish. He was quite unmindful of the next day's wants, when he alone was concerned. He shared his fire and his supper with all who had been able to keep up with him, and even compelled those to eat, whose reserve kept them back." As he gathered his friends around the glowing fire, he conversed with unusual cheerfulness and frankness upon the extraordinary incidents of his extraordinary life, commencing at Brienne, "to end," he said, "I know not where."

Having crossed the mountains, the snow was succeeded by rain. The troops, drenched and exhausted, waded knee-deep through the inundated roads, while the artillery-wagons sank to the axle in the miry ruts. The anxiety of the Emperor was intense to throw a part of his forces in advance of the English, and to cut off their retreat. His measures had been so skillfully formed, that but for the unusual severity of the weather and badness of the roads, the whole army would have been taken. "If the English retreat," he wrote to Marshal Soult, "pursue them with the sword at their loins. If they attack you, beat a retreat; for the farther they venture the better it will be. If they

THE PASSAGE OF THE GUADARRAMA.

remain one day longer in their present position they are undone, for I shall be upon their flank." General Moore was now at Sahagun, and Napoleon, with his advance-guard, was within one day's march of him. The British general had not a moment to lose to escape from the net in which he was nearly enveloped. With the utmost precipitation he urged his flight, blowing up the bridges behind him. The rain still continued to fall in torrents; the streams were swollen, and the roads, cut up by the passage of the retreating army, were almost impracticable.

No pen can describe the scene which now ensued. Notwithstanding the most firm and honorable endeavors of General Moore to restrain his troops, they plunged into every conceivable excess. Becoming furiously intoxicated with the wine, which they found every where in abundance, they plundered without mercy, and wantonly burned the houses of the wretched peasants. Often in helpless drunkenness they perished in the midst of the flames which their own hands had kindled. The most bitter hostility sprang up between the English soldiers and the Spaniards. The English called the Spaniards ungrateful wretches. "We ungrateful!" exclaimed the Spaniards; "you came here to serve your own interests, and now you are running away, without even defending us." The enmity became so inveterate, and the brutality of the drunken English soldiers so insupportable, that the Spaniards almost regarded the French troops, who were under far better discipline, as their deliverers.*

* "The native and uneradicable vice of northern climates, drunkenness, here appeared in frightful colors. The great wine-vaults of Bembibre proved more fatal than the sword of the enemy. And when the gallant rear-guard, which preserved its ranks unbroken, closed up the array, they had to force their way through a motley crowd of English and Spanish soldiers, straggiers and marauders who reeled out of the houses in disgusting crowds, or lay stretched on the roadside an easy prey to the enemy's cavalry, which thundered in close pursuit. The condition of the army became daily more deplorable: the frost had been succeeded by a thaw; rain and sleet fell in torrents; the roads were almost broken up; the horses foundered at every step; the few artillery-wagons which had kept up, fell, one by one, to the rear; and, being immediately blown up to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, gave melancholy tokens, by the sound of

RECEPTION OF DISPATCHES.

The road, league after league, was strewed with the wrecks of the British army. Baggage-wagons were abandoned; artillery-carriages were broken down and overturned; the sick, the wounded, the dying, and multitudes of stragglers in every grade of intoxication strewed the wayside. Napoleon pressed on vigorously, by day and by night, that he might overtake his fugitive foes. On the 2d of January he arrived, with his advance-guard at Astorga. In ten days he had marched an army of fifty thousand men two hundred miles. It was the dead of winter. Desolating storms clogged the passes of the mountains with snow, and deluged the plains. The rivers, swollen into rapid torrents, obstructed his path. Horses and men, knee-deep in the mire, painfully dragged the heavy guns along, as they sank to the axles in the ruts.

It was a stormy morning when Napoleon left Astorga. Gloomy clouds floated heavily in the sky. The snow-flakes melting as they fell, were swept in blinding sheets over the drenched and shivering host. Napoleon, sharing all the exposure and fatigue of his devoted army, had proceeded but a few miles in the storm, when he was overtaken by a courier from France, bearing dispatches of the utmost importance. There was no house near. Napoleon immediately dismounted, and ordered a fire to be kindled by the roadside. His officers gathered respectfully around him, watching his countenance with intensest interest. Standing by the fire, in the cold wintry air, with the snow-flakes falling thickly upon him, and his unfaltering battalions crowding by, as they breasted the storm, he read these documents.

They informed him that Austria, taking advantage of his absence in Spain, and of the withdrawal of 100,000 troops from the army of the Rhine, was entering into an alliance with England to attack him in the North; that the Turks, exasperated with his alliance with Alexander, were assuming a threatening aspect in the East; that the Queen-mother of Russia, and the great majority of the nobles were increasingly bitter in their hostility. Since Napoleon would not consent to the annexation of Constantinople to the Russian Empire; and that Alexander, though still firm in his friendship, was struggling against an opposition daily increasing in strength.

The whole frightful vision of another terrific continental war at once flashed upon his mind. For a moment, his Herculean energies seemed paralyzed by the appalling prospect. He now bitterly regretted that he was involved in the Spanish war. But he could not abandon the

their explosions, of the work of destruction which was going on. . . . . Disorders went on accumulating with frightful rapidity along the whole line."—ALISON'S *Hist. of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 105.

struggle, for the combined English and Spanish armies would immediately throng the defiles of the Pyrenees in the invasion of France. He could do nothing to avert the rising conflict in the North, for he was the illustrious representative of those popular principles, which banded Europe was determined to crush. It was a desperate enterprise to carry on war with England and Austria on the banks of the Danube, and with England, Spain, and Portugal, south of the Pyrenees, while the other half of Europe were watching for an opportunity to spring upon their foe, in the very first hour of his reverse. France was weary of war. Napoleon was weary of war. There was but one alternative before him: either to abandon the interminable conflict in despair and surrender France to the tender mercies of the allies, or to struggle to the last.

Napoleon, from the cheerless fire, whose flames were fanned by the storm, turned his horse, and slowly and sadly rode back to Astorga. Not a word was spoken. All about him were impressed with the entire absorption of his mind. But, in an hour, his dejection passed away; his customary equanimity re-appeared; his plans were formed. Firmly and calmly he girded his strength to encounter the new accumulation of perils which thronged his path. It became necessary for him immediately to direct his energies toward the Rhine. He, consequently, relinquished the further pursuit, in person, of the English, and commissioned Marshal Soult to press them, in their flight, as vehemently as possible.

He then returned to Valladolid, where he remained for a few days, giving very minute directions respecting affairs in Spain, and dispatching innumerable orders for the organization of his armies in France, Italy, and Germany.

Marshal Soult pursued the enemy in one of the most disastrous retreats recorded in the annals of modern warfare. The wrecks of the fugitive host in the most melancholy fragments every where met the eye. Such was the precipitation and dismay of the flight, that the treasure casks of the army, containing a large amount of money in specie, were rolled over the precipices, and the glittering coin was scattered among the

POSTING FOR PARIS.

rocks. The French soldiers, as they rushed along, filled their pockets with English gold. The sick and the wounded, in wan and haggard groups, threw themselves down by the wayside, and struggled, in the agonies of death, upon the storm-drenched sods. Almost every conceivable atrocity was perpetrated by the drunken soldiers upon the wretched inhabitants of the villages through which they passed. Women and children were driven from their plundered and burning dwellings to perish in the freezing air. The dying and the dead, upon the bleak hill-sides, every where presented a scene most revolting to humanity. "There was never," says Napier, "so complete an example of a disastrous retreat. The weather was frightful. The rigors of a Polish winter seemed to have been transported to Spain. Incessant storms of sleet and rain swept the frozen hills. The English dragoons, as fast as their horses gave out, shot them, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.*

During this retreat, which was conducted with consummate skill by Sir John Moore, the advance-guard of the pursuers had many conflicts with the rear-guard of the pursued. The English, whenever they stood at bay, fought with the most determined valor. Having arrived at Corunna, the retreating army, taking a position upon the circuit of hills, which almost inclosed the city, threw the gauntlet of defiance to their foes. They had gathered in a magazine, about three miles from the dwellings of the inhabitants, four thousand barrels of powder. To prevent these stores from falling into the hands of the enemy, the torch was applied. An explosion of inconceivable sublimity was the result. "When the train reached the great store," says Colonel Napier, who was an eye-witness of the scene, "there ensued a crash like the bursting forth of a volcano. The earth trembled for miles; the rocks were torn from their bases, and the agitated waters rolled the vessels as in a storm. A vast column of smoke and dust, shooting out fiery sparks from its sides, arose perpendicularly and slowly to a great height, and then a shower of stones and fragments of all kinds, bursting out of it with a roaring sound, killed many persons who remained near the spot. Stillness, slightly interrupted by the lashing of the waves, succeeded, and the business of the war went on."

A sanguinary battle ensued. Sir John Moore, the heroic leader of this awful retreat, fell, fearfully mutilated by a cannon-ball. Night and utter exhaustion separated the combatants. The mangled body of the unfortunate general, wrapped in his bloody cloak, was hastily and silently interred on the ramparts of Corunna. It was one of the most melancholy of earthly scenes. A gloomy winter's night brooded over the exhausted and bleeding armies. Not a word was spoken, as, by torch-light, a shallow grave was dug, and a few sods were thrown over upon his remains. The genius of the poet has recorded his burial in lines which will never perish.* The French officers, admiring the heroism of their fallen foe, erected a monument to his memory.

In the night, leaving their camp-fires blazing to conceal their movements, the English commenced the embarkation. This was accomplished with no very heavy addition to their disasters. The Spaniards manned the ramparts, and beat off the approaches of the French. In this calamitous retreat, the English lost nearly six thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Three thousand horses were shot by their riders. An immense quantity of the munitions of war were either destroyed or fell into the hands of the victors.

Alison thus describes the effect produced in England by the return of these emaciate, war-worn, and bleeding columns: "The inhabitants of the towns along the channel had seen the successive expeditions, which composed Sir John Moore's army, embark, in all the pride of military display, with drums beating and colors flying, amid the cheers and tears of a countless host of spectators. When, therefore, they beheld the same regiments return, now reduced to half their number, with haggard countenances, ragged accoutrements, and worn-out clothing, they were struck with astonishment and horror, which was soon greatly increased by a malignant fever which the troops brought back with

* "That no horror might be wanting, women and children accompanied this wretched army. Some were frozen in the baggage-wagons, which were broken down or left on the road, for the want of cattle. Some died of fatigue and cold, while their infants were pulling at the exhausted breasts. One woman was taken in labor upon the mountain. She lay down upon the turning of an angle, rather more sheltered than the rest of the way from the icy sleet which drifted along. There she was found dead, and two babes which she had brought forth, struggling in the snow. A blanket was thrown over her to cover her from sight, the only burial which could be afforded. The infants were given in charge to a woman, who came up in one of the bullock-carts, to take their chance of surviving through such a journey."—SOUTHEY.

* Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory."

them—the result of fatigue, confinement on shipboard, and mental depression, joined to the dismal and often exaggerated accounts which were spread by the survivors, of the hardships and miseries they had undergone."

Spain was filled with robberies and assassinations. The fanatic populace, under pretense of attachment to their ancient kings, committed the most revolting acts of violence. There was no protection for property or life, except in those portions of Spain occupied by the French armies. Some Spanish soldiers, enraged against one of their most brave and illustrious generals, Don Juan Benito, seized him in his bed, dragged him to a tree, hung him by the neck, and amused themselves for hours in riddling his body with balls. With a firm hand, Napoleon repressed these disorders wherever he had sway. At Valladolid, he arrested a dozen well-known assassins, and promptly shot them. He wrote to Joseph: "You must make yourself feared first, and loved afterward. They have been soliciting me here for the pardon of some bandits who have committed murder and robbery. But they have been delighted not to obtain it; and subsequently every thing has returned to its proper course. Be, at the same time, just and strong, and as much the one as the other, if you wish to govern." He ordered a hundred assassins in Madrid to be executed. These men had broken into the hospitals, and, with slow tortures, had murdered the wounded French soldiers in their beds. They had also burned the houses and taken the lives of many Spaniards, under the pretext that they, as friends of the French, were traitors to their country. Napoleon resolved to inspire the guilty with terror. With his accustomed magnanimity, he wished to draw upon himself the odium which these necessary acts of severity might excite. The popularity of all acts of clemency he endeavored to pass over to the credit of his brother.

In a complimentary letter on the occasion of the new year, Joseph wrote to Napoleon: "I pray your Majesty to accept my wishes that, in the course of this year, Europe, pacified by your efforts, may render justice to your intentions."

Napoleon replied, "I thank you for what you say relatively to the new year. I do not hope that Europe can this year be pacified. So little do I hope it, that I have just issued a decree for levying 100,000 men. The rancor of England, the events of Constantinople, every thing, in short, indicates that the hour of rest and quiet is not yet arrived.

The Spaniards were every where vanquished in the open field. Numerous bands had, however, thrown themselves behind the walls of fortified cities. Here they prolonged the conflict with the most prodigious and desperate valor. But ere long the strongest posts were reduced by the skill of the French engineers, and the valor of the French armies. The siege of Saragossa was one of the most memorable and one of the most awful recorded in ancient or modern annals. The English had filled the city with military supplies. Forty thousand Spanish soldiers, headed by monks, and inspired by fanaticism, had entrenched themselves in stone houses behind its massive walls. One hundred thousand individuals thronged the streets of the city. With but 18,000 men the French invested the place. For two months the cruel conflict raged without cessation and without mercy. The walls were battered down and convents blown into the air. Still the infuriate hands fought from street to street, from house to house. At length the disciplined valor of the French triumphed over the fanatic enthusiasm of the Spaniards. When Marshal Lannes, with but eleven thousand men, took possession of the ruins of the smouldering city, a spectacle was presented such as has rarely been witnessed in this lost world of sin and woe. The city was filled with devastated dwellings and putrefying corpses. Fifty-four thousand of the inhabitants had perished. The cries of the mangled—men, women, and children—with their wounds inflamed and festering, ascended piteously from every dwelling. One-third part of the city was entirely demolished. The other two-thirds, shattered and blood-stained, were reeking with deadly miasmata. Of the forty thousand Spanish soldiers who had fought with such desperation from window to window, and from roof to roof, but ten thousand infantry and two thousand horse, pale, gaunt, and haggard, as prisoners defiled before their captors. Even the French veterans, inured as they were to the horrors of war, were deeply moved by the spectacle.

Joseph now returned to Madrid, amidst the pealing of bells and the firing of cannon. He was received coldly by the populace, who considered themselves dethroned. The more respectable portion of the inhabitants, however, who had been living under a reign of terror, received him with satisfaction. Joseph had been presented to the Spaniards as their protector; as the one who, in their behalf, had implored the clemency of the resistless conqueror. Yet there was something in the inflexibly just and heroic character of Napoleon which won universal admiration. Notwithstanding his endeavors to promote the popularity of Joseph, by drawing upon himself the odium of all necessary acts of severity, the Spaniards were more attracted by the grandeur of the Emperor than by the more gentle spirit of his brother.

Napoleon stopped five days at Valladolid, writing dispatches to every part of Europe. In those five days he accomplished work which would have engrossed the energies of any ordinary mind for a year. His armies in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany were spread out as a map before him, and he grasped all their possible combinations. Having finished his dispatches, he mounted his horse, and posted for Paris. "In the first five hours," says Headley, "he rode the astonishing distance of eighty-five miles, or seventeen miles the hour. This wild gallop was long remembered by the inhabitants of the towns through which the smoking cavalcade of the Emperor passed. Relays of horses had been pro-

vided along the road, and no sooner did he arrive at one post than he flung himself on a fresh horse, and sinking his spurs in his flanks, dashed away in headlong speed. Few who saw that short figure, surmounted with a plain chapeau, sweep by on that day, ever forgot it. His pale face was calm as marble, but his lips were compressed, and his brow knit like iron; while his flashing eye, as he leaned forward, still jerking impatiently at the bridle, as if to accelerate his speed, seemed to devour the distance. No one spoke; but the whole suite strained forward in the breathless race. The gallant chasseurs had never had so long and so wild a ride before."*

At Bayonne Napoleon took coach. Directing the Imperial Guard to march as rapidly as possible toward the Rhine, he departed for Paris. On the night of the 22d of January he arrived at the Tuileries, surprising every one by his sudden appearance. Napoleon governing by the energies of his own mind, revealed but little to the people of the plots and counter-plots which agitated Europe. Public opinion, uninformed of the secret and continued perfidy of the court of Madrid, had generally condemned the Spanish war, as involving an unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, and as an act of injustice toward stupid and degraded princes. Napoleon himself now deeply regretted that he was involved in this calamitous war. He had hoped to confer such benefits upon the Spanish nation, that it would rejoice at the peaceful removal of its worthless and despotic princes. But for the intervention of England, Spain would thus have been regenerated. It is possible, that if Napoleon had not been engaged in this war, Austria might not have ventured to attack him. It is *certain* that the Spanish princes would have taken advantage of Napoleon's first hour of exposure to rush, in alliance with England, an invading host, upon the southern provinces of France.

Though Napoleon often subsequently expressed regret that he had attempted the overthrow of the Spanish Bourbons, there was no course which he could have pursued which was not fraught with the utmost peril. Had he left Spain to herself, a civil war would immediately have desolated the Peninsula, waged between the partisans of Don Carlos the father, and Ferdinand the son. England would immediately have espoused the cause of Ferdinand, and thus Spain would have become, as it were, an English colony. Had Napoleon, on the other hand, the Emperor of the French Republic, the great champion of popular rights, marched his armies to rivet the chains of an intolerable despotism upon a benighted people, to strengthen the bars and deepen the dungeons of the Inquisition, he would have done the most atrocious violence to his own principles. Napoleon, in the desperate endeavor for self-preservation, sought also to confer upon Spain a humane and enlightened prince and a liberal constitution. England—and with pain we record it of our revered fatherland—deluged the Peninsula in blood, to rivet upon the Spanish nation the shackles of perhaps the very worst system of civil and priestly slavery which ever cursed a civilized people. Look at Spain now, and see the result.

From all quarters Napoleon had received intelligence that Austria, with intense activity, was urging her preparations for a new war. From Vienna, Munich, Dresden, and Milan the Emperor was furnished with precise details of those military preparations. There was no room for doubt of the imminence and magnitude of the danger. All Napoleon's efforts for the promotion of peace had proved unavailing. There could be no peace. England refused even to treat with him; even to allow his flag of truce to visit her shores. Though the Bourbons had been dethroned when he was but a boy; and though he had been elevated to the supreme command by the almost unanimous suffrages of the nation, England declared him to be a usurper, seated upon the legitimate throne of the Bourbons.

"Down with the Democratic Emperor!" was the cry which resounded through Austria, and which was echoed from the lips of the Queen-mother and of the powerful nobles of Russia. "We wage no warfare against France," exclaimed banded Europe. "Our warfare is directed solely against Napoleon, who has usurped the crown of France."

Napoleon, in the hour of victory, was ever ready to make any concessions in behalf of peace. But when disasters thickened, and his enemies were exultant, his proud spirit, unintimidated, roused itself to the highest pitch of defiance. In two months he had scattered the Spanish armies to the winds, had driven the English out of the Peninsula, and had conducted back his brother in triumph to Madrid. Still the Spanish war was by no means ended. New insurrections might break out in every province. The fleets of England still crowded the shores of Spain and Portugal, striving to rouse the people, and offering them abundant supplies of men, money, and the munitions of war.

It will be remembered that Napoleon had previously explained himself most fully to the Austrian embassador. He had assured M. Metternich of his earnest desire for peace. He had declared to him that if Austria had any cause of complaint, if she would make that cause known, he would immediately endeavor to remove it. The immense military preparations which Austria was now making were known to all Europe, and the object of these preparations was perfectly understood. Austria was, however, not yet prepared to commence hostilities, and her minister was still in Paris. Napoleon, with the faint hope of still averting the calamities of an-

* The Emperor had his saddle-horses arranged by divisions of nine, at every ten miles along the road. These horses were ever kept in the most admirable condition. The horses belonging to the grooms carried portmanteaus with complete changes of dress, and with portfolios containing paper, pens, ink, maps, and telescopes. The Emperor often made these arrangements himself, and in the utmost secrecy.—*See Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii. part 2, page 31.

other conflict, proposed to Russia the idea of offering to Austria the double guarantee of France and Russia for the integrity of her actual dominions. If Austria were actuated by an honest fear that Napoleon had designs upon her territory, this double guarantee would surely satisfy her, and prevent a war. But Austria wished to reconquer Italy, and to arrest the progress of democratic ideas, and to remove from Europe the dangerous spectacle of an elected and plebeian monarch upon the throne of exiled legitimacy. Napoleon did not deem it consistent with self-respect to make any further advances toward winning the favor of Austria. He treated her embassador with politeness, but with great distance and reserve. He assumed neither the aspect of defiance nor of obsequiousness.

To the embassadors of other powers he, with the most perfect frankness, explained his views. He openly avowed that it was Austria and her armaments which had brought him back to Paris, that he might respond to them by armaments no less formidable. "It seems," he said one day to a group collected around him in the Tuileries, "that it is the waters of Lethe, not those of the Danube, which flow past Vienna. They have forgotten the lessons of experience; they want fresh ones. They shall have them. And this time they shall be terrible. I do not desire war. I have no interest in it. All Europe is witness that all my efforts and my whole attention were directed toward the field of battle which England has selected in Spain. Austria, which saved the English in 1805, when I was about to cross the straits of Calais, has saved them once more, when I was about to pursue them to Corunna. Had I not been called back, not one of the English would have escaped me. She shall pay dearly for this new diversion in their favor. Either she shall disarm instantly, or she shall have to sustain a war of destruction. If she disarms in such a manner as to leave no doubt on my mind as to her future intentions, I will myself sheathe the sword; for I have no wish to draw it, except in Spain against the English. If she continues her military preparations, the conflict shall be immediate and decisive, and such that England shall, for the future, have no allies upon the Continent." "The Emperor produced upon all who heard him," says Thiers, "the effect he intended; for he was sincere in his language, and spoke the truth in asserting that he did not desire war, but that he would wage it tremendously if forced into it again."

"There must be," said Napoleon to Savary, "some plans in preparation which I do not penetrate, for there is madness in declaring war against me. They fancy me dead. But we shall soon see how matters will turn out. It will be laid to my charge that I can not remain quiet, that I am ambitious. But their follies alone compel me to war. It is impossible that they could think of fighting single-handed against me. I expect a courier from Russia. If matters go on there as I have reason to hope, I will give them work."

War was a fatal necessity of Napoleon. By accepting the throne of revolutionized France, he inevitably drew upon himself the blows of combined Europe. He could only choose between inglorious submission to despotic thrones, and a terrific conflict for national rights.

To the Russian embassador Napoleon said: "If your Emperor had followed my advice at Erfurth, we should now be in a different position. Instead of mere exhortations, we should have held out serious threats; and Austria would have disarmed. But we have talked instead of acting; and we are about, perhaps, to have war. In any case, I rely on your master's word. He promised that if the cabinet of Vienna should become the aggressor, he would place an army at my disposal. As for me, I will assemble on the Danube and on the Po, 300,000 French and 100,000 Germans. Probably their presence will oblige Austria to leave us at peace, which I should prefer for your sake and for my own. If these demonstrations are not sufficient—if we must employ force, then we will crush forever the resistance made to our common projects."

He immediately wrote to his allies, the Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Würtemberg and Westphalia, and to the Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and Wurtzburg. He assured them that he was very unwilling to expose them to premature expense, but that, as he was seriously threatened with war, he wished them to prepare to raise their contingencies. "I am about," said he, "to assemble forces, which will either prevent war, or render it decisive." Distrusting Prussia, he notified her that if she increased her military force above the 42,000 authorized by the treaty into which she had entered with France, he would declare war against her.

All France was again in a tumult of commotion. The superhuman energies of Napoleon's mind pervaded every province, and inspired with enthusiastic activity ten thousand agents. Orders were dispatched in every direction. He exhausted his amanuenses in keeping them at work by night and by day, writing letters innumerable to generals, embassadors, engineers, kings and princes. New conscriptions were levied. Vast magazines were established. Foundries glowed, and arsenals resounded, as the machinery of war was multiplied. Enormous bands of armed men were moving in every direction, apparently in inextricable confusion, yet all unerringly guided by the prescience of one mighty mind. He ordered twelve thousand fresh artillery horses to be purchased and accoutred. Anticipating every possible contingency of the war, he even laid in a store of fifty thousand pick-axes and shovels, which were to follow the army in artillery-wagons. These shovels and pick-axes eventually contributed most essential aid to his success. Conscious that the broad stream of the Danube would play an important part in the conflict, he joined

with the Imperial Guard a battalion of 1200 sailors, from Boulogne.* Carefully avoiding any act of hostility, he conspicuously displayed before the eyes of Austria his gigantic preparations, and placed his troops in such a position, that it might be seen that he was abundantly prepared to meet any force she could bring against him.' Napoleon had nothing to gain by the war. He hoped that these demonstrations might inspire Austria with more prudent reflections. "These very active and provident arrangements," says Thiers, "prove that Napoleon took as much pains to prevent war, as to prepare for it."

Such vast preparations demanded enormous financial means. But Napoleon in the science of finance was as great as in the arts of war. To meet the estimated expenses of the year 1809, it became necessary to raise 179 millions of dollars. Philanthropy must weep over such enormous sums squandered in extending ruin and woe. Europe, from the North Cape to the Mediterranean, would now have been almost a garden of Eden, had the uncounted millions which have been expended in the desolations of war been appropriated to enriching and embellishing her sunny valleys and her romantic hill-sides.

Austria had now gone too far to retract. Every possible effort was made to rouse the enthusiasm of the nation. It was represented in every variety of colors, and stated in every form of expression, that Napoleon, harassed by England and Spain in the Peninsula, could not withdraw the veteran troops sent across the Pyrenees; that his unguarded positions invited attack; that his German allies would abandon him upon the first disaster; that Prussia would rise with enthusiasm to the last man, to retrieve her disgrace; that the Emperor Alexander, entangled in a policy which the Queen-mother and the nobles condemned, would be compelled to abandon an alliance which threatened him only with danger. Napoleon, they affirmed, intends to treat Austria as he has treated Spain. It is his plan to supersede all the old dynasties by others of his own creation. In proof of this, extraordinary stress was laid upon an expression addressed by Napoleon to the Spaniards beneath the walls of Madrid: "If you do not like Joseph for your king," he said, "I do not wish to force him upon you. I have another throne to give him. And as for you, I will treat you as a conquered country." That *other throne*, they declared, was the throne of Austria.

Numerous agents of England were very busy in Vienna, endeavoring to excite the nation to arms. She offered to co-operate most cordially with her fleet, and to furnish abundant assistance in men and in munitions of war. Under the influence of such motives, the nation was aroused to the most extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Regiments of artillery and infantry, with bugles and banners, daily traversed the streets of Vienna, amidst the acclamations of the people. Five hundred thousand troops were daily exercised and inured to all the employments of the field of battle. Hungary had voted a levy *en masse*, which would bring into action a force whose numbers it would be difficult to estimate. An agent was immediately dispatched to Turkey, to represent to the Porte that France and Russia were seeking the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Austria entreated the Porte, therefore, to forget the recent passage of the Dardanelles by an English squadron, and to join Austria and England to resist these formidable foes. The Turks were exasperated. Hardly a year ago, in high favor with France, they had chased the detested English through their straits, pelting them with red-hot balls. Now the whole population were invoking the presence of the English, and no Frenchman could show himself in the streets of Constantinople without being exposed to insult. England immediately sent a frigate to Constantinople, and the Porte, with enthusiasm, entered into the new coalition against France.

The Emperor Alexander began now to show the most unequivocal signs of coldness and alienation. He had been perfectly sincere in his relations with Napoleon. He had, however, been much disappointed in the results of the friendly alliance. Constantinople was the great object of his all-engrossing ambition. For that his soul incessantly hungered. And that conquest Napoleon would not allow him to make.

Napoleon reluctantly consented not to interfere in the annexation to the Russian empire of the provinces at the mouth of the Danube. But even those provinces Alexander had not yet obtained, and he could only obtain them by the energies of conquest. A war with Austria would ally Austria and England with Turkey, and thus render the conquest of the Danubian provinces still more difficult. Influenced by these motives, and annoyed by constant reproaches at home, Alexander became very lukewarm in his friendship.

The Austrian cabinet clearly foresaw the embarrassments which most crowd upon the Czar, and were encouraged to believe that they could even draw him into their alliance. An embassador, M. Schwarzenberg, was sent from Vienna, with this object to the Court at St. Petersburg. He was received with the utmost cor-

* "*Paris, March* 9, 1809.

"Vice-Admiral Decres—I wish to have with the army of the Rhine one of the battalions of the flotilla. This is the object I have in view. Let me know if it can be accomplished. Twelve hundred sailors would be very serviceable to this army for the passage of rivers and the navigation of the Danube. Our sailors of the guard rendered me essential service in the last campaign; but the duty they performed was unworthy of them. Are all the sailors, comprising the battalions of the flotilla, men able to swim? Are they all competent to bring a boat into a road or a river? Do they understand infantry exercise? If they possess these qualifications they would be useful to me. It would be necessary to send with them some officers of the naval artillery and about a hundred workmen, with their tools. They would be a great resource for the passage and navigation of a river.

"NAPOLEON."

diality by the higher circles of society, and was very sanguine of success. He found every body opposed to France—even the members of the imperial family. He had an interview with Alexander. The Emperor, with noble frankness, reproached Austria with dissimulation and falsehood in professing peace, while making every preparation for war. He declared that he was under formal engagements to France, which he was resolved honorably to fulfill. "If Austria," said he, "is foolish enough to come to a rupture, she will be crushed by Napoleon. She will force Russia to unite her troops with those of France. She will make him, whom you call an overwhelming Colossus, still more overwhelming. And she will give England the power of still longer postponing that peace which the Continent so greatly needs. I shall regard as an enemy whoever renders peace more remote." These were noble words. Unfortunately, we can not receive them at their full apparent value, when we reflect that Alexander desired peace with Austria because war with that power would frustrate his designs upon Turkey. He was eager at any moment to draw the sword, if, by so doing, he could annex to his dominions dismembered provinces of the Turkish empire. The Austrian minister was, however, confounded, and sent most discouraging dispatches to his government.

Alexander then expressed himself with equal apparent frankness to M. Caulaincourt, the minister of Napoleon at St. Petersburg. He declared that it would be extremely painful for him to fight against the old allies by whose side he had stood at Austerlitz. He affirmed that even the success of the new war would cause him extreme perplexity, for he should look with alarm on the extinction of Austria, and on the vast preponderance of France, which would be the necessary consequence. He, therefore, expressed the desire to do every thing in his power to prevent the war. He was unwilling to intrust a matter of so much importance to the two ministers of France and Russia, but decided personally to re-assure Austria that no designs were entertained against her, and to warn her of the disastrous results, which, by a renewal of the war, she would bring upon herself. "Our ministers," said he, "will make a medley of every thing. Let me be left to act and to speak, and if war can be avoided I will avoid it. If it can not, I will act, when it becomes inevitable, loyally and frankly."

The pacific views of Alexander were in perfect accordance with those of Napoleon. So anxious was the Emperor of France to avoid a rupture, that he authorized Alexander to promise not only the joint guarantee of Russia and France, for the integrity of the Austrian dominions, but also the complete evacuation of the territory of the Confederation of the Rhine. Thus not a single French soldier would be left in Germany.

But the banded foes of Napoleon now felt strong. They regarded his strenuous efforts for peace but as indications of conscious weakness. With renewed alacrity they marshaled their hosts and combined their armies, and set their majestic columns in motion. Napoleon remained in Paris calmly awaiting the onset. He knew not upon what point the storm would fall. Engaged in myriad cares by day and by night, he provided for every possible emergency. The energies of his tireless spirit swept over the broad expanse of Spain, Italy, France, and Germany. Never before did a single mind grasp and control interests of such prodigious magnitude. All hope of peace was now at an end, and Napoleon issued his orders with the most extraordinary ardor, and with unparalleled activity.

The King of Bavaria wished to place the Bavarian troops under the command of his son, a young man of energy but inexperienced. Napoleon would not give his consent. "Your army," he wrote, "must fight in earnest in this campaign. It concerns the conservation and the extension of the aggrandizements which Bavaria has received. Your son may be able to command when he shall have made six or seven campaigns with us. Meanwhile let him come to my head-quarters. He will be received there with all the consideration due to him, and he will learn *our trade*." Napoleon gave the young prince command of one of the Bavarian divisions. The King of Würtemberg, furnished a quota of 12,000 men. They were placed under the command of General Vandamme. The king objected to the appointment. Napoleon wrote, "I know General Vandamme's defects, but he is a true soldier. In this difficult calling much must be forgiven in consideration of great qualities." Napoleon concentrated divisions of his army amounting to over 100,000 men in the vicinity of Ratisbon. A line of telegraphs was established from the extreme frontiers of Bavaria to the Tuileries. Special relays of post horses were kept that Napoleon might pass, with the utmost rapidity, from the Seine to the Danube.

Thus prepared, Napoleon awaited the movements of the Austrians. He wished to remain as long as possible in Paris, to attend to the innumerable interests of his vast empire. The River Inn forms the eastern boundary between Austria and Bavaria. The Austrians had assembled an army of nearly 200,000 men on the banks of that stream. The passage of the river, and the consequent violation of the territory of Bavaria would be decisive of the war. Napoleon had been taught by past experience not to expect any declaration of hostilities. On the morning of the 10th of April, 1809, the Archduke Charles, with this formidable force, crossed the Inn and marched resolutely upon Munich the capital of Bavaria. He sent a letter at the same time to the King of Bavaria, stating that he had orders to advance and liberate Germany from its oppressor; and that he should treat as enemies whatever troops should oppose him.

This letter was the only declaration of war addressed to France and her allies.*

Many noble Austrians were opposed to this perfidious attack upon Napoleon. Count Louis Von Cobentsel was then lying upon his death bed. He addressed the Emperor, in a vigorous letter, as follows: "Your Majesty ought to consider yourself as fortunate with respect to the situation in which the peace of Presburg has placed you. You stand in the second rank among the powers of Europe, which is the same your ancestors occupied. Avoid a war, for which no provocation is given, and which will be the ruin of your house. Napoleon will conquer and will then have the right to be inexorable." Manfredini obtained an audience with the Emperor and ventured to express the opinion that the war would bring down ruin upon Austria. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Francis, "Napoleon can do nothing now. His troops are all in Spain." When Count Wallis saw the Emperor Francis set out to join the army, he said, "There is Darius running to meet an Alexander. He will experience the same fate."

The Inn is distant some six hundred miles from Paris. At 10 o'clock at night the telegraphic dispatch announcing the commencement of hostilities was placed in the hands of Napoleon. As he read the eventful communication he calmly said, "Very well! Behold us once more at Vienna. But what do they wish now? Has the Emperor of Austria been bitten by a tarantula. Well! since they force me to it, they shall have war to their hearts' content." At midnight he entered his carriage, taking Josephine with him, and set out for Strasbourg. England sent her fleet and her troops to cooperate with the Austrians. The allies pressed vigorously on in their march of invasion, clamoring more vociferously than ever against "*the insatiable ambition of the bloodthirsty Bonaparte.*"

To this clamor Napoleon uttered no response. Sublimely leaving his reputation to be vindicated by history, he girded himself anew for the strife. He knew full well that no powers of despotism could obliterate that record of facts, which would guide the verdict of posterity.

* "The repeated instances of gratuitous regal perfidy exhibited toward Napoleon, might mislead us to suppose that sovereigns conceived treachery to be among their special prerogatives, but for our knowledge of the fact that the sophists of the day had decided that no offense against virtue or honesty was committed, by any breach of faith or want of candor toward '*the common enemy of Europe.*' Justice was outraged only when Napoleon disregarded it. Truth had a twofold significance as applied for or against him. The most solemn treaties were esteemed but as waste parchment when they contained stipulations in favor of the 'Corsican soldier of Fortune.' The whole code of morality seems to have been resolved into legitimacy and its opposite."—*History of Napoleon*, by GEORGE M. BUSSEY, vol. ii. p. 84.

Bourrienne remarks, "The Emperor Francis, notwithstanding the instigations of his councilors, hesitated about taking the first step; but at length yielding to the open solicitations of England, and the secret insinuations of Russia, and above all seduced by the subsidies of Great Britain, he declared hostilities, not first against France, but against her allies of the Confederation of the Rhine."—BOURRIENNE'S *Memoirs of Napoleon*, 434.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica a very noble article upon Napoleon is concluded with the following words:

"Posterity will judge of the treatment which Napoleon experienced at the hands of England. A prisoner in another hemisphere, he labored to defend the reputation, which he knew history was preparing for him, and which various parties exaggerated or blackened, according to the dictates of their respective prejudices or passions. But death surprised him at the moment when he was putting his commentaries into shape, and he consequently left them imperfect. They contain much, however, that is not only valuable in itself, but calculated to dispel prejudice, and to throw light upon some of the most important events in his life; and no one can read them attentively, without experiencing a feeling of respect and sympathy mixed with admiration. No man, perhaps, was ever made the object of such unsparing abuse, such bitter detraction, such inveterate and unrelenting rancor. But it is already certain that neither envy nor hatred, nor malice nor slander will ultimately succeed in depriving him of his just fame. By his victories of Montenotte, Castiglioni, Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Abensberg, Ratisbon, Wagram, Dresden, Champaubert, Montmirail, and Ligny, he acquired enough of glory to efface the single disaster of Waterloo. His five codes embody a system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which he had a principal share, and which has not only proved a boon of inestimable value to France, but is even at this day received as authoritative in a great portion of Europe, thus justifying his own proud anticipation, that he would go down to posterity with the codes in his hand. The monuments which he has left in France and Italy will also attest his grandeur to the most remote ages. And though he can never be freed from the reproach of ambition, yet, in extenuation of this 'glorious fault' he might say, like Mohammed,

> *Je fus ambitieux . . . . .*
> *Mais jamais roi, pontife, ou chef ou citoyen*
> *Ne conçut un projet aussi grand que le mien.*
> *I was ambitious . . . . .*
> *But never did king, pontiff, chief, or citizen*
> *Conceive a project as grand as was mine.*"

LOOKING BEFORE LEAPING.

YOU, probably, don't know Mrs. Flack.
There I have the advantage of you.

For if you knew Mrs. Flack, you might also know something of my age. Yet I should hardly say advantage; for my acquaintance with that lady does not entirely relieve my mind from doubts upon that subject.

Mrs. Flack has peculiar facilities for knowing the exact ages of many people. Unless, indeed, her memory is defective. For her knowledge begins at the precise moment when a human being may be said to begin his birthdays.

It was just a year since, as I remember, and, as I hope, you also remember, that I imparted to you in confidence a chapter of Saratoga romance. I was then fresh from college, flushed with the honors of the valedictory—deeming myself as irresistible to others as I was to myself, and, as I surveyed myself in the small allowance of mirror allotted to each guest at the "United States," quite commiserating the many deserving (I doubt not), but entirely unnoticed ladies who were to fall victims to my—coats, or cravats, or gentlemanly manners, or eyes, or something of that kind, which, soberly, after a year's experience, I do not well remember.

Now, if, at that period, I was just out of college, when had all my European travels taken place? When had I made the acquaintance of the distinguished diplomat I have had the honor of introducing to you, and when and where had I acquired that general knowledge of the world on which I pride myself, and which makes me such an ornament to society? These questions, which, O Sarianna, are so trenchantly asked in your perfumed note, dated May-day, are easily answered by stating the fact—possibly unknown to you—that I was rusticated during my college course, for one year and a half, which time I devoted to solemnizing my mind amid the sobrieties of Italy, and the graver influences of Paris. So that I am not so old as you choose to believe, Sarianna; although, indeed, I have that huge experience which weighs so heavily upon all of us youth, and which imparts to our manners that pensive torpidity and heroic indifference which have so often charmed you.

Certain writers have recently amused themselves (more than the public), by endeavoring to ridicule that state of things known as "Young America." For I find that term signifies a social spirit rather than a class. There are, indeed, some of us who are constituted, as it were, the priests of that mystery, whose duty it is to indicate in our appearance and behavior, the spirit which governs it. You may know us by the angle at which we wear our hats, by our cravat-ties, by the sleeves of our coats, and the cut of our trowsers—best of all, by an air of supreme consequence, which becomes us, and which shows that we understand ourselves to be the heirs, in fee simple, of Broadway and the Avenue sidewalks.

Why should this air be ridiculed? Who should walk the streets with the mien of victors, if not we? Why, to show you that it is appreciated, and does not fail of its effect, I will relate to you, privately, that only last June, as I stepped out, in a new coat, trowsers, and waistcoat, perfectly adapted to summer wear, and began switching my little amber stick, and kindly surveying the girls that passed, a sober old gentleman, a decayed clerk, I should say, in a suit of black broadcloth (it was June, hot, of course, *and in the morning*, yet he wore BLACK trowsers!) suddenly stopped me, and looking at me from head to foot, inquired with an air of great curiosity:

"Sir, are you any body in particular?"

I was much flattered by the question. For you must see that is the necessary result of our fine dress and fine swaggering. Every sensible old gentleman (and some fair young ladies, I know!) instantly says to himself:

"Now, that must be somebody."

And it is no unpleasant thing for some people to pass for somebody, I can tell you. Perhaps my old friend fancied I was the son of a British nobleman! Why not? I trust you find nothing in my appearance inconsonant with such a supposition; although, poor old gentleman, those black trowsers in the morning did his business, so far as any theory of his being related to the nobility is concerned. Or, possibly, he thought a Russian man-of-war had arrived, and that I was the Hereditary Grand Duke of the Empire, promenading incognito in a foreign country.

You observe that all these little suggestions which enrich the ramble of an old gentleman, or a young lady, of imagination, are due to our general appearance. When I put my hat slightly on one side, and walk down Broadway as if I had an assignation with the Queen of Sheba, and was so *blasé* of royal amours, that I am in no hurry to meet that august lady, and would even prefer that my amiable friend Dove should take the bore off my hands—why, at that moment, I am as good as a verse of Sanscrit poetry to any poet or other imaginative and useless person who chances to pass. He doesn't in the slightest degree know what such an appearance as I present indicates, and he falls to theorizing; how do I know that he doesn't fall to poetizing, about it!

Do we dissipate!

Of course, we dissipate a little. We must be manly, we must pass all our leisure time in smoking, and sitting, heels up, in hotel corridors; in drinking brandy and water until we are fuddled, and it is necessary to take us home, yelping and roaring through the streets. I am surprised you don't see the necessity of this kind of thing to the complete man of the world. It is astonishing to me, that you don't see that the girls like us better for it. Dear me! my fortune would be made if there could only be a vague rumor among the girls, that I am "very dissipated." The darlings don't quite know what it means. But they fancy it is so manly, and courageous, and shows such knowledge of the world.

A waste of time!

My dear Sarianna, you take such odd views of the case, that I could almost fancy you to be an old gentleman wearing black trowsers in the morning. What is time given us for, but to enjoy? And what is our life but enjoyment! Why, we enjoy so enthusiastically that there is no new form of entertainment for us, after we are twenty-one years old.

Therefore you mustn't be surprised at my having so much experience while I am still so young. It is the spirit of our time and of our city: we can not help it. You thought I was, in reality, an old man, writing the memoir of my youth! Why, my respected lady, I am only—

Ah! what a pity you don't know Mrs. Flack. She would tell you what you will hardly expect me to betray. Indeed, I have my own doubts whether Don Bobtail Fandango knew my exact age. He always called me his "young friend," but it was rather as if it were only a habit of speech, not a personal conviction in regard to me. And you have surely observed that he always treated me as a man thoroughly versed in the ways of what is called "the world."

I had already advanced matters so far as to introduce him to an heiress.

Now it is reported that men sometimes shrink a little from meeting a great crisis, even when their minds are fully made up to it, and when they go through it manfully and well. History and the human heart forgive a slight tremor to the limbs of a king, for instance, mounting a scaffold. Nor is the heroism of Anne Boleyn less heroic, if her cheek blanches a moment as she confronts the headsman.

In the same way, my friend Don Bobtail was thoughtful and unusually silent after his presentation to the Romulus Swabbers and their daughter Dolly. As he had justly remarked, the finger of fate had evidently pointed to their house, as to his great good fortune; the impression he had made upon the maternal mind was the most favorable possible, and although he had exchanged few words with the daughter of the house, there could be little doubt of her quick and delighted accession to the parental wishes. Moreover it is to be considered that Don Bob had been looking forward to meeting precisely such a person—she was essential to his plan of life.

Yet he grew graver, day by day.

I think I have mentioned that he indulged in snuff. He now took prodigious pinches of that narcotic. He smiled more seriously. He evidently badgered himself upon his own behavior.

This lasted for some time; and as I placed it in the category of the shaking of royal knees upon the scaffold, and the paleness of Anne Boleyn's cheek (the intelligent reader will reprove me if I was wrong), it did not diminish my respect for the illustrious diplomat.

While he was still in this serious state, I met him one day in Broadway, and, taking me aside, he said:

"I want to consult you about going to a Watering Place, as I understand that is essential to the full fashionable development of the American man and woman."

"But, my dear Fandango, are you forgetting our fair friend?" asked I, with some sympathy for the pretty Miss Dolly.

"Forgetting? Quite the contrary. Where should I be so sure of meeting my fair young friend as, say at Saratoga?"

"Saratoga let it be, then," said I; and so, a month ago, we went up to Saratoga, from whence we came in the wake of the gay world here to Newport, where we now are, the Don and I. You can see us at any time at the Fort on Fort days—on the Beach, on Beach days—at Durfee's tea-house with choice parties—upon the Cliffs on Sunday afternoon—in the bowling alleys, pistol and archery galleries, in the morning—and at all the hops and balls in the evening. The Don you have recognized, of course, by his diplomatic button, and the ease of his address. Me, I am sure you have seen, with my loose coat-sleeves, and my straw-hat, and my little stick, and my small boots, and my beautiful vest buttons and shirt-studs, and my extreme elegance generally.

But to Saratoga we went, and in due season to the great ball, at which Miss Mildred and Miss Bessie Laurel were the belles. It was there that the Don and I, sitting just outside the hall, discoursed as follows:

"Perhaps you have observed me a little sober of late," said he; "and I hope you have drawn no false conclusions. I have been slightly serious; but it was only a little natural wincing. I have lived at large so long that I do not willingly resign my freedom; and I regard my approaching union with feelings whose gravity, I trust, is not entirely incompatible with the solemn occasion."

The Don delivered himself of all this as if he had learned it by heart.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "is the thing settled? Are you engaged? When, where, and how, have you done it all up?"

"My impetuous young friend, why do you dash on with such enthusiastic recklessness? Have I said that I was engaged? Certainly not. I have merely stated, at former periods, that I wished to marry an heiress. That object is now presented to me. I observe before me a desirable heiress, and I trust there is no doubt that I shall take it, as I should pluck a desirable fruit in a garden. Life I take to be a garden full of various flowers. Yet, I beg you to observe, the secret of my little sadness lies in this, that when a man has made up his mind to pick a rose, he can not but grieve for all the other roses, and the lilies, and the pinks, which he can not pluck, and which behold the happiness of the selected flower. You would not have me ruthlessly elect my heiress, and marry her, without a tear for those I can not marry! I assure you that is not the Spanish method. Every gentleman of proper feeling who sacrifices himself to a single woman, grieves that a retrograding civilization has annihilated polygamy.

"I have seen a lady to whom I intend to make an offer of my hand and heart—*this* hand and this heart," continued the Don, drawing himself up, "and such an intention, I flatter myself, is very much the same thing as being engaged to that lady. If you doubt, call your young companion Bootes there, and ask him if he does not think so. If he says no, watch his demeanor toward Linda Agnus, with whom he will presently polk, and see if his manner does not give his words the lie. His whole conduct toward her indicates his settled conviction that he has but to say "Will you?" for her to leap, blushingly, into his arms. It is an amiable consciousness of our power. We can not help being magnets to these darling, glittering motes, and if we could, they would be sorry. Say, my dear Smytthe, don't you think so?"

"'Pon my word," answered I, "it is rather a staggering view of the case. It never occurred to me."

"Why so? It is very plain. What is the end of female life? Is it not matrimony? Not for itself, I grant, but for a certain consideration, a position, &c. Well, if a daughter is

rich and handsome, she must be married, mustn't she!"

"I suppose so," answered I.

"Very well. If she must be married, she must be married well, *n'est ce pas?* And what *is* marrying well but taking some one of the many good matches that are always to be found in the mamma's circle? That being so, of course any sensible girl, rich and handsome, *is* ready to drop, when the desirable man fires off his 'will you?' You see it can't be otherwise."

"I suppose it can't," I answered.

"Certainly not," said the Don. "You will therefore understand that, considering myself a good match, I naturally sympathize with those charming and deserving young persons to whom I can not say 'will you!'"

It was very strange, but as the Don said these words, his mind seemed to wander a little, nor did he appear to be entirely conscious that he was speaking. As we sat withdrawn from the immediate glare and noise of the masquerade, the music fell more gently upon our ears, the movement of the dance floated more fairily upon our eyes, a young couple passed us, and upon them the eyes of my companion were riveted. They moved beyond us, and his eyes followed. They sat down by a window, around which the leaves clustered—leaves of a rose-bush in flower—and the moonlight streamed over the girl who, simply clad, and with a few natural flowers in her hair, sat still, listening only to the words that the youth spoke, and to which the distant music made a pleasant accompaniment. The eyes of Don Bob lingered with the figures by the window.

"You see them," he said.

"I do," answered I.

"You see how artless and lovely is the girl!"

"Certainly."

"And how utterly devoted the man!"

"Yes."

"Well, now follow my eye. There, between Mrs. Hogshead's cap and Miss Slippuz, you see a tallish girl quietly talking?"

"Yes."

"How does she strike you?"

"As a quiet, simple, clever, handsome person."

"You think her beautiful!"

"No, not beautiful; but sparkling and handsome."

"The kind of woman to fall in love with!"

"Decidedly not; but precisely the person to enjoy meeting and chatting with. A good ally in society."

"Ah! you know her?"

"Certainly, I do. I like her extremely; partly because she is willing to talk with me, and partly because she is so easy and good-natured. What a pity she should never have been in love, like her darling sister here, sitting by the window in the moonlight, and making the most of it with Herold."

The Don looked at me with a kind of pity.

"My darling Smytthe," said he, "what a very wise man you are."

Knowing Don Bob to be a man of singular discrimination, I could but blush. He resumed:

"Why, I know something, then, about your own friends that you are ignorant of. I heard it at the Club the week before we left. And it is a story that you could not hear to a better accompaniment than the Sophia Waltzes of Strauss, which they are playing there. Do you know the legend of the Sophia Waltzes?"

"No, unfortunately."

"Well, I must tell you that, to explain why they are so good an accompaniment for my story. Strauss, the father, who composed the famous waltzes, and who is now dead, although his son, who also plays and composes, is often confounded with him, was deeply in love with one of the royal and imperial Austrian Princesses."

"Atrocious upstart," interpolated I.

Don Bob looked at me, and took snuff.

"I am glad to see you so good a Republican, my Smytthe; but he really was strangely enamored of the Princess, which was not extraordinary, however atrocious it may have been, when you consider that he was a Hungarian, a fellow countryman of Kossuth (as Liszt is) with all kinds of wild oriental passion whirring along his veins, and a musician also, a genuine and characteristic musician, each one of whose waltzes is a little lyric, a throbbing song to which you may set whatever words and thoughts you please. The Princess did not know of the passion she inspired. Princesses never do. It is part of the arrangement that their love-affairs shall be matters of state. I wonder you republicans don't find an argument against monarchy, in the fact that monarchs have to smother the best and noblest human feelings as concerns of political policy. Why, only four years ago, when I was in Berlin as Embassador, Prince Adalbert, who fought with honor under the British flag in India, was broken-hearted, as I believe it is termed, for the daughter of a noted, but not a noble woman, in Berlin. I have often seen her, and she was well worthy to be a Prince's wife—provided he was worthy to be a Prince, which this time happened to be the case. The king frowned, of course, and the Prince went about the world fighting Hindoos whom he easily conquered, and his own feelings which easily conquered him. He came back to Berlin, and died when he was twenty-nine years old. The girl to whom he was devoted, and who was a lady, though not a noble, was permitted to lay a wreath upon her lord's coffin. The lady ought to have been consoled for his death by such a signal instance of royal favor. But I learned that she had the bad taste to grow thin and pale about it, which was a wanton waste of charms."

The Don was silent for a moment, and we listened to the music.

"Strauss, like a sensible fellow, *said* nothing about his passion, but went to work to express it in other ways. So he composed dances of all the saddest Bohemian and Hungarian melodies.

They are all melancholy enough, I assure you, and many a time, when I have been whirling in a waltz at a court ball in Vienna, the whole thing has been sadder to me than much sentimental poetry, although the music was dancing music, and the dancers were neither witty nor wise. Why, we were all Strauss' puppets. We flew upon his emotions. We danced upon the tightly strung cords of his heart.

"The Princess was engaged at length, and still Strauss composed and played, and still the royal balls reeled on, directed by his fiddle bow. The Princes and Princesses, the Dukes and Duchesses, the corps diplomatique, and the fashionable world in Vienna, and in all other civilized capitals, were spinning round in obedience to the whims of the musician's love. And he, who did not dare to betray the slightest token of his feeling in any direct manner, was compelling the whole world to help him express it indirectly. Many a moistened eye in London and Paris, in New York and Rome, knew not what moistened it, as his music thrilled the room. Many a half formed hope and budding passion flowered in full perfection under the magic of that music. A thousand hearts were sad and happy, and a thousand eyes glistening, while still he played on, and betrayed nothing of the passion that fed upon his own life and inspired his genius.

"At length Mr. Music-Director John Strauss was requested to compose dances for the Princess's nuptials. He went to work, and wrote the series called the Sophia Waltzes, which the band is now playing. The evening of the bridal arrived, and the Princess was married. Then followed imperial festivities. All the signs of joy, which are easily to be purchased by the imperial and royal treasury, were manifested; and you might have fancied Astrea returned to earth. The ball was eagerly desired, for the gay world of Vienna is a merry, dancing, half-German, half-Italian, world, and Strauss was known to have tried the sweetest stop of his genius for that night's dance. The ball opened, and the dancing began. It was a fluttering, flashing spectacle. Yes, it was even more brilliant than this to-night. At length it was whispered that the new waltzes were to be played previous to the withdrawal of the imperial bridal party, and unanimous expectation hushed all the rooms as the whisper spread.

"Precisely at midnight Mr. Music-Director John Strauss stepped to the front of his orchestra—a small, square man, with a dark face, and the black hair cut close to his head, clad in black entirely, with his coat buttoned close—and without any preliminary flourish, lifted his fiddle bow, as if he were raising it through a solid substance, and the prelude began. Every couple stood up, silent—and imagine, my dear young friend, what beating, eager hearts, what glittering eyes, what small and large emotions palpitating a hundred bosoms, were before the master in that moment. The waltz itself began. The Princess glided out upon the floor, and a swarm of the gay and graceful of every country followed. The music electrified them as with a mad enthusiasm. Never had they danced so well before, never had the waltz seemed to them a love song set to motion. The whole room was waving and circling in the musical maze; the lights flared as the couples swept around—the dancers were inspired by the musicians, the musicians by the dancers; and in the gorgeous revel Strauss alone stood upright, moving, like a magician, his steady bow—now dashing a passionate strain, as if to ease his heart, across the strings, then resuming his seat as if he had conquered passion. But his eye never swerved from one couple. It glided with them as they danced and swam among the groups, until all the music and the melancholy seemed to gush from that. A few dancers fell away exhausted, and lay panting upon the sofas at the sides of the room. Many fainted from the heat and the unnatural excitement into which they were thrown by the music and the dancing. But still the remorseless sound went on, branching into variations, fascinating as a tropical serpent, ever unwinding new and more dazzling coils. And still the unswerving eyes of the master followed that single couple, from whom gradually all the rest separated, and left them whirling alone. So perfect was the union of their movement with the music that all eyes followed them as gladly as all ears hung upon the sound; and a low murmur of surprise and delight at that grace and beauty pursued their circling career. But the lady grew paler and paler, though her step did not falter. There was no flush upon her cheek, as usual in dancing, but a deepening pallor that made her, momently, more beautiful. Her light dress waved around her like a rosy cloud, and her hair gradually disengaged itself as she flew, and fell partly over her shoulders and partly streamed upon the air. The inexorable music still held her to the dance, and the unyielding master did not relax his gaze. A sense of terror slowly seized the guests, as if they were unwittingly assisting at an enchanted festival. They fell into utter silence, only watching the wild dance before them with cold horror. The light was fading from the eyes of the Princess; her brow and cheeks were ghastly; her lips were colorless; but still she sped, and there was a wild sadness and despair in her movement, as if hope lay only in eternal motion. But the transfixed spectators saw that her feet seemed scarcely to touch the floor; that she was borne on in the arms of her partner, without effort of her own. Suddenly the hand of the master fell by his side, although his eyes still held her in their gaze; the music ceased; and a cry of horror burst from those bridal guests, as the head of the Princess drooped upon her partner's shoulder, and the bride fell lifeless at the feet of her husband.

"That is the legend of the Sophia Waltzes."

And my friend the Embassador actually sighed.

"What became of Strauss?" asked I.

"Mr. Music-Director John Strauss continued to compose waltzes and conduct court balls until

about three years since, when he died. Mr. Strauss has very great fame as a writer of light music, and was remarkably well paid while he was in the Emperor's service. Mr. John Strauss was envied by a great many people, and was considered a most fortunate man. Probably because he had seen the woman he hopelessly loved fall dead before his eyes. Estimates of happiness I have found, however, differ. Is that a good toddy?"

I ordered one for the Embassador; and reminded him that there was something else to tell.

"One story more, and a short one," replied he. "I am surprised you have not heard it, for it is a very recent romance, as I am told, and it concerns the fair one with golden locks talking there with Herold, and the tall quiet girl we have observed talking in the hall. They are sisters, you know; the eldest is Mildred; the fair one with Herold, Bessie. They grew up together in the country, genuine country girls—fond of walking, riding, flowers, trees; and of cows, and milking too, I suppose. But they were not female bumpkins, as you call country people, my Smytthe, and therefore not of the most unamiable class of women. Poets, who usually live in cities, tell us a great deal of the country and of country people—alluding to Arcadia, and other pleasant places, as if every milk-maid were a Neæra, and every plow-boy a Corydon—which is simply not the fact. But our friends were fortunate enough to reap what was best in country and city; and so grew up like beautiful flowers as they were.

"It was a pleasant life they led. Small events were great experiences to them. They knew of what we men call the realities of things only as they found them in books. Life, in fact, was to them a jeweled-clasped romance, over which, in a sunny, silent garden, they lay poring. But as in your poet Tennyson's poem of the *Lady of Shalott*, the good knight Sir Lancelot comes riding down the woods, his gemmy bridle jingling, and his gay cloak flashing and glistening in the sun, disturbing the dream of the musing lady with a figure fairer than her dreams, so young Herold yonder came dancing into the life of our quiet girls, and mingled himself with their destiny.

"Mildred was visiting a neighbor and friend, a girl of her own years, whose brother Arthur was a scholar, and was always surrounded by the pleasantest society. There was a grace and ease in his life which suited well the tastes of Mildred, who found plenty of reasons for making frequent and long visits at his house, ostensibly to see his sister, whom she loved; but much also for the pleasure of associating with him. For she, too, was wisely cultivated. She knew the poets, and even the philosophers; and many a time the young man found himself more than confused by the clear wit and sharp insight of Mildred. Her intercourse with him was of that kind which is called, I believe, Platonic. At any rate, she was very fond of his society, without being at all in love with him. Arthur, on the other hand, fell very profoundly in love with her. You think it unnatural? My dear young friend, there seems nothing so unnatural as Nature.

"One day Mildred heard from her friend that Arthur expected an old college friend to make him a visit. 'Come over and help us,' wrote Clio, 'for I don't know what manner of man it is.' Mildred went, leaving Bessie behind, and arriving at Arthur's, made the acquaintance of Herold. He was young, handsome, witty, brilliant; he was, in a word, fascinating—which implies every thing. A genuine hero of romance, I grant—such a personage as is mostly to be encountered in novels, especially those of my English friend and statesman, Mr. Disraeli. Herold had a subtle fancy, a genial wit, and the richness of his genius played over his whole character and conversation like light. An hour with him had sealed Mildred's fate. She loved him as only such women love, with a pathetic intensity and devotion, of which we men, dear Smytthe, we lords of creation and heads of the universe, know very little.

"Herold who had seen the world, somewhat differently from you, my friend, and who had encountered great varieties of character; who was, moreover, much of a poet, and was struck by the lofty beauty of Mildred, who seemed to him among other women like Urania among the Muses, could not avoid a profound admiration, and discovering how ardent was her passion for him, half dazzled and half doubting, was betrothed to her. The love of such a woman as Mildred, whom you, best Smytthe, with your fine penetration consider to be decidedly a woman *not* to fall in love with, has something so sweeping and majestic in it, that men of imagination like Herold are often carried away by it, as by a burning torrent. The days that followed were the midsummer days of Mildred's life. Yet her intimacy with him had been so close and exclusive that neither Arthur nor Clio suspected the secret. Arthur was often sad, where you would have been jealous. But men of his worth have a humility, I am told, which smothers mean feelings, and leads them to submit to crosses, as a proper discipline. I sincerely hope they have such humility, I am sure.

"Herold was unwilling the secret should be known. I don't know his reasons. I have never heard them. Perhaps you will have your own theories about the matter, as I have mine. But he and Mildred parted after a month's visit with Arthur, and parted as if they were very warm and happy friends. Mildred went home again, having come over and helped Clio, with exceeding vigor, and having also ascertained what manner of man Herold was. It was not easy for her to guard her secret from Bessie, but she did so, merely mentioning him in such a way as to excite her sister's ardent desire to see him, as an accomplished, brilliant, and fascinating man. He returned to the city and to his duties. The month with Arthur and its consequences seemed to him a summer dream, one of those fancies that airily haunt a poet as he

lies under trees and listens to running waters. But a letter from Mildred, glowing and beautiful as the flowers among which it was written, recalled him from dreaming into life. He answered as warmly, and the correspondence of the lovers was such as you and I are not capable of, my excellent Smytthe. At length he promised to come and see her. The secret was still unbetrayed. It was as an intimate friend that the visit was to be made. How life leaped along Mildred's veins! There was a wild, unnatural fervor in all she did and said that sometimes surprised her parents, and appalled the tender Bessie. The very sun of summer seemed to burn in her. Every word and look were fiery—but it was a fire of soft splendor, although so dazzling.

"Herold came, and in the first moment of privacy with him, Mildred threw herself upon his shoulder, and startled him with the vehemence of her love. He was pained without knowing why. A vague apprehension curdled cold along his veins. But he betrayed nothing, he returned her caresses, he gave her word for word, look for look, and Mildred was supremely happy.

"Yet when Herold saw Bessie, he understood the pain and the vague apprehension. He felt instinctively the charm that is beyond beauty or genius. He recognized the feeling that is neither surprise, nor admiration, nor astonishment. He felt a profound contentment, as if the warm summer air were flowing in his veins. He looked out from the fiery passion which enveloped him, toward the sweet, sunny beauty newly presented to him, as the mariner entangled in gorgeous tropical jungles beholds the calm seas and silver shores of the halcyon islands. He could not betray this; he could not whisper to the proud and superb Mildred, who was lavishing her soul upon him, that his heart was more loyal to another, and he studiously sought to avoid the society of Bessie, and to shame himself from what seemed a dishonorable feeling.

"But the golden-haired Bessie to whom Herold had been a very Sir Lancelot shaking the woods with his 'tirra lirra,' went out to meet him with her whole heart. She stood like the Indians upon the shore welcoming Columbus. She was ready to kneel to this new comer who apparently led all hopes and splendors with him. In fact, my friend, while Arthur was in love with Mildred, who was engaged to Herold, Herold was in love with Bessie, and she with him."

Don Bobtail paused a moment, and we listened to the music. It had a swift, wailing movement.

"It was during this strain," said the Embassador, "that the Princess fell lifeless.

"But, as I was saying, Herold sought to conceal his love for Bessie, and succeeded well enough until Bessie, in the overflow of sisterly confidence, confided to Mildred her pining love for Herold. Mildred listened, growing pale and trembling. She was not handsome, but she was lofty and noble, and a king might have loved her. Yet, as her sister spoke, Mildred parted the golden hair upon her forehead, smiled a wan smile, to assure her of her sympathy, kissed her upon her glistening eyes, and folded her to sleep in her arms, without betraying that her feeling for Herold was other than friendship. From that moment, however, she watched him as only such a woman's love-lighted eyes can watch. Herold was conscious that she suspected. He strove to drown her suspicion in greater fervor of devotion. Her soul smiled in scorn, not at him, but at the puerile effort to deceive her. But her heart broke as she felt that Herold loved Bessie.

"She told him so, and her lover laughed at the thought. He reproached her for suspecting him. She offered to release him at once from all allegiance to her. He refused, with indignation, to be so treated, and protested most eloquently that he was singly devoted to her. In vain she told him that she did not blame him; that it was not his fault that he loved Bessie more than her; that, although she loved him with her whole heart, she could no longer permit him to pretend to love her; that she understood how gentle and kind his feeling was for her, but that all between them must end there. She appealed to his honor, and charged him not to forget so far the respect due to her and to every woman, as to feign a passion he did not feel. She said all this without tears, or sobs, or gestures of any kind. There was not the slightest scene, dear Smytthe—even you would have pronounced it done in perfectly good taste. He persisted and protested. Poor Herold!

"Mildred left home immediately after writing a letter to Herold, gentle, and friendly, and generous, but firm. Herold staid behind for a few weeks to finish his visit."

The Don stopped.

"And then?" asked I.

"And then he was engaged to the fair Bessie yonder with the golden locks, who never knew that her lover had been betrothed to her sister. They are to be married next Wednesday week, and they will be very, very happy, as they deserve to be."

"And Arthur!" asked I.

"Arthur lives on in the country quietly among his books. Sometimes, I am told, he appears in town. He has never told his love, preferring, I suppose, to smile at grief. But it is not a very hearty smile. Mildred still visits him and his sister. But Arthur knows too well that Mildred does not love him, ever to trouble her with his feelings. He sighs, sometimes, that so noble a woman should be so cold;—and he has written a good many novels that lie in MS. in his library-drawers."

"And Mildred?" asked I.

"My dear, young, perceptive Smytthe, have you not already described her! 'Precisely the person to enjoy meeting and chatting with; a good ally in society: decidedly not a person to

fall in love with.' Oh, excellent young man!—a Daniel come to judgment!—why should I say more?"

The waltzes ended as he spoke; and Don Bobtail watched Mildred as she moved down the room and disappeared.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I am no longer young, and that there is nothing left for me but to marry an heiress. Whenever I see Mildred I remember that there are such things as youth and love—and I, even I, Don Bobtail Fandango, seem to feel the beating of a heart somewhere under my ribs. You, Smytthe, and the young ladies, rush to the new novels to find the romance that is playing all around you. Is it not natural that I, who mistrust the romance of books, because it falls so far short of that of life, should, even here at Saratoga, and doomed to a mercenary marriage, look before I leap?"

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Listen, now, a wonderful thing.—LAYAMAN'S BRUT.
Cælum ipsum petimus stulti.—HORACE.

IT was already evening—one long line of melancholy light was stretched out wild and wide upon the distant hill-tops; and, over head, the first stars, few and faint, and one by one, were brightening over the darkened and solemn valleys below us.

The old man, who seemed tired, paused, and, drawing his cloak closer about him, sat down upon one of the long shelving ledges of the rock, motioning me to do the same. I did so, and we remained silent for some time, both, perhaps, wrapt in similar reflections.

Never had Melchior appeared to me more brilliant or more eloquent than he had been that day. This extraordinary man, whose research seemed to have exhausted every branch of human knowledge, infused into whatever subject he touched on—the most abstruse or the most trivial—a profound and varied erudition, and the clear and vivid common sense of genius. But Nature seemed chiefly to have absorbed his attention, and when he spoke of *her* he was eloquent.

From the star to the clod—from the belt of Saturn, and the path of the Pleiades, to the fringes of a fern—no knowledge, however vast or however humble, had been unattempted or unfathomed by his daring and comprehensive intellect; and his learning no less embraced the healing laws of the smallest simple which we crushed beneath our feet, than the wizard teachings of the antique strata over which it blossomed.

Yet through all that Melchior said there flowed a vein of such profound and unutterable melancholy, and so apparently crushing a sense of the utter nothingness of that learning, which so astonished me by its scope and accuracy, that, musing over our past conversation, I exclaimed, half-unconsciously, aloud:

"Alas! how transcendent, and yet how impotent, is human knowledge! In the measureless distances of space, what more than a mere point of light is even the orbit of the world! I doubt if Galileo, blind with gazing into heaven, was, in the eyes of Originative Wisdom, much nearer to the secrets of the moon, than the peasant who still believes she shines to make beautiful the fields he knows."

"Yes," said Melchior, with bitterness, "our knowledge is like those thieves whom the Egyptians call *Philetes;* and she tickles and caresses, only to strangle us at last."

"At least," I answered, "she is but the warden of the outer gate. We scale heights on heights, we descend precipices, we traverse gulfs; but the fortress of wisdom would seem to be an enchanted one, and looks further off the nearer we approach it. Yet to me is it, indeed, both dear and natural to cherish the belief, that human energy is never in vain exerted in the pursuit of what is great. If it fail in one object, does it not obtain others in the effort, and sometimes no mean prizes? The athlete who has been trained for the Olympic goal may never attain it; but he, at least, gains strength and vigor for a lifetime. Surely it is not in vain that we hunger for the unknown. Is it for nothing that Science already stretches out her arms into the future?—for nothing that we have leveled the hills, and bound the earth with an iron girdle, and tamed the lightnings to be our messengers?"

"Ah," replied my companion, "we are only moving in a circle; and if human intellect could illuminate the world, still as dark and as fathomless would lie the spaces beyond. We trace effects to causes, and link from cause to cause the chain of speculation; but the most daring research drops at last, baffled and paralyzed before that mysterious and inscrutable First Cause, of which the worlds are but the mystic expressions!"

Again we sat silent for many moments, till Melchior suddenly exclaimed:

"Look me in the face, young friend: you see my hair is thin and white, and my features plowed with wrinkles, and my step feeble, and my back bowed. What age do you take me to be?"

"You can not," I said, "be less than sixty; but, in the full possession of a most rare and gifted intellect, many years of life, are, I trust, yet before you. Why not devote to some generous and practical purpose your declining years? What a noble heirloom might not such a mind bequeath to the world of thought!"

He shook his head. "You take me," he replied, "for sixty, yet it was but yesterday that I entered on my five-and-fortieth year; and seven years ago my head was well-nigh as erect, and my step as firm as your own."

"Impossible!" I could not help rather rudely exclaiming.

My friend passed his hand convulsively over his heart.

"Have you not read," he replied, in a voice broken by some strange emotion, "of men in cells, condemned to death, whose hair has whitened in a night; of Eastern dreamers who have

fed on opium, and grown unnaturally old before their time; of criminals, haunted by the knowledge of some haggard crime that palsies their hand, and wrinkles their brow, and makes them falter in their walk!"

"But you," I answered, with surprise, "are neither a criminal, nor an opium-eater."

"Yet, perhaps, worse," said he, "than either. You, young aspirant after knowledge—you, who still struggle to the Far, and would grasp the unattainable—who, consuming the rushing years of youth in earnest and solemn meditations, still believe in the embodiment of that type of the Perfect which has alike allured and baffled the wisdom of your forefathers, listen to the strange and marvelous history of the being who is now beside you; and, if it may be, while yet spared the suffering, learn wisdom from that blighting lesson which experience has seared and graven here."

I could scarcely contain the curiosity with which these words inspired me; for every thing connected with this singular person—his strange and reserved habit of life, the impenetrable mystery, the wild rumors which were afloat in the neighborhood—all combined to surround him with unusual interest.

I therefore urged him eagerly to begin the tale, and while the night stole downward through the silent and starlit spaces above us, and the glow-worm lighted in the weeds his goblin lamp, Melchior thus began:

THE HISTORY OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

What loiterer on the Rhine is unfamiliar with the little university town of B——! Do you remember its white walls and houses, glimmering through the purple shadows of the distant mountains, below the quiet river banks! Its quaint roofs, and picturesque and narrow streets, its merry market-place, its venerable scholastic gardens! It was here that the early years of my life were passed. Here, young as yourself—like you, I thirsted for knowledge, and foolishly dreamed to trace it to its mysterious sources. With this ardent desire, I was not long in making myself familiar with all the general branches of science; and, as I was constantly reading books and attending lectures, I soon acquired a reputation in the university both greater and graver than that of any of my fellow-students.

My professors, especially the venerable Herr Inkleman, who was my tutor, were charmed with my proficiency. Every one prophesied for me a brilliant future. Great thoughts then agitated the German mind, and events which have since shaken the whole of Europe had already cast their shadow upon the time. Not a few looked to the young student of B—— to play a prominent part in the opening drama of the future; for learning in Germany leads oftener to power than is the case in your land.

Far otherwise did I myself regard my own attainments and my own fate. Science and metaphysics, which seemed to me to open the noblest paths to the human intellect, chiefly interested me; but in these, as in every other branch of knowledge, all that I had learned dissatisfied and saddened me—so much was yet to know, so little really known. The understanding of those laws which unfold the leaf and suspend the globule brought no nearer to my comprehension the original *causative* law of their existence; and without the knowledge of this law, thought I, all nature is still but as a dead carcass, which I can dissect, but am unable to vivify. All knowledge but this plays only with trifles. This is the true τὸ καλὸν of science, and this science has hitherto failed to teach me.

So I mused; yet not wholly despairing of the end, I continued eagerly to absorb whatever information I could obtain from books, or from Nature herself. In such occupations, the hue of health left my cheek; I grew wan, and sickly, and feverish; the sense of youth deserted me, and I neglected food and exercise, grudging every hour lost from study.

My tutor, who loved me as a son, did not fail to observe this change, and he regarded it with apprehension and concern.

"My dear Melchior," said he, one day, affectionately passing his arm about my waist, "I must really insist upon your giving yourself a holiday. You are not strong enough for the intense study you pursue. We owe a duty, my dear friend, to the body as well as to the mind, for the body is the workman of the intellect; and I am sadly afraid you overtask your slave."

I smiled, and, pressing his hand tenderly, I spoke of my daring hopes and my constant disappointments.

"Knowledge," said he, with a half sigh, "is the lamp which burns in the temple, by whose light we worship the divinity. But it is not itself the divinity; and, if irreverently approached, it becomes only a will-o'-the-wisp, whose meteor light allures, but ever deceives us."

Thus conversing, we reached the professor's house. It was a large, low-gabled building, on the bank of the Rhine, surrounded by one of those stiff, old-fashioned gardens, so rare in Germany, and which contained a shallow square pond, or fish-tank, in the middle. As we approached the gate, I observed the old man's daughter leaning from the bank, and endeavoring to pluck a white, flat-leafed lily, which was floating on the surface of the water almost beyond her reach.

As I watched her, thus leaning, the wind, lightly pushing one brown soft ringlet from a face radiant with pure and delicate health, and that warm and witching bloom which, in the beauty of girlhood is so great a charm: the white neck curving downward—one arm stretched out to the flower, and revealing the perfect outline of a bosom which would have enchanted even a duller book-worm than myself—the light and lustrous shadows of the rose and lilac bushes falling on her from above, she looked so young, so fresh, and fairy-like a thing, that I felt a new pulse of life rushing into my heart, and a sudden warmth upon my cheek. With a nimbleness wholly new to me I leaped the gate; a moment

more, and I had plucked the flower and given it to her. She smiled and thanked me with a slight blush; our eyes met, and I felt my own were moist.

In my frequent visits to the house of my tutor, I had sometimes seen and conversed with Margaret before; and, indeed, that sweet, young face, with its soft blue eyes, and happy laughing lips, had often come between me and the schoolman's page—haunted me sometimes in my lonely walks, and even visited me in dreams.

The intense application and study, however, to which I had lately surrendered all my time and mind, had banished from me every thought but that all-absorbing one—the desire of knowledge. Two very strong and dissimilar emotions can not exist at the same time in the human heart; and, in mine, indeed, the beauty of Margaret Inkleman had never created any very strong emotion, but rather a vague sense of happiness for which I had never cared to account to myself, like the echo of a tune which is familiar—the quiet light of a summer evening—the perfume of hidden violets in Spring. Now, however, as I beheld her suddenly, after the lapse of some months, during which time the thought of her had never once been present to my mind, standing beside me in all that pomp of youth and beauty, my own lost and squandered youth seemed to rush back upon me at the sight of her.

As we passed into the house, she reproached me playfully for my long absence, and I faltered blundering excuses, and felt foolish and afraid.

The old professor watched us, and smiled.

"There is no knowledge, my dear Melchior," said he that evening, "more worth possessing than the knowledge of our own youth, with all its boundless wealth of sensation. Believe this, though it is an old man who speaks. Alas," he added, with a sigh, "all eternity can not supply the sum struck from a minute!"

From that day my visits to the house of the professor were more and more frequent, and with each I felt myself grow younger. Indeed I seemed to gather youth from the youth of Margaret, and become child-like as she was.

Often did we sit together below the lilacs in the little quaint old garden; and to me it was a strange and new pleasure even to feed the gold fish in the pond, or hear the humming of the bee in the rose, or watch the golden-winged butterflies swimming down the sunshine. Often did we sup upon the open terrace in the happy, balmy air of June; and, while the old scholar smoked his quiet meerschaum, Margaret, with her rich, low voice, sang to us wild, heart-stirring songs of the dear fatherland. Often, too, did we linger together in the long summer evenings, when the fading landscape glimmered down the twilight gloaming, and the first stars grew bright above the sweet and solemn Rhine. For her I recalled my old recollections of its legends and its tales, and told her fairy stories of the haunted hills. We peopled the ruined castles with mailed barons and silken pages. We had marvelous histories of the old romance—ladies guarded by dragons in fortresses, and lovers lost in Palestine far away.

I showed her, too, the secrets of the flowers she cherished—their wondrous formation, their mystic properties. I taught her to know the solemn signs of the midnight, and count the stars in Orion. And while I hinted of the message of a moonbeam, or speculated on the formation of a world, she looked up into my face with her large, wistful, wondering eyes, or, clinging closer to me, hid her young cheek in my bosom.

Strange, too, it may seem, that, as we grew more familiar, I found that the mind of the child better understood my own vague dreams and desires than that of the gray scholar.

Herr Inkleman, who observed all with a kindly eye, one day spoke to me.

"I have ever loved you as a son," he said; I would gladly look on you as one. I think you love Margaret; I see the girl loves you. I am old, and can not but daily look to see the dark angel waiting at the door. To you I would bequeath the innocence and the happiness of my child. I have large hopes of your future career, but even should these never be realized—"

"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed, interrupting him, "if I have your child's heart, the future can offer me no greater prize. Here let me garner up my hopes, and cry, *Eureka!* Surely the lore of sages offers no holier mystery for the contemplation of a lifetime, nor can ambition lure me with any fairer promise than a true woman's heart!"

And every one envied me. "He is the wisest scholar," said they, "and the happiest lover." And Margaret, with her soft eyes, looked into my own, and beyond that gaze I saw no future. I knew that I was loved, and, for the time, I cared to seek no other knowledge. Idiot! idiot that I was! had my spirit then folded her wings, and reposed in that sweet faith, happiness, rare indeed, might have been mine. But the demon desire of knowledge, which had so long consumed me, now only slumbered for a time. An accident, which changed the whole current of my thoughts, and all my future destiny, soon reawakened it.

In the course of some chemical experiments which I was making, I had occasion to charge several large jars with electricity. One day, in passing through certain substances a *positive* current of this fluid, I was struck by the singular form of the marks which it left behind in its passage. These bore a strange and very striking resemblance to the foliage of a tree, imitating, with a marvelous mimicry, not only the stem and branches, with their varied and intricate ramifications, but even the individual leaves, with those minute fibres and reticulated veins which conduct the sap to the most delicate extremities of the plant.

Never before having observed this phenomenon, it greatly astonished me, and I resolved to try the effect of a *negative* current. This was no less startling. Now the marks mocked another phase of vegetation, and assumed the ap-

pearance of a root. Every time that I repeated the experiment I produced an infinity of different but similar forms; and, by altering the arrangement of the conducting wires, as well as of the substances on which the magic pictures appeared, I obtained—now the spreading and fringed—now the clumped and bulbous root.

Why the electric action evinced itself in these, and only these peculiar forms, was to me for days a subject of incessant speculation.

I could not but call to mind the fairy-like and fantastic tracery of branch and leaf which often, in the bitter winter mornings, the white wizard frost had woven on my window pane; and I now began to look upon these as the result of an electrical action, occasioned by the evaporation which takes place in the process of freezing. It occurred to me, also, that the atmosphere which we breathe, and which is the great sustainer of all life, whether animal or vegetable, is constantly charged with *positive* electricity, while the earth, in which germination takes place, is, on the contrary, *negatively* charged. My experiment, which I was never wearied of repeating, seemed to me to be in striking relation to this great electrical law.

"If," thought I, "the type of vegetable forms be no less uniform and universal throughout the globe than is this law of electricity invariable, is it not, surely, to combinations of the electrical forces that we must trace the development and growth of all the plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers which we behold?"

I found myself constantly repeating this question; for days I mused and brooded over it, and daily it seemed to me more and more suggestive of great ideas. I believed myself on the threshold of a vast discovery, and determined to proceed.

I made several other experiments in the same direction, and each increased the interest with which the first had inspired me.

I secluded myself from all companionship except that of science. The new source of wonder and speculation thus suddenly opened to me wholly absorbed my thoughts; but the ideas which it gave rise to were as yet too vague and undefined to find expression in words, and I resolved to communicate them to none.

At last a strange and daring hope took possession of my mind. What, if by further developing and combining the results I had already arrived at, I should at last reach the knowledge of the original cause and germ of vegetable life? Why not, indeed, having possessed myself of the laws which create, as well as those which sustain, the being of a plant, put those laws into special operation? Why not myself create a plant? some new species, perhaps, that should be an era in the botanical world, and puzzle all the savants! This idea literally intoxicated me. It filled my thoughts by day, my dreams by night; it never left me time for food or relaxation; it haunted me like a familiar; in the street, in the lecture-room, in the fields, in my own chamber, wherever I moved or rested, it was forever with me, and whispering to me. Alas! that for such evil whispers the whispers of love were silenced in my heart. Poor Margaret was now almost forgotten!

With what money I could get together I at once commenced improving and enlarging the little room which I had already fitted up as a laboratory.

To subject the materials with which I had resolved to commence my experiments to a constantly uniform electrical action, it appeared to me necessary to keep the place in which they were deposited entirely free from all sudden changes of temperature, such as might be occasioned by currents of cold or heat in the atmosphere; and in order to effect this securely, I determined to construct a sort of chamber of glass, heated from below, and furnished with thermometers, by which I was enabled to regulate and sustain the degree of heat which I deemed suitable to my purpose. The formation of this structure occupied some weeks, during which I continued my experiments with avidity.

Inkleman, who could not fail to observe my continued absence from his house, and the marked alteration in my manner, reproached me affectionately with the change. I did not, however, in any way remit my labors on that account, but rather pursued them with redoubled energy, almost regarding the friendship of Inkleman, and the love of Margaret—so besotted was I with this delirium of discovery—with querulous suspicion, as though they were in league to decoy me from my great work.

Having, as I thought, established the vivifying cause in the action of electrical currents upon substances in such a condition as, under the influence of that action, to develop the result which we call life, I considered that my first care must be to ascertain—first, what were those substances; secondly, what the particular condition into which they were to be brought; and thirdly, what were the natural laws by which such a condition was produced.

In ascertaining these, I experienced great difficulty, and met with constant disappointments. Nevertheless I was not disheartened.

That there are many conditions in which life develops itself, independently of the *usual* process and mechanism, which Nature seems to have established for its propagation, as in the case of polypi, and many plants which seem to have an internal force of self-generation wholly apart, and widely different from the general system of development from seed, was a fact which greatly encouraged me.

In the inquiry which I now fearlessly entered upon, I had to go back to the first simple and elementary substances which are held to enter, more or less, into the formation of all *animated* matter. And, thoroughly convinced as I was from varied observation, that all natural effects, however rare, are rather the development of general principles, than the result of special laws, I commenced a series of very complicated experi-

ments for the purpose of ascertaining what are the effects by which life first evidences itself in its most simple forms, whether animal or vegetable. The result thoroughly satisfied me, that the *original* germ of life, in all its varied and different phases, is a *globule developing a globule*; and, I further convinced myself that this *vital* action, viz., the formation of a globule within a globule, producing in its turn another; and, so on, *countless* other globules, could be effected by *electricity*.

I will not weary you with a detailed account of the long and intricate process by which I arrived at the almost magical results which I shall soon have to relate.

It was many months before I was able to commence the work itself, which I did by laying down in my crystal chamber several strata, composed of those materials which a series of experiments had proved to be best adapted to the influence of the electrical laws, which it was my intention to bring to bear upon them. It was necessary to reduce these materials to a certain condition by the action of heat; I therefore had my furnaces at work both day and night, but I had not yet put the batteries into operation. I should tell you, that I had taken the precaution of fitting into the glass sides of the chamber three or four apertures of different sizes, air-tight when closed, and which I was able to shut or open at will. I had also formed the flooring of several porcelain trays, running upon grooves, one below the other, by means of which I could remove and change the materials on which I was at work, without disturbing the general arrangement.

One morning, after the strata of which I have spoken, had been exposed for several days to the influence of a steadily increasing temperature, I observed, to my great delight, that a thick, white mist, which seemed too heavy to rise far, had begun to exhale from them, and was floating and undulating over the surface. In the course of the day, this vapor seemed to become rarified, and lifted itself slowly up until it filled the whole chamber. I watched it with intense interest for several days, but no further phenomenon presented itself. I observed, however, with some surprise, that the thermometers had risen slightly—a fact for which I was unable to account, as I had not increased the heat of the furnaces, though I have since thought that it might have been occasioned by the heat thrown up in the process of evaporation.

After some days had elapsed, I resolved to gradually decrease the temperature. As soon, however, as the thermometers were fallen two degrees, the mist began to thicken again, and assume its original appearance. The next day a further change took place; and it seemed to me that condensation had commenced, for small aqueous particles were fast depositing themselves upon the glass sides of the chamber. The surface at the bottom seemed, also, partially decomposed, the component substances being separated from each other, and overspread with a strange glutinous fluid of a bluish gray color.

While the vapor was condensing, I was foolish enough to open the aperture in the framework, and put my head down for the purpose of examining the process more minutely. Scarcely had I done so, when I was seized with a deathly faintness; thick darkness came over my eyes; my throat rattled; I staggered, and fell to the ground. How long I remained insensible I know not; but when I awoke, it was to a dull, aching sensation of extreme physical pain, which, however, I was too weak thoroughly to realize. My temples were throbbing violently; my eyes felt as though they were starting from their sockets. I found myself stretched upon a bed, from which I was too feeble to lift a hand. All the place seemed strange and unfamiliar. Now and then figures, which to my aching sight looked dim, and indistinct, and dream-like, flitted and hovered near me. I heard them whisper, too, among themselves, and though I could not catch the words, I guessed from their gestures that they spoke of me. Utterly impotent as I felt myself to be, my first idea was that I was dead, and that these were already planning my burial; yet, strange to say, this idea, horrible as it was, more amused than alarmed me.

Thus days passed away without account. Life strengthened in me once more; then came fever, burning pain, and delirium.

In this terrible prostration, both of body and mind, I never once alluded (as I afterward heard) to the strange circumstance which had caused it, but in my ravings, they told me, I often called on Margaret; and when, at last, from these days of anguish and madness I awoke, as from a fearful dream, the thought of Margaret haunted me mournfully when I lay weak and languid, in the long, long twilight hours. Once, when the shadows were gathering and darkening about me, and the window-pane was glimmering in the melancholy starlight, the sense of loneliness which oppressed me became insupportable. My thoughts trembled into sound, and stretching my weak arms over the coverlet, "Alas!" I murmured, "sweet vision, were you like the rest, but the fading fancy of a sick man's mind, and do I awake from you forever? Ah! Margaret, Margaret, where are you now!"

There was a slight movement in the curtains round me, and a soft voice, tremulous with emotion, whispered, "Here! here, my betrothed, my adored; here, where my own heart has led me; where she whom you love should be, by your side, dearest, in sickness and in suffering; not upon your great occupations, not amid your majestic fancies and stately dreams. Melchior, did I ever dare to intrude this lowly companionship! Unworthy to understand, I have sat apart, love, and nursed in solitude the thought of your greatness—so proud, so proud, when others spoke of you with praise, to whisper to myself, 'And this man loves me!' But now, now when pain and sickness have come to you,

why not I? These, at least, I may share with you, whose more than mine that right—whose more than mine in evil and ill health, the privilege to be near you and to console? And, O Melchior," she said, "in the dreadful hours in which I have been by your side and you did not know it, I have grown so old—so old, and wiser too, I think, and more able to understand you. And once, O God, I feared that I should lose you!" She burst into passionate tears; my own voice was choked—I could not answer; and we both sobbed together like children.

When my servant, as I afterward learned, found me senseless in the laboratory, he at once, in his alarm and surprise, sent for Inkleman, who was almost the only person in whose society he had ever seen me. The old professor, who was not unlearned in the healing art, immediately had me conveyed to his own house; and there Margaret, her noble heart forgetting, in the knowledge that I was ill, perhaps dying, all other feeling but that she was a woman and loved, watched and tended on me night and day, and nursed me back to life, as she had once led me back to youth.

O God! that I had then died—died in some sweet dream of her, while her warm breath yet fanned my cheek, while her soft eyes watched my slumbers, ere yet I had learned to turn, with dread and loathing from the lips I loved!

Slowly and with pain I recovered. When I did so, I observed that a change had taken place in Margaret. She was no longer a child. Her heart seemed to have suddenly blossomed into womanhood. So true is it that we live by moments rather than by years. Love moves through time, as the gods of Greece through space; it makes a step, and ages have rolled away.

Inkleman questioned me closely as to the cause of my sudden illness, and the strange apparatus which he had found in the laboratory. I replied briefly, that in the course of some chemical experiments I had accidentally inhaled certain noxious gasses, to which I attributed the attack which had thus paralyzed me. He seemed dissatisfied with my answers, but observing the reluctance with which they were given, he soon desisted from further inquiries.

To Margaret, under promise of secrecy, I confided all that had taken place; but even this confidence I afterward regretted, for, with a woman's timidity, she implored me not to proceed in so dangerous and, as it seemed to her, so unhallowed an experiment.

I resisted, however, all entreaties; and as soon as I could return to my house, I set about recommencing the operations there, which had been so suddenly suspended.

I found the door of the glass chamber still open, as it had been left by me in my fall. The vapor had long since escaped. Many days elapsed before I was able again to bring my experiment to the state in which it had been arrested. I now, however, worked more calmly, and spent much of my time with Margaret.

When the vapor, which now exhaled from the bottom of the chamber precisely in the same manner as before, was thoroughly condensed, I applied the batteries, which I had so constructed as to be of an immense power. After these had been in action for some days, I observed, at night-time, a pale blue lustre, like that produced from phosphorescence, radiating out from the decomposed matter. This apparition was too wan and faint to be visible in day-light; but in the dark it burst forth with a fitful pulsation, now feeble, now strong, and sometimes so bright as to illuminate the whole room.

I was convinced, that in certain substances which enter into the composition of organic matter, there is a latent tendency and inclination in their inorganic state to the exercise of those functions which they develop in the organic, although such development may require some special condition not of frequent occurrence. That I was able to produce such a condition I fully believed; nor was I deceived. At the end of five weeks the dewy globules, which the vapor, in condensing, had deposited on the surface of the substances from which it had exhaled, having congealed into gelatinous granules, appeared agitated. Upon close observation I then discovered, that these granules formed a minute system of cells, which were bursting, and delivering themselves of other and yet smaller granules. In fact, an organic action had commenced.

I now separated from the myriads which covered the surface one single cell, and placed it under a loose covering of rich manure, continuing to keep the electric action directed upon it. Three days afterward, two small pulpous leaves, something like those of a lupin, pushed themselves above the ground. Day by day their growth increased. They were not, however, green in color, like the leaves of other plants, but of a sickly white hue, almost like dead flesh. Within a week the little plant put forth other leaves, and then long fibrous arms, more like roots than stems, which pushed off from the parent shoot, and struck into the ground.

After a second week there appeared in the middle of the plant's small bulbous head, covered up with long downy leaves. In time these leaves expanded and fell off, and the young bud burst into flower—a flower of a deep sullen purple hue—in shape and color something like an anemone, but of a thick and fleshy texture.

I observed that when I watered the ground the plant seemed to experience delight, for its color deepened to a tenfold brilliancy, and seemed to burn; the leaves, too, swelled, and the blossom broadened. This change, however, never lasted longer than an hour.

I no longer made a secret of my discovery. Like Alexander, I awoke one morning and found myself famous—famous certainly, but universally abused.

The vocabulary of scientific contempt was exhausted against me. I was an impostor, a charlatan, a juggler, a shallow coxcomb, a de-

ranged enthusiast, a humbug, a take-in. The professors of chemistry called me a trifler; the professors of logic called me a twaddler; the professors of philosophy called me a dreamer; the professors of botany called me an ignoramus; the professors of theology called me an Atheist.

Nevertheless the tree grew. Strange, uncouth, mis-shapen as it was—half plant, half polypus—I loved it like a human thing. I transplanted it into my garden. Margaret would sometimes water it, but I think she was half jealous of it; and, indeed, there seemed to be an unnatural and weird antipathy between the girl and the strange flower—it drooped in her presence, and shrunk from her touch.

One evening, when we were all sitting together in the garden of the professor—myself, and Margaret, and her father—the old man complained of cold, and went within. The next day he sickened and took to his bed, from which he never rose again. The constitution of Inkleman was, in fact, too enfeebled by age to throw off this slight attack. He grew weaker and weaker, and at last died without pain.

In the last hour we both stood by his side. He joined our hands in silence, and turned his face to the wall. One low sigh we heard, and in that sigh the spirit of the old man passed away. We were alone with the dead. In that hour, and with the icy sense of our great mutual loss at my heart, and in the thought of Margaret's lonely and unsheltered youth, and the knowledge that henceforth I was the sole protector left to the fatherless child, the false unnatural love which I had borne to my own monstrous creation fell suddenly from me, and left behind no feeling but the deep, fathomless, and almost fatherly tenderness which I felt for the poor girl who was sobbing on my shoulder. And then and there, in that sick chamber, by the mute death-bed, and below the light of the dying lamp, once more our solemn troth was plighted. And we laid the old man in the church-yard by the river. And to that grave the students followed his coffin at night, by torchlight, and in silence. For he had been greatly loved, and the whole place mourned for him, but chiefly we. And Margaret sat alone, tearless and speechless in her orphan weeds, in the melancholy house, in the dim chamber where he had lived and died. And, noiseless through that silent room I stole to her side, and touched her hand, and looked into her face; and, seeing me, she burst into tears, the first she had shed since she was an orphan.

"Look up, dearest!" I stooped and whispered; "death at least hath not robbed thee of one heart that yet lives only to love thee, and whose highest pulses are all thine. Let the loss, dear child, which we both so deeply mourn, make us only cling nearer and closer to each other, and strengthen in us that divine affection which even death can not darken, nor corruption make less beautiful! Are we not all to each other, darling? Margaret, my wife, look up! gazing in these eyes thou shalt never remember that thou art fatherless."

And so I kissed the tears from her poor pale cheek, and led her, weeping and clinging to me, into the little garden outside.

The soft twilight was deepening through the tender stars—the grass was deep in dew—the beetle boomed about the air—far off the nightingale was singing up the lawns—and "see," I said, "darling, Nature feels no loss. Is it because God is always present to her?"

She did not answer, but smiled faintly, and though this smile was a wan one, I saw that the first anguish of loss was over. So we were both silent; and, deepening far above through her solitary signs, the night stole over us.

But I must hurry on to those fearful events which crowded the close of that evil history which I am relating.

A distant female cousin was the only relative that remained to Margaret. For her we sent immediately. She came and lived with the orphan till the year of mourning was over, after which time I was to be married to my betrothed. The old house had associations which were now become too painful to us both. So I hired another for the two women until such time as I could prepare, in some distant land, a fairer residence for our future life.

And the grass grew green over the grave of the professor, and, save by two solitary mourners, he was forgotten before the year was out. And the tree, the weird tree, each year of whose growth seemed marked by human calamity, grew and spread in height and foliage daily. And night by night I sat beneath its solemn shadow, and watched the stars through its wild branches; and, as gazing upward, I saw heaven over heaven above me stretching far into the luminous infinite, there fell upon me a crushing sense of the impotence of that knowledge for which my youth had so feverishly yearned, seeing that it availed not to rescue one human life or save a single tear.

The day was fixed for our nuptials. I had prepared for Margaret, in a golden climate of the south, and below a riper sun, a new home.

"And here," I said, "by these purple seas, and below these rosy skies, my hopes shall anchor. Here I will learn no lore but what love teaches. Whatever knowledge can give me I have already obtained. Once I thought to benefit my race by dauntless discoveries, but I see the world is still the same world, that imprisoned Galileo and laughed at Harvey. Deprived of friendship, love is yet left to me; I am content—I will devote my life to Margaret. Her child's heart is the fairest book that I can read, for it is new-written by God himself. The future, at least, shall be more sufficient than the past."

So, for the last time, I returned to B——, to fetch my bride. And, standing, on the evening before my marriage morning, by the wizard tree—

"Thing," I said, "of the mistaken past, good-night and good-by! A fairer future is already

dawning to me in yon dark east. To-morrow I shall leave thee forever."

That night, from restless thoughts, I fell toward morning into a tired slumber. And in sleep I dreamed a dream, and the dream was thus: I thought that I had wandered far into the heart of a strange and beautiful garden. Flowers of all hue and trees of every foliage blossomed up about my path. Bright green humming-birds, crimson butterflies, and all the legendary winged things that I had read of in fairy tale, floated, and flashed, and hovered in the rosy air. And, as I paused to breathe the fragrance of the flowers, and marvel at the wonder of the place, I heard the voice of Margaret calling to me through the dreamy bowers. I listened, and again, and again, and again the voice called me by my name. So I followed the sound till at last I found myself below a mighty tree, and before me was a form like an angel. Radiant wings, that seemed to have been dipped in rainbows, cast a warm and glowing shadow over the lucid shoulder. The white feet hardly crushed the purple flowers. So graceful, too, and so harmonious in all proportion was the form beside me, that it seemed to contain an undulous and ever-varying motion hidden in rest. And, gazing at the dazzling apparition, I recognized, with eyes softer than stars, and smiles warmer than summer, the face of Margaret. Yes, the face was here; but a glorified change seemed to have passed over it. It seemed to me to be such as her face would be, had we met, not on earth, but in heaven.

"Taste," she said, in a voice of the strangest melody, "taste of the marvelous fruit which grows upon this tree. For surely this is that other fairer growth which flourished in Paradise long ago, and which was guarded by the watchful cherub with the flaming sword, lest man should eat and live. But eat, you," she said, "for no warning angel forbids to pluck from yon ambrosial branches their glowing burden. Eat, and become as I am, fairer than the children of earth whom we have dwelt among—fair as the love we bear each other, O, my adored!"

Wondering, I looked upward, and, lo! I stood beneath a tree, in shape, in foliage, and in flower, the counterpart of my own created plant! The same, but fairer; the same in all, but laden with a golden fruit that already intoxicated me by its fragrance. I stretched my arm, plucked from the boughs above a dazzling apple, and put it to my mouth. No sooner did it touch my lips than, O wonder, O magic, O delight! earth reeled beneath me; tenfold glory rushed down upon the air; tenfold warmth came with the summer wind upon my cheek; music filled my ears, and light my eyes; my feet spurned the ground; I felt wings behind me; I mounted in the air, and, with the lovely vision at my side, flew upward, upward, upward, till, in soaring, I awoke.

I awoke, and it was morning. The window-pane was already reddening in the first flush of the dawning east. The recollection of my dream, which was very vivid, excited me too much for sleep. I arose, and unfastened the casement; and, wafted from breezy uplands and dewy river-banks, the fresh morning air fanned my cheek and blew the sleep from my eyes. Then I remembered that it was my marriage morning. I dressed myself and descended into the garden. The day was fast gathering light. The dew was deep on blossom and bell; and where I walked, the fragrance of the awakening meadows seemed to fill me with health.

Instinctively my steps led me to the weird tree; and then, for the first time, I perceived with astonishment that, hitherto unobserved—for the poor plant had been sadly neglected of late—perhaps even during the past night-time, the tree had burst into fruit.

Gorgeous golden globes were hanging on the boughs, like pomegranates, of a fiery red. As I looked at them wistfully, my dream of the past night occurred to me, a voice even seemed to whisper in my ears. Scarcely knowing what I did, I extended my hand and plucked one of the fruit. The tree shivered in branch and leaf, and seemed to shrink up. This I hardly heeded. The apple was of a most delicious and aromatic fragrance, and I began, with great curiosity, to eat it. The sensations which followed it is difficult to explain, but I conceive them to have been similar to what I have heard described as the effects of opium. A serene and tranquil sense of enjoyment, to which every thing about me seemed to suggest new sources, began to pervade my whole being, and, as it were, to flood every nerve with pleasure. Such too, was the happiness which I experienced, that I was unable to conceive how I could ever have felt otherwise; it seemed to me, indeed, that nothing could contain sufficient cause for the most trivial annoyance. "For the first time," I said, "I breathe the breath of life!" And, save in an unwonted elasticity of movement, there was, in what I felt, no symptom of intoxication. On the contrary, never had I felt more clear-headed or self-possessed. Not only every physical sensation, but every mental perception seemed expanded to its fullest development.

While I thus stood, basking and sunning myself, so to speak, in the realization of these new sensations, I cast my grateful and wondering eyes upon the tree, and it was not without surprise that I observed that the broken stem, from which I had just plucked the fruit, had already swollen, and turned purple and livid, presenting an appearance not unlike a tumor on a human body; and emerging from the orifice of the wound, I saw a small, green insect crawl forth, about the size of a common fly, but snouted and pig-shaped, and covered with diminutive bristles.

At any other time the first impression which this would have caused me would probably have been one of disgust, for, small as the creature was, it was preternaturally monstrous in its appearance, being both hideous in form and loathsome in color. My next impression might have been one of scientific curiosity; but now the

only sensation which I felt was that of great amusement, and I laughed inordinately at the sight of this diminutive deformity.

I gathered more of the fruit, and thrust it into my bosom. In each case the same phenomenon occurred. Wherever an apple was plucked the stem swelled, and turned a livid purple hue, and forth came a small green insect of the most loathsome appearance.

Not regarding this, I turned away and walked back to the house. As I reached the threshold the joy-bells began to ring out clearly from the distant spire, and I found that I had only just time to seek my bride, and accompany her to the church.

I hardly dare go on; but the end is nearly come. Still I think I hear the mad bells clashing clamorously and cheerily as they rang in my merry marriage morning. And we were wed. And I became forever through life, till death—in health, in sickness, in wealth, in want—the sworn guardian of another gentler life than mine; a fair young life, whose fate was given to my hands.

Oh, but it was a merry morning, that! And they pelted us with flowers in the porch, and flung them in our path as we walked by. Just emblems! perishable blooms, that died before the night fell, and withered up like all my hopes!

Far and far into the distant, dreamy south we went to find our future home, my young wife and I. And I breathed my love upon her cheek, and folded her to my heart, and felt her light arm tremble on my own.

And softly—oh, so softly—from the darkened hills rose up our nuptial night! And brightly the stars lighted their bridal torches for us. "And would," I whispered, creeping to her side as she gazed into the loving and lustrous spheres above, "would, dearest, I were heaven, to gaze on thee with all those myriad, myriad eyes!"

Then I spoke to her of my dream, and told her how that I had eaten of the fruit of the tree, and how marvelous were its properties. And I showed her the golden apples, and fed her on their delirious juices. Ha! ha! was ever fairer marriage-feast than that?

And I watched the color flush into her cheek, and the light rise into her eyes, and the delicious intoxication tremble through her veins. And we were so happy that night—so happy! And when sleep came at last, it seemed so sweet and natural to slumber on her breast, knowing that I should wake to look into her eyes. And so I *did* sleep, and I *did* wake, and forever the dream was over!

I awoke; but an iron pain was hanging on my lids. My cheeks were burning, and my lips were cracked and swollen, and my breath was like fire, and my tongue seemed bursting in my mouth.

With pain and difficulty I lifted myself up, and looked around me, and cold, cold and corpse-like, in my arms lay my beautiful young wife! Beautiful no more; for the gray, ghastly morning fell full upon her brows, and they were white and livid, and blotched all over with loathsome, loathsome purple spots. And, pah! from every ulcerous wound were crawling forth hideous, green, mis-shapen, insect reptiles! Ha! ha! She was not even a lovely corpse—my bride. I had not given her beauty to the grave.

Must I go on? Will you have the horrible details? The lying poison had done its work: the frailer, weaker constitution of the two was destroyed. Mine survived—wrecked, shaken to its foundations—a wreck forever!

Margaret was dead. I lived; if that be life in which time was stricken and razed from my perception. I know not how many terrible days, or weeks, or months, thus whitened my hair, and crushed me into sudden age. But years have passed since then—long, awful years—and still, as though but yesterday she died, the anguish of that morning is fearfully present to me. Would to God the malignant fate which robbed me of my bride and my youth, had taken from me, in the same hour, my memory and my mind!

Melchior paused; he was greatly agitated; and so entranced was I by the extraordinary history which he had just unfolded to me, that it was many moments before I could find voice to falter out a few barren and silly commonplaces, meant for consolation.

But no, he said, I have sinned, and it is justly that I suffer. I was filled with evil arrogance, in the blind estimation of my own powers. I thought, in the pride and folly of my heart, to mount on knowledge to the spheres, and stand face to face with Divinity! Impotent boaster that I was! I have found that is only through death and suffering that man draws near to God.

At first, and when the agonizing realization of all my loss was somewhat deadened, I endeavored, with the brutal egotism that had characterized my youth, to forget, in active life and amid crowds, the misery of the heart.

I dwelt amid thronged cities, and wrestled with my fellow men for their miserable prizes: the suffering at my heart lent me a wild energy. I succeeded in all I undertook; I became the counselor of kings; I trod the floors of costly palaces; I learnt to look into the dark heart of states; princes sought my favor; I was renowned, and—miserable!

To some, suffering brings a tender and melancholy sympathy with their kind; it was not so with me. I felt that the mystery of a great sorrow hung about me, and shut me from communion with the lesser griefs and joys of others. I knew that I was disliked and feared, and I scorned and crushed those who made me feel it. The barren life which surrounded me, with its noisy struggle for its puny and unworthy objects, chafed and irritated me. I said, "I will seek repose in solitude;" so I traveled far, and fled to the desert.

To its antique sources I tracked the course of the mighty and mysterious Nile, till my feet sounded in the palaces of the Ptolemies, and I saw thegre at sand-seas stretched around me. Then the silence was too awful, for I felt my-

self fearfully alone with God; and at night I dared not gaze into the vast heaven above me, knowing He looked down on me through the stars. Neither in cities nor in solitude had I yet learned the true lesson of grief. So I returned to Europe, and, in my wanderings, halted among these hills. Here I have dwelt for years; and with years have come repentance and patience.

I was silent and we walked on.

"You have read," said Melchior, suddenly, "of a Spartan general, who, on the night that he was wed, murdered—innocently murdered, if murder be ever innocent—the woman that he loved; and her spirit, they say, haunted him through life. Think you his guilt was equal to my own? or his suffering to be measured with what I have felt?"

I could not answer.

"The tree," he resumed, "the evil tree is withered up, and dead; and the evil desires that created and nourished it are at rest forever. And Margaret lies in yonder valley (for there I caused her body to be brought), where daily, by her grave, I may mourn and pray; and there, too, daily, renew flowers fairer than these which bloomed and perished on our bridal path. And if to those that have sinned, and in sorrow repented, the All-wise One, in His infinite mercy, has vouchsafed forgiveness, then is it not in vain that I have wept, and prayed, and hoped upon that grave.

"I think that the sands have nearly run out, and that my hour must be at hand; I think, and hope so; for I have fulfilled the life of man. I have loved and sinned, and suffered, and repented. What remains? Death. And the rest is there!" He pointed to the skies.

That evening Melchior died.

A DAY WITH CHARLES FOX.

ABOUT the noon of a summer's day (*circa* 1787–8), sauntering along that "sweet shady side of Pall-mall" sung of by Captain Morris, the fancy seizes us to visit Mr. Fox, whose orations we have read with delight, of whose marvelous talents we have heard such wonders. Accordingly we proceeded to one of the innumerable residences that he occupied during the vicissitudes of his career. We find him living in second-rate lodgings, in the neighborhood of St. James's-street, and the mediocrity of his abode strikes us as contrasting with the splendor of his fame. Ascending to his sitting-room, we are face to face with a great historical character, and our breath is in suspense while with eager curiosity we gaze in his retirement upon the idolized hero of Party Worship.

Lounging over his late breakfast sits one whose personal appearance alone would rivet the attention. His figure, in robust manhood, shows none of those traces of dissipation that we might have expected from the life of a roysterer. His swarthy complexion recalls to us his nickname—"Nigger;" and the thick and bushy eyebrows, with something of a saturnine aspect, strangely blended with the signs of a passionate temperament, remind us of his Stuart blood through the Lennox family. There is the "Charley Fox" of White's and Almack's—the "Mr. Fox" of aristocratic Whig coteries—the "Fox" of history's page! With what an easy, indolent air he sips his chocolate, while he glances over some piece of French trash, in which rumors, *bon mots*, scandals about the Faubourg St. Germain, and pedantry from the *pays Latin* are jumbled together in the *fricassée* style of French literature. There is a good-natured look of affability about our statesman that conciliates good-will; and yet that compressed mouth and beetling brow, with its occasional heavy frown, tell of one whose temper can be wrathful, and whose soul can be impassioned with the fire of genius.

The carelessness of the whole man as seen in his character is one of the most true and significant signs of his nature. Here is no formal bookcase with *variorum* classics and standard essayists. His books are as miscellaneous as his acquaintances, and, like his other friends, range from good to bad. A stray volume of Tacitus is beside the last Italian opera—the new "Racing Calendar" is carelessly tossed over his old Eton copy of Thucydides. His valet brings in more letters to him, in addition to the unopened pile already on the table, and we can see that the sight of all that he has to read daunts the man of ease. The variety of his life is attested by the superscriptions of his letters. Here is the formal clerkly hand of a money-lending usurer. There is a trumpery letter from a tuft-hunting democrat, proud of writing "My dear Sir" to the nephew of the Duke of Richmond. He takes up a long packet with "E. B." in the corner. It is a prolix MS. written in a tremulous hurried hand, with copious interlineations. But the morning is too oppressive to begin with poring over politics, and that dirty vile scrawl on yon crumpled paper, with news about "Seagull"* from the famed Sam Chifney, arrests his eyes. The political MS. is crumpled into a drawer, and, while our statesman, with something like bustling activity, makes fresh notes in his betting-book, there is ushered in one of his dearest friends. It is Fitzpatrick, a dandy of the eighteenth century, an Irish humorist with some Parisian grace, and something of a military carriage. He is prematurely haggard and careworn from the campaigns of pleasure; and his conversation, neither edifying nor instructive, is vastly amusing. And while the two friends are confidentially discussing of their common affairs—for they are deep in each other's secrets—pleasant noise of laughter is heard on the stairs, and the swarthy face of Fox is gladdened as his dear sprightly Jack Townshend

* "Seagull" won the Oatlands at Ascot, and in stakes (then smaller than now) won close on £1600. He easily beat the Prince of Wales's "Escape" at Ascot, two miles for five hundred guineas, vast sums depending upon the match. Sam Chifney used to say "Mr. Fox was a grand man, and know'd 'osses very well."

comes in along with the "Hare of many friends." What jokes! what mirth! what capital sayings sparkle, flash, and fly about that little shabby drawing-room! It is brilliant with the hues of fancy and humor. And Fox himself—with what an easy, delighted air he enjoys the banter and good-humor of his companions! The names of the gifted and the beautiful are mentioned, and Fox tears open his invitations to the various scenes of gayety and joy where his presence is persuasively bidden in the autographs of the fashionable rulers of the age. Well, our statesman leads a pleasant life, and who would say that politics are a grave pursuit? Ay, or a great one?

Yet stay! We must see more of the life of this man of ease. The day is wearing on, and he saunters out to Brookes's. Every hand is put out to welcome him, and he is evidently the favorite of the club. Around him are clustered the Fitzroys, and the Kepples, and the St. Johns. How glad he is to see George Byng, and with what warmth he greets that delicate, slender young man—the new member for Northumberland—a man of brilliant promise—Charles Grey! Every one is glad to see him, and he has a word for all. He is the king of his company, until a new arrival comes, and with courteous *empressement* the great party leader acknowledges the presence of George Prince of Wales. They were early this morning in each other's company before, and the Prince's face betrays what Fox's countenance does not show—that a night of joy had been succeeded by the headache of repentance. And now the Prince and Fox retire to a private room, where we must not intrude on the secret plottings in which the vanity of Court life, and the passions of a political chieftain are commingled. But soon the secret council is at an end, and, after a fresh ambuscade has been plotted against Mr. Pitt, the Prince and Fox emerge in high spirits, and the Prince gayly challenges Lord Derby to a game of billiards, while Fox mounts his horse and goes to the Park. How the crowd look after him! How all the idlers regard his well-known face! See him beside the chariot yonder! Who could think that this was a man deep in state affairs, while he eagerly talks gossip and prattles badinage to the delighted ears of those lovely sisters, the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon. Yes! He has made them happy. He certainly will join the coalition water party up to Richmond. What a gay, joyous scene it is to-day, and what a blaze of fashion is in the Park! All eyes look toward Fox, as he continues to loiter by the side of the Duchess of Devonshire's chariot. See how admiring groups of provincials are gazing with admiration at the great lion of the day. They scrutinize his careless, easy dress, and note his blue and buff costume. They see his face, unclouded with care, and hear his laugh, while he tells light, gay anecdotes to the brilliant occupants of the chariot. Here comes Lady Lade and her eternal ponies; and the Duchess looks grave, and Fox bites his lips. And here comes the Countess of Clermont along with Lady William Gordon, telling of life at Paris and Marie Antoinette. There is a gentleman riding near, and, as he salutes Charles Fox, the Duchess of Devonsire, with her sprightly vivacity, quotes the line of the "Rolliad"—

"The comely Villiers with his flaxen locks."

Here comes the brilliant Colonel St. Leger, a star of fashion, and idol of the fair. He is welcomed with the sweetest smiles by the Duchess of Devonshire. But the smile vanishes as St. Leger announces that the Duchess of Rutland, the brightest ornament of the Pittite female aristocracy, is driving hither in her pony carriage. There they are, the two rival beauties of the day—Devonshire excelling in fascination, and Rutland unrivaled in grace—the first a daughter of the house of Spencer, and inheriting much of the versatile talent of her race; the second a Somerset, with the blood of the Plantagenets in her veins. Both equal in the amount of admiration which followed them, but Devonshire decidedly carrying the palm in popularity, and the other achieving the victory in power. What a stately air has Rutland, as she proudly sweeps by! Fresh from her vice-regal throne, she seems to have acquired more imposing dignity. And she smiles with flattered pride as she thinks of the lines in which Fox announced her conquest, when she was Marchioness of Granby:

"Ye meteors, who with mad career
Have rov'd through Fashion's atmosphere,
And thou, young, fair, fantastic Devon,
Wild as the comet in mid heaven,
Hide your diminished heads, nor stay
T' usurp the shining realms of day,
For see, th' unsullied morning light,
With beams more constant and more bright,
Her splendid course begins to run,
And all creation hails the sun."

And now Fox rides on slowly. One might suppose that he had much more to think of in life than toying and coquetting with pretty women. Is *this* the fitting life for a man professing to live for empire? Instead of toying with beauties, ought he not to be studying statistics? What would Sir Robert —— Down, thou snarler! Know that it is an age of passion, of vague aspirations, of grand and stirring social theories. It is in the latter end of the eighteenth century, before the steam-engine is invented, when the name of Peel is only mentioned with spinning-jennies, and Sheridan's lines on the new baronetcy—long before the time when a Clerk talking *blue-books* for three hours could be hailed as a debater. It is characteristic of the time that the first debater should be also the fashion of the day. Ay! *the fashion*; and what spell there was in that word in those days, when Fox was playing his great part! It would have been good policy in those days for a statesman with the King and Queen adverse to him to court the smiles of celebrated beauty. But see! He is not a favorite with all the lovely women. There is another lady in a pony carriage—for

pony driving is the female rage of the time. What a decided *cut* this lady has given to Fox, who seemed anxious to salute her! She is very beautiful still, though already she has had two husbands, and some say that she is secretly married to ——; but thereby hangs a tale, and there, too, lies the reason why Mrs. Fitzherbert turns away her head from Charles Fox.

And now the Park is getting thin, and the gay charioteers turn homeward their fairy steeds. Fox, too, is preparing to leave. He looks rather more grave than we could like. Could the apparition of Mrs. Fitzherbert have suggested unpleasant thoughts to him? Or does he want to shake off that boring Tom Stepney who wants to ride with him? Well, he is at last alone, riding out through Gloucester-gate, and he puts his horse to a canter, and is soon at his favorite *séjour*—the house of Mrs. Armistead. Ah! that name conjures up recollections of unlawful love. Yes! and of a love that cherished Fox as he was loved by none other in the world! Which of all his gay worldly companions, of all the friends that extolled his genius, would do as that woman, and risk life to secure the existence of the popular leader? Now she is his mistress, but the day shall come when he will gratefully call her by the sacred name of wife, and give her his hand in marriage, as the only recompense in his power for risking her life as his nurse in a contagious malady that but for her would have proved mortal.

She seems surprised to see him. She did not expect him for another hour. So much the better—he has something to read before dinner. Tossing himself on a sofa, he draws from his pocket a paper that we saw this morning. Yes! it is the "E. B." paper; and with knit brows he begins to apply himself to a disquisition from the pen of "the greatest *philosopher in action* that the world ever saw." Fox reads—admires, and learns from one who in the science of politics was his master. "Well," he mutters, "what genius and knowledge this good Edmund has! Yet the House of Commons prefers me to him, and Burke knows it; and, by Jove, the House is right! for where could a House of Commons be found to follow this profound reasoning, these soaring flights of fancy? Speeches, as I often say, are made to be spoken, and not to be read, as the House knows by instinct. Fox on his legs, and Burke upon paper—such is the right division of labor." He masters the paper with rapid facility, tenaciously grasps its facts, and with intuitive logic sees the variety of views which the speculative mind of Burke has suggested. Without a ruffle on his brow, he joyously announces that he has got his task ready for the Commons, joins his mistress at their quiet dinner, where she eagerly listens to her Charles eloquently rhapsodizing about the merits of a marvelous new actress—one Mrs. Siddons—with a voice almost as grand as that of Mr. Pitt, and with a delivery unrivaled by the orators of any time. Well! while Fox is dining, we shall see what the Commons are about, who are eagerly waiting for his appearance.

Here we are in old St. Stephen's! The first thing that strikes us is the plainness of the room where the chief rulers of the British empire are assembled. Here is no splendid hall, no tesselated corridor, no long-drawn vistas, or frotted vaults of Gothic architecture. The whole place reminds one of a superior description of a Dissenting meeting-house. Here are the gentlemen of England assembled to the number of nearly five hundred. How easy it is to know the Opposition, with the number of blue and buffs among them. What a number of old men are in the House! and there are also a number of very young men, fresh from college. But where is Pitt! He has not come yet; there is his place vacant on the Treasury bench, and there is Pitt's right-hand man—tall Harry Dundas—ready to sing the Scotch tune of "Wha wants me?" Look at that odd, queer creature, looking like an overgrown shrimp in contortions. Ah! that is a great friend of Pitt's—'tis young Wilberforce, the member for Yorkshire. The young man talking to him, with a star on his breast, and with a pair of eyes outshining his star, is young Lord Mornington—a poor Irish Lord—rather a favorite of the King. He has not yet realized the expectations formed of him. There is Sir John Scott, the Attorney-General, with his grave, sensible, sturdy face. What a contrast he is to that elegant, aristocratic-looking member on the front Opposition bench! That is Mr. Erskine, another of the brilliant advocates who have failed in St. Stephen's. There, at the middle of the front bench, is Rose, the Secretary to the Treasury, careworn and flurried, looking as anxious as if his New Forest property was taken from him. How unlike he is to his brother Secretary—Steele—the member for Chichester—a picture of Silenus. But what a Babel of noise! We can scarcely catch a word that falls from the member on his legs, vehemently flourishing a paper in his hand. How odd it looks to see a public speaker haranguing with spectacles on nose, like this unheard member! 'Tis Burke! Ah! You see what a rage he is in, while, thanks to that clownish-looking person—Rolle, the member for Devon—not a word is heard from "the greatest man then living." But the fault is not altogether with the Commons. Like other men of genius, Burke is arrogant, morose, and is embittered with personal annoyances. 'Tis the unhappiest time of his life. He sits down—and how well listened to is the next speaker, with his formal, slow, and precise manner. That's George Bankes, the member for Corfe Castle—one of the most independent men in the House—a man who would not barter his independence for an earldom. See how that tall, emaciated looking man is noting the statements of Bankes. He gets up to reply. 'Tis Sir Philip Francis. How impatient are his gestures! how sharp is his tone! how acrimonious in manner! And he is followed by some nondescript on the

Treasury bench. But see the bustle below the bar!

Yes! there stalks the stately figure of William Pitt, marching along the gangway to the Treasury bench! He looks like one born for power, with that wide imperial brow—that lordly air of supremacy—that sovereign stare at the embattled front of Opposition. There is something of his sire about his carriage; but his features have the Grenville look, as his blood partakes of its phlegm. He is dressed with elaborate formality, in his customary black waistcoat and blue body-coat. And now there is fresh noise below the gangway—and while the Speaker, roaring, "Order, order! below the bar—"

> "In vain the power of strengthening porter cries,
> And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies—"

in comes the much-desired Charles Fox, greatly to the relief of the discomfited Opposition, who now have the worst of the debate. That is Lord Surrey—the Protestant Lord Surrey—talking to Fox. People whisper that Lord Surrey is still a Papist, and it is said that he wears that ugly coat on him as a penance. And now Sheridan is up! How well he does it! and how readily the House gives its ear to him, while he dazzles it with ingenious thoughts, amuses with his fancy, though his declamation fails to stir the passions. His tone is not deeper or higher than that of the comedy in which he has immortalized his name. How angry poor Burke looks at Sheridan's success! Rivals at the same side are always more jealous than avowed adversaries face to face.

At last Pitt rises. All is hushed. His figure seems too tall for an orator, and his aspect is forbidding, with its stern and haughty air. But his voice is that of a demi-god. How gloriously it fills the ear, as the speaker's swelling sentences are fluently rolled forth in mellifluous harmony. The action is flowing and facile, too unvaried for perfectly artistic grace, but with enough of elocutionary art. Not only every word but every syllable is distinctly caught. If we had not heard him we could scarcely imagine this blended force and harmony, this energy without discord, this marvelous facility united to imposing stateliness. In his words, as in his matter, there is no appeal to our imagination, but the whole man, with his air of heaven-given dictatorship, his awe-inspiring severity of deportment, his lofty scorn for his foes, his evident faith in himself—justified by his vast powers—we say, the whole man does kindle up our imagination, and vitalizes our recollection of Athenian and Roman story. Here is that man whose prowess would have daunted the sensitive soul of Cicero, whose logic, of clearness beyond all that the schools could teach, and musical thunder of grandly terrible declamation, might have contorted with jealousy the heart of Demosthenes. Here is that king of men—that ruler of his time—who, long before thirty summers have passed, has changed the fate of parties—crushed the Whigs—reconstructed on new principles the party of the Court—allied the Tories to the commercial energy of the land—unfurled his banner of "British Empire," and inscribed it with his motto, "Ships, Colonies, and Commerce." For three hours, with unfaltering force, he has defied his adversaries, and defended his resolves, and, amid reverberating volleys of cheers, resumes his seat, himself the only unmoved human being in that spellbound assembly.

Well, Fox never can answer that display. You cry—"What a pity that he spent all his day sauntering about! And last night, too, how he wasted it in the orgies where Captain Morris sung his bacchanalian strains!" You think that Fox must break down, and you feel for him, as with heavy, lumbering air he advances slowly to the table, and fumbles awkwardly with his fingers. There he stands, amid a dead silence of expectation. Look at his careless half-buttoned vest, his crumpled linen, his almost slovenly attire. What is he saying! We can not hear him distinctly. He seems quite confused, and his sentences are all entangled. Ah! he must fail, as his father before him did when "battling it out" with another Pitt. His voice, too, how different is its coarse and husky sound from the sonorous organ of his gifted foe. His gestures, also, how commonplace—his whole air how ungainly, as we contrast it with the stateliness of the last speaker. But how very still the House is! The Opposition do not seem dispirited, nor does the Treasury bench look prematurely elated. Both sides know by experience the nature of the man before them. His voice is getting more clear—he has got rid of that unseemly obstruction to his utterance. We find that he is saying, in very plain and unaffected words, that the minister, though adroit and artful, is, after all, very superficial in his views. He—Charles Fox—does not mean to deny that a case of apparent strength and reason might be made by the minister. Well, he fancies the case—and we are surprised to find him restating his adversary's case. He does it with clearness, precision, and transparent simplicity of style. This case could not be put more strongly for the other side than Fox has put it. He enlists attention and sympathy by the equity of his statement. 'Tis his art! 'tis his matchless art, which died with Fox. Now, then, he has the case fairly before the House—now the matter in dispute is clearly seen. Ha! with what overwhelming vehemence, what terrific impetuosity he anathematizes the contemptible sophistry of the case which he had recently just restated! He scouts its utter absurdity, and rends to pieces the whole argument. He analyses it, and refutes each assertion separately; he returns again and again to the main proposition, never gliding away with ambiguous language or skulking from a difficulty. This plain downright manner disarms all suspicion of sophistry, and you evidently see that he is making havoc with the substance of Pitt's speech. Now how he glows

with ardor as he approaches a part of the question where humanity is concerned! He becomes more intense every moment. A new view of the whole question, not thought of before, is bursting upon the astonished House. The speaker's masculine sense is translating into parliamentary English the over subtle and abstracted conclusions of the "E. B." paper. Vast prospects of great social good flash into the speaker's soul, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impulsiveness of an enthusiast. His argument becomes impassioned; his reasoning blends into the speaker's soul. This is the ignited logic—the Greek fire of heart-stirring eloquence—the tongue to plead for the injured and oppressed—to speak of human anguish. This is the man who would burn to break the shackles of the dusky tribes of Africa. Those near him see the tears bursting from his eyes—those far off hear the voice faltering with sympathy, and the genuine sensibility of a strong man has magic power over the sympathies. He is carrying the House with him: how he revels in his power! He realizes to his mind the pleasure described by an anonymous essayist of antiquity—the heart-stirring joy of successful extempore speaking: "Sed extemporalis audacia, atque ipsius temeritatis, vel præcipua jucunditas est. . . . gratiora tamen quæ suâ sponte nascuntur." Completely carried away himself by his own enthusiasm, and by that which he has raised, his pulse at fever heat, and his heart knocking against his ribs, amid a tempest of cheers he sinks back into his seat, exultant in the glory of stirring to the very depths the deep-lying passions of the Commons of England!

Pitt's speech now seems like the recollection of a mighty sound in your ear. Fox has left upon you the impression that he had all the reason and argument on his side. Pitt gave you little materials for thinking upon, and Fox poured forth masses of thought. But you do not stop to criticise. Your eyes are fixed on the rush to Fox's seat, and on the eager crowd of roaring Whigs who seek to grasp their champion's hand; and you leave the House, astonished how a man of his apparently idle habits can show himself the match for Pitt, another prodigy of powers—"rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their special combination." You wonder still more when you find that Fox's speech has scarcely told upon the division. The minister has gained by three to one, and Fox's glory is to inspire his beaten party in the hour of defeat with hopes of future victory.

Follow the orator as he drives to Boodle's, where he sups. There again he is first among the first, reveling in spirits, not presuming in the least upon his intellectual superiority. As in the morning at Brooke's, so now at Boodle's, he is welcomed by all, and makes himself happy among them. Well, he is entitled to close the night with pleasure, and repose from his labors. Close the night! Who talks of doing it! Why, thou rustic novice, know that Charley Fox (again he is Charley) is now only beginning it! See his countenance beaming with gratification as he drains the flowing beakers. How he enjoys and takes part in the rattling talk and vehemently vivacious gayety of the wits and talkers around him. He makes us think of the description by Beaumont of the nights at the Mermaid:

> "Heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whence they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
> And had resolved to live a fool the rest
> Of his dull life."

But what a strange look Fox's face is getting now! We have not seen him the whole day exhibit that sinister expression. He fixes his eye on Lord Foley, and heeds not Courtenay's artificial wit and classical puns, nor does he mind "Blue Hanger's" aphorisms about the art of dressing, nor Fitzpatrick's raptures on Roman punch. Even though fresh news from Newmarket has come to-night, he does not care about it. We do not like that hard, callous expression; it seems quite unnatural to his countenance. There is a vicious rigidity creeping over it that is very displeasing. He nods to Lord Foley, and the pair leave the room, after a hackney-coach has been ordered. When the door has been closed upon them, Courtenay, coarsely enough, with a toss of his head, winks at Lord Beaborough, and makes significant gestures.

And now there is a chorus of sounds echoing the *refrain*, "What a man that Fox is, to be sure!" His talents are extolled to the skies, and the state of his affairs is commented upon. He has no doating father now to pay £140,000 for his gambling. But he still is deep on the turf, and has shares in blood horses, and his cards may yet turn up trumps—and, better than all, Billy Pitt may be turned out. Another hour has passed away since that joyous supper at the club. The summer morning has dawned, and the early market-gardeners are coming into town. The eastern sky is streaked with the rising sun, and the cool air is refreshing after the heated supper-room. For the ten thousandth time the contrast between the calm beauty of nature, and the stir and noise of feverish passing life comes upon us, and the heart is touched. But as we are passing down this narrow street leading from Jermyn-street, what noise is that! Ha! there is a riot in yonder house, and the door is suddenly opened, and a couple of fellows, looking like bandits in servants' livery, kick out into the street, amid profuse imprecations, a cheating blackleg. Yes! it is a gaming-house.

Ascend the stairs, walk into the second-floor chamber, and look upon the horrid scene.

Yon Jew from Amsterdam is a gamester, noted through Europe! Near him is an Irish peer, staking the remains of his rack-rents. There is Lord Egremont, who thinks the whole set around a pack of pickpockets, but still plays

on; that fine young man, with frenzy in his face, flushed with feverish rage, is a prince of blood royal—the Duke of York. And there is Fitzpatrick, exhausted in body, and excited in mind—and, oh shame!—there is that Fox on whose burning words the Senate lately hung enraptured! There is that Fox from whose lips we heard the words of virtue, the precepts of the purest morality, and the faltering accents of enthusiastic philanthropy! see him now, half-maddened with the *auri sacra fames*. See the gnawing misery in his haggard features, and hear him—but no! We can not look on. The hero of our idolatry has fallen to a man. Our dream of a philanthropic demigod vanishes. We will not wait to see the ruined gambler stagger home to the lodgings where we found him last noon; our feelings are revolted. We have for the moment no patience with a whining sentimentalist who would cry, "Alas! poor human nature!"

So ends our chronicle of "A Day with Fox." It will of itself explain why such a man was, from first to last, conquered by one his equal, but scarcely his superior, in great intellect. Darker tints might be used, but we have revealed enough to show the reasons why amidst the grave and decorous people of England, Fox held office for months, and Pitt counted his power by decades of years.

A MATHEMATICAL STORY.

AN anecdote of M. Laplace, the celebrated author of the "Mécanique Celeste," was lately read before the French Academy by Mons. J. B. Biot, one of Laplace's most eminent pupils, and now, we believe, filling the chair of the mathematics. M. Biot terms his paper, or memoir, an anecdote; but it is more a piece of entertaining scientific autobiography, illustrating the love of science, hopefulness of heart, and magnanimity of nature, of both pupil and tutor.

It is now fifty years ago (commences M. Biot) since one of the greatest philosophers France has produced took by the hand a young and inexperienced student of the mathematics, who had the presumption to form the resolution of personally waiting upon the great professor, although a complete stranger, and requesting his examination of a crude essay connected with the above science. At the time I speak of (1803), the Academy hardly demanded more of young students, than that they should at least show zeal in whatever engaged their studies. I was fond of the study of geometry, but, like other young men, lost a good deal of time in capriciously dallying with other sciences. Nevertheless, my ambition was to penetrate those higher regions of the mathematics on which the laws of the heavenly bodies could be defined. But the works of the ancients on this grand subject are abstruse, and naturally taxed a tyro's comprehension on the threshold of his inquiries. At the commencement of the present century, M. Laplace was laboring at the composition of a work, now celebrated, which was to unite, in a comprehensive form, the calculation of the old astronomers as well as modern, and submit them to the test of new calculations The first volume of M. Laplace's book was promised to appear under the title of the "Mécanique Celeste," it being then in the press. This fact induced me to take a step which was both precipitate and impertinent, although it fortunately proved successful, and opened the door of M. Laplace's studio to me. I had the presumption to write to the professor, requesting that he would permit me to assist him in correcting the proof-sheets of his celebrated work, while they were proceeding through the press. M. Laplace replied to my letter politely, but excused himself from complying with its request, on the plea that his calculations might become anticipated in publication, by their being submitted to a stranger. This refusal, reasonable as it was, did not satisfy me; and so greatly did my zeal outweigh my sense of propriety, that I made a second appeal to the learned author, representing, that all I wished was to test the amount of my own proficiency in the mathematics, by having the opportunity of inspecting and studying his valuable pages. I stated, that my prevailing taste was to pursue calculations of the abstruse order of his book; and that, if he granted me permission, I would devote myself carefully to the task of endeavoring to discover any typographical errors that might exist in his volume then going through the press. My persistence disarmed him; and, in short, he sent me all the proof-sheets, accompanied by an exceedingly kind letter of encouragement. I need not say with what ardor I devoted myself to my task. I could well apply to my case the Latin maxim—"Violente rapiunt illud."

At the date of this occurrence, I resided at some distance from Paris; but from time to time I went thither, taking with me whatever I had got through of my revision, and I certainly found opportunities for making errata. At each succeeding visit, Laplace received me in the most encouraging and friendly manner, examining my revisions attentively, the while discussing with me, in the most condescending manner, my favorite topic of the mathematics. His kind reception and deportment won all my confidence. I frequently drew his attention to what I thought were difficulties in my studies, but he always helped me over the stile condescendingly, although his valuable time must have been somewhat unfairly trespassed upon. But, in fact, Laplace, out of sheer good-nature, often pretended to consider questions of importance the simplest propositions, which my inexperience caused me to submit to him.

Shortly after I had become his regular visitor, and was received as a guest, or, rather, pupil, I was so fortunate as to accidentally offer a suggestion, which threw some new light on the mode in which mathematical calculations were to be made in correction of Euler's work, "De

Insignia Promotionæ Methodi Tangentium." In Petersbourg's scales, there are classes of questions in geometry of a very singular kind, which Euler has only partly solved. The singularity of the problems consisted in explaining the nature or true character of an irregular curve, of an almost shapeless form to any eye but a mathematical one. This description of irregular curve is so crooked, and full of minor and mixed irregularities of shape, that it is quite capable of confusing a beginner in the mathematics in his attempts at rendering it amenable to mathematical principles and rules. It presented to me a problem which no one had, I believed, fairly solved, Euler and Laplace inclusive, and it was important enough to engage my special attention and severest application.

It is not necessary that the translator should follow M. Biot's explanations of his actual method of solving the problem, since they are extremely difficult to explain within moderate limits either of space or patience; suffice, that, having dived to the profoundest depths of the science, he says he rose up possessed of the *Eureka*—viz., in certain unique analytical and symbolical equations, by which occult means he solved the problem in question.

My calculations (pursues M. Biot) were duly and patiently gone into and finished, their object being to explain the nature or characteristics of this irregular curve. The symbols or hieroglyphics I chose to employ, for want of any better, covered many folios of foolscap, and finally I submitted my manuscript to my excellent tutor. He examined it with manifest surprise and curiosity, and appeared much pleased with the production. The next day he told me that I must make a copy of my *mémoire*, for the purpose of its being laid before the Academy, and that he would introduce me as the author of an original paper on the mathematics, which I was to read. This was an honor I did not even think of, and I felt in doubt whether I ought to accept it; but the judgment of Laplace being so strongly in behalf of my doing so, I acted upon his advice, and prepared myself for the coming ordeal.

I presented myself at the Academy the following day accordingly. By permission of the president, I proceeded to draw upon the large black table, used for ocular demonstrations, the figures and formula I was desirous to employ as modes of explanation before an auditory. When the opportunity was afforded me to commence, the table at which I stood was immediately surrounded by the geometricians of the Academy. General Bonaparte, then just returned from Egypt, was one of those seated among them. I overheard Napoleon, in conversation with M. Monge, a celebrated academician of the day, express his interest in the *début* of one who, like himself, had been a student in the Polytechnic School. This was a gratifying circumstance; but, to my surprise, Bonaparte pretended to anticipate the contents of my paper, by exclaiming aloud to Monge, who sat near him—"What! surely I know those figures again; I have certainly met those symbols before!" I could not help fancying that the general was extremely premature, in thus declaring knowledge of what no one save M. Laplace had any opportunity of examining, at least by my consent; but, occupied as I was, every other thought gave way before the one great aim I had in view, to explain my calculations in correction of Euler's problem. In my agitation, I neither thought of Napoleon's military greatness nor his political power; consequently, his presence on those accounts did not trouble me much. Nevertheless, Bonaparte's well-known talents as a geometrician, which had been not only exercised in the Polytechnic School, but on a wider and bolder scale during his military career, particularly in fortification, joined to his well-known quickness and foresight, were sufficient to make me pause ere I attempted to communicate matters, in the study of which I might prove, after all, but a mere tyro. However, it was only the hesitation of a few minutes. The thought that Laplace had been my adviser re-assured me. I proceeded with my demonstrations, and soon found myself in the midst of them, explaining very freely, and I believe, also, as clearly, the nature, point, and results of my researches. On conclusion, I received numerous assurances from the academicians that my calculations possessed considerable scientific value. Laplace, Bonaparte, and Lacroix, were appointed adjudicators upon my contribution to the Academy, and they accorded me the usual honors of a successful *mémoire*.

After the *séance*, I accompanied M. Laplace to his residence; he very openly expressed his satisfaction at the neatness and finish (these were his words) of my demonstrations, and he said his pleasure was greater still, from my having had the good sense to take his advice, and not hazard too much to theory. But I was quite unprepared for what was to come. When we reached home, Laplace invited me to come at once into his study, "for," said he, "I have something there to show you that I am sure will interest you." I followed him, and he made me sit down in his *fauteuil*, while he rummaged among his keys for one which belonged to a cupboard that, he asserted, had not been opened for years. Out of this cupboard he took a roll of yellow and dusty papers, which he carried to the window, threw up the sash, and then began energetically beating the manuscripts against the wall, intent, apparently, on divesting them of the dust and spiders which had made the writings their resting-place. At length the papers were in a condition to be deciphered; and Laplace put them before me, to make what I could of the figures inscribed upon the manuscripts. I had gone, however, but a little way in my examination, when (conceive my surprise at the discovery) I found that the mouldy papers contained *all my problems*, and those also of Euler, treated and solved even by the identical method I had believed myself to have alone discovered!

Laplace informed me that he had arrived at the solution of most of Euler's problems many

years ago, but that he had been stopped in his calculations by the same obstacle of which he had warned me—the fear of carrying theory too far. Hoping to be able to reconcile his doubts sooner or later, he had put the calculations aside, and had said nothing about them to any one, not even to me, notwithstanding my having taken up the same theme, and attempted to foist my wonderful symbols upon him as a *novelty!* I can not express what I felt during the short hour in which Laplace laid before me these proofs of his professional talents and the magnanimity of his nature.

The success of my paper was every thing to me; but, had it pleased Laplace's humor to have questioned its originality before the Academy received it, I should have lost heart altogether, and never dared again to put forward any claims of mine to be an original investigator in science. Professional abnegation is seldom enough practiced in trifling matters, much less in great ones, like that I have adduced to the honor of Laplace. But, besides the liberality of the act of keeping his work a secret from me until it could do me no harm, the professor exercised throughout such delicacy toward me as a humble student, that it won my deep respect. My career, ever since the day he took me by the hand, and presented me to the most eminent learned society of France, has been one of success—success, I fear, far beyond my merits. But, under Heaven, it is Laplace I have to thank for all, and for the honorable station I have been permitted to attain. To him I owe a debt of gratitude I can never adequately repay. The extent of my power is to make these general acknowledgments of his great worth, and to offer this public testimony to my appreciation of his rare talents. His influence upon the progress of physical as well as mathematical science has been immense. During fifty years, nearly all those who have cultivated such studies, have gone for instruction to the works of Laplace; we have been enlightened by his discoveries, and we have depended considerably upon his labors for any improvements our own works possess. There are few now living who were the associates of Laplace; but the scientific world must ever do homage to his genius.

TABLE TALK ABOUT THOMAS MOORE.

MANY years have elapsed—many more than we care to recall—since we first saw Thomas Moore. He had already become the "poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." His songs had been wafted, like perfume on the winds, into every homestead in the kingdom, and he enjoyed that special kind of popularity which had even more love in it than admiration. He had the aspect of one who lived quite as much in the affections of the world, as in its homage. The expression of his face was gay, bright, and roguish. It was radiant with fun, singularly refined, and restrained by an air of high breeding, almost aristocratic in its tone. Bon-mots seemed to be always sparkling in his eyes; while the mobility of his mouth, the brilliant tinge on his cheek, the laughing dimples and circles that were in incessant play as he spoke, and the clear expanse of a highly intellectual forehead, gave you at once the idea of a wit brimming over with cordiality and animal spirits. His head was the finest study in the world for a young Bacchus, with its thick clustering curls and ringlets, realizing, at a glance, the poetical ideal of hilarity and joyousness; and you could hardly help thinking that it was not quite perfect without its wreath. Yet it never suggested the notion of a *bon vivant*, but that of a lively table-companion, an animated epigram, a capital story-teller, an accomplished retailer of *ana*, who brought into society an inexhaustible fund of the choicest good things, and the happiest spirit of enjoyment.

When we last saw him, a sad and painful change had passed over him. It was not the exhaustion of time, or the constant excitement of society, that had wrought this change, for time seemed to pass over him lightly enough, and he had always carried himself through the turmoil of the great world with prudence and self-control. In the interval, domestic sorrows had fallen heavily upon him; some of his dear ones, in whom he had garnered up his hearthstone affections, had been taken from him, and he never recovered from the gloom of these afflicting bereavements. Other misfortunes, that would have been more terrible to some men, had left him unscathed. His cheerfulness had never deserted him through the pecuniary troubles in which he had been involved; and he was never more gay or hopeful than when he was leaving England, for an indefinite period, to escape a debtor's prison. It was this very constitution, so indifferent to mere personal anxieties, and so exquisitely tender where his affections were concerned, that had made him so lovable and beloved all through his life. The change was apparent in a moment, and had borne down his whole frame like a stroke of illness. The clustering hair had become iron-gray and scanty; the brightness of his features was clouded over by a settled look of nervous melancholy; his figure had become attenuated and feeble, and had lost all its roundness and elasticity; his eyes were dull and wondering; and it was evident that he spoke and smiled with an effort, and that it was a labor to him to try to kindle up now and then some pleasant memory, or to throw out some of those sparks of wit that once flew off in rapid succession from him at the slightest collision. He was no longer the same being; his strength was shattered, his gayety extinguished, and his zest in social enjoyments no longer able to sustain him through the fatigue of conversation. The contrast with that image of glee and triumph, which he had impressed upon us so vividly when we were first introduced to him many years before, by his early friend, Captain Atkinson, can never be effaced from our recollection.

Among the persons casually alluded to in the

reminiscences of Moore's boyhood is Wesley Doyle—an individual who is entitled to a marginal *note en passant*. Wesley Doyle was the son of a dancing-master, or music professor, in Dublin, which functions were frequently united in those days. Doyle was gifted with a sweet voice, and some taste, and was a favorite at the convivial supper-parties which were in vogue formerly in Ireland. Doyle was a grown man when Moore was a boy, and frequently sang duets with him. He lived upon the poet to the end of his life. Like some famous characters who owe their celebrity to a single incident, Wesley Doyle acquired whatever social reputation he enjoyed from the glory of having sung duets with Moore; and in subsequent years, when the incidents of their early intercourse had faded into generalities, he used to boast that he had taught Moore to sing. There is a story told of an Irishman who plunged into the water when George IV. was landing at Kingstown, to shake hands with his Majesty, and who was ever after so proud of the circumstance that no earthly inducement could prevail upon him to wash the hand his Majesty had pressed. Wesley Doyle held his recollection of his musical intimacy with Moore in much the same sort of veneration. It was his *cheval de bataille*, and it unquestionably exercised a very considerable influence over his character. What manner of man he was originally we know not; but in his later years he had something about him of the studied ease of a beau of the olden times. He dressed carefully, took infinite pains with his carriage as well as his toilet, and had altogether that kind of quiet, gentleman-like air which indicates the habits of a man who had either descended from an ancient family, and had always mixed with exclusive society, or who wished to impress that belief upon others. He never lapsed into an ordinary person. He appeared to be constantly engrossed with the consideration of appearances, and after some little knowledge of him, you could not avoid suspecting that there was a mystery of some kind connected with his life. You could detect in his manner a certain consciousness of something special in his claims or experiences; he seemed, in the blandest way possible, to look for deference, and to be treated with attention. It was all because he had sung duets with Moore; and although he never, or very rarely—for it was too great a matter to make common property of—introduced the subject himself, yet by some means the fact was sure to ooze out in whatever company he appeared, and to attract toward him the curiosity which it was his delight to provoke and pique. His great pleasure was to sing Moore's songs, and he continued to sing them long after his voice had subsided into a very faint echo of what it had been.

Moore's singing has been so often described, and is so well known in its leading characteristics, that it will probably go down to posterity as an essential feature in all accounts of him. It was as peculiar as his songs, and its sweetness and expressiveness were indispensable to the full development of their beauties. It might be said of him with more truth than it has been said of many others, that there were tears in his voice; but the phrase does not accurately convey the pathos of his tones. His voice was small and weak; it was hardly equal to the conventional demands of a song, and some of his own songs were quite beyond his reach—such, for instance, as the "Savourneen Dheelish," which requires considerable power and compass. It was in the reading of his songs he excelled. The tone was silvery, and the feeling he threw into it, with a low and mournful warble, went straight to the heart, and filled the eyes of his hearers with tears. The spell was in the profoundness of the emotion he exhibited and awakened. In the playful passages, where the sunlight falls in upon the shower and suddenly brightens it, he was equally marvelous in his effects. Master of that peculiar transition from gay to sad which enters into the temperament of all Irish music, and thoroughly alive to the still more singular perplexity so frequently scattered over the national airs, in which both sad and gay are blended, and make their contradictory appeal together, he could draw out from the recesses of a song all those subtleties which escape, if they do not confound, the most accomplished musicians who are not to the manner born. The subtleties can never be conquered by study. They defy science; they are purely a matter of constitution. Irishmen penetrate them by instinct, and Moore added a refinement and purity to that instinct which heightened the results with an indescribable charm.

His correspondence was as delightful as his Rhymes on the Road, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very handwriting, neat, close, and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far handwriting may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gayety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after

the manner in which the gipsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse, he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season, "That racketing old harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead*. She expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gayety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade on Friday morning at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss ——, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of vials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall ——." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my *side*!" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gayety of his letters even from these particles.

Like almost all poets whose work have a particular stamp or tendency, Moore was popularly identified with the practice of the festive and amatory doctrines he sang so genially. But his practice was in reality the very reverse of his precepts. It was taken for granted, because he threw such intensity into his bacchanalian songs, that he led the life of a bacchanal; and a very literal gentleman who met him one morning in the quiet seclusion of St. Patrick's library in Dublin, consumed by an irrepressible desire to have his curiosity on that point set at rest, actually ventured to ask him whether he really was as fond of wine as his gushing songs led the world to believe. Moore was, of course, infinitely amused, and assured the gentleman (who was a perfect stranger to him) that he held the theory to be very pleasant and harmless in a song, but did not consider it quite so safe in practice. In fact, with a most enjoyable temperament, he was very careful in the way of indulgence; and although not so ascetic in the matter of wine as Ned Waller, who would sit up all night over a glass of water with the Rochesters and Sedleys, his animal spirits mounting higher than theirs all the time, he invariably kept a prudential guard over his table pleasures, and, we believe, never in his life was guilty of an excess. But it must be acknowledged that, if he did not indulge to any undue extent himself, he was the cause of much undue indulgence in others. Never yet were there songs, even Burns's scarcely excepted, that threw the convivial circles into such ecstasies, or detained the gravest and discreetest people from their beds at such unseasonable hours of the morning. The lyrical arguments against breaking up the joyous gathering were irresistible, and exercised a magical influence over the feelings of the enthusiastic listeners. Groups already departing were always sure to be called back again for another round of hilarity by "One bumper at parting;" and when the ball was over, and daylight was streaming in through the windows on flushed cheeks and disordered tresses, which do not always appear to the greatest advantage under such circumstances, how often have the dispersing dancers been spell-bound by a voice in some corner of the room opening with the well-known appeal, "Fly not yet!" The sweet persuasiveness and bounding animal spirits that mantle up through these songs can never lose their power over the young.

The diary Moore left behind him for publication, which already extends to four volumes,

although it carries us down only to the autumn of 1825, so that it promises to be of greater length than any diary on record, does not fully exhibit his character in its best phases, nor, indeed, satisfy us upon any of them. It is unlike all other diaries. It is not so rich as the *ana* of Spence or Selden in the way of anecdote and criticism, nor so characteristic of manners and persons as the diaries of Pepys or Evelyn, nor so full of the literary flavor as Boswell. It is in some sort a reunion of all these qualities, more casually brought out, and more lightly touched. It exhibits rather the social side of the picture than the political or literary, and throws very little light on the mental history of a writer whose progress from the piano-forte in the drawing-room to the shelves of the library, must have been crowded with interesting details. But in its social aspect it is replete with amusing varieties of all kinds; and, although, from the evidently hasty manner in which the incidents of the day were jotted down, Moore seldom allowed himself time to sketch in a portrait or note an opinion, the diary abounds in ephemeral memorabilia, that will be read with fugitive avidity. He never failed in his journal; but he was so absorbed by engagements, and seems to have been so perpetually called away from his task, that he limited his entries, for the most part, to the scantiest particulars. Yet it abounds in pleasantries, brief and sunny, and running the round of the celebrities of the day. He had a great zest for fun, and was an industrious picker-up of unconsidered trifles, dipped in the rainbows of fancy, wit, and mirth. Such bagatelles assimilated with the playfulness of his nature, and if he threw them, just as they came, into the heap of evanescent things he accumulated in his daily repository, it was not because he attached any value to them, but because they amused him. Take, for example, such scraps as the following: Dr. Currie being once bored by a foolish Blue to explain to her the meaning of the word *idea*, which she had met with in some metaphysical treatise, but did not understand, at last said to her angrily, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool." There is a better thing about ideas attributed to Hazlitt. Having been knocked down by John Lamb (the brother of Charles) in some dispute, and being pressed by those who were present to shake hands with him and forgive him, Hazlitt said, "Well, I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and don't mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*." It is told of Mr. Robinson (we suppose Crabbe Robinson) that upon receiving his first brief at the bar, he immediately went to Charles Lamb to tell him of it, when Lamb observed, "I suppose you addressed that line of Milton's to it, 'Thou *first*, great *cause*, least understood.'" Of a different order is a *bon mot* of Rogers's on hearing that Payne Knight, who was a very bad listener, had got very deaf. "'Tis from want of practice," said Rogers. Among many reminiscences of Curran is a passage from his speech in an action brought by the Theatre Royal in Dublin against Astley of the Amphitheatre for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lord," said Curran, "the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind." A still happier hit of Curran's is his witticism on Mr. Phillips's oratory, in which all manner of tropes were mixed up in execrable taste and inextricable confusion. "My dear Tom," said Curran, "it will never do for a man to turn painter merely upon the strength of having a pot of colors by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Poole, who was always dropping pearls in this way, appears two or three times in the diary. Here are a couple of specimens. Somebody said after hearing Moore sing one of his own melodies, "Every thing that's national is delightful." "Except the national debt, ma'am," said Poole.. Talking of the organs in Spurzheim and Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ. Out of the abundance of Irish anecdotes (which, strangely enough, lose much of their point in the telling) this is perhaps the best, or at all events the least known: An Irish country squire, who used to give extravagant entertainments, was remonstrated with for treating the militia in his neighborhood to claret, when whisky-punch would do just as well for them; "You are right, my dear friend," he answered, "but I have the claret on tick, and where would I get credit for the *lemons*?" Of mistakes made by the French in the use of English we have the following sample: A young French lady was asked, by way of compliment, in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well, when she replied, "I began by *traducing*;" and this is balanced by a blunder on the other side, related by Wordsworth of some acquaintance of his who, being told, among other things, to go and see the Chapeau de Paille, at Antwerp, said on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Nothing is too trivial for a corner in this repertory of whimsicalities. Here is a typographical mistake picked out of an Irish paper. In giving Mr. Grant's speech on the Catholic question, instead of "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages," the reporter made him say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." A page or two further on we have a still more ludicrous misprint taken from an American edition of Giffard's Juvenal, where the Editor, drawning a parallel in the preface between Horace and Juvenal, says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, and inclined to indolence"—the printer turns it into "inclined to insolence." An absurdity produced by the transposition of words is related of an actor, who thus delivered the well-known lines in "King Lear":

> "How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,
> To have a *toothless* child."

Even conundrums and charades are not despised in the poet's memorabilia. These snatches collected out of the recollections of the idle amusements of the evening, bring us back to the follies of Whitehall in the days of Charles II., when the whole court used to sit round in a circle playing at "Hunt the Slipper," and "I love my love with an A." Here are some of the conundrums. "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting other? Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." This very far-fetched conundrum is attributed to Beresford, the author of "The Miseries of Human Life." The charades are indifferent enough. The following is given as Fox's: "I would not be my *first* for all of my *second* that is contained in my *third*. Answer, Scotland." The next, which is more in the way of a riddle, and is very neatly expressed, owes its paternity to one of the Smiths: "Use me well, I'm *every body*; scratch my back, I'm *nobody*.—A looking-glass."

Innumerable facetiæ, neither much better nor much worse than these specimens, bubble up incessantly to the surface of the aerated pages of the Journal. They were blown about in the literary and fashionable circles, in which Moore mixed, by graver, no less than by shallower, people than himself; and helped to relax his mind after the hard work of the morning, which usually consisted in writing verses or—visiting, the harder work, we suspect, of the two. The mental recreations in which he ordinarily took refuge from the labors of the day were scarcely of a more elevated character. At home in the evenings he constantly amused himself by reading aloud some Minerva press novel or such volatile comedies as "A Cure for the Heart-Ache" or "The Way to Get Married." We look in vain for any records of the sustained study out of which he must have built up his knowledge, which, if it was not accurate or systematic, was, at least, diversified and extensive. But in this point of view he was like Sheridan, and got at his information by random through all sorts of out-of-the-way channels; or like the bee, that gathers honey from weeds. Industrious he unquestionably was, although there are few traces of industry in his daily memoranda. If he did not work with regularity and diligence like Southey, he produced a vast quantity of work, all admirable and highly finished of its kind, under circumstances that would have unfitted most other men for such exertions. He generally contrived to accomplish seventy or eighty lines a week, sometimes more, while he kept up a constant round of visiting and dining out, balls, plays, and soirées. Late convivialities had not then gone out of fashion, and the exhaustion of the day and evening was frequently repaired by a supper which, terminating at two or three o'clock in the morning, must have worn out any constitution except one so carefully preserved in its own animal spirits. Through all these scenes and exertions Moore passed unscathed, and when at last he broke down, it was under the infliction of domestic calamities, to the poignancy of which his affectionate nature rendered him peculiarly sensitive. Nor is it the least of his merits that he maintained his personal independence proudly through life, and bequeathed to the literary world an example which it would be well for all literary men to emulate. "Mingling careful economy," observes Lord John Russel, "with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him." This is a rare epitaph for a poet, and one which ought to be appreciated in a country where the maxims of prudential integrity are held even in higher esteem than the loftiest flights of genius.

THE BALLET-DANCER.

THE last scene was played out, and the grim curtain of death fell forever over the tragedy of Neil Preston's life. A bitter tragedy, indeed! Wife, fortune, health—all had gone by turns, until, of his former large possessions of happiness only two fair girls were left, as the last frail argosies on his sea of fate; left him were they for to-day, to be themselves wrecked on the morrow, when death should have carried his soul out into infinity, and trampled his body beneath the church-yard sod. And so, with choking sobs and grieving prayers, Neil Preston commended them to the care of the universal Father, and died as a good man should—one loosening hand still clasped in the affections of earth, and one outstretched to the glories of the coming heaven.

The girls were both young; but Nelly was a mere child—a pretty romping little maid, some three years before her teens; while Mabel was already almost a woman at seventeen. The little one's tears were fastest, and her sobs the loudest at the loss of the kind playmate who had been always so glad to see her when she came back from her day-school; who used to call her his evening-star, and never met her without a smile and a kiss, however grave and silent he might be to others. But the tears soon dried on her rosy face, and her sobs soon changed to the light quick laughter of childhood; and the little heart, which had swelled so large for its first great grief, soon danced blithely in her breast again, understanding nothing of the bitterness of orphanage. But Mabel, though she did not weep nor sob—at least not when others were by—sorrowed as few sorrow even by a father's grave, knowing that she had lost

her only earthly friend and protector, and that her way of life must now open upon a dark and thorny path of solitude and distress. Painfully she shrank from the heavy responsibility of her condition, and keenly she felt how frail a barrier she was between her pretty Nell and misery. Her father had told her, and told her with the solemnity of a dying man, that in leaving the little one to her care, he knew he left her to one that would never fail her; and that, whether for shelter from the storms of winter or from the burning sun of summer, for support in times of misery or for protection in times of temptation, his beloved Mabel would be all that he himself could have been to their darling, their star, their idol child. And Mabel, understanding full well the extent of the confidence reposed in her, was the more careful to perform her appointed task faithfully, and therefore the more anxious as to the means of its right fulfillment.

Long hours did Mabel sit by that clay-cold figure, planning various schemes of work, from all of which considerations of youth or incompetency turned her aside. Whatever she did, she must gain sufficient for Nelly's fit maintenance and education; and she could think of nothing that would give her enough whereby to live herself, and tenderly to foster her precious charge. She could not be a governess; her own education had been far too meagre and desultory, interrupted, too, so early on account of her mother's long illness: the thing was therefore impossible—she must turn to something else. But to what else! Ah, that blank question rose up like a dim ghost before her, and by its very presence seemed to paralyze her energies. A young girl who can not be a governess has few other professions left her. Governess, workwoman, shopwoman—these are nearly all the careers open to the middle class, until we come to the stage and its various branches. And from this small supply, Mabel must make her choice. Governess she could not be; shopwoman she would not be. Poor Mabel! Before she had done, this little harmless pride was burned out of her. She used to look back on this aristocratic impulse as on a child's feeble fancy, and wonder how she could have been so weak, so wanting to her nobler self, to have cherished it for a moment. Needleworker, then, must be her profession: a badly-paid one enough, but independent, and consequently more endurable—private, and consequently more respectable than many others. For Mabel set great store by the strictest forms of respectability, holding herself and her character in trust for her little one, undertaking bravely and following cordially any profession that would support her own life—which was Nelly's capital—under the condition of perfect blamelessness, according to the world's code.

"Really very well done," said Miss Priscilla Wentworth.

"A trifle puckered in the gusset," said Miss Lilias Wentworth.

"Humph! pretty fair for a girl of the present day," said old Miss Wentworth, gruffly; "but half of it is cats' eyes, too! Ah, girls! in my time young ladies *could* sew; they would not have dared to call such cobbling as this fine work."

Now, the three Miss Wentworths were three kind-hearted, precise, testy old maids; horribly conventional, but really benevolent when you got through the upper crust; ever at war with themselves, between educational principles and instinctive impulses; and therefore uncertain in their actions, and capricious in their dealings. They never passed a beggar without giving him something; but they never gave him a halfpenny without taking it out in a lecture on political economy. They used to tell him of his sin in begging, and not going to the nice comfortable alms-house, and all this in the harshest language and the shrillest voices imaginable; they threatened him with the police, and hinted big terrors of the lock-up; they told him that he ought to be put in the stocks—a wretch, to leave his wife and children, or an unfeeling monster, to drag about his poor wife and children, as the case might be; and then they pointed out their little villa, and told him he would find a dinner there. And all the while they had been anathematizing him and his ways so bitterly, their eyes had been taking cognizance of the holes in his jacket, or the wounds of his shoeless feet, and they grumbled among themselves as to what old clothes they were possessed of and could spare for the poor fellow; and then they would walk away, growling pleasantly, satisfied with the duty they had rendered to the stern requirements of political economy, and vowing the man had had such a lecture he would never beg again.

They had known a little of Neil Preston in his better days, when he had burned a great blue and red lamp before his door, and had "Surgeon," &c., blazoned in great gold letters thereon; and they were glad to be kind, in their way, to his daughter. They were wise enough to know that money earned is better than alms received; so they gave Mabel work and high wages, as intrinsically a more benevolent thing to do than making her presents: not that they were behindhand in that either, for many a pretty frock and bonnet the Miss Wentworths gave the orphans, though unfortunately they always forgot their deep mourning, and gave them pink and blue instead of black. Still, the meaning was all the same; and Mabel was just as grateful as if she could have worn and looked smart in their ribbons and flounces, instead of being obliged to sell them all, at very small prices, for one black frock for pretty Nelly's dancing-lesson days.

But the Miss Wentworths, though kind, could not entirely support the sisters. They had a great deal of plain needle-work to give away among them, certainly; but even the plain needle-work of three precise old maids must come to an end some time; at last, their new sets of collars and

cuffs—and those more complicated matters still, which every one wears, and no one names—were made, washed, ironed, and put away; and Mabel's occupation was gone—gone with the last half-dozen long jean pockets—the old-fashioned pockets—made for Miss Wentworth, who, as became a partisan of the good old times, disdained all modern inventions, from politics to millinery. Mabel must, then, look out for employment elsewhere; and after many disappointments, and no small trials both to her dignity and her resolution, she found a slop-selling shop that gave her shirts at six cents, and other articles, in proportion, as much. Compelled by poverty, Mabel entered herself on their list, trying to make the best of her condition, and to bear her evils hopefully, but failing sadly in her attempts at self-deception. She soon found that as much as the most diligent industry and unwearied self-sacrifice could do, was not enough to supply them both with daily bread; not to speak of the more expensive requirements of Nelly's schooling. Her failing health and wasting strength were not sufficient offerings before this great Juggernaut car of toil, to gain her the scanty goods for which they were so cheerfully offered up. Still, hitherto she had struggled on. Old savings now came in as grand helps; and being conscientious and diligent, she had not yet been fined for bad work or unpunctuality. She had secured all her earnings at any rate, so far as she had gone, though she knew, by what she saw about her, that her turn would come soon, and that, by some device, she should find herself in the power of the overseer, and on the wrong side of the books. She had seen others mulcted of their wages unjustly—how could she then escape?

"Your work is spoiled," said the overseer at last, tossing her packet on the floor. "I can't receive it. You must take it back."

It was a white flowered waistcoat he threw down on the dirty floor: an expensive thing to buy, and a cheap thing to sell—as Mabel would be obliged to sell it—to the Jews. "I am very sorry," stammered she, the blood rushing to her face, for she remembered now that the candle had "guttered" last night when she took it up stairs to hear Nelly say her prayers, and the waistcoat had been lying on the table—"I am very sorry: where is it spoiled?"

The man sprawled a grimy thumb on a minute spot of grease by the armhole—a very small spot, undiscoverable by ordinary eyes, and which would have been hidden in the wearing. His unwashed hands left a broad dark mark, made purposely, as Mabel saw too well.

She gave a little indignant cry, and snatched the waistcoat from him.

"It was not so bad before! You have ruined it on purpose!" she said, looking him straight in the face, and speaking passionately.

He raised his hand to strike her, but a general murmur among the bystanders stopped him. Like all bullies, he was an arrant coward, and the meanest of popularity-hunters as well.

"You impudent wench!" he said; "if you give me another word of your sauce, I will turn you off altogether! Coming here with your impertinence and fine-lady airs, indeed, as if the earth was not good enough for you, because you were an apothecary's daughter! I have as great a mind as I ever had in my life to turn you out of the place, and never let you set foot in it again. Here, madam, take this waistcoat back, and bring no more of your airs and graces here. A pale-faced chit like you, sticking out against laws and masters! What next, indeed! You owe the house three dollars, and that's letting you off easy, after your impudence, too. Take care how you pay it, for, by George, you shall smart for it, if you shirk. Will you take the waistcoat, I say?" He seized her by the shoulder roughly, leaving the mark of his strong clench on her flesh. The girl winced, and a faint moan escaped her. There was a general cry, and a hurried movement among the women: but he turned round with an oath, and silenced them. No one knew whose turn would come next; and women, however true in heart, are too weak, in both purpose and strength, to stand by each other long against a superior force. So Mabel had to hear her wrongs undefended.

She received no wages that day, but a large packet of work, with more yet to come, for which not one farthing would be paid until her terrible debt of three dollars was wiped off. And she was threatened brutally, because she exclaimed against the injustice of this man's authority.

For the first time since her father's death, Mabel's courage sank. She sat down on a door-step in a by-street, and burst into as bitter a flood of tears as ever scalded the eyes of grieving womanhood. In all her trials, she had been preserved from personal insult until now. She had been poor, and therefore she had known moments of anguish; she had been rejected in her search after employment, and therefore she had felt the bitterest pangs of disappointment, dread, and uncertainty; but she had ever been respected as a woman. No rude word or familiar look had wounded her proud modesty; in all that regarded her condition, she had been treated with no less respect than when in her father's house. But now this last sweet secret boast was gone from her. She had been outraged and insulted, and there was no one to avenge, as there had been no one to defend her.

While she sat there, weeping passionately, and for once in her life forgetting duty in feeling, some one spoke to her. Something in the sound of the voice—the tender, manly voice that it was—made her look up. A man of middle age, with hair turning slightly gray about his square, broad forehead, with a fine cheery look in his deep-blue eyes, and a pleasant smile about his handsome mouth—a man of strength and nerve, on the one hand, and of courteous breeding on the other—stood before her, something

in a military attitude, and with much of a paternal expression. "Why, how now, my child, what has happened?" he said, kindly.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" cried Mabel, hurriedly drying her eyes, and gathering up her work.

"Don't be frightened, my poor child, and don't run away from me yet; I may be able to be of use to you. Tell me who you are, or at least what has happened to you." He laid his hand on her arm, not with any familiarity, as such, but with an indescribable something in his eyes and his touch that Mabel felt she must perforce confide in. She felt that distrust would have been affectation: the false modesty of the prude, which creates the evil it disclaims.

She told her story, then, simply, and without any expression of sorrow or regret. She merely related the facts, and left them to be translated according to her hearer's fancy. The stranger's face showed how that translation went. The flush of indignation, the tender smile of pity, the manly impulse of protection, all spoke by turns on his forehead and round his lips; and when Mabel ended, he drew out his purse, and placed in her hand two half-eagles, asking, at the same time, the address of the slop-shop where she had been so ill-treated. She shrunk back.

"No, no!" she cried; "I can not receive alms!" She let her hand drop, and the gold fell on the pavement. Hastily stooping to pick it up, the man stooping at the same moment, their hands met. He took hers in his, in both of his, and pressed it gently.

"You are right, my child," he said; "though to accept a gift from me would not be to receive alms. Still, as you do not know me, you can not tell wherein I differ from other men; and you are therefore wise to treat me as you would treat other men—as I would ever advise you to treat them. I will not distress you by offering you unearned money again; but at least let me buy at my own price this unlucky waistcoat, which has brought you into so much trouble."

Mabel smiled and blushed. She saw through the delicacy of this feint; and, oh! how her poor heart, bruised as it was by the roughness of the late insult, seemed to expand like a flower in the sun beneath the gentleness, and tenderness, and delicacy of these few words! She unfolded her bundle, and produced the white-flowered waistcoat; tears in her eyes, smiles on her lips, and the burning blood flushing in her cheeks. The stranger made a pretense of looking at it critically; then forcing on her the two coins, he declared that it was worth much more, and that he would "keep it for his best."

"Will you tell me where you live?" he then asked.

Mabel hesitated: she looked troubled.

"You are right," he said, kindly; "and I was wrong to ask the question. Still, I should have liked to have seen you again; but you are right, quite right, to refuse it. I don't wish to know where you live; it is better not. God bless you! Be a good girl, and all will come right."

"Good-by, sir," said Mabel, simply, looking up into his face.

"How great and handsome he is!" she thought.

"What a lovely little face!" said he, half-aloud; "and what a good expression! Ah, she is an honest girl, I am sure!" He shook hands with her, and walked slowly down the street. Mabel watched his manly figure striding in the sunshine, and a sharp, swift pang came over her, to think that she had seen him for the last time, perhaps!

"And yet I did right," she said, turning away. "What would my poor father have said if I had made friends with a strange man in the streets, and brought him home to Nelly?"

But she remembered her adventure a long, long time, till the form and features of her unknown hero became idealized and glorified, and he gradually took the stature and divinity of a heroic myth in her life. She used to pray for him morning and evening, but at last it was rather as if she prayed *to* him; for by constantly thinking of him, he had become, to the dreams of her brooding fancy, like her guardian angel, ever present, great, and helpful.

When her savings and the ten dollars from her unknown friend had gone, Mabel was completely at a loss. Slop-working at the prices paid to her was a mere waste of time; yet how to employ this time more profitably! What to do, so that Nell might remain at the school, where she was already one of the most promising scholars, and held up her head with the best of them! Little did Nell think of the bitter toil, and patient, motherly care it took to keep her at school and clothe her so prettily; little did she know how dearly she bought those approving smiles, when she brought home a favorable report; nor what deep trials were turned to blessings when, with all her heart full of love, and her lips red with kisses, she would sit by the side of her "darling Mabel," and tell her how far she had got in Fénélon and Cramer. It was better that she knew nothing. Mabel could work so much the more cheerily while her favorite was in the sunshine. If Nelly sorrowed, Mabel would have drooped.

"What to do!" This was her question one day when her last shilling had disappeared in Nelly's quarter's school-bill. Tears were raining down her cheeks, as she thought of her desolate condition, and her inability to support the weight of responsibility laid on her, when some one knocked at the door, opening it without waiting for her answer. A woman, living in the same house, entered, "to borrow some coals." She saw that Mabel was crying; and, seating herself by her, she asked: "What was the matter, and how she could comfort her?"

Mabel, after a few more questions put in that straightforward voice which goes direct to the heart, told her little history; in which there was

nothing to tell but the old sad burden of poverty and helplessness. The woman listened to all with a careful, contemplative air.

"You can do better than this," she said, after a pause. "Can you dance?"

"Yes," said Mabel; for, indeed, this was one of the few things she had brought away from school, where her lightness and activity had made her a great favorite with the old French dancing-master.

"Then come with me," said the woman.

"Where?—what to do?"

"To the —— Theatre." Mabel started. "Does this frighten you?"

"Yes, a great deal." She laughed—not scornfully, but as one who saw beyond and all round a subject, of which a fraction had disturbed the weak sight of another.

"Oh, never mind the name of a place, Mabel Preston. If you knew the world as well as I do, you would know that neither places nor professions were much. To a woman who respects herself, a theatre will be as safe as a throne. It is the heart carried into a thing, not the thing itself, that degrades." Mabel was much struck with the remark. The woman seemed so strong and true, that somehow she felt weak and childish beside her. She looked into her resolute, honest face. Plain as it was in feature, its expression seemed quite beautiful to Mabel.

"You will be subject to impertinence and tyranny," added the woman; "but that all subordinates must bear. When you carry home your work, I dare say you hear many an oath from the overseer; and when you go on in the ballet, you will have many a hard word said to you by the ballet-master. If your petticoats are too short or too long, your stockings too pink or too white, if you are paler than usual or redder—any thing, in short, will be made a matter of fault-finding when the ballet-master is in a bad humor. But show me the inferior position where you will not be subject to the same thing. Only don't fancy that because you are a ballet-dancer you must necessarily be corrupt; for I tell you again, Mabel, the heart is a woman's safeguard of virtue, not her position. Good-morning. Think of what I have said, and if I can be of use to you, tell me. You shall come with me, and I will take care of you. I am thirty-one, and that is a respectable age enough."

And so she left, smiling, half-sadly, and forgetting to take her coals. When she remembered them, it was rehearsal-time.

Days passed, and Mabel still dwelt with pain and dread on the prospect of being a ballet-dancer. If her kind unknown, or if the Miss Wentworths knew of it, what would they say! She fought it off for a long time; until at last driven into a corner by increasing poverty, she went down to Jane Thornton's room, and saying: "Yes, I will be a ballet-dancer!" sealed in her own mind her happiness and respectability forever, but secured her sister's. Then Jane kissed her, and said: "She was a wise girl, and would be glad of having made up her mind to it some day."

It did not take much teaching to bring Mabel to the level of the ordinary ballet-dancer; she was almost equal to her work at the outset. The manager was pleased with her beauty and sweet manners, the ballet-master with her diligence and conscientiousness; and the girls could not find fault with her, seeing that she left their admirers alone, and did not wish to attract even the humblest. She obtained a liberal salary, and things went on very well. She made arrangements for Nelly to be a weekly boarder at her school, so that she might not be left alone at night when she herself was at the theatre, and also to keep this new profession concealed from her; for she could not get rid of the feeling of disgrace connected with it, though she had as yet found none of the disagreeables usual to young and pretty women behind the scenes. But Mabel was essentially a modest and pure-minded girl, and virtue has a divinity which even the worst men respect.

She was sent for to the Miss Wentworths. Their nephew, Captain John Wentworth, lately home from the Indies, wanted a new set of shirts. Mabel Preston was to make them, and to be very handsomely paid.

"Well, Mabel, and how have you been getting on since we saw you?" asked old Miss Wentworth, sharply. She was spreading a large slice of bread and butter with jam for her.

"Very well lately, ma'am," answered Mabel, turning rather red.

"What have you been doing, child?"

"Working, ma'am."

"What at, Mabel?" asked Miss Lilias.

"Needle-work, ma'am."

"Who for, Mabel?" asked Miss Priscilla.

"A ready-made linen-warehouse, ma'am."

"Did they give you good wages, child?"

"Not very," said Mabel, beginning to quake as the catechism proceeded.

"Ugh! so I've heard," growled the old lady from behind her jam-pot. "Wretches!"

"What did they pay you, Mabel?" Miss Priscilla inquired. She was the inquiring mind of the family.

"Six cents a shirt, ten cents for a dozen collars, and so on," answered Mabel.

There was a general burst of indignation.

"Why, how have you lived?" they all cried at once.

Mabel colored deeper; she was silent. The three old ladies looked at one another. Horrible thoughts, misty and undefined, but terrible in their forebodings, crowded into those three maiden heads. "Mabel! Mabel! what have you been about?—why do you blush so?—where did you get your money?" they cried all together.

Mabel saw they were rapidly condemning her. Miss Wentworth had left off spreading the jam, and Miss Lilias had gone to the other side of the room. She looked up plaintively: "I am a ballet-dancer," she said, modestly, and courtesied

The three old ladies gave each a little scream.

"A ballet-dancer!" cried the eldest.

"With such short petticoats, Mabel!" said Miss Lilias, reproachfully.

"Dancing in public on one toe!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, holding up her hands. And then there was a dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. After a time they all left the room, and consulted among themselves secretly, in a dark closet by the stairs, with much unfeigned sorrow, and many pathetic expressions, coming to the conclusion that it would be wrong to encourage such immorality, and that Mabel must be forbidden the house under all the penalties of the law. They were very sorry; but it must be so. It was a duty owing to society, and must be performed at all sacrifices of personal liking and natural inclination.

They went back to the parlor in procession.

"We are very sorry, Mabel Preston," began Miss Wentworth, speaking far less gruffly than she would have done if she had been praising her, for the poor old lady was really touched—"we are very sorry that you have so disgraced yourself as you have done. No modest woman could go on the stage. We thought better of you. We have done as much for you as we could; and I think if you had consulted our feelings—"

"Yes, consulted our feelings," interrupted Miss Lilias.

"And asked our advice," said Miss Priscilla, sharply.

"You would not have done such a wicked thing," continued old Miss Wentworth, considerably strengthened by these demonstrations. "However, it is too late to say any thing about it. The thing is over and done. But you can not expect *us* to countenance such proceedings. We are very sorry for you, but you must get work elsewhere. We can not have our nephew, Captain John Wentworth's shirts, made by a ballet-dancer. It would be setting a young man far too bad an example." (Captain John was past forty, but still "our boy" in his old aunt's parlance).

Mabel courtesied, and said nothing. Her modest face and humble manner touched the ladies.

"Here," said Miss Wentworth, thrusting into her hand the bread and butter, "take this: we won't part in unkindness at any rate."

Mabel kissed the shriveled hand of the good old soul, and then in all haste withdrew. She felt the choking tears swelling in her throat, and she did not wish them to be seen. "She did not want her reinstatement because she was weak and whining," she said to herself; while the maiden aunts spoke sorrowfully of her fall, and said among themselves, that if it had not been for their boy, they would not have dismissed her—but a young officer, and a ballet-dancer!

Mabel, shutting the little green gate of the pretty villa, met a hand on the latch at the same moment with her own. She started, and there, smiling into her eyes, was the brave, manly, noble face of her unknown friend.

"I am glad to see you again, sir," said Mabel hurriedly, before she had given herself time to think or to recollect herself.

"Thank you. Then you have not forgotten me?" he answered, with a gentle look and a pleasant smile.

"The poor never forget their benefactors," said Mabel.

"Pshaw! what a foolish expression!"

"It is a true one, sir."

"Well, well, don't call me a benefactor, if you please. I hate the word. And how has the world been using you these three months? It is just three months since I saw you last—did you know that?"

"Yes," said Mabel—this time rather below her breath.

"Well, how have you been getting on?"

"Badly at first, sir—better now."

"Better! Come, that's well! What are you doing?"

"Dancing at the —— Theatre," said Mabel with a sudden flush; and she looked up full into his face, as if determined to be indifferent and unconscious. The look was caught and understood.

"A hazardous profession," he said gravely, but very kindly.

"A disgraceful one. I know it," she answered, a cloud of bitterness hurrying over her eyes.

"Disgraceful? No, no!"

"It is thought so."

"That depends on the individual. I for one don't think it disgraceful. Men of the world—I mean men who understand human nature—know that no profession of itself degrades any one. If you are an honest-hearted woman, ballet-dancing will not make you any thing else."

"Women don't look at it in this light," said Mabel.

"Well, what then? The whole world is not made up of women. There is something far higher than regard for prejudices, however respectable, or for ignorance, however innocent."

"Yet we live by the opinion of women," returned Mabel.

"Tell me what you are alluding to. You are not talking abstract philosophy, that is plain. What has happened to you?"

"My new profession, undertaken for my sister's sake, and entered into solely as a means of subsistence—as my only means of subsistence—has so damaged me in the eyes of the world, that I have lost my best friends by it."

"Tell me the particulars."

"The three old ladies at the villa—"

"Ha, ah!" said the stranger.

"They have been long kind to me. They were to give me some work to-day, for their nephew, a captain from India; and when they knew that I was on the stage—for they asked me what I was doing, and I could not tell a story—they forbade me the house, and took

away the work. I can not blame them. They are particular, innocent old women, and of course it seemed very dreadful to them."

"And their nephew?"

"Oh, I don't know any thing about him. I never saw him," she answered carelessly.

"Indeed!" muttered the stranger.

"He has had nothing to do with it."

"That I can swear to!" he said below his breath.

"But they seemed to think worse of it, because I was to have worked for him. They said it would set him such a bad example, if a ballet-dancer was allowed to do his work."

The stranger burst into a large manly laugh; then suddenly changing to the most gentle tenderness of manner, he began a long lecture on her sensitiveness, and the necessity there was, in her circumstances, of doing what she thought good, and being what she thought right, independent of every person in the world. And speaking thus, they arrived at the door of her lodgings: he had not finished his lecture, so he went in. Mabel felt as if she knew him so well now, that she did not oppose his entering. He was like her father, or an old friend.

The cleanliness, modesty, and propriety of that little room pleased him very much—it was all such an index of a pure heart untouched by a most dangerous calling; and as she sat in the full light, just opposite to him, and he could see her fresh fair face in every line, he thought he had never seen a more beautiful Madonna head than hers, and never met more sweet, pure, and innocent eyes. He was grieved at her position—not but that she would weather all its shoals and rocks bravely; still men do not like young girls to be even tried. There is something in the very fact of trial which wounds the manly nature, whose instinct is to protect. He was much interested in Mabel—he was sorry to leave her; she was something like a young sister to him—she was not nineteen, and he was forty-four—so he might well feel paternally toward her! He should like to take her under his care, and shelter her from all the ills of life. He was so pained for her, and interested in her, that he would come again soon to see her; his counsel might be of use to her, and his friendship might comfort her, and make her feel less lonely. He was quite old enough to come and see her with perfect propriety—he was old enough to be her father. And so, with all the gentleness of a brave man, he left her, after a very long visit, bearing with him her grateful thanks for his kindness, and modest hope to see him "when it should suit his convenience to call again; but he was not to give himself any trouble about it."

And again and again he came, sometimes staying hours on hours, sometimes tearing himself forcibly away after he had been there a few minutes. His manner took an undefinable tone of tenderness and respect; he ceased to treat her as a child, and paid her the subtle homage of an inferior. He left off calling her "Mabel," "my child," "poor girl," &c., and forbade her, almost angrily, to call him "sir;" but he did not tell her his name; that seemed to be a weighty secret, religiously guarded, to which not the smallest clew was given her. And she never sought, or wished to discover it. Her whole soul was wrapped up in her enthusiastic reverence and devotion for him; and whatever had been his will, she would have respected and fulfilled it.

This went on for months. He probed her character to its inmost depths; he taught her mind, and strengthened it in every way. By turns her teacher and her servant, their intimacy had a peculiar character of romance, to which his concealed name gave additional coloring. She did not know if he loved her, or if, in marrying her, he would, as the world calls it, honor her; she did not know their mutual positions, nor had he ever given her a hint as to his "intentions." Many things seemed to tell her that he loved her; then, again, his cold, calm, fatherly words—his quiet descriptions of her future prospects—his matrimonial probabilities for her—all said in the calmest tone of voice, made her blush at her own vanity, and say to herself: "He can not love me!" Time went on, dragging Mabel's heart deeper into the torture into which this uncertainty had cast it, till at last her health and spirits both began to suffer; and one day when, sick and weary, she turned sadly from her life, and only longed to die, she shrank from her lover's presence, and, wholly overpowered, besought him passionately to leave her, and never see her more.

Then the barrier of silence was cast down: the rein of months was broken; and the love hitherto held in such strict check of speech and feeling, flung aside its former rules, and plunged headlong into the heart of its new life. Then Mabel knew who was her friend, and what had kept him silent—how his grave years seemed so ill to accord with her fresh youth as to make her life a sacrifice if given up to him—and how he feared to ask her for that sacrifice, until thoroughly convinced that she loved him as he found she did—then, he who knelt at her feet, or pressed her to his heart alternately, who claimed to be her future husband, laying fortune and untarnished name in her lap, and only asking to share them with her, whispered the name she was to hear. Then Mabel, all her former troubles ended, found a new source of disquiet opened, as, hiding her face, all trembling on his shoulder, she said: "But the Miss Wentworths, beloved, how will they receive me!"

"As my wife, Mabel, and as their niece!" And then he pressed his first kiss on her blushing brow, and silently asked of God to bless her.

He was so positive that his aunts would do all that was pleasing to him, and so hopeful of their love for her, that at last Mabel's forebodings were conquered, and she believed in the future with him. But they were wrong, for the old ladies would neither receive nor recognize her. It was years before they forgave her; no until poor little Nelly died, just as she was en-

tering womanhood, and Mabel had a severe illness in consequence; their woman's hearts were touched then, and they wrote to her, and forgave her, though "she had been so ungrateful to them as to take in their nephew, Captain John, when he came from the Indies." But Mabel did not quarrel with the form; she was too happy to see the peace of the family restored, to care for the tenacious pride of the old ladies. She revenged herself by making them all love her like their own child, so that even Miss Priscilla thought her quite correct enough; and Miss Wentworth, on her death-bed, told Captain John, that he had been a very fortunate man in his wife, and that she hoped God would bless him only in proportion as he was a good husband to his dear Mabel.

And Mabel found that what Jane Thornton had said to her, when she came to borrow coals from her slop-working sister, was true. It is not the profession that degrades, but the heart. The most despised calling may be made honorable by the honor of its professors; nor will any manner of work whatsoever corrupt the nature which is intrinsically pure. The ballet-dancer may be as high-minded as the governess; the slop-worker as noble as the artist. It is the heart, the mind, the intention, carried into work which degrades or ennobles the character; for to the "pure all things are pure," and to the impure, all things are occasions of still further evil.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LIV.—Springing a Mine.

REFRESHED by sleep, Mr. Bucket rises betimes in the morning and prepares for a field-day. Smartened up by the aid of a clean shirt and a wet hair-brush, with which instrument on occasions of ceremony he lubricates such thin locks as remain to him after his life of severe study, Mr. Bucket lays in a breakfast of two mutton chops, as a foundation to work upon, together with tea, eggs, toast, and marmalade on a corresponding scale. Having much enjoyed these strengthening matters, and having held subtle conference with his familiar finger, he confidentially instructs Mercury "just to mention quietly to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, that whenever he's ready for me, I'm ready for him." A gracious message being returned that Sir Leicester will expedite his dressing and join Mr. Bucket in the library within ten minutes, Mr. Bucket repairs to that apartment, and stands before the fire with his finger on his chin looking at the blazing coals.

Thoughtful Mr. Bucket is, as a man may be, with weighty work to do, but composed, sure, confident. From the expression of his face he might be a famous whist-player for a large stake—say a hundred guineas certain—with the game in his hand, but with a high reputation involved in his playing his hand out to the last card in a masterly way. Not in the least anxious or disturbed is Mr. Bucket when Sir Leicester appears, but he eyes the baronet aside as he comes along to his easy chair, with that observant gravity of yesterday, in which there might have been yesterday, but for the audacity of the idea, a touch of compassion.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, officer, but I am rather later than my usual hour this morning. I am not well. The agitation, and the indignation from which I have recently suffered, have been too much for me. I am subject to—gout." Sir Leicester was going to say indisposition, and would have said it to anybody else, but Mr. Bucket palpably knows all about it; "and recent circumstances have brought it on."

As he takes his seat with some difficulty, and with an air of pain, Mr. Bucket draws a little nearer, standing with one of his large hands on the library table.

"I am not aware, officer," Sir Leicester observes, raising his eyes to his face, "whether you wish us to be alone, but that is as you please. If you do, well. If not, Miss Dedlock would be interested—"

"Why Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, with his head persuasively on one side, and his forefinger pendant at one ear like an ear-ring, "we can't be too private just at present. You will presently see that we can't be too private. A lady, under any circumstances, and especially in Miss Dedlock's elevated station of society, can't but be agreeable to me; but speaking without a view to myself, I will take the liberty of assuring you that I know we can't be too private."

"That is enough."

"So much so, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket pursues, "that I was on the point of asking your permission to turn the key in the door."

"By all means." Mr. Bucket skillfully and softly takes that precaution; stooping on his knee for a moment, from mere force of habit, so to adjust the key in the lock as that no one shall peep in from the outer side.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I mentioned yesterday evening, that I wanted but a very little to complete this case. I have now completed it, and collected proof against the person who did this crime."

"Against the soldier?"

"No, Sir Leicester Dedlock; not the soldier?"

Sir Leicester looks astounded, and inquires, "Is the man in custody?"

Mr. Bucket tells him after a pause, "It was a woman."

Sir Leicester leans back in his chair, and breathlessly ejaculates, "Good God!"

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," Mr. Bucket begins, standing over him with one hand on the library-table, and the forefinger of the other in impressive use, "it's my duty to prepare you for a train of circumstances that may, and I go so far as to say that will, give you a shock. But, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, you are a gentleman, and I know what a gentleman is, and

* Continued from the July Number.

what a gentleman is capable of. A gentleman can bear a shock when it must come, boldly and steadily. A gentleman can make up his mind to stand up against almost any blow. Why, take yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock. If there's a blow to be inflicted on you, you naturally think of your family. You ask yourself how would all them ancestors of yours, away to Julius Cæsar, not to go beyond him, have borne that blow; you remember scores of 'em that would have borne it well; and you bear it well on their accounts, and to maintain the family credit. That's the way you argue, and that's the way you act, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

Sir Leicester, leaning back in his chair, and grasping the elbows, sits looking at him with a stony face.

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "thus preparing you, let me beg of you not to trouble your mind for a moment as to any thing having come to my knowledge. I know so much about so many characters, high and low, that a piece of infamy, more or less, don't signify a straw. I don't suppose there's a move on the board that would surprise *me;* and as to this or that move having taken place, why, my knowing it is no odds at all; any possible move whatever, provided it's in a wrong direction, being a probable move according to my experience. Therefore what I say to you, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, is, don't you go and let yourself be put out of the way because of my knowing any thing of your family affairs."

"I thank you for your preparation," returns Sir Leicester, after a silence, in that moving hand, foot, and feature; "which I hope is not necessary, though I give it merit for being well intended. Be so good as to go on. Also"—Sir Leicester seems to shrink in the shadow of his figure—"also, to take a seat, if you have no objection."

"None at all." Mr. Bucket brings a chair. "Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, with this short preface, I come to the point. Lady Dedlock—"

Sir Leicester raises himself in his seat, and stares at him fiercely. Mr. Bucket brings the finger into play as an emollient.

"Lady Dedlock, you see, she's universally admired. That's what her ladyship is; she's universally admired," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would greatly prefer, officer," Sir Leicester returns, stiffly, "my Lady's name being entirely omitted from this discussion."

"So would I, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, but—it's impossible."

"Impossible?"

Mr. Bucket shakes his relentless head.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's altogether impossible. What I have got to say is about her Ladyship. She is the pivot it all turns on."

"Officer," retorts Sir Leicester, with a fiery eye, and a quivering lip, "you know your duty. Do your duty; but be careful not to overstep it. I would not suffer it. I would not endure it. You bring my Lady's name into this communication upon your responsibility—upon your responsibility. My Lady's name is not a name for common persons to trifle with!"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I say what I must say, and no more."

"I hope it may prove so. Very well. Go on. Go on, sir!"

Glancing at the angry eyes which now avoid him, and at the angry figure trembling from head to foot, yet striving to be still, Mr. Bucket feels his way with his forefinger, and in a low voice proceeds.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's my duty to tell you that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn entertained mistrusts and suspicions of Lady Dedlock."

"If he had dared to breath them to me, sir—which he never did—I would have killed him myself!" exclaims Sir Leicester, striking his hand upon the table. But in the very heat and fury of the act he stops, fixed by the knowing eyes of Mr. Bucket, whose forefinger is slowly going, and who, with mingled confidence and patience shakes his head.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was deep and close, and what he fully had in his mind in the very beginning I can't quite take upon myself to say. But I know from his lips, that he long ago suspected Lady Dedlock of having discovered through the sight of some handwriting in this very house, and when you yourself, Sir Leicester Dedlock were present—the existence, in great part, of a certain person, who had been her lover before you courted her, and who ought to have been her husband;" Mr. Bucket stops and reflects, "ought to have been her husband; not a doubt of it. I know from his lips that when that person soon afterward died, he suspected Lady Dedlock of visiting his wretched lodging, and his wretcheder grave, alone and in secret. I know from my own inquiries, and through my eyes and ears, that Lady Dedlock did make such visit in the dress of her own maid; for the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn employed me to reckon up her ladyship—if you'll excuse my making use of the term we commonly employ—and I reckoned her up, so far, completely. I confronted the maid, in the chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields with a witness who had been Lady Dedlock's guide, and there couldn't be the shadow of a doubt that she had worn the young woman's dress, unknown to her. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I did endeavor to pave the way a little toward these unpleasant disclosures yesterday, by saying that very strange things happen even in high families sometimes. All this has happened in your own family, and through your own Lady. It's my belief that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn followed up these inquiries to the hour of his death, and that he and Lady Dedlock even had bad blood between them upon the matter that very night. Now, only you put that to Lady Dedlock, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and ask her Ladyship whether, even after he had left here, she didn't go down

to his chambers with the intention of saying something further to him, dressed in a loose black mantle with a deep fringe to it."

Sir Leicester sits like a statue, gazing at the cruel finger that is feeling the tenderest recesses of his heart.

"You put that to her Ladyship, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, from me, Inspector Bucket of the Detective. And if her Ladyship makes any difficulty about admitting of it, you tell her that it's no use; that Inspector Bucket knows it, and knows that she passed the soldier, as you called him (though he's not in the army now), and knows that she knows she passed him, on the staircase. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, why do I relate all this?"

Sir Leicester, who has covered his face with his hands, uttering a single groan, requests him to pause for a moment. By-and-by, he takes his hands away, and so preserves his dignity and outward calmness, though there is no more color in his face than in his white hair, that Mr. Bucket is a little awed by him. Something frozen and fixed is upon his manner, over and above its usual spell of haughtiness; and Mr. Bucket soon detects an unusual slowness in his speech, with now and then a curious trouble in beginning, which occasions him to utter inarticulate sounds. With such sounds he now breaks silence; soon, however, controlling himself to say that he does not comprehend why a gentleman so faithful and zealous as the late Mr. Tulkinghorn should have communicated to him nothing of this painful, this distressing, this unlooked-for, this overwhelming, this incredible intelligence.

"Again, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, "put it to her Ladyship to clear that up. Put it to her Ladyship, if you think right, from Inspector Bucket of the Detective. Then you'll find, or I'm much mistaken, that the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn had the intention of communicating the whole to you as soon as he considered it ripe, and further, that he had given her Ladyship so to understand. Why, he might have been going to reveal it on the very morning when I examined the body! You don't know what I'm going to say and do five minutes from this present time, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet; and supposing I was to be picked off now, you might wonder why I hadn't done it, don't you see?"

True. Sir Leicester, avoiding, with some trouble, those obtrusive sounds, says, "True." At this juncture, a considerable noise of voices is heard in the hall. Mr. Bucket, after listening, goes to the library-door, softly unlocks and opens it, and listens again. Then he draws in his head, and whispers, hurriedly, but composedly, "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, this unfortunate family affair has taken air, as I expected it might; the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn being took away so sudden. The chance to hush it up, is to let in these people now in a wrangle with your footmen. Would you mind sitting quiet—on the family account—while I reckon 'em up? and would you just throw in a word when I seem to ask you for it?"

Sir Leicester indistinctly answers, "Officer. The best you can, the best you can!" and Mr. Bucket, with a nod and a sagacious crook of the forefinger, slips down into the hall, where the voices quickly die away. He is not long in returning a few paces ahead of Mercury and a brother deity, also powdered, and in peach-blossom smalls, who bear between them a chair in which is an incapable old man. Another man and two women come behind. Directing the pitching of the chair, in an able and easy manner, Mr. Bucket dismisses the Mercuries and locks the door again. Sir Leicester looks on at this invasion of the sacred precincts with an icy stare.

"Now, perhaps you may know me, ladies and gentlemen," says Mr. Bucket, in a confidential voice. "I am Inspector Bucket of the Detective, and this," producing the tip of his convenient little staff from his breast-pocket, "is my authority. Now you wanted to see Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. You do see him, and mind you it ain't every one as is admitted to that honor. Your name, old gentleman, is Smallweed; that's what your name is, I know it well."

"Well, and you never heard any harm of it!" cries Mr. Smallweed in a shrill loud voice.

"You don't happen to know why they killed the celebrated pig, do you?" retorts Mr. Bucket, with a steadfast look, but without loss of temper.

"No!"

"Why, they killed him" says Mr. Bucket, "on account of his having so much cheek. Don't you get into the same position, because it isn't worthy of you. You ain't in the habit of conversing with a deaf person, are you?"

"Yes," snarls Mr. Smallweed, "my wife's deaf."

"That accounts for your pitching your voice so high. But as she ain't here, pitch it an octave or two lower, will you, and I'll not only be obliged to you, but it'll do you more credit," says Mr. Bucket. "This other gentleman is in the preaching line, I think?"

"Name of Chadband," Mr. Smallweed puts in, speaking henceforth in a much lower key.

"Once had a friend and brother sergeant of the same name," says Mr. Bucket, offering his hand, "and consequently feel a liking for it. Mrs. Chadband, no doubt?"

"And Mrs. Snagsby," Mr. Smallweed introduces.

"Husband a law stationer, and a friend of my own," says Mr. Bucket. "Love him like a brother! Now, what's up?"

"Do you mean what business have we come upon?" Mr. Smallweed asks, a little dashed by the suddenness of this turn.

"Ah! You know what I mean. Let us hear all what it's about, in presence of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. Come."

Mr. Smallweed, beckoning Mr. Chadband,

takes a moment's counsel with him in a whisper. Mr. Chadband, expressing a considerable amount of oil through the pores of his forehead and the palms of his hands, says aloud, "Yes. You first!" and retires to his former place.

"I was the client and friend of Mr. Tulkinghorn," pipes Grandfather Smallweed then; "I did business with him. I was useful to him, and he was useful to me. Krook, dead and gone, was my brother-in-law. He was own brother to a brimstone magpie—leastways Mrs. Smallweed. I come in to Krook's property. I examined all his papers and all his effects. They was all dug out under my eyes. There was a bundle of letters belonging to a dead and gone lodger, as was hid away in the side of Lady Jane's bed—his cat's bed. He hid all manner of things away, every wheres. Mr. Tulkinghorn wanted 'em, and got 'em, but I looked 'em over first. I'm a man of business, and I took a squint at 'em. They was letters from the lodger's sweetheart, and she signed Honoria. Dear me, that's a common name, Honoria, is it? There's no lady in this house that signs Honoria, is there? O no, I don't think so! O no, I don't think so! And not in the same hand, perhaps? No, I don't think so!"

Here Mr. Smallweed, seized with a fit of coughing in the midst of his triumph, breaks off to ejaculate "O dear me! O Lord! I'm shaken all to pieces!"

"Now when you're ready," says Mr. Bucket coolly, after awaiting his recovery, "to come to any thing that concerns Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, here the gentleman sits, you know."

"Haven't I come to it, Mr. Bucket?" cries Grandfather Smallweed. "Isn't the gentleman concerned yet? Not with Captain Hawdon and his ever affectionate Honoria, and their child into the bargain? Come then, I want to know where those letters are. That concerns me, if it don't concern Sir Leicester Dedlock. I will know where they are. I won't have 'em disappear so quietly. I handed 'em over to my friend and solicitor, Mr. Tulkinghorn; not to any body else."

"Why he paid you for them, you know, and handsome too," says Mr. Bucket, quietly putting his hands into his pockets.

"I don't care for that. I want to know who's got 'em. And I tell you what we want—what we all here want, Mr. Bucket. We want more pains-taking and search-making into this murder. We know where the interest and the motive was, and you have not done enough. If George the vagabond dragoon had any hand in it, he was only an accomplice and was set on. You know what I mean as well as any man."

"Now I tell you what," says Mr. Bucket, instantaneously altering his manner, coming close to him, and communicating an extraordinary fascination to the forefinger, "I am d——d if I am going to have my case spoilt, or interfered with, or anticipated by so much as half a second of time, by any human being in creation. *You* want more pains-taking and search-making? *You* do? Do you see this hand, and do you think that *I* don't know the right time to stretch it out and put it on the arm that fired that shot?"

Such is the dread power of the man, and so terribly evident it is that he makes no boast, that Mr. Smallweed begins to apologize. But Mr. Bucket, dismissing his sudden anger, checks him.

"The advice I give you, is, don't you trouble your head about the murder. That's my affair. You keep half an eye on the newspapers, and I shouldn't wonder if you was to read something about it before long if you look sharp. I know my business, and that's all I've got to say to you on that subject. Now about those letters. You want to know who's got 'em. I don't mind telling you. *I* have got 'em. Is that the packet?"

Mr. Smallweed looks with greedy eyes at the little bundle Mr. Bucket produces from a mysterious part of his coat, and identifies it as the same.

"What have you got to say next?" asks Mr. Bucket. "Now don't open your mouth too wide, because you don't look handsome when you do it."

"I want five hundred pound."

"No you don't; you mean fifty," says Mr. Bucket, humorously.

It appears, however, that Mr. Smallweed means five hundred.

"That is, I am deputed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to consider (without admitting or promising any thing) this bit of business," says Mr. Bucket; Sir Leicester mechanically lowers his head; "and you ask me to consider a proposal of five hundred pound. Why, it's an unreasonable proposal! Two, fifty, would be bad enough, but better than that. Hadn't you better say two, fifty?"

Mr. Smallweed is quite clear that he had better not.

"Then," says Mr. Bucket, "let's hear Mr. Chadband. Lord! Many a time I've heard my old fellow-sergeant of that name, and a moderate man he was in all respects, as ever I came across!"

Thus invited, Mr. Chadband steps forth, and after a little sleek smiling and a little oil-grinding with the palms of his hands, delivers himself as follows:

"My friends, we are now—Rachel my wife, and I—in the mansions of the rich and great? Why are we now in the mansions of the rich and great. Is it because we are invited? Because we are bidden to feast with them, because we are bidden to rejoice with them, because we are bidden to play the lute with them, because we are bidden to dance with them? No. Then why are we here, my friends? Air we in possession of a sinful secret, and doe we require corn, and wine, and oil—or, what is much the same thing, money—for the keeping thereof? Probably so, my friends."

"You're a man of business, you are," returns Mr. Bucket, very attentive; "and consequently you're going on to mention what the nature of

your secret is. You are right. You couldn't do better."

"Let us then, my brother, in a spirit of love," says Mr. Chadband, with a cunning eye, "proceed untoe it. Rachel, my wife, advance!"

Mrs. Chadband, more than ready, so advances as to jostle her husband into the back-ground, and confronts Mr. Bucket with a hard, frowning smile.

"Since you want to know what we know," says she, "I'll tell you. I helped to bring up Miss Hawdon, her Ladyship's daughter. I was in the service of her Ladyship's sister, who was very sensitive to the disgrace her Ladyship brought upon her, and gave out, even to her Ladyship, that the child was dead—she *was* very nearly so, when she was born. But she's alive, and I know her." With these words, and a laugh, laying a bitter stress on the word "Ladyship," Mrs. Chadband folds her arms, and looks impenetrably and obdurately at Mr. Bucket.

"I suppose now," returns that officer, "*you* will be expecting a twenty pound note, or a present of about that figure?"

Mrs. Chadband merely laughs, and contemptuously tells him he can "offer" twenty pence.

"My friend the law-stationer's good lady over there," says Mr. Bucket, luring Mrs. Snagsby forward with the finger. "What may *your* game be ma'am?"

Mrs. Snagsby is at first prevented by tears and lamentations from stating the nature of her game, but by degrees it confusedly comes to light that she is a woman overwhelmed with injuries and wrongs, whom Mr. Snagsby has habitually deceived, abandoned, and sought to keep in darkness, and whose chief comfort, under her afflictions, has been the sympathy of the late Mr. Tulkinghorn; who showed so much commiseration for her on one occasion of his calling in Cook's Court in the absence of her perjured husband, that she has of late literally carried to him all her woes. Every body, it appears, the present company excepted, has plotted against Mrs. Snagsby's peace. There is Mr. Guppy, clerk to Kenge and Carboy, who was at first as open as the sun at noon, but who suddenly shut up as close as midnight, under the influence—no doubt—of Mr. Snagsby's salooning and tampering. There is Mr. Weevle, friend of Mr. Guppy, who lived mysteriously up a court, owing to the like coherent causes. There was Krook, deceased, there was Nimrod, deceased, and there was Jo deceased, and they were "all in it." In what, Mrs. Snagsby doesn't with any particularity express, but she knows that Jo was Mr. Snagsby's son, "as well as if a trumpet had spoken it," and she followed Mr. Snagsby when he went on his last visit to the boy, and if he were not his son why did he go? The one occupation of her life has been, for some time back, to follow Mr. Snagsby to and fro, and up and down, and to piece suspicious circumstances together—and every circumstance that has happened has been most suspicious—and in this way she has pursued her object of detecting and confounding her false husband, night and day. Thus did it come to pass that she brought the Chadbands and Mr. Tulkinghorn together, and conferred with Mr. Tulkinghorn on the change in Mr. Guppy, and helped to turn up the circumstances in which the present company are interested, casually by the wayside; being still ever on the great high road that is to terminate in Mr. Snagsby's full exposure, and a matrimonial separation. All this Mrs. Snagsby, as an injured woman, and the friend of Mrs. Chadband, and the follower of Mr. Chadband, and the mourner of the late Mr. Tulkinghorn, is here to certify under the seal of confidence, with every possible confusion, and involvement, possible and impossible; having no pecuniary motive whatever, no scheme or project but the one mentioned; and bringing here, and taking every where, her own dense atmosphere of dust, arising from the ceaseless working of the mill of jealousy.

While this exordium is in hand—and it takes some time—Mr. Bucket, who has seen through the transparency of Mrs. Snagsby's vinegar at a glance, confers with his familiar demon, and bestows his shrewd attention on the Chadbands and Mr. Smallweed. Sir Leicester Dedlock remains immovable, with the same icy surface upon him, except that he once or twice looks toward Mr. Bucket as relying on that officer alone of all mankind.

"Very good," says Mr. Bucket. "Now I understand you, you know, and being deputed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to look into this matter;" again Sir Leicester mechanically bows in confirmation of the statement; "can give it my fair and full attention. Now I won't allude to conspiring to extort money, or any thing of that sort, because we are men and women of the world here, and our object is to make things pleasant. But I tell you what I *do* wonder at; I am surprised that you should think of making a noise below in the hall. It was so opposed to your own interests. That's what I look at."

"We wanted to get in," pleads Mr. Smallweed.

"Why, of course, you wanted to get in," Mr. Bucket assents with cheerfulness; "but for a old gentleman at your time of life—what I call venerable, mind you!—with his wits sharpened, as I have no doubt they are, by the loss of the use of his limbs, which occasions all his animation to mount up into his head—not to consider that if he don't keep such a business as the present as close as possible, it can't be worth a single mag to him, is so curious! You see your temper got the better of you; that's where you lost ground," says Mr. Bucket, in an argumentative and friendly way.

"I only said I wouldn't go, without they came up to Sir Leicester Dedlock," returns Mr. Smallweed.

"That's it! That's when your temper got the better of you. Now you keep it under another time, and you'll make money by it. Shall I ring for them to carry you down?"

"When are we to hear more of this?" Mrs. Chadband sternly demands.

"Bless your heart for a true woman! Always curious, your delightful sex is!" replies Mr. Bucket, with arch gallantry. "I shall have the pleasure of giving you a call to-morrow or next day—not forgetting Mr. Smallweed and his proposal of two, fifty."

"Five hundred!" exclaims Mr. Smallweed.

"All right! Nominally five hundred;" Mr. Bucket has his hand on the bell-rope. "*Shall* I wish you good-day for the present, on the part of myself and the gentleman of the house?" he asks in an insinuating tone.

Nobody objecting to his doing so, he does it, and the party retire as they came up. Mr. Bucket follows them to the door, and returning says with an air of serious business:

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, it's for you to consider whether or not to buy this up. I should recommend, on the whole, it's being bought up myself, and I think it may be bought pretty cheap. You see, that little pickled cucumber of a Mrs. Snagsby has been used by all sides of the speculation, and has done a deal more harm in bringing odds and ends together than if she had meant it. Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, he held all these horses in his hand, and could have driven 'em his own way, I haven't a doubt; but he was fetched off the box head-foremost, and now they have got their legs over the traces, and all are dragging and pulling their own ways. So it is, and such is life. The cat's away, and the mice they play; the frost breaks up, and the water runs. Now with regard to the party to be apprehended."

Sir Leicester seems to wake, though his eyes have been wide open; and he looks intently at Mr. Bucket, as Mr. Bucket refers to his watch.

"The party to be apprehended is now in this house," proceeds Mr. Bucket, putting it up with a steady hand, and with rising spirits, "and I'm about to take her into custody in your presence, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you say a word, nor yet stir. There'll be no noise, and no disturbance at all. I'll come back in the course of the evening, if agreeable to you, and endeavor to meet your wishes respecting the unfortunate family matter, and the noblest way of keeping it quiet. Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, don't you be nervous on account of the apprehension at present coming off. You shall see the whole case clear from first to last."

Mr. Bucket rings, goes to the door, briefly whispers Mercury, shuts the door, and stands behind it with his arms folded. After a suspense of a minute or two, the door slowly opens, and a French woman enters. Mademoiselle Hortense.

The moment she is in the room, Mr. Bucket claps the door to, and puts his back against it. The suddenness of the noise occasions her to turn; and then, for the first time, she sees Sir Leicester Dedlock in his chair.

"I ask your pardon," she mutters hurriedly. 'They told me there was no one here."

Her step toward the door brings her front to front with Mr. Bucket. A spasm shoots across her face, and she turns deadly pale.

"This is my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock," says Mr. Bucket, nodding at her with his folded arms. "This foreign young woman has been my lodger for some weeks back."

"What do Sir Leicester care for that, do you think, my angel?" returns Mademoiselle, in a peculiar strain.

"Why, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket, "we shall see."

Mademoiselle Hortense eyes him with a scowl upon her tight face, which gradually changes into a smile of scorn. "You are very mysterious. Are you drunk?"

"Tolerable sober, my angel," returns Mr. Bucket.

"I come frequently at this so detestable house with your wife. Your wife have left me, since some minutes. They tell me down stairs that your wife is here. I come here, and your wife is not here. What is the intention of this fool's play?" Mademoiselle demands, with her arms composedly crossed, but with something in her dark cheek beating like a clock.

Mr. Bucket merely shakes the finger at her.

"Ah! my God! you are an unhappy idiot!" cries Mademoiselle, with a toss of her head and a laugh.—"Leave me to pass down stairs, great pig." With a stamp of her foot and a menace.

"Now, Mademoiselle," says Mr. Bucket, in a cold, determined way, "you go and sit down upon that sofy."

"I will not sit down upon nothing," she replies, with a shower of nods.

"Now, Mademoiselle," repeats Mr. Bucket, making no demonstration, except with the finger; "you sit down upon that sofy."

"Why?"

"Because I take you into custody on a charge of murder, and you don't need to be told it. Now, I want to be polite to one of your sex and a foreigner, if I can. If I can't, I must be rough, and there's rougher ones outside. What I am to be, depends on you. So I recommend you, as a friend, afore another half a blessed moment has passed over your head, to go and sit down upon that sofy."

Mademoiselle complies, and says in a concentrated voice, while that something in her cheek beats fast and hard, "You are a Devil."

"Now, you see," Mr. Bucket proceeds approvingly, "You're comfortable, and conducting yourself as I should expect a foreign young woman of your good sense to do. So I'll give you a piece of advice, and it's this, don't you talk too much. You're not expected to say any thing here, and you can't keep too quiet a tongue in your head. In short, the less you parley, the better, you know." Mr. Bucket is very complacent over this peculiar explanation.

Mademoiselle, with that tigerish expansion of the mouth, and her black eyes darting fire upon him, sits upright on the sofa in a rigid state, with

her hands clenched—and her feet too, one might suppose—muttering, "O you Bucket, you are a Devil!"

"Now, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," says Mr. Bucket, and from this time forth the finger never rests, "this young woman, my lodger, was her Ladyship's maid at the time I have mentioned to you, and this young woman, besides being extraordinary vehement and passionate against her Ladyship after being discharged—"

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle, "I discharge myself."

"Now, why don't you take my advice!" returns Mr. Bucket, in an impressive, and almost in an imploring tone. "I'm surprised at the indiscreetness you commit. You'll say something that'll be used against you, you know. You're sure to come to it. Never you mind what I say, till it's given in evidence. It's not addressed to you."

"Discharge too!" cries Mademoiselle, furiously, "by her Ladyship! Eh, my faith, a pretty Ladyship! Why, I r-r-r-ruin my character by remaining with a Ladyship so infame!"

"Upon my soul I wonder at you!" says Mr. Bucket. "I thought the French were a polite nation, I did, really. Yet to hear a female going on like that, before Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet!"

"He is a poor abused!" cries Mademoiselle. "I spit upon his house, upon his name, upon his imbecility," all of which she makes the carpet represent. "Oh, that he is a great man! O yes, superb! O heaven! Bah!"

"Well, Sir Leicester Dedlock," proceeds Mr. Bucket, "This intemperate foreigner also angrily took it in her head that she had established a claim upon Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, by attending on the occasion I told you of, at his chambers; though she was liberally paid for her time and trouble."

"Lie!" cries Mademoiselle. "I ref-use his money altogezzer."

("If you *will* parley, you know," says Mr. Bucket, parenthetically, "you must take the consequences.) Now, whether she became my lodger, Sir Leicester Dedlock, with any deliberate intention there of doing this deed and blinding me, I give no opinion on; but she lived in my house in that capacity at the time that she was hovering about the chambers of the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn, with a view to a wrangle, and likewise persecuting and half frightening the life out of an unfortunate stationer."

"Lie!" cried Mademoiselle. "All lies!"

"The murder was committed, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and you know exactly under what circumstances. Now, I beg you to follow me close with your attention for a minute or two. I was sent for, and the case was intrusted to me. I examined the place, and the body, and the papers, and every thing. From information I received (from a clerk in the same house) I took George into custody, as having been seen hanging about there on the night, and at very nigh the time, of the murder; also as having been overheard in high words with the deceased on former occasions—even threatening him, as the witness made out. If you ask me, Sir Leicester Dedlock, whether from the first I believed George to be the murderer, I tell you candidly No; but he might be notwithstanding, and there was enough against him to make it my duty to take him and get him kept under remand. Now, observe!"

As Mr. Bucket bends forward in some excitement—for him—and inaugurates what he is going to say with one ghostly beat of his forefinger in the air, Mademoiselle Hortense fixes her black eyes upon him with a dark frown, and sets her dry lips closely and firmly together.

"I went home, Sir Leicester, Dedlock, at night, and found this young woman having supper with my wife, Mrs. Bucket. She had made a considerable show of being fond of Mrs. Bucket from her first offering herself as our lodger, but that night she made more than ever—in fact, overdid it. Likewise she overdid her respect and all that for the lamented memory of the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn. By the living Lord, it flashed upon me as I sat opposite to her at the table and saw her with a knife in her hand, that she had done it."

Mademoiselle is hardly audible in straining through her teeth and lips the words "You are a Devil."

"Now where," pursues Mr. Bucket, "had she been on the night of the murder? she had been to the theayter. (She really was there, I have since found, both before the deed and after it.) I knew I had an artful customer to deal with, and that proof would be very difficult; and I laid a trap for her, such a trap as I never laid yet, and such a venter as I never made yet. I worked it out in my mind while I was talking to her at supper. When I went up-stairs to bed, our house being small, and this young woman's ears sharp, I stuffed the sheet into Mrs. Bucket's mouth that she shouldn't say a word of surprise, and told her all about it. My dear, don't give your mind to that again, or I shall link your feet together at the ankles." Mr. Bucket, breaking off, has made a noiseless descent upon Mademoiselle, and laid his heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"What is the matter with you now?" she asks him.

"Don't you think any more," returns Mr. Bucket, with admonitory finger, "of throwing yourself out of window. That's what's the matter with me. Come! Just take my arm. You needn't get up; I'll sit down by you. Now take my arm, will you. I'm a married man, you know; you're acquainted with my wife. Just take my arm."

Vainly endeavoring to moisten those dry lips, with a painful sound, she struggles with herself, and complies.

"Now, we're all right. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, this case could never have been the case it is but for Mrs. Bucket, who is a woman in fifty thousand—in a hundred and fifty thou-

sand! To throw this young woman off her guard, I have never set foot in our house since, though I've communicated with Mrs. Bucket in the baker's loaves and in the milk as often as required. My whispered words to Mrs. Bucket when she had the secret in keeping were, 'My dear, can you throw her off continually with natural accounts of George, and this, and that, and t'other? Can you do without rest, and keep watch upon her night and day? Can you undertake to say, 'She shall do nothing without my knowledge, she shall be my prisoner without suspecting it. She shall no more escape from me than from death, and her life shall be my life, and her soul my soul, till I have got her?' Mrs. Bucket says to me, as well as she could speak, on account of the sheet, 'Bucket, I can!' and she has acted up to it glorious!"

"Lies!" Mademoiselle interposes. "He's my angel!"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, how did my calculations come out under these circumstances? When I calculated that this impetuous young woman would overdo it in new directions, was I wrong or right? I was right. What does she try to do? Don't let it give you a turn? To throw the murder on her Ladyship."

Sir Leicester rises from his chair, and staggers down again.

"And she got encouragement in it, from hearing that I was always here, which was done a' purpose. Now, open that pocket-book of mine, Sir Leicester Dedlock, if I may take the liberty of throwing it toward you, and look at the letters sent to me, each with the two words, LADY DEDLOCK. Open the one directed to yourself, which I stopped this very morning, and read the three words LADY DEDLOCK MURDERESS, in it. These letters have been falling about like a shower of lady-birds. What do you say now to Mrs. Bucket from her spy-place having seen them all written? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having within this half-hour secured the corresponding ink and paper, fellow half-sheets and what not? What do you say to Mrs. Bucket having watched the posting of 'em every one, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet?" Mr. Bucket asks, triumphant in his admiration of his lady's genius.

Two things are especially observable as Mr. Bucket proceeds to a conclusion. First that he seems imperceptibly to establish a dreadful right of property in Mademoiselle. Secondly, that the very atmosphere she breathes seems to narrow and contract about her, as if a close net, or a pall, were being drawn nearer and yet nearer around her breathless figure.

"There is no doubt that her Ladyship was on the spot at the eventful period," says Mr. Bucket; "and my foreign friend here saw her, I believe, from the upper part of the staircase. Her Ladyship and George and my foreign friend were all pretty close on one another's heels. But that don't signify any more, so I'll not go into it. I found the wadding of the pistol with which the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn was shot. It was a bit of the printed description of your house at Chesney Wold. Not much in that, you'll say, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. No. But when my foreign friend here is so put off her guard as to think it a safe time to tear up the rest of that leaf, and Mrs. Bucket puts the pieces together, and finds the wadding wanting, it begins to look like queer street."

"These are very long lies," Mademoiselle interposes. "You prose a great deal. Is it that you have almost all finished, or are you speaking always?"

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," proceeds Mr. Bucket, who delights in the full title and does violence to himself when he dispenses with any fragment of it, "the last point in the case which I am now going to mention, shows the necessity of patience in our business, and never doing a thing in a hurry. I watched this young woman yesterday, without her knowledge, when she was looking at the funeral, in company with my wife, who planned to take her there, and I had so much to convict her, and I saw such an expression in her face, and my mind so rose against her malice toward her Ladyship, and the time was altogether such a time for bringing down what you may call retribution upon her, that if I had been a younger hand with less experience, I should have taken her certain. Equally, last night, when her Ladyship, as is so universally admired, I am sure, come home, looking—why, Lord! a man might almost say like Venus rising from the ocean, it was so unpleasant and inconsistent to think of her being charged with a murder of which she is innocent, that I felt quite to want to put an end to the job. What should I have lost? Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I should have lost the weapon. My prisoner here proposed to Mrs. Bucket, after the departure of the funeral, that they should go, per bus, a little ways into the country, and take tea at a very decent house of entertainment. Now, near that house of entertainment there's a piece of water. At tea my prisoner got up to fetch her pocket-handkicher from the bedroom where the bonnets was; she was rather a long time gone, and came back a little out of wind. As soon as she came home this was reported to me by Mrs. Bucket along with her suspicions. I had the piece of water dragged by moonlight, in presence of a couple of our men, and the pocket-pistol was brought up before it had been there half-a-dozen 'ours. Now, my dear, put your arm a little further through mine, and hold it steady, and I shan't hurt you!"

In a trice Mr. Bucket snaps a handcuff on her wrist. "That's one," says Mr. Bucket. "Now the other, darling; two, and all told!"

He rises; she rises too. "Where," she asks him, darkening her large eyes until their drooping lids almost conceal them—and yet they stare. "where is your false, your treacherous and cursed wife?"

"She's gone forrard to the Police office," re-

turns Mr. Bucket. "You'll see her there, my dear."

"I should like to kiss her!" exclaims Mademoiselle Hortense, panting tigress-like.

"You'd bite her, I suspect," says Mr. Bucket.

"I would!" making her eyes very large. "I would love to tear her limb from limb."

"Bless you, darling," says Mr. Bucket, with the greatest composure; "I'm fully prepared to hear that. Your sex have such an animosity against one another when you do differ. You don't mind me half so much, do you?"

"No. Though you are a Devil still."

"Angel and devil by turns, eh?" cries Mr. Bucket. "But I am in my regular employment, any how. Let me put your shawl tidy. I've been lady's maid to a good many before now. Any thing wanting to the bonnet? There's a cab at the door."

Mademoiselle Hortense, casting an inquiring eye at the glass, shakes herself perfectly neat in one shake, and looks, to do her justice, uncommonly genteel.

"Listen, then, my angel," says she, after several sarcastic nods. "You are very spiritual. Can't you res-tore him back to life?"

Mr. Bucket answers, "Not exactly."

"That is droll. Listen yet one time. You are very spiritual. Can you make a honorable lady of Her?"

"Don't be so malicious," says Mr. Bucket.

"Or a haughty gentleman of *Him?*" cries Mademoiselle, referring to Sir Leicester, with ineffable disdain. "Eh! O my God, regard him! The poor infant! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Come, come, why this is worse parlaying than the other," says Mr. Bucket. "Come along!"

"You can not do these things? Then you can do as you please with me. It is but the death; it is all the same. Let us go, my angel. Adieu, you old man, gray. I pity you, and I des-pise you!"

With these last words, she snaps her teeth together, as if her mouth closed with a spring. It is impossible to describe how Mr. Bucket gets her out, but he accomplishes that feat in a manner peculiar to himself; enfolding and pervading her like a cloud, and hovering away with her as if he were a homely Jupiter, and she the object of his affections.

Sir Leicester, left alone, remains in the same attitude as though he were still listening and his attention were still occupied. At length he goes round the empty room, and finding it deserted, rises unsteadily to his feet, pushes back his chair, and makes a few steps, supporting himself by the table. Then he stops, and with more of those inarticulate sounds, lifts up his eyes and seems to stare at something.

Heaven knows what he sees. The green, green woods of Chesney Wold, the noble house, the pictures of his forefathers, strangers defacing them, officers of police coarsely handling his most precious heir-looms, thousands of fingers pointing at him, thousands of faces sneering at him. But if such shadows flit before him to his bewilderment and dread, there is one other shadow which he can name with something like distinctness even yet, and to which alone he addresses his tearing of his white hair and his extended arms.

It is she, in association with whom, saving that she has been for years the main fibre of the root of his dignity and pride, he has never had a selfish thought. It is she whom he has loved, admired, honored, and set up for the world to respect. It is she who at the core of all the constrained formalities and conventionalities of his life, has been a stock of living tenderness and love, susceptible as nothing else is of being struck with the agony he feels. He sees her, not himself, and can not bear to look upon her cast down from the high place she has graced so well.

And even to the point of his sinking on the ground, oblivious of his suffering, he can yet pronounce her name with something like distinctness in the midst of those numerous sounds, and in a tone of mourning and compassion rather than reproach.

CHAPTER LV.—Mother and Son.

Inspector Bucket, of the Detective, has not yet struck his great blow, as just now chronicled; but is yet refreshing himself with sleep preparatory to his field-day, when through the night and along the freezing wintry roads, a chaise and pair comes out of Lincolnshire, making its way toward London.

Railroads soon shall traverse all this country, and with a rattle and a glare the engine and train shall shoot like a meteor over the wide night-landscape, turning the moon paler; but as yet such things are non-existent in these parts, though not wholly unexpected. Preparations are afoot, measurements are made, ground is staked out. Bridges are begun, and their not yet united piers desolately look at one another over roads and streams like brick and mortar couples with an obstacle to their union; fragments of embankments are thrown up and left as abrupt precipices, with torrents of rusty carts and barrows traveling over them; tripods of tall poles appear on hill-tops where there are remains of tunnels; every thing looks chaotic and abandoned in fell hopelessness. Over the freezing roads and through the night the post-chaise makes its way without a railroad on its mind.

Mrs. Rouncewell, so many years housekeeper at Chesney Wold, sits within it; and by her side sits Mrs. Bagnet, with her gray cloak and umbrella. The old girl would prefer the box in front, as being exposed to the weather and a primitive sort of perch, more in accordance with her usual course of traveling; but Mrs. Rouncewell is too thoughtful of her comfort to admit of her proposing it. The old lady can not make enough of the old girl. She sits, in her stately manner, holding her hand, and regardless of its roughness, puts it often to her lips. "You're a mother, my dear soul," says she, many times, "and you found out my George's mother, my noble boy!"

"Why, George," returns Mrs. Bagnet, "was always free with me, ma'am, and when he said at our house to my Woolwich, that of all the things my Woolwich could have to think of when he grew to be a man, the comfortablest would be that he had never brought a sorrowful line into his mother's face, or turned a hair of her head gray, then I felt sure from his way that something fresh had brought his own mother into his mind. I had often known him say to me that he had behaved bad to her."

"Never, my dear!" returns Mrs. Rouncewell, bursting into tears. "My blessing on him, never! He was always fond of me, and loving to me, was my Georgy! But he had a bold spirit, and he ran a little wild, and went for a soldier. And I am sure he waited at first in letting us know all about himself till he should rise to be an officer; and when he didn't rise, I know he considered himself beneath us, and wouldn't be a disgrace to us. For he had a lion heart, had my George, always from a baby!"

The old lady's hands stray about her, as of yore, while she recalls all in a tremble. What a likely lad, what a fine lad, what a gay, good-humored, clever lad he was; how they all took to him down at Chesney Wold—how Sir Leicester took to him, when he was a young gentleman; how the dogs took to him; how even the people, who had been angry with him, forgave him the moment he was gone, poor boy. And now to see him after all, and in a prison, too! And the broad stomacher heaves, and the quaint upright old-fashioned figure bends under its load of affectionate distress.

Mrs. Bagnet, with the instinctive skill of a good warm heart, leaves the old housekeeper to her emotions for a little while—not without passing the back of her hand across her motherly eyes—and presently chirps up in her own cheery manner:

"So I says to George when I goes to call him in to tea (he pretended to be smoking his pipe outside), 'What ails you this afternoon, George, for gracious sake? I have seen all sorts, and I have seen you pretty often in season and out of season, abroad and at home, and I never see you so melancholy penitent.' 'Why, Mrs. Bagnet,' says George, 'it's because I am melancholy and penitent both, this afternoon, that you see me so.' 'What have you done, old fellow?' I says. 'Why, Mrs. Bagnet,' says George, shaking his head, 'what I have done has been done this many a long year, and is best not tried to be undone now. If I ever get to Heaven, it won't be for being a good son to a widowed mother; I say no more.' Now, ma'am, when George says to me that it's best not tried to be undone now, I have my thoughts, as I have often had before, and I draw it out of George how he comes to have such things heavy on him that afternoon. Then George tells me that he has seen by chance, at the lawyer's office, a fine old lady, that has brought his mother plain before him; and he runs on about that old lady till he quite forgets himself, and paints her picter to me as she used to be, years upon years ago. So I says to George when he has done, who is this old lady he has seen? and George tells me it's Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper for more than half a century to the Dedlock family down at Chesney Wold in Lincolnshire. George has frequently told me before that he's a Lincolnshire man, and I says to my old Lignum that night, 'Lignum, that's his mother for five-and-forty pounds!'"

All this Mrs. Bagnet now relates for the twentieth time at least within the last four hours, trilling it out, like a kind of bird; with a pretty high note, that it may be audible to the old lady above the hum of the wheels.

"Bless you, and thank you," says Mrs. Rouncewell. "Bless you, and thank you, my worthy soul!"

"Dear heart!" cries Mrs. Bagnet, in the most natural manner. "No thanks to me, I am sure. Thanks to yourself, ma'am, for being so ready to pay 'em! And mind once more, ma'am, what you had best do on finding George to be your own son, is, to make him—for your sake—have every sort of help to put himself in the right, and clear himself of a charge of which he is as innocent as you or me. It won't do to have truth and justice on his side, he must have law and lawyers," exclaims the old girl, apparently persuaded that they form quite a separate establishment, and have dissolved partnership with truth and justice forever and a day.

"He shall have," says Mrs. Rouncewell, "every help that can be got for him in the world, my dear. I will spend all I have, and thankfully, to procure it. Sir Leicester will do his best, the whole family will do their best; I—I know something, my dear, and will make my own appeal, as his mother parted from him all these years, and finding him in a jail at last."

The extreme disquietude of the old housekeeper's manner in saying this, her broken lamentations, and her wringing of her hands, make a powerful impression on Mrs. Bagnet, and would astonish her but that she refers them all to her sorrow for her son's condition. And yet Mrs. Bagnet wonders, too, why Mrs. Rouncewell should murmur in a kind of distraction, "My Lady, my Lady, my Lady!" over and over again.

The frosty night wears away, and the dawn breaks, and the post-chaise comes rolling on through the early mist, like the ghost of a chaise departed. It has plenty of spectral company in ghosts of trees and hedges, slowly vanishing, and giving place to the realities of day. London reached, the travelers alight; the old housekeeper in great tribulation and confusion; Mrs. Bagnet, quite fresh and collected as she could be of her next point, with no new equipage and outfit over the Cape of Good Hope, the Island of Ascension, Hong-Kong, or any other military station.

But when they set out for the prison where the trooper is confined, the old lady has managed to draw about her, with the lavender-colored shawl, much of the staid calmness of deportment which

MRS. BAGNET RETURNS FROM HER EXPEDITION.

is its usual accompaniment. A wonderfully grave, precise, and handsome piece of old china she looks, though her heart beats fast, and her stomacher is ruffled, more than ever the remembrance of this wayward son has ruffled it these many years.

Approaching the cell, they find the door opening and a warder in the act of coming out. The old girl promptly makes a sign of entreaty to him to say nothing; and assenting, with a nod, he suffers them to enter as he shuts the door.

So George, who is writing at his table, supposing himself to be alone, does not raise his eyes, but remains absorbed. The old housekeeper looks at him, and those wandering hands of hers are quite enough for Mrs. Bagnet's confirmation, even if she could see the mother and the son together, knowing what she knows, and doubt their relationship.

Not a rustle of the housekeeper's dress, not a gesture, not a word betrays her. She stands looking at him as he writes on all unconscious, and only her fluttering hands give utterance to her emotions. But they are very eloquent; very, very eloquent. Mrs. Bagnet understands them. They speak of gratitude, of joy, of grief, of hope, of inextinguishable affection, cherished with no such return since this stalwart man was a stripling; of a better son loved less, and this son loved so fondly and so proudly; and they speak of it all in such touching language that Mrs. Bagnet's eyes brim up with tears, and they run glistening down her sun-tanned face.

"George Rouncewell! O my dear child, turn and look at me!"

The trooper starts up, clasps his mother round the neck, and falls down on his knees before her. Whether in a late repentance, whether in the first association that comes back upon him, he puts his hands together as a child does when it says its prayers, and raising them toward her breast bows down his head and cries.

"My George, my dearest son, always my favorite, and my favorite still, where have you been these cruel years and years? grown such a man, too, grown such a fine strong man. Grown so like what I knew he must be if it pleased God he was alive!"

She can ask and he can answer nothing connected for a time; and all that time the old girl, turned away, leans one arm against the whitened wall, leans her honest forehead upon it, and dries her eyes with her serviceable gray cloak, and quite enjoys herself, like the best of old girls as she is.

"Mother," says the trooper when they are more composed; "forgive me first of all, for I know my need of it."

Forgive him! she does it with all her heart and soul. She always has done it. She tells him how she had it written in her will these many years that he was her beloved son George. She has never believed any ill of him, never. If she had died without this happiness—and she is an old woman now, and can't look to live very long—she would have blessed him with her last breath, if she had had her senses, as her beloved son George.

"Mother, I have been an undutiful trouble to you, and I have my reward; but of late years I have had a kind of glimmering of a purpose in me. When I left home I didn't care much, mother—I am afraid not a great deal—for leaving, and went away and 'listed, harum-scarum, making believe to think that 'I cared for nobody, no, not I, and that nobody cared for me.'"

The trooper has dried his eyes, and put away his handkerchief, but there is an extraordinary contrast between his habitual manner of expressing himself and carrying himself, and the softened tone in which he speaks, interrupted occasionally by a half-stifled sob.

"So I wrote a line home, mother, as you too well know, to say I had 'listed under another name, and I went abroad. Abroad, at one time, I thought I'd write home next year, when I might be better off, and when that year was out again, perhaps I didn't think much about it. So on, from year to year, through a service of ten years, till I began to get older, and to ask myself why should I ever write?"

"I don't find any fault, child—but not to ease my mind, George? Not a word to your loving mother, who was growing older, too?"

This almost overturns the trooper again, but he sets himself up with a great rough-sounding clearance of his throat.

"Heaven forgive me, mother, but I thought there would be small consolation then in hearing any thing about me. There was you, respected and esteemed. There was my brother, as I read in chance north-country papers now and then, rising to be prosperous and famous. There was I, a dragoon, roving, unsettled, not self-made, like him, but self-unmade—all my earlier advantages thrown away, all my little learning unlearnt, nothing picked up but what unfitted me for most things that I cared to think of. What business had I to make myself known! After letting all that time go by me, what good could come of it? The worst was past with you, mother. I knew by that time (being a man) how you had mourned for me, and wept for me, and prayed for me, and the pain was over, or softened down, and I was better in your mind dead than living."

The old lady sorrowfully shakes her head, and taking one of his powerful hands between her own, lays it lovingly upon her shoulder.

"I don't say that it was so, mother, but that I made it out to be so. I said just now, what good could come of it? Well, my dear mother, some good might have come of it to myself—and there was the meanness of it. You would have sought me out; you would have purchased my discharge; you would have taken me down to Chesney Wold; you would have brought me and my brother and my brother's family together; you would all have considered anxiously how to do something for me, and set me up as a respectable civilian. But how could any of you feel so sure of me, when I couldn't so much as feel sure of myself? How could you help regarding as an incumbrance and a discredit to you, an idle dragooning chap, who was an incumbrance and a discredit to himself, excepting under discipline? How could I look my brother's children in the face, and pretend to set 'em an example—I, that vagabond boy, who had run away from home, and been the grief and unhappiness of my mother's life? No, George. Such were my words, mother, when I passed this in review before me: 'You have made your bed. Now lie upon it.'"

Mrs. Rouncewell, drawing up her stately form, shakes her head at the old girl with a swelling pride upon her, as much as to say, "I told you so!" The old girl relieves her feelings and testifies her strong interest in the conversation, by giving the trooper a great poke between the shoulders with her umbrella; this action she afterward repeats, at intervals, in a species of affectionate lunacy; never failing, after the administration of each of these remonstrances, to resort to the whitened wall and the gray cloak again.

"This was the way I brought myself to think, mother, that my best amends was to lie upon that bed I had made and die upon it. And I should have done it, but for my old comrade's wife here, who I see has been too many for me. But I thank her for it, mother. I thank you for it, Mrs. Bagnet, with all my heart and might."

To which Mrs. Bagnet responds with two pokes.

And now the old lady impresses upon her son George, her own dear recovered boy, her joy and pride, the light of her eyes, the happy close of her life, and by every fond name she can think of, that he must be governed by the best advice obtainable by money and influence; that he must yield up his case to the greatest lawyers that can be got; that he must act in this serious plight as he shall be advised to act, and must not be self-willed, however right, but must promise to think only of his poor old mother's anxiety and suffering until he is released, or he will break her heart.

"Mother, it's little enough to consent to," returns the trooper, stopping her with a kiss; "tell me what I shall do, and I'll make a late beginning, and do it. Mrs. Bagnet, you'll take care of my mother, I know."

A very hard poke from the old girl.

"If you'll bring her acquainted with Mr. Jarndyce and Miss Summerson, she will find them of her way of thinking, and they will give her the best advice and assistance."

"And, George," says the old lady, "we'll send with all haste for your brother. He is a sensible sound man, as they tell me, out in the world beyond Chesney Wold, my dear, though I don't know much of it myself, and will be of great service."

"Mother," returns the trooper, "is it too soon to ask a favor?"

"Surely not, my dear."

"Then grant me this one great favor," says the trooper, kissing her hand. "Don't let my brother know."

"Not know what, my dear?"

"Not know of me. In fact, mother, I can't bear it; I can't make up my mind to it. He has proved himself so different from me, and has done so much to raise himself while I've been soldiering, that I haven't the least of a face to see him in this place and under this charge. How could a man like him be expected to have any pleasure in such a discovery? It's impossible. No, keep my secret from him, mother: do me a greater kindness than I deserve, and keep my secret from my brother, of all men."

"But not always, dear George?"

"Why, mother, perhaps not for good and all—though I may come to ask that too—but keep it now, I do entreat you. If it's ever broke to him that his rip of a brother has turned up, I could wish," says the trooper, shaking his head very doubtfully, "to break it myself, and be governed, as to advancing or retreating, by the way in which he seems to take it."

As he evidently has a rooted feeling on this point, and as the depth of it is recognized in Mrs. Bagnet's face, his mother yields her implicit assent to what he asks. For this he thanks her kindly.

"In all other respects, my dear mother, I'll be as tractable and obedient as you can wish; on this one alone, I stand out firm. So now I am ready even for the lawyers. I have been drawing out," he glances at his writing on the table, "an exact account of what I knew of the deceased, and how I came to be involved in this unfortunate affair. It's entered up, plain and regular, like an orderly-book; not a word in it but what's wanted for the facts. I did intend to read it, straight on end, whensoever I was called upon to say any thing in my defense. I hope I may be let to do it still, but I have no longer a will of my own in this case, and whatever is said or done, I give my promise not to have any."

Matters being brought to this so far satisfactory pass, and time being on the wane, Mrs. Bagnet proposes a departure. Again and again the old lady hangs upon her son's neck, and again and again the trooper holds her to his broad chest, with his great tears rolling down his face.

"Where are you going to take my mother, Mrs. Bagnet?"

"I am going to the town house, my son, the family house. I have some business there, that must be looked to directly," Mrs. Rouncewell answers.

"Will you see my mother safe there, in a coach, Mrs. Bagnet? But of course I know you will. Why should I ask it?"

Why, indeed, Mrs. Bagnet expresses with the umbrella.

"Take her, my old friend, and take my gratitude along with you. Kisses to Quebec, and Malta, love to my godson, a hearty shake of the hand to Lignum, and this for yourself, and I wish it was ten thousand pound in gold, my dear!" So saying the trooper puts his lips to the old girl's tanned forehead, and the door shuts upon him in his cell.

No entreaties on the part of the good old housekeeper will induce Mrs. Bagnet to retain the coach to take her home. Jumping out cheerfully at the door of the Dedlock mansion, and handing Mrs. Rouncewell up the steps, the old girl shakes hands and trudges off, arriving soon afterward in the bosom of the Bagnet family, and falling to washing the greens, as if she had never been away.

My Lady is in that room in which she held her last conference with the murdered man, and is sitting where she sat that night, and is looking at the spot where he stood upon the hearth, studying her so leisurely, when a tap comes at the door. Who is that? Mrs. Rouncewell. What has brought Mrs. Rouncewell to town so unexpectedly?

"Trouble, my Lady. Sad trouble. Oh, my Lady, may I beg a word with you."

What new occurrence is it that makes this tranquil old woman tremble so. Far happier than her Lady, as her Lady has often thought her, why does she falter in this manner, and look at her with such strange mistrust.

"What is the matter? Sit down and take your breath."

"O, my Lady, my Lady. I have found my son—my youngest, who went away for a soldier so long ago. And he is in prison."

"For debt?"

"O, no, my Lady; I would have paid any debt, and joyful."

"For what is he in prison then?"

"Charged with a murder, my Lady, of which he is as innocent as—as I am—accused of the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn."

What does she mean by this look and this imploring gesture? Why does she come so close and kneel? What is the letter that she holds?

"Lady Dedlock, my dear Lady, my good Lady, my kind Lady! You must have a heart to feel for me, you must have a heart to forgive me. I was in this family before you were born. I am devoted to it. But think of my dear son wrongfully accused."

"I do not accuse him."

"No, my Lady, no. But others do, and he is in prison and in danger. O, Lady Dedlock, if you can say but a word to help to clear him, say it!"

What delusion can this be? What power does she suppose is in the person she petitions to avert

this unjust suspicion, if it be unjust? Her Lady's handsome eyes regard her with astonishment, almost with fear.

"My Lady, I came away last night from Chesney Wold to find my son in my old age, and the step upon the Ghost's Walk was so constant and so solemn that I never heard the like in all these years. Night after night, as it has fallen dark, the sound has echoed through your rooms, but last night it was awfulest. And as it fell dark last night, my Lady, I got this letter."

"What letter is it?"

"Hush! Hush!" The housekeeper looks round and answers in an agitated whisper: "My Lady, I have not breathed a word of it, I don't believe what's written in it, I know it can't be true, I am sure and certain that it is not true. But my son is in danger, and you *must* have a heart to pity me. If you know of any thing that is not known to others, if you have any suspicion, if you have any clew at all, and any reason for keeping it in your own breast, O, my dear Lady, think of me and conquer that reason and let it be known! This is the most I consider possible. I know you are not a hard lady, but you go your own way always without help, and you are not familiar with your friends, and all who admire you—and all do—as a beautiful and elegant lady know you to dwell far away from themselves, who can't be approached close. You, my Lady, may have some proud or angry reasons for disdaining to utter something that you know; if so, pray, O pray think of a faithful servant, whose whole life has been passed in this family which she dearly loves, and relent, and help to clear my son! My Lady, my good Lady," the old housekeeper pleads with genuine simplicity, "I am so humble in my place, and you are by nature so high and distant, that you may not think what I feel for my child; but I feel so much that I have come here to make so bold as to beg and pray you on my knees not to be scornful of us, if you can do us any right or justice at this fearful time!"

Lady Dedlock raises her without one word, until she takes the letter from her hand.

"Am I to read this?"

"When I am gone, my Lady, if you please; and then remembering the most that I consider possible."

"I know of nothing I can do; I know of nothing that I reserve that can affect your son. I have never accused him."

"My Lady, you may pity him the more, under a false accusation, after reading the letter."

The old housekeeper leaves her with the letter in her hand. In truth she is not a hard lady naturally, and the time has been when the sight of the venerable figure suing to her with such strong earnestness would have moved her to great compassion. But so long accustomed to suppress emotion, and keep down reality, so long schooled for her own purposes, in that destructive school which shuts out the natural feelings of the heart, like flies in amber, and spreads one uniform and dreary gloss over the good and bad, the feeling and the unfeeling, the sensible and the senseless, she has subdued her wonder until now.

She opens the letter. Spread out upon the paper is a printed account of the discovery of the body, as it lay face downward on the floor, shot through the heart; and underneath is written her own name, with the word Murderess attached.

It falls out of her hand. How long it may have lain upon the ground, how long she may have been unconscious she knows not; but it lies where it fell, and a servant stands before her announcing the young man of the name of Guppy. The words have probably been repeated several times, for they are ringing in her head before she understands them.

"Let him come in!"

He comes in. Holding the letter in her hand, which she has taken from the floor, she tries to collect her thoughts. In the eyes of Mr. Guppy she is the same Lady Dedlock, holding the same prepared, proud, chilling state.

"Your Ladyship may not be at first disposed to excuse this visit from one who has never been very welcome to your Ladyship; which he don't complain of; for he is bound to confess that there never has been any particular reason on the face of things, why he should be; but I hope when I mention my motives to your Ladyship, you will not find fault with me," says Mr. Guppy.

"Please to do so."

"Thank your Ladyship. I should first explain to your Ladyship," Mr. Guppy sits on the edge of a chair, and puts his hat on the carpet at his feet, "that Miss Summerson, whose image as I formerly mentioned to your Ladyship, was at one period of my life imprinted on my art, until erased by circumstances over which I had no control, communicated to me, after I had the pleasure of waiting on your Ladyship last, that she particularly wished me to take no steps whatever in any matter at all relating to her. And Miss Summerson's wishes being a law (except as connected with circumstances over which I had no control), I consequently never expected to have the distinguished honor of waiting on your Ladyship again."

And yet he is here now, Lady Dedlock moodily reminds him.

"And yet I am here now," Mr. Guppy admits. "My object being to communicate to your Ladyship, under the seal of confidence, why I am here."

He can not do so, she tells him, too plainly or too briefly.

"Nor can I," Mr. Guppy returns, with a sense of injury upon him, "too particularly request your Ladyship to take particular notice that it's no personal affair of mine that brings me here. I have no interested views of my own to serve in coming here. If it was not for my promise to Miss Summerson, and my keeping of it sacred—I, in point of fact, shouldn't have darkened these doors again, but should have seen 'em farther first."

Mr. Guppy considers this a favorable moment for stroking up his hair with both hands.

"Your Ladyship will remember, when I mention it, that the last time I was here, I run against a party very eminent in our profession, and whose loss we all deplore. That party certainly did from that time apply himself to cutting in against me in a way that I call sharp practice, and did make it, at every turn and point, extremely difficult for me to be sure that I hadn't inadvertently led up to something contrary to Miss Summerson's wishes. Self-praise is no recommendation; but I may say of myself that I am not so bad a man of business neither."

Lady Dedlock looks at him in stern inquiry. Mr. Guppy immediately withdraws his eyes from her face, and looks any where else.

"Indeed, it has been made so hard," he goes on, "to have any idea what that party was up to in combination with others, that until the loss which we all deplore, I was graveled—an expression which your Ladyship, moving in the higher circles, will be so good as to consider tantamount to knocked over. Small, likewise a name by which I refer to another party, a friend of mine that your Ladyship is not acquainted with, got to be so close and double-faced that at times it wasn't easy to keep one's hands off his ears. However, what with the exertion of my humble abilities, and what with the help of a mutual friend by the name of Mr. Tom Weevle (who is of a high aristocratic turn, and has your Ladyship's portrait always hanging up in his room), I have now reasons for an apprehension, as to which I come to put your Ladyship upon your guard. First, will your Ladyship allow me to ask you whether you have had any strange visitors this morning? I don't mean fashionable visitors, but such visitors, for instance, as Miss Barbary's old servant, or as a person without the use of his lower extremities, carried up-stairs similarly to a jug?"

"No!"

"Then I assure your Ladyship that such visitors have been here, and have been received here. Because I saw them at the door, and waited at the corner of the square till they came out, and took half-an-hour's turn afterward to avoid them."

"What have I to do with that, or what have you? I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"Your Ladyship, I came to put you on your guard. There may be no occasion for it. Very well. Then I have only done my best to keep my promise to Miss Summerson. I strongly suspect (from what Small has dropped, and from what we have twisted out of him), that those letters I was to have brought to your Ladyship were not destroyed when I supposed they were. That if there was any thing to be blown upon, it is now blown upon. That the visitors I have alluded to have been here this morning to make money of it. And that the money is made, or making."

Mr. Guppy picks up his hat and rises.

"Your Ladyship, I don't want to say a word more, and I don't want to hear a word more. I have acted up to Miss Summerson's wishes in letting things alone, and in undoing what I had begun to do, as far as possible; that's sufficient for me. In case I should be taking a liberty in putting your Ladyship on your guard when there's no necessity for it, you'll endeavor, I should hope, to outlive my presumption, and I'll endeavor to outlive your disapprobation. I now beg to take farewell of your Ladyship, and to assure you that there's no danger of your ever being waited on by me again."

She scarcely acknowledges these parting words by any look or sign; but when he has been gone a little while, she rings the bell.

"Where is Sir Leicester?"

"Mercury reports that he is at present shut up in the library, alone.

"Has Sir Leicester had any visitors this morning?"

Several on business. Mercury proceeds to a description of them, which has been anticipated by Mr. Guppy. Enough; he may go.

All is broken down. Her name is in these many mouths, her husband knows his wrongs, her shame will be published—may be spreading while she thinks about it—and in addition to the thunderclap so long foreseen by her, so unforeseen by him, she is denounced by an invisible accuser as the murderess of her enemy.

Her enemy he was, and she has often, often, wished him dead. Her enemy he is, even in his grave. This dreadful accusation comes upon her, like a new torture at his lifeless hand. And when she recalls how she was secretly at his door that night, and how she may be represented to have sent her favorite girl away before, merely to release herself from observation, she shudders as if the hangman's hands were at her neck.

She has thrown herself upon the floor, and lies with her hair all wildly scattered, and her face buried in the cushions of a couch. See rises up, hurries to and fro, flings herself down again, and rocks and moans. The horror that is upon her, is unutterable. If she really were the murderess, it could hardly be, for the moment, more intense.

For, as her murderous perspective, before the doing of the deed presents the subtle precautions for its commission, would have been closed up by a gigantic dilation of the hateful figure, preventing her from seeing any consequences beyond it; and as those consequences would have rushed in, in an unimagined flood, the moment the figure was laid low—which always happens when a murder is done—so now she sees that when he used to be on the watch before her, and she used to think, "if a mortal stroke would but fall upon this man and take him from my way!" it was but wishing that all he held against her in his hand might be flung to the winds, and chance-sown in many places. So, too, with the wicked relief she felt in his death. What was his death but the keystone of a gloomy arch removed, and now the arch begins to fall in a thousand fragments, crushing and mangling piecemeal!

Thus a terrible impression steals upon and overshadows her, that from this pursuer, living

or dead—obdurate and imperturbable before her in his well-remembered guise, or not more obdurate and imperturbable in his coffin-bed—there is no escape but in death. Hunted she flies. The complication of her shame, her dread, remorse, and misery overwhelms her at its blight, and even her strength of reliance is overturned and whirled before it like a leaf before a mighty wind.

She hurriedly addresses these lines to her husband, seals, and leaves them on her table:

"If I am sought for, or accused of his murder, believe that I am wholly innocent. Believe no other good of me, for I am innocent of nothing else that you have heard, or will hear laid to my charge. He prepared me, on that fatal night, for his disclosure of my guilt to you. After he had left me, I went out, on pretense of walking in the garden where I sometimes walk, but really to follow him, and make one last petition that he would not protract the dreadful suspense on which I have been racked you do not know how long, but would mercifully strike next morning.

"I found his house dark and silent. I rang twice at his door, but there was no reply, and I came home. I have no home left. I will encumber you no more. May you in your first resentment be enabled to forget the unworthy woman on whom you wasted a most generous devotion, who avoids you only with a deeper shame than that with which she hurries from herself, and who writes this last adieu!"

She vails and dresses quickly—leaves all her jewels and her money—listens—goes down-stairs at a moment when the hall is empty, opens and shuts the great door; flutters away in the shrill frosty wind.

CHAPTER LVI.—Pursuit.

Impressive, as behoves its high breeding, the Dedlock town house stares at the other houses in the street of dismal grandeur, and gives no outward sign of any thing going on wrong within. Carriages rattle, doors are battered at, the world exchanges calls; ancient charmers with skeleton throats, and peachy cheeks that have a rather ghastly bloom upon them, seen by daylight, when indeed these fascinating creatures look like Death and the Lady fused together, dazzle the eyes of men. Forth from the frigid Mews come easily swinging carriages guided by short-legged coachmen in flaxen wigs, deep sunk into downy hammercloths; and up behind mount luscious Mercuries bearing sticks of state, and wearing cocked hats broadwise: a spectacle for the Angels.

The Dedlock town house changes not externally, and hours pass before its exalted dullness is disturbed within. But Volumnia the fair, being subject to the prevalent complaint of boredom, and finding that disorder attacking her spirits with some violence, ventures at length to repair to the library for change of scene. Her gentle tapping at the door producing no response, she opens it and peeps in; seeing no one there, takes possession.

The sprightly Dedlock is reputed in that grass-grown city of the ancients, Bath, to be stimulated by an urgent curiosity, which compels her on all convenient and inconvenient occasions to sidle about with a golden glass at her eye, peering into objects of every description. Certain it is that she avails herself of the present opportunity of hovering over her kinsman's letters and papers like a bird; taking a short peck at this document, and a blink with her head on one side at that document, and hopping about from table to table with her glass at her eye in an inquisitive and restless manner. In the course of these researches she stumbles over something, and turning her glass in that direction sees her kinsman lying on the ground like a felled tree.

Volumnia's pet little scream acquires a considerable augmentation of reality from this surprise, and the house is quickly in commotion. Servants tear up and down stairs, bells are violently rung, doctors are sent for, and Lady Dedlock is sought in all directions, but not found. Nobody has seen or heard her since she last rang her bell. Her letter to Sir Leicester is discovered on her table, but it is doubtful yet whether he has not received another missive from another world requiring to be personally answered—and all the living languages, and all the dead, are as one to him.

They lay him down upon his bed, and chafe, and rub, and fan, and put ice to his head, and try every means of restoration. Howbeit, the day has ebbed away, and it is night in his room before his stertorous breathing lulls, or his fixed eyes show any consciousness of the candle that is occasionally passed before them. But when this change begins, it goes on, and by-and-by he nods, or moves his eyes, or even his hand, in token that he hears and comprehends.

He fell down, this morning, a handsome stately gentleman, somewhat infirm, but of a fine presence, and with a well-filled face. He lies upon his bed, an aged man with sunken cheeks, the decrepit shadow of himself. His voice was rich and mellow, and he had so long been thoroughly persuaded of the weight and import to mankind of any word he said, that his words really had come to sound as if there were something in them. But now he can only whisper, and what he whispers sounds what it is—mere jumble and jargon.

His favorite and faithful housekeeper stands by his bedside. It is the first party he notices, and he clearly derives pleasure from it. After vainly trying to make himself understood in speech, he makes signs for a pencil. So inexpressively that they can not at first understand him; it is his old housekeeper who makes out what he wants, and brings him a slate.

After pausing for some time, he slowly scrawls upon it, in a hand that is not his, "Chesney Wold?"

No, she tells him, he is in London. He was taken ill in the library this morning. Right thankful she is that she happened to come to

London, and is able to attend upon him. "It is not an illness of any serious consequence, Sir Leicester. You will be much better to-morrow, Sir Leicester. All the gentlemen say so." This with the tears coming down her fair old face.

After making a survey of the room and looking with particular attention all round the bed where the doctors stand, he writes "My Lady."

"My Lady went out, Sir Leicester, before you were taken ill, and don't know of your illness yet."

He points again, in great agitation, at the two words. They all try to quiet him, but he points again with increased agitation. On their looking at one another, not knowing what to say, he takes the slate once more, and writes "My Lady. For God's sake, where?" and makes an imploring moan.

It is thought better that his old housekeeper should give him Lady Dedlock's letter, the contents of which no one knows or can surmise. She opens it for him, and puts it out for his perusal. Having read it twice by a great effort, he turns it down so that it shall not be seen, and lies moaning. He passes into a kind of relapse, or into a swoon, and it is an hour before he opens his eyes, reclining on his faithful and attached servant's arm. The doctors know that he is best with her, and when not actively engaged about him stand aloof.

The slate comes into requisition again; but the word he wants to write he can not remember. His anxiety, his eagerness, and affliction, at this pass, are pitiable to behold. It seems as if he must go mad, in the necessity he feels for haste, and the inability, under which he labors, of expressing to do what, or to fetch whom. He has written the letter B, and there stopped. Of a sudden, in the height of his misery, he puts Mr. before it. The old housekeeper suggests Bucket. Thank Heaven! That's his meaning.

Mr. Bucket is found to be down-stairs by appointment. Shall he come up?

There is no possibility in misconstruing Sir Leicester's burning wish to see him, or the desire he signifies to have the room cleared of every soul but the housekeepor. It is speedily done, and Mr. Bucket appears. Of all men upon earth, Sir Leicester seems, fallen from his high estate, to place his sole trust and reliance upon this man.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I'm sorry to see you like this. I hope you'll cheer up. I'm sure you will, on account of the family credit."

Sir Leicester puts his letter in his hand, and looks intently in his face, while he reads it. A new intelligence, comes into Mr. Bucket's eye as he reads on; with one hook of his finger, while that eye is still glancing over the words, he indicates, "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I understand you."

Sir Leicester writes upon the slate. "Fall, forgiveness. Find—" Mr. Bucket stops his hand.

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I'll find her. But my search after her must be begun out of hand. Not a minute must be lost."

With the quickness of thought, he follows Sir Leicester Dedlock's look toward a little box upon a table.

"Bring it here, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet? Certainly. Open it with one of these here keys? Certainly. The littlest key? To be sure. Take the notes out? So I will. Count 'em? That's soon done. Twenty and thirty's fifty, and twenty-seven and fifty's one twenty, and forty's one sixty. Take 'em for expenses? That I'll do, and render an account, of course. Don't spare money? No, I won't."

The velocity and certainty of Mr. Bucket's interpretation on all these heads is little short of miraculous. Mrs. Bouncewell, who holds the light, is giddy with the swiftness of his eyes and hands, as he starts up, furnished for his journey.

"You're George's mother, old lady; that's about what you are, I believe?" says Mr. Bucket, aside, with his hat already on, and buttoning his coat.

"Yes, sir, I am his distressed mother."

"So I thought, according to what he mentioned to me just now. Well, then, I'll tell you something. You needn't be distressed no more. Your son's all right. Now don't you begin a-crying, because what you've got to do is to take care of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and you won't do that by crying. As to your son, he's all right, I tell you, and he sends his loving duty, and hoping you're the same. He's discharged honorable; that's about what *he* is; with no more imputation on his character than there is on yours, and yours is a tidy one, *I'll* bet a pound. You may trust me, for I took your son. He conducted himself in a game way, too, on that occasion, and he's a fine-made man, and you're a fine-made old lady, and you're a mother and son, the pair of you, as he might showed for models in a caravan. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, what you've trusted to me I'll go through with. Don't you be afraid of my turning out of my way right or left, or taking a sleep, or a wash, or a shave, till I have found what I go in search of. By every thing as is kind and forgiving on your part, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I will, and I wish you better, and these family affairs smoothed over, as many other family affairs equally has been, and equally will be, to the end of time."

With this peroration, Mr. Bucket, buttoned up, goes quietly out, looking steadily before him, as if he were already piercing the night in quest of the fugitive.

His first step is to take himself to Lady Dedlock's rooms, and look all over them for any trifling indication that may help him. The rooms are in darkness now; and to see Mr. Bucket with a wax-light in his hand, holding it above his head, and taking a sharp mental inventory of the many delicate objects so curiously at variance with himself would be to see a sight—which nobody *does* see, as he is particular to lock himself in. "A spicy boudoir this," says Mr. Bucket

who feels in a manner furbished up in his French by the blow of the morning. "Must have cost a sight of money. Rum articles to cut away from, these; she must have been hard put to it!"

Opening and shutting table-drawers, and looking into caskets and jewel-cases, he sees the reflection of himself in various mirrors, and moralizes thereon.

"One might suppose I was moving in the fashionable circles, and getting myself up for Almack's," says Mr. Bucket. "I begin to think I must be a swell in the Gaurds, without knowing it."

Then looking about, he has opened a dainty little chest in an inner drawer. His great hand turning over some gloves which it can scarcely feel, they are so light and soft within it, comes upon a white handkerchief.

"Hum! Let's have a look at *you*," says Mr. Bucket, putting down the light. "What should *you* be kept by yourself for? what's *your* motive? are you her Ladyship's property, or some body else's? You've got a mark upon you, somewheres or another, I suppose?"

He finds it as he speaks, "Esther Summerson."

"Oh!" says Mr. Bucket, pausing, with his finger at his ear. "Come, I'll take *you*."

He completes his observations as quietly and carefully as he has carried them on, leaves every thing else precisely as he found it, glides away after some five minutes in all, and passes into the street. With a glance upward at the dimly lighted windows of Sir Leicester's room, he sets off, full sailing, to the nearest coach-stand, picks out the horse for his money, and directs to be driven to the Shooting Gallery. Mr. Bucket does not claim to be a scientific judge of horses, but he lays out a little money on the principal events in that line, and generally sums up his knowledge of the subject in the remark that when he sees a horse as can go, he knows him.

His knowledge is not at fault in the present instance. Cluttering over the stones at a dangerous pace, yet thoughtfully bringing his keen eyes to bear on every slinking creature whom he passes in the midnight streets, and even on the lights in upper windows where people are going or gone to bed, and on all the turnings that he rattles by, and alike on the heavy sky, and on the earth where the snow lies there—for something may present itself to assist him any where—he dashes to his destination at such a speed that when he stops, the horse half smothers him in a cloud of steam.

"Unbar him half a moment to freshen him up, and I'll be back."

He runs up the long wooden entry, and finds the trooper smoking his pipe.

"I thought I should, George, after what you have gone through, my lad. I haven't a word to spare. Now, honor, all to save a woman. Miss Summerson that was here when Gridley died—that was the name I know—all right!—where does she live?"

The trooper has just come from there, and gives him the address near Oxford-street.

"You won't repent it, George. Good-night!"

He is off again with an impression of having seen Phil sitting by the frosty fire staring at him open-mouthed; and gallops away again, and gets out in a cloud of steam again.

Mr. Jarndyce, the only person up in the house, is just going to bed, rises from his book on hearing the rapid ringing at the bell, and comes down to the door in his dressing-gown.

"Don't be alarmed, sir." In a moment, his visitor is confidential with him in the hall, has shut the door, and stands with his hand upon the lock. "I've had the pleasure of seeing you before. Inspector Bucket. Look at that handkerchief, sir. Miss Esther Summerson's. Found it myself put away in a drawer of Lady Dedlock'r—quarter of an hour ago. Not a moment to lose. Matter of life or death. You know Lady Dedlock?"

"Yes."

"There has been a discovery there to-day. Family affairs had come out. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, has had a fit—apoplexy or paralysis—and couldn't be brought to, and precious time has been lost. Lady Dedlock disappeared this afternoon, and left a letter for him that looks bad. Turn your eyes over it. Here it is!"

Mr. Jarndyce having read it, asks him what he thinks?

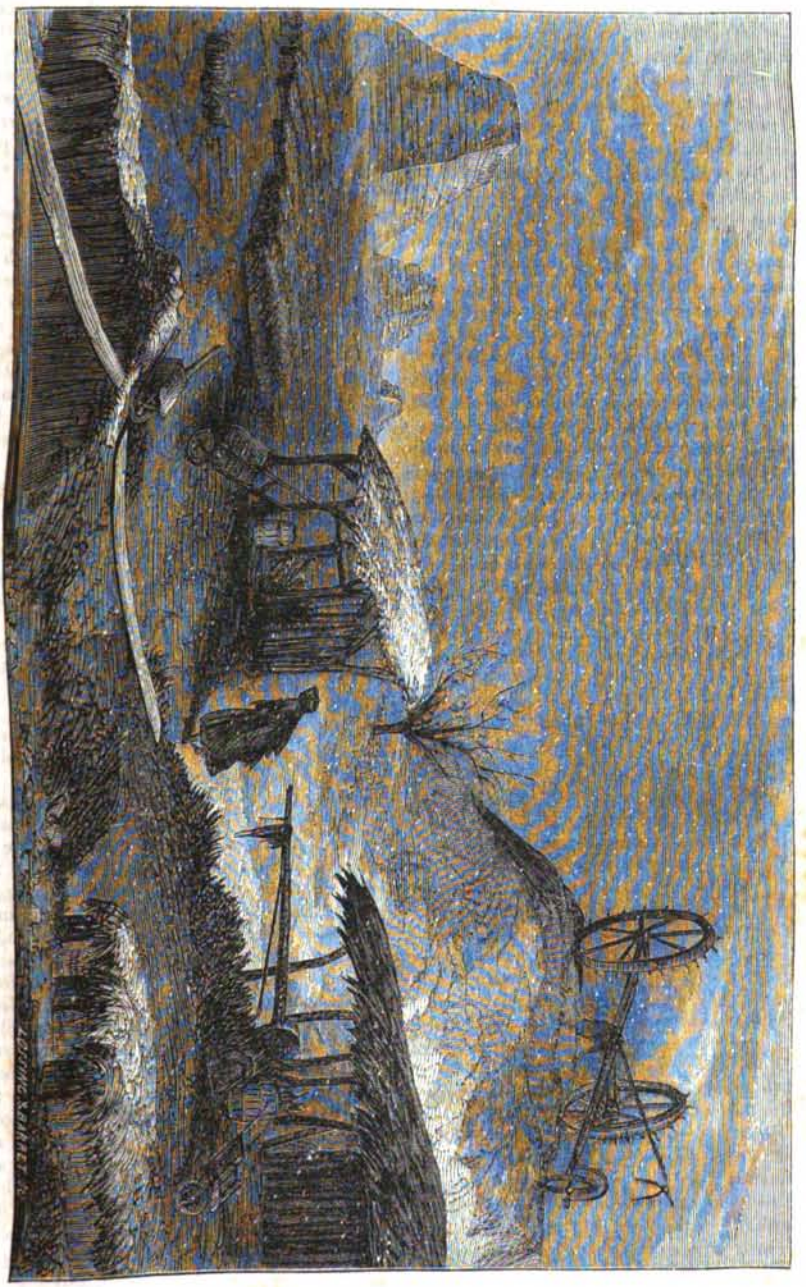
"I don't know. It looks like suicide anyways; there's more and more danger every minute of its drawing to that. I'd give an hundred pound an hour to have got the start of the present time. Now, Mr. Jarndyce, I am employed by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to follow her and find her. To save her, and take her his forgiveness. I have money and full power, but I want something else. I want Miss Summerson."

Mr. Jarndyce, in a troubled voice, repeats, "Miss Summerson."

"Now, Mr. Jarndyce;" Mr. Bucket has read his face with the greatest attention all along, "I speak to you as a gentleman of a humane heart, and under such pressing circumstances as don't often happen. If ever delay was dangerous, it's dangerous now, and if ever you couldn't afterward forgive yourself for causing it, this is the time worth, as I tell you, a hundred pound a-piece. Eight or ten hours at least have been lost, since Lady Dedlock disappeared. I am charged to find her. I am Inspector Bucket. Besides all the rest that's heavy on her, she has upon her, as she believes, suspicion of murder. If I follow her alone, she being in ignorance of what Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, has communicated to me, may be driven to desperation. But if I follow her in company with a young lady answering to the description of a young lady that she has a kindness for—I ask no question, and I say no more, than that she will give me credit for being friendly. Let me come up with her and be able to have the hold upon her of putting that young lady for'ard, and I'll save her, and prevail with her, if

she is alive. Let me come up with her alone—a harder matter—and I'll do my best; but I don't answer for what the best may be. Time flies; it's getting on for one o'clock. When one strikes, there's another hour gone, and it's worth a thousand pound now instead of a hundred."

This is all true, and the pressing nature of the case can not be questioned. Mr. Jarndyce begs him to remain there, while he speaks to Miss Summerson. Mr. Bucket says he will, but acting on his usual principle, does no such thing—following up-stairs instead, and keeping his man in sight. So he remains, dodging and lurking about in the gloom of the staircase while they



THE LONELY FIGURE.

confer. In a very little time, Mr. Jarndyce comes down, and tells him that Miss Summerson will join him directly, and place herself under his protection, to accompany him where he pleases. Mr. Bucket, satisfied, expresses high approval, and awaits her coming, at the door.

There he mounts a high tower in his mind, and looks out, far and wide. Many solitary figures, he perceives, are creeping through the streets; many solitary figures out on heaths, and roads, and lying under haystacks. But the figure that he seeks is not among them. Other solitaries he perceives, in nooks of bridges, looking over; and in shadowed places down by the river's level; and a dark, dark, shapeless object drifting with the tide, more solitary than all, clings with a drowning hold on his attention.

Where is she? Living or dead, where is she? If as he folds the handkerchief, and carefully puts it up, it were able, with an enchanted power, to bring before him the place where she found it, and the night landscape near the cottage where it covered the little child, would he descry her there? On the waste where the brick-kilns are burning with a pale-blue flare; where the straw roof of the wretched huts, in which the bricks are made, are being scattered by the wind; where the clay and water are hard frozen, and the mill in which the gaunt blind horse goes round all day, looks like an instrument of human torture; traversing this deserted, blighted, spot, there is a lonely figure with the sad world to itself, pelted by the snow and driven by the wind, and cast out, it would seem, from all companionship. It is the figure of a woman too; but it is miserably dressed, and no such clothes ever came through the hall and out at the great door of the Dedlock mansion.

JUSTICE TO PUSS.

FEW animals, I consider, have received a greater share of unjust calumny than the cat, and it is my intention in the present paper to stand up for it, and prove its claim to consideration by recapitulating certain passages of feline history, with which it has been at various times my lot to become acquainted. I shall state nothing but facts. If puss be dear to me, truth is dearer; and let no man suspect me of sophistication if I tell him what he never heard before, and might have been slow to suspect. My feline friends, some traits of whose personal history and character I am about to recall, are all, with one exception, dead and buried long ago. Did I say "buried?" Having pledged myself to speak truth, I must recall that expression: few of them, I am sorry to say, were buried; one or two, I recollect, did find rest in honored graves—in the garden under the gooseberry bushes; for the remainder, the reader will be so good as to substitute "dust-boxed" for "buried." And now, that point being settled, we may proceed to invoke from what some long-haired poet calls "the caverns of memory," the slumbering shades of Grimalkin gray and his parti-colored compeers, and exhibit their virtues to the world.

The first was my mother's cat "Brindle." What a host of endearing associations does the name recall to memory, and what an endless panorama of family pictures, which must all vanish, as they come, without observation. Naturalists have said that the cat is attached to places and not to persons. Brindle would have said, if he could have said any thing, that they knew nothing about it. He was an overgrown tom, of the true tabby pattern. All places were alike to him, if one person, his mistress, were present. He would sit and doze on the narrow back of her chair for hours together, but preferred the middle of the table, under her eye, and close to the book from which she read. He always overlooked the preparation of the pastry when she visited the kitchen for that purpose, and followed her up stairs and down though all her domestic duties daily. At night he escorted her regularly to her chamber-door, and then descended to the lower regions on a mousing expedition. In the morning he called her regularly at seven o'clock, by crooning and scratching at the door, where he waited till she came forth. He slept a good part of the day, but would wake up immediately if she rose to leave the room. In case of her illness he took his station on the landing outside of the chamber where she lay, and had to be fed there, as nothing could induce him to leave the spot. He was a cat of no accomplishments, and would rarely submit to be fondled by any but his mistress. Poor fellow! his fine coat and portly proportions were the death of him; he was snatched up by a member of the skinners' company, while watching at the door for the return of her he loved, and was slaughtered for the sake of his fur.

"Turnkey" was intended for Brindle's successor, and might have led a happy life had he known our good intentions toward him. He was brought up at a dairy-farm, was a magnificent tortoise-shell tom, and derived his name from the figure of a large key plainly visible on his flank. Happening to be on a visit to the farm soon after the loss of Brindle, I begged him of farmer Bolton, and putting him in a canvas bag, which I thoughtlessly suspended from the axletree of the gig, drove him home, a distance of some miles. When released from the bag in my mother's kitchen, while Betty was preparing, according to the prescribed formula, to butter his feet, to prevent his straying, he darted like a mad creature twenty times round the room, shot over the fire and up the chimney, where being stopped by the smoke-jack, he came down again, looking black and furious, dashed through a pane of glass, and made off. Of course we gave him up for lost, and expected neither to see nor to hear of him again. Not so, however. When farmer Bolton rose next morning, Turnkey, dirty, draggled, wet and wounded, and shorn of half his coat, was the first living thing that met his eyes.

How he had found his way back is one of those mysteries not very easily fathomed. No wonder that he was shy of strangers ever after, and would fly from the house whenever they appeared.

"Peter" was a stray, who came, as cats are frequently known to do, to volunteer for the situation of Brindle, which he must have instinctively discovered to be vacant. He was an undersized, foxy-looking fellow, with a disreputable tail which had suffered fracture, and, from lack of surgery, had healed with a knot in the middle. But he was a knowing tactician, and earned his way to favor before he claimed it. At first he hung about the house, seizing such scraps as were offered to him out of compassion for his hungry face, and not venturing to be familiar till he had proved himself of use. One night he managed to avoid being shut out, and the next morning he brought an enormous rat, which he had killed in the cellar, and laid it in the centre of the kitchen-floor, where he was found keeping guard over it. This exploit was interpreted, as it was doubtless meant, as an offer of service, accompanied with a specimen of workmanship. A compact was entered into, ratified by a basin of milk, into which Peter dipped his whiskers, and took post at once as the house-cat, giving general satisfaction by the diligent discharge of his duties. He soon began to exhibit extraordinary talents. His first acquirement was the art of opening the kitchen-door for himself, and this he learned to do ere long by a single leap at the latch: the dining-room door, however, presenting nothing but a smooth brass handle, cost him more pains; still he frequently accomplished it by continuous pawing, though it evidently required a very strong inducement to impel to the undertaking. Though he would not submit to nursing, the children grew fond of him, and taught him to fetch and carry. In this he excelled the cleverest dogs, and liked the sport so well that he would bring the ball in his mouth, and solicit a game two or three times a day. He was neither greedy nor a thief, and though he would beg with the patience and perseverance of a Carmelite monk, it was never from choice, but at the word of command, that he did so. He had but one fault, and that was his leanness. He refused to grow fat and sleek. Perhaps this was owing to his eating nothing but flesh, fish, and fowl—of which latter, by the way, he contrived to help himself to a liberal quantity, by pouncing from under the cabbage-leaves, or out of a tree, upon the sparrows in the garden. Peter died in the height of his popularity from the bite of a terrier dog, who had the reputation of having killed half the cats in the neighborhood.

In cities, cats are frequently the victims of cruel negligence, from being thoughtlessly abandoned by their owners upon a change of residence. Poor puss is too often omitted from the catalogue of "goods removed," and is left to bewail her fate in the empty house, in which she is sometimes starved to death through the absence of any tenant; or, escaping that fate, has to subsist by hunting and foraging upon the cat's common ground, the roofs of out-houses, the gardens, and garden-walls of the district. Sometimes puss has a family to rear under these distressing circumstances, and half a dozen mouths to provide for without the aid of the cat's meat-man or the milk-woman. How she manages to get through the difficult undertaking is more than we can explain categorically; but the following sample of maternal anxiety, prudence, and knowledge of the world in a cat, may serve to throw some light upon the business. A friend, whose avocations call him early to the city, was lately making his morning toilet, when he observed the abandoned cat of a neighbor, who had removed some time before, stealthily surmounting his garden-wall. She carried a kitten in her mouth; and, finding the back-door open, flew past the servant, darted into the house, ran up-stairs, and deposited the kitten on the soft rug before the parlor fire, retreating immediately without beat of drum. The kitten, on examination, was found half-dead with cold and hunger, and almost in the last stage of existence. It was, of course, fed with a little warm milk, and encouraged to get well if it could. A few days effected a wonderful change, and within a week it was as well and as playful as kittens generally are. In a fortnight it had grown quite stout and strong; and then (*mirabile dictu*), at the same hour in the morning, the mother reappeared in precisely the same way, with another sick and starved infant in her mouth, which also she deposited in the same way upon the rug. Then, driving the first and now fat kitten before her, the two descended to the garden. But now there was a difficulty to be got over, which puss, with all her forethought, had not anticipated. The first visitor had grown so fat and heavy that the mother could not carry it in her mouth; and yet it was not strong enough to leap to the top of the garden-wall. Happily the dust-bin presented a half-way station; but even this was too high a leap for the kitten, who appeared unwilling to make the attempt. Twenty times at least did the mother jump up and down, to show the youngster how it was to be done. At last the kitten plucked up courage and made an effort, which only succeeded at length by the mother's taking her station on the top and seizing it by the neck as it leaped to meet her. Thus the two got clear off, and never again made their appearance. The second kitten, like the first, soon grew strong and frolicsome, and was left in the enjoyment of its comfortable home without further visit from the parent.

It is not difficult to imagine the circumstances which drove the mother cat, in this instance (for the truth of which I am in a condition to vouch), to these extraordinary proceedings. We know that she had herself been accustomed to an in-door life, and no doubt the recollection of the warmth, and comfort, and regular feeding

she had there enjoyed prompted her to secure such a position for her sick offspring. We may fairly suppose, as she did not come again, that some of her family (for cats rarely have so few as two kittens) had perished from cold and hardship before she had recourse to the step she took to preserve the remaining two. She must have known, too, and in her way reasoned upon it, that housekeepers keep but one cat, and that it was necessary to remove the first in order to secure the safety of the second. How cleverly she carried out her plan, and how pertinaciously she adhered to it, we have seen.

I am of opinion that cats differ as much in character as human beings do; and like human beings, their character is very much to be predicated from their countenances. No two are ever seen alike, and they vary as much in the conformation of their skulls as do the different races of mankind. Southey, in his "Doctor," gives a curious chapter upon the cats of his acquaintance—a chapter in which humor and natural history are agreeably mingled together; he was evidently a close observer of the habits of poor puss, and took much delight in the whims, frolics, and peculiarities of his favorites. Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," records an instance of a cat who suckled a young hare, who followed her about the garden, and came jumping to her call of affection. The Rev. Mr. Sawley, of Elford, near Lichfield, once took the young ones out of a hare which was shot. They were alive, and the cat, who had lately lost her own kittens, carried them off—it was supposed to eat them; but it soon appeared that it was affection and not hunger that actuated her, as she suckled them and brought them up as their mother.

Cats may be trained to obedience and to regular habits by those who choose to take the necessary pains. We have seen a cat sit at table, spectacles on nose, apparently reading a big volume, and occasionally turning over the leaves with all the gravity of a philosopher. Some time ago—it may be ten years—a man appeared in London with an exhibition of cats, four of which drew him about the room in a small chariot. They were introduced to the public as "Tibby, Tabby, Tottle, and Tom," and possessed various accomplishments, which some of our readers may possibly have witnessed. In France, the cat (puss is a word unknown there) plays a prominent part in the shops of fashion frequented by the ladies. She has a cushion on the counter, where she sits, or lies coiled up, all day long, soothed by the caresses of the customers waiting their turn to be served. She is a pampered idol, fond of sweetmeats, and grows to an enormous size, the bigger the better and the more creditable to the establishment. There, too, she is an article of commerce, and is bred and reared for the market—a fine cat being a necessary appendage to a well-furnished house.

Cats are sometimes taxed with a want of gratitude; but this is a charge which no one who is systematically kind to them would ever think of making. The fact is, they have more discrimination of human character than most dogs possess, and are slow to testify attachment which may not be deserved or reciprocated. Pincher wags his tail and licks the hands of a dozen benefactors in a day, if they turn up; Puss rarely bestows her affections on more than one, and that one must be essentially a keeper at home, a part and parcel of the establishment of which puss is a member. She manifests her gratitude much in the same way as the dog, that is, by licking the hands of her benefactor, or rubbing herself against his feet or garments; and if such demonstrations are much less frequent with the cat than with the dog, it may be that they are none the less sincere.

But I must cut off my cats' tales, lest I be accused of a design upon the reader's patience, while my real design is upon his compassion. In vindicating the claims of a persecuted race to more merciful consideration, I have brought them forward that they might speak for themselves. The essence of their united appeals may be summed up in three words, "Justice to Puss!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been fertile in events of interest or importance. The Executive departments of the Federal Government have been occupied mainly in reorganizing their bureaus, and arranging the new appointments to office which the advent of a new administration brings with it. The Secretary of State, according to general rumor, has been engaged in preparing instructions for the recently appointed diplomatic agents, and has published two circulars to our consuls and the inferior members of our several legations, designed to regulate their official conduct. More stringent rules for the government of their offices have been promulgated, and they are enjoined to discard, so far as possible, the court dresses and other compliances with foreign usage which etiquette and custom have hitherto prescribed. With the opening of the season for fishing on the coast of the British North American provinces, fresh anxieties have arisen as to the extent to which the fishermen will be allowed to prosecute their labors. The fact that no substantial progress has yet been made toward the adjustment of the points in controversy between England and the United States, awakens apprehensions that the British authorities will enforce with a good deal of vigor what they claim as their rights, and it has been stated on good authority that many of the American fishing vessels

have gone out armed, in order to resist coercion when they can hope to do so successfully. Under such circumstances, there is doubtless considerable ground for anxiety, as a collision between vessels of the two countries would very greatly embarrass the pacific solution of the question, without regard to its intrinsic merits. Our government is understood to be pressing the negotiations with vigor and earnestness, and has sent two steam vessels, the *Princeton* and the *Fulton*, to the scene of danger for the purpose of keeping the peace. Serious difficulties, meantime, have sprung up between the French and English in regard to the fisheries of St. George's Bay. The French claim by treaty certain rights in connection with these fisheries, and a French cutter has recently driven some forty English fishing vessels out of the bay entirely. This course has been taken mainly in retaliation for the action of the English in stopping the French from fishing on the Labrador coast last season. This new danger has produced an increased moderation in the tone with which the British provincial press have been in the habit of speaking of the American claims.

Congress, at its last session, authorized surveys for the selection of the best route for railroad communication between the Atlantic and Pacific. Four expeditions have been fitted out for the prosecution of this very important exploration. The first, under command of Major Stevens, late of the engineer corps, has for its object the survey of the territory stretching from the Upper Mississippi to Puget's Sound, and will proceed from St. Pauls, in Minnesota, to the Great Bend of the Missouri River, thence on the table land between the Missouri and Saskatchanan rivers, to the most available pass in the Rocky Mountains, surveying the best passes in the Cascade Range and in the Rocky Mountains, from the 49th parallel to the headwaters of the Missouri. The second, under Lieutenant Whipple, is to survey the region of our western territory adjacent to the parallel of 35 degrees; it will proceed from the Mississippi along the headwaters of the Canadian, across the Rio Peco, and enter the valley of the Rio del Norte near Albuquerque, thence through Walker's Pass in the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific at some point on the coast of Southern California, near San Pedro, Los Angeles, or San Diego. The third, under Captain Gunnison, will pass through the Rocky Mountains near the headwaters of the Del Norte, by way of the Heurfano River into the valley of the Green and Grande rivers, thence westwardly along the Nicollet River of the Great Basin, thence north to the Lake Utah, surveying on a return route the best passes of the Wasatch range through the coal basin into the forks of the Platte. The fourth is to operate in California—in the region west of the Lower Colorado to the Pacific. Starting from Benicia, in California, it will examine the passes of the Sierra Nevada from the San Joaquin and Tulare valleys, together with the whole country southeast of the Tulare Lake, to ascertain the best route between Walker's Pass, or any other practicable passes in that region, and the mouth of the Gila, and from that point to the Pacific at San Diego. A glance at the map will show that these expeditions, by their combined operations, will sweep the whole area of our territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific. They are under the charge of accomplished officers, and have reference not only to the examination of the country with reference to a railroad route, but to its geography, topography, climate, soil, and productions.

In the New York Legislature an important bill has been passed, by agreement among the several political parties, looking to the more speedy completion of the State Canals. It provides for such an amendment of the Constitution as will allow the adoption of the following propositions: The canals are to be finished by borrowing nine millions of dollars, without tax, but on the strength of the revenues: a million and a half is to be borrowed to pay the canal revenue certificates: the canals shall be completed in four years: it is made imperative on the Legislature to provide the means: the contracts of 1851 are to be repudiated, and the work is to be let out to the lowest bidder. The proposition is to be submitted to the people at the election in November next.

A large and highly respectable Convention of delegates from the Southern States recently assembled at Memphis, Tenn., and remained in session for three days. Its leading object was the adoption of measures for the advancement of the commercial and planting interests of the South. Hon. William C. Dawson, of Georgia, was elected President. The proceedings were eminently temperate and judicious. Resolutions were adopted strongly urging upon the General Government the necessity of constructing a railroad to the Pacific, and the only restriction as to its location was that requiring the route chosen to be that "which scientific exploration should show to possess the greatest degree of advantage, in genial climate, fertility of soil, cheapness of construction, and accessibility at all seasons from all parts of the Union." Nearly a thousand delegates, representing fifteen States, were in attendance.

The approaching inauguration and opening of the Crystal Palace in the city of New York, excites a good deal of attention as this Record closes. It is to take place on the 14th of July, and will be honored by the attendance of the President of the United States and other distinguished guests. The building will be very nearly completed by that time, although all the articles intended for exhibition in it will not be displayed at the opening. The structure is very large, and architecturally is beyond doubt one of the most strikingly beautiful fabrics ever erected in this country. Though only about one-fourth as large as the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, its proportions and general form are decidedly superior to that. The exhibition promises to be highly successful. The British Government has sent out a Royal Commission, composed of six gentlemen of distinction, with the Earl of Ellesmere at its head and Sir Charles Lyell among its members, to attend the opening. The collection of articles entered for exhibition comprises some very fine works of foreign art.

From *California* our intelligence, which is to the 1st of June, is without special interest. Mining operations continued successful: general good health prevailed: the weather was favorable, business was dull and the prices of produce on the decline, with large and increasing stocks. A line of telegraph, the first in the State, was in process of construction between Sacramento and Nevada. A new law has been passed imposing additional taxes upon all real estate and personal property. The three hospitals hitherto maintained at Sacramento, Stockton, and San Francisco, have been consolidated into the State Marine Hospital at San Francisco. A State Lunatic Asylum has been established at Stockton, and a State Prison is to be erected on St. Quinten Point.

From *New Mexico* we have no further news of interest concerning the Mesilla valley dispute. The opinion entertained in the best informed quarters is, that it will be adjusted without recourse to hostilities. Gen. Garland of the U.S. Army, was at St. Louis on the 12th of June, on his way to New Mexico, to take

charge of the U.S. troops. He was to be met at Fort Leavenworth by the newly appointed Governor Merriwether.

MEXICO.

There has been as yet no decisive political movement in Mexico. Senor Alaman, Minister of Foreign Relations, and highly esteemed for his ability and patriotism, died on the 2d of June. The letter of Gen. Arista, published on the eve of his banishment and declaring his sympathy with the policy of annexation to the United States, proves to have been a forgery. Several persons have been shot for participation in the rebellion at Vera Cruz—in which three of the government troops and forty of the rebels were killed. A territorial government has been formed for the isthmus of Tehuantepec. The governors of the several States have been instructed to seek out all seditious persons who are in favor of annexation to the United States and to punish them as traitors. The circulation of foreign coin is strictly prohibited.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The proceedings of Parliament during the month have taken a wide range, and been marked by a good deal of interest. Every successive division has demonstrated the strength of the new Ministry, which is quite as thoroughly sustained by public sentiment as by the votes of the House of Commons. The debates upon the financial propositions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have served to introduce a great variety of cognate topics. The Irish members in the Commons on the 23d of May, when the Income Tax came up, made a concerted demand that Ireland should be exempted from its operation, rehearsing the old story of the wrongs that country had sustained from the Imperial Government, and the excessive financial burdens she had been compelled to bear. Mr. Gladstone replied to these allegations with prompt reference to official returns, showing conclusively, as he claimed, that England had paid for Ireland since the Union far more than she had received from her, and that the complaints of the Irish members were utterly unfounded. The motion for a Committee of Inquiry, out of which the debate had grown, was rejected by a vote of 194 to 61.—On the same night the question of Church Rates was discussed, on a motion that all Dissenters from the Established Church should be exempted from the payment of Church rates, on filing with the church wardens a declaration that they are Dissenters—and this declaration was to be evidence in any court of justice. Mr. Phillimore, who made the motion, supported it at length. Sir George Grey opposed it on the ground that it would injuriously draw a line between Dissenters and Churchmen, and operate as a premium on dissent. Lord John Russell opposed it because its adoption would concede the principle that it was wrong to tax men for propagating opinions which they did not share—and this would be striking at the very basis of the Church Establishment. Mr. Bright supported it on the avowed ground that he was in favor of the voluntary system; and several other members spoke in its defense from various points of view. The motion was lost by 172 to 220. ——On the 1st of June a bill to exclude the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons was brought up for a third reading by its mover, Lord Hotham. The feature of the occasion was a speech against it from Mr. Macaulay, the first he has made since his return to Parliament, and one of the best that ever fell from his lips. The principle involved in the bill was that judges ought not to sit in the House of Commons. Mr. Macaulay urged that no practical evil had ever arisen from their presence, but that some of the most eminent and useful members of that body had been judges. He drew graphic pictures, in which history and biography were admirably blended, of the ascendency of Mansfield, Thurlow, and Eldon in Parliament, of the distinguished part taken by Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst, one the Lord Chancellor and the other the Lord Baron, in the great debate of the Reform Bill in 1831, and of the effect which such a bill would have to degrade the character of the House of Commons, by excluding from it the best ability and learning of the land. The earnest demand in the public mind for law reform, which he characterized as reasonable and sober, rendered doubly necessary the presence in the House of men familiar with its administration. The speech had all the grand characteristics of the eloquent historian's style, and was received with tremendous applause. The bill was lost by a vote of 224 to 123.——The subject of the Established Church in Ireland came up on the 31st of May, upon a motion of Mr. Moore for a Committee to inquire substantially into the propriety of abolishing the Establishment in Ireland, where the Catholics were as five to one of the Protestants. He urged the wrongfulness of thus appropriating large endowments designed for the benefit of all the people to the use of the minority. Lord John Russell, in reply, declared himself utterly opposed to abolishing the Established Church in Ireland, and said that he might consent to so dividing the revenues as to give the Catholic majority the larger share, but for the conviction that if the Roman Catholic clergy had increased power given to them, that power would not be exercised in accordance with the general freedom that prevails in the country, and that, neither in political nor in religious matters would they favor that general freedom of discussion and that activity and energy of the human mind which belong to the spirit of the English Constitution. The motion was lost by the decisive vote of 240 to 98.—These remarks of Lord John Russell gave offense to the Irish members of the Cabinet, who forthwith sent in their resignations, avowedly on the supposition that they expressed the views of the Ministry. The Earl of Aberdeen wrote in reply that Lord John had spoken merely for himself, and that the opinions he had expressed concerning the Catholics were not shared by many of his colleagues. The Irish members then withdrew their letters of resignation: and in a subsequent debate Lord John Russell said he deemed it quite sufficient that the members of the Government should agree as to the course to be pursued, and that it was not at all necessary that they should agree in all the reasons which induce them to adopt that course.—On the 6th of June the Income Tax Bill passed its third reading.

In the House of Lords the subject of Parliamentary oaths was brought up on the 31st of May by Lord Lyndhurst, who made a very able speech in support of a bill for their alteration. Those oaths are three in number—the oath of allegiance, the oath of supremacy, and the oath of abjuration. The first it is not proposed to alter. The second, the oath of supremacy, consists of two clauses—one denouncing the doctrine that princes excommunicated by the Pope may be deposed or murdered by any subject, and the other disavowing the spiritual or ecclesiastical authority of the Pope. Both these clauses are directed against Roman Catholics, and yet Roman Catholics are now exempted by special act from all obligation to take it. The law thus admits that the Pope has spiritual authority within the British realm; and under these circumstances the oath ought no longer to be required. The oath of abjuration was

framed to exclude the descendants of the Pretender from the throne;—as there were no longer any of the Pretender's descendants living, the oath was needless. Lord Lyndhurst said he had been asked to strike out the words, "on the true faith of a Christian," from the oath; but he would not do so, because the House of Lords had already decided to keep them in, on the supposition that they were intended to exclude Jews from sitting in Parliament. The history of the words, however, proved that this supposition was incorrect. They were introduced just after the discovery of a Roman Catholic treatise, in which it was urged that any oath might be taken with a mental reservation nullifying its obvious meaning. To meet this case, the words, "on the true faith of a Christian, without equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever," were introduced. He thought it contrary to all sound principle that these words should be made indirectly to exclude a class of persons to whom they were never intended to apply;—but out of respect to the judgment of the Lords already pronounced, he would not attempt to change them. The Earl of Derby and others opposed the bill, mainly on the ground that it might be so amended by the House of Commons as to admit Jews to Parliament;—and on a division, the bill was lost, 84 to 69.——The Earl of Carlisle on the 30th presented a petition from Jamaica, complaining of the continued importation of slaves into Cuba, and of the admission into England of slave-grown sugar. Lord C. expressed some doubt as to the propriety of the course that had been taken in regard to the latter measure, but said it was too late to hope that it could now be altered. In regard to the Cuban slave-trade, he stated that by treaty in 1817, Spain solemnly agreed to suppress the slave-trade on the part of Spanish subjects, receiving from Great Britain in return for that stipulation the sum of £400,000. Still there is reason to believe that this treaty is systematically, willfully, and constantly violated, and that, with three exceptions, Generals Valdez, Concha, and Tacon, the Captain Generals of Cuba have received bribes for every slave landed through their connivance on the Island. Indeed suspicion implicates the Spanish government in these transactions; and certain it is that every Captain General who attempts vigorously to enforce the treaty is speedily removed from office. Under the present incumbent, Gen. Canedo, the slave-trade is carried on with unexampled vigor and audacity. Between the months of November and February last, 5000 slaves were landed in Cuba, and 1100 more had been very recently landed who were kidnapped from a Portuguese settlement. He suggested that when slave-trading vessels were captured by British cruisers, they should be sent into some free port for adjudication, instead of the Court of Mixed Commission at Havana, as at present, where justice was almost sure to be evaded. He felt sure that Spain, in countenancing as she had done this infamous traffic, had so violated her solemn treaty engagements as to give England far better cause of war than she had always had in the conflicts she had waged; and although he did not counsel a resort to hostilities, Spain should be given to understand that as long as she persists in her present course, if Cuba is ever endangered, England will remain neutral in the conflict. The Earl of Clarendon bore testimony to the correctness of the facts stated by the Earl of Carlisle, but read extracts from dispatches showing that the attention of the Spanish government had been directed to this matter; that Gen. Canedo had declared his determination to check the slave-trade, and that he had been furnished with enlarged powers by the Spanish government for that purpose.——On the 14th of June, Lord Beaumont moved for a copy of the correspondence respecting the laws of South Carolina imprisoning British seamen on entering her ports. The Earl of Clarendon, in reply, stated that there existed a treaty of commerce between England and the United States guaranteeing the utmost freedom of commercial intercourse between the two countries;—attached to that treaty was a proviso, under which South Carolina claimed the right to act as she did toward all colored seamen reaching her ports. The point had been submitted to the legal advisers of the Crown, and their opinion was, that, however unjustifiable the law might be, the government had no right to demand its abrogation, nor to demand compensation for injuries sustained under its operation. Remonstrances against the law, as in conflict with the spirit of the treaty, had nevertheless been addressed to the United States; but their reply had been, that if England should insist on the abrogation of the law, the United States government would have no course left but to give notice of the abrogation of the treaty which at present existed. Under these circumstances, there was little chance of securing an amendment of the law.——These are the principal topics that have engaged attention in Parliament during the month. The subject of reorganizing the East India Government was elaborately discussed, and leave has been obtained to bring in a bill. Explanations have been made in regard to the action of Government upon the Russian difficulty with Turkey, which will be further noticed under that head.——The Oxford commemoration was celebrated with great eclat on the 8th, the Earl of Derby being installed as Chancellor, and a number of distinguished persons, among whom were Disraeli, Macaulay, Samuel Warren, Mr. Ingersoll, and Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. At the dinner given subsequently, the new Chancellor declared himself not warmly attached to either of the extremes which weaken and divide the Church, and friendly to such changes in the academic discipline and studies of the University as might seem, after due examination, to be beneficial.——The Industrial Exhibition in Dublin was opened with appropriate and imposing ceremonies, and continues to attract a large share of public attention. The number of contributors from the United Kingdom is nearly 1500—of foreign contributors, 350, chiefly from Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium.

CONTINENTAL.

No events of importance have occurred during the month in *France*. At the discussion of the budget in the Legislative Body, on the 20th of May, M. de Montalembert protested energetically against including in the statement of receipts a sum of money drawn from the sale of the Orleans estates. He declared he must vote against the budget in order not to participate in an odious confiscation—a measure which even the Republicans and Socialists in 1848 did not dare to adopt. The whole budget was carried, nevertheless, by a vote of 233 to 5. The session of the Legislative Body was closed on the 28th. The President, M. Baroche, in his address, stated that 113 laws of private interest, and 73 of public utility, had been voted; that the different branches of the administration had been improved, and the budget reformed. The discussions of the Paris press turn principally on the state of affairs between Russia and Turkey. The *Pays* contains an article attributed to Louis Napoleon, representing that the only interest

which France has in preventing Russia from seizing Constantinople, grows out of her desire that the treaties of 1815 should be kept, and the balance of power preserved. If war ensues, therefore, France will be allied with all the powers of Europe for their common defense; if peace is preserved, it will be by a treaty of mutual alliance.

From *Switzerland* the news is favorable to the preservation of peace. Upon the withdrawal of the Austrian minister, measures were at once taken to put the Cantons into a condition to resist aggression: but the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs has since notified the Swiss authorities that he did not intend to withdraw the Chargé permanently, and that he would soon return.

From *Italy* there is no news of interest. A pamphlet has been published by Mazzini on the outbreak at Milan. It was immediately seized by the authorities, but some copies got into circulation. It seems from this that the movement did not originate with him, and that he doubted its practicability when first consulted on the subject. He yielded, however, to the earnest entreaties of others, who thought the time had come for another insurrection, and wrote the proclamation at their instance. He also wrote to several distinguished Italian liberals for their concurrence, some time in advance, but they all refused it, for different reasons. Nevertheless, he did what he could to have the movement seconded in other parts of Italy, but without success. Complaint is made that the rich among them have generally refused their aid to the Italian loan, which, small in itself, was made up of contributions from the poor, and adds, that these wealthy proprietors "now expiate their avarice with the forced loans and sequestrations of Austria." He confesses that the "National Committee," which once comprised many honored names, had been reduced to himself and Saffi alone, and that in consequence it is dissolved.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

No decisive settlement has yet been made of the question in dispute between Russia and Turkey. Official intelligence received, however, since our last, has made the points of difference more intelligible. It seems that Prince Menschikoff was charged with a double mission. The first point, that relating to the custody of the Holy Places at Jerusalem, was satisfactorily arranged on the 5th of May. On the same day the Prince sent in a peremptory demand to the Sultan, that the protectorate of the Greek Christians in Turkey should be conceded to the Czar, and that the Russo-Greek Church should have accorded to it, specifically and by treaty, all the rights and privileges both in regard to the Holy Places and on all other matters, which it had ever claimed. This demand purported to be based on a clause in a treaty concluded at the end of the last century, giving Russia the privilege of interfering on behalf of a Greek chapel erected in Constantinople, in the event of the Greeks being ill-treated by the Turks. At the same time Prince Menschikoff demanded that the Greek Patriarch at Constantinople should be irremovable unless proved guilty of high crimes and misdemeanors, and then only by consent of the Czar. To these requisitions the Prince gave the Sultan only four days to reply. The Sultan immediately held consultations with the British and French Ministers, and decided to reject the demands of the Russian envoy. The latter subsequently extended the time for consideration: but on the 17th, the Sultan, having re-organized his Ministry and placed Redschid Pasha at the head of Foreign Affairs, renewed his rejection of the Russian demands—saying to his Ministers that he had done all that depended on him to maintain with honor friendly relations with Russia, that he could do no more without dishonor, and that if war should break out, he would endeavor to show himself the worthy descendant of his ancestors. On the 22d, the Prince renewed the demand, altered somewhat in form but in substance the same. It was immediately rejected by the Sultan, and Prince Menschikoff announced his departure. The Sultan, in order not to alienate his Greek subjects, prepared to issue a proclamation confirming to them all their religious privileges. Hearing of this, the Prince addressed a note to the Turkish Minister and also to the representatives of England, France, Austria, and Prussia, declaring that any act which, although it might preserve the integrity of the purely spiritual rights of the Greek Church, should tend to invalidate their rights and privileges, would be considered by the Imperial Cabinet as an act of hostility to Russia and her religion. He immediately left for St. Petersburg where his action is said to have met the unqualified approbation of the Czar, who immediately sent to the Turkish Sultan a renewal of the demand, giving him eight days for deliberation. He has also declined the proffered mediation of England, Austria, Prussia and France. Upon the receipt of dispatches from St. Petersburg the Russian Minister at Paris explained to the French government that the Czar would not recede from these demands, and that he had no intention of making war against Turkey, or of interfering with the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; but that if his demands were rejected he should occupy the Danubian provinces, which would not amount to an act of war, inasmuch as existing treaties warrant such a course under certain circumstances.

The Turkish Sultan, meantime, was preparing for hostilities with great vigor: and he seems to be fully supported in his course by the governments of England and France. The Paris *Moniteur* of June 10th announced that the French Embassador to Constantinople, on the eve of his departure, was furnished with instructions which placed the French squadron at his command: and that the British Minister had been provided with similar powers. The two governments had decided, moreover, that their united squadrons should without delay approach the Dardanelles: and orders to that effect left Toulon on the 4th of June. In the English Parliament the Ministry was questioned as to the accuracy of this statement, in both houses. The Earl of Clarendon in the Lords, and Lord John Russell in the House of Commons, confirmed it fully, and said that these instructions were sent out on hearing that Prince Menschikoff had left Constantinople.—It is stated that the Greek Christians in Turkey on whose behalf the demands of Russia were made, support the Sultan fully in his rejection of them, and that great enthusiasm exists throughout Turkey on the subject. The Turkish artillery is said to be in a high state of efficiency, though its cavalry and infantry forces are inferior. Preparations for hostilities are pushed at Constantinople with the utmost energy: the Bosphorus was covered with vessels of every size, transporting ammunition and troops to the camp of Bujukdere, where over 30,000 men had been collected, and the same activity was manifested in the arsenal of the Admiralty, where ten vessels were ready to sail. The Russians had 130,000 men prepared to enter the Danubian principalities at a moment's notice, and Rear Admiral Kornileff had collected a fleet of 46 gun boats with 168 cannon, which could at once transport ten thousand men across the Danube at any given point.

Editor's Table.

ERROR MUST DEVELOP ITSELF. It may take the form of an angel of light, but it must in time reveal its diabolical side. Amid all disguises, the shaggy hide of the demon, with his forked tail and cloven hoof, must sooner or later present themselves in all their monstrous deformity. If men will not be drawn by the fair face of truth, they shall be driven to it by the offensiveness which must at length appear in its fully developed antagonist. Never has this been more strikingly illustrated than in some of the later manifestations of our day, and especially in that assemblage of infidels, and atheists, and reformers of every grade, who lately met at Hartford for the reviling—we will not call it discussion—of the Holy Scriptures.

Such necessary development we may regard as one of the laws of a beneficent Providence—as a most wise and benevolent provision in the economy of the physical and the moral world, through which a counteracting compensation is made for the disadvantage to which truth is subjected by the depravity of mankind. That truth must triumph over error, may be regarded as an almost universal affirmation of the human soul. The maxim must, therefore, possess some ground of reality, and yet, we do not hesitate to say, there is generally a most perverse fallacy in its application. The power of truth is its adaptedness to a certain state of the mind and the affections. Aside from this the expression has no meaning. The strength of truth, like the strength of a motive, lies in the condition of the soul, or souls to which it is addressed. "Error," it has been said, "may be safely tolerated when truth is left free to contend with it." Such is the plausible aphorism of one who was the oracle of his day; and yet if we may trust the Preacher of Nazareth rather than the Sage of Monticello, it must be received with some exception. At least must it be so in respect to moral truth. A greater than any reformer of the day has told us that "men love darkness more than light." One, too, whom the Great Teacher himself commissioned and inspired, speaks of certain truths which men do not "*love* to retain in their knowledge," in consequence of which "*the undiscerning mind is darkened*," and they not only believe but "love to believe a lie."

Still there is a ground for the maxim. Truth, even moral truth, does ultimately prevail, if not from its own intrinsic power, at least from that tendency to run out and develop its own deformity, which must sooner or later manifest itself as the very law—the law of death—inherent in all error, and especially in those kinds of it which would otherwise be the most injurious to mankind.

In the start, however, error has greatly the advantage of its divine antagonist. Its very manifoldness contributes to this. Truth is *one* and easily missed; error is *many* and presents itself on every side. Truth is remote from sense and feeling; error finds in them, when perverted, its strongest allies. Speculative atheism would be a monster, if sensuality did not powerfully take sides with it. So, too, all our bubbling about law and development would appear to be, as it really is, the most inconceivable nonsense, if there were not something in the human soul that would deify these unmeaning expressions in order to escape from that dread idea of a personal law-giving, law-executing Deity.

Error must develop itself. We hear much nowadays of physical laws. Some would make their study the great end of human existence. But—God be thanked—there is no law more vividly impressed upon the natural, than this upon the moral world: *Error must develop itself.* It may have its rapid round of mischief and delusion. It may set out like Homer's Até—

> "With strong and nimble foot
> Outstripping truth and gaining far ahead!"

but it contains within itself the elements of its own decay. Its tendency to disorganization is inevitable, and truth would not only ultimately, but in every case, win a complete triumph, were it not that the decomposing mass becomes again the putrid bed from whence arises another, and still another, birth of the same infernal brood. Any one well acquainted with previous forms of philosophical or theological error might have predicted that the infidelity of the 18th century must inevitably run its course, and run out, just as had been done by that old Roman Epicureanism, to which, in many points, it bore so close a resemblance. Until experience, however, had convinced us of the fact, it was not so obviously certain that from its sweltering ashes would have exhaled the stupefying gases of the German pantheism, or the nitrous fumes that characterize the new atheology of Theodore Parker and the Westminster Review. And yet a careful study of profane and ecclesiastical history might have given us a clew to the moral chemistry of the transition. When the Pagan philosophy was receiving its death-blows from the preachers of Christianity, out of the dying carcass came forth the monstrous forms of that vaunting Gnosticism which so much troubled the early Christian Church. It, too, professed to be more spiritual than the Gospel itself. It contemned the Old Testament as gross and carnal, its God as a malign and vindictive deity. Christ was but an appearance—an idea. It, too, had its higher form of faith, its higher law, its subjective insight, its ideal, dispensing with the historical and the actual. It had its æons, its spheres, its developments, its new spiritual world. And yet as we now look back upon it through the cleared up glass of history, we see how "earthly it was, how sensual, how devilish." With all its boasted spirituality, it had no cross, no repentance, no humility, and, therefore, no true faith. Will not a similar spectacle be presented when some similar vantage-ground in the future enables the observer to look back upon the then stale and decomposing elements of its modern antitype.

It is ever thus—this coming up of old forms of falsehood; and yet it remains a blessed provision, a benevolent providence, that *error must develop itself.* It is ever changing its countenance and hastening away. It takes its place at first as near to truth as possible. It talks of mere "shades of difference." It has only some "new forms of old ideas"—some fresher aspect better adapted to the modern mind. But it can not long keep this position. The angle of divergency may seem, at first, too small to be measured by the keenest logical micrometer; but it is a divergency notwithstanding; it is a different direction from the one steady line of truth, and must sooner or later manifest itself in a wider and still wider departure, until the distance is obvious to the dullest vision. No deceptiveness of language will

any more avail. The traveler is clearly on another path, and must either retrace his steps, or push on to a position whence there is no retreat, while yet the hollowness of the ground allows no safe or permanent occupation.

We find no better illustration of these thoughts than that which was presented in the late Convention at Hartford for discussing, as they said, the claims of the Christian Scriptures. In itself utterly undeserving of notice in our Editor's Table, it becomes significant as one of the signs of the times. Here was indeed a development that must cause to stand aghast all who are evidently on the same road, and yet through lack of strength, or courage, or it may be, of honesty, have not yet "progressed" to this remote termination, this extreme Montauk point of the modern development.

In the contemplation of such a convention, there was something to call out almost every emotion of the human breast. There was much to move laughter—the ignorance was so egregious, the presumption so blind. There was much to arouse indignation—the malignity was so evident, the blasphemy so undisguised, the ferocious abuse of all things which the best minds esteem holy so unrestrained. Still in the pitying breast of that charity which believeth, hopeth, endureth all things, grief must have been the predominant emotion. Can we forget that some of the leading spirits of that convention were, but a few years ago, known as zealous, and, to all appearance, sincere professors of evangelical truth? They had entered upon this diverging path. They had followed on in the chase of new ideas, ever becoming more intolerant in respect to abandoned truths, and toward all who could not keep up with them in this race of progress. They began by settling for themselves their own higher law, instead of seeking for it in God's revelation. They assumed to sit in judgment on the Scriptures, while professing to receive them as their guide. They determined what the Bible ought to contain, and for some time fancied that by sheer force of an absurd exegesis they could make it speak their own language, and express their own thoughts. They find at last, however, that its strong conservative teachings will never yield to the strain of their machinery. It *will* inculcate submission to authority; it will enjoin respect for acknowledged and established relations among men. Though opposed to all cruelty, all oppression, all selfish tyranizing of one man over others for his own sensual or ambitious ends, still it unyieldingly refuses to teach radicalism, or revolutionary anarchy, or any theory of abstract rights that when carried out to its legitimate results must end in the overthrow of all government upon earth. In spite of all they can do, the language of apostles can not be made to resemble that of the modern ultra-reformer; the spirit of the New Testament can not be felt to be in harmony with that which is breathed through the wild ravings of fanatical abolitionism. One or the other must be abandoned. Then, forsooth, they begin to think of some new scheme of inspiration. First the authority of the Old Testament is doubted. Then many parts of the New are more than suspected of being written by fallible men far in the rear, perhaps, of the new lights they are so implicitly following. Doubts rapidly arise respecting all things before esteemed holy. The Sabbath is found to be no better than other days. A spurious hyper-piety puts it down under the lofty pretense that every day should be a sabbath devoted to philanthropy and reform. There is no need of prayer. The whole life, says this inflating Gnosticism, should be itself a prayer, and every deed an act of worship. There is no longer any demand for churches or ecclesiastical organizations; "the groves were God's first temples," and the "voices of nature" are the only fitting anthems in his praise. Marriage is first found to be a mere civil contract. In the course of progress it is soon seen to be a spring of impurity, an obstacle to the highest human development. Woman, too, it is discovered, has rights denied to her in the Scriptures. Government is an usurpation; punishment is cruelty; crime is but disease; and justice is revenge. Some feeble hold upon the Bible may be still maintained; but soon the last grasp is relaxed, and our progressionist stands forth, at last, an open reviler of the Scriptures and the Church.

And now the light breaks rapidly upon his mind. His extreme position, too, has given him a sort of honesty in this matter. No need now of any strained interpretations. He is free. The Bible, it is now frankly admitted, does teach and will teach conservative doctrine. It does uphold government; it does consecrate the domestic relations; it does establish the family; it does say, Children obey your parents, Wives be subject to your husbands; it does acknowledge the relations of master and servant, of ruler and subject. It enjoins obedience to laws we may not have made, submission to authority we may not have created. It is in all respects conservative. This he now plainly sees; and under the influence of this new light he calls upon his brethren who are yet lagging in the rear, to come up manfully to his own free stand-point, and to give up forever the idle hope of forcing an agreement between the new philosophy and any meaning that may be twisted out of, or forced into, this antiquated book.

Even he, however, is not yet fully developed. Nature is now his God. Jesus made mistakes, but nature he affirms is infallible. Here for a while he rests, but inexorable progress will not long allow him any such breathing spell. All fixed ideas are fetters upon the human soul, and she must move on, and keep moving on, if for no other reason, at least as an assertion of her liberty. The Bible had its dark spots, but soon it begins to be discovered that nature also is not pure—is not all transparent light. There is not only injustice in the world, and ignorance, and error, which the study of physical laws might be supposed in time to guard against, but evils from which there is no escape. There are physical convulsions, earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, and flames, on an immense scale, and of most frightful aspect. There is every where pain, disease, pestilence, death. Nature seems wholly out of order. At least such would be the judgment we would pronounce on similar appearances in any other system. Some scheme, perhaps, of ultimate compensation may suggest itself, but where is the proof? the proof, we mean, in nature? Where is the law by which this compensation is to be made? Where, we mean, in nature? Compensation, retribution, satisfaction, justice, good triumphant, evil subdued, though not annihilated—these are Bible thoughts. They are the lingering remains, in the soul, of that revelation which has been discarded; but there are no such voices in nature—the outward material nature around us—and no mere physical interpretation will ever get them from her. Thus he is compelled to take another step in progress which brings him to the Ultima Thule, for he can go no farther. The port in which he finally lands is that of atheism—cheerless, hopeless, soulless atheism. This is no fancy sketch. There were men in that convention who had gone this fearful

length, and by the very steps we have described. Awful as is the spectacle, it may have its salutary lesson. Turn back—turn back, it says to all who are upon the road; Take not the first step, is its warning to all who are tempted to set out on so perilous a journey. Should such an effect be produced on any minds, then will it be found that this extreme development to which, in God's good providence, error has been driven, will not have been made in vain.

These hardy pioneers are entitled to our sympathy, not only for the good which may thus result from their position, but also on account of the ill treatment they sometimes receive from their less advanced, and, it may be, less honest brethren. Nothing is more common than for those who are themselves far on in the same road, to fall to abusing the infidel, and infidel conventions. They dread these premature developments as bringing discredit on the whole cause of reform. They would now and then be conservative, forsooth, and chastise the imprudence of the too ardent progressionist. Not long since in England, Miss Martineau and Mr. Atkinson avowed an unqualified atheism and materialism. There was no God, no soul. The one was but a name for the eternal law or development of the material universe, the other a like development of the material human organization. Of course there was no more moral worth or moral demerit in man than in the vegetable. The result was shocking to the public mind; and, therefore, the Westminster Review must take to task this more rapidly running brother and sister, although one of them at least had previously held no inferior rank among its own contributors. They must be rebuked, however, and this rebuke is administered in a poor attempt to show the impiety and absurdity of their work. But what had these writers done, except to carry straight out the teachings and premises with which that periodical had for years been furnishing them? Not more certain is the law of nature through which the cockatrice can only come from the cockatrice's egg, than that similar law of the moral and intellectual world through which this effect took place. To use some of their own favorite language, they had but *developed* the theology, or rather atheology, of the school. They began with a denial of God as the author of the inspiration of the Bible; they ended where every one who travels that road most faithfully must end, in the denial of a personal God as the author of nature.

And yet their speculative impiety was not so bad a thing as the practical malignity of their chastising critics. They had never done what was reserved for one of the late numbers of the Westminster Review. They had never deliberately compared Christianity with Mormonism, nor placed the inspiration of Paul upon a par with that of Joe Smith. We may well doubt whether a total denial of a Deity could equal in impiety so blasphemous an insult to his noblest work. This was pure devilism. There was certainly nothing like it, that we can call to mind, in the late Hartford Convention; and we can not help thinking, that, harsh as the term may seem, it has a more fitting application to the men and writings that have for years been producing such results, than to the miserable victims who but exhibit the "latest phase of the development." There is an injustice in this matter which we ought to be made to feel. The Hartford Conventionists are derided and vilified, while the Westminster Review is to be found on respectable centre tables, and in respectable reading-rooms; it is subscribed for by those who have the charge of our district libraries; every time it comes freighted with its quarterly charge of infidelity it receives a grand puff from a good portion of the secular newspapers, and sometimes is even commended with faint censure in the columns of the religious press.

Mournful as are such developments as lately took place in Hartford, we have some reason to rejoice in their occurrence. Aside from compassion for the deluded members of such gatherings, we might consistently feel and express the wish that they might be held every year in some of the most public places of our land. They would be of great service as notes of the quality and quantity of progress we are actually making. Let error thus develop itself. Let our young men see to what complexion they must come at last, into what total darkness they must finally plunge, if they begin by assuming to possess a higher light and a higher law than the Bible.

The conservative in morals and theology knows the difficulties that surround the great subjects of revelation and inspiration as well as, if not better than, the most boasting rationalist of Germany or Boston. But he knows, too, the immensely greater difficulties which rest on all things else, if we reject the views which the Church of Christ has ever maintained in respect to the Holy Scriptures. He sees that there is no entering upon this journey without traveling to an immense distance. Too many warnings have come back from those who have gone before; no one of whom has ever found any clear and steady light in this direction. The bleaching bones of the wanderers who have utterly lost their way and perished on the enchanted ground of infidel speculation, lie too thick for his venturing on so dangerous an excursion. He sees, too, that in these latter days of the world, faith is more rational than ever before, because the race has had so much more experience of the madness and hopeless darkness in which unbelief must ever terminate. This is his conservatism—his rationalism. This his reason sees most clearly. It is the highest exercise of that divine faculty to discern the limits of its own powers, and the absolute necessity of some objective guide which shall speak to him with the voice of authority.

This is one of the guards which a conservative Deity has placed to the aberrations of the human intellect. This is the ground of the Bible's uncompromising demand of faith, as itself the evidence of things unseen—a state of soul which is a condition precedent to the discernment of the highest and purest truth. There is, indeed, for those who love it, and who seek for it, the positive evidence, strong as any sensible experience, and clear as the very light of Heaven. But for the bewildered soul there is reserved that negative, conservative support which a sense of our moral wants lends to the weakness of the intellectual perception. "Where can we go but unto Thee?" The language of the earnest Peter may be applied to the Bible itself, as well as to the Lamb who is the light thereof. Where are we to go if we reject that divine revelation which has lighted so many souls through the valley of shades? Where, too, are we to stop, if we begin to question the fullness of its inspiration and the faithful integrity of its guidance?

Error must develop itself; and this, too, not only in impiety but folly. Into what a piteous drivel have at last fallen some of the most anti-biblical speculations of German philosophy. Neologism, Hegelianism, Straussism, are fast running out and becoming stale in the land that gave them birth, while in England and America they are yet served up in our periodicals and newspaper correspondence as fresh

and as fragrant as ever. In the latest number of the Westminster Review, this "scope and breadth of modern thought" gives us as the result of the newest and most *original* speculation of the times, that "Christianity is the fusion of the Hebrew and Hellenic element into a new historical function of a progressive character for the regeneration of mankind." The incarnation, it maintains, is only this ideal fusion. Christ and Paul were misty, and did not fully understand the development in which they were unconsciously performing a part. The infidel oracle, therefore, undertakes to shed light on their darkness. "The Hebrew element," it tells us, "was a feeling of the divine personality, the Hellenic represented the universe in the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought." We think we understand this nonsense. The Old Testament did doubtless teach the divine personality. We find it difficult to conceive how there could be any morality, or any religion, without it, or where it is regarded as "fused" into something else. It teaches also no less the universal presence of God in space and time, and the absolute dependence of all things on his creative and sustaining will. Jeremiah represents him as "filling Heaven and earth;" Isaiah, as "inhabiting eternity;" the Psalmist, as the universal fountain of life, and as having an existence to which measures of time have no application; while in the theology of Moses, he is not only "*The Father* of spirits to all that is flesh," but the I AM, the very ground and substratum of all being. That God is *ALL, in ALL*, is a Bible doctrine, an Old Testament doctrine, a "Hebrew element" set forth with a sublimity and a clearness for which one must look in vain in any Grecian poetry or philosophy. There was indeed a pantheistic tinge in some of the Greek speculations, but even this came from an Oriental source. It was not native either in their poetry or their theology.

Has our Reviewer ever read Homer, the book which some of the German rationalists in disparagement of the Old Testament have called the Grecian Bible, and which, above all others, represents the Hellenic element in this matter? Will he find there, or elsewhere in Greek poetry, any thing like the representation of the "universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" Polytheistic the Greek mind was to a most extravagant degree, and here was the great contrast between the Hellenic and the Hebrew idea; but what gods were ever more individual, personal, human even, than those of Greece? Did Zeus, and Apollo, and Hercules, "represent the universe as the eternal assumption of form by the divine thought?" True it is, each god had a particular department of nature, but instead of its being God "filling all things," according to the sublime doctrine of the Hebrew prophet, it was rather just the contrary, a filling all things with gods. Nature was not an emanation from deity. Such an idea was unknown to the Grecian mind. Nature, with them, was the *oldest*, and the gods were but emanations from her. She was eternal, and they were only superior to men as being an older and a mightier birth from the same prolific parent. In some quarters this article of the Westminster Review on Bunsen's Hippolytus has been praised for its profound scholarship; but what must we think of the claims, in this respect, of those who could so utterly mistake the fundamental idea of the Hellenic theology, or, as it might more properly be called, the Hellenic *theogony*. The emanation doctrine was purely Oriental. Whatever traces of it are to be found in Grecian philosophy were ever from that source.

What an important office, too, does Christianity fill in this profound and learned scheme! Here is no moral element at all—no law, no justice, no judgment, no cross, no redemption—none of those clear and thrilling thoughts which stand forth, as though written with a sunbeam in the words of Apostles, Evangelists, and Prophets. It is discovered, forsooth, that Christ is but "the fusion of two ideas forming an historical function for the regeneration of mankind!" And this is the new, the great, the wondrous theology of the age! Even admitting, however, that as a speculation it is not wholly nonsense, it may still be asked—what moral power is there in it? What hardened sinner would ever be converted by it? What good man would ever be strengthened in virtue by believing in such a developed union of the Hebrew personality and the Hellenic impersonality? What fear, what love, what penitence, what piety, does it possess? What fervent prayer, what devout worship, what melting emotion, what soul-anchoring faith could be the fruit of such a Gospel?

The truth is—this occidental pantheism is a most unnatural thing. If we would have the genuine article we should seek it in its old birth-place and native home in the East. It is far more congenial to the Asiatic quietism than to European or Hellenic thought, and instead of endeavoring thus to metamorphose Christianity, we might procure a better pantheistic gospel at once from India or Siam. When compared with this idealism of the Westminster Review, even Buddhism has more of the religious element, more fear of God, more to do with the conscience or those moral affections which are the true life of the soul.

We say again—let the young man who is tempted to set out on this path, see to what he must come if he continues his travels—to what an intellectual as well as moral barrenness he is doomed, if he rejects the clear teachings of Jesus and Paul for such a "fusion" and confusion of all ideas as are presented in these modern developments.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE drift of the town tide, as well as of the town talk, has long since flowed and landed countryward. Scarce any, save we poor martyrs of the quill and desk are left—to bear as best we can the shortened breathing of the streets, and the sweltering walls of the city. Long ago wives and children have begged their way out of doors, to the land of springs, or sea-breezes, or beach-bathing, or wide shelter-giving trees.

And yet it would be interesting to compute if, in earnest, there were less of real suffering from such murdersome work as the sun does, in the country than in the town. Free breezes, to be sure, we have not; nor any overplus of greenness to regale the eye; nor abundance of such water as meets us in mirror-like sheets of silver; nor swarming swallows, chirrupping and dashing about either old gray roofs and barns, or low-lying marsh-banks; but have we not in their places heavy walls of brick, which the sun finds it task-work to warm through to the core? Have we not narrow streets, with their half-days' certain gratuity of dense, damp shadow? Have we not inner offices, protected by sunny *outside* clerks, and cool pitchers of Croton, and rumbling ice-carts, with cool-looking "Rockland Lake" pictured to our fancy by gigantic capitals, and everlasting water-drip? Have we not the Battery at sunrise skirting as charm-

ing a reach of salt expanse—dashed into spray by as charming a fleet of yachts, Indiamen, liners, Australians, frigates, and boats steam-borne and oar-equipped, as is to be found skirting any pleasure-ground that the hot sun, in all his travels, shines upon? Have we not—at length—street-sweepers who work early on Broadway, leaving us clean stone pathway from Grace Church to Bowling-green, and hissing water-carts, prodigal of spray? Have we not, still further, a two months' furlough from all visiting parties, friends' weddings, congratulations, christenings, pic-nics, etcetera, etcetera? Are we not (gentlemen, we mean) for the once, our own masters? Do we not rule the household, the roast, the pantry, the chamber-maids—nay, the very cooks—for this little summer oasis, while wife and family are in the country?

Do we not walk about our own parlors with somewhat of the air of masters, and freemen—inviting a passing friend to dine with us, without any Caudle tremor in our bones, or any quick apprehension of the curtain lecture to come? Do we not riot even in this glowing sunshine which has driven our fashionable family to the close chambers of the Ocean House, and left us room and verge enough to do as we choose?

Is there not, in short—in all seriousness—an immense deal of idle and absurd languishment for the country wasted in these days? and quite as much, and quite as absurd a discontent with what Providence provides for us poor fellows, who stay behind? Are we not the truly sensible ones, who make a merit of our confinement in the town—of our freedom—of our boldness—of our empty walls—of our cigars upon the front balcony—of our audacity in our own kitchens—of our cool basements—of our back areas?

But lest our good readers should set us down for some stupid curmudgeon, who undervalues what he can never enjoy himself, we will inform them, that we—so bound to desk and pens—have ourselves enjoyed, after the usual summer fashion, our period of country recreation; and to convince them still further that this announcement is made in good faith, we will even serve them up an epitome of our progress, and of our summer *delicia*.

The affair was bruited about the breakfast-table (the only meal at which we are sure of being at home) as early as the first of March last past. At first it took the form of hints, dropped in connection with the movements of some near neighbors. Thus it was remarked by a daughter of the house, that Sally Sloman was going to Saratoga; and the daughter of the house quite envied Sally Sloman.

The mamma expressed herself sorry that the daughter could not take a short run to the Springs; she believed, conscientiously, that Congress water would do her good.

This much, of course, we could pass by, without any special remark or committal. But in a day or two, some new neighbor would come upon the breakfast board, who had bought a little cottage—a perfect gem of a place—on the Island. Whereupon the daughter, seconded by the mamma, would express plaintive regrets, and wonder why we didn't love the country more than we did. This, too, could be winked at, or, at worst, drifted aside by a peevish remark about the neighbor's thriving business. But, unfortunately, the claim of economy is a poor one to urge with such romantic ladies as have a very cheap idea about living in a cottage, with a kid, no servants, plenty of cheese-curds, and blue ribbons. Our daughter is at an age when she is easily and unfortunately infected with this mania.

As a consequence, the old story soon came up again, foisted in upon the shoulders of a stout neighbor who had taken rooms at West Point for a month. Some objections, on the score of cost, could be urged here with plausibility; but they were presently brushed away by the fearful hint of increasing sickness in the city, and imminent fear of cholera.

An indignant "pho—pho"—in reply to this had no other result than to make our family very sour, and our breakfasts very cold, for three weeks thereafter.

After this came sunny looks and smiles; a few kisses, and a plump request from our reconciled daughter to go and pass a week or two at Fort Hamilton or Newburgh.

There is a way of pushing daughterly requests, as every master of a family knows, which can not be gainsaid. We were, therefore, at length driven to capitulation; the terms of which involved a fortnight in the town of Newburgh. We have a respect for Newburgh, and for the people of Newburgh, and do not wish to injure them or malign them. Yet it is certain that they do live in a very hot, and a very dusty town. It is said to be cold in winter. We think it very possible. Our business, as is natural, required very frequent visits to the town; upon each of which we were haunted by a lively fancy-sketch of the Henry Clay disaster—relieved, at intervals, by thought, of the Reindeer, or of the Norwalk Bridge. And even had there been no haunting fear of this sort, there was enough of annoyance in the constant crowd of passengers to drive far off all easy sense of being amused. Indeed, nothing could exceed the anxiety of our poor girls on their passage up the river, lest the black trunk should be lost, or the russet traveling-case stolen, or the carpet-bag slip overboard. Besides which, they were horrified by the great number of "vulgar people" who seemed to be traveling with very much the same intent as themselves; and to tell the truth, there seemed to be no further difference than lay in a certain explosive hilarity which belonged to the "vulgar people." However, our daughters decided that they were vulgar; and distressed themselves a great deal, in forming a variety of conjectures as to how they could possibly have made their money, and who was their mantua-maker. They subsequently expressed regrets that such evidences of wealth should not be guided by more of taste and judgment. We must be permitted to observe here, that such notion is very apt to take possession of poor traveling families, whenever they overtake rich traveling families.

In proceeding with our experience, we have to mention the occupancy of very sunny rooms in the country, where the thermometer stood, upon an average, some ten degrees higher than in our modest quarters in town. There was a beautiful grove, indeed, much frequented (as a novelty) by the mamma and the daughters; but between musquitoes, canker-worms, and a long and dusty walk which led to it, we had, on our own part, rather a distaste for the grove.

It was found, too, much to the regret of the daughters, that the large flats which they had bought for the country, and trimmed with long blue streamers, were not the fashion at Newburgh; and these, with sundry other rustic accompaniments, were found to excite very unpleasant hilarity on the part of a few bare-legged boys who tended some half-dozen brindle cows, in the neighborhood of the grove. Two pairs of very *coquette* French slippers, from Middleton's, were, moreover, entirely ruined by the dew on the second morning after arrival.

Indeed, if it were not for the opportunity o' talking about the trip to the neighbors before alluded to, and comparing notes with them about "our stay in the country," we honestly believe that the family would have enjoyed themselves much better at home.

We have omitted to mention that a capital cook we had on leaving town, and to whom we gave a fortnight's leave of absence on going away, has never made her appearance again.

Upon the whole, we think it a mistake to suppose that a love of the country, or the enjoyment of it, is a thing to be "gotten up" on call, like a taste for the Opera, or extra shares of the Cumberland Coal Stock. We have a fancy that it is a thing "bred in the bone," wherever it is strong enough to give relaxation and pleasure; and we think it must be followed after leisurely, and enjoyed quietly, even as a *bon vivant* sits down in orderly and tranquil manner to the discussion of a good meal; and not in the fashion in which they consume dishes of meat and bread stuffs at the Irving or the Metropolitan Hotels.

We suggest, meantime, for some of our graceful limners of the daily press, the scheme of occupying themselves with portraitures of that old and respectable class who go, during the summer season, to such resorts as Saratoga and Newport, because they *really* enjoy the air or the water; and take rational satisfaction in keeping up, from year to year, their acquaintance with the landmarks of twenty years gone by. The class is fast going by: their pictures will prove as effective within a short time (if tastefully done) as that of Will Honeycomb, or of the Squire of Bracebridge Hall.

THE Town—by which we mean the stay-at-home Town—is busier than ever, with pulling down and building up. We despair of ever seeing Broadway completed. We can recall the time, not many years back, when the brick range opposite the Metropolitan Hotel was counted a most respectable pile, giving honor to that portion of the city, and subject for very much of newspaper encomium. We shall expect to see it coming down some fine morning, to give place to some new Lafarge Hotel, with a pine balustrade.

New schemes are afloat for an "Upper-story Railway," to carry the Broadway drift of passengers. One of these schemes proposes a second side-walk to flank the rails, and the adjustment of second-story rooms to lighter sorts of traffic. Something very like this, English travelers will remember, belongs to the quaint old town of Chester; and it may be that the antique doings of the stout Constables of Cheshire may yet give a hint to our mechanical and matter-of-fact age and people.

By the way, is it not something odd, in all our aimings at economy of space, and studies for brilliant effect, that we have neglected thus far to introduce the very convenient and the very showy *passages* of Continental cities? What could be prettier, or more suited to the shopping times, than a glazed Arcade reaching from Broadway through to Mercer-street, with dozens of little confectioners', hatters', and booksellers' shops at either hand? Would not every shower bring custom? and (if the position were adroitly chosen) would not the gayety and splendor of the scene convert the speculation into a most profitable fashionable Arcade? We throw out the hint gratuitously—venturing meantime the prediction that within ten years it *will be done*, and that it *will pay*.

Of course, in our climate, great care should be taken to secure very free and full ventilation.

THE monster Palace by the Reservoir has at length fulfilled the design of its projectors, and though we write in advance of the time, we can speak safely of a thronged exhibition. Dublin, meantime, with its Palace, is provoking admiration over the seas; and its great compeer of the Sydenham Park is rapidly advancing toward the fulfillment of the grandest promise yet made by man to the world of art and of nature.

NOT a little of boudoir and salon talk has rested upon a late order of our State department *apropos* of diplomatic and consular dress. It is eminently a Young American movement, without, however, having any thing about it dangerous to the old cherishment of either constitution or firesides. Henceforth, says Mr. Marcy, Americans shall be only Americans, whether charged with full missions or half missions; they shall wear no gold or trappings, but measure themselves simply by republican tailor standards. This new order is specially noticeable in contrast with that counter-action of the new French Emperor, which has sought the restoration of the imperial magnificence of the early part of the century.

The question becomes interesting, whether the black coat of the American Republic, or the blue and gold of the Emperor, will have most imitators in the world of 1900.

MR. VANDERBILT, of the monster steam-yacht, is, they tell us, playing the sovereign in the old English town of Southamptom. And while the good burghers of the place, with their wives and daughters, are eating his dinners, the quiet lookers-on from Portsmouth and Cowes are carefully studying the model of his vessel. Once let the British add the symmetry of our hulls to their easy working and powerful machinery, and we fear that new Yankee steamers would require to be built to maintain the ocean mastery.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE was a time when *Phrenology* was even more in vogue than Spirit-Rappings; and many a map of one's cranium is now laid carefully aside in some out-of-the way drawer, which used to be consulted as if it were the very oracle of Fate. To be sure, Phrenology has many devotees now, and charts are every day given to such persons as desire to know exactly what manner of persons they are of; still, the "science," if not in its decadence, is not at that "flood-tide of success" which might have been claimed for it some years ago.

Phrenology was at its height when Gall and Spurzheim were in Edinburgh together, illustrating the science—making numerous proselytes on the one hand, and creating a great deal of laughter and ridicule on the other. About this time a most amusing circumstance took place, which almost threw the unbelievers in the science into spasms of mirth. Guffaws were heard in the streets "like the neighing of all Tattersall's," at the success of a joke that was put upon one of the most prominent and learned of the societies which had been gotten up in the University.

Then, as nowadays, the illustrators of the science were assisted in their explication of its mysteries by numerous and various casts, upon which the different "organs," or propensities, were more or less developed. One morning, while the Society was holding a protracted sitting, and discussing the

accumulating proofs of the truth of the grand science, a messenger came in with a note, accompanied by a bag, in which was a large plaster cast of a human head. The note read somewhat as follows:

"*Gentlemen of the —— Phrenological Society:*

"Taking a great interest in the new science which you are engaged in making clear to the world, and having perused your able discussions of this great theme, I take the liberty of sending you a plaster cast, which I have received from a friend at Stockholm. It is taken from the head of a celebrated Swede, named *Thornipson*; and I should esteem it a favor if you would furnish me with a chart of the character of the different 'organs,' or characteristics, developed upon it.

"Awaiting an early reply, I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD.

"LOCHIEL, *April* 2, 18—."

The Society were in ecstasies when the cast had been taken from the bag. The "specimen" was indeed a splendid one: such a development of the "intellectual" organs was not to be found in any one of the numerous casts in the possession of the Society; and as it passed from one member to another, and each bump was separately examined by each, the admiration was unbounded: and, what was more, some of the more eminent of the members were enabled to find, very largely displayed, those protuberances which distinguished their *own* heads (the organ of *credulity*, if there be such, might have been one, perhaps), at which they felicitated themselves not a little.

A vote of thanks was passed to the donor; a chart of the head was dispatched for his inspection; and he was desired to forward it to his correspondent, to ascertain how far the Society had been correct in their reading of the character of the "illustrious deceased."

The return-mail brought the following letter from Mr. MacDonald:

"*Gentlemen of the —— Phrenological Society:*

"I have received your chart of the cast which I had the honor, on the 2d instant, to forward to your learned Society. I regret to say, that we have all been misled in the matter. I dispatched you the cast in some haste, after its receipt, in order that it might be early before you. On re-examining the letter of my correspondent, I find the following Postscript on the top of the last page, after the signature on the preceding page. It now appears that I had anticipated the writer in forwarding the cast to your learned body:

"'P.S. Please forward this to the most eminent of your Phrenological Societies in Edinburgh, where I understand the new science is making great headway. It is a cast of a *Swedish Turnip*, which grew in a garden in Stockholm, in such marvelous resemblance to a human head, that it has attracted the attention of thousands. The "original" is preserved in the collection of Natural Curiosities; and should you ever visit Stockholm, I shall be proud and happy to show it to you.'

"Excuse, gentlemen, the precipitancy with which I hastened to add this cast to your phrenological archives, and believe me, your obedient servant,

"JAMES MACDONALD."

Perhaps it is not necessary to add, that this letter was not "entered upon the minutes" of the Society!

A VIRGINIA circuit-preacher gives the following illustration of "faith that would remove mountains," which he heard from the lips of a negro preacher, who was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of the Almighty:

"Bred'ren," he said, in his broken way, "whateber de good God tell me to do in dis blessed book" (holding up at the same time an old, and evidently much-read Bible), "dat I'm gwine *to do*. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stone-wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin *troo* it, 'longs to GOD—jumpin' *at* it, 'longs to *me!*"

Simple and homely as was the illustration, it had an evident effect upon the limited comprehension of the preacher's hearers.

WE don't know that we ever heard a better instance of crime outwitting itself than the following:

A Protestant clergyman, traveling with his wife in his private carriage through the south of Ireland a good many years ago, was suddenly stopped by a robber, who demanded his money, his watch, and his wife's jewelry and ornaments, all of which he proceeded, without ceremony, to take, menacing the party at the same time with a loaded pistol which he held in his hand. When he had taken every thing that was valuable, he permitted the vehicle and its occupants to depart.

The carriage had not proceeded far, however, before a second thought struck the robber, and he gave chase after his victims whom he soon overtook, while the wife was engaged in reproaching her husband for his pusillanimity in not making a determined stand against the highwayman.

"We must change clothes," said the robber. "Strip, and take these!"

This was done at once, for the clergyman was a non-resistant, and practiced what he taught. He was then permitted again to drive on.

His wife was rallying him upon the sorry figure he presented in the miserable garb of the highwayman, when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Bless me! it is not so bad, after all! Here, in the pockets, are all my money, my watch, and your jewels! It is all for the best."

The robber had forgotten, in his anxiety to disguise himself from detection or identification, to empty the pockets he had dishonestly filled, while the very means he had adopted to *prevent* detection were the cause of his immediate arrest. The minister and his wife stopped at the first inn upon the road, narrated the circumstance that had happened; a party was sent out in pursuit; and in less than an hour the criminal was brought back and secured, having been easily detected by his clerical garb.

MANY of the English newspapers have of late devoted a column or more to what they designate "*American Newspaper Wit and Oddities.*" We commend to them the subjoined extracts from the Prospectus of a weekly paper to be called "*The Sociologer*," which some enterprising printer in the "flourishing city of Salt, in the State of Kanawha," has proposed to publish "in the first year of the PIERCE-ing reign, being the year after the "Big *Lick*" campaign." The "Programme of Principles" is arranged in order under appropriate heads:

"LOCAL MATTERS.—We are in favor of the construction of a wire-suspension-bridge across the river at this place; the funds for that object to be raised by a tax on *Female Beauty* in this county, allowing them to make the estimate.

"We are in favor of a thorough *School Reform*. The present system is entirely too old-fashioned for

the present age. We must have schools which we can rely upon in learning our daughters to speak French with fluency, walk Spanish, and faint in the most graceful manner described in our fashionable novels.

"We must have a school where our sons can learn to smoke, chew tobacco, drink champagne, sport a very stiff standing collar, and sit up late at night, in the 'most approved style.'

"We shall keep down all family-quarrels in the neighborhood; always taking particular care never to be in striking distance of intervention. Intervention, national or domestic, is against our principles.

"We are in favor of *increasing the pay* of Justices of the Peace, so that our citizens may all get a greater amount of justice than they once could. If they *pay* for it, they ought to *have* it.

"We object to allowing jurors any compensation whatever; for by so doing the ends of justice will be sooner accomplished than they would if the jury got two dollars a day for drinking bad liquor and playing dirty cards in the jury-room. By this means, too, good jurors can be obtained, and the officer of the court get rid of being haunted by hangers-on for the purpose of getting on juries. Such men are *not fit* for jurors!

"NATIONAL AFFAIRS.—We think that Congress, before the members spend all the contingent fund, should make some arrangement for a general *Hog-Mart*, as our opinion is that the present is not going to be a very good year for corn.

"We hold that President Pierce should be made personally responsible, or Uncle Samuel, whose servant he is, for the debts of every man whom he appoints to office of any kind, away from home, unless settled in some way before the individual takes his exit for foreign parts.

"'*The Socdologer*' will insist on the annexation of Mexico, as an asylum for our broken-down politicians; also our would-be great men, who are not very likely to succeed in doing any thing of importance for their country in many ages to come.

"PERSONAL.—The subscription-price of '*The Socdologer*' will be only fifty cents per copy per year, payable right away. This will insure a large circulation of our principles.

"We shall speak independently upon all subjects, except on those miscellaneous occasions when it may be to our personal advantage to speak otherwise.

"We shall have an Editor *pro tem.*, or Head-Printer, who, in case of our absence or neglect, will give a correct account of things he has no knowledge of, that may occur in the community—provided he isn't drunk.

"We have selected as a suitable place for our editorial office the rooms generally occupied by the sheriff's legal guests, where all who are so lucky as to be of his party, may rely upon being well entertained."

There is more sly satire in the above than will meet the eye without a second perusal.

AT the recent opening of the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," at Dublin, the following dialogue was overheard by an American gentleman who was present at this "World's Fair" of the Green Island:

"I say, Pat, this mating is a grand thing intirely: and shure it's going on mighty swate and paceable."

"Yis, be Jakers, it is juat *now*," replied Pat; "but, bide a bit! Be me sowl, it's impossible that such a many at a fair can pass without a fight!"

But the assembly, vast as it was, notwithstanding this prediction, dispersed in peace, and without a single broken head.

WE once gave in the "Drawer" a few examples of the wit of Nas-red-dyn, the Æsop of Turkey, in days gone by. Here is another and more recent one, which is characteristic, and, we dare say, well founded:

On one occasion, wishing to propitiate the conquering Tamerlane, it was proposed to carry him fruit.

"Hold!" said he; "two heads are better than one. I will ask my wife whether I had better carry quinces or figs."

His wife replied: "Quinces will please him best, because they are larger and finer."

"However useful the advice of others may be," rejoined Nas-red-dyn, "it is never well to follow that of a woman: I am determined to take figs."

When he arrived at the camp, Tamerlane amused himself by throwing the figs at the old man's bald head. At every blow Nas-red-dyn exclaimed, "God be praised!"

Tamerlane inquired what he meant by that exclamation.

"I am thanking God," replied the old man, "that I did not follow my wife's advice; for if I had brought quinces instead of figs, I should not have escaped without a broken head."

The Turks attach, in their solemn way, a great "moral lesson" to this story of the old Mussulman joker.

THERE was a great failure in a concert given "down East" lately, which is thus accounted for by the leader. He said the discord was probably owing to the fact that the G string of the principal bass-viol was not made of good tow! The first drummer, too, said he, "broke his right drum-stick the day before, and his new one was made of bass-wood; whereas, for playing high notes, it should be made of white-wood; and that probably had something to do with the discord." The leader also remarked that the absence of the little string from his "first violin" probably had a bearing on the subject. But none of these was the true reason. The fact came out at last, and it was this: the bass-string of the fiddle was *tied in two places*. The leader said that the discords undoubtedly originated in those knots. "One knot," he said, "could be got along with; but that, to a cultivated ear, *two knots* were insupportable."

We do not profess great knowledge of music, or musical instruments; but to even an untutored ear, music, under such circumstances as those above stated, could hardly have been "pursued" save "under difficulties." One can imagine Paganini's "fine ear" somewhat tortured by *two* big knots in *one* string!

SIDNEY SMITH, one of the rarest wits that England ever produced, had an intense aversion to all forms of the *charade*. He went so far as to say, that any man who could trifle away his precious time in making one of the silly things, should at once be hung, without benefit of clergy; nor, he added, should he be allowed time, when upon the scaffold, before being turned off, to state to the gaping multitude that might surround him, whether his "first" agreed with his "sixth," or his "seventh" with his "tenth."

We share, to some extent, Sidney Smith's aversion to this species of lingual mosaic mechanism. We never saw but one really good one, and that was

one in which, *in spite* of the trammels of the charade, the *thought* redeemed the *form*. It was written for a London weekly journal the day after the funeral of the poet CAMPBELL:

I.

"Come from my *First*!—aye, come!
The battle-dawn is nigh:
And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought—
Fall as thy father fell:
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought,
So farewell!—and farewell!

II.

"Toll ye my *Second*!—toll!
Fling high the flambeau's light;
And sing the hymn of a parted soul,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast—
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed
So take him to his rest.

III.

"Call ye my *Whole*—aye, call
The lord of lute and lay!
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day.
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
On the turf of a soldier's grave."

This is very striking, and forcibly illustrates some of the peculiarities of Thomas Campbell's poetry, its grand and martial spirit.

THE visitor to Greenwood Cemetery, as he passes through the beautiful grounds of that treasure-house of the departed, will observe among the many tasteful mementoes of affection with which it is profusely sprinkled, a monument of the most ornate beauty and grace—the work of his own design, and the tribute of a fond and affectionate father to the memory of an only and lovely daughter, who, at the ripe age of seventeen, lost her life by the running away of the horses with the carriage, in which she was riding to an evening party. We could not avoid thinking, while reading the following paragraph from late foreign intelligence, what a joy it would impart to the desolate heart of this devoted father, if he could look upon the lineaments of his beloved child, beautiful as in life, with all the apparent spirit which informed the lifeless clay while living!

"While demolishing, recently, the old church of the ancient Welsh college at Helmstadt, near Brunswick, a coffin made of lead, the lid of which was a glass of great thickness, was found to contain the body of a young girl, apparently about twelve years of age, which still preserved every appearance of youth and freshness, although the coffin bore the date of 1461. A private letter, from a correspondent who was present, gives the following account of the appearance of the body. The occurrence is fully corroborated as a veritable fact: 'The face and figure of the child were perfect as in life, not a single sign of decay being visible throughout the whole person. The cheek preserved its delicate rose tint—the forehead its snowy whiteness. The hair, which was of a beautiful gold color, was parted on the brow and fell in long ringlets over the bosom, crisp and fresh as though the child had lain down to sleep the moment before. The dress of white satin embroidered in gold flowers, the shoes of white velvet, the lace apron, all seemed bright as if newly purchased; and more astonishing still, the bunch of lilies held in the hand of the corpse still looked as fresh and moist as though the dew still hung upon it. The workmen engaged in the demolition of the building were struck with awe, and immediately went in quest of the chief magistrate of the place, who soon arrived on the spot, accompanied by several of the inhabitants. Unfortunately the worthy functionary having recently been made the victim of a practical joke in the town, and being half suspicious that the same thing was intended, would not believe in the reality, and seizing the spade from the hand of one of the workmen who stood near, dealt a heavy blow upon the lid of the coffin, and smashed one or two of the diamond-shaped panes of glass of which it was composed. In a moment, and while yet we gazed, a thin cloud of dust or vapor, like a wreath of smoke, rose up from the coffin and dimmed the sight, veiling the corpse from our view. When it had disappeared, we gazed downward in awe; nothing remained of what had struck us with so much interest and wonder—all had vanished, and left naught behind but a heap of discolored dust, a few rags of tinsel, and one or two dried bones.'"

It would seem from this that the invention, hitherto supposed to be American in its origin, of the "metallic coffins," which, by producing a vacuum, by means of an air-pump, preserve corpses from decay, must have been known in the middle ages. In the case above recorded, no name was found upon the coffin. There was no doubt that the perfect preservation of the corpse had been produced by the abstraction of all air from the coffin. "It is supposed," say the journals, "that the child belonged to some great professor of the University, who had performed the experiment in secret; since it is curious that amid all this pains and care concerning the body of the child, no means should have been taken to preserve her name from oblivion."

After all that science, or affection, or skill of any kind can do, the mandate of the Almighty, "Dust thou *art*, and to dust shalt thou *return*," must be obeyed. We are all in the service of Death, the great Conqueror, and "there is no discharge in that war!"

"*He's taken too much Rum*," is the caption to a rough piece of verse which we find in a far-western paper, printed with all the bad orthography and typographical blunders with which the writer originally jotted it down. It seems to us, however, to embody too much truth, and too forcibly expressed, to be "made fun of." So at least we must have thought when we placed it among the contents of our multifarious "Drawer." We restore it to a correct orthography, and venture to print it, for its "moral," if for nothing else. It runs as follows:

"A grief-worn mother silent sat,
Beside her little son,
When thus began his childish chat,
And soon attention won.

"'Why, mother dear, why do you weep?
Why don't my father come?'
'Alas! my child, it is because
He's taken too much rum!'

"'Why is his nose so often red?
His eyes with water run?'
'The reason is—it must be said—
He's taken too much rum!'

"'The winter winds, they make us cold,
The house has poor become:
We want for clothes, we want for shoes.'
'He's taken too much rum!'

"'Why does our farm no bread-corn grow?
Why all with thorns o'errun?'
'The reason is—sad is the truth—
He's taken too much rum!'"

When the "*Siamese Twins*" were "on view" at the Museum in this city, we saw a lank, cadaverous-looking clergyman, with a white cravat adjusted to his neck at the precise point short of strangulation, go up to them and say, in very measured and sepulchral tones:

"Young men, may I ask how long you have been in this condition?"

They both replied, at one and the same time, and in the same words:

"Twenty-one years, the fifteenth day of last September."

"Umph!" resumed their inquisitor; "that is a long time—*quite* a long time. You must be very much *attached* to each other!"

A fact so incontrovertible amused us a good deal at the time, we remember; and we have been newly reminded of it by the following dialogue which took place between Chang and Eng on their recent visit to the East, and an inquisitive Yankee, of "that ilk."

After "dickering" some time with the long-legged door-keeper, he disbursed "the swindle," as he called it—a quarter of a dollar—and entered to see the "cur'osity." He surveyed the unique pair for the space of five minutes without saying a word. At length he broke out:

"How long you fellers been in this kind of a hitch?"

"Forty-two years," replied Eng.

"Do tell! Gettin' kind o' *used* to it, then, I 'xpect?"

"We *ought* to be, by *this* time," said the twins, both together.

"Yes—'xactly; should say so tew, myself. B'long to the same church, shouldn't wonder?"

"Yes," said Chang, "we do."

"Want to know!" continued the Yankee.—"Well," he added, examining the ligature, "ef one on you dies, t'other 'll be in a fix, won't he?"

"It *would* be bad," said Eng, with something of sadness in his face at the thought.

"Don't drink nothin', 'xpect?" pursued their interrogator. "Ever go in to swim?"

"Sometimes," they answered.

After gazing at and scrutinizing them for a few moments longer, the indefatigable questioner again burst out with:

"Look o' here! s'posin' one o' yeou fellers should get into a scrape, and was about to be put into jail? How do you calc'late you'd get along?"

"Oh," said Eng, laughing at the idea, "I'd go Chang's bail!"

"Sartain—ye-e-s: you *could* do that—couldn't ye?"

And here closed the instructive colloquy, and the inquisitor, whistling Yankee-Doodle, retired, and gave room for a fresh "lot" of examiners to interrogate anew the wonderful "cur'osities."

That was a most admirable and appropriate answer which a poor woman once gave to a minister, who asked her "What is Faith?"

"I am ignorant," she replied, "and I can not answer well; but I think faith is *taking our Heavenly Father at his word.*"

It was the gifted Summerfield who first mentioned this anecdote, in a discourse delivered in this city, soon after his arrival in the country.

"Speaking of bores," says a victim to one of the species, "I can scarcely imagine one capable of inflicting more misery than an intolerable *whistler*. I can stand a fife, when all the nation is "armed and equipped" on training days, and and a drum with its "fiang, fiang," serves to drown its screams; but to listen to a poor air, badly murdered by a poorer puckerer, I prefer death in some easier if not quicker way. I always think of the French stage-coach driver, who, being very much annoyed by such a bore, turned upon him with:

"Mine frien', vat for you all de times visse! You loss your dog, eh!"

Apropos of "Bores:" they are of a good many kinds: and *very* long-winded preachers may certainly be counted among them. A good story is told of a certain preacher in a Western State, who was wont to indulge in unconscionable long sermons, and who once exchanged with a brother who always delivered short ones, and always very good ones, also. At the usual hour for closing the services, the people became uneasy, and being inspired with the love of warm dinners rather than long sermons, went out one by one, till the preacher was left with the sexton. Still he continued to "blaze away," till that functionary, seeing no prospect of a close, walking deliberately up the pulpit stairs, and handing him the key, requested him to lock up when he got *through*, and leave the key at his house as he went along!

As for the literary bore, who insists upon reading to us the poem he has just written for our Magazine, we have sometimes thought of profiting by the example of M——, the dramatist. He was one day stopped in a public square by Fitzgerald, a noted bore, commemorated in the "Rejected Addresses."

"My dear M——," exclaimed Fitzgerald, "I am delighted to see you. You were not at the Literary Fund dinner, were you?"

"No," replied the dramatist. "I could not attend."

"Why," answered Fitzgerald, "then you missed hearing me recite my last poem. But never mind. you're a lucky fellow in meeting me now; for I happen, by the greatest good-fortune in the world, to have a copy of it in my pocket now. Here it is; I'll *recite* it to you on the spot."

"Attempt it at your peril!" exclaimed the dramatist, thrusting his hand into his pocket with a determined air. "It's as much as your life is worth; I have pistols in my pocket."

These are the days for "Pleas" of all kinds: "pleas" for woman's rights; "pleas" for the poor, for the criminal, for the young, and for the tempted; but the annexed "plea" is somewhat out of the order of "common-pleas." It is entitled,

"A PLEA FOR EGGS.

"Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brittle things;
They can not fly until they're hatch'd,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress:
The "yelk" and white will all run out,
And make a dreadful 'mess!'

"'Tis but a little while at best,
That hens have *power* to lay:
To-morrow eggs may addled be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
O, let the touch be *very* light,
That takes them from the keg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!"

What good old English worthy was it, who said: "I would strive to be *virtuous* for *my own* sake, although not one were to know it on earth beside

myself: just as I would be *clean* for my own sake, although nobody were to see me."

SOMEBODY away out in Minnesota—as far up as the Falls of St. Anthony—has been perpetrating the following poetical description of "A Merchant." The subject, we take it, is the "merchant" of a country-store; quite a different variety from the "big bugs" of the trade in the Great Metropolis, it must be premised:

"Tare and tret,
Gross and net,
Box and hogsheads, dry and wet,
Ready made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail—will you trade?

"Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Ell or quarter, yard or nail;
Every dye,
Will you buy,
None can sell as cheap as I!

"Thus each day,
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray!
O'er his books
He nightly looks,
Counts his gain and bolts his locks.

"By-and-by,
He will die:
But the ledger-book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold,
How he got and used his gold."

THE story is current, we believe, of the elder MATTHEWS, the inimitable actor and amusing *mime*, who, when in this country, took passage from New York for Boston in one of the Sound steamers. He was dreadfully annoyed by the gormandizing and bolting of food by the passengers at the supper table, as the boat was passing through the Sound. He reached out his hand for a plate of potatoes, which was nearly exhausted, there being but a solitary one remaining in the plate. He was about drawing it toward him, when a fork was stuck deep into the "murphy," and a harsh voice exclaimed:

"Halves, mister!—*haaves!*" The potato having been halved, and *that* business got through with, he said to a "gentleman" at his side:

"Will you oblige me by handing me the butter?"

"There's butter *by you*," said the man, in a cold, disagreeable tone.

"Thank you!" said Matthews, "I did not see it."

"Very well," said his amiable neighbor, "who said you *did* see it?"

This closed *that* conversation, at least between "the parties" mentioned.

THEY have a pleasant way of raising blisters in India, according to late accounts. The skin is raised with red-hot iron, and the blister is dressed with Cayenne pepper. "Gunpowder Pills," also, is a favorite medicine, in that region. Twelve of them are given for a "dose." A minute after they are down, a coal of fire is applied to a slow-match, leading down the throat, when a "movement among the particles" takes place, which either eradicates the disease or the patient—most commonly the latter!

IT is a very common thing for people when they are on the downhill side of life to wish to disguise their age, and to appear much younger than they really are. We have heard of a very polite husband who was accustomed, on coming down to breakfast on the morning of a new year, to address his wife with:

"Well, my dear, how old are you going to be *this* year!"

The probability is, from the question, that she was growing younger every year.

There is a good story recorded of Pope ("the little crooked thing, that asked questions") which illustrates, laughably enough, this propensity to grow younger with increasing years. If there was a sting in the satire of the trick put upon him, it was not so sharp as many that Pope had stabbed with; and it was his to "take" as well as "give."

When Pope first came to London in 1774, he was about twenty-seven years old; and he was very solicitous, toward the latter part of his life, of being thought much younger than he was; a desire that one Mich. Kelly thought proper, on all occasions, to thwart. One morning Pope called upon Kelly, and the latter placed in his hands a letter, with the Dublin post-mark, addressed to Pope, "to the care of M. Kelly, Esquire." After many thanks, Pope opened and read the effusion, which was from an unknown correspondent, begging an important favor for his grandson, and reminding Pope how often he (Pope) in Dublin had "patted the writer on the head, and praised his aptitude as a scholar," &c., &c., and concluding with the following paragraph:

"I am now *eighty years of age*, and do hope that the friend and patron of *my boyhood* will not desert me or mine in my declining years!"

Pope was rallied by his friend upon the contents of the letter, which it was in vain to attempt to conceal. The story got abroad, and the satirical little poet never heard the last of it, nor, it is stated, did he ever forgive it. Proof so circumstantially and inferentially overwhelming, could not be parried.

MANY a parent will feel these simple lines; feel them, the mother, as only a mother *can* feel, when she encounters some little object that was cherished by her departed child; a little shoe, a broken doll, a set of tiny tea-things; a little rocking-horse, or juvenile play-thing:

"Oh we shall mourn him long, and miss
His ready smile, his ready kiss;
The patter of his little feet,
Sweet frowns, and stammered phrases sweet.

"And graver looks, serene and high,
A light of Heaven in that young eye;
All these will haunt us, till the heart
Shall ache—and ache—and tears shall start."

And apropos of children: would not many a bitter thought be spared to surviving parents—many a pang arising from errors past and irretrievable—if more consideration were yielded to their little wants, their little weaknesses, their little faults, if need be, while living? On this point a correspondent will be permitted briefly to speak in some early number of the "Drawer."

THE following epitaph was copied by an American traveler from an old tomb-stone at Oakham, in Surrey, England.

"The Lord was good—I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me."

Literary Notices.

German Lyrics, by CHARLES T. BROOKS. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) The selections, of which this volume consists, are, to a very considerable extent, taken from the productions of Anastasius Grün, the *nom de plume* of Count von Auersberg, a Viennese poet, whose writings have hitherto been little known to the students of German literature in this country. His spirited and original verses are rendered with remarkable success by the present translator. Favorite pieces are also given from Uhland, Ruckert, Freiligrath, Gellert, Claudius, and a variety of others, who may be regarded as the minor poets of Germany. Mr. Brooks has not entered upon this responsible literary task without conscientious preparation. To a familiar knowledge of the German language, he adds a true sympathy with the peculiar spirit of its most characteristic poetry, and, with a happy mastery of versification, has reproduced his originals in their native quaintness and simplicity. His volume opens a field of beauty, whose treasures will prove a delightful surprise to many readers, and will be welcomed by all the admirers of natural sentiment and sweet and living fancies.

The History of the Civil Wars in France, by LEOPOLD RANKE. A new work by this profound historian will be welcome to every student of European history. The volume now issued by Harper and Brothers is devoted to the civil wars of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and throws much light on the events of that important period. Professor Ranke is always discreet and cautious; his principles of historical research are sound; and he never fails to present the subject to which he devotes his attention in a new aspect. The present valuable contribution to historical learning will add to his claims on the gratitude of the scholar.

Theory of Politics, by RICHARD HILDRETH. In this volume, Mr. Hildreth engages in a discussion of the foundation of governments, and the causes of political revolutions. It may be regarded as a counterpart to his "History of the United States," unfolding the theoretical principles which, in his view, underlie the progress of social affairs. Eminently acute and subtle—founded on an ingenious and refined analysis—and thoroughly original in their character—the ideas here set forth must attract the attention of thinking men, though, to a great extent, they will provoke controversy rather than secure conviction. The ability with which they are maintained is equal to the boldness of inquiry in which they had their birth, the author never shrinking from the conclusions to which he is led by a stringent logic, and never failing to give them the most vigorous defense of which they are susceptible. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Old New York; or Democracy in 1689, is the title of a tragedy by Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, founded on the memorable political episode in the history of New York, in which Jacob Leisler is placed at the head of affairs, by the spontaneous action of the people, in defiance of the constituted authorities of England. The author has clothed the materials furnished by the imperfect annals of the day, with a vail of romance, which reflects great credit on her constructive power and her facility and strength of expression. The plot is high-wrought, dealing in the darker elements of passion, and upholding the sentiment of remorse, in intense contrast with that of love and patriotic devotion, which forms a leading feature of the play. In the conception of the persons of the drama, the author has drawn largely upon her imagination, though without violating the probabilities of history. Her language is terse and vigorous, marked by great poetic beauty, and well adapted for dramatic effect. In the general character of the play may be detected the same qualities for which the writings of Mrs. Oakes Smith are usually distinguished—earnestness of thought, strong individuality of feeling, a cast of expression not distinctively feminine, and a persistent self-reliance, which finds its law in interior suggestions, rather than in popular tastes and opinions. The tragedy is intended for representation on the stage, and whatever fate awaits it from the precarious verdict of a theatrical audience, it will increase the already high reputation of the author as one of the most gifted female writers of this country. (Published by Stringer and Townsend.)

A new volume of JACOB ABBOTT'S popular juvenile series, describing a visit of MARCO PAUL to the Springfield Armory, is published by Harper and Brothers. It contains an interesting account of the various processes in the manufacture of muskets at that establishment, with incidental notices of many objects of curiosity to the traveler on Connecticut River. The flowing style of this volume, as well as the multiplicity of facts which it sets forth, makes it one of the most appropriate works of the season for juvenile readers.

Murphy and Co., Baltimore, have issued an edition of *An Introduction to the Sacred Scriptures*, by the Rev. JOSEPH DIXON, now Primate of Ireland. The work is intended to present a popular view of Biblical Literature according to the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. The quarter from which it comes, and the unmistakable ability and erudition which it displays, will make it a standard authority among those for whose use it was intended.

A new serial, which bids fair to meet with popular success, has been started by Hermann J. Meyer, an enterprising German publisher in this city. It is called *The United States Illustrated*, and is to consist of views of American scenery, from original drawings by eminent artists. The principal editor is Mr. CHARLES A. DANA, who will be assisted in the preparation of the work by many of the most distinguished writers in the country.

The Rum Plague, translated from the German of ZSCHOKKE, is a powerful temperance story, showing in an original and impressive manner the inevitable evils arising from the use of alcoholic beverages. (Published by John S. Taylor.)

A collection of *Illustrated Memoirs*, by CHARLES C. SAVAGE, is published by Rufus Blanchard, comprising notices of a great number of distinguished individuals of all ages and countries. As a work of popular reference, it can not fail to command an extensive circulation.

The Boyhood of Great Men is the title of a valuable reprint by Harper and Brothers, giving brief sketches of the early career of those who have fought their way to eminence and distinction in the various walks of life. It embraces a noble company of poets, historians, statesmen, men of science, artists, and scholars of different nations. Among the great names which it commemorates, we find those of Sir Walter Scott, Daniel Webster, Dr. Johnson, Sir Isaac Newton, Sir William Jones, Dr. Arnold, Audubon, and

others both of recent and more distant times. The narratives are written in a simple and lively style, and are well suited to make a salutary impression.

The Slave Trade, Domestic and Foreign, by H. C. Carey. (Published by A. Hart.) The title of this profound volume might lead the reader to suppose that it had a political or sectarian purpose. But this would be a totally erroneous view of its character. It has no reference to the institution of slavery, as it exists in this country especially, or in any other country; but presents a philosophical discussion of the principles of commerce and industry, on which the welfare of society every where depends. The leading idea of Mr. Carey is, that in proportion to the tendency of industrial systems to elevate the value of man, is his guarantee for freedom, progress, and universal well-being. He gives a luminous exposition of the laws by which the development of society is governed, showing that, unless obstructed by artificial and selfish arrangements, their natural operation leads to the advancement and prosperity of the race. His views are supported by a mass of facts, collected from the history and statistics of all nations, while his reasoning is marked by crystal clearness of logic, and an imperturbable serenity of temper. The application of his principles to the subject of this volume will command the attention of intelligent readers, and confirm the position of the author as a leading authority in the science of political economy.

The Hive and the Honey Bee, by the Rev. L. L. Langstroth. (Published by Hopkins and Co., Northampton.) In this work, the author presents a good deal of valuable information on the habits of the honey-bee, which he has gathered from personal inquiry and experience. It is in no respect a compilation from previous writers. The views which it presents, are often original, and are sustained by very satisfactory evidence. We know no work, amidst the multiplicity of treatises on the subject, that is so practical, so intelligent, and so complete as the present. It will form a manual of great interest and utility to the cultivators of a difficult, though enticing, branch of rural economy.

The Redeemed Captive. A new edition of this celebrated memoir, relating the captivity and deliverance of the Rev. John Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., during the Indian War of 1703, has been published by Hopkins and Co., Northampton. It is edited by one of the descendants of the captive, Dr. Stephen W. Williams, a writer favorably known to the public by his various antiquarian researches. He has added to the volume a biographical sketch of the Rev. Mr. Williams, together with some curious notes in reference to the Dauphin claims of his kinsman, the Reverend Eleazer. The editor has been acquainted with the pretended Dauphin ever since he was a young man, and never heard his origin or parentage doubted until within the last four or five years. He has no doubt of his regular descent from Eunice Williams, the daughter of the "Redeemed Captive," who remained and married among the Indians; he finds in Eleazer the marks of an Indian half-breed; never discovered any traces of idiocy about him; and five years after his alleged interview with De Joinville, received from him notices of his Indian genealogy, without the most distant allusion to his royal descent. In relation to the age of Eleazer, he has frequently informed Dr. Williams that he was born in 1790; this date is confirmed by other testimony: whereas the Dauphin was born five years before, in 1785. Various letters have been written by Eleazer to the editor, since the conversation with De Joinville, but not one expressed a doubt of his direct lineal descent from the Rev. Mr. Williams, until July, 1849, eight years subsequent to the date of the grand discovery. The statements of the editor of this volume are extremely interesting, and are sufficient in themselves to show that the pretensions of his Bourbon namesake are mere smoke. We are glad to see this edition of a rare old memoir at the present time. Its publication is seasonable, and must be welcome, not only to American antiquarians but to the general reader.

Life and Works of Thomas Cole, by Louis L. Noble. (Published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co.) The author of this biography enjoyed the advantage of a close personal intimacy with the distinguished artist who forms its subject. Naturally reserved and incommunicative, Mr. Cole appears, in this relation, to have freely unbosomed himself with all the confidence and geniality of friendship. Hence, we have more of the inner life than is usual in the memoirs of eminent persons. The volume reveals a pure and unworldly nature, strong domestic affections, an enthusiastic love of nature, and a devotion to beauty that is rarely paralleled. In relating the progress of Mr. Cole as an artist, the author shows the spiritual condition in which each of his great productions had its origin. They are traced back to some peculiar experience of nature, or in the sphere of religion, thus presenting an impressive exponent of personal growth and development. To readers who are addicted to habits of interior analysis, this portion of the volume will form the chief attraction. The external history of Mr. Cole, however, is full of interest and instruction. Although not signalized by any extraordinary events, it presents a beautiful example of admirable power worthily devoted to lofty ends. In the construction of his narrative, Mr. Noble has not always preserved the requisite simplicity for this branch of composition, but its faults of taste are amply redeemed by its elevated spirit and its genuine zeal for Art.

Professor Harvey, the well-known Algologist, has published a Second Part of his *Nereis Boreali-Americana*, comprising rhodosperms, or red kinds of North American sea-weeds. It is illustrated with twenty-four quarto plates, executed by the author himself in lithography, and printed in colored ink; and the microscopic structure and fructification of each species are worked out with his usual elaborate care. Professor Harvey, with the most disinterested zeal, has undertaken this laborious task for the Smithsonian Institution of Washington, and we can not help noticing with pleasure the ardor with which the different American collectors of sea-weeds are assisting him by the loan of specimens. For supplies received since the publication of the First Part, the author records his acknowledgments of contributions from California, Florida, and from New York harbor —some inclosing forms quite new to him.

In Whittaker's "Traveler's Series," *A Critical Essay on Thomas Carlyle*, his style, teaching, tendency, is republished from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, in which it originally appeared. The writer gives due praise to Mr. Carlyle for vigorous thought and honest speaking, but criticises with just severity his affected style, his obscure teaching, and the dangerous tendencies of his writings, especially in their skeptical and pantheistic spirit. There are some points on which the general honesty of Mr. Carlyle is maintained to be at fault, as in regard to the suppression of the closing scene of his friend John Ster-

ling's life, which Archdeacon Hare has so touchingly described.

Eleven thousand copies of Mr. LAYARD's last work have been sold in England during the last three months.

Mr. LAYARD set out from Constantinople on the 5th of May, for England, "to resume his Parliamentary duties."

A new annotated edition of the *English Poets* is announced as preparing for publication in London. The project is so far good, and may prove sucessful if sufficient judgment is exercised in carrying it into execution. The new edition is to be distinguished from all others by "including the works of several poets entirely omitted from previous collections," while, at the same time, "by the exercise of a strict principle of selection, the edition will be rendered intrinsically more valuable than any of its predecessors." The introduction of more of the old lyrical and ballad poetry is a favorable feature in the series. Notes, biographical, critical, and historical, with connecting notices and commentaries, are to be supplied by Mr. Robert Bell, the editor of the edition. The prospectus says that "a complete body of English poetry" is at present a desideratum.

Mr. COLLIER's publication of the manuscript emendations from his old folio, followed by the edition of *Shakspeare* in which those emendations were incorporated with the text, has called into the field a critic and commentator of the olden school, with whom extensive popularity was not a primary object. In his *Shakspeare Vindicated*, Mr. SINGER goes seriatim through the principal "interpolations and corruptions" advocated by Mr. Collier; pointing out the why and wherefore of the errors; noting when judicious emendations have been already made by some of the numerous editors of the poet; and fairly allowing merit where merit is due. The conclusion of Mr. Singer is, that the manuscript is of no *authority* whatever, and that each passage must stand or fall, like any other critical suggestion upon a reading. The most curious point raised by Mr. Singer is, whether Mr. Collier's old book is not after all the reverse of a *rara avis*. Mr. Singer has in his possession two of the folios with manuscript alterations, emendations, and corrections, and, like Mr. Collier's, in more than one handwriting. Both books, Mr. Singer infers, originally belonged to some manager or company, to whom he ascribes the stage-directions, the rejection of whole passages deemed unfit for the stage, and unwarrantable insertions. The minor emendations he attributes to later possessors, who most probably had recourse to some critical edition, from which they made their corrections.

Mr. THACKERAY's *Essays on the English Humorists* has been published in London. "We observe," says the *News*, "an original and highly characteristic article from his pen, in the June number of Harper's 'American Monthly,' upon the charity engendered by humor, and writers thereof. His tribute to the talents and excellence of Mr. Dickens's writings evinces much heartiness and kindly regard."

The *Athenæum* notices, in its characteristic oracular style, *The Shady Side; or, Life in a Country Parsonage*, by a Pastor's Wife. "This is a book calculated to excite odd speculations among the controversial: a tale which might have been undertaken at the instance of some devout lover of deans, prebends, stalls, shovel hats, and the other pomps which link Church with State in England, to show the horrors of the 'Voluntary System' in America. According to the 'Pastor's Wife' (who is an American lady), 'life in a country parsonage' in 'the States' appears to be as pretty a martyrdom as the world has now to show. Privacy is exhibited as invaded by coarse curiosity; conscience is displayed as sitting within the control of religious dissipation, demanding perpetual pulpit excitement; service is reported to be repaid by that shabby trickery and self-interested meanness, the detail of which, were it attributed to 'the Yankee' (of the stage) by an English tourist, would put 'the Union' in a flame. Both the pastor and the pastor's wife are worn down to early graves by the dreary life of misery and undignified trial which is their lot in the 'country parsonage.' All that can be urged in favor of so dismal a book is, a hope that it is not true as a picture."

Professor AYTOUN has concluded his Lectures in London on Poetry, by a rapid review of *Scott, Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, Shelley*, and *Keats*; and declared that his object in preparing these lectures had never been that of promulgating any new views, but simply of recording his protest against what he believes to be the modern tendency of worshiping *obscurity*.

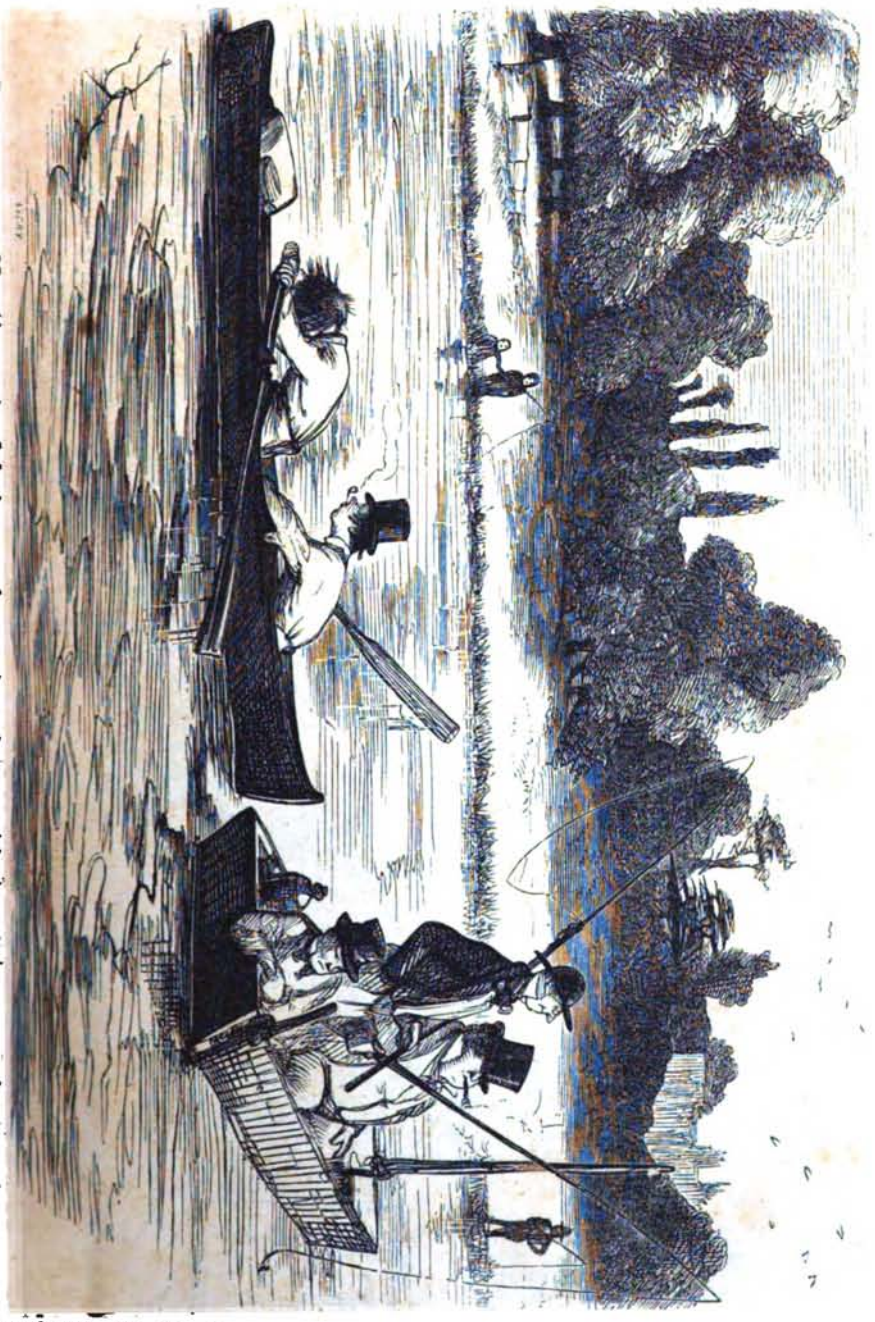
FREILIGRATH has published a volume of selections, in Germany, under the title of *Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock*, arranged with considerable care. It includes some American poems, and is highly spoken of.

The Pope has interdicted the circulation of Mrs. STOWE's *Uncle Tom* in the Papal States. In Ireland the work is denounced by the priests as dangerous to the Catholic Church. On the Continent, editions are published with adaptations suited to the tenets of the Romish creed.

A French literary periodical publishes some recently discovered letters of Massillon, one of the pulpit *gloires* of France. They are of no great interest. They were, it appears, brought to light by accident, in the course of some researches among the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Nationale. It is strange that the authorities of this great library should not yet know exactly every document it contains.

Week succeeds week, and month month, but still we see not the revival of literary activity in Paris which the partisans of the Bonapartean *régime* have so often promised. With the exception of reprints of standard works, or of those of authors whose popularity is firmly established, and of a few occasional publications of no great importance either in pretension or bulk, it may be said, without much exaggeration, that nothing whatever is doing in literature. Publishers will not hear talk of purchasing manuscripts, and authors are either occupying themselves with speculation or commerce—or starving. Some of the principal of them are contemplating giving lectures or readings in the Thackeray style; but they have no hope of gaining any thing like the success which the able satirist has contrived to carve out of the reputation of Dean Swift.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



Contemplative Man (*in punt*).—I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so!

AUGUST IN TOWN.

OLD GENT.—Now then, Cabman, how much to the Crystal Palace?
CABMAN.—Two Bobbs!
OLD GENT.—That's too much.
CABMAN.—Well! What you please! It's too hot to dispute about trifles!

THE HEIGHT OF PLEASURE.

SMITH.—Well, Brown! This is better than being stewed up in a railway! Eh!
BROWN (*faintly*).—Oh—immeasurably—superior.

Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Full Dress for Visits.

Figure 1.—Visiting Dress.—Drawn Bonnet of tulle and blonde, with insertions of taffeta. The brim is composed of a transparent border, an inch wide, made of silk tulle bouillonnée, round a narrow border of white satin; this bouillonnée is covered by a fullish blonde, then three pink taffeta insertions drawn at each edge; and lastly, a tulle bouillonnée with blonde over it. The crown is tulle covered with blonde, forming a rosette in the middle of the crown; two rows of blonde wind round the rosette, the vandyked edges of the latter reaching the last taffeta insertion. The ornament on each side is composed of a bunch of bows and ends of silk ribbon, dying away under the crown; the inside of the brim is lined with blonde, and provided with blonde strings. On the right side a bow of pink ribbon; on

the left a moss rose and a bud—at top, a little to the left, there are three rose-buds stuck in the blonde. The Mantilla—"THE EOLINE," produced by Mr. BRODIE—is peculiarly adapted to the heats of August, being of gossamer airiness; it is composed of lace and taffeta. Several rows of green ribbon in reverse box-plaiting are inserted on black thread-net foundation, each row edged with narrow pointed French lace, and the whole bordered with very deep black pointed lace of the same pattern. It is worn scarfwise, very low on the shoulders.—In dresses there are no important changes requiring attention. We illustrate one of crêpe de Paris, with high open front, trimmed at the surplus edges, which open to the waist, with a bouillon of the same material, outside of which runs a ruffle edge like the flounces; two similar ruffles terminate the sleeves, which from the elbows to the shoulders are puffed—divided by bands, like the ornament of the flounce, into three divisions. The lower ruffle reaches half way from the elbow to the wrist. A bow is placed at the waist. The skirt is very full; the flounces being bordered with a wide, silk edging, either plaided or traversed by narrow lines of a different shade of the same color. Of course, the lighter fabrics, barèges, crêpe de Paris, and the like, receive preference.

FIGURE 2.—SLEEVE.

LACES.—Such as we illustrate, *Honiton appliqué* and kindred styles, are most in vogue. Collars are worn wider than heretofore, and those with points are losing favor.

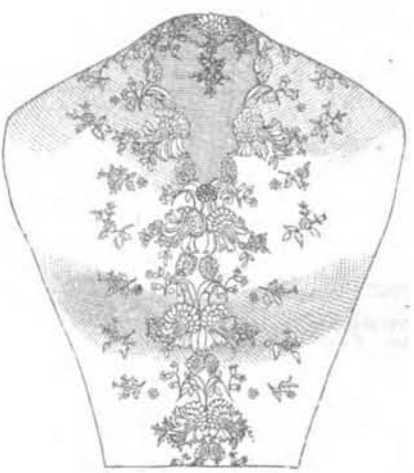


FIGURE 3.—CHEMISETTE.

BONNETS.—It is no easy, though a pleasant task, from among the several elegant productions offered, to select one which we may present to our fair friends. The zephyr-like lightness and exquisite taste of that

FIGURE 4.—BONNET.

which we choose, will elicit much admiration. It is composed of white hair—embroidered with Swiss straw and bugles; a row of straw blonde meanders along the edge of the brim, which is yet further trimmed with a rûche of narrow-pointed blonde. Several fullish rows of French blonde cross the brim, and horizontally the crown, which is soft. Malines lace, with loops of No. 1 white satin ribbon, compose the lining. The strings are No. 22, white ribbon.

Among recent novelties, the following are worthy of notice: HOME DRESS, with a skirt of silk barège, long and quite full. Body of white muslin, high at the back, and opening *en demi-cœur*, trimmed around with a row of insertion, a narrow bouillon of muslin, through which is drawn a blue ribbon, and a frill of embroidered muslin or lace. The front is crossed by rows of insertion and bouillons to correspond. The sleeves are open in front of the arm, and are trimmed like the body. Cap of vandyked lace, trimmed with blue ribbon.—YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME, composed of a frock of drab batiste, with rose-colored stripes woven in the skirt, graduating in width. Low-skirted body with capes *à revers*; it does not close in the front, but has points which meet in the centre, and are finished by a rosette; the sleeves are open, and are cut in points to correspond; the body and sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the stripes on the skirt. Leghorn hat trimmed with rose-colored ribbon and small white flowers; strings of broad white satin ribbon.

As general observations, we may remark that scarfs and manteletes in satin, taffetas, &c., are much worn: the styles are various. The scarf mantilla will be in great favor. In dresses for morning and the promenade, bodies opening in front to the waist, are still in favor; many are worn with small capes *à revers*. Sleeves opening in the front of the arm, and either slashed or showing the under-sleeve, are becoming great favorites. Muslin bodies will be worn, with silk and poplin skirts, by young ladies, for home costume. Flounces will be in favor for all light materials, as well as the thinner kind of silks, such as taffetas, &c.