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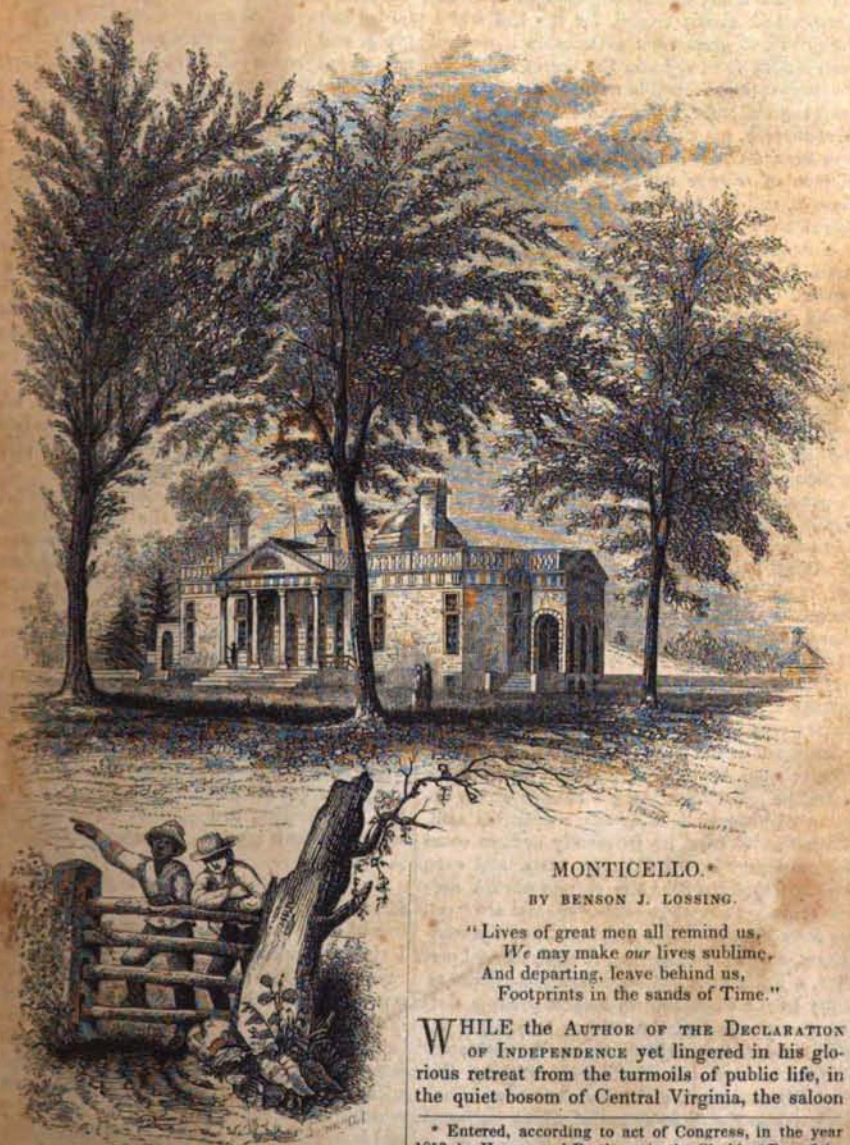


MONTICELLO.*

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We may make *our* lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of Time."

WHILE the Author of the Declaration of Independence yet lingered in his glorious retreat from the turmoils of public life, in the quiet bosom of Central Virginia, the saloon

* Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

and the table at Monticello almost daily received guests from far and near, who came to make the obeisance of reverent admiration and affectionate regard to the Patriot and Sage. Noblemen of every degree—noblemen by kingly patent or hereditary right—noblemen knighted by the touch of public opinion in its awards for intellectual achievements, and noblemen in homely guise of mind and person, but lofty patriotism—all flocked to Monticello, not to bow to the rising sun with selfish orisons, but to pay grateful homage to its beneficence, while the splendors of its declining hours yet illumined this western horizon.

For more than ten years pilgrimages to Mount Vernon had almost ceased, for the idol which the good and great went to worship there had been hidden from sight in the secret shrine of the grave; and then this new Mecca, far away from the Federal city and the tide-water marts of commerce, among the broad, undulating valleys toward the Blue Ridge, became the resort of men of science and political acumen, from Europe, and of those of our several States, distinguished in various pursuits.

Now the scene is changed. For almost thirty years the mortality of THOMAS JEFFERSON has reposed under the mould, in the margin of the grand old forest which wraps the northwestern slopes of Monticello in its solemn shadows. Of all those who once listened to the music of his voice, and followed with delighted vision the sweep of his finger as he pointed to the magnificent mountains, the rolling plains garnished by the tiller's hand, the winding river, and the vast expanse of woods and fields which spread out in panoramic beauty and grandeur around Monticello, few now remain to charm the generation of to-day with reminiscential narratives. Like the Great Patriot, their bodies are earthed, their spirits are enskied, and their experiences have become traditional or historic. The idol is removed, and the tooth of time has marred the beauty of the shrine. Yet pilgrimages thither have not entirely ceased. The motives which prompt the journey are unlike those of former years; now the worshiper bears only the empty offerings of laudable curiosity. For this no harsh word should be spoken, for such motives are harmless. But too often the curious visitor departs with the guilt of sacrilege upon his soul. With Vandal hand he frequently defaces some fair specimen of the Patriot's taste, and even breaks fragments from the granite obelisk over his grave. In many a private cabinet are "relics from Monticello;" a fragment from the monument, a splinter from the delicately-carved cornice, a brick from the foundation, or a piece of putty from a window-pane, broken, perhaps, during the absence of the owner, to procure it! The sight of these should make the possessors blush for shame, for of all petty thieving, this seems the meanest, and without excuse. Such depredators should be regarded with a contempt akin to hatred.

Prompted by the laudable curiosity alluded to, I turned aside at Richmond, while journeying southward, and visited Monticello in blustery March, when the buds were just bursting, and the blue birds were singing their first carols in the hedges. No longer compelled to traverse the hills and valleys along the James River and the muddy Rivanna, on horseback or in chaise, as in former times, I entered the railway coach at sunrise with the assurance of seeing Monticello at meridian, after sweeping across the chief tributary of the Pamunkey, and traversing a country of varied aspect for more than thirty leagues. Rain was falling copiously. A few miles from Richmond we encountered a freight-train off the track, and the locomotive half-buried in mud. We were compelled to walk a plank, and flounder twenty rods along a narrow causeway through yellow-clay almost ankle deep, to another train beyond, or return to the city. As Americans never retrograde, the ladies gathered up their skirts, and the gentlemen walked as daintily as cats among eggs, to the coach in waiting. Soon all was forgotten, except by a poor fellow who volunteered his assistance to a young woman "walking the plank," when his gallantry and comfort both ended in the ditch below, into which he slipped, and filled a boot with as much mire as his leg would allow. The young lady (fie upon her!) more than smiled upon him, and with due independence helped herself along the muddy dyke, and into the best seat in the car beyond the wreck. The victim cursed the girl, the ditch, and the railway, with great unction. The pert girl made the unchristian excuse for her giggle in his hour of peril: "I didn't *ask* him to help me!"

Within an hour after passing the Junction, in Hanover County, we left the flat country and penetrated the more fertile and hilly region of Louisa and Albemarle, lying along the base of the Southwest Mountain. At Cobham station, we had a glimpse of the residence of the Hon. William C. Rives, our minister to the French Court; and soon afterward reached the Shadwell Station, on the Rivanna, close by the picturesque old mill, once owned by Mr. Jefferson. From this point we had a fine view of Monticello looming up on the southwest, and caught slight glimpses of the white columns of the portico of the mansion on the summit. The clouds had now broken, and all over the thoroughly-saturated earth myriads of water-pools glittered in the sun.

I arrived at Charlottesville, in time for dinner, after which, in company with the courteous Editor of one of the village papers (Mr. Cochran), I visited Monticello. The road is very sinuous, especially after fording Moore's Creek. For some distance it courses along the margin of a deep, wooded ravine scooped out from the gap between Monticello and Carter's Mountain. The latter is a portion of the same range of hills, with Monticello (called the Southwest mountain), which dwindle into knolls near the James River, and is memorable in history as the place to which Jefferson fled when Tarleton attempted to cap-

JEFFERSON'S MILL AT SHADWELL.

ture him, in 1781. At the summit of the gap we passed through a rustic gate and up a winding, stony road, by the grave yard on the skirt of the wood, where rest the mortal remains of the AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. It is surrounded by a high brick wall,

JEFFERSON'S GRAVE.

with an iron gate near the road. Just within the gate is the Patriot's grave, over which is a granite monument, eight feet in height, shamefully mutilated by thieving visitors. In the southern face of the pedestal was a marble tablet, with the following inscription, written by the Statesman himself, and found among his papers after his death:

HERE LIES BURIED
THOMAS JEFFERSON:
AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
OF THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM,
AND FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

This tablet has been taken from the monument and placed in the mansion, out of the reach of depredators.

Upon each of the sides of the monument is a grave, covered with a marble slab. One (on the right) is that of his wife, *Martha*, who died in 1782, ten years after their marriage. It had the usual record, and below it are inscribed the following Greek lines:

Εἰ δὲ θανόντων περ καταλήθοντ' εἰν Ἀΐδαο,
Αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ κἀκεῖθι φίλου μεμνήσομ' ἑταίρου.

These lines are from the speech of Achilles over the dead body of Hector, in which, after saying he will never forget Patroclus while he has life, adds: "And though spirits in a future state be oblivious of the past, he will even there remember his beloved companion." The other two graves are those of his favorite daughter Martha Wayles Randolph, who survived him, and another daughter, Maria Eppes, who died before him.

As we ascended the mountain, we noticed the remains of several roads which wound around the hill. These were made by Jefferson for exercise on horseback, but being out of use now,

they are partly overgrown with shrubbery. Passing through another rustic gate near the top of the hill we came out into an open field on the southern summit, along the slope of which stretches, for a thousand feet, a beautiful terraced garden, once filled with the choicest plants, and fruit trees. A few moments afterward, we were standing upon the eastern front of the venerated mansion delineated in the engraving at the head of this article. Of the mansion, its arrangements, and the scenery around, an abler pen than mine wrote as follows, within a month after the Sage of Monticello was laid in the grave:

"The Mansion House at Monticello was built and furnished in the days of his prosperity. In its dimensions, its architecture, its arrangements, and ornaments, it is such a one as became the character and fortune of the man. It stands upon an eliptic plain, formed by cutting down the apex of a mountain; and, on the west, stretching away to the north and the south, it commands a view of the Blue Ridge for a hundred and fifty miles, and brings under the eye one of the boldest and most beautiful horizons in the world: while, on the east, it presents an extent of prospect bounded only by the spherical form of the earth, in which nature seems to sleep in eternal repose, as if to form one of the finest contrasts with the rude and rolling grandeur on the west. In the wide prospect, and scattered to the north and south, are several detached mountains, which contribute to animate and diversify this enchanting landscape; and among them, to the south, Willis's Mountain, which is so interestingly depicted in his Notes. From this summit, the philosopher was wont to enjoy that spectacle, among the sublimest of Nature's operations, the looming of the distant mountains; and to watch the motions of the planets, and the greater revolutions of the celestial sphere. From this summit, too, the patriot could look down with uninterrupted vision, upon the wide expanse of the world around, for which he considered himself born; and upward, to the open and vaulted heavens which he seemed to approach, as if to keep him continually in mind of his high responsibility. It is indeed a prospect in which you see and feel, at once, that nothing mean or little could live. It is a scene fit to nourish those great and high soul-principles which formed the elements of his character, and was a most noble and appropriate post for such a sentinel, over the rights and liberties of man.

"Approaching the house on the east, the visitor instinctively paused, to cast around one thrilling glance at the magnificent panorama: and then passed to the vestibule, where, if he had not been previously informed, he would immediately perceive that he was entering the house of no common man. In the spacious and lofty hall which opens before him, he marks no tawdry and unmeaning ornament; but before, on the right, on the left, all around, the eye is struck and gratified with objects of science and taste, so classed and arranged as to produce their finest effect. On one side, specimens of sculpture set out, in such order, as to exhibit at a *coup d'œil*, the historical progress of that art, from the first rude attempt of the aborigines of our country up to that exquisite and finished bust of the great patriot himself, from the master hand of Cerracchi. On the other side, the visitor sees displayed a vast collection of specimens of Indian art, their paintings, weapons, ornaments and manufactures; on another, an array of the fossil productions of our country, mineral and animal, the polished remains of those monsters that once trod our forests, and are no more, and a variegated display of the branching horns of those "monarchs of the waste" that still people the wilds of the Western continent. From this hall he was ushered into a noble saloon, from which the glorious landscape of the west again burst upon his view; and which, within, is hung thick around with the finest productions of the pencil —historical paintings of the most striking subjects from all countries, and of all ages; the portraits of distinguished men and patriots, both of Europe and America, and medallions and engravings in endless profusion."*

Alas! this charming picture of the interior of Monticello is *only a picture now*—it has no counterpart in reality. Those Indian relics, the sculptures and paintings, the fossils and minerals, have long since been removed and scattered; and nothing now remains at Monticello of all that fine collection, but a bust of Voltaire. The beauty and grandeur of the aspect of nature around are undiminished; and never did my heart beat with stronger pulsations of delight in gazing upon a prospect of the material world, than on that sunny afternoon in March, although the hills and valleys were clad in the melancholy russet and sober gray of departing winter. Yet there remained the lofty summits of the Blue Ridge, leading the eye away northward, almost a hundred miles to Harper's Ferry, where the Potomac bursts through; and in the rolling valley in that direction reposed the pretty village of Charlottesville, with its fine architectural pile—a monument of Jefferson's taste and patriotism—the University of Virginia. A little further westward is Lewis's mountain, upon a spur of which is the observatory of the University; and half a mile eastward of the village, between it and the Rivanna, near a grove of pines, was depicted in delicate green, the meadow where Tarleton was encamped an hour before sending a detachment up the Rivanna to seize the Governor. Four or five miles beyond, toward the Blue Ridge, arose Still-house Mountain, a wooded eminence where the captive troops of Burgoyne were encamped for many months. Three miles eastward of Monticello, among the hills of Shadwell, is the birth place of Jefferson; and upon the Rivanna, which courses along the base of Monticello, and is lost to view among the adjacent hills, is the old Shadwell mill, delineated on another page. Turning southward, Willis's Mountain, a solitary peak in Buckingham county, beyond the James River,

* Wirts' Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

fifty miles distant, arose above the level country around. An extensive view in every direction is broken only by the higher summit of Carter's mountain, half a mile southwestward, which rather appreciates than diminishes the charm of the whole picture. In the same range of hills, ten miles northward, is *Montpelier*, the residence of President Madison; and three or four miles southward is *Indian Camp*, once an estate of President Monroe.

Monticello is now owned by Commodore U. P. Levy, of the United States Navy, who is also the proprietor of Monroe's estate. His winter residence is in the city of New York. Fortunately for me, he arrived at Monticello on the day of my visit, and I had the pleasure of viewing the house and grounds while partaking of his hospitality. The elements have changed the aspect of the exterior somewhat, but in general appearance it is the same as when Jefferson left it. The interior, likewise, remains unchanged, except in furniture and other movables. In the "spacious and lofty hall" only one object of the sculptor's art remains. It is a model, in plaster,

THE AMERICAN CAPITAL.

of the capital, composed by Mr. Jefferson for a new order of architecture, purely American, in which the column was to consist of a group of maize or Indian corn stalks. The capital has the same general form and style as the Corinthian, but the ornaments are composed of the leaves and blossoms of the tobacco plant, regularly grouped, instead of the acanthus.

Near the capital, upon a pedestal, stood a bust of Jefferson in plaster, made in the same mould in which was cast the fine, life-size, bronze statue of the Patriot, which now stands in front of the executive mansion at Washington. That statue is from the *atelier* of the celebrated David, of Paris. It was made for Captain Levy, at a heavy cost, and presented by him to the United States about twenty years ago. It was modeled chiefly from an excellent portrait of Jefferson by Sully, in the possession of La Fayette, and passed the ordeal of that venerated patriot's criticism. When completed, he pronounced it a most faithful counterfeit of the man. Upon the scroll, held in the hand of the Patriot, the

STATUE OF JEFFERSON.

whole of the Declaration of Independence is engraved.

Near the bust of Jefferson stood a beautiful model of the *Vandalia*, the first ship in our Navy in which flogging was abolished, while she was under the command of Captain Levy. Upon the wall, close by, is a fine portrait of Madame Noel (an aunt of Captain Levy, and also of the late Major Noah, the veteran New York editor), wife of M. Noel, a member of the National Assembly of France, who was guillotined during the Reign of Terror. She was afterward a tutor of the Princess Charlotte of England, in a peculiar style of flower painting. The portrait was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two or three more modern paintings adorn the walls of the hall. Over the entrance door from the portico, is a large clock, placed there by Jefferson, which, by an index upon the wall, indicated the days of the week. The weight which propels it is composed of nine eighteen pound cannon balls. The hall itself is about thirty feet square, with high ceiling and a music gallery. The centre of the ceiling is ornamented by an eagle in very low relief, surrounded by eighteen stars, the number of the States of the Union in 1812, when this ceiling was made. The heavy, richly-wrought cornice, carved in wood, in this and the other rooms, all exhibit a line of ornament at the base, representing ancient sacrificial implements.

Adjoining the hall, is the saloon where Jefferson entertained his visitors. It is a superb room, about the size of the hall, with a very

high ceiling, and a beautiful tesselated floor, made of inlaid satin-wood and rose-wood. This floor, which was kept polished like a table, cost two thousand dollars. Of all the rare pictures and other ornaments which once adorned the walls, nothing now remains but two mirrors, four and a half by twelve feet in size. They hang, one upon each side of the door opening into the hall. Over the door is the gilt bracket or crane, upon which hung the chandelier that lighted the room

On the southeast side of the hall and saloon is Jefferson's bedroom (delineated in the engraving), which was also his most private apartment for study, and contemplation. It is lighted by two windows on the southwest, and a skylight. The bedstead was only a frame, hung upon hinges and hooks in the recess, seen in the

JEFFERSON'S BEDROOM, IN WHICH HE DIED.

centre. It could be turned up in the day time, and afford a passage through glass doors, to his library in the adjoining room. The three oval openings in the wall were for the purpose of admitting light to a wardrobe over the recess.

On the northwest side of the hall and saloon is the tea-room, which contains a most delicately carved white marble chimney-piece ornamented with three exquisite *basso relievos*, upon a sky-blue ground. Adjoining this apartment is one in which he held private conference with his friends. It is separated from the tea-room by double glass doors, so that, while the party in secret communication could be seen by guests in the other room, not a word could be heard. In this room was the bust of Voltaire, alluded to. The sashes of these glass doors, like those of all the windows in the house, are of mahogany, and were made in Philadelphia.

The stairs are all winding and very narrow, not more than two feet wide. On the northeast part of the second floor is a chamber of hexagonal form, wherein Mr. and Mrs. Madison were lodged whenever they visited Monticello. Except his own immediate family, these were the dearest friends of Mr. Jefferson. From this floor another flight of stairs lead to the upper chambers, adjoining which is a spacious hexagonal room under the dome, lighted by circular windows on the sides. This was used for a billiard-room. In it was an interesting memento of the statesman. It was the body of the *chair* or *gig*, a two-wheeled vehicle, in which Jefferson rode from Monticello to Philadelphia, to attend the Continental Congress in 1775 Near this hung his holsters, in which he carried a pair of pistols when traveling on horseback.

GIG BODY.

The shade trees which form an open grove around the mansion, were planted by the Patriot himself. Among them, standing near the southern end of the building, is a venerable Lombardy poplar (seen on the extreme right of the picture at the head of this article), which he imported from its native soil in Europe. From this have sprung all the trees of that species in this country. It has flourished there for about sixty years,

and, unlike many of its descendants, appears to retain the vigor of its youth.

We have considered the *home* of the AUTHOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE; let us contemplate briefly the *man*, his career, and compatriots.

The ancestors of Jefferson came to America from the foot of the lofty Mount Snowdon, in Wales. His father married the daughter of Isham Randolph, of Goochland, Virginia, whose blood was chiefly Scotch; and Thomas, their first child, was born on the estate of Shadwell, in Albemarle county, on the 13th of April, 1743. His father died and left him, with a brother and six little sisters, to the care of his mother. They were blessed with a handsome estate, a part of which, called *Monticello* (Montechello—*little mountain*), fell to Thomas when he reached his majority. He was two years a student in William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, where Doctor William Small first prepared his mind for the love of scientific pursuits, and gave it its democratic bias. In 1762 he commenced the study of law with George Wythe; and while yet a student, in 1765, he heard Patrick Henry's celebrated speech in denunciation of the Stamp Act. It aroused all the fire of patriotism in the soul of young Jefferson, and from that time he stood forth the avowed champion of American freedom. Four years afterward he became a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and was an active colleague of the patriots of the Old Dominion, in the General Assembly, until the Revolution broke out.

In 1772 Mr. Jefferson married Martha Skelton, a daughter of John Wayles, an eminent lawyer, and then a wealthy widow of twenty-three years. He soon afterward cut down the apex of Monticello, made bricks of the red clay, and erected the noble mansion upon its summit. But he was not allowed to enjoy the sweets of married life in retirement; his country had a noble work for him to perform, and she called him to the arena of political strife. He held a ready and powerful pen, and as a member of the Committee of Correspondence in 1773 and '74, and by pamphlets and newspaper essays, he scattered the seeds of revolution broadcast over the land. A pamphlet from his pen, written in 1774, entitled, "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," displayed such patriotism and political acumen, that Edmund Burke published it in London, and it won for the author the honor of having his name, with more than a score of others, placed on a list of attainder. At home he became the object of hatred by the royalists, and of love by the patriots.

Jefferson was elected to a seat in the Continental Congress in 1775, and five days after his arrival in Philadelphia, we find him one of an important committee, appointed to prepare a declaration of the causes of taking up arms. A large portion of their manly and vigorous report was from his pen. He labored assiduously in that body; and when, the following year, Congress appointed a committee to frame a Declaration of Independence, he was chosen one of them. Notwithstanding he was the youngest member of the committee, being then only thirty-three years of age, he was selected to write the instrument, "because," says John Adams in his autobiography, "he had the reputation of a masterly pen," and "had been chosen a delegate in Virginia, in consequence of a very handsome public paper which he had written for the House of Burgesses, which had given him the character of a fine writer." Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence at his lodgings, in the House of Mrs. Clymer, on the southwest corner of Seventh and High-streets, Philadelphia. The committee had several meetings; the draft was discussed, and some portions of it altered, and finally, on the fourth of July, 1776, it was adopted by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. The resolution of Richard Henry Lee, one of Mr. Jefferson's colleagues from Virginia, which declared the colonies "free and independent States," was adopted two days before; it was only the *precise form of declaring it to the world* that was adopted on the fourth.*

Soon after placing his signature to the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson resigned his seat in Congress, returned to Virginia, and was active in the public affairs of his native State until the close of the war. For about two years he was engaged with George Wythe and Edmund Pendleton, in revising the laws of Virginia; and to him belongs the imperishable honor of first proposing, in the Legislature of Virginia, the laws forbidding the importation of slaves—converting estates tail into fee-simple—annuling the rights of primogeniture—establishing schools for general education, and confirming the rights of freedom in religious opinion.

While the captive troops of Burgoyne were quartered in his vicinity in 1779–80,† Mr. Jefferson endeared himself to them by his benevolence. Monticello was the daily resort of the captive officers, who had free access to his library, and often partook of the bounties of his table.

He was elected Governor of the State in 1779, and held the office two years. It was a period of great trial for Virginia and its chief magistrate. During his administration, the traitor, Arnold, invaded and laid waste the country along the James River, as far as Richmond; and Cornwallis, crossing the Roanoke, penetrated the State almost to its centre. It was in June, 1781, that Cornwallis dispatched Tarleton to capture Governor Jefferson at Monticello, and also the members of the legislature, then in session in Charlottesville, in a building upon the site of the present Farmer's Bank of Virginia. While passing through Louisa county, a farmer, suspecting Tarleton's design, mounted a fleet horse,

* I have seen the private diary kept by Mr. Jefferson during the time he was in Congress. He noted the range of the mercury on the 4th of July, 1776, to be sixty-eight degrees, Fahrenheit, or eight degrees below summer heat.

† Congress would not allow these prisoners to return to Europe, and they were sent to the interior of Virginia for security and good subsistence.

reached Charlottesville in time to give the alarm, and when the British cavalry dashed into the town, only seven members, who could not procure horses, were made prisoners. Mr. Jefferson was not aware of the proximity of Tarleton, until a detachment under Captain M'Leod, sent to capture the Governor, had crossed Moore's Creek, and was seen pushing up the winding road to Monticello. The Governor was entertaining several members of the legislature at breakfast when the danger was perceived. Among them was the Speaker, who immediately hastened to Charlotte by another way, and adjourned the Legislature to meet at Staunton. Jefferson hurried his family into a carriage, and they were driven to Colonel Carter's, six miles southward, and then, mounting a horse, he fled to the dark recesses of Carter's mountain, before M'Leod reached the entrance-gate at the gap. A trusty servant, who remained behind, raised a loose stone (which yet occupies its place) at the western entrance to the saloon, and deposited the Governor's papers there. Ten minutes after Jefferson had left, M'Leod rode up. It was well for the patriot that it was not Tarleton, for in his rage at being foiled of his prey, he would probably have burned the mansion and its contents. M'Leod allowed nothing to be injured. Without his knowledge, some soldiers got into the cellar and drank and wasted a large quantity of wine. This was the extent of Jefferson's loss. Thirty-six hours afterward, Tarleton left the vicinity, laid waste a plantation belonging to Mr. Jefferson at the Point-of-Fork, at the mouth of the Rivanna, and joined Cornwallis on the James River.

A few days after this event, Jefferson, having declined a re-election, was succeeded by General Nelson, of Yorktown, and sought repose from public duties in his home at Monticello. In reply to Marbois, the Secretary of the French Legation in this country, concerning the resources of Virginia, Mr. Jefferson, about this time, penned his celebrated *Notes on Virginia*. Suddenly a cloud gathered around the brow of Monticello—the beloved wife of the statesman sickened and died. The heart of the patriot was terribly stricken, and for many days life was intolerable to him. He was aroused to action by the voice of his country again calling him to duty, and in December, 1782, he made an eight days' journey to Philadelphia, to proceed to France to assist the American Commissioners in negotiations for peace. Intelligence of the signing of a provisional treaty came in time to prevent his departure, and he returned to Monticello in May. He was immediately elected to a seat in the Continental Congress, and reached Trenton on the day when it adjourned to Annapolis. He wrote the address of Mifflin (president of Congress) to General Washington, when the Father of his Country resigned his commission, on the 23d of December, 1783. On that day he saw the glorious termination of that struggle in which, for ten years, his whole being had been engaged.

In 1784, Mr. Jefferson was appointed, with Adams and Franklin, a Minister to negotiate treaties with foreign nations. In company with his eldest daughter, he reached Paris in August. Dr. Franklin having obtained leave to return home, Jefferson was appointed to succeed him as Minister at the French court, and he remained there until the autumn of 1789. He became exceedingly popular there, and the literati endeavored to persuade him to remain. He expressed his patriotic feelings when he said, in a letter to Baron Geismer, "I am savage enough to prefer the woods, the wilds, and the independence of Monticello, to all the brilliant pleasures of the gay metropolis of France. I shall, therefore, rejoin myself to my native country, with new attachments, and with exaggerated esteem for its advantages; for, though there is less wealth there, there is more freedom, more ease, and less misery."

Mr. Jefferson left home on the 8th of October, and thirty days afterward arrived at Norfolk. After passing some days at Chesterfield, with his brother-in-law, Mr. Eppes, he proceeded, by easy stages, to Monticello. His arrival is thus graphically described by his daughter, afterward Mrs. Randolph:

"The negroes discovered the approach of the carriage as soon as it reached Shadwell, and such a scene I never witnessed in my life. They collected in crowds around it, and almost drew it up the mountain by hand. The shouting, etc., had been sufficiently obstreperous before, but the moment the carriage arrived on the top, it reached the climax. When the door of the carriage was opened, they received him in their arms, and bore him into the house, crowding around, and kissing his hands and his feet—some blubbering and crying—others laughing. It appeared impossible to satisfy their eyes, or their anxiety to touch, and even to kiss the very earth that bore him. These were the first ebullitions of joy for his return, after a long absence, which they would of course feel; but it is perhaps not out of place to add here, that they were, at all times, very devoted in their attachment to him. They believed him to be one of the greatest, and they knew him to be one of the best, of men, and kindest of masters. They spoke to him freely, and applied confidingly to him in all their difficulties and distresses; and he watched over them in sickness and in health; interested himself in all their concerns; advising them, and showing esteem and confidence in the good, and indulgence to all."

While on his way from Norfolk, Mr. Jefferson received a letter from President Washington, requesting him to take a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of State. He accepted the appointment, and in March, 1790, set out for New York, the seat of the Federal Government. Although differing with Washington in some of his political views, he remained in the Cabinet during the stormy period of the first administration. Thoroughly imbued with democratic principles, and deeply sympathizing with the republicans of France, he became the founder and head of

the Democratic party here, and was elected by them President of the United States in 1800. He was Chief Magistrate of the nation eight consecutive years, and was succeeded by his friend Madison in 1809, when hostilities with Great Britain were daily menacing the peaceful prosperity of the two countries.

After seeing Mr. Madison inaugurated, Jefferson retired to Monticello, never more to engage in public life, and the remaining seventeen years of his earthly existence were spent in philosophical and agricultural pursuits, and in efforts in the cause of education. Under his auspices the *University of Virginia*, located at Charlottesville, was founded. The plans of the buildings, even in the minutest particulars, are his, as well as the general laws for the government of the school and the system of instruction. When the weather permitted, he made a personal inspection daily, of the University buildings, while in course of erection, and when compelled to remain at Monticello, he watched the workmen with a small telescope It was the deeply-cherished foster-child of his declining years, and now, with its four hundred and fifty pupils, is a noble monument to its patriotic founder He was indeed the "Father of the University of Virginia."

The evening of Mr Jefferson's life was clouded by pecuniary embarrassments. His estate at Monticello consisted of 5682 acres, with 113 slaves. Another estate at Poplar Forest, Bedford, contained 4164 acres, and 85 slaves. From the time of the Embargo, in 1807, until the close of the war in 1815, the products of landed property were at their minimum in this country; and as his estates had been managed by overseers while he was devoting his time to public business, they not only failed to pay expenses, but debts were incurred in their management. The mills at Shadwell, and the canal and locks there (the remains of which may yet be seen) had cost him about thirty thousand dollars. In such a bad condition were his estates when he retired from the Presidency, he was compelled to borrow ten thousand dollars to pay his debts. His expenses were very heavy, on account of the liberal hospitality ever bestowed upon all who visited Monticello—and their name was legion—and, instead of diminishing, his debts increased. Matters were finally brought to a crisis when the insolvency of his friend, Governor Nicholas, for whom he had endorsed, added twenty thousand dollars to his liabilities. In this extremity, the Legislature of Virginia permitted him to sell a part of his lands by lottery, in order to pay his debts, and retain Monticello. The announcement of his embarrassments produced great surprise, and created deep sympathy throughout the Union It was thought more consistent with national gratitude to relieve Mr. Jefferson without his being deprived of his patrimony; and the initial step was taken by the late Philip Hone, of New York, then mayor of the city, under whose auspices eight thousand five hundred dollars were raised. Money was raised in other cities—in all about seventeen thousand dollars. The sum was totally inadequate, and this well-intended movement resulted in suppressing the promising lottery scheme, and total failure ensued. The life of the patriot was now drawing to a close; and on the fourth of July, 1826, he expired, at the ripe age of eighty-three years. On the same day, his friend and colleague in the Continental Congress, John Adams, also died. It was just fifty years after they voted for the Declaration of Independence; and the coincidence of their deaths produced a profound sensation throughout the land. Eulogies were every where pronounced; the harsh voice of party-spirit was hushed; and the names of the two patriots, so widely separated in political opinions during a quarter of a century, are linked in sweet harmony in our memories.

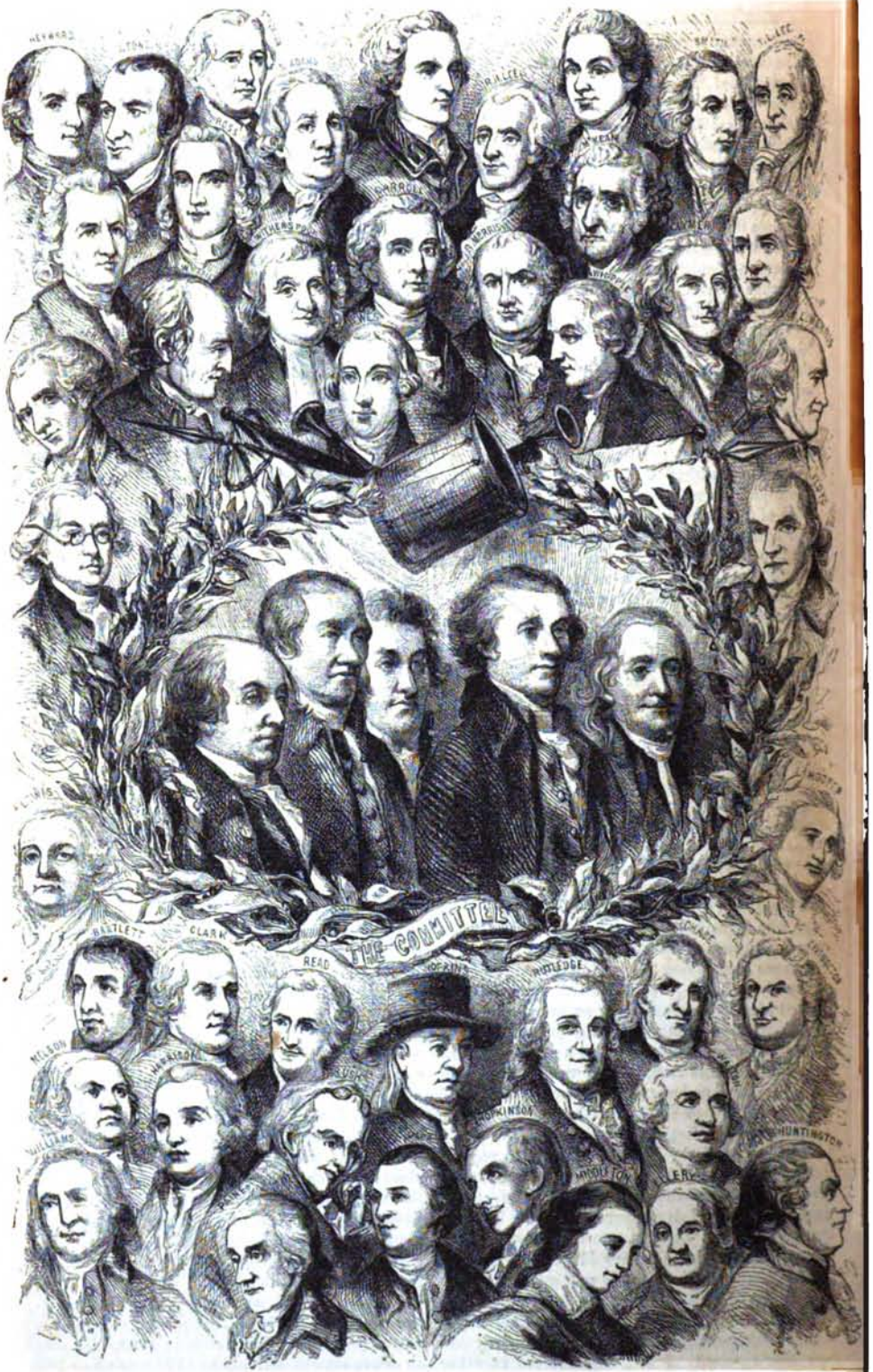
The estates of Mr. Jefferson were sold, after his death, to liquidate his debts, and after twice changing owners, the present domain of Monticello, including a little more than two hundred acres, passed into the possession of Captain Levy Monticello ought, like Mount Vernon, to belong to the nation, and every board and brick should be preserved as sacred to the memory of the great departed. When the materials of these venerated dwellings have crumbled into their native dust, then will some future generation, if the patriotism of the past shall survive the temptations of the present, mourn over the insensibility of their fathers, who allowed these precious shrines to fade from human vision.

Long ago, the compatriots of Jefferson in the Congress of 1776, have, one by one, gone down into the grave like stars in the western sky. The last bright luminary of the constellation that lingered above the horizon, was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who left our firmament twenty years ago. They have set, never to rise again in the heavens of our national destiny, except by the refractive power of memory. We can not too often revive the recollection of their glorious deeds and manifold virtues; and it is not inopportune, at this season of our national anniversary, and in connection with mementoes of the Sage of Monticello, to point anew to their names upon the record of our wondrous history. We have space to do little more than name them, and speak of their nativity and their obituary. We will do it in the order in which they were called upon to sign the Great Manifesto.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Josiah Bartlett was a physician, born at Amesbury, Massachusetts, in November, 1729. He commenced practice at Kingston, New Hampshire; became an active politician, a member of the colonial legislature, of the Committee of Safety, in 1775, and at the close of that year, a member of the Continental Congress. He was afterward a judge, and then Governor of New Hampshire, and died in May, 1795.

William Whipple was a merchant, born at Kittery, in Maine, in 1730. He commenced business as a merchant at Portsmouth, in 1759. He was an active republican, and in 1776 was elected to Congress. He was a brigadier of militia in 1777,



SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

and was in the battles at Stillwater and Saratoga. He assisted in escorting Burgoyne's captive army to Boston. He was appointed judge in 1782, and died in November, 1785.

Mathew Thornton was born in Ireland in 1714, and came to America when three years of age. He was educated at Worcester, Massachusetts, became a physician, and was surgeon in the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and was made Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas of New Hampshire, the same year. He was raised to the bench of the Superior Court, and died in June, 1803, in Massachusetts.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Samuel Adams was of Puritan descent—born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1722. He was educated at Harvard for the ministry, but preferred politics to theology. He was a conspicuous patriot for ten years previous to the Revolutionary War. He was a member of the first Congress, and during the whole struggle, was one of the firmest supporters of the cause. He was Governor of Massachusetts, and died in October, 1803.

John Adams was born at Quincy, Massachusetts, in October, 1735. He was educated at Harvard, became a lawyer, and an active republican politician in Boston. He was elected to Congress in 1774, and was one of the main advocates of the Declaration of Independence in

ADAMS'S RESIDENCE AT QUINCY

1776. He assisted in important negotiations abroad, and was the first Minister Plenipotentiary sent by the United States to Great Britain. He was elected Vice-President with Washington, and President in 1797. He died on the fourth of July, 1826.

HANCOCK'S RESIDENCE AT BOSTON.

John Hancock was also born at Quincy, in 1737. He was educated at Harvard, became a Boston merchant, was left a large fortune by his uncle, and was an early and active patriot. He was elected President of the Continental Congress in 1775, and occupied the chair when the great Declaration was adopted. He was many years Governor of Massachusetts, and died in October, 1793.

Robert Treat Paine was born in Massachusetts, in 1731. He was educated at Harvard, and was a chaplain on the northern frontier in 1758. He became an eminent lawyer, and was elected to Congress in 1774. He was Attorney-general of Massachusetts in 1780, and was made Judge of the Supreme Court in 1796. He died in May, 1814.

Elbridge Gerry was born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, in July, 1744—was educated at Harvard, and prepared for commercial life. He was elected to Congress in 1775, held the front rank in that body on naval and commercial subjects, and in 1797, was appointed an envoy to France. He was made Governor of his State on his return, and died at Washington City in November, 1814, while holding the office of Vice President of the United States.

HOPKINS'S MONUMENT AT PROVIDENCE.

RHODE ISLAND.

Stephen Hopkins was born at Scituate, Rhode Island, in March, 1707. He was a self-taught man; was called into public life at mature age; was Speaker of the Rhode Island Assembly in 1754, and was an early opposer of British aggression. He was elected to Congress in 1774, left that body in 1778, and died in July, 1785.

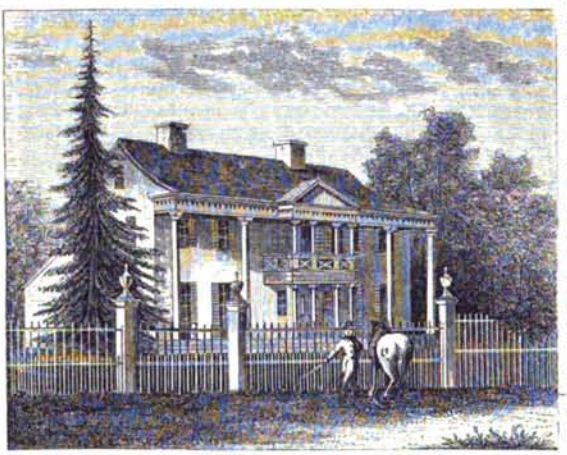
William Ellery was born at Newport, Rhode Island, in December, 1727. He was educated at Harvard, became a lawyer in Newport, won the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He continued in that body until 1785, and during a portion of the time was Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was the first collector of the port of New-

port, held the office thirty years, and died in February, 1820.

CONNECTICUT.

Roger Sherman was a shoemaker, born at Newton, near Boston, in April, 1721. He worked at his trade and studied law; and in 1754 was admitted to the bar, and elected a member of the Connecticut legislature. He was a Judge, first of the Common Pleas, and then of the Superior Court, and in 1775 was elected to Congress. He was one of the committee appointed to draft the Declaration of Independence; and continued in that body until 1789. He died in July, 1793.

Samuel Huntington was born in Windham, Connecticut, in July, 1732. He was educated at a common school, became a lawyer, and was appointed King's Attorney. He was soon raised to



HUNTINGTON'S RESIDENCE AT NORWICH.

the bench of the Superior Court; was elected to Congress in 1775; chosen president of that body in 1779; was appointed Chief Justice of Connecticut, then Lieutenant-Governor, and afterward Governor, and died in January, 1796.

William Williams was born in Connecticut, in April, 1771, and was educated at Harvard. He prepared for the ministry, but preferring a military life, was engaged in the frontier wars in New York in 1755. He was a member of the Connecticut legislature forty-five years. In 1776 he was elected to Congress, was an active member, and retired from public life in 1804. He died in August, 1811.

WILLIAMS'S RESIDENCE AT LEBANON.

Oliver Wolcott was born in Connecticut, in 1726, was educated at Yale College, became a lawyer, and in 1774 was elected a councilor of State. He was elected to Congress in 1776, supported the proposition for independence, and was an active patriot throughout the war. In 1786 he was Lieutenant-Governor of his State, and ten years afterward was elected Chief Magistrate. He died in December, 1797.

NEW YORK.

William Floyd was a lawyer, born on Long Island in December, 1734. He was an opulent farmer, and in 1774 was elected to Congress. He was active during the entire war, and suffered much in loss of property at the hands of the British. He moved to the banks of the Mohawk after the war, and died in August, 1821.

Philip Livingston was born in Albany, New York, in January, 1716. He was educated at Yale College, became a successful merchant in New York, was a member of the Colonial Convention at Albany in 1754, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He was elected senator of his State in 1777, and in June, 1778, he died at York, Pennsylvania, while he was attending to his duties as congressman.

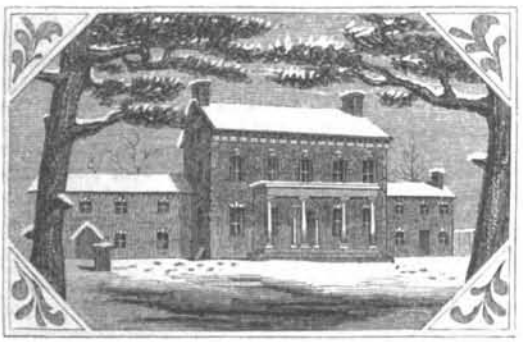
LIVINGSTON'S MONUMENT AT YORK.

Francis Lewis was born in South Wales, in 1713. His education was finished at Westminster, and he entered a mercantile house in London. He came to New York at the age of twenty-one, and being agent for British merchants, was captured and sent to France in 1756. On his return he became an active politician, was elected to Congress in 1775, and suffered the loss of much property on Long Island during the war. His death occurred in December, 1803.

Lewis Morris was born in New York in 1726. He was educated at Yale, and then adopted the pursuit of his father—agriculture—at Morrisania, Lower Westchester County. He was elected to Congress in 1775, and retained his seat two years, when he was succeeded by his brother, Gouverneur Morris. He died in January, 1798.

NEW JERSEY.

Richard Stockton was born near Princeton, in October, 1730. He was educated at Princeton College, studied law, and rose rapidly in his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and in the autumn of that year, while returning



STOCKTON'S RESIDENCE AT PRINCETON.

from a visit to the Northern army, was made a prisoner, and treated with much cruelty. He died in February, 1781.

John Witherspoon was a native of Scotland, born in 1732; came to America in 1768, to take charge of the college of Princeton; became very popular as a Christian minister and patriot, and in 1776 was elected a member of Congress. He remained in that body a great part of the war; afterward resumed his duties at Princeton, and died in November, 1794.

Francis Hopkinson was born in Pennsylvania, in 1737. He became a distinguished lawyer; was a wit and a poet. He resided at Bordentown, New Jersey, when the war broke out, and was elected to Congress in 1776. He strongly advocated independence, and was an active member many years. He died in May, 1791.

John Hart was a native of New Jersey; the precise time of his birth is not known His pursuit was agriculture, and his mind was strong, but little cultivated by letters. He was a member of the first Congress in 1774, and soon after signing the Declaration of Independence he retired from that body. He suffered much at the hands of the loyalists, died in 1780, and was buried at Rahway, New Jersey.

Abraham Clark was born at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1726. He was a self-taught, energetic man, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was always an active public man. His death occurred in June, 1794.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Robert Morris was born in England in 1733, came to America in childhood, and was educated in Philadelphia. He entered into commercial life; was always energetic, active, and honorable, and was very popular. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and during the whole struggle was the chief financial supporter of the cause. He lost an immense fortune, and died in comparative poverty in May, 1806.

Benjamin Rush was born near Philadelphia in December, 1743. He was educated at Princeton, studied medicine, completed his instructions in Edinburgh, and became a successful physician in Philadelphia. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and from that period until his death, in April, 1813, he took an active part in public life. He stands in the front rank of American physicians and philosophers.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706. He was bred a printer, went to Philadelphia in early life, became an active and useful member of society, was often called into public life before the war, and was appointed agent in England for some of the colonies. He returned to America in 1775, and was immediately elected to a seat in Congress. He signed the Declaration of Independence, and soon afterward departed for France as American Commissioner. He was an active minister abroad, and returned to America in 1785. He died at Philadelphia, in April, 1790.

John Morton was of Swedish parentage, born in Delaware in 1724. He was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" at New York, in 1765, filled various civil offices in Pennsylvania, and was a member of the first Congress in 1774 He was one of the committee who reported the "Articles of Confederation," and died soon after that event, in 1778.

George Clymer was born in Philadelphia, in 1739. He became a merchant under the auspices of his guardian and uncle, but he preferred science and literature to his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1776, served several years in that body, and in 1781 was elected a member of his State Legislature. Being a revenue officer at the time of the "Whisky Insurrection," his services were of great value in suppressing it His last public duty was a mission to the Cherokees, in 1796. His death occurred in January, 1813.

James Smith was born in Ireland. He would never give the date of his birth. He was educated at Philadelphia, commenced professional life as a lawyer on the frontiers of Pennsylvania, obtained great influence, and in 1776 was elected a member of Congress. He resumed his profession in 1781, relinquished practice in 1800, and died in 1806 at the supposed age of eighty-six years.

George Taylor was also born in Ireland, in 1716 He came to America while a young man, with no fortune, but good character and sound health By diligence he rose from a menial servant to a clerk in an iron establishment in Pennsylvania, afterward married his employer's widow, and became possessed of a handsome fortune He was a member of the State legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1776 He died in February, 1781.

James Wilson was born in Scotland in 1742, educated at Edinburgh, came to America in 1766, was a tutor in the Philadelphia College, and there studied law. He was elected to Congress in 1775 In 1789 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and died in August, 1798.

George Ross was born at Newcastle, Delaware, in 1730. He studied law, practiced at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1768, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was very active in public life until the time of his death, in July, 1789.

DELAWARE.

Cæsar Rodney was born at Dover, Delaware, in 1730. He was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" in 1765, and was speaker of the Assembly of his State in 1768. He held a chaste and fluent pen, and it was much employed in the service of his country. He was a member of the first Congress in 1774, and remained in that body until the close of 1776, when he took the field as a brigadier-general. He was President of his State, but a cancer in his cheek soon incapacitated him for business, and terminated his life early in 1783.

George Read was born in Maryland, in 1734, and was educated at Philadelphia. He studied law, commenced business at Newcastle, Delaware, was a member of the State Legislature, and was elected to Congress in 1774. He was appointed an Admiralty Judge in 1782, was a member of the first Constitutional Convention in 1786, was made Chief Justice in 1793, and died in the autumn of 1798.

Thomas M'Kean was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in 1734. He was educated at Philadelphia, became a lawyer, was a member of the "Stamp Act Congress" in 1765, and was elected to the first Continental Congress for Delaware in 1774. He was president of Congress in 1781, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania for twenty years, and in 1799 was elected Governor of the State. He died in June, 1817.

MARYLAND.

Samuel Chase was born in Maryland, in April, 1741. He was educated at Baltimore, studied law, practiced at Annapolis, became eminent and popular, and in 1774 was chosen a member of the Continental Congress. He remained in that body until 1778. He removed to Baltimore in 1786, was appointed Chief Justice, first of the Criminal Court, and then of the State, and in 1796 was raised to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. He held the office fifteen years, and died in June, 1811.

Thomas Stone was born in Maryland, in 1740. His profession was a lawyer, and in 1774 he was elected to a seat in Congress. He remained a member until 1778, and was again elected in 1783. In 1784, he was elected President of Congress, *pro tempore*. He died at Port Tobacco, Maryland, in October, 1787.

William Paca was born in Hartford, Maryland, in October, 1740. He was educated at Philadelphia, and studied law at Annapolis. In 1771, he was elected to the State legislature, was a member of the first Congress, in 1774, and remained in that body until 1778, when he was elected Chief Justice of Maryland. He was chosen Governor of the State in 1782; was made a district judge in 1789, and died in 1799.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in September, 1737. His father being a Roman Catholic, he was sent to France to be educated. He returned to America a finished scholar, in 1765, soon afterward took an active part in public affairs, and was elected to a seat in Congress in 1776. He retired from Congress in 1778, was elected United States Senator in 1789, and went into private life in 1801. He died in November, 1832, at the age of ninety-four years, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

VIRGINIA.

George Wythe was born in Elizabeth county, Virginia, in 1726. Being wealthy, he chose the profession of the law as an avenue to distinction. He was a member of the colonial legislature of Virginia, and in 1775 was elected a member of Congress. He suffered much loss of property during the war. In 1777 he was Speaker of the Virginia Assembly, and was appointed Judge of the High Court of Chancery. He was afterward appointed Chancellor, filled the office for more than twenty-five years, and died in June, 1606.

Richard Henry Lee, the Cicero of the Congress of 1776, was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, in January, 1732. He was educated in England, and soon after his return was elected a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was a member of Congress in 1774, and remained in that body during a greater part of the war. He was a United States Senator in 1789, and died in June, 1794.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, in April, 1743. He was educated at William and Mary College, was member of the Virginia Legislature before the Revolution, was elected to Congress in 1775, and in 1776, as one of the Committee appointed for the purpose, wrote the Declaration of Independence. He was afterward Minister to France, the first Secretary of State under Washington, elected President of the United States in 1801, and died at Monticello, Virginia, in July, 1826.

Benjamin Harrison was a native of Virginia, was educated at William and Mary College, and began his political career in the Virginia legislature in 1764. He was elected to Congress in 1774, where he remained until 1777. He was chosen Speaker of the Virginia Assem-

HARRISON'S RESIDENCE AT BERKELEY.

bly in 1778, and held that office until elected Governor in 1782. He died in April, 1791. The late President Harrison, who was born at

his father's house at Berkeley, on the James River, was his son.

Thomas Nelson, Jr. was born at York, Virginia, in December, 1738. He was educated in England, entered into political life soon after his return, and was elected to Congress in 1775. He held a seat there during the first half of the

NELSON'S RESIDENCE AT YORKTOWN.

war, and in 1781 succeeded Jefferson as Governor of the State. He was actively engaged in military life when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Governor Nelson died in January, 1789.

Francis Lightfoot Lee was born in Westmoreland, Virginia, in October, 1734. He was educated at home. He was elected to a seat in the House of Burgesses in 1765, and continued a delegate until 1775, when he was sent to Congress. He retired to private life in 1779, and died in April, 1797.

Carter Braxton was born in Newington, Virginia, in September, 1736. He was educated at William and Mary College, went to England, and remained there until 1760, when he was called to a seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses. He was distinguished during the Stamp Act excitement, and in 1775 was elected to the Continental Congress. He was a member of the Federal Congress, and remained in active life until his death in October, 1797.

NORTH CAROLINA.

William Hooper was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in June, 1742. He was educated at Harvard, studied law, and commenced its practice at Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1767. He was a member of the State legislature in

HOOPER'S RESIDENCE AT WILMINGTON

1773, was an active patriot, and in 1774 was elected to a seat in the Continental Congress. Soon after signing the Declaration of Independence, he resigned his seat, and returned home. He was elected a judge in 1786, and died in October, 1790.

Joseph Hewes was born at Kingston, New Jersey, in 1730. He was educated at Princeton, became a merchant, and at the age of thirty years, settled at Wilmington, North Carolina. He was a member of the Colonial Assembly for several years, and in 1774 was elected to a seat in Congress. He was compelled to leave that body, by sickness, in 1779, and died in November of that year.

John Penn was born in Caroline County, Virginia, in May, 1741. His early education was defective, but a strong mind overcame all obstacles. He studied law, went to North Carolina in 1774, was an active politician and an eminent lawyer, and in 1775 was elected to a seat in Congress. He returned home in 1779, retired from public life in 1783, and died in September, 1788.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Edward Rutledge was born in Charleston in November, 1749. He was educated at Princeton, completed law studies in England, returned to America in 1773, and in 1775 was elected to Congress. He was a member until the close of 1776, and again in 1779; and in 1780 he was made a prisoner in Charleston, when the city was surrendered to the British He was elected Governor of the State in 1798, and died in January, 1800.

Thomas Heyward, Jr. was born in South Carolina in 1746. He completed law studies in England, and soon after returning to America, engaged in political life. He was elected to Congress in 1775, and left that body in 1778 to fill a judicial station in his own State. He commanded a battalion of militia during the siege of Charleston in 1780, was made prisoner, and sent with others to St. Augustine. He retired from public life in 1798, and died in March, 1809.

Thomas Lynch, Jr. was born in South Carolina in August, 1749. He was educated in England, studied law in London, returned home in 1772, became an active politician, and was elected to Congress in 1775. He left that body in the summer of 1776 on account of ill-health, and, with his wife, sailed for the West Indies in December The vessel was never heard of afterward.

Arthur Middleton was born in South Carolina in 1743. He was educated in England, returned to America in 1773, was an active republican, and in 1776 was elected to a seat in Congress He was in Charleston in 1780, and made prisoner at the surrender. The fires of the Revolution melted away a large portion of his ample fortune. He remained active in public life until his death, on the first of January, 1789.

GEORGIA.

Button Gwinnett was born in England in 1732. He was a well-educated merchant, settled at Charleston when he first came to America, and afterward purchased a large tract of land in

Georgia, and made that his permanent residence. He was elected to Congress in 1776, afterward assisted in framing a State Constitution for Georgia, and was elected first governor under it. He had a quarrel with General M'Intosh, a duel ensued, and Gwinnett was mortally wounded in 1779.

Lyman Hall was born in Connecticut in 1721. He was educated at Yale, studied medicine, and went to South Carolina in 1752. He was a practicing physician in Georgia when the war broke out, and was sent a delegate to Congress by the parish of St. John's, in 1775. He was soon afterward elected a general delegate by a State Convention. He was at the North until after the evacuation of Savannah in 1782, when he returned, and found all of his property confiscated to the Crown. He was elected Governor the following year, and died in Burke County in 1784.

George Walton was born in Frederick County, Virginia, in 1740. He was bred a mechanic, but at the age of twenty-one he studied law, and commenced its practice in Georgia. He was elected to Congress in 1776, and returned home in 1778. He was in military service at Savannah, and was wounded and made prisoner there when it surrendered to the British. He was elected Governor of the State in 1779, and was again sent to Congress in 1780. He was afterward Governor, Chief Justice, and United States' Senator. He died at Augusta in February, 1804.*

These compatriots of Mr. Jefferson in the Congress of 1776, were chosen by the people to represent them, because of their moral and intellectual cultivation, their social position, their prudence and integrity, and their boldness in advocacy of the inalienable rights of the colonists. Many of them were men of great experience in public affairs; all thoroughly understood the nature of the quarrel with the Mother Country, and saw clearly the proper remedies for the political evils which were hourly accumulating. They were not hot-headed revolutionists, moved by zeal without knowledge, with no other definite object but *change*. They were proud of their origin—proud of the honor of forming a part of the great British Empire, then foremost among the nations as the conservator of constitutional liberty, and more truly great than any other, because more free and enlightened. Yearning for reconciliation, they petitioned and remonstrated, year after year, for a redress of grievances, with sincere loyalty of feeling, and an earnest desire to maintain the security and glory of the British realm. They felt, as they declared, "that governments, long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes." But they also felt and declared, that "when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security." Such an exigency existed, when they declared the colonies "free and independent" States, and appealed to past history to vindicate the righteousness of their act, and to God for the rectitude of their intentions.

Among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were men engaged in almost every prominent pursuit of life. There were twenty-four *lawyers*; fourteen *farmers*, or men whose only business avocation was agriculture; nine *merchants*; four *physicians*; one Gospel *minister*, and three who were educated for that profession, but chose other fields of usefulness; and one a *manufacturer*. A large proportion of them lived to the age of three score and ten years. Three of them were over ninety years of age when they died; ten over eighty; eleven over seventy; fourteen over sixty; eleven over fifty; and six over forty-four. Mr. Lynch, who was lost in a vessel on its way to the West Indies, was only about thirty years of age. The aggregate years of life of the whole band of patriots, was three thousand six hundred and eighty-seven.

It is a fact worthy of record, that of the fifty-six members of the Continental Congress of 1776, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and thereby took a position of great eminence in the sight of the nations, not one fell from his proud estate, either by the effects of political apostacy or lukewarmness, or by moral degradation. In public and private life they remained pure; and in that glorious constellation of which the Patriot of Monticello is the chief luminary, there is not a single star whose light is dim, or unworthy of the highest homage that may be paid to man by the patriot and Christian. The memory of their achievements, accomplished with an eye single to the general good, should make us, the inheritors of the resulting blessings, bow in reverent adoration before the omnipotent spirit of UNION, in which alone, as in the group of celestial orbs, is strength and beauty. They were a band of brothers, indeed; and the family hearth, consecrated by their protection, which we have inherited, extended over every broad acre of the Republic. Let us see to it, that no disunion lines are traced upon it; for—

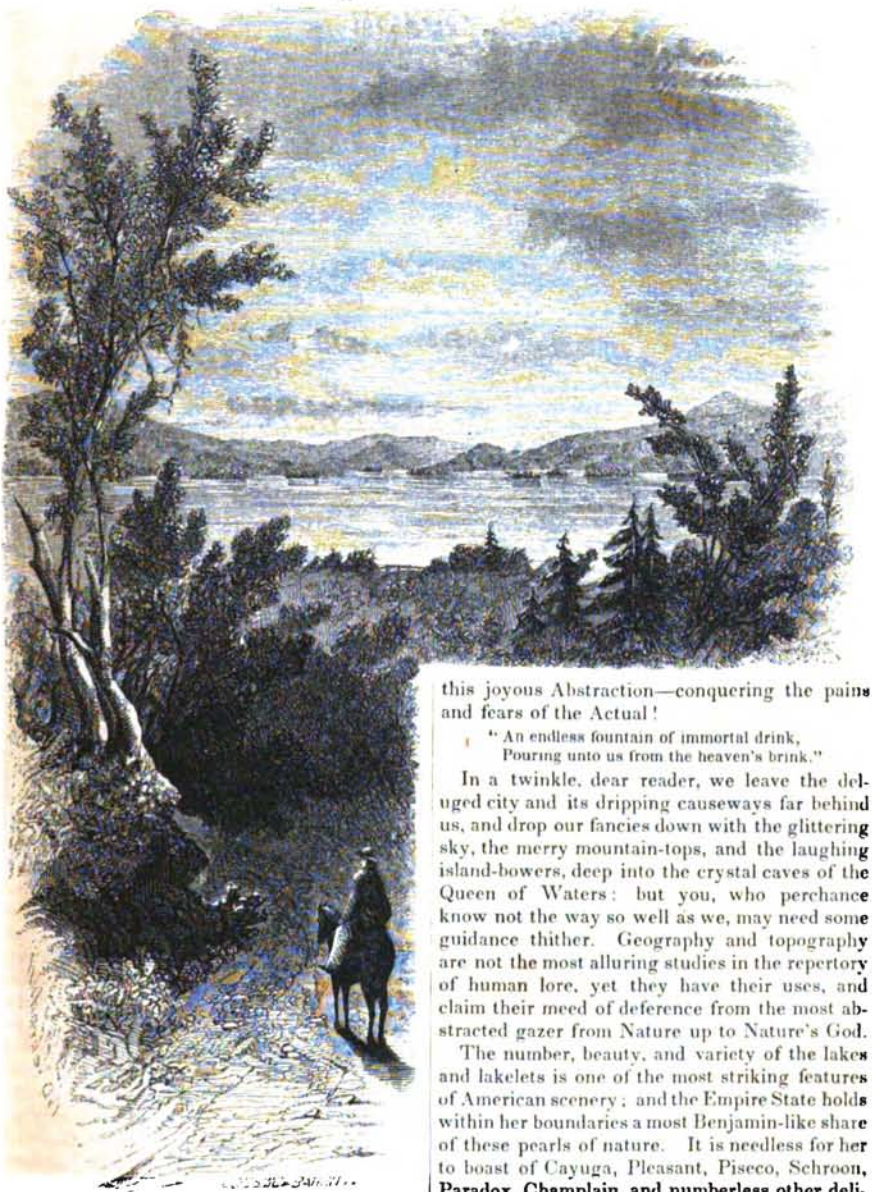
"Oh! 'tis a noble heritage—this goodly land of ours—
It boasts, indeed, nor Gothic fane, nor 'ivy-mantled towers;'
But far into the closing clouds its purple mountains climb—
The sculpture of Omnipotence, the rugged Twins of Time.

. . . . . .

"Oh! surely a high destiny, which we alone can mar,
Is figured in the horoscope where shines our risen star;
The monarchs all are looking on, in hope some flaw to see
Among the yet unbroken links that guard our liberty

"But may we disappoint the hope of every despot lord,
And keep our Union's gordian-knot uncleft by Faction's sword,
And as, with those girt in of yore, new provinces are twined,
Still let us with fresh bands of love the sheaf of Freedom bind!"

* The group of the signers of the Declaration of Independence (page 154), and the illustrations which accompany the brief sketches of those illustrious men, are from LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*.



SOUTHERN APPROACH TO LAKE GEORGE.

LAKE GEORGE.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

THE rain-drops upon our roof and against our window-pane trip in elfin measure—the harsh voice of old Boreas melts into a zephyrous breathing—glad sunshine illumines the dark clouds—and the gleeful rainbow spreads her magic sceptre of peace over the earth, as we nib our pen this wintry morning to conjure up summer memories of the gentle Horicon. Happy talisman—this remembrance of the Beautiful! this joyous Abstraction—conquering the pains and fears of the Actual!

> "An endless fountain of immortal drink,
> Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

In a twinkle, dear reader, we leave the deluged city and its dripping causeways far behind us, and drop our fancies down with the glittering sky, the merry mountain-tops, and the laughing island-bowers, deep into the crystal caves of the Queen of Waters: but you, who perchance know not the way so well as we, may need some guidance thither. Geography and topography are not the most alluring studies in the repertory of human lore, yet they have their uses, and claim their meed of deference from the most abstracted gazer from Nature up to Nature's God.

The number, beauty, and variety of the lakes and lakelets is one of the most striking features of American scenery; and the Empire State holds within her boundaries a most Benjamin-like share of these pearls of nature. It is needless for her to boast of Cayuga, Pleasant, Piseco, Schroon, Paradox, Champlain, and numberless other delicious scenes, while with fair Horicon alone she may challenge all the earth. This bright gem—gem of purest water—is befittingly set in a surrounding of kindred beauties, shedding its effulgence upon the most attractive portion of the most picturesque State in the Union. It is as accessible in all directions as steamers, railways, and plank-roads can make it. And what magnificent modes of access! The Canadian, dropping down Lake Champlain, nods to the Adirondacks on one hand, and to the Green Mountains on the other, as he hastens to pay a morning call; while the Southron glides swiftly through the

AMONG THE ISLANDS.

enchanted fastnesses of the Hudson, and peeps into the gay saloons of Saratoga, as he runs up to dinner or tea. And what cordial and hospitable greeting and entertainment they receive—moral and physical! What gracious smiles from the hostess, and what dinners and teas from the stewards of her hotels!

The transit of Lake George is a link in the high road from the States to the Canadas, by which happy accident men of business toils may worship God for a moment through the still, small voice of His handiworks, without abating a jot of their devotion to Mammon. The general scenery-hunter and the fashionable tourist "do" the Lake without trouble, in connection with their devoirs at Saratoga—a good preparation, had Horicon need of such a foil as the intellectual and moral fast of a sojourn at that temple of empty gallantries and unreal life.

The Indian, true to that dominant emotion of his heart—a pure and reverent love of Nature—always fervently worshiped at this shrine, and baptized it humbly—in sympathy with its own character and sentiment—Horicon, or the Silvery Waters; he called it too Canideriout, or the Tail of the Lake, from its relative position to the proximate waters of Champlain. The French Catholics, equally obeying the specialities of their *morale*, christened it, in honor of their religious creed, Lake Sacrament; while the Anglo-Saxon, no less mindful of his highest and holiest love, made it do homage to his egotism, and named it after himself—Lake George! To this hour, well-a-day! the voices of poetry and of religion are drowned in the more clamorous cry of human pride and selfishness.

Who can say what deeds of heroism and horror, of love and hate, the shores and depths of Horicon may have witnessed in the forgotten ages of the past, when the red man alone was lord and master. What unwritten histories, rich and strange, may lie buried in its sealed waters. Certainly, since its story has found chroniclers, numberless events of classic and historic charm have clustered thick around it. The poet and the romancer have embalmed it in the quaint old rhyme and in winsome story. Brave armies lie under its sods, and its ripples now break over the graves of once gay and gallant fleets. Not a few of the most daring and important events of our Colonial wars, and of our Revolutionary struggle, endear these haunts to the national heart. We shall recall these records of the lyre, and these "moving accidents by flood and field," as briefly and comprehensively as we may, as in our traverse of the lake we reach the several points and scenes with whose story they are interwoven.

Let us start, as nine out of ten of you will, from the piazza of one of the giant hotels of Saratoga. We may manage the whole intervening distance of twenty miles, either wholly on an easy plank-road, or in part by the more rapid railway. We say of the latter route, "in part," because not yet has the demon voice of the locomotive profaned the holy stillness of Horicon. By either path, we shall pass over the last and most interesting part of the journey at a decorous and convenient pace.

As we jog on, we may, if we are poetically or archæologically bent—as one is apt to be under such circumstances—recall the woeful story of the ill-fated Jenny M'Crea, and the victory of Gates, and defeat of Burgoyne on Bemis' Heights, both stories of the vicinage. After dinner at Glen's Falls, we may delight us with the angry and tortuous passage of the upper Hudson, over immense barriers of jagged marble; and looking into the past, we may espy the hiding-place of Cooper's fair creations—Alice and Cora Munroe, with their veteran guardians, Uncas and Hawk-Eye. The clamor of human industry at this once quiet spot would now drown the foot-fall of the Mohican better than ever did his stealthy moccasin.

Midway between these famous falls and the lake, we take a peep at Williams' Rock, a venerable boulder on the wayside, remembered with the fate of its god-father, Col. Williams, killed here in the "soul-trying" times. The action which immortalized this ancient druid has given a dreary interest to another spot hard by—a deep-down, dank, and dismal "Bloody Pond," where sleep the poor fellows who were left to pay the scot at this sad merry-making.

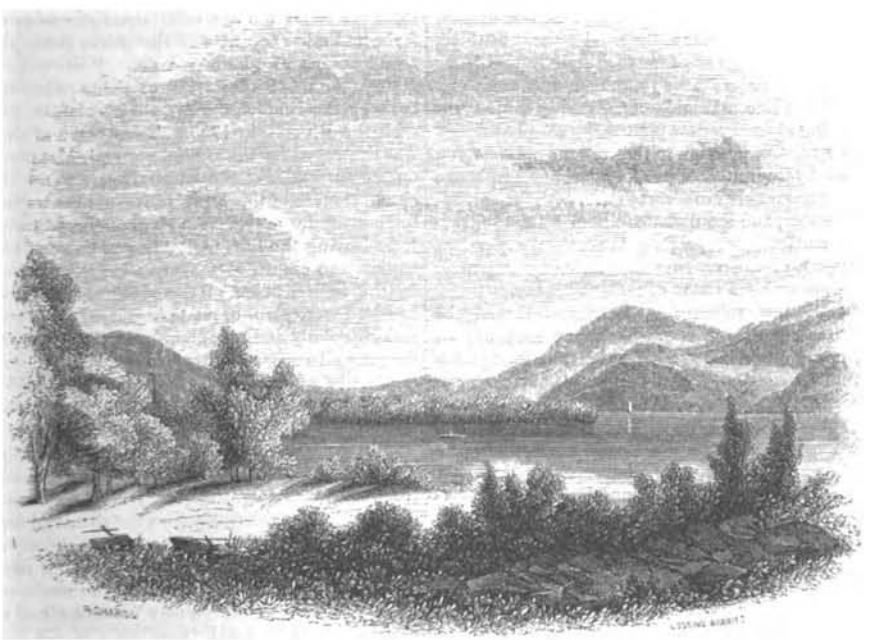
From this point we catch our first glimpse of the watch-towers of Horicon; and soon after a joyous gleam of water blesses our vision, growing into a broad, far-spreading sea, studded with mythical isles and edged with gallant hills. Then the little village of Caldwell peeps up to greet us, and hastening to grasp its extended hand, we are soon cosily housed in the parlors of Sherrill's famous house, at the head of the Lake. The unusual course of the Horicon, from south to north, results in a little jumbling of the ups and downs of travel, sending the loiterer down the lake, while he is going up the shore, or road, and *vice versa:* thus leaving the queenly water open to the derogatory imputation of an insane weakness for standing on its head! Sup with the model appetite achieved by your day's travel—puff your Havana lazily as you commune for an hour upon the piazza, with the slumbering waters—sleep serenely, as under such gentle influences you infallibly must—rise betimes, and breakfast befittingly, as you will, upon Sherrill's immaculate trout, and if no very heinous sins press you down (like the leaded ends of the toy pithmen), there is no saying whether you yourself will be found standing upon your head or feet, for it requires but a marvelously short time here to make you a "boy again," and to revive your ancient passion for wild-oats.

It is the custom of many folks to take the steamboat at Caldwell, after breakfast, traverse the entire lake to Ticonderoga, get back again to tea, and consider the thing done: but as these people are only themselves "done," we shall consider their custom more honored in the breach than in the observance. Catch us, forsooth, wasting Lake George on a single day's pleasure! We are not such thriftless prodigals. We are here *chez le* Commodore: we know when we are well off, and we are going to upset our trunks and make ourselves comfortable.

The morning is advancing, and we had well nigh forgotten our bath. To pass a day here without this luxury is to make but a shabby use of the blessings of Providence. What is Stoppani, with his "hot and cold!" or Rabineau, with his "salt!" in comparison with the vast crystal tub in which you here make your daily ablutions! A few steps—your skiff (skiffs abound) is manned; a few pulls, and that dreamy isle whose mazes you threaded last night with the blue wreaths of your cigar, is reached; one plunge, and your youth is renewed—you are in Elysium:

> "We have been there, and still would go,
> 'Tis like a little heaven below!"

Our morning bath accomplished, now let us, like Shakspeare's hero, "sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the death of kings." Here, in the cooling shadow of the stately hemlock, so gracefully softened by the lighter humor of the more genial birch—the Socrates and the Alcibiades of the woods. Yonder, to the northward, are gathered, in promiscuous and crowded groups, as if to do honor to your coming, all the mountain-tops of the neighborhood. It is the same glimpse, seen nearer, as that caught occasionally in our approach to the Lake yesternight, and which we have sought to transcribe in our frontispiece. The islands lie chiefly off there in the distance; but so abundant are they, that quite enough still stand around you and dot the



SHELVING ROCK.

SCENE NEAR BOLTON.

water, like exclamation-points, in all directions. With the changing hour—dawn, sunset, and night; with the varying weather; from the calm of drowsy morning to the eve of gathering storm, these islands are found in ever-changing phases. As they sleep for a moment in the deep quiet of a passing cloud-shadow, you sigh for rest in their cooling bowers; anon, the sun breaks over them, and you are still as eager to mingle in their now wild and lawless revelry. You may shake up the Lake like a keleidescope, seeing with every varying change a new picture, by simply varying your relative position to these islands. Now you have a foreground of pebbly beach, or perchance of jagged rock, or of forest *débris*, with the spreading water, and the distance-tinted hills, to fill up the canvas; or, peeping beneath the pendant boughs of the beach and maple, an Arcadian bower discloses vistas of radiant beauty.

Still new volumes open as you thread the shores on either hand. This you may do, for some dozen miles on the western side, upon a comfortable carriage-way. Some four miles onward, you pick up the accompanying picture of "Shelving Rock," a feature which gives saliency to the landscape in all directions. Hereabouts, this particular grouping is seen over and over again, with sundry variations. Behind the Shelving Rock rises Black Mountain, a bold and omnipresent spirit in the scenery of Horicon: to be got rid of only by turning your back upon him—a discourtesy to which there is no temptation.

The charm of many of the islands and localities embraced in the view from Caldwell, is pleasantly heightened by associations of historic incident. Diamond Isle was once (who, now watching its peaceful aspect, would ever think it!) a depôt for military stores and war-clad bands. Long Point, hard by, in 1757 formed with the shore a harbor for the bateaux of Montcalm. Yonder too are still found the ruins of forts, and other adjuncts of the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war. Fort William Henry, the most interesting of these relics, was built by the English during their colonial wars with the French, in 1755. Two years after, it was destroyed by the Gallic general, Montcalm, on the surrender of the English garrison. The circumstances of this capitulation are too tragical to be easily forgotten. As the conquered troops were leaving the fort, under the promise of protection and escort, they were savagely attacked by the Indian allies of the victors, and fifteen hundred were slain or made captives, the French looking calmly and perfidiously on the while, and denying all succor or interference. To complete the horror of the scene, the mangled corses of more than a hundred women strewed the ground

In this vicinage are the ruins of Fort George; and close by was once a third fortification, named in honor of General Gage. The history of neither recalls to our memory any very active scenes.

Caldwell, though possessing not over two hundred inhabitants, is yet the most considerable village—indeed the only one worthy of the name—until you reach Ticonderoga, at the north end of the Lake. Its position at a terminus, and on the high road of travel, together with its well-ordered summer hotel (the favorite Lake House,

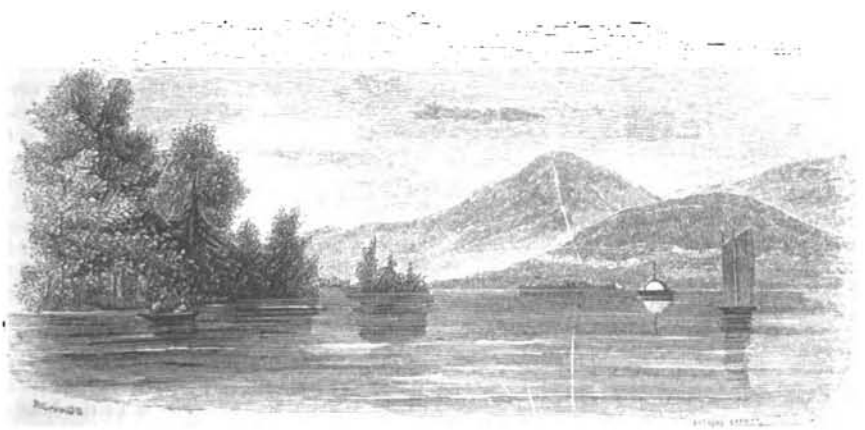
at whose table we have thus far in our journey been delighting our souls with the rich products of the angle and of the chase), have made it the place where tourists most do congregate. In every respect it is capital head-quarters. Still there are other resting-places and bivouacs none the less desirable from being more secluded and quiet. Chief among these is Bolton, some three leagues distant by road or water, and Garfield's, still another decade of miles removed. At both of these landings are admirable hotels, with every facility for a satisfactory immolation of Old Tempus. A new inn has been very recently erected opposite Caldwell; and Toole's, some miles beyond, on the eastern shore, is well known to the hunting and fishing visitors.

But of all the haunts on the Lake, Bolton is pre-eminent in its array of natural beauty. In no other vicinage can you put out your hand or your foot, and in one leisurely pull on the water or in one quiet stroll on the shore, possess yourself of so many and so richly contrasted pictures. The genuine lover of nature may linger long at other spots, but here is his abiding place. Bolton is a township which, while having a name to live, is yet dead. It possesses a shadowy conglomeration of huts, which the modesty of the good Boltonians themselves dares not dignify with any prouder appellation than that of "the huddle." The farm-houses round about are reasonably thick and well to do, certainly; but still Bolton, in the vocabulary of the stranger, is neither more nor less than the "Mohican House," whose esteemed commandant is Captain Gale, a name next to that of "Sherrill" most gratefully interwoven with the carnal history of Horicon. Yes! the Mohican House is Bolton, and Bolton is the Mohican House; even as Bardolph was his nose, and his nose was Bardolph. Great are both!

Among the genial spirits who were our few fellow guests here during two happy moons, some year or so ago, was one of Italia's most gifted daughters, whose voice has rung in melody through all this wide land, yet never in such sweet and winning harmony, and with such worthy accessories, as under the starry canopy and amidst the enrapt stillness of Horicon. "*Casta diva che in argenti*," floating spirit-like over the glad waters, and gently echoed by listening hill and isle, is not quite the same thing as when sent back from the proscenium of "Astor Place." Our Signorina had "the heavens and earth of every country seen:" had known and loved Katrine and Windermere, Constance, Lomond, Geneva and Grassmere, had grown to womanhood on the sunny banks of immortal Como, yet found sweet Horicon more charming than them all. What better evidence of the sweet poetry and power of the lovely theme of our present memories can we have than the earnest and enduring emotion and sympathy it wins from the most cultivated souls, no less than from the wonder-stricken novice amidst the *chefs-d'œuvres* of nature!

It is no slight task to determine in which direction here, to seek the picturesque—whether in the bosom of the Lake, on the variedly indented shores, or on the overlooking mountain tops. Every where is abundant and perfect beauty. Among our poor trophies of the pencil we have preserved a little glimpse looking southward from the edge of the water at Bolton. Our only regret is, as we offer it with its companions, that, with our best seekings, we may still appear to the reader, too much like the pedant in Hierocles, submitting a brick as a sample of the beauty of his house.

The average width of Lake George is between two and three miles. At the Mohican House, this average is exceeded; indeed, at one other point only, is it any where broader than here. All the leading features of the locality are happily commanded here. The islands within range of the eye are many and of surpassing beauty—and among them is that odd little nautical eccentricity, called Ship Island, from the mimicry in its verdure of the proportions and lines of the ship. The landing is near the mouth of the northwest bay—a special expanse of five miles, stolen from the main waters by the grand mountain promontory aptly called the Tongue. It is



SHIP ISLAND AND BLACK MOUNTAIN.

THE NARROWS

the extension into the Lake of this ridge of hills which forms the Narrows, entered immediately after passing Bolton. Contracted as the channel is at this point, it seems yet narrower from the greater elevation of the mountains among which are the most magnificent peaks of the neighborhood. Here is the home of Shelving Rock, with its hemisphere of palisades, and its famous dens of rattlesnakes; here too, monarch of hills, the Black Mountain, with his rugged crown of rock, holds his court. Tongue Mountain is the favored haunt of the Nimrods in their search for the luscious venison. Speaking of the chase reminds us that we owe a line to the sister sport of the angle. It is in the vicinage of Bolton that both these delights may be best attained, and particularly is it the field, *par excellence*, for piscatory achievements. Were it not that so very little credence is placed in the avoirdupois of fishermen, we would allude modestly to the weight of certain astonishing creatures of the trout and bass kind, which we have ourselves persuaded to the hook.

Charming as are the scenes from the surface of the Lake, they are surpassed by the glimpses continually occurring in the passage of the road on the western shore (the precipitousness of the mountains on the other side admits of no land passage), and commanded by the summits of the hills. Leaving Bolton, the road which has thus far followed the margin or the vicinage of the water, steals off, and sullenly winds its rugged and laborious way across the mountains, offering nothing of interest until it again descends to the Lake near Garfield's—a tedious traverse of a score of miles or more. The interval is much more rapidly and pleasantly made on the steamer. From Sabbath-Day Point and Garfield's, the road again jogs on merrily in the neighborhood of the water. Descending the mountains at the northern end of this central portion of the Lake road, you catch a noble and welcome panorama of the upper part of the Horicon. But returning to Bolton—we were about speaking of the delightful scenes from the shore thereat. Within a short walk northward, an exceedingly characteristic view is found looking across the mouth of the Northwest bay to the Narrows. From all the eminences or from the shore, the landscape is here of admirable simplicity, breadth, and grandeur. It is seen most justly as the morning sun peeps over Black Mountain and its attendant peaks. Looking southward from various points yet further on, fine views of the head of the Lake are obtained—among them our sketch of the master feature of the southern extremity—the French

mountain—terminating a pleasant stretch of lawn, hill, and islanded water.

It is while the eye is filled with such scenes as these modest hill-tops offer, more perhaps than when embowered in the solitudes of the island shades, or than when wandering by the rippling shore, that the soul is most conscious of the subtle nature of the charms which make us cling to and desire ever to dwell near Horicon. This secret and omnipotent essence is the rare presence of the quiet and grace of the beautiful—heightened, but not overcome, by the laughing caprices of the picturesque, and the solemn dignity of the grand in nature. The beautiful alone, wanting that contrast and variety which keeps curiosity alert and interested, soon wearies and cloys—the sublime calling forth feelings of astonishment, and sometimes even of terror, stretches the fibres so much beyond their natural tone as to create pain, so that the effect, however great, can not be very enduring. When these several qualities are united, as they are in the luxuriant, changeful, and wide-spreading landscape of Lake George, a pleasant and lasting sensation of delight is the result—a healthy tone of pleasurable excitement, in which are avoided the extremes both of the languor of beauty and the painful tension of emotion produced by the sublime

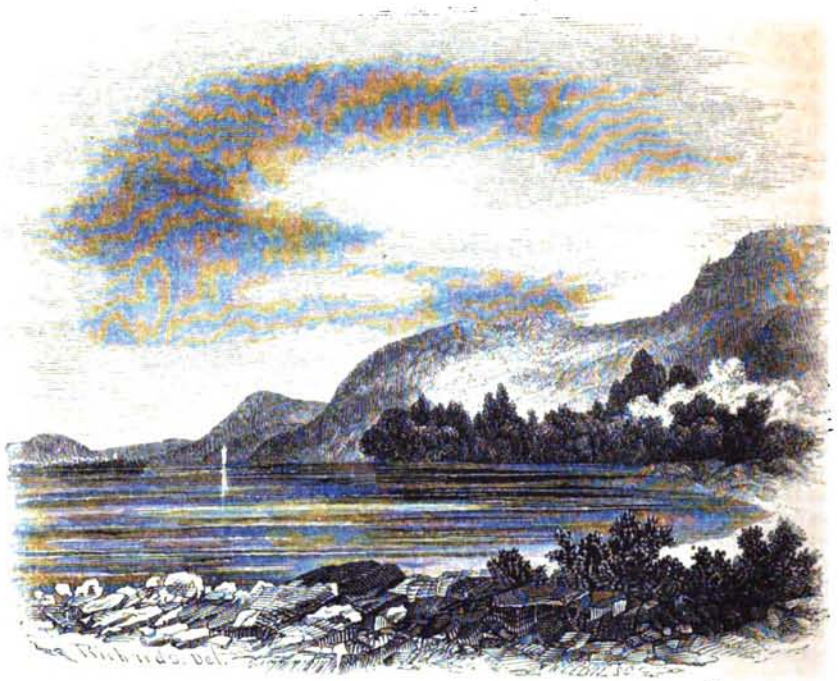
The attractions of Horicon will be yet more perfect when time shall effect the additional infusion of the picturesque, which will follow the enterprise, opulence, and taste of increasing population Though now exhibiting all the elements of perfect beauty, she yet bides her time for complete development. She is now, to her sister waters of the Old World, as the untaught forest maiden is to the peerless queen of the boudoir and saloon The refining and spiritualizing hand of art will soon enliven her quieter features, and soften her rougher characteristics Ruined battlements and legendary shrines may never deck her bluffs and promontories in the mystic veil of romance, but happy cottages and smiling homes of health and content will climb her rude acclivities, and merry summer villas will peep gleefully out of the clustering shrubbery of her lovely isles, bringing to the heart more grateful thoughts and hopes than would the vaunted accessories of older spots, inasmuch as they will whisper of a yet higher civilization and of a nobler life.

So admirably attuned are all the elements of beauty in the scenery of Lake George, that on our first acquaintance with the region we could scarcely imagine it ever to appear under a different aspect than the sunny phase in which we then saw it. So perfect did nature appear, both in the general sentiment and in the most minute detail, that we could think of her doing

> "Nothing but that, more still, still so, and own
> No other function—"

As we gazed around upon the chattering waters and upon the rejoicing hills, we wondered whether storm and cloud ever darkened their radiant face —whether the wrath of the mad and unchained elements ever managed to break the spell of calm repose But we learned in due time that, as the mildest eye will sometimes glance in wrath, and the rosiest lip will curl in scorn, so the black scowl of the tempest would gather upon the brows of the peaceful hills, and hide the smile of the gentle floods of Horicon—only, though, soon to pass away, and leave hill and water more verdant and sparkling than before. When the air is thus cleared by storm or shower, the surrounding hills glitter in almost painful distinctness, each stem and stone from the base to the crown of the mountains seeming to come within the grasp of your hand. Once—deceived by this false sem-

FRENCH MOUNTAIN.



SABBATH-DAY POINT

blance—we were persuaded to undertake the passage of the Lake and the ascent of the Black Mountain. "It is so easy and simple a matter," said our adventurous friends, "and may be managed so readily and so rapidly" Alas! poor deluded wretches! Well was it that our fancy came with the rising of the sun, and that no delay followed in the execution, for night fairly overtook us before we regained our domicile, under a firm conviction of the verity of the old proverb touching the deceitfulness of appearances. As a memento of this excursion, we brought back a rattle-snake, which we demolished on the way; and the skin of which one of our party, following the sumptuary habits of the people, afterward wore as a hat-band. Turning from the position whence we have been gazing upon the French Mountain, we may detect, upon the extreme left, the petite area of Fourteen Mile Island, lying at the base of Shelving Rock, and near the entrance to the Narrows. This is a famous temporary home of the Nimrods who chase the deer over the crags of the Tongue Mountain, opposite. The domestic appliances of this rude resting-place are as nomadic as the roughest hunter could desire

On the Pinacle, a lofty peak west of the hotel, a more extended panorama of the Lake is obtained. We often climbed to the summit of the hills on the road westward from Bolton; once we found ourselves there at the very peep of day, when the stern and rugged phiz of Black Mountain was bathed in the purple light of the rising sun; the few fleeting clouds visible in the heavens were tinged with gold, doubly gorgeous in contrast with the gray hue of the unillumined hills beneath, the blue waters, and the yet sleeping islands. Still a few moments, and "heaven's wide arch was glorious with the sun's returning march" Floods of living light swept over the extended landscape—the hundred islets rubbed their sleepy eyes, and joyously awoke again, while the waters threw off the drapery of their couch in the shape of long lines of vapor, which the jocund king of day—merrily performing the rôle of chamber-maid—busied himself in rolling carefully up on the hill-side, and hiding away until they should be again required. It was one of those magical scenes of which the poet and painter more often dream than realize.

Thus far our panorama gazings have (from the intervening of the Tongue) shown us only the southern end of Horicon. At the 2200 feet elevation of the Black Mountain, the eye sweeps the entire extent of the Lake—of Champlain, lying at its eastern base—and of all the region round, to the peaks of the Adirondacks, and the green hills of Vermont. But very few tourists, few of the Nimrods even, brave the toils of an ascent to the crown of this stately pile. The way is wearisomely steep and beset with dangers. Watching with due precaution for the rattlesnake, an indigenous product of all this region, you may overlook the approach of the bear, or unexpectedly encounter the catamount—not to mention the host of less distinguished animals, "native here, and to the manner born."

When you are ready, or necessitated rather,

to say adieu to Bolton (for continual parting is the sad alloy of the traveler's rare privilege of varied greeting), the little steamer will pick you up all in the morning betimes, and whisk you through the Narrows to your next bivouac, at Sabbath-Day Point.

The passage of the Narrows, either in storm or sunshine, at noon-tide or night, is not the least agreeable item in your Lake experience. The waters here reach a depth of four hundred feet, and so surprisingly translucent are they, that you may watch the gambols of the finny peoples many fathoms below the surface. In most parts of the Lake you may count the pebbles at the bottom as your skiff glides along.

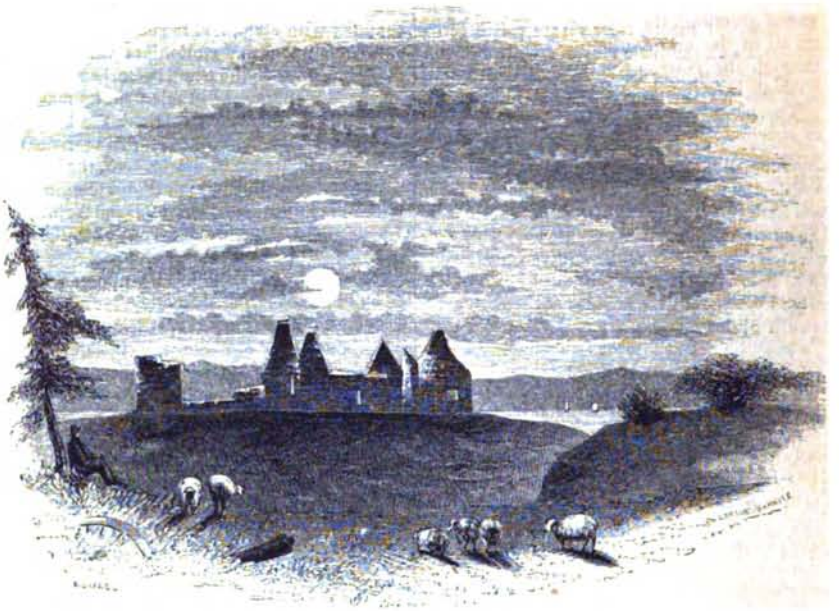
We shall be set ashore at Sabbath-Day Point in a batteau, for want of a steamboat landing. Such a convenience was once found here. Once Sabbath-Day Point was a point every body longed to know. A commodious and fashionable summer hotel stood here, and a miraculous old landlord did the honors in his own remarkable way. Hotel, landlord, and visitors have all vanished. Nature, though, yet remains—young, lovely, and *giant* as ever. The pleasant strip of meadow pokes its merry nose into the Lake with the saucy impudence of other days, and scans with wonted satisfaction the glorious sweep of the waters, as they vanish southward in the defile of the Narrows; or northward, reflect on their broad expanse the Titan phiz of good Saint Anthony, and the rocky flanks of Roger's Slide.

In 1756, a handful of colonists here successfully repelled a stormy onslaught of the Indians and French. Here too, in 1758, General Abercrombie and his gallant army lunched, *en route* from Fort George, at the head of the Lake, to attack the French at Ticonderoga. The sky was gemmed with stars, and the disc of the moon fell unbroken upon the motionless waters, as this glorious array of a thousand boats, bearing sixteen thousand men, pursued their stealthy march. As the brilliant cavalcade debarked, the bright uniforms sparkled in the beams of the rising sun, and the morning being the Sabbath, the little cape was happily called Sabbath-Day Point. Here again, in the memorable 1776, the patriot militia dealt some successful back-handers to the Tories and their Indian allies.

From Sabbath-Day Point we may re-embark on the steamer, or continue our journey by land, as the road now touches the Lake again. Three miles onward we make the little village of Hague, if village it can be styled. The visitor will remember the locality as Garfield's—one of the oldest and most esteemed summer camps. Judge Garfield would seem to have an intimate acquaintance with every deer on the hill-side, and with every trout in the waters, so habitually are these gentry found at his luxurious table. An excellent landing facilitates the approach to Garfield's, and the steamboat touches daily, up and down.

The shore route hence to Ticonderoga is through a pleasant country, well worth exploration. We will pursue our journey now by water. Just beyond, the Lake is again reduced to Procrustean limits, as it brushes between the opposing walls of Roger's Rock and Anthony's Nose. The reader is doubtless familiar with the ruse by which Major Rogers, flying from the Indians in 1758, persuaded them that he had achieved the marvelous feat of sliding down this grand declivity; thus cleverly reversing the

ROGER'S SLIDE AND ANTHONY'S NOSE.



RUINS OF TICONDEROGA.

theory of the sublime Western poet—seeking to—

—— "Prove that one Indian savage
Is worth two white men, on an av'rage!"

North of Roger's Rock the character of the Lake changes; the wild mountain shores yield to a fringe of verdant lawn and shady copse, and the water grows momently more shallow. This last variation was a god-send to the first English captives, detained by the French and Indians in the olden time, upon Prisoner's Island, hereabouts. At a quiet moment they took French leave, and waded ashore!

Directly west of Prisoner's Island is Howe's Landing, the point of debarkation of the mighty flotilla which we met at Sabbath-Day Point: and here, too, good reader, is *our* landing, and the end of our voyage of Horicon.

You will now collect your traps, and stepping with us, into one of the carriages which await—take a pleasant jog of four miles down the merry outlet of Lake George, and through the two villages of Ticonderoga, or "Tye," as they are familiarly called, to the brave old fort which the sturdy Ethan Allen so audaciously seized, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." In this little four-mile gallop of Horicon to Lake Champlain, the water makes a descent of two hundred and thirty feet, forming in the journey two series of very considerable cascades, called the Upper and the Lower Falls; both made industrially available by the denizens of the villages just mentioned. This ride, with its opening vistas of the valleys and hills of Vermont; its foaming cataracts; its charming revelations of the grand waters of Champlain; and, above all, its termination amidst the remains of the famed old Fort, is a welcome sequel to the day's delights.

Nothing could be more charmingly picturesque than the position and surroundings of the hotel at this memorable spot: the fairly-like air of the verandahed and latticed little house, its dainty walls gleaming in the drops of sunshine which steal from beneath the "sloping eaves" of the verdant grove which encircles it, and the rich velvety lawn sloping so gently to the very edge of the water.

Within immediate reach of this quiet and secluded retreat, stands the ancient Fort, looking proudly down, even in the feebleness and decrepitude of age, upon the scenes which once looked to its strength for protection and defense.

Ticonderoga, though geographically belonging to Lake Champlain, is essentially, in all its historical associations, and in all its natural beauties, part and parcel of Horicon; and nowhere may we more appropriately end our day's rambles than within its quiet shades.

Let us linger yet a moment, while the moonlight holds, amidst these eloquent mementoes of the past. Once these aged and tottering piles braved the defiance thundered from the frowning brow of yonder mountain. Here many of that glad and gorgeous array which we have twice met, found a gory resting-place. Here the feeble arm of a young nation first grew strong to humble the pride of tyrant power.

Feeble and mouldering walls, too weak to bear even the tender embrace of the clinging ivy! You were once the envied and the vaunted glory of the three great powers of the earth. France, Britain, and America successively confessed your strength. You are no more a contested prize, and never again may you be. Quiet is within your walls, and Peace dwells among the nations.

FERRY HOUSE AT BROOKLYN, 1791.

GROWTH OF CITIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

EVERY thing in the United States presents the aspect of freshness, vigor, and elastic vitality to the European on his arrival here, and he is continually impressed with the consciousness that he is in the midst of a vast progressive movement of a people young, lusty, and indomitable, toward the highest social refinement, political wisdom, and national grandeur. The cities and villages appear as if they were recently commenced, and were being rapidly pushed toward completion, to appear well at some great cosmopolitan fete near at hand. To the citizen of some old town in Continental Europe which was embalmed in history centuries ago, and where a new house has not been erected, nor an old one altered, within the memory of man, every thing here seems in its nativity—a magician's wand appears to be summoning vast marts of commerce from the blue waves of the ocean, and beautiful villages from the bosoms of the forests.

We have many startling data with which to illustrate the wonderful progress of our country in industrial pursuits, social refinement, and true national greatness; but there is none more tangible than the growth of our cities. We will select for illustration, only three, from a single State—the cities of *Brooklyn*, *Rochester*, and *Buffalo*, in the State of New York. The wonderful vitality which has stimulated the growth of each has been drawn from separate and distinct sources: Brooklyn from its proximity to a great and increasing commercial city; Rochester from the inherent energy, industry, and enterprise of its aggregating population; and Buffalo from its eligible position in the great pathway of commerce between the Atlantic and the States along the Lakes and the Father of Waters. Brooklyn is like the child of a rich parent, nursed into life and placed in good society without much personal endeavor; Rochester is like a sturdy youth, with ax and spade, sent forth from the homestead roof to hew down the forest, let in the blessed sunlight to the bosom of Mother Earth, and then to seek sustenance and manly vigor from the generous soil; and Buffalo is like a publican and toll-gatherer upon the highway, growing rich and lusty upon the spendings of troops of wayfarers, who eat, drink, and are merry, pay tribute, and pass on.

BROOKLYN is earliest in date and greatest in population. Within its corporation bounds Sarah Rapelye, the first white child born on Long Island, inspired her earliest breath, two hundred and twenty-eight years ago. The hills around were called *Breucklen* (broken land) by the Dutch, and the orthoepy has but little changed, now that a beautiful city covers their slopes and crowns their summits, and the Dutch language is no more heard. When settlements and farms increased upon Long Island a ferry was established. A broad flat-boat for man and beast was provided, and the rental of the privilege to navigate the channel was appropriated to the building of the old City Hall in Wall Street, New York, where Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. A ferry house was built upon the Brooklyn side, where the farmers ate and drank, and parties from New York went to devour delicious fish, served in Epicurean style. The ferry house was famous for these things all through the dark period of the Revolution, when many a scarlet uniform was seen beneath its "stoop," its owner often "hob-and-nob" over a plate of fish with a rebel of bluest dye. Long years afterward the ferry house continued to be a solitary tenant of the soil, where now is so much life—so much of brick and mortar, merchandise and confusion.

A friend of the writer (John Fanning Watson, Esq., the well known annalist of New York and Philadelphia), whose memory, vivid as morning light, goes back full sixty years, has given him, in a letter recently written, a picture of Brooklyn as it appeared to him in boyhood, and with it a pencil sketch of the ferry house, depicted at the head of this article. The house stood upon the high bank, some thirty or forty feet above the water, and the road to the little ferry wharf below was cut through the bank, where Fulton Street now terminates. At the bottom of the bank, about one hundred and fifty yards below the ferry house, was a large fresh water spring, from which almost every vessel that came into the harbor procured a supply. To that spring young Watson went with a boat's crew, in 1791, and filled casks with water, to supply their vessel anchored in the stream. Then New York was a comparatively small city. The ship yards (foot of Catharine Street) were upon its extremest verge; the City Hall Park was close by the green slopes that terminated in the "Fresh Water Pond," where the *Halls of Justice* now stand, and beyond were orchards and "milk farms," whose "bars" opened into the "Bowery road to Boston." Among the luxuries enjoyed by young Watson at that time, was a stroll in "Brannan's Garden," just out of town, on the Greenwich road, near

BROOKLYN IN 1810.

the present junction of Greenwich and Franklin Streets.* What wonderful changes within the memory of a man yet actively engaged in life's pursuits, managing with energy a portion of the daily business of that most active agent in our social progress—*a railway!* Let those who would enjoy the luxury of supping upon his reminiscential dainties uncover his delicious dish, the *Annals of New York*.

For twenty years longer, Brooklyn remained in almost an embryo state. Three churches were erected, but the worshipers were chiefly from the adjacent farms. The nest-egg ferry house, so long a *solitaire*, began to have a few companions, and some of the more progressive people aspired to the dignity of villagers. But opposition to the measure was strong and pertinacious, and it was not until 1816 that a majority said "Yes," and Brooklyn became an incorporated village. It then received its vital spark. Commerce expelled families from the lower wards of the city of New York, and many sought pleasant residences over the water. Emigration thither became fashionable; steam succeeded horses in the propulsion of ferry boats; the village developed strength, dignity, and beauty; put on city airs, and in 1834 the whole little township of Brooklyn, with its kernel at the ferry house, was incorporated a CITY. Since then (not twenty years), its progress has been wonderful. Williamsburg, Bedford, Flatbush, and Gowanus, are already hiding beneath the fringe of its mantle. Its population to-day is more than one hundred thousand—greater than that of the city of New York on the moonlight winter's night when the artist's pencil portrayed the above sketch. Its trade and commerce, and all its prosperity arising from industrial pursuits, are so interwoven with New York, that we pass the matter by in silence.

* From 1840 to 1850, the aggregate number of new buildings erected in the city of New York was 15,409. Last year (1852) about 2500 buildings were constructed.

ROCHESTER IN 1812.

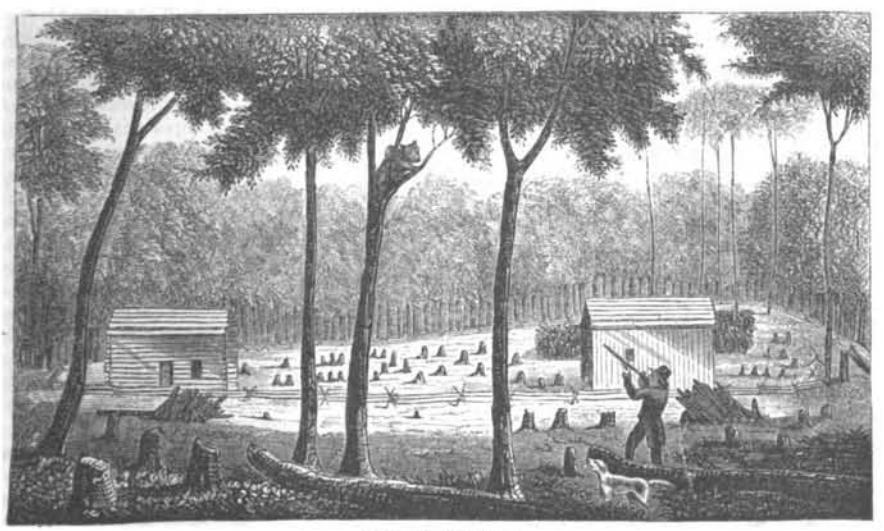
ROCHESTER is emphatically a Child of the Wilderness, only forty years of age. It is at the First Fall of the Genesee, a few miles from Lake Ontario, and upon the spot where, fifty years ago, Allen, a semi-savage Tory of the Revolution, built a mill to supply the scattered settlers in the wilderness all over western New York. It was called "a God-forsaken place; inhabited by musk-rats; visited only by straggling trappers, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation, or fever and ague." When public spirited and far-seeing men were making earnest endeavors to open highways from the Hudson to the Lakes, and resolved, in 1807, to erect a bridge over the Genesee River at the First Fall, Enos Stone built a log-cabin there. He cleared a few acres and planted corn, but the wild beasts destroyed it. His chief enemy was a huge she-bear, who long baffled his attempts to destroy her. Early in the autumn of 1811 his rifle bullet brought her from a tree, mortally wounded, and he had but little trouble afterward. The scene and the scenery is faithfully depicted in the engraving. That log-house yet stood upon St Paul's Street when a resident population of more than twenty thousand were eating, drinking, loving and trafficking, upon the cornfield

where, twenty-five years before, the she-bear depredated.

In 1810 Micah Brooks, Hugh M'Nair, and Mathew Warner, acted as State Commissioners for laying out a road to connect the Susquehanna with Lake Ontario; and a little later they were busy in surveying a route by which to connect the turnpike at Canandaigua with the Mississippi Valley, through the Alleghany River. When they were upon the site of Rochester, they slept upon straw and bear skins in the only house in the city, the log-cabin of Mr. Stone. Some of the fine old forest trees which they *blazed* on the route of their surveys, are yet standing in the groves of Mount Hope Cemetery, at Rochester, living monuments which speak of the progressive spirit and energy of many of those whose mortality slumbers beneath their shadows. General Brooks was one of the earliest advocates, in public and private, of the Erie Canal and other internal improvements; and in 1816 he offered a resolution in Congress to inquire "as to the expediency of establishing a post-route from the village of Canandaigua, by way of the village of Rochester, to the village of Lewiston, &c.* Nine years later he saw, not only post-roads and frequent mails there, but a great artificial river, bearing upon its bosom the vast soil-products of the West, and the manufactures and merchandise of the East, flowing over the Genesee, near the original bridge. He lived ten years longer, and, at a public meeting in Rochester, then a city of almost twenty thousand inhabitants, he lifted up his voice earnestly in favor of a great and immediate enlargement of that mighty artery of inland commerce. Since then seventeen years have elapsed, and he still lives, enjoying a ripe old age, and hoping not to close his eyes forever until the great work shall be accomplished. Hawley, Ellicott, Eddy, Watson, and other of his associate-backwoodsmen of New York, who inspired Clinton with the idea and importance of such a work, and the zeal to use his private and official influence in prosecuting it to completion, have all passed away. The cities and villages along the canal are their monuments, upon which a generous posterity will yet inscribe their names and epitaphs.

Nathaniel Rochester, a brave patriot of the Revolution, who served his country in the council and in the field in North Carolina, became a resident of Western New York in 1810; and in 1812, in company with two others, procured from the Holland Land Company a hundred-acre lot, at the Falls, for a settlement to be called ROCHESTER. The patriot became a resident of the village bearing his name in 1816, and lived there until his death, in 1831, when the log-cabin of Mr Stone was surrounded by a permanent population of eleven thousand people. In the very year when Rochester became joint proprietor of the wild tract, "inhabited only by musk-rats," pagan religious rites were celebrated, where now is the centre of the city of Rochester. There, in the winter of 1812 and '13, the Seneca Indians were quartered upon the ground now traversed by a portion of St. Paul's Street; and in January, 1813, the "sacrifice of thanksgiving" was celebrated for five days. The life of a white dog was offered up at the door of the council-house, while separate bands of men and women, ornamented with feathers and trinkets, each holding an ear of corn, danced around the council-fire! Then the white dog was placed upon a sacrificial pile and consumed; the ceremonials ended; and henceforth the ground was dedicated by Christian men to the uses of enlightened enterprise and liberal institutions. In 1812 the

* In 1812, the mail was carried from Canandaigua to the Niagara frontier, once a week on horseback, a part of the time by a woman.



ROCHESTER IN 1812.

BUFFALO IN 1815.

population of Rochester was 15; in 1820 it was 1500; in 1830 it was 11,000; in 1840 it was 20,000; and now (1853) the number is about 40,000!

The little log flour-mill of Ebenezer Allen, fifty years ago, has passed away; but in its stead, there are now twenty-two large mills, with one hundred runs of stone, capable of grinding more than twenty thousand bushels of wheat daily. Flour is the great staple product of Rochester; yet every other kind of business incident to a numerous and thriving population, is flourishing there; and the future growth of the city will doubtless exhibit a result as wonderful as that of the past.

BUFFALO is the Child of Traffic! It is at the mouth of Buffalo Creek, at the outlet of the great chain of lakes whose waters, twenty miles below, make the leap of Niagara. Buffalo was originally laid out in 1801, by the Holland Land Company, upon a bluff or terrace, and partly upon the marshy ground between the high land and the creek. In 1813, it contained a few scattered houses, but no signs of even a respectable village appeared in the horoscope of its future. It was then made a military post, which invited a visit from the British and Indians on the frontier, with whom our people were then at war They came in December, and laid every house in ashes, but two. Such was its condition and aspect two years afterward, when the artist made the above sketch of the port of Buffalo. When peace came, and there seemed a probability of the opening of a water communication with the Hudson from that point, enterprising men, with the old inhabitants, began earnest efforts there; and in 1817, one hundred houses had arisen from the ashes of the little hamlet of 1813. In 1822, it began to feel the prospective advantages of the completion of the Erie Canal, which was to terminate there It was incorporated a village that year, and in 1832, twenty-one years ago, it was incorporated a city. Now it contains a population of about fifty thousand. The marshes are drained and covered, and where, thirty-eight years ago the little Buffalo Creek wound its way into Lake Erie, along the low banks which were covered with trees and shrubbery, long lines of wharves, with forests of masts, and stately warehouses filled with merchandise and produce, now present themselves

The aggregate of commercial operations, best illustrates the growth of this modern Tyre upon the American Mediterranean Seas:

In 1852, there arrived at the port of Buffalo, nine hundred and twenty-nine sailing vessels, with an aggregate of one hundred and thirty-five thousand tons, and eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-one men and boys, as crews During the same period, a thousand and sixty-two sailing vessels left the port, with the same average amount of tonnage, and number of men and boys. The value of imports was, in round numbers, thirty-five millions of dollars; and the amount of duties collected was about seventy thousand dollars. This amount of imports is exclusive of the hundreds of thousands of dollars value in earth-products and merchandise brought by canal-boats and railway-cars. During the year, six steam-boats, nine propellers, and eight schooners, were built at Buffalo; and four steam-boats, of eighteen hundred tons burden each, one of six hundred and fifty tons, two propellers, four schooners, a brig, and a steam-tug, were in process of construction There are twenty-eight steamers, thirty-one propellers, and one hundred and thirty-four sailing vessels, with an aggregate of fifty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-three tons, now owned at Buffalo.

During 1852 the value of exports from Buffalo, by the Erie Canal, was twenty-one millions forty-nine thousand nine hundred and eight dollars, producing eight hundred and two thousand eight hundred and six dollars, in tolls. The

value of imports by the same channel was forty-one millions eight hundred and ten thousand three hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The whole amount of productions delivered in Buffalo, by the canal, during the year, was three hundred and thirty-seven thousand six hundred and twenty tons. In these statements no account is made of the immense amount of property carried to and taken from Buffalo, by the various express companies.

The future prospects of Buffalo are brilliant in the extreme. Within the past year two new lines of railway to the city have been completed, namely, the *New York City* and the *State Line*; and three other lines are rapidly progressing toward completion.

Such, in brief, is the record of the birth and growth of three flourishing cities in the State of New York. Look westward of the Alleghanies, and greater wonders meet the vision. B. J. L.

MONKEYS.

MANY a hearty laugh have we enjoyed in observing the grimaces of young Jocko, as, clothed in a red coat and seated on the back of a bear, or on the top of an organ, he tucked buns and biscuits into his cheek pouches till they would retain no more; and then, with a knowing, half-serious look, seemed to ask whether we did not admire his sagacity in laying up for "a rainy day." Young and old were equally amused when he took off his cap and bowed his head in acknowledgment of favors received; and the exhibitor—a tall old man, in cocked hat and loose coat—laughed, and showed his toothless gums, in anticipation of the supplies which the gazing throng would probably vote to him.

We trust, therefore, that our reader's sense of propriety will not be outraged, if we act the part of the monkey-exhibitor for once. And first of all, we introduce to their notice an army of ring-tailed monkeys in the act of crossing a stream—for they would rather go into fire than into water; and if unable to leap over, will bridge it. Captain Reid was an eye-witness of a performance of this kind. One—an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer, perhaps—he says, ran out upon a projecting rock; and, after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troop. Commands were issued, and fatigue parties were detailed, and marched to the front. Meanwhile, several—engineers, no doubt—ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arroyo*. At length, they all collected round a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost ran out upon a limb; and, taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped down, and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipping his tail tightly round the neck and fore-arm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the third, and so on, until the last upon the string rested his fore-paws on the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward, like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued until the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb, and held fast. This movement was adroitly executed, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from the violence of a too sudden jerk! The chain was now fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension-bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed with the rapidity of thought. It was one of the most comical sights I ever beheld, to witness the quizzical expression of countenances along that living chain! The troop was now on the other side, but how were the animals forming the bridge to get themselves over! This was the question that suggested itself. Manifestly, by number one letting go his tail. But then the *point d'appui* on the other side was much lower down, and number one, with half-a-dozen of his neighbors, would be dashed against the opposite bank, or soused into the water. Here, then, was a problem, and we waited with some curiosity for its solution. It was soon solved. A monkey was now seen attaching his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girdled himself in a similar manner, and another, and so on, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were all-powerful fellows; and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the

last monkey of the new formation warned the tail end that all was ready; and the next moment the whole chain was swung over, and landed safely on the opposite bank. The whole troop

then scampered off into the chaparral and disappeared.

But here is another monkey: he will scarcely do any thing he is required without beating; for if his fears be entirely removed, he is the most insolent and headstrong animal in nature. Witness a few of his pranks. When a traveler enters the wood where the monkey and his companions are the sovereigns, he is considered to be an invader of their dominions, and all unite to repel the intruder. At first they survey him with a kind of insolent curiosity. They leap from branch to branch, follow him as he goes along, and make a loud chattering, to call the rest of their companions together. Hostilities now commence, first by grimaces, then by threats, followed by a direct onset. Breaking withered branches from the trees, they fling them at the

invaders of their dominions. In the contest which ensues, if one be wounded, the rest assemble round him, and put their fingers into the wound, as if desirous of sounding its depth. "If the blood flows in any quantity, some of them keep it closed, while others get leaves, which they chew and thrust into the opening; however extraordinary this may appear, it is asserted to be often seen, and to be strictly true. In this manner they wage a petulant unequal war; and are often killed in numbers before they think proper to make a retreat.

Abroad, they are fond of frequenting the neighborhood of bazaars. A traveler watched one, which he calls a bandar, and which took his station opposite to a sweetmeat-shop. He pretended to be asleep, but every now and then softly raised his head to look at the tempting piles, and the owner of them, who sat smoking his pipe without symptoms even of a doze. In half an hour, the monkey got up as if he were just awake, yawned, stretched himself, and took another position a few yards off, where he pretended to play with his tail, occasionally looking over his shoulder at the coveted delicacies. At length, the shopman gave signs of activity, and the bandar was on the alert; the man went to his back-room, the bandar cleared the street at one bound, and in an instant stuffed his pouches full of the delicious morsels. He had, however, overlooked some hornets, which were regaling themselves at the same time. They resented his disturbance, and the tormented bandar, in his hurry to escape, came upon a thorn-covered roof, where he lay stung, torn, and bleeding. He spurted the stolen bon-bons from his pouches, and barking hoarsely, looked the picture of misery. The noise of the tiles which he had dislodged in his retreat brought out the inhabitants, and among them the vendor of sweets, with his turban unwound, and streaming two yards behind him. All joined in laughing at the wretched monkey; but their religious reverence for him (for monkeys in India are more or less objects of superstitious reverence) induced them to go to his assistance; they picked out his thorns, and he limped away to the woods quite crest-fallen.

Major Rogers, who was spending a short time with a friend in India, had been out shooting, and returning had reached within a mile or two of the bungalow where his host and hostess awaited his arrival to dine, when, passing by a pleasant river, he thought a bathe would be a most renovating luxury; so he determined to take one, sending home his servants with an intimation that he would shortly follow. So stripping, and placing his clothes very carefully on a stone, he began to luxuriate in the water. He was a capital swimmer, and had swam to some distance, when, to his horror and dismay, on looking to the place where he had left his habiliments, he perceived a dozen monkeys overhauling his entire wardrobe. One was putting his leg through the sleeves of his shirt; another was cramming its head into his trowsers; a third was trying to find if any treasure were concealed in his boots; while the hat formed a source of wonderment and amusement to some two or three others, who were endeavoring to unravel its mystery by ripping the linings and taking a few bites out of the brim. As soon as he regained his mental equilibrium (for the thing was so ridiculous that it made him laugh heartily) he made with all haste toward the shore; but judge of his perplexity when he saw these mischievous creatures each catch up what he could lay hold of, and rattle off at full speed into the jungle. All he heard was a great chattering as they, one by one, disappeared, the last one lugging off his shirt, which, being rather awkward to carry, was continually tripping it up by getting between its legs. Here was a pretty state of things under a broiling sun! And here he staid till the inmates of the bungalow, beginning to suspect some accident, came out in search, and found poor Rogers sitting up to his neck in water, in a frame of body and mind which we may conceive to be more easily imagined than described.

We can not conclude without noticing those mischievous creatures belonging to the tribe of monkeys, called mottled baboons, which appear to be under a sort of natural discipline, perform-

ing whatever they undertake with surprising skill and regularity. Their robberies seem to be the result of well-concerted plans. If about to rob an orchard or a vineyard, they set to work in a body. A part enter the inclosure while one is set to watch. The rest stand without the

fence, and form a line reaching all the way from their companions within to their rendezvous without, which is generally in some craggy mountain. "Every thing thus disposed, the plunderers within throw the fruit to those that are without as fast as they can gather it; or, if the wall or fence be high, to those that sit on the top; and these hand the plunder to those next them on the other side. Thus the fruit is pitched from one to another all along the line, till it is securely deposited at head-quarters." During these proceedings, they maintain the most profound silence; and their sentinel continues on the watch extremely anxious and attentive; "but, if he perceives any one coming, he instantly sets up a loud cry, and at this signal the whole company scamper off. Nor yet are they at any time willing to leave the place empty-handed; for, if they be plundering a bed of melons, for instance, they go off with one in their mouths, one in their hands, and one under their arm. If the pursuit is hot, they drop first that from under their arm, and then that from their hand; and, if it be continued, they at last let fall that which they had hitherto kept in their mouths."

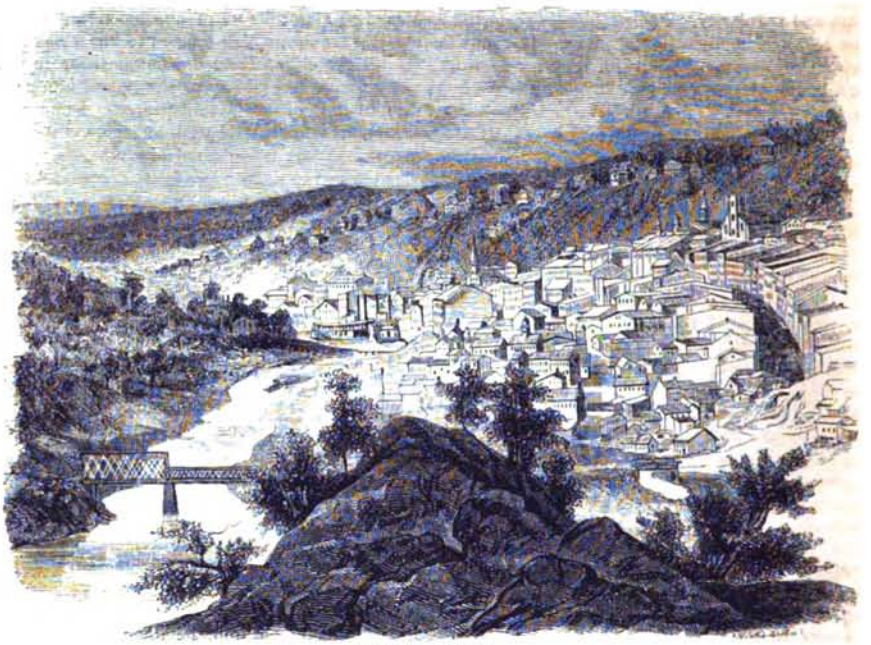
We were in the habit of visiting a family where a common monkey was a pet. On one occasion, the footman had been shaving himself —the monkey watching him during the process —when he carelessly left his apparatus within reach of the creature. As soon as the man was gone out of the room, the monkey got the razor and began to scrape away at his throat as he had seen the footman do, when, alas! not understanding the nature of the instrument he was using, the animal cut its own throat, and, before it was discovered, bled to death. A friend of ours possessed one of these creatures, whose disposition seemed very affectionate; if it had done wrong and was scolded, it immediately seated itself on the floor, and clasping its hands together, seemed to beg earnestly to be forgiven. Mrs. Lee also tells us of one belonging to her eldest daughter, which seemed to know he could master the child, "and did not hesitate to bite and scratch her, whenever she pulled him a little harder than he thought proper. I punished him," she adds, "for each offense, yet fed and caressed him when good; by which means I possessed an entire ascendency over him." The same writer also gives an interesting account of a monkey which a man in Paris had trained to a variety of clever tricks. "I met him one day," says she, "suddenly, as he was coming up the drawing-room stairs. He made way for me by standing in an angle, and when I said, 'Good-morning,' took off his cap, and made me a low bow. 'Are you going away?' I asked; 'where is your passport?' Upon which he took from the same cap a square piece of paper, which he opened and showed to me. His master told him my gown was dusty, and he instantly took a small brush from his master's pocket, raised the hem of my dress, cleaned it, and then did the same for my shoes. He was perfectly docile and obedient; when we gave him something to eat, he did not cram his pouches with it, but delicately and tidily devoured it; and when we bestowed money on him, he immediately put it into his master's hands."

Monkeys watch over their young with great assiduity, and appear to educate and train them upon a given plan. They not only (says Bingley) procure every possible comfort for their little ones, but they also preserve among them a due share of discipline, and seem even to hold them in subjection: they appear to watch their antics with great delight; but if, while wrestling with each other, they become violent or malicious, they immediately spring upon them, seize their tails with one paw, and administer correction with the other; nor if the young ones elude the parents' grasp will they make any show of rebellion, but rather approach in a wheedling and caressing manner as if seeking reconciliation.

SKETCHES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS IN CUBA."

ONE of the most interesting and important portions of our country, whether viewed in the light of its past history, its present progress, or its future destiny, is that region which embraces the Upper Mississippi and its higher tributaries, known as the *Minnesota Territory*. It has a history coeval with the narratives of Marquette, Hennepin, La Salle, and other French explorers of the great Lake Country, a century and three quarters ago. Its fertility is exuberant; its climate, many months of the year, delightful, and never very changeable; its industrial resources are vast and abundant; and the promises of future glory, as one of the States of our Confederation, which its present progress and the great movements of society reveal, are full of beauty, grandeur, and beneficence. Its



GALENA, ILLINOIS.

soil, capable of sustaining a population of eighty millions of inhabitants is most agreeably diversified in its external aspect by hills and vales, lakes and rivers, vast rolling prairies and magnificent forests. In appearance and resources, Minnesota has properly been called the New England of the West. From its bosom gush forth the fountains of great rivers which flow into the Atlantic, at points almost the length of the Continent apart—some through Hudson's Bay, some through the chain of great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and some through the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.

This region was once the broad land of the powerful Sioux, through which flows the Upper Mississippi and the *Mi-ni-so-tah* (turbid water), piously named St. Peter by the French missionaries. After Cartier discovered and sailed up the St. Lawrence to ancient Hochelaga (Montreal), more than three hundred years ago, and by the "divine right" of the King of France, claimed the whole country of the Indians as the property of his royal master, the land of the Sioux, as well as that of other forest tribes in America, became upon the maps, that vaguely defined country called *New France*. More than a century afterward, missionaries of the Gospel and of Mammon came to make Christians of the Indians, and to exchange worthless glass beads for their valuable furs.

The Jesuits raised their first rude temple in the wilderness, upon Lake Huron, in 1634, and there planted the first seeds of empire in a fertile soil. In 1650, the waters of Lake Superior, the great Mediterranean Sea of the New World, were first rippled by the oars of Europeans; and five years afterward, a mission was established at La Pointe, on the westerly shores of that lake. Thither, upon the tongues of chiefs from distant tribes, came marvelous stories of the Michisipic (great river), whose springs were among the snow hills of the far North, and its outlet in the midst of groves of the orange and the palm. The energies of Avarice and Religion were aroused, and in 1673 the Padre Marquette, followed by traders, penetrated the forests toward the setting sun, and discovered the Upper Mississippi at the mouth of the Wisconsin. Six years afterward, the Padre Hennepin and some followers, went down the Illinois River to its mouth, descended the Mississippi, were taken prisoners by Indians and carried to the Sioux country, sixty leagues above the Falls of St. Anthony. Such was the name given by Father Hennepin to the great cataract of the Upper Mississippi. All over that region the names of saints applied to rivers, &c., attest the presence of the reverent Jesuit Fathers; and now the capital of the Territory, situated within sound of the rushing waters of the great falls, is called St. Paul.

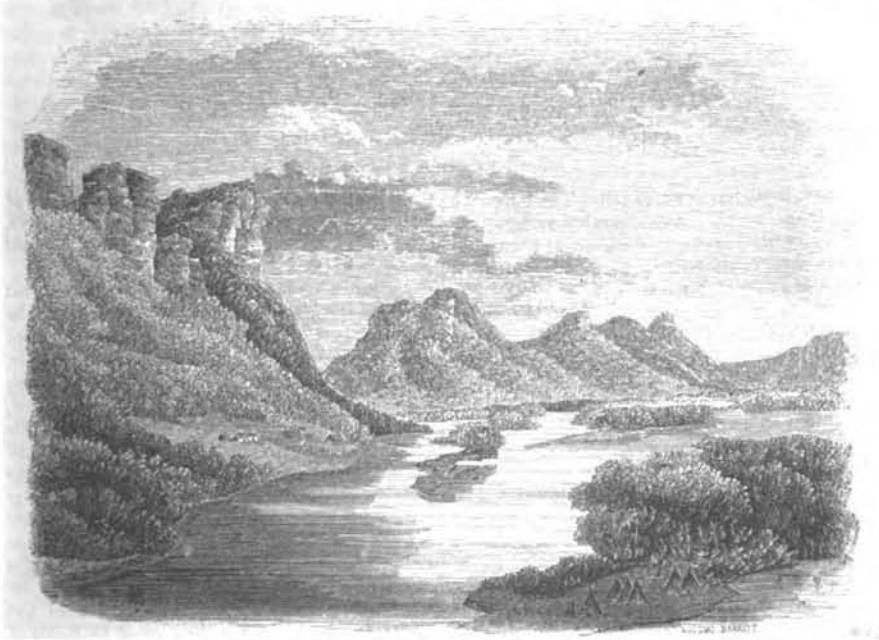
In 1682, La Salle went down the Illinois River, established Fort St. Louis near its mouth, and named the great Valley of the Mississippi, *Louisiana*, in honor of his king. French settlements were soon afterward commenced. The first permanent one was made at Detroit, in 1701; another at Vergennes and Kaskaskia in 1710; another at New Orleans in 1718; and another at St. Louis, a little below the mouth of the Missouri, in 1764. From these settlements traders penetrated the Indian countries in all directions, intermarried with the native women, and became

semi-savage in their habits. Trading-posts were established at Mackinaw, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, and upon the banks of the St. Peter, the St. Croix, the Blue Earth, and other tributaries of the Mississippi. When, in 1763, Canada passed into the possession of the English, further French settlements in this direction were suspended.

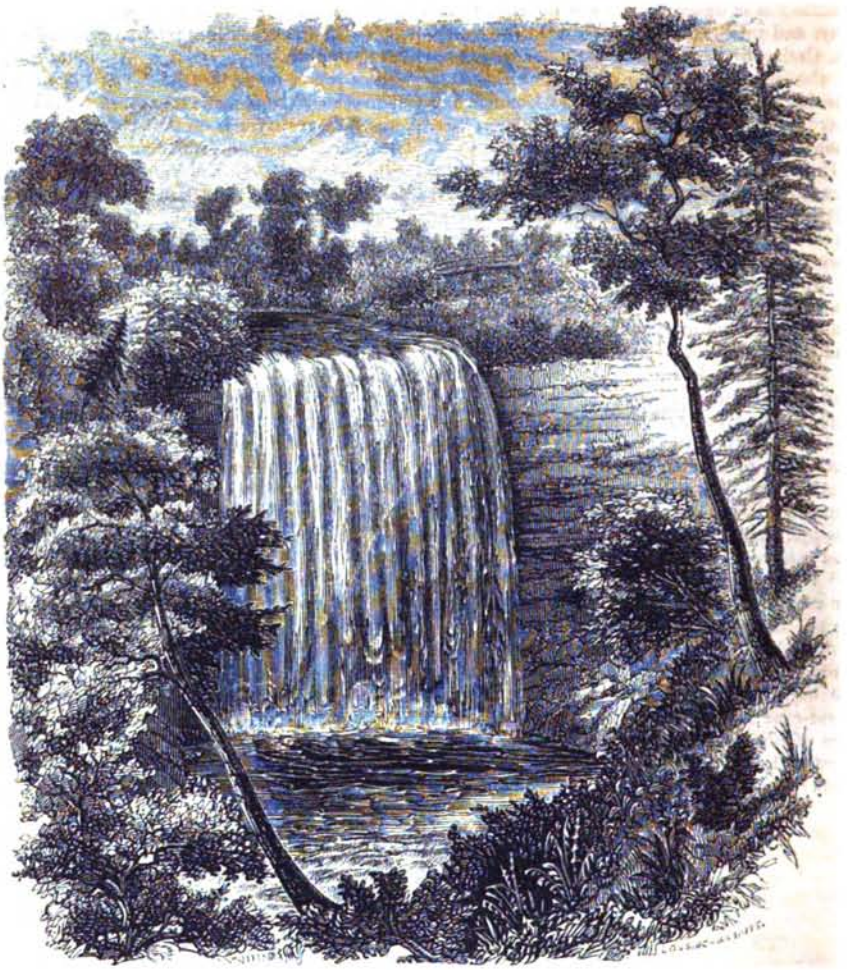
In 1805 Lieutenant Pike explored the upper waters of the Mississippi, and wintered at the mouth of the St. Peter. Barracks were erected there in 1819. The following year General Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Michigan Territory, went, by way of the lakes, to explore the Upper Mississippi. One of the results of this expedition was the purchase of a tract at the Saut St. Marie, and the subsequent erection of Fort Brady there, in 1822. This is the most northerly military post in the United States. Major S. H. Long explored the Mi-ni-so-tah (St. Peter) to its source in 1823. He penetrated northward as far as the settlement of Pembina, on the Red River, just south of the 49th parallel. In 1832, Henry R. Schoolcraft explored the head waters of the Mississippi, and discovered, for the first time, its true source to be in Lake Itaska, in latitude 47° 13′ 35″, north; and that in its whole majestic course it flows within the territory of the United States. It is indeed a majestic river! It extends through 18½ degrees of latitude, from among the high hills clad with Norway pines, to the bayous fringed with orange-trees and the sugar-cane of the tropics. It washes the borders of nine States and two Territories; bears upon its bosom more than eight hundred steamboats; and, with its tributaries, affords twenty thousand miles of steam-boat navigation, and at least thirty thousand for smaller craft.

The Minnesota Territory was established in 1849, and St. Paul, then a hamlet of a few houses (eight miles by land below the Falls of St. Anthony), was made its capital. That hamlet, which even yet is on the borders of civilization in that direction, is making rapid strides toward the population and dignity of a city; and the Territory will soon have its sixty thousand legal claimants to the title of a sovereign State of the Confederation. To that land, until lately so dark, mysterious, undefined, and almost unknown, I went, with pencil and portfolio, in the autumn of 1852, to gaze upon its scenery, and wonder at the receding tribes which still linger, mere tenants at will, upon the borders of the Mi-chi-si-pic and Mi-ni-so-tah, and to transfer to paper, as aid to memory in future years, many things that might seem noteworthy. I here offer a few of these jottings to the reader who, bridegroom-like, must take them upon trust, "for better or for worse," and prove their faithfulness by future experience.

How I got to Rockford, in Illinois, where the railway from Chicago ended, is of little consequence. Until then nothing had marred the pleasure of my journey; all had been comfort and convenience. During thirty-six hours after leaving that terminus, all was mud and misery. Jupiter Pluvius seemed to have upset his watering-pot; and into the rickety stage-coach, crowded and ill-ventilated, the rain trickled in little turbid streams, and so softened the cerements of many an oath bound up in the bosom of a Buckeye from Cleveland, that they came



SCENERY BELOW HOLMES'S LANDING, MINNESOTA



MINNIHAHA FALLS, MINNESOTA.

forth in full feather at every jolt. The language was objectionable, but the sentiment was natural; for a slower coach, with worse accommodations, never tortured poor traveler more than did the one in which we were packed like sacks of salt. Relief came: an axle of the coach snapped in twain, and we traveled the remainder of the journey to Galena in a farmer's open wagon, enjoying the delights of fresh air, and clear water direct from the clouds. Earth, sky, jokes, and sympathies were all leaden in aspect as we approached the galenic metropolis; and as silent and forlorn as a funeral cortège, we rode half a night in that open vehicle, unpitied except by the clouds that wept over us. We reached Galena at an hour past midnight; and it was ten in the morning before wearied limbs, and more wearied eyelids were aroused to the enjoyment of a warm breakfast within, and the glorious sunshine without. The storm-clouds had rolled away to the prairies of Illinois, or their homes on the lakes; and over the hills of Galena and the majestic forests across the river, the sun and the rain had scattered diamonds and rubies, emeralds and sapphires, in profusion.

As no steamboat was to leave Galena that day, for the Upper Mississippi, I employed the compulsory leisure to stroll through the town and its suburbs. Galena, like its patronymic, is a mineral production altogether, and among its rivals, exhibits the fact of its Greek original, "I shine." Its growth has been rapid, and its future is bright, while the mineral wealth around remains inexhaustible; but so unfavorable is its location between the two high shores of Fever River, for other business than that which gave it birth, that should the buoyancy of lead fail to keep it up, it must sink. The business street is at the foot of the bluff, and the dwellings are scattered over its summit a full hundred feet above, to which the people ascend by flights of steps. Art and business have given the town

almost every attraction which it possesses. The narrow Fever River is filled with steamboats and other craft, and the mart is full of rough miners, and the implements of labor and trade incident to their business. One seems to be pent up in a chasm; but ascend the bluff to the dwellings, and there is beauty, neatness, and taste. The houses are pleasant, and around them are gardens and shade trees, and delightful walks. But all adjacent to this pretty creation of taste, is the forbidding and desolate hill country of the lead region. All is poverty on the surface, but riches below. The roots of the sparse shrubbery penetrate toward glittering chambers of wealth, while their tops wave over dwarf-grass, wiry, and unpalatable even to goats. Storms have furrowed the hills in every direction, and the shovels of the miners have dotted the whole surface with unsightly pits, walled round with heaps of limestone and sand, through which the delver has sought the lead. Out of the town there is no culture; and the edifices consist of rude cabins for the miners, and smelting furnaces where the lead is prepared for the market.

SKETCH OF THE LEAD REGION

As in the gold regions of California and Australia, at Galena the mineral is so abundant that scientific mining is but little practiced; and there are very few restrictions upon those who go out with the capital of strong sinews and a good shovel. Most of the mining is done in this simple way. The furnaces, too, are quite primitive in appearance and arrangement, yet they are sufficiently effective to prepare the mineral properly for the market. The various operations are of great interest, and tempt the pen to description. Unwilling to be drawn from my rambling purpose into a dry detail of the mining business, and to make my notes as heavy as the metallic basis of Galena itself, I will hasten down the nearest steps to the steamboat, whose bell is clanging a notice of its arrival from below, and readiness to go up.

A FURNACE.

We left Galena in the morning—a warm, serene, and altogether lovely morning. The headlands of the narrow and sinuous Fever River soon placed Galena out of sight; and after brushing the dew from many an overhanging tree with our wheel-house for almost an hour, we left the narrow stream, and were floating upon the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. I now beheld the Father of Waters for the first time, and the impression of its grandeur as its turbid volume came rolling on in a still but stayless current from the far off wilderness, more than a thousand miles away, can never fade from memory. The aspect of the scene changed every moment as we glided by the beautiful islands, heavily wooded headlands, picturesque bluffs, beautiful green slopes, neat hamlets, and thriving villages.

Our first landing-place was at Dubuque, a town of Iowa, twenty-six miles from Galena. Like the latter, it is a legitimate offspring of the lead region, and contains about six thousand inhabitants. It is charmingly situated, and possesses so many advantages other than the lead business, that it must become a large city, even if the products of the mines should fail. The grave of Dubuque, its founder, is upon an eminence near the town, and the pious hands which covered him there, erected a wooden cross at the head of his sepulchre. A few miles above Dubuque, a small stone-house, between two high perpendicular rocks, is all that remains of the village of *Sinapee*, the intended rival of Galena, which stood upon the bluff above. Galena continues to "shine," while Sinapee is sunk into obscurity.

At sunset we passed Cassville, a finely-located town, but lying almost inert under the incubus of a speculating monopoly. Under more propitious circumstances it may become a large town. During the night, we passed many interesting spots upon the shores of Wisconsin and Iowa, and at peep of day we were greeted with the sight of the

pretty village of Prairie du Chien, lying upon the river margin of the charming plain of that name, about four miles above the mouth of the Wisconsin River. The prairie is ten miles in length, and three in width, inclosed by bold bluffs sweeping in majestic curves around its borders, like the shores of a lake. Here was an early French settlement, and in its vicinity are rich copper-mines. Immediately south of the village is Fort Crawford, a United States military post, erected in 1819, but now unoccupied. Here the Mississippi presents a perfect labyrinth of islands, crowned with cotton-wood and willows, and festooned with vines, forming a scene highly picturesque and beautiful.

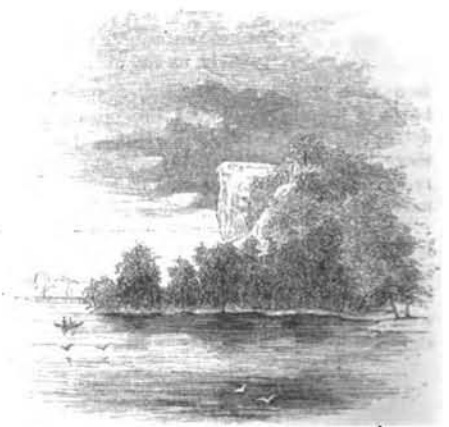
We did not tarry long at Prairie du Chien. Three hundred miles of our voyage was yet unaccomplished. The beautiful and picturesque scenery continually increased in attractiveness as we ascended the river, and the monotony of mere sight-seeing was relieved by occasional historical associations. Toward evening we passed the famous battle-ground of the Bad-Ax, five miles below the mouth of the Bad-Ax River, where the last battle of the "Black Hawk War" was fought between the United States troops under General Atkinson, and the Sacs and Foxes under Black Hawk. It was the decisive stroke. Many warriors, and their wives and children, were slain; the great chief and his brother were made prisoners; and the war ended.

Our second night voyage brought us at daylight to Prairie du Crosse, another of those beautiful plains which abound along the Wisconsin shore of the Mississippi. It is a most lovely prairie, three miles in width and fifteen in length, level as a floor, and was formerly a place of great resort for the Indians to enjoy their favorite game of ball-play. It now contains many French and German settlers, and the nucleus of a large town. Here is to be the termination of a railway from Chicago, by way of Milwaukie, and across the State. In anticipation of this result of enterprise, quite a flourishing village has already burst into bloom from the little bud of a few years of gentle growth.

After leaving Prairie du Crosse, the scenery changed from the mere beautiful and picturesque to an aspect of grandeur. On each side of the river arose lofty bluffs—some rocky, and some alluvial—presenting the appearance of Cyclopean towers, grand old castles in ruins, and grotesque figures of undefinable shape. These cliffs rise to an altitude sometimes of six hundred feet; and being highly colored by the variety of materials of which they are composed, crowned often with lofty pines, and clumps of birch and chestnut-trees, and hidden below by dense forests of oak, they have a mysterious beauty and magnificence hardly to be described. The hand of culture has not yet approached their vicinage, and those magnificent creations of nature stand there in all the solitary grandeur of the early centuries, before even the ancestors of the Indian tribes came to the Great River.

Just at dawn we passed Holmes's Landing and the beautiful prairie of Wapasha. We were now within the boundaries of Minnesota, and this prairie was yet the habitation of Wapasha (Red Leaf) and his Sioux band. I never beheld a more charming silvan picture than this prairie presented; and I could well understand the feelings of the sorrowful Winnebagoes when, in 1819, while on their way to strange homes in the deeper wilderness, they stopped here, raised the war-whoop, and determined to go no further. But Messrs. Bullet and Bayonet from Fort Crawford persuaded them that the arid plains of Nebraska were more delightful than the cool shadows of Wapasha's prairie.

Toward noon we entered that grand expansion of the Mississippi, called Lake Pepin. Its width is from three to five miles, and its length about twenty-five. It is destitute of islands, and all along its shores are high bluffs of picturesque forms, crowned with shrubbery, and commingled with dense forests. The white man has not yet made his mark upon Lake Pepin and its surroundings; and there lay its calm water, and yonder uprose its mighty watch-towers in all their primal beauty and grandeur. High above all the rest loomed the bare front of the Maiden's Rock, grand in nature, and interesting in its romantic associations. It has a sad story to tell to each passer-by; and as each passer-by always repeats it, I will not be an exception. It is a true tale of Indian life, and will forever hallow the Maiden's Rock, or Lover's Leap. Listen.



THE MAIDEN'S ROCK.

Winona, a beautiful girl of Wapasha's tribe, loved a young hunter, and promised to become his bride. Her parents, like too many in Christian lands, were ambitious, and promised her to a distinguished young warrior, who had smote manfully the hostile Chippewas. The maiden refused the hand of the brave, and clung to the fortunes of the hunter, who had been driven to the wilderness by menaces of death. The indignant father declared his determination to wed her to the warrior that very day. The family were encamped upon Lake Pepin, in the shadow of the great rock. Starting like a frightened fawn

at the cruel announcement, she swiftly climbed to the summit of the cliff, and there, with bitter words reproached her friends for their cruelty to the hunter and her own heart. She then commenced singing her dirge. The relenting parents, seeing the peril of their child, besought her to come down, and take her hunter-lover for a husband. But the maiden too well knew the treachery that was hidden in their promises, and when her dirge was ended, she leaped from the lofty pinnacle, and fell among the rocks and shrubbery at its base, a martyr to true affection. Superstition invests that rock with a voice; and oftentimes, as the birch canoe glides near it at twilight, the dusky paddler fancies he hears the soft, low music of the dirge of Winona.

Late in the afternoon we saw the top of La Grange, and at sunset passed the upper entrance of Lake Pepin to the narrow river above. The scenery became less picturesque along those lower shores, and the coming on of night was not so much regretted as on the previous evening. We passed Lake St. Croix during the darkness, and at sunrise arrived at Kaposia, or Little Crow village, a few miles below St. Paul. There I first saw an exhibition of that strange custom of the Sioux, of laying their dead, wrapped in blankets of bright colors, upon high scaffolds, instead of burying them in the earth. Several of

INDIAN BURYING PLACE.

these airy sepulchres, with flags waving from long poles over them, were seen a little in the rear of the village, and gave me the first deep impression that I was really in the midst of pagans.

Soon after leaving Kaposia, the whole panorama of St. Paul and the adjacent scenery burst into view, as we passed a headland; and in the midst of a motley crowd we landed at the capital of the Minnesota Territory. St. Paul is one of the hundred wonders of America. Here, five years ago, were only a few log huts; now there is a large and rapidly growing village of almost four thousand white people, with handsome public buildings, good hotels, stores, mills, mechanics' shops, and every other element of prosperity. St. Paul is upon the north (or left) bank of the Mississippi, which here flows in an easterly direction from the mouth of the St. Peter. The central portion of the village is upon a beautiful plateau, almost a hundred feet above the river; the remainder is chiefly near the water, and already there is a strife for supremacy between the "upper" and "lower" towns. The first sale of government lands there took place in 1848, and the ground upon which St. Paul is built was purchased in 1849, for the government price—one dollar and a quarter an acre. An idea of the wonderful changes in progress there may be obtained by reading the following eloquent passage from the last Annual Message of Governor Ramsay, to the Territorial Legislature of Minnesota:

"In concluding this my last annual message, permit me to observe, that it is now a little over three years and six months since it was my happiness to first land upon the soil of Minnesota. Not far from where we now are, a dozen framed houses, not all completed, and some eight or ten small log buildings, with bark roofs, constituted the capital of the new Territory over whose destiny I have been commissioned to preside. One county, a remnant of Wisconsin territorial organization, alone afforded the ordinary facilities for the execution of the laws; and in and around its seat of justice resided the bulk of our scattered population. Within this single county were embraced all the lands white men were privileged to till; while between them and the broad rich hunting grounds of untutored savages rolled, like Jordan through the Promised Land, the River of Rivers, here as majestic in its northern youth as in its more southern maturity. Emphatically new and wild appeared every thing to the in-comers from older communities; and a not least novel feature of the scene was the motley humanity partially filling these streets—the blankets and painted faces of Indians, and the red sashes and moccasins of French *voyageurs* and half-breeds, greatly predominating over the less picturesque costume of the Anglo-American race. But even while strangers yet looked, the elements of a mighty change were working, and civilization, with its hundred arms, was commencing its resistless and beneficent empire. To my lot fell the honorable duty of taking the initial step in this work by proclaiming, on the 1st of June, 1849, the organization of the Territorial Government,

ST. PAUL, THE CAPITAL OF MINNESOTA.

and consequent extension of the protecting arm of law over these distant regions Since that day how impetuously have events crowded time! The fabled magic of the Eastern tale that renewed a palace in a single night only can parallel our reality of growth and progress.

"In forty-one months the few bark-roofed huts have been transformed into a city of thousands, in which commerce rears its spacious warehouses, religion its spired temples, a broad capitol its swelling dome, and luxury and comfort numerous ornamented and substantial abodes; and where nearly every avocation of life presents its appropriate follower and representative. In forty-one months have been condensed a whole century of achievements, calculated by the Old World's calendar of progress—a government proclaimed in the wilderness, a judiciary organized, a legislature constituted, a comprehensive code of laws digested and adopted, our population quintupled, cities and towns springing up on every hand, and steam, with its revolving wings, in its season, daily fretting the bosom of the Mississippi in bearing fresh crowds of men and merchandise within our borders."

Yet all around this nucleus of a powerful commonwealth is the wilderness and its pagan inhabitants. Across the river we can see the Indian in his wildness and freedom upon his own soil; his canoe is darting in every direction upon the waters, and his squaw, with her pappoose upon her back, is mingling with the crowd in the streets of St. Paul. The legislators are obliged to traverse pathless forests to reach the capital; and it is worthy of record, for future reference, that the member from the French half-breed settlement at distant Pembina, was almost a month on his way from his home to St. Paul, to attend the last session of the Legislature; and his conveyance was a sleigh and dogs! A few years hence the Pembina legislator may make the journey in a railway coach in twenty-four hours.

I remained a couple of days at St. Paul and its vicinity, and then started on a visit to the Indian

FOUNTAIN CAVE.

VIEW ON THE MINNESOTA.

in his native condition. Before ascending the river to the Falls, I went up a beautiful clear stream that enters the Mississippi two miles above the capital, to visit Fountain Cave, a remarkable cavern out of which this tiny river flows. The whole scenery was exceedingly picturesque. The entrance to the cave is an arched vault of rocks, about twenty feet in height, and twenty-five feet in width. The entire rock composing the level floor, the margin, and the roof, is of pure white sandstone. We lighted torches at the entrance, and followed the limpid stream from chamber to chamber for about seventy rods, when the narrowness of the passage precluded

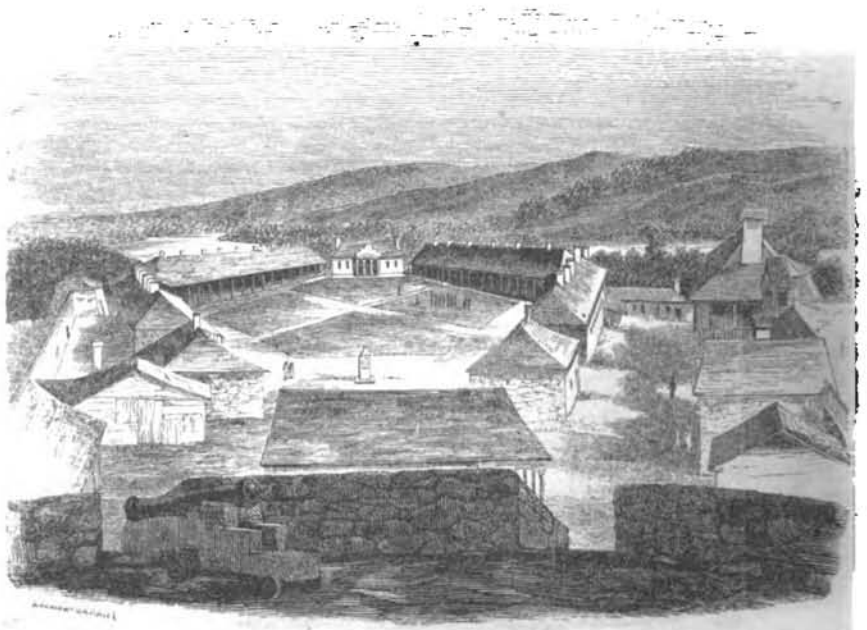
BLACK-DOG VILLAGE.

further progress. The scene in the interior, illuminated by torches, and contemplated by an excited imagination, was truly enchanting; and I was anxious to penetrate the gloomy adytum still further. Beyond our halting-place we could hear the murmur of the waters, as if leaping from point to point in little cascades amidst the gloom This cave will doubtless be explored much further by more courageous and curious mortals than I, and will become one of the "lions" of St. Paul. About two miles below the village is Carver's Cave, said to contain a beautiful lake, and to be of far greater extent than Fountain Cave. Informed that its entrance had been closed by falling rocks, I did not visit the locality

The next day I went up the river to Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the Minnesota and the Mississippi. The current of the great river is here quite swift, and its high, steep banks are composed chiefly of pure white sandstone. In some places the green slopes come down to the brink of the river, and the branches of trees, hanging over the rim, are washed by the tide. The Minnesota comes flowing through a wide valley, in meandering course, from the western hills four hundred and seventy miles distant, and enters the Mississippi at right angles with that stream. Upon the bold rocky promontory at their confluence stands Fort Snelling, an United States military post, erected as a defense against the western tribes. It commands both rivers, is a strong fortification, and has a powerful influence in maintaining peaceful relations between the settlers and the roving tribes beyond. The rock upon which it stands is pure sandstone, almost as white as marble, and appears in fine contrast with the rich green foliage, and the dark walls of the fort. The military reservation embraces an area of about ten square miles around Fort Snelling Over almost this entire extent, the eye may wander from one of the bastions of the fort; and from Pilot Knob (a supposed sacred sepulchral mound of the ancient people), in the rear of Mendota, opposite the fortress, a magnificent view is obtained of the high rocky banks of the Mississippi, with St. Paul in the distance; the broad and fertile valley of the Minnesota; the "meeting of the waters;" the fort, and its appurtenances within and without; Sioux villages, and the wide and gently rising prairie stretching away westward to undefined boundaries.

About four miles from Fort Snelling is the Sioux village of Black Dog. As in every other location of the Indians, a lively appreciation of the beauties of nature seemed to have determined the site of this cluster of huts. Here, too, I saw several bodies lying in blankets upon high scaffolds, beyond the reach of wild beasts, where they generally remain several months, their friends believing it to be a source of enjoyment to the dead to be, as long as flesh remains, where they may see all that is going on among those they associated with in life. In the course of a few months, they are usually taken down and buried in the earth.

The huts of the Sioux are rude structures, made of posts stuck in the ground and covered with the bark of oak trees, with only one opening which answers the double purpose of a door and window. A rude veranda of bark is generally placed over the door; and under this, in the open



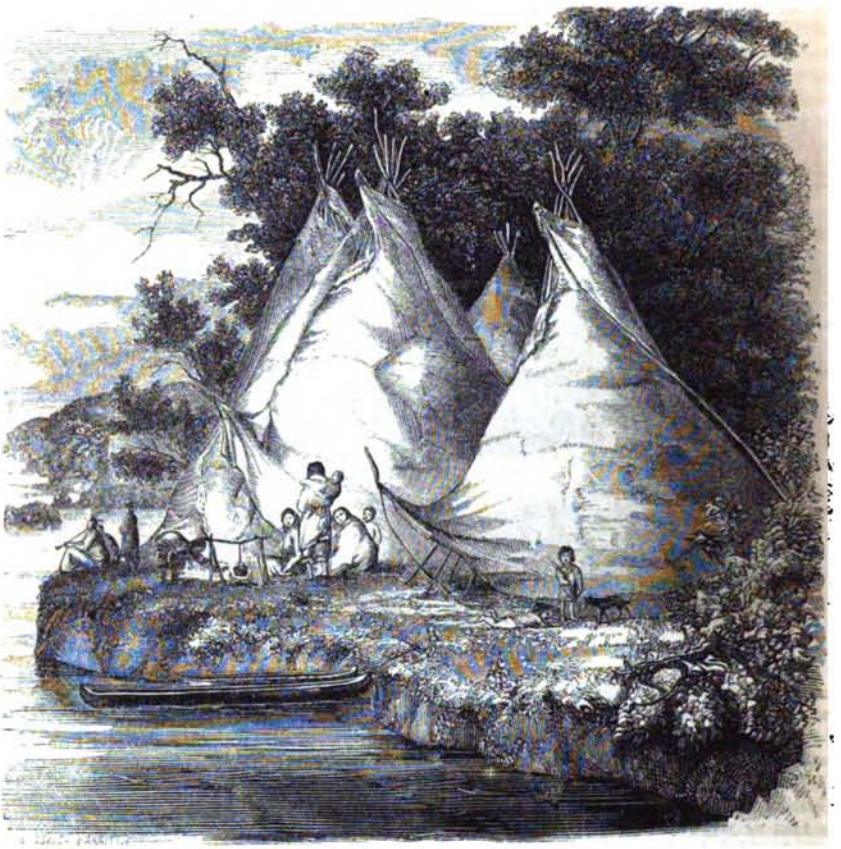
INTERIOR OF FORT SNELLING.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT SNELLING.

air, the families gather to listen to traditions, and common gossip when residing in the village, and the weather is too inclement to be abroad. A greater portion of the year, the villages are deserted, for the Sioux and their families are out upon the hunting grounds or the war path, and the movable tent or wigwam of buffalo hides, is, after all, their chief dwelling. To the pitching and striking of these, and, indeed, to every menial service, the women are devoted, while the warrior or the hunter is abroad, or lies stretched upon the grass in the cool shade, smoking his pipe or adorning his person. The tent poles are never carried from place to place; they are cut by the squaws in some thicket, when demanded. A fire is kept continually burning in the centre of the tent, and over it is hung, from a cross pole, a camp kettle for cooking the meat of the deer, the bear and the buffalo. Around the fire the whole family sleep upon buffalo robes or rude mats, and nothing appears wanting to insure real comfort to these simple people, but cleanliness.

INTERIOR OF A SIOUX TENT.

Wandering in another direction from Fort Snelling, and when two or three miles distant, my ear caught the music of a cascade, and following the beck of its cadence, I came suddenly upon a high bank, crowned with shrubbery, which overlooked a deep chasm. Into this a clear stream, the outlet of several little lakes, was leaping from the crown of a precipice, about fifty feet in height. Coming upon it so suddenly and unexpectedly, and the bright sun burnishing every ripple and painting an iris upon its front, I stood in mute admiration for a long time, before I could open my portfolio to tether to paper, as far as possible, the beauty of the cascade. The Indians, in their exquisite appreciation of nature, have given this



SIOUX TENTS.

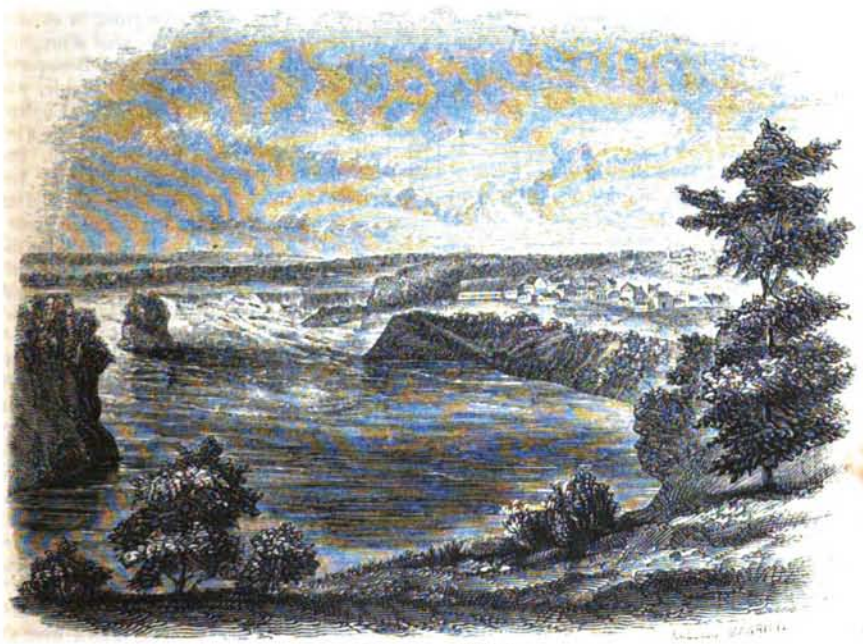
water-fall the appropriate name of MINNIHAHA, or The Laughing Waters, but the utilitarian, egotistical white man calls it Brown's Falls! In the name of common sense and all that is poetic and pleasing in human nature, let us solemnly protest against those desecrations which rob our beautiful lakes, rivers, and cascades of their charming and significant Indian names, and no longer allow every Brown, Smith, Snooks and Fizzle, who happens to be the first to see some beautiful creation of Nature, with dull eyes which have no appreciation for any thing more sentimental than a lump of copper or lead, a buffalo hide or a cat-fish, to perpetuate his cognomen at the expense of good taste and common honesty. Let all good Christians, with proper reverence for every saint in the calendar, plead earnestly for the expulsion of St. Peter from among the naiades of these waters; let the *Mi-ni-so-tah* be called Minnesota forever.

The distant roar of St. Anthony's Falls called me away from Minnihaha, and I hastened over a fine rolling prairie, bespangled with late-blooming flowers, passed along the margin of Lake Harriet, and at noon, after a ramble from the fort of almost a dozen miles, I stood upon an eminence overlooking the sublime spectacle of the whole volume of the Mississippi rushing and foaming along a bed of huge rocks, and falling, at one part of the cataract, about twenty feet perpendicularly. St. Anthony! Shall we ever forgive Father Hennepin for hiding the Chippewa name of *Kakabikah* (severed rock), and the Sioux *Irara* (laugh,) beneath the brown mantle of St. Anthony of Padua! Never mind; a cataract by any other name is just as attractive, I suppose, and so we must allow that, as "St. Anthony" the tumultous rapids above and below the great falls, the piles of rock, the swift current and the spray, produce a *coup d'œil*, as beautiful and imposing as if they were called *Kakabikah*. Above the falls the river is about six hundred yards in width. In its descent it is divided by Cataract Island, a high, rocky mass, covered with trees and shrubbery. All around this island, above and below, are strewn huge masses of limestone rocks, heaped in Titanic confusion, and attesting the mightiness of the waters with which they seem to be contending. In the greater expanse of the river above, is Hennepin Island, where the Jesuit Father was placed by the Indians. Near it saw-mills have been erected, and the eddying currents are filled with logs which have floated down from the great pine

FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

forests of the North. A dam has been constructed from Cataract Island to the eastern shore, and almost the whole volume of the river rushes through the narrow western channel.

Directly opposite the cataract, on the east side of the Mississippi, is the city of St. Anthony. It is pleasantly situated upon a handsome elevated prairie, gently inclining toward the river. There was only one house there in 1849; now it contains a population of about two thousand. It promises to be an extensive manufacturing town, and depot of all the future productions of



CITY OF ST. ANTHONY.

the extreme Upper Mississippi. Steamboats ascend from New Orleans to Fort Snelling, and small steamers are now navigating the Mississippi above the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. The city of St. Anthony has good hotels, and will hereafter be a place of great resort for summer tourists. Now that railways are about to connect the Atlantic with the Mississippi for land travel, and fine steamers are daily traversing the whole length of the great lakes, the tide of fashionable Summer travel which has been heretofore at flood at Niagara, will flow on to the Falls of St. Anthony; and those who have been accustomed to angle in Lake George or the clear lakes and streams of Northern New England, will cast their lines ere long in the green depths of the remote Itaska.

There is a country beyond the Great Falls, of surpassing beauty, fertility and grandeur, not yet opened to the light of civilization. It is still the abode of the dusky children of the forest; but the knell of their empire has sounded. It is heard in the ring of every woodman's ax, as he fells the mighty pines along the rivers; it is heard in the crack of every white man's rifle, who is seeking game for the markets upon the borders of civilization. Soon the Red Man's hunting ground must be far beyond the Red River, for the cornfields of the White Man must occupy all the land eastward of it. A tide of emigration is just beginning to flow in that direction, bearing upon its bosom the elements of a wealthy and powerful commonwealth, the mother of two or three future States. Already its foundation is laid deep and strong in sound territorial organization and social regulations. There a new Canaan is opened to the toiling slaves of Europe, whose oppressors are driving them into an exodus, such as the world never saw. They are coming here by hundreds of thousands, and yet there is room. Our welcome to the oppressed is yet as free and generous as the couplet,

"Come along, come along, don't feel alarm;
Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm.

The vestibule of Minnesota has only been entered. The great interior is yet unoccupied.

"There are its interlinking lakes, its forests wild and wide,
And streams—the sinews of its strength—that feed it as they glide;
Its rich primeval pasture grounds, fenc'd by the stooping sky,
And mines of treasure, yet undelved, that 'neath its surface lie.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE EMPERORS AT ERFURTH.

FROM Bayonne Napoleon returned to Paris. He visited by the way many of the southern departments of France. In every place he was received with transports of enthusiasm. France was in the highest state of prosperity. This prosperity was justly and universally attributed to the genius of Napoleon. With his own subjects, he was by far the most popular sovereign in Europe. No monarch was ever surrounded with homage more sincere and universal. "He was every where," says Thiers, "greeted with every demonstration of respect by immense multitudes. The prodigious man, who had rescued those provinces from civil war, and had given them back quiet, safety, prosperity, and the exercise of their religion, was in their eyes more than a man. He was almost a God."

Testimony like this falls strangely upon the ears of those who are familiar with only such representations as conquering England and the Bourbons of France have hitherto allowed to reach the public mind. Let the intelligent reader reflect for one moment upon the fact, that as soon as Napoleon had been crushed by his allied foes it became a matter of the utmost importance to the reigning family in France, to England, and to every despotic government of Europe, to misrepresent the character of their illustrious foe. The stability of their thrones depended upon convincing the people that Napoleon was an execrable tyrant. Consequently the wealth and the almost boundless patronage of all the monarchies of Europe were concentrated in securing the vituperation of the one lone exile of St. Helena. The trumpet peals of these assaults still reverberate through Europe, and now and then are faintly echoed even on our own shores. Never before was mortal man exposed to such an ordeal. Yet Napoleon, vanquished at Waterloo, became the victor at St. Helena. Alone upon his barren rock, prohibited from uttering one word in self-defense, he silently breasted the clamor which filled the world, and triumphed over it all. The *people*, in all lands, adore the name of their great friend, Napoleon. Who *now* will venture to affirm that the Duke of Wellington, in alliance with all the despots of Europe, was struggling for *popular rights*; and that Napoleon Bonaparte, sustained by the sympathies of the people, was contending for *aristocratic privilege*? England had the boldness to affirm that she was fighting for the *liberties of Europe*. She conquered. She attained the end for which she fought. And where now are those boasted liberties? Did the perfidious Ferdinand confer them upon Spain? Are they to be found beneath the iron rule of the Bourbons of Naples? Did that Hungarian wail, which recently tingled upon the ears of the world, sound like the shout of an enfranchised people? Are those dirges, blending with the gales which sweep the snows of Siberia, the peans of popular freedom? The liberties of Europe! They fell, by the onslaught of all the banded despots of Christendom, in the carnage of Waterloo. They were entombed beneath the weeping willow of St. Helena. England now dreads the despotism of Russia as much as she once feared the democracy of France. When Napoleon fell, popular rights fell with him, and feudal aristocracy regained its sway. "Europe," said Napoleon, "must soon become Republican or Cossack." The gloom of Russian despotism, like the black pall of midnight, is now settling down over all the Continent.

It is not always easy to ascertain the facts in reference to the private morals of one who occupies a conspicuous position in the eyes of the world. There was a time when Napoleon was accused of every crime of which a mortal can be guilty. All the members of the Bonaparte family were likewise represented as utterly infamous. Even his bitterest enemies now admit that in this respect he has been grievously wronged. Says the Encyclopædia Britannica, "At one time any slanderous or infamous story, derogatory to Napoleon, readily gained credit in this country [England]. Indeed the more slanderous or the more infamous the tale, the greater became the certainty that it would be believed. The credulity of national hatred was not shocked by ordinary improbabilities. For instance, it was commonly said, and we may add universally believed, that Josephine was a woman of infamous character, or worse. The common belief is, however, altogether unsupported by evidence. *Is it probable that he who so fully recognized the necessity of discountenancing immorality, and who afterward drove from his presence and his service all women of questionable reputation*, would have done so, had he been conscious that he had married a person of doubtful or of indifferent character!"

Says Ingersoll: "In the autumn of 1802 I saw Bonaparte. Monstrous ambition and tremendous downfall have given color to the vast detraction to which Napoleon was subjected. It will be some time before the truth can be gradually established. But it has been in continual progress of emancipation since his fall. Posterity will recognize him not only as a great, but likewise in many respects a good man, excelling in private and domestic virtues. Napoleon's morals were not only exemplary, but singular, compared with contemporary monarchs—Napoleon, apart from rabid ambition, was a model of domestic, particularly matrimonial virtues."

Louis Bonaparte, a man of unsullied purity of character, thus speaks of his brother Napoleon: "He was temperate, and had only noble passions. That which is incontestable is, that, the husband of a first wife, much older than himself, he lived matrimonially with her in the most perfect harmony, even to the last day of their union, without giving her any subject of complaint. It is undeniable that no one can reproach him with keeping any titled mistress, nor with any scandal, and when married a second time, at the age of forty-two years, he treated his second spouse with courtesy, amiability, and with a delicacy of attentions which were never intermitted."

Among the innumerable gross charges which were brought against Napoleon, he was accused of improper intimacy with Hortense, the daughter of Josephine. Bourrienne was the private secretary of Napoleon. He was charged with peculation, and was dismissed from office. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons he was taken into their service, and while drinking of their cup he wrote a bitter work against his former master. And yet he says, "This calumny must be classed among those which malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. His principles were rigid in an extreme degree. Any fault, of the nature charged, neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes says of Hortense: "In the year 1800, she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretensions to equal talents. The First Consul looked upon her as his child. It was only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited. It is now only remembered to be confuted." "The fact is," she says, "that Bonaparte had but one real passion. In that all his other feelings were absorbed." "Josephine," she says, "was insufferably vain of the fidelity of her husband."

His habits in this respect were so peculiar in those times of universal corruption, that while one party accused him of the most revolting debauchery, another party affirmed that he was a *monster*, whom God had deprived of the ordinary energies and passions of a man. In confirmation of this view, they referred to the fact that he was childless.

In reference to this charge, Josephine wrote thus to Hortense: "They who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not *his* soul. His mind is too elevated above that of the vulgar to be ever accessible to unworthy passions."

The Duchess d'Aiguillon, a former friend and benefactress of Josephine, during the tumult of those times had not preserved a perfectly spotless character. She wished to be received at court. Josephine, grateful for past kindness, made application in her behalf. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to the duchess: "I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I can obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must think that I have forgotten the past. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented in the palace where he reigns."

At St. Helena Napoleon was one day reading the *Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*, by Goldsmith. The character of the Emperor was painted in the darkest hues of infamy. As Napoleon read page after page, he sometimes shrugged his shoulders, and at times even laughed outright. At last he mildly said, without betraying the least sign of anger, "They are in the wrong to attack me on the score of morals. All the world knows that I have singularly improved them. They can not be ignorant that I was not at

all inclined by nature to debauchery. Moreover, the multiplicity of my affairs would never have allowed me time to indulge in it." When he came to the pages where his mother was described as guilty of most infamous conduct, he repeated several times, in tones of blended grief and indignation, "Ah, Madame! Poor Madame! with her lofty character! if she were to read this! Great God!"

These facts sufficiently prove that Napoleon is not to be catalogued with the dissolute and licentious kings who have so often disgraced the thrones of Europe. History can not record his name with such profligates as Henry VIII., Charles II., and George IV. From the companionship of such men he would have recoiled with disgust.

As Napoleon was visiting the southern departments of his empire an incident occurred, peculiarly illustrative of his watchfulness and of his discrimination. He had ordered some very difficult and important works to be executed on a bridge of the canal of Languedoc. The engineer had admirably accomplished the arduous achievement. Napoleon wished to inspect the works, and to reward the author of them on the theatre of his glory. He sent orders to the prefect of the department and the chief engineer to repair to the spot. Napoleon, ever punctual, arrived before the prefect, and found only the chief engineer at the place. He immediately entered into conversation with him, and asked many questions upon every point of difficulty which must have been encountered in the execution of an enterprise so arduous. The engineer seemed embarrassed, and replied with hesitation and confusion. Soon the prefect appeared. Napoleon promptly said to him, "I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is far beyond his capacity." The prefect then confessed that the chief engineer was neither the originator of the plan nor the author of the works, but that they both belonged to a modest, subordinate man, unknown to fame.

The Emperor immediately sent for this sub-engineer, and questioned him closely upon every point upon which he was desirous of receiving information. He was perfectly satisfied with the answers. "I am quite pleased," said he, "at having come in person to inspect these splendid works; otherwise I should never have known that you were the author of them, and you would have been deprived of the reward to which you are so justly entitled." He appointed the young man, whose genius he had thus discovered, chief engineer, and took him to Paris.

In the month of August, 1808, Napoleon returned to the metropolis. Austria, ever hostile at heart, and intensely humiliated by her defeats, had long been watching for an opportunity to fall again upon the dreaded foe of aristocratic privilege, the renowned champion of popular rights. Encouraged by the hostile attitude of Spain, and believing that Napoleon would be compelled to direct his main energies to that point, she began to assume a menacing attitude. She affected to believe that Napoleon intended to overthrow all the ancient reigning families of Europe. Pointing to the dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain, she exclaimed, "This is the fate which awaits all the old royalties of the Continent." "We will die," exclaimed the Archduke Charles, "if it must be so, with arms in our hands. But the crown of Austria shall not be disposed of as easily as that of Spain has been."

Military preparations immediately resounded throughout the whole kingdom. Seven hundred thousand men were armed and exercised every day. Fourteen thousand artillery horses were purchased, and a million of muskets. Twenty thousand workmen were employed upon the fortifications of Hungary, that the Austrians, in case of defeat, might retire to those distant retreats, for a prolonged and a desperate resistance. Powerful divisions of the army began to defile toward the frontiers of France. National enthusiasm was aroused to the highest pitch. The French, wherever they were found, at Vienna, at Trieste, at the watering-places of Germany, were wantonly insulted.

Napoleon dreaded another war. He had nothing to gain by it. It thwarted his magnificent plans for enriching and embellishing his majestic empire. Peace was the most intense desire of his heart. Under these circumstances he had an interview with M. Metternich, the Austrian minister. Napoleon was particularly gracious and mild, but very decided. Many of the ministers of other courts were present. In a low and gentle tone of voice, but sufficiently loud to be overheard by many who were present, he said:*

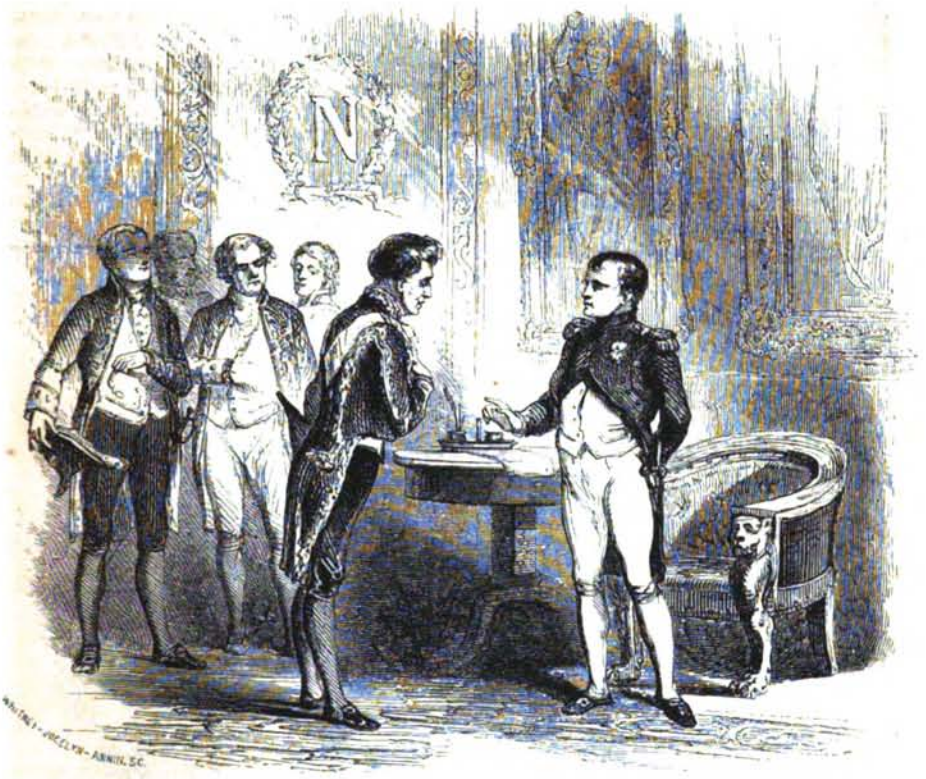
"You wish, M. Metternich, either to make war on us, or to frighten us."

"We wish, Sire," M. Metternich replied, "to do neither the one nor the other."

"Why, then," replied Napoleon, "your armaments? They agitate yourselves and Europe. They put peace in jeopardy, and ruin your finances."

"These arrangements are only defensive," said M. Metternich.

* "Meanwhile, the Austrian embassador at Paris had the difficult task to discharge, of maintaining apparently amicable relations with the French government, at the time when his cabinet were openly preparing the means of decided hostility. But the Baron Metternich, who then filled that exalted situation at the court of Napoleon, was a man whose abilities were equal to the task. A statesman, in the widest acceptation of the word; gifted with a sagacious intellect, a clear perception, a sound judgment; profoundly versed in the secrets of diplomacy, and the characters of the leading political men with whom he was brought in contact in the different European cabinets; persevering in his policy, far-seeing in his views, unrivaled in his discrimination, and at the same time skillful in concealing these varied qualities; a perfect master of dissimulation in public affairs, and yet honorable and candid in private life; capable of acquiring information from others, at the very moment when he was eluding all similar investigation from them; unbounded in application, richly endowed with knowledge, he also enjoyed the rare faculty of veiling those great acquirements under the cover of polished manners, and causing his superiority to be forgotten in the charms of a varied and intellectual conversation."—*Alison.*



NAPOLEON AND METTERNICH.

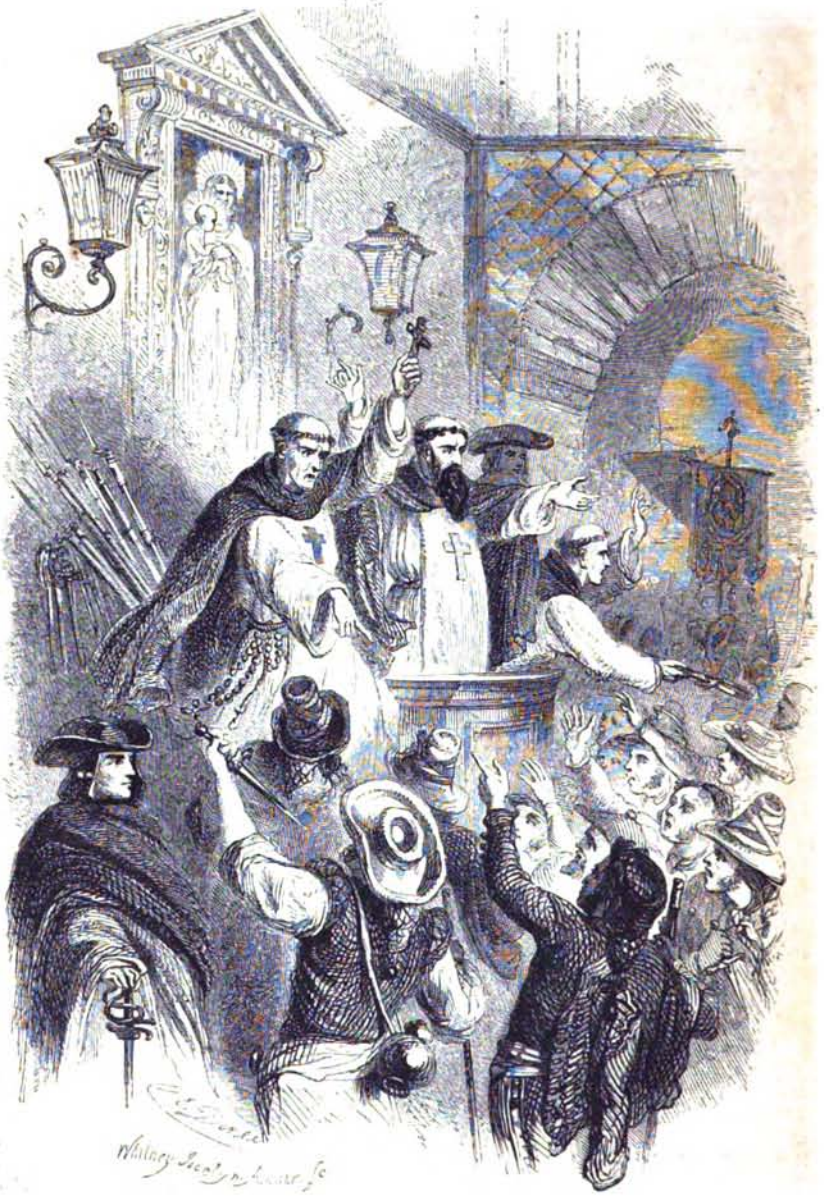
Napoleon mildly but firmly replied: "Were your armaments only defensive, they would not be so hurried. When new organizations are to be created, one takes time, does nothing abruptly. Things are done best that are done slowly. One does not, under such circumstances, erect magazines, order assemblages of troops, and buy horses, particularly artillery horses. Your army amounts to nearly four hundred thousand men. Your militia will nearly equal the same number. Were I to imitate you, I should add four hundred thousand men to my effective force. That would be an armament out of all reason. I will not follow your example. It would soon be necessary to arm women and children, and we should relapse into a state of barbarism. Wherefore all these military preparations? Have I demanded any thing of you? Have I advanced claims to any of your provinces? The treaty of Pressburg has settled all claims between the two empires. Your master's word ought to have settled every thing between the two sovereigns. I demand nothing of you. I want nothing of you except mutual quiet and security. Is there any difficulty, any one difficulty, between us? Let it be known, that we may settle it on the spot."

M. Metternich replied: "The Austrian government, Sire, has no thought of attacking France. It has not ordered any movement of troops."

"You are mistaken," Napoleon with quiet decision rejoined. "Assemblages of troops have taken place in Gallicia and Bohemia, in front of the quarters of the French army. The fact is incontestable. The immediate result must be the assemblage of equal forces on the French side. I must, consequently, instead of demolishing the fortresses of Silesia, repair, arm, and provision them, and put every thing again on a war-footing. You are well aware that I shall not be taken by surprise. I shall be always prepared. You rely, perhaps, upon aid from the Emperor of Russia. You deceive yourself. I am certain of his adhesion, of the disapprobation he has manifested respecting your armaments, and of the course he will adopt on the occasion. Do not imagine, then, that the opportunity is a favorable one for attacking France. It would be a grievous mistake on your part. *You* do not desire war. I believe it of *you*, M. Metternich, of *your Emperor*, and of the *enlightened men* of your country. But the German nobility, dissatisfied with the changes which have occurred, fill Germany with their rancor. You allow yourselves to be influenced. You communicate your emotions to the masses in urging them to arm. By-and-by you will be brought to that point at which one longs for a crisis, as a means of escaping out of an insupportable situation. That crisis will be war. Moral and physical nature

alike, when they are come to that troubled state which precedes the storm, have need to explode, in order to purify the air and bring back serenity. This is what I fear from your present conduct. I repeat to you, I want nothing of you I demand nothing but peace. But if you make preparations, I shall make such that the superiority of my arms will not be more doubtful than in the preceding campaigns. Thus, in order to preserve peace, we shall have brought on war."

This conversation was immediately committed to paper by the Austrian minister, and sent to Vienna. The next day, effectually to sound the disposition of Austria, the French embassador was instructed to repeat to the Austrian cabinet, that these extraordinary armaments must be stopped, or that war must openly be declared. Napoleon also called upon Austria for the recognition of Joseph as King of Spain. At the same time Napoleon addressed a circular to the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, in which he called upon them, "to make ready their contingents, *to prevent a war, without a pretext as without an object*, by showing to Austria that they



THE MONKS AROUSING THE PEASANTS.

were prepared for it." An article also appeared in the *Moniteur*, which was said to be from the pen of Napoleon, in which he accused Austria of attempting to rouse the populace of Europe again to arms: "Austria has adopted the revolutionary system. She has now no right to complain of the conduct of the Convention in proclaiming war to the palace, and peace to the cottage. A plan has been organized at Vienna for a general insurrection all over Europe; the execution of which is confided to the ardent zeal of the princes of the house of Austria, propagated by the proclamations of its generals, and diffused by its detachments, at the distance of six hundred miles from its armies."

But, in the mean time, affairs in Spain had assumed a most disastrous aspect. The monks, whose influence was almost boundless over the ignorant and fanatical populace, were exasperated. All over the land they suddenly kindled a blaze of insurrection. The pride of the nation was wounded. The French and the friends of the French were massacred with every conceivable act of barbarity. Chateaus were pillaged and burned. All the tumultuous and sanguinary horrors of the French Revolution were renewed. The Spanish people defended the throne and the altar with the same ferocity with which the French had assailed them both. While Austria was assuming such a threatening attitude, Napoleon did not dare to withdraw from the vicinity of the Rhine the veteran troops assembled there. He had, consequently, been compelled to send only young recruits into Spain. Of the 80,000 inexperienced and youthful conscripts whom Napoleon had ordered to the Peninsula, 17,000 were in the hospitals: leaving an efficient force of but 63,000 men. The Spanish authorities friendly to Joseph could place but little reliance upon the army under their command. The Spanish soldiers fraternized with the people. Bells rang the alarm. Beacon-fires blazed on every hill, the signal for revolt. The pauper peasantry, weary of the monotony of a merely vegetable life, were glad of any pretext for excitement, and for the chance of plunder. Napoleon had conferred upon Spain a good prince and good institutions. The Spaniards hurled that prince from his throne, and riveted again upon their own limbs the fetters of the most unrelenting despotism. Napoleon smiled when the Abbé de Pradt said to him, "Sire! you are in the condition of the benevolent man who has rescued a termagant wife from the brutality of her husband. She falls upon her benefactor, and scratches out his eyes."

The British navy, swarming in the waters which washed the Spanish coast, without waiting for orders from home, immediately and ardently espoused the cause of the insurgents. The English government received the tidings with enthusiasm. The king exclaimed to his parliament, "The Spanish nation, thus nobly struggling against the usurpation and tyranny of France, can no longer be considered by me as the enemy of Great Britain, but is recognized by me as a natural friend and ally." All the Spanish prisoners of war were immediately released, clothed, armed, and sent to Spain, to swell the number of the insurgent host. The vast energies of the British navy were called into requisition to land upon the Peninsula money and all kinds of military supplies. This was done with such profusion as to amaze the Spaniards. An army of 30,000 men was also sent to co-operate with the Spanish forces. These English troops were placed under the command of the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley. The iron decision he had developed in the bombardment of Copenhagen, proved him worthy of the trust.*

Joseph, mild, humane, and a lover of peace, was appalled by the storm of war which had suddenly burst upon him. In his alarm he wrote to Napoleon: "I have nobody for me. We want fifty thousand veteran troops, and ten millions of dollars. If you delay, we shall want one hundred thousand troops, and twenty-five millions of dollars." Already loving his own subjects he complained bitterly of the outrages with which the French soldiers retaliated the ferocity of the Spaniards.

Napoleon replied: "Have patience and good courage. I will not let you want any resource. You shall have troops in sufficient quantity. Do not set yourself up as the accuser of my soldiers. To their devotedness you and I owe what we are. They have to do with brigands who murder them, and whom they must repress by terror. Strive to gain the affection of the Spaniards. But do not discourage the army. That would be an irreparable fault."

With Austria raising such formidable armaments in the north, it was not safe for Napoleon to withdraw any of the veteran troops who were still lingering beyond the Rhine. He could only send to Joseph young conscripts, and an abundant supply of all military stores. Matters grew worse every day. All Spain and Portugal were in a blaze of insurrection. A division of the French army, consisting of nearly 20,000 men, under General Dupont, was surrounded at Bay-

* Says Napier, the world-renowned historian of the Peninsular War:

"But the occult source of most of these difficulties is to be found in the inconsistent attempts of the British cabinet, to uphold national independence with internal slavery, against foreign aggression with an ameliorated government. The clergy [of Spain], who led the mass of the people, clung to the English, because they supported aristocracy and church domination.—*The English Ministers hating Napoleon, not because he was the enemy of England, but because he was the champion of equality*, cared not for Spain, unless her people were enslaved. They were willing enough to use a liberal Cortes to defeat Napoleon; but they also desired to put down that Cortes by the aid of the clergy, and of the bigoted part of the people."—Vol. iv. p. 259.

"It was some time before the church and aristocratic party [of Spain] discovered that the secret policy of England was the same as their own. It was so, however, even to the upholding of the Inquisition, which it was ridiculously asserted had become objectionable only in name."—Vol. iv. p. 330.

"The *educated classes* in Spain, shrunk from the British government's known hostility to all free institutions."—*Ibid.*

lén by vastly superior forces of the Spaniards. The French, wasted by sickness and suffering, and emaciated with starvation, were compelled to surrender. It was the first disgrace which had befallen the French eagles. When Napoleon heard the news he trembled with emotion. He had reposed the utmost confidence in General Dupont, and felt, that under the peculiar circumstances of the case he should have died, rather than have capitulated. Napoleon was at Bordeaux when the first tidings of the capitulation reached him. He read the dispatches in silent anguish. The minister for foreign affairs, who was present, was alarmed at the deep dejection manifested by the Emperor. "Is your Majesty unwell?" he inquired.—"No!"—"Has Austria declared war?—"Would to God that were all!" exclaimed the Emperor. "What, then, has happened?" Napoleon, in bitterness of soul, recounted the humiliating details of the capitulation, and added:

"That an army should be beaten is nothing. It is the daily fate of war, and is easily repaired. But that an army should submit to a dishonorable capitulation, is a stain on the glory of our arms which can never be effaced. Wounds inflicted on honor are incurable. The moral effect of this catastrophe will be terrible. What! they have had the infamy to consent that the haversacks of our soldiers should be searched like those of robbers. Could I have expected that of General Dupont? a man whom I loved, and was rearing up to become a marshal. They say he had no other way to prevent the destruction of the army, to save the lives of the soldiers. Better, far better, to have perished with arms in their hands, that not one should have escaped. Their death would have been glorious. We would have avenged them. You can always supply the place of soldiers. Honor alone, when once lost, can never be regained."

In the first outburst of his anguish he exclaimed, in reference to those who had signed the capitulation: "They have sullied our uniform. It shall be washed in their blood." Soon, however, more generous feelings regained the ascendency. Sincerely he pitied his unfortunate friend. "Unhappy man!" he exclaimed again and again; "unhappy man! What a fall, after Albeck, Halle, Friedland! What a thing war is! One day, one single day, is enough to tarnish the lustre of a life-time."

General Savary now advised Joseph to retire from Madrid, and fortify himself upon the Ebro. "But what will Napoleon say?" asked Joseph. "The Emperor will scold," quietly replied Savary. "His fits of anger are boisterous, but they do not kill. *He*, no doubt, would stay here. But what is possible for him, is not so for others." Joseph retreated from Madrid, and from his intrenched camp upon the Ebro, wrote to his imperial brother:

"I have not a single Spaniard left, who is attached to my cause. As a *general* my part would be endurable—nay, easy; for, with a detachment of your veteran troops, I could conquer the Spaniards. But, as a *king*, my part is insupportable. For I must slaughter one portion of my subjects to make the other submit. I decline, therefore, to reign over a people who will not have me. Still, I desire not to retire as conquered. Send me, therefore, one of your old armies. I will return at its head to Madrid, and treat with the Spaniards. I shall demand back from you the throne of Naples. I will then go and continue, amidst the quiet which suits my tastes, the happiness of a people that consents to be prosperous under my care."

Napoleon was keenly wounded by the covert harshness of judgment which this letter contained. He ever loved Joseph, and prized his judgment and his co-operation above that of any other of his brothers. By the energies of his own mind he strove to reanimate the waning courage of Joseph.

"Be worthy of your brother," he wrote. "Try to bear yourself as becomes your position. What care I for a parcel of insurgents, whom I shall settle with my dragoons, and who are not likely to defeat armies that neither Austria, Russia, nor Prussia could withstand. I shall find the Pillars of Hercules in Spain. I shall not find there the limits of my power." Napoleon promised him immediate and effectual reinforcements, and gave the most minute and sagacious counsel in reference to the prosecution of the war. The most exaggerated reports were sent to him of the forces of the insurgents. "In war," Napoleon replied, "it is at all times and in all places *difficult* to know the truth. But it is always *possible* to collect it, if one will be at the pains. You have a numerous cavalry and the brave Lasalle. Send out your dragoons to sweep the country over a range of thirty or forty miles. Seize the alcades, the curés, the notable inhabitants. Keep them until they speak. Interrogate them judiciously, and you will learn the truth, which you will never learn by going to sleep within your lines."

Joseph had no heart to fire upon the Spaniards. The war was conducted with but little vigor. Napoleon at first smiled at the continued display of weakness. He then wrote to Joseph to remain quietly behind his entrenchments upon the Ebro until the Emperor should arrive to help him. Matters had now assumed so threatening an aspect that Napoleon, notwithstanding the hostile attitude of Austria, ventured to withdraw about one hundred thousand troops from the Rhine. He sent them by forced marches across the vast territory of France to climb the Pyrenees, and to await his arrival. One hundred thousand young conscripts, gathered from the fields of France, were ordered to the vacancies caused by the departure of the veteran battalions. All the great thoroughfares of France were thronged by these vast masses of men passing in opposite directions.

The well-trained soldier cares little for his life. He becomes a mere animal. The soul is brutalized. The conscience is dead. He seeks to enjoy, by every indulgence, the short life which is

left for him. Napoleon was consummately skillful in touching all the secret springs of human action. For these immense bands of men traversing France his foresight provided, in all the important towns through which they should pass, the most brilliant entertainments. Illuminations and banquets greeted them. Martial songs were composed to be sung at these fêtes, celebrating the heroic exploits of the army and stimulating the passion for military glory. At the same time vast magazines of munitions of war were established at the foot of the Pyrenees.

When Alexander heard of the disasters in Spain, he said to M. Caulaincourt, Napoleon's embassador: "You must make the best of a bad job, and go through this matter without flinching. Your master sent to Spain young soldiers, and not enough of them. Besides *he* was not there, and blunders have been committed. He will, however, soon repair all that. Your Emperor can not suffer any Bourbon so near him. This is, on his part, a consistent policy, which I entirely admit. I am not jealous of his aggrandizement, especially when it is prompted by the same motive as the last. Let him not be jealous of those which are, in like manner, necessary to my empire, and quite as easy to justify. For my part, I shall be invariable. I am about to address Austria in language which will induce her to reflect seriously on her imprudent conduct. I will prove to your master that I am faithful in bad and good fortune. Tell him, however, that we must see each other as soon as possible."

The state of the empire was now such that the public funds began to decline. England, Spain, and Portugal had combined their arms in the south. Austria, in the north, was arming seven hundred thousand men. Prussia, in the depths of her humiliation, was longing for an opportunity to retrieve her fallen fortunes. It was well known that the nobility of Russia, headed by the queen-mother, were bitterly hostile to Napoleon. It was doubtful how long Alexander would be able to withstand their opposition. Speculators in the public funds endeavored to excite a panic. The price fell from ninety-four to as low as seventy. Napoleon immediately roused himself to encounter this financial warfare with the same vigor with which he was accustomed to meet his foes upon the field. "*I mean*," said he, "*to make a campaign against the bears.*"* By means of judicious purchases, steadily executed for one or two months, the speculators for a fall were beaten. The public funds rose again to the price which Napoleon deemed it a point of honor for the government to maintain. He was extremely gratified at this success. "We have beaten the bears," he said; "they will not try the game again. We have preserved for the creditors of state the capital to which they have a right; we have also effected good investments for the army funds." Many of the speculators in this financial warfare were ruined. Napoleon, with his accustomed generosity, conferred upon them some private recompense.

The 27th of September, the day appointed for the meeting at Erfurth, was drawing near. The attention of all Europe was directed to this celebrated interview: the destinies of the world seemed to depend upon its issues. Kings, princes, courtiers, from all parts of Europe were crowding to witness the extraordinary spectacle. The Emperor of France was the hospitable host, who was to receive them all as his guests. Napoleon left Paris, surrounded by the most brilliant retinue which ever accompanied an earthly monarch. The people were proud to have their king on this occasion tower in splendor above all the kings of the nobles. Napoleon had previously dispatched thither all the appliances of gorgeous pleasure for the entertainment of those who lived for pleasure only.

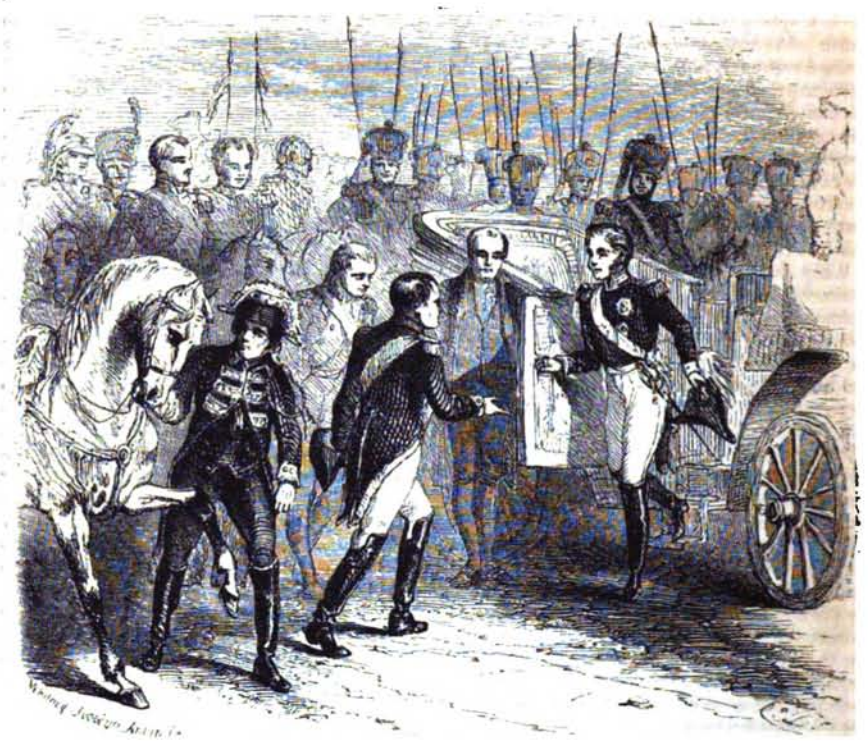
He arrived at Erfurth at ten o'clock in the forenoon. The streets were already thronged with kings, dukes, princes, and high dignitaries of the church, the army, and the state. After having received the homage and the congratulations of this illustrious throng, he rode at noon on horseback, accompanied by the King of Saxony, and attended by an immense and magnificent staff, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who was approaching in an open carriage. Napoleon met his friend and ally at the end of about six miles. On perceiving the carriage in which Alexander rode, he galloped toward it with the utmost eagerness. The two Emperors alighted and embraced each other with every expression of cordial friendship. Horses had been provided for Alexander and his suite. The two Emperors rode into Erfurth side by side, conversing with most friendly animation.

At Erfurth, Napoleon presented to the Emperor Alexander all the illustrious personages admitted to the interview. He then escorted him to the palace prepared for his reception. It was arranged that Alexander should dine every day at Napoleon's table. In the evening there was a splendid banquet, crowded by the most illustrious personages Europe could furnish. The town was illuminated. A tragedy, developing the noblest traits of human nature, was performed by the most accomplished actors of France. Alexander sat by the side of Napoleon, As the sentiment was expressed from the stage.

"The friendship of a great man is a gift from the gods!"

Alexander gracefully rose, took the hand of Napoleon, and, bowing, said: "I experience the truth of that sentiment every day." An instinctive burst of applause from a pit full of princes, nobles, and kings, shook the walls of the theatre.

* "*Bears and Bulls.* Terms applied to persons engaged in the gambling transactions of the Stock Exchange. *A Bear* is one who contracts to deliver, at a specified *future* time, stocks which he does not own; a *Bull* is one who contracts to take them. Hence, in the intervening time, it is the interest of the former to depress stocks, as the bear pulls down with his strong paws; and of the latter to raise stocks, as the bull throws upward with his horns. The stock is, in fact, never delivered, and was never meant to be. When the time for delivery arrives, the losing party pays the *difference* between the price of the stock *then* and at the time when the contract was made."—WEBSTER.



MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

Napoleon had no relish for pleasure. Business was his only joy. Arrangements were immediately made for uninterrupted hours of conference. Alexander could hardly restrain his impatience to obtain possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was decided, that at all hazards Russia, already too formidable in her gigantic power, must be prevented from making that acquisition. He was, however, extremely desirous to gratify Alexander. The conference continued for nearly twenty days. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of his hostile attitude, had not been invited to the interview. Francis, however, sent an embassador, ostensibly to present his congratulations to the two sovereigns who had met so near to his empire, but in reality to penetrate, if possible, the secret of the interview. Napoleon received the Austrian envoy with courtesy, but with reserve. With his accustomed frankness, he said: "Your master has not been invited to this imperial meeting. We could not invite him while he is raising such threatening armies. If Austria desires the friendship of Russia and of France, she must manifest a friendly disposition. If she prefer the alliance of England, to England she must go for her intimacies." That the secrets of the interview might be safe, they were confided to but four persons—the two Emperors and their two ministers.

All the splendor and the beauty of Germany had flocked to the little town of Erfurth. Napoleon, as the host of these illustrious guests, had made the most magnificent preparations for their enjoyment. While he kept them incessantly occupied with festivals, banquets, fêtes, and balls, all the energies of his mind were engrossed during the morning and the afternoon, and deep into the hours of the night, by the majestic interests which were at his disposal.

There was a very distinguished lady whom the occasion had called to Erfurth, the Princess of Tour, sister of the Queen of Prussia. Her rank, her beauty, her intellectual fascination, attracted to her drawing-rooms all the refinement, loveliness, and genius of Germany. The highest names in literature and in science, allured by the patronage of Napoleon, mingled with the throng of princes and kings. Wieland and Goethe were there. Napoleon turned aside from the brilliance of birth and of rank, to pay his homage to the splendors of genius.

Wieland thus describes an interview with the Emperor, in the saloon of the Princess of Tour: "I had been but a few minutes in the room when Napoleon crossed it to come to us. I was presented by the Duchess of Weimar. He paid me some compliments in an affable tone, fixing his eye piercingly upon me. Few men have appeared to me to possess, in the same degree, the power of penetrating at a glance the thoughts of others. I have never beheld any one more

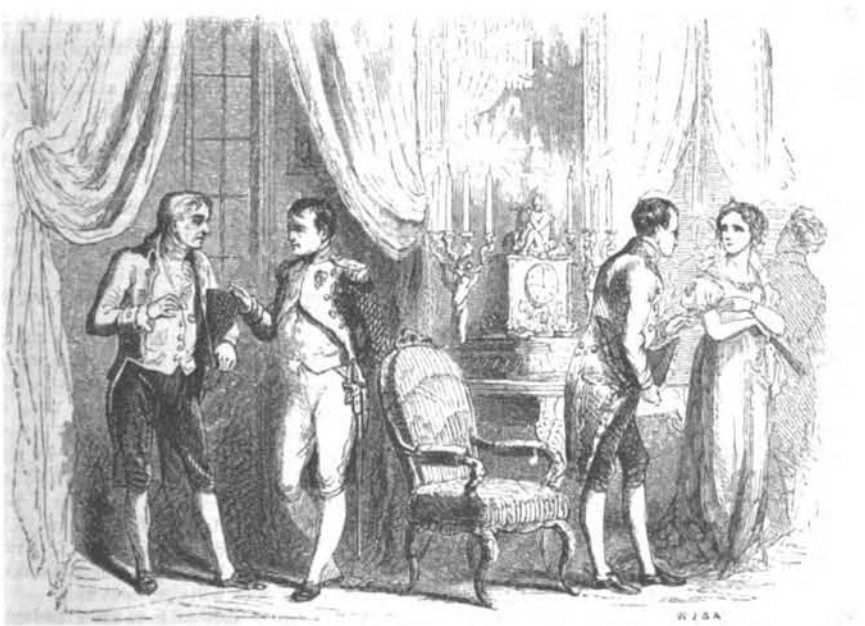
calm, more simple, more mild, or less ostentatious in appearance. Nothing about him indicated the feeling of power in a great monarch. He spoke to me as an old acquaintance would speak to an equal. What was more extraordinary on his part, he conversed with me exclusively for an hour and a half, to the great surprise of the assembly. He appeared to have no relish for any thing gay. In spite of the prepossessing amenity of his manners, he seemed to me to be of bronze. Toward midnight I began to feel that it was improper to detain him so long, and I took the liberty to demand permission to retire. 'Go, then,' said he, in a friendly tone. 'Good-night!'"

Muller, the celebrated Swiss historian, had an interview with Napoleon about the same time He thus records the effect which the conversation produced upon his mind. "Quite impartially and truly, as before God, I must say, that the variety of his knowledge, the acuteness of his observation, the solidity of his understanding filled me with astonishment. His manner of speaking to me inspired me with love for him It was one of the most remarkable days of my life. By his genius and his disinterested goodness, he has conquered me also."

Alexander with all his ambition, was graceful, amiable, and a pleasure-loving gentleman. One evening at a ball, while Alexander was dancing with the queen of Westphalia, Napoleon was conversing with Goethe, the author of Werter. At the close of the evening Napoleon wrote to Josephine, "I have attended a ball in Weimar. The Emperor Alexander danced. But I! no! Forty years are forty years"

Alexander was a man of gallantry. There was a distinguished actress at Erfurth, alike celebrated for her genius and her beauty. She attracted the particular attention of the pleasure-loving Emperor. He inquired of Napoleon if there would be any inconvenience in his forming her personal acquaintance. "None whatever," Napoleon coolly replied, "excepting that it would be a certain mode of making you known to all Paris. At the next post-house the most minute particulars of your visit to her will be dispatched." The Czar was very sensitive to such notoriety, and this hint cooled his rising passion. It was at Erfurth that Napoleon made the memorable observation to Talma, on his erroneous view of Nero in the Britanicus of Racine. "The poet," said he, "has not represented Nero as a merciless despot in the commencement of his career. It was not till love, his ruling passion at the moment, was thwarted, that he became violent, cruel, and tyrannical."

A fête was arranged on the field of the battle of Jena, where Napoleon had annihilated the Prussian army It was given to Napoleon by those who were willing to forget their defeat in their desire to honor him. A magnificent tent was pitched on the summit of the Landgrafenberg, where Napoleon had bivouacked on the 19th October, two years before. Napoleon with a gorgeous retinue rode over the field of battle A vast multitude from leagues around thronged the field, and dazzled by the splendor of the mighty conqueror, surrounded him with their acclamations. The little town of Jena had been seriously injured in the conflict of that dreadful day. Napoleon sent a gift of 60,000 dollars for the benefit of those inhabitants who had suffered from the calamity.



SOIREE AT ERFURTH.

At last the two Emperors had resolved all their difficulties, and signed the following convention. France and Russia solemnly renewed their alliance, and engaged to make peace or war in common. The two Emperors agreed to make a formal proposal for peace to England; and to do this on terms so manifestly just, that the people of England should demand peace of the English cabinet. Russia consented that the crown of Spain should remain upon the head of Joseph. France consented that Alexander should take possession of Finland, Moldavia and Wallachia. Napoleon with his own hand drew up the letter which was addressed directly to the King of England proposing peace. It was signed by both of the Emperors.

Austria was deeply irritatad in not being admitted to this interview. Napoleon granted the embassador of Francis an audience of leave. He took occasion again to remonstrate against the unfriendly attitude Austria was assuming. "The court of Vienna," said he, "must expect to be excluded from the affairs of Europe, so long as she manifests a disposition again to disturb the repose of Europe." Napoleon presented the embassador with a letter for the Emperor Francis. It was conceived in a frank, generous, and noble spirit. It was expressed as follows:

"SIRE AND BROTHER,

"I have never doubted your Majesty's upright intentions. I have, notwithstanding, had fears for a while, of seeing hostilities renewed between us. There is a faction in Vienna, which affects alarm, in order to hurry your cabinet into violent measures. I have had it in my power to dismember your Majesty's monarchy, or at least to leave it less powerful. I did not choose to do so. What it is, it is by my consent. This is the most convincing proof, that I desire nothing of your Majesty. I am always ready to guarantee the integrity of your Majesty's monarchy. I will never do any thing contrary to the substantial interests of your dominions. But your Majesty must not open questions which fifteen years of war have settled. Your Majesty must prohibit every proclamation or proceeding provocative of war. By pursuing a straightforward and frank line of conduct, your Majesty will render your people happy, you will enjoy yourself the repose which you must earnestly desire after so many troubles. Let your Majesty's proceedings display confidence and they will inspire it. The best policy in these days, is simplicity and truth. Let your Majesty make known to me your apprehensions. I will instantly disperse them."

During these private interviews, the question of the divorce of Josephine, and of a nuptial alliance with the Russian monarchy was introduced. It is with deep pain that we approach that subject. It is the great, and the ineffaceable stain, which rests upon the character of Napoleon. Josephine, the gentle, the loving, the magnanimous, forgave him. The world never can. She had stood by his side during all the conflicts of their tumultuous life. She had aided in achieving his renown. She had loved him with a fervor and a faithfulness which never has been surpassed. No earthly motives ought to have had sufficient power to sever the sacred ties which bound them. God seems to have frowned upon the deed. Napoleon himself was constrained to confess, that it was the greatest calamity of his life. It is no excuse for Napoleon to admit, that the temptation was stronger than was ever before presented to mortal man; that there were blended with the motives which instigated to the deed, sentiments as lofty and sublime as ever mingled with towering ambition.

But while we thus in sorrow condemn, let us still be just to Napoleon, and listen to the plea which he presents to mitigate the verdict of the world's censure. Josephine also, her face all bathed in tears, her heart all glowing with love, presents herself before that same severe tribunal, to implore the forgiveness of that adored husband, who loved her as he loved no other mortal, and yet discarded her. The divorce of Josephine! it is one of the most extraordinary, the most sublime, the most touching of the tragedies which time has enacted. Listen to the plea of Napoleon. He says to Josephine, "I love you, and you only. To your affection I am indebted for the only few moments of happiness I have ever enjoyed on earth. Monarchical Europe is in arms against me, a plebeian monarch. All feudal thrones are in heart still hostile. There is no prospect of any termination to wars and woes, desolating ten thousand homes, and deluging all lands with blood. If I form an alliance with some imperial house like that of Russia or Austria, it introduces me into the family of kings. My child is recognized by other monarchs as of royal lineage. I secure an ally whose dignity is involved in sustaining my rights. Peace is restored to Europe. Thousands of dwellings are rescued from the ravages of war. We can still love each other. We can still be in heart, the nearest and dearest friends. We can still correspond and meet, in the most confiding friendship. Ought we not to be willing to sever the *one tie*, which makes us husband and wife, to accomplish purposes so infinitely vast. United as our hearts are, it is the greatest sacrifice mortals ever made; but it is to accomplish the greatest benefits which were ever presented to mortal choice.

"Should I die, Josephine, who is to succeed me upon the throne of France? A hundred ambitious claimants, grasping the sword, will rouse the nation to anarchy. Fire, blood, ruin, will be the legacy we shall bequeath to France. Should God bless me with an heir, all these woes will be arrested. The nation will go on in prosperity and peace. Is it not then a noble offering for us to place upon the altar of our country, the sacrifice of our hearts? France will appreciate the offering. The blessings of unborn generations will rest upon us."

No one can be insensible to the grandeur of these sentiments. Napoleon had not been edu-

cated in the school of strict religious principle. He could not contemplate the subject as it is regarded by the well instructed Christian. He heard no voice uttering the solemn words, "Thus saith the Lord." He was influenced only by considerations of worldly justice and expediency. In that view, it was apparently a noble sacrifice, promising most beneficial results. But there is a divine justice, which sustains divine law, even when mortal vision is blind to its requisitions. Napoleon sinned against the law of God. High upon a pinnacle of glory, his sin was witnessed by the world. The world has seen the penalty.

Alexander, with the most flattering expressions of regard, replied to the overture, which M. Talleyrand suggested, upon this delicate subject. He immediately signified to Napoleon, how ardently he anticipated the day, when they should be not only friends, but brothers. His countenance beamed with satisfaction, as he alluded to the period, when in visiting Paris, he might embrace his sister as the Empress of France. He, however, spoke freely of the strong prejudices cherished by his mother and by the majority of the nobles. They were violently opposed to that popular monarch who was shaking every where in Europe the foundations of feudal power. The subject was but briefly alluded to in this interview. Napoleon had often pondered the matter deeply. He had, however, always been arrested in that design, by the sincere affection which bound him to the wife of his youth. A thousand busy tongues had often whispered the dreadful rumor to Josephine. But Napoleon had not yet ventured to allude to the subject in her presence.

Alexander was never weary of expressing his admiration of the French Emperor, not only as regarded his genius, but his grace, his fascinating vivacity, and his kindliness of heart. "He is not only," he often said, "the greatest man living, but he is also the best man. People think him ambitious and fond of war. He is no such thing. He makes war only from political necessity, from the compulsion of circumstances."

All were amazed at the extent and the accuracy of Napoleon's information upon every subject which was introduced. He conversed with divines, philosophers, historians, dramatists, and his intellectual superiority, was universally recognized. His acute criticisms upon Tacitus, as picturing his own times in hues too sombre. His powerful contrast between Christianity and Mohammedanism, his rapid glance at the defects in the literature of modern times, impressed all scholars with the consciousness of the universality of his genius. Speaking of the German drama, imitated from Shakspeare, in which tragedy and comedy, the terrible and the ludicrous, are strangely blended, he said to Goethe, "I am astonished that a great intellect like yours, does not *prefer the more distinctly defined forms!*" —"A profound saying," remarks Thiers, "which very few critics of our day are capable of comprehending."

At one of the dinner parties, a question arose, concerning a certain Papal decree, known as the "*Golden Bull.*" Some one in quoting this document, assigned its date to the year 1409. "You are wrong," said Napoleon, "the Bull was published in 1336, in the reign of the emperor Charles IV." A curiosity was immediately expressed to learn how Napoleon could be acquainted with such minute matters of learning. "*When I was a lieutenant in the army,*" said Napoleon, smiling at the surprise of his princely auditors, "I was three years in garrison at Valence. Not being addicted to society I lived very retired. I happened to lodge at the house of a bookseller, to whose library I had ready access. I read through the books it contained, more than once, and have forgotten little of their contents whether relating to military or other affairs."

Indeed his powers of application and memory, seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France of any note with whose private history, character, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had tables drawn up with great accuracy by his ministers, which he called "the moral statistics of his empire." These he carefully corrected by ministerial reports and private correspondence. He received all letters himself, read them, and never forgot their contents. He slept but little, and improved every moment of time when awake. So retentive was his memory that sums over which he had once glanced his eye, were never effaced from his mind. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes, through every year of his administration. His detection of errors in accounts appeared so marvelous as to create a general persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a particular battalion, charged on a certain day at Besançon. "But the battalion was not there," said Napoleon. "It is an error." The minister, remembering that at that time Napoleon was absent from France, insisted that the account was correct. It proved to be a fraud. The dishonest accountant was dismissed. The anecdote circulated through the empire, a warning to every unfaithful clerk.

The Swiss deputies in 1801 were astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country. The envoys of the obscure republic of San Marino were bewildered on finding that Napoleon was perfectly acquainted with the families, the feuds, and the local politics of their society.

When Napoleon was passing to the Island of Elba, in the Undaunted, he conversed much upon naval affairs. One day, at the dinner table, he alluded to a plan which he had once conceived, of building a vast number of ships of the line. It was suggested that he would find much difficulty in forming thorough seamen, as the English fleet had command of all seas. Napoleon replied that he had organized exercises for the seamen, not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, that they might be trained in rough weather

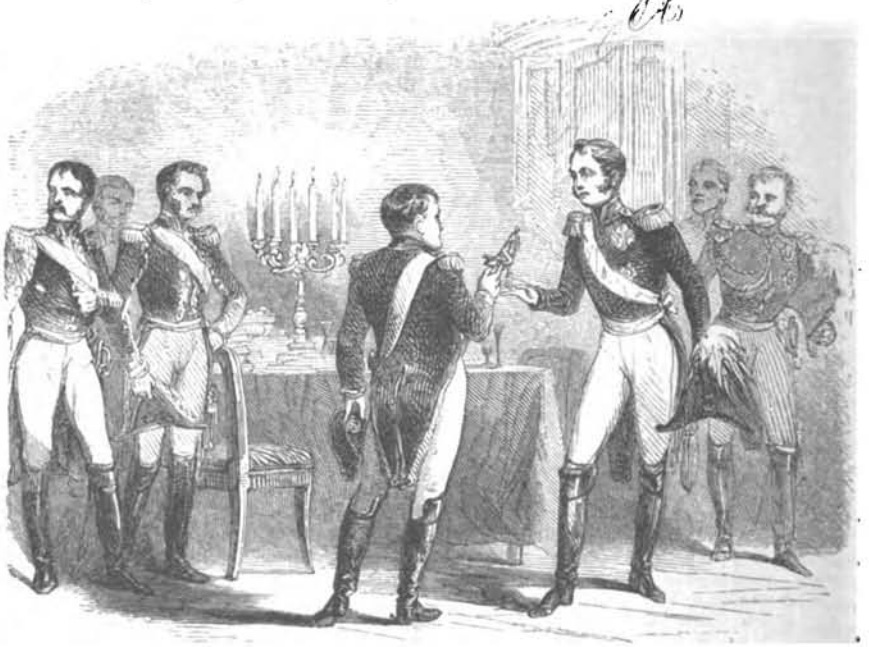
to the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship. Among other difficulties which he enumerated, he mentioned that of keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. One gentleman at the table asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. "The Emperor," says Captain Usher, "took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that I know of none but professional men who could, off-hand, have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred that the person making it had received a naval education."

On the same voyage, the question arose as to putting into the harbor of Bastia, on the island of Corsica. Napoleon immediately described the depth of water, shoals, currents, anchorage, and bearings, with as much minuteness as if he had passed his life in piloting ships into that port. Captain Usher, on reference to the charts, found that the information which Napoleon had given was scrupulously accurate.

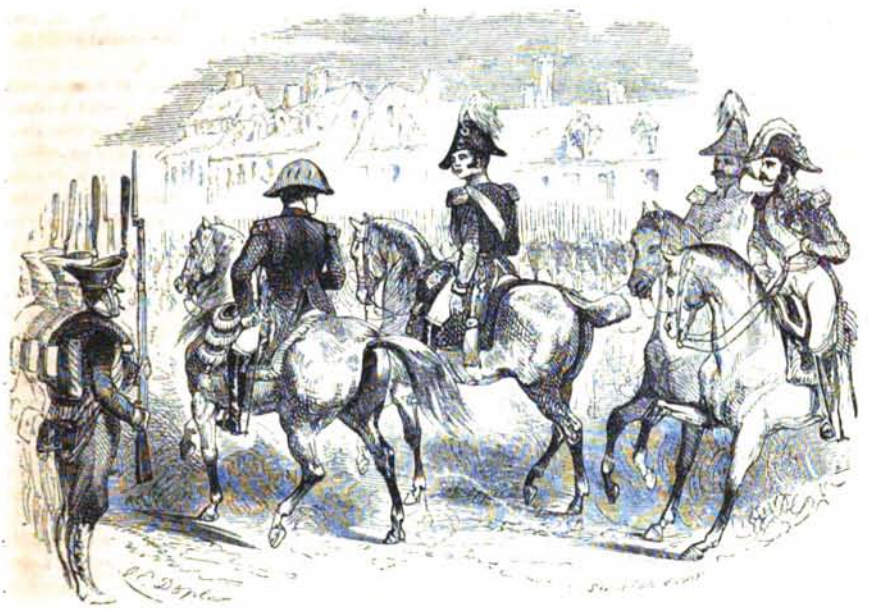
The commander of the transports incidentally mentioned that he had thought of putting into a creek near Genoa. "It is well that you did not," said Napoleon. "It is the worst place in the Mediterranean. You would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to a minute description of the peculiarities of the little bay. When this circumstance was mentioned to Captain Dundas, who had recently returned from a cruise in the Gulf of Genoa, he confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "I thought it," said he, "a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience."

Napoleon possessed a power of intense and protracted application which has probably never been surpassed. In the deliberations on the civil code, he was often employed twelve or fifteen hours, without any abatement of energy. He established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract and classify the contents of the English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or malignant. Mounier ventured to soften, and sometimes to suppress the virulent abuse which was occasionally thrown upon Josephine. Napoleon questioned others upon the contents of the English journals. He thus detected Mounier in his kindly-intentioned mutilations. He forbade him to withhold any intelligence or any censure. He still found time for private and varied reading, garnering, at a glance, the contents of a volume. Every morning his librarian was employed some time in replacing books and maps, which his insatiable and unwearied curiosity had examined before breakfast

On one occasion at Erfurth, the Czar, on entering Napoleon's dining-room, was about to lay aside his sword, but found that he had forgotten it. Napoleon immediately presented him with his own weapon. Alexander accepted it with the most evident gratification. "I accept your Majesty's gift," he exclaimed, "as a pledge of your friendship. You may be assured that I shall



THE PRESENT OF THE SWORD.



LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE EMPERORS.

never draw it against you." "We exchanged," said Napoleon, "the most striking testimonies of affection, and passed some days together, enjoying the delights of perfect intimacy, and the most familiar intercourse of private life. We were like two young men of fortune who, in our common pleasures, had no secrets from each other." Napoleon wrote to Josephine: "I am content with Alexander. He ought to be so with me. If he were a woman, I think I should fall in love with him."

On the morning of the 14th of October, Napoleon and Alexander rode out of Erfurth on horseback, side by side. The troops were under arms. A vast multitude from all the adjoining country thronged the streets to witness their departure. They rode a few miles together, and then dismounted. While grooms led their horses, they walked for a short time, deeply engaged in confidential communings. They then embraced with cordial affection. The ties of sincere friendship, as well as those of policy and ambition, united them. Alexander entered his carriage. Napoleon mounted his horse. They then clasped hands in a final adieu. The rumbling of wheels and the clatter of hoofs was heard, as the two Emperors, surrounded by their brilliant suites, separated. Alexander departed for St. Petersburg, Napoleon returned, silent and thoughtful, to Erfurth. They never met again. But their respective armies soon rushed to the conflict against each other, amidst the flames of Moscow and on the ensanguined field of Waterloo.

Napoleon upon returning to Erfurth took leave of the princes and other illustrious personages who still remained. In the afternoon of the same day he took his carriage for Paris. The little town, which had thus suddenly become the theatre of the most gorgeous display of earthly grandeur, was left to its accustomed silence and solitude. Napoleon, with his ordinary disregard of sleep or of rest, pressed forward with the utmost velocity, by day and by night. On the morning of the 18th he arrived at St. Cloud.

An embassy, consisting of two couriers—one from France the other from Russia—was immediately dispatched, to convey to the King of England the united letter of the Emperors, imploring peace. The following is a copy of this remarkable document, which was signed by Napoleon and Alexander:

"SIRE—The present situation of Europe has brought us together at Erfurth. Our first wish is to fulfill the desire of all nations, and, by a speedy pacification with your Majesty, to take the most effectual means for relieving the sufferings of Europe. The long and bloody war which has convulsed the Continent is at an end, and can not be renewed. Many changes have taken place in Europe; many governments have been destroyed The cause is to be found in the uneasiness and the sufferings occasioned by the stagnation of maritime commerce. Greater changes still may take place, and all will be unfavorable to the politics of England. Peace therefore is, at the same time, the common cause of the nations of the Continent and of Great Britain. We unite in requesting your Majesty to lend an ear to the voice of humanity, to suppress that of the pas-

sions, to reconcile contending interests, and to secure the welfare of Europe and of the generations over which Providence has placed us."

This important dispatch was directed to Mr. Canning, the Prime Minister, inclosed in an envelope, the superscription of which signified that it was addressed, by their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of Russia, to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. The couriers were requested to say every where, that they came with proposals of peace. Napoleon wished the English people to understand that the responsibility of the war, if hostilities were to continue, rested not with him, but with the cabinet at London. The couriers dispatched from Boulogne found no little difficulty in reaching England. The British ministers were so opposed to peace, that the most stringent orders had been issued to the British cruisers *not to allow a flag of truce to pass*.* The very able French officer who commanded the French brig, succeeded in eluding the cruisers, and anchored in the Downs. It was some time before the couriers were permitted to land. At last the Russian courier was sent on to London, while the French envoy was detained at the seaboard. An order, however, soon arrived from Mr. Canning, and the French courier was permitted to repair to London. They were both treated with civility, but were placed under the surveillance of a British officer, who never left them for a moment. After a lapse of forty-eight hours they were sent back with notes, not to the Emperors, but to the Russian and French *ministers*, acknowledging the receipt of the dispatch, and promising a subsequent answer. This cold response indicated too clearly the unrelenting spirit of the English cabinet. In the course of a few days, an evasive and recriminative answer was returned by the British minister. The message stated that though England had often received proposals for peace, she did not believe them to be sincere. She insisted that all the allies of England, including the Spanish insurgents, should take part in the negotiations. This dispatch, which also was directed to the French and Russian ministers, was accompanied by the exceedingly insulting declaration, "that the English ministers could not reply to the two sovereigns, since *one of them was not recognized by England*." Notwithstanding this chilling repulse, and this unpardonable insult, Napoleon had so much respect for his own glory, and was so intensely anxious for peace, that he returned a friendly reply. He promptly consented to admit all the allies of England, to participate in the negotiations excepting only the Spanish insurgents. Upon the receipt of this note, England peremptorily declared, in most offensive terms, to both France and Russia, that no peace was possible with two courts, one of which dethroned and imprisoned the most legitimate kings, and the other of which, from interested motives, countenanced such atrocities.

Colonel Napier admits "the insulting tone of Mr. Canning's communication," and says, what Napoleon's "real views in proposing to treat were, it is difficult to determine. He could not expect that Great Britain would have relinquished the cause of Spain. He must therefore have been prepared to make some arrangement upon that head, unless the whole proceeding was an artifice to sow distrust among his enemies. The English ministers asserted that it was so. But what enemies were they among whom he could create this uneasy feeling? Sweden, Sicily, Portugal! The notion as applied to them was absurd. It is more probable that he was sincere. He said so at St. Helena, and the peculiar circumstances of the period at which the conferences of Erfurth took place, warrant a belief in that assertion."

Thus the English minister broke off the negotiation, and all hopes of peace vanished. The gold and the diplomacy of the cabinet of St. James now infused new vigor into the warlike spirit of Austria, and roused anew the fanatic peasantry of Spain. The storms of war again swept, in flame and blood, over ill-fated Europe, and new changes were rung upon "*the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte*."*

Said Napoleon to O'Meara, at St. Helena: "Let your ministers say what they like, I was always ready to make peace. At the time that Fox died, there was every prospect of effecting one. If Lord Lauderdale had been sincere at first, it would also have been concluded. Before the campaign in Prussia, I caused it to be signified to him that he had better persuade his countrymen to make peace, as I should be master of Prussia in two months; for this reason, that although Russia and Prussia united might be able to oppose me, yet that Prussia alone could not. The Russians were three months' march distant. As I had intelligence that the Prussians intended to defend Berlin, instead of retiring to obtain the support of the Russians, I could destroy their army and take Berlin before the Russians came up. The Russians alone I could easily defeat afterward. I therefore advised him to take advantage of my offer of peace before Prussia, who was your best friend on the Continent, was destroyed. After this communication, I believe that Lord Lauderdale was sincere, and that he wrote to your ministers recommending peace. But they would not agree

* "The couriers dispatched from Boulogne had some difficulty in reaching England, for the most precise orders had been given to all the British cruisers, not to let any vessel pass under a flag of truce. Nevertheless a very able officer, who commanded the brig they were on board of, succeeded in passing through the line of English cruisers without being captured, and moored in the Downs."—THIERS's *Consulate and Empire*, Book xxxii.

* It is a little remarkable that Sir Archibald Alison should not have deemed these extraordinary events of sufficient moment to be even alluded to in his voluminous and glowing pages.

Sir Walter Scott briefly says: "The two Emperors joined in a letter to the King of Great Britain, proposing a general peace. The proposal as must have been foreseen, went off, on Britain demanding that the Spanish government and the King of Sweden should be admitted as parties to the treaty." We can but admire the felicitous ambiguity of the phrase, "*went off*."

to it, thinking that the King of Prussia was at the head of a hundred thousand men; that I might be defeated, and that a defeat would be my ruin. This was possible. A battle sometimes decides every thing. And sometimes the most trifling event decides the fate of a battle. The event, however, proved that I was right. After Jena, Prussia was mine. After Tilsit and at Erfurth, a letter containing proposals of peace to England, and signed by the Emperor Alexander and myself, was sent to your ministers; but they would not accept of them."

Says Napier: "The real principle of his [Napoleon's] government and secret of his popularity made him the *people's monarch*, not the *sovereign of the aristocracy*. Hence Mr. Pitt called him 'the child and the champion of democracy;' a truth as evident as that Mr. Pitt and his successors were *the children and the champions of aristocracy*. Hence, also, the privileged classes of Europe consistently transferred their natural and implacable hatred of the French Revolution to his *person*. For they saw that in him innovation had found a protector; that he alone, having given pre-eminence to a system so hateful to them, was really what he called himself, 'The State.' The treaty of Tilsit, therefore, although it placed Napoleon in a commanding situation with regard to the potentates of Europe, unmasked the real nature of the war, and brought him and England, the respective champions of *Equality* and *Privilege*, into more direct contact. Peace could not be between them while they were both strong, and all that the French Emperor had hitherto gained only enabled him to choose his future field of battle."

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN OCEAN STEAMERS.

BY CAPT. MACKINNON, ROYAL NAVY.

THE Atlantic is now so completely bridged by the magnificent steamers of Cunard and Collins, that a voyage across the ocean has become a mere pleasure trip. As I have never seen a popular account contrasting the performances of these great lines, I propose to give a sailor's experience of a voyage to New York, by a Cunard steamship, the "America;" and a return voyage to Liverpool by a Collins vessel, the "Baltic."

At 11 A.M., on the 10th July, 1852, I found myself and luggage on board the steam-tug, at the place of embarkation, at Liverpool, and in a few minutes was conveyed alongside the Cunard vessel "America." The passengers who crowded the decks of the little tug were anxiously scanning every thing about them, and, no doubt, speculating on the characters of those with whom they were to be so closely packed up for the next ten days.

The passengers by a Transatlantic mail-steamer are of a very mixed character. Commercial travelers are the most numerous class, as the great manufacturing houses in England have discovered that Brother Jonathan is, after all, one of our best customers.

Although every arrangement in the "America" was substantial and good, and the captain an experienced and able officer, there was a degree of pompous mystery in the arrangements of the vessel, very much in contrast with the Yankee steamers. For instance, it was impossible to get the ship's daily run, or any information of her position. If a passenger ventured to ask a question from one of the officers, he met with a sullen reply. A part of the upper deck was denied to the passengers, unless especial friends of the officers. These trifles caused a certain degree of restraint, and formed a topic of conversation among the American passengers, who could not fail to perceive the contrast thus afforded to the universal and cordial civility and attention in Yankee vessels.

The "America," although one of the oldest and slowest of the Cunard line, is a very good vessel. Upon starting from Liverpool, deeply laden with cargo and coals, her speed did not exceed eight and a half knots per hour, which gradually increased to nearly ten, as, in proportion to the consumption of her fuel, her weight was diminished. Nothing could exceed the smoothness and beauty with which the engines performed their work. Fortunately, the ocean was as smooth as glass, and the passengers, after meeting twice at the dinner-table, became sociable and friendly. Some Canadians were aboard, who very freely expressed their opinions, particularly as to the treatment they had met in England. One gentleman, to the great edification of our Yankee fellow-voyagers, described his attempt to visit Portsmouth Dockyard. "I went down," said he, "with two American friends, with whom I had been stopping in London, to see the Dockyard at Portsmouth. On giving our names at the gate, my American friends put down their residences in certain American towns which bore English names, and were allowed to proceed without further question; while I, unfortunately, stated Canada to be my place of residence. Immediately the official pronounced me to be a *foreigner*, adding that my admission could not be permitted!"

Several intelligent American ship-masters and builders were likewise on board, and the celebrated constructor of the "Maren Polo," from New Brunswick. The conversation after dinner turned upon the various modes of naval architecture, and the general opinion appeared to be, that if fifty feet bow was added to the "America," her speed would be prodigiously increased, even with her present engines.

The American steamship "Baltic," belonging to the Collins line, was built by Jacob Bell, of New York, at a cost of 710,000 dollars. She is barque-rigged, and can spread about the same quantity of canvas as an ordinary sloop of war. She is fastened with diagonal iron braces throughout, and has three decks below the spar deck. With 1100 tons of coal, 600 tons of freight, and full complement of passengers and baggage, she draws about 22 feet. She can ac-

commodate 167 first class passengers, and 38 second class. She is fitted with two side-lever engines; 96 inch cylinders, and 10 feet stroke; and the entire cost of engines and boilers was 250,000 dollars Her average consumption of fuel is 80 tons a day; and she daily lightens 3½ inches.

In smooth water the wheels average 15 revolutions. Her average steam for the last year, 15 inches. Limit permitted by the company, 18 inches, but it is seldom reached at sea, as the cylinders consume the steam faster than it can be produced. The highest speed ever made at sea is 15 knots per hour, and the least run for 24 hours last winter, 167 nautical miles. None of the vessels of this line have been calked outside, since they were launched, or were ever hove-to at sea from stress of weather! Fifteen thousand dollars are expended to supply passengers and crew for one voyage to England and back. Wines and liquors are not included in this expenditure, and are a matter of accommodation to the passengers; as no profit is made, only a sufficient advance upon prime cost to cover losses from breakage, &c. The officers of the ship are charged the same as passengers. I can answer for the goodness and cheapness of these articles from my own experience.

The usual charge for passengers is £30 from England, and £24 from America; the return trip being thus considerably cheapor. It is usual to give the waiter that attends at table 10*s*, and likewise the bed-room attendants The stewardess attends ladies at the same rate. The officers mess together; there are likewise separate messes for the engineers, sailors, stokers, and coal-trimmers, so that they do not interfere with each other. The three latter classes have fresh meat in the morning and at noon, and salt pork and beef for supper. The firemen and coal-trimmers, in consequence of the severity of the work, have supplies of provisions set out for them all night. The officers and men are in two watches, and careful logs are kept both in the sailing and engine departments.

I am only doing justice to these magnificent vessels in stating, that, they are, beyond any competition, the finest, the fastest, and the best sea boats in the world. I am sorry to be obliged to say this; but, as a naval officer, I feel bound in candor to admit their great superiority. Their extraordinary easiness in a sea can not fail to excite the admiration of a sailor; I never beheld any thing like it. There was none of that violent plunging—that sudden check usually attending a large ship in a heavy head sea. The elongated bow dipped gently in, when a vast, wall-sided, and threatening swell, appeared overwhelmingly to rush upon her. The whole fore-length of the vessel appeared to sink gently down until almost level with the water, and as gradually to rise again after passing. Most wondrous of all no sea ever came on board, and the foaming and angry waters appeared to glide harmlessly past her peaked and narrow bows. The extraordinary difference in this respect to the America was most marked, as a very ordinary head sea would dash angrily, and with huge volumes over *her* bows. I attribute these admirable qualities to two reasons. First, the long and gently graduated bow; and secondly, the lightness and buoyancy of the fore part of the vessel, when relieved from the heavy boltsplit. This boltsplit, in the Cunard line, projects considerably from the bow, and its weight is greatly aggravated by the leverage caused by its projection. I am not aware of the exact weight, but it must be enormous, particularly at the extremity. The most experienced sailor would be very much deceived in forming a judgment of the sea-going qualities of the Cunard and Collins steamships, from a mere outside inspection; and I acknowledge that, at first, I could not conceive the Collins line to be so safe and easy in a sea as the Cunard line. From a considerable experience in all classes of steam vessels besides the Cunard America, I advisedly assert that the Baltic is out and out, by long odds, the very best and easiest steamship I ever sailed in.

I can not refrain from calling the attention of steamship builders of England, to the uselessness, and even absurdity of a heavy boltsplit to a vessel that mainly depends upon her steam. It would be considered an absolute absurdity for either of these vessels to attempt to beat to windward. Before the wind, there is little doubt that the Collins would run the Cunard out of sight in a dozen hours. The vast and heavy boltsplit of the Cunard line, therefore, is an absolute excrescence—a bow-plunging, speed-stopping, money-spending, and absurd acquiescence in old-fashioned prejudices about appearance, and what the old school attempt to swamp all argument by condemning as *not ship-shape!* Pshaw! what confounded stuff! This is the sort of feeling that prevents improvements, and allows Brother Jonathan to build the finest sea-going steamers in the world, which the Collins liners undoubtedly are.

As some slight proof of this assertion, let me describe what took place in the Baltic, on the 6th and 7th of November, 1852, on the passage to England, in about latitude 48° N. longitude, 18 W. At 10 A.M., on the former day, this vessel was proceeding with full power, at the rate of thirteen knots; the engines making sixteen revolutions per minute. At this time a light breeze was blowing from the southwest, with a slight swell from the eastward. About noon the swell increased, and a very dense, dark, coppery sky was perceived on the starboard bow, bearing southeast. The barometer, which had been carefully noted, had been gradually sinking for thirty-six hours, but still the southwest wind ever and anon breathed hoarsely into, and filled the flapping canvas. The stormy indications in the southeast gradually increased in intensity as we rushed forward at the great velocity before described—namely, thirteen knots. At 2 P.M., the barometer—that faithful and valuable monitor—sunk considerably. Captain Comstock, the experienced commander, invited me into his

cabin, and we began to discuss the now clear indications of an approaching storm. From the various signs afforded by changes in the direction of the wind, swell of ocean, descending glass, and other infallible tokens, known only to experienced seamen, we speedily came to the conclusion that the Baltic was approaching the course of an Atlantic cyclone. From the position of the vessel, and her rapid motion, we mutually agreed that the easterly breeze, which had suddenly set in, clearly indicated that we were rapidly approaching the northern edge of the cyclone. This will be plainly understood by the landsmen and uninitiated, when I explain that the cyclones in the northern hemisphere revolve against the sun with a progressive motion toward the southeast. The easterly breeze, therefore, could only strike the ship on its northern extremity. If she had been, for instance, at the southern extremity of the rotatory storm, it is clear that the wind would have been southwest, until the vortex was passed, when the southeastern course of the circular or whirlwind storm would have struck the ship.

Although we were confident that our theory was correct, yet Captain Comstock, like a prudent, careful, and able commander as he is, made every preparation to withstand the worst weather. At this time the barometer had sunk lower than I ever experienced it (28·40), even in the most furious storms; and the gyratory motion of the tortured and fragmental clouds in the southeast, showed to the practiced eyes of the seamen, that a fearful war of the elements was going on in that direction. The eastern swell was now rapidly rising into a heavy and perpendicular sided sea, whose solid-looking curly tops threatened destruction to all that opposed their headlong course. The wind, likewise, increased in strength, urging on the too willing waves, until they were lashed into apparent destructive fury.

Let us ascend the bridge, between the paddle-boxes, and try to describe this sublime scene. A furious gale was raging, and wind and waves combined, were hurled with gigantic force against the poor Baltic. To avoid rushing madly against the fierce watery barriers, the engines were slacked to nine revolutions, and the brave vessel still held her course at the rate of eight knots! Although the heavy spoondrift, in a moment, drenched every thing exposed, still the ship held on with the most extraordinary ease. At intervals, a mountain would appear approaching, giving the idea (often felt by the most experienced) of a gathering power in advance that nothing could withstand. Onward it rolls, so high, that from your elevated position the horizon is concealed—it is upon us with a crash—nothing can avoid the avalanche of water—the decks are inundated fore and aft!

Not at all; the noble ship rises gently, just sufficient to clear the crest of the surge—her bulwarks are even with the surface of rolling water—but not a drop comes in. Again and again did this happen; and although we were drenched to the skin by the spoondrift, we were fascinated by the wonderful triumph of the ship's course over the madly-vexed waters, and remained in our exposed situation, spell-bound, at her easy performance over such rough and formidable obstacles. Place a Cunard liner, or any vessel in this position, with the present lines of English ocean steamers, and they would ship tons and tons of water. The heavy bows, bolt-sprit and all, would plunge into the sea with a crash, and a bang, that would shake and strain the ship to her centre. On rising the forefoot from her watery bath, the bolt-sprit, enveloped with the gear, would *visibly bend* with the jerk.

This is the main difference between the ocean steamers of England and America, and we strongly advise the builders of England to wake up from their lethargy, half composed of prejudice. I tell them again plainly (however unpleasant to myself), that there are no ocean steamers in England comparable with the Baltic.

It is the fashion in England, among a certain class, unhappily too numerous, to shake their noddles when these steamers are mentioned. "Oh," say they, "these steamers are all to pieces; they will be done up in a short time; they won't pay." I beg to disabuse their minds, and the minds of all persons in England who have not had such an opportunity as mine to judge for themselves. These steamers are as good and as strong as ever; they are as well officered and manned as any ships afloat; they treat their passengers with as much, or more, civility and attention than any other line; and, finally, their food and wine, and all arrangements of the table (at least in the Baltic), are as good as any person can require, even if spoilt by the Sybarite luxuries of the great Metropolitan cities in the world. To prove my assertions, I subjoin a bill of fare, taken by chance on the passage to England:

New York and Liverpool U. S. Mail Steam-ship Baltic, Nov. 9th, 1852.

DINNER BILL OF FARE.

Soups.—Green Turtle Soup; Potage aux choux

Boiled.—Hams; Tongues; Cold Corned Beef; Turkeys, Oyster Sauce; Fowls, Parsley Sauce; Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce.

Fish.—Cod-fish, stuffed and baked; Boiled Bass, Hollander sauce.

Roast.—Beef; Veal; Mutton; Lamb; Geese, Champagne sauce; Ducks; Pigs; Turkeys; Fowls.

Entrées.—Maccaroni au gratin; Filet de Pigeon au Cronstaugh; Croquette de Poisson a la Richelieu; Salmi de Canard Sauvage; Poulets, pique, Sauce Tomato; Cotelette de Veau a la St. Gara; Fricandeau de Tortue au petit Pois; D'oyels en cassi; Epigram d' Agneau, Sauce truppe.

Vegetables.—Green Corn; Green Peas.

Salads—Potato and Plain.

Pastry.—Baked Vermicelli Pudding; Apple Fritters, Hard Sauce; Almond Cup Custards; Red Currant Tartlets; Apple Tarts; Open Puffs; Cranberry Tarts; Coventry Puffs, &c.

Dessert.—Fruit, Nuts, Olives, Cakes, &c., &c.

Coffee; Lemonade (frozen).

The last day's steaming of this beautiful vessel was the absolute poetry of motion. At 3 o'clock, P.M., she was off the western extremity of Ireland, exactly three hundred miles from the

light vessel at the entrance of Liverpool harbor. The weather was beautiful; a light breeze from the northeast, just sufficient to ruffle slightly the glass-like surface of the water. Onward she rushed with headlong speed, her ponderous engines revolving at the rate of nineteen revolutions a minute. So clean and beautiful was her shape, that she appeared to glide through the water, leaving hardly a ripple behind. Numerous steam vessels, likewise running up the Irish channel, were passed as if at anchor; and in twenty-two and a-half hours from making the land on the previous afternoon she had achieved the three hundred miles that separated her from her home.

Reader, this is a wonderful performance, and what I fear can not be rivaled by any English vessel at present. The whole thing is obvious to the meanest understanding, and may clearly be traced to the unequaled beauty of the model. The English engines are allowed by the Americans to be superior. Why, therefore, should we allow brother Jonathan to beat us on our own element? The reason is plain enough, and patent to the whole world, and is summed up briefly in one sentence: *The British model is far inferior to the American.* I say this in sorrow, and earnestly entreat my countrymen to cast away unworthy prejudice and jealousy, and investigate calmly and dispassionately this momentous question. When once inquiry is thoroughly aroused in England, I do not fear the result. If, however, obstinacy and pride are allowed to blind our ship-builders, they will richly merit the fate that will inevitably befall them, namely, to be soundly beaten by American naval architects.

We arrived at Liverpool in ten days and a half from New York, during which time the engines were never stopped, and not the slightest accident happened.

THE BATTLES ON THE LAKES.*

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

DURING the summer of 1814 the English at the northern, and the Americans at the southern portion of the lake, had been busy in building ships to contest the supremacy of this sheet of water, whose head pierces so deep into the bosom of New York. The latter had at length assembled a flotilla consisting of four vessels—the largest carrying twenty-six guns—and ten galleys, the whole under the command of Macdonough. After some skirmishing, this little fleet, which early in the season lay in Otter Creek, was got into the lake and steered for Plattsburg Bay, to assist Macomb in his defense of the town. This bay opens to the southward, and instead of piercing the mainland at right angles, runs north, nearly parallel with the lake itself. A narrow tongue of land divides it from the main water, the extreme point of which is called Cumberland Head. Just within its mouth, and nearly opposite where the turbulent Saranac empties into it, Macdonough anchored his vessels, on the 2d of September. Between him and the main-land was a large shoal and an island which effectually blocked the approach of vessels on that side.

The English fleet sent to attack him, consisted also of four vessels—the largest mounting 32 guns—and 13 galleys. The American force, all told, was 14 vessels, mounting 86 guns and carrying 850 men, while that of the English was 17 vessels, mounting 96 guns and carrying 1000 men. The largest, the Confiance, "had the gun deck of a frigate," and by her superior size and strength, and her 30 long twenty-fours, was considered a match for any two vessels in Macdonough's squadron. Captain Downie, who commanded the British fleet, joined his gun boats at the Isle au Motte on the 8th of September, where he lay at anchor till the 11th. In the mean time, Prevost, whose batteries were all erected, remained silent behind his works, waiting the arrival of the fleet before he should commence his fire.

During those sleepless nights and days of agitation, young Macdonough lay calmly watching the approach of his superior foe, while Macomb was straining every nerve to complete his defenses. Fearless, frank, and social, the young General moved among his soldiers with such animation and confidence, that they caught his spirit, and like the Green Mountain boys and yeomanry of New York at Saratoga, resolved to defend their homes to the last.

At length, on Sunday morning, September 11th, just as the sun rose over the eastern mountains, the American guard boat, on the watch, was seen rowing swiftly into the harbor. It reported the enemy in sight. The drums immediately beat to quarters, and every vessel was cleared for action. The preparations being completed, young Macdonough summoned his officers around him, and there, on the deck of the Saratoga, read the prayers of the ritual before entering into battle, and that voice, which soon after rung like a clarion amid the carnage, sent heavenward, in earnest tones, "Stir up thy strength, O Lord, and come and help us, for thou givest not always the battle to the strong, but canst save by many or by few." It was a solemn and thrilling spectacle, and one never before witnessed on a vessel of war cleared for action. A young commander who had the courage thus to brave the derision and sneers which such an act was sure to provoke, would fight his vessel while there was a plank left to stand on. Of the deeds of daring done on that day of great achievements, none evinced so bold and firm a heart as this act of religious worship.

At eight o'clock the crews of the different vessels could see, over the tongue of land that divided the bay from the lake, the topsails of the enemy moving steadily down. They had also been seen from shore, and every eminence around was covered with anxious spectators.

* From Headley's "Second War with England;" now in the press of Charles Scribner, New York.

The house of God was deserted, and the light of that bright Sabbath morning, with its early stillness, flooded a scene at once picturesque and terrible. On one side was the hostile squadron, coming down to the sound of music —on the other, stood the armies on shore in order of battle, with their banners flying—between, lay Macdonough's silent little fleet at anchor, while the hills around were black with spectators, gazing on the strange and fearful panorama.

As the British approached, Macdonough showed his signal, "*Impressed seamen call on every man to do his duty.*" As vessel after vessel traced the letters, loud cheers rent the air.

The English vessels, under easy sail, swept one after another round Cumberland Head, and hauling up in the wind, waited the approach of the galleys.

As Macdonough lay anchored with his vessels in line north and south—his galleys on their sweeps forming a second line in rear—the English fleet, as it doubled the head, was compelled to approach with bows on. The Eagle was farthest up the bay, the Saratoga second, Ticonderoga third, and Preble fourth. The impressive silence which rested on the American fleet was at last broken by the Eagle, which opened her broadsides. Startled by the sound, a cock on board the Saratoga, which had escaped from the coop, flew up on to a gun slide and crowed. A loud laugh and three hearty cheers acknowledged the favorable omen, and spread confidence through the ship. Macdonough, seeing the enemy were at too great a distance to be reached by his guns reserved his fire, and watched the Confiance standing boldly on till she came within range. He then sighted a long twenty-four himself and fired her. The heavy shot passed the entire length of the deck of the Confiance, killing many of her men and shivering her wheel into fragments. This was the signal for every vessel to open its fire, and in a moment that quiet bay was in an uproar. The Confiance, however, though suffering severely, did not return a shot, but kept boldly on till she got within a quarter of a mile, when she let go her anchors and swung broadside to the Saratoga. Sixteen long twenty-fours then opened at once with a terific crash. The Saratoga shook from kelson to cross-trees under the tremendous discharge. Nearly half of her crew were knocked down by it, while fifty men were either killed or wounded, and among them Lieutenant Gamble. He was in the act of sighting a gun, when a shot entered the port and struck him dead. The effect of this first broadside was awful, and the Saratoga was for a moment completely stunned. The next, however, she opened her fire with a precision and accuracy that told fatally on the English ship. But the latter soon commenced pouring in her broadsides so rapidly that she seemed enveloped in flame. The Eagle could not withstand it, and changed her position, falling in nearer shore, leaving the Saratoga to sustain almost alone the whole weight of the unequal contest. She gave broadside for broadside, but the weight of metal was against her, and she was fast becoming a wreck. Her deck soon presented a scene of the most frightful carnage. The living could hardly tumble the wounded down the hatchway as fast as they fell. At length, as a full broadside burst on the staggering ship, a cry of despair rang from stem to stern, "the Commodore is killed!—the Commodore is killed;" and there he lay on the blood-stained deck amid the dead, senseless and apparently lifeless. A spar, cut in two by a cannon shot, had fallen on his back and stunned him. But after two or three minutes he recovered, and cheering on his men, took his place again beside his favorite gun that he had sighted from the commencement of the action. As the men saw him once more at his post they took new courage.

But a few minutes after, the cry of "the Commodore is killed," again passed through the ship. Every eye was instantly turned to a group of officers gathered around Macdonough, who lay in the scuppers, between two guns covered with blood. He had been knocked clean across the ship, with a force sufficient to have killed him. Again he revived, and limping to a gun, was soon coolly hulling his antagonist. Maimed and suffering, he fought on, showing an example that always makes heroes of subordinates.

At length every gun on the side of his vessel toward the enemy was silenced, but one, and this, on firing it again, bounded from its fastenings, and tumbled down the hatchway. Not a gun was left with which to continue the contest, while the ship was on fire. A surrender, therefore, seemed inevitable. Macdonough, however, resolved to wind his ship, so as to get the other broadside to bear. Failing in the first attempt, the sailing-master, Brum, bethought him of an expedient, which proved successful—the crippled vessel slowly swung her stern around, until the uninjured guns bore. The Confiance, seeing the manœuvre, imitated it, but she could not succeed, and lay with her crippled side exposed to the fire of the Saratoga.

Captain Downie had fallen some time before —not a gun could be brought to bear—the ship had been hulled a *hundred and five times*— while half of her men were killed and wounded. Farther resistance was therefore useless; and she surrendered.

The Eagle, commanded by Capt. Henley, behaved gallantly in the engagement, while the Ticonderoga, under Lieutenant Cassin, was handled in a manner that astonished those who beheld her. This fearless officer walked backward and forward over his deck, encouraging his men and directing the fire, apparently unconscious of the balls that smote and crushed around him. His broadsides were so rapid and incessant, that several times the vessel was thought to be on fire.

The surrender of the Confiance virtually terminated the contest, which had lasted two hours

and a quarter; and as flag after flag struck, the galleys took to their sweeps and escaped.

In the midst of this tremendous cannonade, came, at intervals, the explosions on shore. The first gun in the bay was the signal for Prevost on land, and as the thunder of his heavy batteries mingled in with the incessant broadsides of the contending squadrons, the very shores trembled, and far over the lake, amidst the quiet farm-houses of Vermont, the echoes rolled away, carrying anxiety and fear into hundreds of families. Its shore was lined with men, gazing intently in the direction of Plattsburgh, as though from the smoke that rolled heavenward some tiding smight be got of how the battle was going.

To the spectators on the commanding heights around Plattsburgh, the scene was indescribably fearful and thrilling. It was as if two volcanoes were raging below—turning that quiet Sabbath morning into a scene wild and awful as the strife of fiends. But when the firing in the bay ceased, and the American flag was still seen flying, and the Union Jack down, there went up a shout that shook the hills. From the water to the shore, and back again, the deafening huzzas echoed and re-echoed. The American army took up the shout, and sending it high and clear over the thunder of cannon, spread dismay and astonishment into the heart of the enemy's camp.

The American loss in killed and wounded, was one hundred and ten, of whom all but twenty fell on board the Saratoga and Eagle—that of the English was never fully known, though it was supposed to be nearly double.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

After the capture of Forts York and George, by which the river of Niagara was opened to American navigation, Captain Perry was able to take some vessels bought for the service from Black Rock intoL ake Erie. The lake at the time was in the possession of the British fleet, commanded by Captain Barclay, and Perry ran great hazard in encountering it before he could reach Presque Isle, now Erie, where the other vessels to compose his squadron had been built. He, however, reached this spacious harbor just as the English hove in sight. Having now collected his whole force he made vigorous preparations to get to sea. By the first of August he was ready to set sail, but the enemy lay off the harbor, across the mouth of which extended a bar, that he was afraid to cross under a heavy fire. To his great delight, however, the British fleet suddenly disappeared—Captain Barclay, not dreaming that his adversary was ready to go to sea, having gone to the Canada shore.

Perry was at this time a mere youth, of twenty-seven years of age, but ardent, chivalrous, and full of energy and resource. From the time he arrived on the frontier, the winter previous, he had been unceasing in his efforts to obtain and equip a fleet. Materials had to be brought from Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, dragged hundreds of miles over bad roads and across unbridged streams. But after his vessels were ready for sea, he was destitute of crews. To his repeated and urgent calls for men, only promises were returned, nor did they arrive till the English had been able to finish and equip a large vessel, the Detroit, which gave them a decided preponderance. Perry was exceedingly anxious to attack the hostile fleet before it received this accession of strength, but prevented from doing this through want of men, he was at last compelled to abandon all his efforts, or take his chance with his motley, untrained crew, in an action where the superiority was manifest. He boldly resolved on the latter course, and taking advantage of Barclay's sudden departure, gave orders for the men to repair immediately on board ship, and dropped with eight of his squadron down the harbor to the bar. It was Sabbath morning, and young Perry, impressed with the great issues to himself and his country from the step he was about to take, sent his boat ashore for a clergyman, requesting him to hold religious services on board his ship. All the officers of the squadron were assembled on the deck of the Lawrence, and listened to an impressive address on the duty they owed their country. Prayer was then offered for the success of their cause. Young Perry reverently listening to the voice of prayer, as he is going forth to battle, and young Macdonough lifting his own in supplication to God, after his decks are cleared for action, furnish striking and beautiful examples to naval men.

Next morning the water being smooth, the guns of the Lawrence, the largest vessel, were taken out, and two scows placed alongside and filled till they sunk to the water's edge. Pieces of timber were then run through the forward and after ports of the vessel, and made fast by blocks to the scows. All being ready, the water was pumped out of them, and the vessel slowly rose over the bar. She stuck fast, however, on the top, and the scows had to be sunk again before she finally floated clear and moved off into deep water. The men worked all night to get this one brig over. The schooners passed easily, and moored outside. The Lawrence was scarcely once more afloat before the returning fleet hove in sight. Perry immediately prepared for action. But Barclay, after reconnoitring for half an hour, crowded all sail and disappeared again up the lake. The next day Perry sailed in pursuit, but after cruising a whole day without finding the enemy, returned to take in supplies. On the 12th of August he was about to start again, when he received information of the expected approach of a party of seamen under the command of Captain Elliot. Waiting a day or two to receive this welcome aid, he set sail for Sandusky, to put himself in communication with Gen. Harrison and the northwestern army. He then, on the 25th, returned to Malden, where the British fleet lay, and going into Put-in Bay, a haven in its vicinity, waited for the enemy to come out.

Here many of his crew were taken sick with fever, which at last seized him, together with the three surgeons of the squadron. He was not able to leave his cabin till the early part of September, when he received an additional reinforcement of a hundred volunteers. These troops came from Harrison's army, and were mostly Kentucky militia and soldiers, from the 28th regiment of infantry, and all volunteers for the approaching battle. The Kentuckians, most of them, had never seen a square-rigged vessel before, and wandered up and down examining every room and part of the ship without scruple. Dressed in their fringed linsey-woolsey hunting-shirts, with their muskets in their hands, they made as novel a marine corps as ever trod the deck of a battle-ship.

On the morning of the 10th of September, it was announced that the British fleet was coming out of Malden, and Perry immediately set sail to meet it. His squadron consisted of three brigs, the Lawrence, Niagara, and Caledonia, the Trippe, a sloop, and five schooners, carrying in all fifty-four guns. That of the British was composed of six vessels, mounting sixty-three guns. It was a beautiful morning, and the light breeze scarcely ruffled the surface of the water as the two squadrons, with all sails set, slowly approached each other. The weather-gage, at first, was with the enemy, but Perry impatient to close, resolved to waive this advantage, and kept standing on, when the wind unexpectedly shifted in his favor. Captain Barclay observing this, immediately hove to, and lying with his topsails aback, waited the approach of his adversary. With all his canvas out, Perry bore slowly and steadily down before the wind. The breeze was so light that he could scarcely make two miles an hour. The shore was lined with spectators, gazing on the exciting spectacle, and watching with intense anxiety the movements of the American squadron. Not a cloud dimmed the clear blue sky overhead, and the lake lay like a mirror, reflecting its beauty and its purity. Perry, in the Lawrence, led the line.

Taking out the flag which had been previously prepared, and mounting a gun-slide, he called the crew about him, and said, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence. Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, sir," was the cheerful response. Up went the flag with a will, and as it swayed to the breeze it was greeted with loud cheers from the deck. As the rest of the squadron beheld that flag floating from the mainmast of their commander's vessel, and saw "Don't give up the ship!" was to be the signal for action, a long, loud cheer rolled down the line. The excitement spread below, and all the sick that could move, tumbled up to aid in the approaching combat. Perry then visited every gun, having a word of encouragement for each captain. Seeing some of the gallant tars who had served on board the Constitution, many of whom now stood with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, all cleared for action, he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" "All ready, your honor," was the quick response. "I need not say any thing to you. *You* know how to beat those fellows," he added smilingly, as he passed on.

The wind was so light that it took an hour and a half, after all the preparations had been made, to reach the hostile squadron. This long interval of idleness and suspense was harder to bear than the battle itself. Every man stood silently watching the enemy's vessels, or in low and earnest tones conversed with each other, leaving requests and messages to friends in case they fell. Perry gave his last direction, in the event of his death, to Hambleton—tied weights to his public papers, in order to have them ready to cast overboard if he should be defeated—read over his wife's letters for the last time, and then tore them up, so that the enemy should not see those records of the heart, and turned away, remarking, "*This is the most important day of my life.*" The deep seriousness and silence that had fallen on the ship, was at last broken by the blast of a bugle that came ringing over the water from the Detroit, followed by cheers from the whole British squadron. A single gun, whose shot went skipping past the Lawrence, first uttered its stern challenge, and in a few minutes all the long guns of the enemy began to play on the American fleet. Being a mile and a half distant, Perry could not use his carronades, and he was exposed to this fire for half an hour before he could get within range. Steering straight for the Detroit, a vessel a fourth larger than his own, he gave orders to have the schooners that lagged behind close up within half cable's length. Those orders, the last he gave during the battle, were passed by trumpet from vessel to vessel. The light wind having nearly died away, the Lawrence suffered severely before she could get near enough to open with her carronades, and she had scarcely taken her position before the fire of three vessels was directed upon her. Enveloped in flame and smoke, Perry strove desperately to maintain his ground till the rest of the fleet could close, and for two hours sustained without flinching this unequal contest. The balls crashed incessantly through the sides of the ship, dismounting the guns and strewing the deck with the dead, until at length, with "every brace and bow-line shot away," she lay an unmanageable wreck on the water. But still through the smoke, as it went before the heavy broadsides, her colors were seen flying, and still gleamed forth in the sunlight that glorious motto—"*Don't give up the ship!*" Calm and unmoved at the slaughter around him and his own desperate position, Perry gave his orders tranquilly, as though executing a manœuvre. Although in his first battle, and unaccustomed to scenes of carnage, his face gave no token of the emotions that mastered him. Advancing to assist a sailor whose gun had got out of order, he saw the poor fellow struck from his side by a twenty-four pound shot, and expire without a groan. His second lieutenant fell at his feet.

Lieutenant Brooks, a gay, dashing officer, of extraordinary personal beauty, while speaking cheerfully to him, was dashed by a cannon-ball to the other side of the deck, and mangled in the most frightful manner. His shrieks and imploring cries to Perry to kill him and end his misery, were heard even above the roar of the guns in every part of the ship. The dying who strewed the deck would turn their eyes in mute inquiry upon their youthful commander, as if to be told they had done their duty. The living, as a sweeping shot rent huge gaps in the ranks of their companions, looked a moment into his face to read its expression, and then stepped quietly into the places left vacant.

Lieutenant Yarnall, with a red handkerchief tied round his head, and another round his neck, to stanch the blood flowing from two wounds, his nose swelled to a monstrous size, from a splinter having passed through it, disfigured and covered with gore, moved amid this terrific scene the very genius of havoc and carnage. Approaching Perry, he told him every officer in his division was killed. Others were given him, but he soon returned with the same dismal tidings. Perry then told him he must get along by himself, as he had no more to furnish him, and the gallant man went back alone to his guns. Once only did the shadow of any emotion pass over the countenance of this intrepid commander. He had a brother on board, only twelve years old. The little fellow, who had had two balls pass through his hat, and been struck with splinters, was still standing by the side of his brother, stunned by the awful cannonading and carnage around him, when he suddenly fell. For a moment Perry thought he too was gone, but he had only been knocked down by a hammock, which a cannon-ball had hurled against him.

At length every gun was dismounted but one, still Perry fought with that till at last it also was knocked from the carriage. Out of the one hundred men with whom a few hours before he had gone into battle, only eighteen stood up unwounded. Looking through the smoke he saw the Niagara, apparently uncrippled, drifting out of the battle. Leaping into a boat with his young brother, he said to his remaining officer, "If a victory is to be gained, I will gain it," and standing erect, told the sailors to give way with a will. The enemy observed the movement, and immediately directed their fire upon the boat. Oars were splintered in the rowers' hands by musket balls, and the men themselves covered with spray from the round shot and grape that smote the water on every side. Passing swiftly through the iron storm he reached the Niagara in safety, and as the survivors of the Lawrence saw him go up the vessel's side, they gave a hearty cheer. Finding her sound and whole, Perry backed his maintop sail, and flung out his signal for close action. From vessel to vessel the answering signals went up in the sunlight, and three cheers rang over the water. He then gave his sails to the wind, and bore steadily down on the centre of the enemy's line. Reserving his fire as he advanced, he passed alone through the hostile fleet, within close pistol range, wrapt in flame as he swept on. Delivering his broadsides right and left, he spread horror and death through the decks of the Detroit and Lady Prevost. Rounding to as he passed the line, he laid his vessel close to two of the enemy's ships, and poured in his rapid fire. The shrieks that rung out from the Detroit were heard even above the deafening cannonade, while the crew of the Lady Prevost, unable to stand the fire, ran below, leaving their wounded, stunned, and bewildered commander alone on deck, leaning his face on his hand, and gazing vacantly on the passing ship. The other American vessels having come up, the action at once became general. To the spectators from the shore, the scene at this moment was indescribably thrilling. Far out on the calm water lay a white cloud, from out whose tortured bosom broke incessant flashes and thunder claps—the loud echoes rolling heavily away over the deep, and dying amid the silence and solitude of the forest.

An action so close and murderous could not last long, and it was soon apparent that victory inclined to the Americans, for while the enemy's fire sensibly slackened, the signal for close action was still flying from the Niagara, and from every American vessel the answering signal floated proudly in the wind. In fifteen minutes from the time the first signal was made the battle was over. A white handkerchief waved from the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte announced the surrender. The firing ceased; the smoke slowly cleared away, revealing the two fleets commingled, shattered, and torn, and strewed with dead. The loss on each side was a hundred and thirty-five killed and wounded.

Perry having secured the prisoners, returned to the Lawrence, lying a wreck in the distance, whither she had helplessly drifted. She had struck her flag before he closed with the Niagara, but it was now flying again. Not a word was spoken as he went over the vessel's side; a silent grasp of the hand was the only sign of recognition, for the deck around was covered with dismembered limbs, and brains; while the bodies of twenty officers and men lay in ghastly groups before him.

As the sun went down over the still lake his last beams looked on a mournful spectacle. Those ships, stripped of their spars and canvas, looked as if they had been swept by a hurricane, while desolation covered their decks. At twilight the seamen who had fallen on board the American fleet were committed to the deep, and the solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church read over them.

The uproar of the day had ceased, and deep silence rested on the two squadrons, riding quietly at anchor, broken only by the stifled groans of the wounded, that were echoed from ship to ship. As Perry sat that night on the quarter-deck of the Lawrence, conversing with his few remaining officers, while ever and anon the moans of his brave comrades below were

borne to his ear, he was solemn and subdued. The exciting scene through which he had safely passed—the heavy load taken from his heart—the reflection that his own life had been spared, and the consciousness that his little brother was slumbering sweetly and unhurt in his hammock beside him, awakened emotions of gratitude to God; and he gravely remarked, "I believe that my wife's prayers have saved me."

It had been a proud day for him; and as he lay that night and thought what a change a few hours had wrought in his fortunes, feelings of exultation might well swell his bosom. Such unshaken composure—such gallant bearing—stern resolution, and steadiness and tenacity of purpose in a young man of twenty-seven, in his first battle, exhibit a marvelous strength of character, and one wonders more at him than his success.

It was a great victory; and, as the news spread, bonfires, illuminations, the firing of cannon, and shouts of excited multitudes announced the joy and exultation of the nation. The gallant bearing of Perry—his daring passage in an open boat through the enemy's fire to the Niagara—the motto on his flag—the manner in which he carried his vessel alone through the enemy's line, and then closed in half pistol shot—his laconic account of the victory in a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, "WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY, AND THEY ARE OURS"—furnished endless themes for discussion and eulogy, and he suddenly found himself in the front rank of heroes.

The day after the battle the funeral of the officers of the two fleets took place. A little opening on the margin of the bay, a wild and solitary spot, was selected as the place of interment. It was a beautiful autumn day, not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the lake, or moved the still forest that fringed that lonely clearing. The sun shone brightly down on the new-made graves, and not a sound disturbed the Sabbath stillness that rested on forest and lake. The fallen officers, each in his appropriate uniform, were laid on platforms made to receive them, and placed, with their hands across their breasts, in the barges. As these were rowed gently away, the boats fell in behind in long procession, and the whole swept slowly and sadly toward the place of burial. The flags drooped mournfully in the still air, the dirge to which the oars kept time rose and fell in solemn strains over the water, while minute-guns from the various vessels blended their impressive harmony with the scene. The day before had been one of strife and carnage, but those who had closed in mortal hate, now mourned like a band of brothers for their fallen leaders, and, gathering together around the place of burial, gazed a last farewell, and firing one volley over the nameless graves, turned sadly away. There, in that wild spot, with the sullen waves to sing their perpetual dirge, they slept the sleep of the brave. They had fought gallantly, and it mattered not to them the victory or defeat, for they had gone to that still land where human strifes are forgotten, and the clangor of battle never comes.

LOVE SNUFFED OUT.

I DON'T know that I have any Puritan blood in my veins; but the moment I found myself really engaged to help my friend marry an heiress, I felt some compunction.

"Doesn't your conscience prick you in this matter?" inquired I.

"What does my young friend mean by conscience?" replied Don Bobtail.

"Why, are you not afraid that you may really make the woman you marry for money unhappy?"

"I am not yet conscious of that fear, and in any case, I should be more likely to consider the happiness of the gentleman in question."

"But, my dear Don Bobtail, is that not rather a selfish view?"

"Certainly it is selfish, my young friend. But with whom have I the most vivid sympathy? whose pains pain me? whose pleasures please me? with whom and for whom do I suffer, think, act? To whose misfortune am I not resigned?"

"Decidedly to those of Don Bobtail Fandango," replied I.

"Precisely. Yet I am the only person who is not at last resigned to them. I endure your sorrows with perfect equanimity. Why? Because I know that if there is any way to mitigate them, there is an individual who will not fail to discover it."

"Meaning me?"

"Infallibly. My first and deepest interest is in myself. It is so in the nature of things: and if (in my case a rather vague supposition) if I have a very delicate conscience which leads me to prefer your well-being, for instance, to my own, it is only a refined selfishness; inasmuch as, in that case, self-sacrifice secures my own happiness."

The Embassador took snuff with a satisfied air. I could say nothing, for I am not a metaphysician. But what an invaluable friend, as I wrote my maiden aunt, then in the country, is a man who is not only perfect in knowledge of the world, but who enjoys so clear a perception of principles.

"Hence you see," continued the Don, as he returned his snuff-box to his waistcoat pocket, "that in a marriage for money there are two parties and two interests. If I, for the sake of illustration, am one of those parties, you will see whose happiness I shall naturally consider. I give the lady credit for being able to take care of herself. If we both look to one interest, who takes care of the other? Nothing should be so cautiously managed as a little affair of this kind."

"True," said I, "but where is the glow of feeling?"

"To what glow of feeling do you now refer?" inquired the Don, with a puzzled air.

"Why, the bloom of emotion, the enthusiasm of young hearts," cried I.

"I am not familiar with those blooms and enthusiasms," returned the Embassador quietly.

"Don't you believe in love, Don Fandango Bobtail!" gasped I, with a shudder.

The Don took snuff.

"I am afraid, my dear boy," after looking at me sorrowfully for a few moments, "that you read novels."

"Of course I do," replied I, "and forget this work-day world in the fascinations of fiction."

"You read Bulwer?"

I nodded.

"And Dickens?"

I shook my head.

"And Disraeli?"

My eyes sparkled.

"And James?"

They filled with tears.

"Poor fellow!"

We walked on silently for some moments. At length the Don said to me:

"Let me relate to you a little episode of blooms and enthusiasms. When I was eighteen years old my father was made Minister to the Shah of Persia, and I accompanied him to Teheran as Secretary of the Embassy. I was unsophisticated (as I have always been), and occupied myself in watching the differences in habits of life, which much amused me. With my high Spanish notions of etiquette, I was pleased to reach a country in which proper respect was paid to the sex. The devout Persians, who are followers of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, hold that woman is the chief of blessings; and, as the poet Saadi sings,

'You can't have too much of a good thing,'

they say to each other, 'get as many blessings as you can.'

"The Shah of Persia, who indulges himself with six hundred blessings (one hundred less than King Solomon), observed that I was an amiable and modest youth, but wondered that I was content to look and learn.

"'Why is it,' said he, to my father, 'that the young Bobtail has no heart's treasure?'

"'He is young, Serene Potentate,' replied my father, 'and amuses himself in his own way. I beseech you, graciously permit him to mind his own business.'

"'It can not be,' returned the Shah of Persia; 'I know not what evil would befall my empire, should there be one of my court without a heart's treasure. I will vouchsafe to bestow upon him one of my own imperial blessings.'

"Thereupon he clapped his hands, and two thousand slaves entered at the right, and two thousand at the left, and prostrated themselves before the Shah. He then ordered them to fly upon the wings of swiftness to summon the Dove of Beauty. Adding, that the slave who first reached that lady should be rewarded with the highest post in the empire, and that the heads of all the rest should be incontinently struck off.

"One of them presently returned, accompanied by a veiled figure. I was young, and a Spaniard. My heart kindled instantly. I stole to her side, and whispered vows of eternal fidelity.

"'She does not understand Spanish,' said the Shah.

"Then he stepped up to the figure, and lifted the vail gently, so that he, but no one else, could see the face beneath. He dropped it, and wiped his eyes.

"'This,' said he, turning to me, 'this is Heaven's last, best gift to man.'

"His emotion overpowered him, and he said no more. My father intimated to me that it was the imperial pleasure, I should no longer scandalize the Court of Teheran by not being in love, but should instantly be enamored of the veiled figure.

"'I am so already,' replied I; and my father left the room, supporting the Shah of Persia, who fell into an agony of tears; and pausing upon the threshold, turned toward the veiled divinity, and, with outstretched arms, exclaimed, in the words of Hafiz,

'Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please.'

"They left us alone, the veiled figure and the young Don Bob. The Shah had said she did not understand Spanish. I did not speak a word of Persian. I thought of an interpreter. But—to make love through a third person!—it would be awkward. At least, I will see her, thought I, and attempted to lift the vail. It was in vain. She held it closely drawn around her face and form. Music, thought I, is Love's interpreter. I began to sing the most mournfully passionate of love-songs. The veiled figure seated itself. I pulled out the guitar, which every Spanish gentleman always carries in his pocket, and struck the strings wildly. I sang more and more passionately, until at length I saw a movement—the vail was raised—and I beheld the youngest and most beautiful of women.

"From that moment dates my happiness. I am amazed when I reflect how rapidly I learned Persian, which I now speak with singular purity. I committed pages of Hafiz and Saadi, and the moral axioms of the sages, which I repeated to her in an irresistible manner. We walked in the royal gardens, and sat under the royal roses. At all the court balls we walked and polka'd together. Young Persia was green with jealousy. Happy with my blessing, what cared I? The Court was no longer scandalized that the Spanish Secretary was not in love.

"And yet—I had not said so.

"Not even to the adorable Dove of Beauty had Don Bob whispered that he adored her—at least, since he could speak to her in her own language. I quoted, with trembling lips, what poets had vowed to their mistresses. I described the appearance and character of the woman to whom I would willingly devote my last sigh: and the description was a thrilling portrait of herself. I looked—Jupiter Ammon! how I looked. I sighed—it would have kept the South in wind for a year. I sang—until the sounds gurgled

into soba in my throat, and tears trickled from her eyes as well as mine. I wrote reams of poems to her beauty. I sang Troubadour-romances which related our intimacy under other names. I serenaded until Teheran protested.

"Evidently I was in love, but I had not said so. Here I think, my young friend, was a fine crop of 'blooms,' 'glows of feeling,' and 'enthusiasms.' I wish I were a novelist, instead of a mere man of the world. I would then treat my Persian experience in three volumes octavo, and the circulating libraries would hush to hear. When I was eighteen, and the enamored adorer of the Dove of Beauty, I scorned those theories which asserted that love was no more eternal than the summer. And when El Verité, the Persian Court-jester, asked, 'what is that dizziness which will not let a fool go about his business?' I did not answer, as I ought to have answered, 'Love;' but, simply, 'Dyspepsia,' which was wrong.

"However, it came at last.

"We were sitting one morning in a bower of roses by Bendermere's stream. The air was soft, and the nightingales were singing My heart was melted in the fervor of conflicting emotions. I threw myself upon the ground in an agony of grief and love. The violence of my emotion had quite exhausted me, and I was just sinking into a profound and refreshing slumber, when I heard, faintly uttered, the words:

"'Don Bob, I love you.'

"No one not perfectly conversant with the Persian language can tell how those words sound in that tongue. I was drowned in happiness, and murmured only:

"'Ask my father.'

"That day did not roll by in hours, it exhaled in one fervent sigh of joy. We did not hear the nightingales, nor smell the roses. I told my mistress, whom I would call nothing but Dove, of the dazzling splendors of the Alhambra in which my father lived. To the best of my recollection, now, my father did not occupy that edifice. But is love to be fettered to cold fact? Is it not love that inspires imagination? Is any fable too fair to be breathed by its lips? Seen by 'the glow of feeling' is not the landscape of life an infinite stretch of 'bloom'? Do not chide me, my dear Smytthe, that in that crisis of Persian felicity, when I had just heard from the lips of beauty the words of affection, this world ceased to be an aggregate of facts, and flashed before my eyes as a fairy dream.

"I have read much good verse dedicated to the subject of love. But I remember none that does not seem to have been quite carefully written Certainly on that rapturous day there was no line which did not seem to me frigid. I recall that I repeated Hafiz three times from beginning to end, but it was only as a relief, and I was just commencing the fourth time, when a thousand slaves approached, prostrated themselves, and told us that dinner was ready.

"Vivacious as an antelope the Dove sprang to her feet in a moment, nor was I dilatory. Exhausted nature craved sustenance, and I was glad to see that my heart's treasure, in the words of the poet Saadi,

'Played a good knife and fork.'

"The siesta is a beautiful feature of Oriental life. After dinner Persia sleeps. Consequently I slept: and when I awoke the moon was riding high in heaven. The palace of the Shah, in which I resided with the rest of the diplomatic body, was in a great uproar. Lights were glancing in the gardens and the court. I heard the Muezzins calling in an unwonted manner from the minarets. There was the sound as of a roaring multitude, in the direction of the Shah's apartments.

"'Is it possible,' thought I, 'that petty larceny is going on?'

"I was still asking myself the question, when a preternatural silence appalled me. It lasted but a moment, and then there came echoing down the halls and thundering through the courts the report of a sneeze that shook Teheran to its foundation, and caused the Muezzins to rock in the minarets.

"'Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet!' cried I in purple horror, 'the imperial nose must have exploded!'

"Solemn silence ensued. A few fainter, but startling reports of the same character followed, and died in melancholy reverberations, among the moonlit pavilions. I sat pale and anxious, straining my ears for the slightest whisper, when I heard a tap at my door. My father came in.

"'Bobtail,' said he sadly, 'I have incurred eternal disgrace. We must leave to-morrow morning. You know how universal among the Persians is the practice of snuff-taking; and it was because of the harmony of that taste with that of our beloved country, which induced me to accept a mission to a court where I could take snuff tranquilly and without exciting curiosity. How could I know that the present Shah of Persia is too delicately organized to endure that mild titillation of the nasal nerves, and that therefore the use of snuff in his presence is strictly forbidden! If one of his six hundred blessings should be found guilty of snuff-taking she would be instantly repudiated. Not twenty minutes since, I was admitted to an audience of the Shah. During a moment of diplomatic silence, and just as his Highness had remarked upon the beauty of the weather, I ventured to draw out my box, open it, and present it to his Highness, who instantly fell back, in a mortal sneeze. Hence the confusion, the noise, the disgrace. The Muezzins are calling upon Ali, and all Teheran is upon its knees supplicating for the Shah. We must leave to-morrow, my son, and be grateful if we get off with our heads on.'

"Thus my father. I had but one thought. Young Spanish secretaries in love always have but one thought—that of their Queen of Beauty. I asked my father if he was aware of the state of my affections—if he knew that, in obedience to the etiquette of Teheran, I had fallen in love

with the Dove of Beauty. He remembered the interview with the Shah, and could not be surprised.

"'I am sorry, my dear son,' said he, 'that circumstances—'

"'Sir,' interrupted I, 'I despise circumstances.'

"'Circumstances will then destroy you,' replied my father, calmly. 'What do you expect to do in Spain with a Persian wife? I really hope you will act like a sensible man.'

"'Father,' said I, 'when young hearts are tenderly united, they fear no ill but the decline of affection.'

"My father took snuff—a hereditary habit.

"'When I return with my young and blushing bride to my native land, I shall hire (with your approbation) a small cottage in the environs of Madrid, dance the fandango with my wife all day, and sing and play to her upon the guitar all night. Surely nothing can be more sensible than that—for a man in love.'

"My father assented.

"'I am glad to see,' he said, 'that you are truly my son, and even thus early display your hereditary good sense. For, of course, if you propose to pass life in dancing and singing, you have ascertained that the Shah will give a liberal dowry to your wife.'

"'My dear father,' I hurried to say, 'I assure you I have taken no such mercenary view of the case. You are aware that I am dependent upon your bounty, and my peerless bride comes to me rich only in loveliness.'

"'And loveliness will pay your rent, and buy you guitars, and pomegranates, I suppose,' cried my father, in a fine Spanish wrath.

"'I've not troubled myself to inquire,' retorted I, sharply. 'But I think it is a great pity if two young persons, in the first glow of feeling, can not blend the enthusiasm of their young hearts without being bothered by the world. Shall the inability of supplying pomegranates keep two loving creatures apart? No, sir. I am a lover, and I believe in love; I believe in love, and I defy the world.'

"'That's your privilege certainly,' said my father. 'When you are of my age, you will be as willing to take what you can get, as to have nothing because what you want is beyond your reach. Good-night, my son. Don't look to me for a single real. I've none to spare. Good-night. The elephants will be ready at five. If you take your bride you must have her on your own elephant. And, by-the-by,' added he, as he was leaving the room, 'I advise you to hire two or three pack animals to carry the riches of loveliness that she brings you in dowry. Pleasant dreams!'

"I heard him tapping his snuff-box as he sauntered down the hall.

"A lover at bay is a dangerous man. If the Shah of Persia had entered at that moment, I think I should have thrown a box-full of snuff into his face, and then have suffered smilingly as a regicide. I cried aloud, and shook my part of the palace with the frenzy of my vows. The moon looked placidly upon my passion, and reminded me that the Dove of Beauty would be awaiting me in our accustomed pavilion. The thought shod my feet as with wings of fire. I glided along the ample corridors, across the space of moonlight, beneath the balconies of the Shah's hareem, into the open court, where fountains played, and fragrant plants glistened, and nightingales plained. My fancy fed upon her image as fays upon honey-dew. I was in a delirium of love and high resolve. We would fly the base world that admonished us of circumstances. We would take the cottage in the environs of Madrid; order the bills to be sent to my father, and if he unnaturally refused to pay, the Dove of Beauty and I would fall into each other's arms, and perish in the ruins of our cottage. Future pilgrims would wander from Vaucluse to the environs of Madrid—would there pensively muse upon the sorrows of lovers, and thus our memory be kept fresh by the sweetest tears that eyes can shed.

"My feet seemed to burn the dewy pavement of the court. I was savagely sure that I heard it hiss as I flew along. I gained the airy pavilion of my beloved. Thick clouds of golden tapestry rolled around the entrance. A mystic perfume penetrated my brain. A sound as of sobs came, muffled, through the curtains. I tore them aside, drunk with the odor, frenzied with the sound of sobs, I pressed into the apartment. She was there. She was sitting upon the floor of the pavilion, gazing tranquilly at the moon; and, O celestial Houris!—*taking snuff!* The mystic perfume was explained. Ah! son-in-law of the Prophet—it was genuine maccaboy! The sobbing sounds were no cough muffled—they were delicate female sneezes!

"'My precious!' said she, as she saw me approaching, 'behold a gift of your revered father. He calls it the gold-dust of delight, the sweepings of Paradise!'

"I drew nearer in fatal fascination. Forbearing reader!—it was *yellow!*

"There was no alleviation. But a frightful consciousness gradually dawned upon me. A scoffing demon asked: Why had the Shah allowed me to love a Dove of Beauty to whom he was so evidently attached? Was it because she indulged in habits fatal to his well-being, or was it not? Had I been made to play second-fiddle, to wear an old shoe, or had I not?

"So also with my father. Had he known that love, when most exalted, is most easily overthrown? Had he known it to be a bubble, bright as the sun, and reflecting all the world, but shivered by a breath? And did he see that my rapt imagination would be paralyzed by a snuff-taking heart's treasure?

"I fear that he did. I fear that his still Spanish astuteness taught him how noiselessly, but effectually, he might undermine my palace of delight, and, while I sat in the very throne of love, blow me up with snuff, as erewhile Lords and Commons were to have been exploded with another powder.

"The most harrowing scene of my life immediately ensued. I taunted and scorned the poor pale Dove, who looked at me wildly, and sneezed at intervals. I called Ali, son-in-law of the Prophet, to witness how ruthlessly she had destroyed our happiness. I scowled, and muttered, and wept. Then the keen odor penetrated my brain, and I, too, sneezed violently; I was the more enraged. The curtain I had carelessly omitted to draw together. The perfume escaped from the pavilion into the corridors and courts. I heard strange noises from the nightingales. From time to time the echo of a distant sneeze from some slave of the palace, overtaken by the odor, rang faintly along the arcades. They became more and more frequent. The moonlight air quivered with the various reiteration. I heard the six hundred blessings, the ministers, the slaves, all relentlessly sneezing. The palace-guard beat to arms—the muezzins rushed into the minarets—and the moment they opened their lips to call the faithful to prayer, they only sneezed. I lay in quiet horror. I dreaded to hear one sound superior to these petty sneezes. All Teheran was awake, and engaged in the movement. And I knew that Teheran shared my anxiety. I lay and listened, and at length it came—a crash, peculiar to the nasal conformation of the Shah, and Persia shook to its centre. The Shah had sneezed.

"My father and I left before light, in close disguise. The kingdom was alive with sympathy for the gracious Potentate. Expresses were flying from one town to another in rapid succession, and bearing bulletins from the palace, in the style peculiar to Persia, as follows:

"'12 o'clock. His Highness has just sneezed in an alarming manner.'

"'1 A.M. His Highness sneezes more easily.'

"'5 A.M. His Highness has had a comfortable sneeze.'

"'8 A.M. Order reigns in His Highness's Imperial N——E!'

"Before the moon had entirely waned, we were again in Madrid. Persia is a dream to me now; the Dove of Beauty like a sweet strain heard long ago. In the Morning-land, as the Germans call it, lie buried my 'blooms,' and my 'glows of feeling.' We all love once, my dear young friend—we undergo raptures, ecstasies, and other emotions catalogued by the Lyric Poets. They pass like beautiful spring flowers. Then comes wisdom in the place of enthusiasm, and we prefer the taste and nourishment of the fruit to the mere beauty and fragrance of the blossom. Wild young love demands only the riches of loveliness, and scorns seven per cent. stocks. It grows surly as it feels the inevitability of poverty. It wears seedy coats with a defiant air; it carries cotton umbrellas, and buys two-penny calicoes for its wife. Alas! my dear Smytthe, for the Queen of Beauty sitting down to a plain boiled dinner in a plain bombazine, no longer young, nor radiant, nor mysterious: no longer a bright 'impossible she,' glancing at you from the radiant heights of happiness, but faded, fat, and fifty. The 'glow' is dimmed, the 'bloom' is withered. It is an ugly fact, and it is your business to disbelieve it. You are young, and probably undergoing your first love. I am old; I have been in Persia; and have enjoyed the smiles of a Dove of Beauty, who has forgotten me, and whom, I trust, a kind Providence will never permit me to see again. You are content to crown yourself with flowers. I rather go in for a heaping dish of fruit. And yet—and yet, one morning with my Dove in that bower of roses by Bendermere's stream, is dearer to me in remembrance than my whole diplomatic and continental career."

Don Bobtail Fandango took a huge pinch of snuff.

"How, after your experience, can you use snuff!" I ventured to inquire.

"Partly in memory of departed days, my friend, and partly because of the hereditary habit," answered the Spanish Embassador.

We walked on silently for some moments. The Don was even pensive. I was lost in respect for his great wisdom and knowledge of the world.

"You certainly now see," said he, at length, "why my mind inclines to an heiress. Thus it is. I am no longer young, and I am not rich. I love luxury, and have certain expensive habits. Among those habits I can not conscientiously reckon that of work. The diplomatic career has not fitted me for labor. Perhaps I ought not to have the expensive habits. Perhaps a man who can not earn seven dollars a week, ought not to wear seven pairs of dollar lemon-kids weekly at various soirées. Perhaps every man ought to work. Perhaps I am a drone and an encumbrance to society. I certainly am not prepared to dispute those propositions. But, as a sensible man, I must take the facts as they are, however much I may deplore them, and do my best with them.

"Now, the sole thing I want, to secure my luxury and indulge my habits, is money. Money must be made. It can only be made by some kind of sacrifice. I must sell myself for it in some way. That is, I must devote my time and adapt my habits somewhat to obtain the money. I take a calm survey of my position. I say, if I go into a profession, the chances are thousands to one that, at my time of life, I arrive nowhere, but drudge along in a frightfully unluxurious way until I die. If I go into business, not having capital, I must serve an apprenticeship. I must work hard and for little pay. I must lose all my time, and have no opportunity of giving full swing to my peculiar habits, which are now absolute necessities. I look a little further, and I find that by marrying an heiress, I do not sell so much as in the other case. I have my time. I have the means and the opportunities for the pursuit of my private luxuries. And, although I cut myself off from marrying any woman with whom I may choose to fall in love, I consider that poverty would be as insurmountable a barrier to matrimony as previous marriage.

"I do not allude to what you will call the base, and unworthy, and unmanly conduct in all this, because I have given the subject an impartial consideration. I have thrown that kind of thing in the scale against the heiress, with the other moral views which will undoubtedly occur to your well-regulated mind. But I find that the heiress outweighs them. I should be a discreet husband, quiet and domestic. I should smoke in my own room only, if Madame Fandango insisted. I would go occasionally to balls and to the Opera. In the summer I would willingly accompany my estimable lady to the most fashionable watering-places, and enter myself upon the books in the style of your friend Spoon, thus:

"'Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Embassador.'

"'Madam Fandango.'

"'Master Ferdinando Fandango (if Providence should bless our prayers) and Tutor.'

"'Miss Christina Fandango (ditto) and Governess.'

"'Master A. Fandango and Tutor.'
"' " B. " " "
"' " C. " " "
"' " D. " " "
"' and
"' more
"' of
"' the
"' same.

"'Horses, nurses, carriages, coachmen, footmen, baby-jumper, &c.

"I am quite sure Madame would have very little reason to complain of me. Of course, I should not indulge in guitar accompaniments, as in the Persian days. Roses and moonlight have little to do with a reasonable connubial felicity, and I think I could easily submit to that little peculiarity of habit which so darkens my remembrance of Teheran. In fact, as I am somewhat addicted to the usage myself, it might save me some reproach, if Madame Fandango would consent to s—ff."

His Excellency ceased. Life is a mysterious thing. I am more and more convinced of it. An ardent youth, in the very prime of his passion, leaves a woman forever, because she betrays an idiosyncrasy. The mature man, in proposing marriage, mentions that idiosyncracy as desirable.

"That is a fine house," said Don Bob, interrupting my reflections, "and suggestive of heiresses."

"Certainly," said I; "here live Mr. and Mrs. Romulus Swabber, my best friends."

"Has a kind Providence blessed their prayers?" inquired Don Bob, respectfully.

"To the extent of one daughter," answered I.

"In the remark I made upon this house, I distinctly see the finger of fate," continued the Spanish Embassador, warmly.

"Would you like to call upon Mrs. Swabber?" I asked.

"It is my heart's desire," replied my eminent friend, with fervor.

I rang, and Mrs. Swabber was at home.

"It is her day," said the servant.

As we passed over the fine pavement in the hall, the Don smiled; and I heard him hum a bar or two of that justly favorite air.

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

"Mrs. Swabber, permit me to present my friend, the Spanish Embassador, Don Bobtail Fandango."

Mrs. Swabber courtesied, as she courtesied when she was presented to King Louis Philippe, who said to her with his own royal lips, as he passed down the line: "Madame, it is a fine day." When Mrs. Romulus Swabber returned to her native land, her portrait was painted by a celebrated artist, and represented that eventful moment of her life. The picture was much admired at the Exhibition of the National Academy, and a capital article upon the state and prospects of American art commended it as a noble specimen of "historical painting."

Our conversation, as is usual at morning calls, was exhilarating. The weather was discussed with marked ability. Indeed I have never known the Don more eloquent. For, having ascertained by a rapid transition from that morning to weather in general, and thence passing to climates, and that of Spain and the South particularly, that Mrs. Romulus Swabber was romantic, he dilated upon Spain, and asked if he might venture to offer to Mrs. Swabber's acceptance a vial of pure Guadalquiver-water collected by himself, upon occasion of accompanying Queen Isabella, in his capacity as glove-buttoner in-waiting to the august Infanta of Spain, down that far-famed river. Mrs. Swabber expressed her acceptance of the polite offer with more eagerness than elegance. It is pleasant to see that intimacy with distinguished people does not always destroy native simplicity. I have observed it in myself. My friends tell me that I have all the freshness—verdancy, as it were—of manner that characterized my extreme youth. I also have observed that the Romulus Swabbers, although suddenly elevated into the selecter walks of life, retain the aroma, so to say, of their earlier associations. As Beau Brummell indicated his excessive intimacy with the Prince Regent by slapping him on the back, thus violating the ordinary rules of etiquette, so the Romulus Swabbers show their familiarity with the elegancies of life and of language, by violating the ordinary rules of grammar.

"There is something observant in the conversation of fashionable people which shows you at once who we are," says Mrs. S.

There is no denying it. I am fond of the Romulus Swabbers, and I have no doubt that it will do me a great deal of good to watch the progress of their intimacy with my friend Don Bobtail. Young Remus Swabbers—who is my despair, he has such a gentlemanly air, such repose of manner—asked me aside while the Spanish Embassador was talking with Mrs. S., whether he was not a "muff." I thought he meant a soldier who wears a cap called a muff;

and answered—I am afraid with some asperity—accordingly.

"Why, man, I'm only chaffing you," returned young Remus Swabbers.

I did not quite understand that either. But having since learned that young Remus has lately returned from a few months' trip to Europe, including a week in London, the fluent, although unknown, slang of his conversation was more explicable. I am glad to ascertain from the conduct and conversation of that gentleman, how essential an easy and indifferent garnishing of race-course, and cider-cellar, and mess slang is to the character I am so anxious to cultivate.

Before we left, Mrs. Swabbers invited us to view a picture of a scene in what she called, "Shakspeare's Poem of Hamlet;" and added that she supposed I had read Shakspeare. I assented, unwilling to appear uncultivated. And I have suggested to an artist, as another illustration of national "historical painting," a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Romulus Swabbers reading Romeo and Juliet.

"I am glad to perceive, Madame," said the Don, in his most Spanish style, "that the fashionable people of this great country are conversant (the Don's pronunciation of English is imperfect), not only with poetry but with painting. I had not hoped to see such gems as I find upon your walls. I think they would attract attention in the Pitti Palace. And should Madame, their owner, enter the gorgeous saloons of my friend the Grand Duke of Tuscany, sure am I that my friend the Grand Duchess of Tuscany would inquire who she was."

Mrs. Swabbers made a courtesy, the Don made a bow. How courtly! how stately! I thought of Louis Quatorze and Madame Pompadour. It was beautiful. But when, in the midst of a torrent of indifferent grammar from the mother, Miss Dolly Swabbers entered the room, the Don was irresistible. He deferred so gracefully to Mrs. Swabbers, he spoke so gently to Miss Swabbers, that I, who am not ashamed of my address toward the sex, was almost jealous.

But then he is old enough to be my grandfather.

"You also enjoy the fine arts, I am sure, Miss Swabbers," said the insinuating Embassador.

"Oh, law, yes!" interrupted Mrs. Romulus Swabbers. "Dolly, dear, where is the last sketch you done?"

Don Fandango Bobtail winced. The young lady left the room for her sketch. The mamma pressed the Embassador to "take something." He declined; and Mrs. S. inquired whether folks didn't do so in Spain. The Don pleaded that he did not know folks; and in the midst of the consequent explanation Miss Dolly entered, holding a crayon sketch. The Embassador declared it would be remarkable in any gallery in Europe. I saw he was quite ready to go, and we took leave.

Don Bob sighed deeply when he gained the street.

"That's an heiress," said I.

Don Bob sighed again.

"My dear young friend," answered he, "I make no assertions as yet, because I have scarcely seen the lady; but I will impart to you in confidence my conviction that the flame of love may be snuffed out by other things than yellow maccaboy."

"You don't mean ——," I began.

"Smytthe, I mean nothing. I shall consider the chances. My theory is quite perfect, and I wish to see how far it can be reduced to practice. I wish idleness was not so expensive a luxury. I will tell you if I wish to continue the acquaintance."

And I will tell the patient reader.

SHELLS.

SHELLS are common ornaments upon our sideboards and mantle-pieces, but, in general, we know as little about them as the savage who points his arrows and forms his fish-hooks with them, or the dairymaid who employs them for skimming her milk or slicing her butter. We almost regard them in the same light as we do a curious piece of rock crystal, or a beautiful precious stone, forgetting entirely the little industrious animals by whom they have been reared with so much skill and patience. And yet how wonderful is their organization, and how varied is their construction! Their colors are often so intensely vivid, so richly disposed, and so fancifully variegated, that, as objects of beauty, they rival many of the most esteemed productions of the vegetable kingdom. In some instances, they minutely imitate even the works of art; for the beautiful music shell has the five lines and the dotted notes, as if the sirens had written upon it the music which constantly sounds within. In their forms, too, they exhibit an infinite variety. Some are shaped like a cup or tube; some appear in the form of cones, and spires, and columns; and others exhibit the most graceful and delicate convolutions, and the most complicated articulations. Surely it is not too fanciful to suppose that, in the early ages, they had given many a valuable hint in architecture to those nations whose most graceful pillars were first suggested by the leaf of the acanthus and the tile. In this country, at least, many of the most beautiful ornaments of stucco, particularly for chimney-pieces, are copied from the univalve testacea, and are greatly admired.

The animals by whom shells are produced are called *molluscous* animals, from *mollis*, the Latin word for soft. They are so called because they have no jointed bones or skeleton; the muscles being attached to the skin, or *mantle*, as it is called, which forms a soft contractile envelope, protected in almost all the species by a shell. They either wholly want the organs with which we are so well acquainted in other animals, or they possess them so peculiarly constructed, that we are under the necessity of considering them in another aspect, and under different relations. Their nervous system forms numerous separate masses spread irregularly through the

body, termed ganglia, one of which, surrounding the throat, is considered to perform the functions which the brain does in more perfect animals. Their senses seem also to be very imperfect, though they usually possess taste and touch, and sight and hearing are found in a few. The head can scarcely be distinguished from the rest of the body, and in some species is entirely wanting; while the foot, or means of locomotion, is situated close under the head, where the mouth is often seen. The greater number are possessed of tentacula or feelers, at the extreme ends of which are found the eyes, like two blackish points, as in what is commonly called the horns of the garden snail. These eyes, by the wonderfully rapid power of extension and contraction which the feelers possess, can be directed to different objects at pleasure, and sometimes, as in cases of danger, withdrawn and hidden in the belly. They are besides provided with arms, to assist them in rowing or in climbing the rocks, which are sometimes membraneous, and made to serve as sails, as those of the Nautilus. Lastly, it may be remarked that they are all, with the exception of a very few which inhabit moist ground, tenants of the water, where they subsist on vegetable substances, or by sucking the juices of other fish by inhabitants of the deep, and are almost all eatable, and therefore useful.

The manner in which they form the shells, destined to serve the purposes of mechanical support and protection to them, and which must be considered almost as much a part of themselves as our teeth and nails, is at once curious and interesting. The moment the young mollusc leaves the egg, it carries upon its back an external envelope, from the innumerable glands of which exudes a slimy, glutinous liquid, composed principally of calcareous matter, capable of condensing, and acquiring a stony hardness. This slimy liquid resembles the glistening substance which marks the track of a common snail along the ground. The first stratum of the shell is a fine pellicle, resembling a spider's web, which is extended all along the back of the animal. But in a few days the web increases in thickness by the addition of other layers to its inner surface; and this process goes on until it has encased itself in a shell composed of five volutes, sufficient for its preservation. As the animal grows larger, it effects the removal of large portions of this shell, even although it has become quite consolidated, when they interfere with its growth, or prove otherwise inconvenient. The beautiful variety of form and coloring observable in different shells, is due to the extent and particular form and position of the secreting organ, as well as the different combinations of the accidental concretions of earthy or saline particles which adhere to the slimy matter when it is first exuded. Some shells are perfectly opaque, and some, as the shell of the *Nautilus vitreus*, are almost as clear and transparent as glass. Those which are fished up from the depths of the ocean, and which are never seen upon shore, are called *Pelagii*, and are the scarcest, the most beautiful, and the most valuable; while the *Littorales*, or those that are thrown upon shore, are more frequent, and, though of the same kind with the *Pelagii*, are not at all so beautifully colored, thin, and brittle, owing to the scaling, abrasion, and ravages of worms, which they suffer by being long exposed. It may also be remarked that the shells of the tropical seas differ widely, as a whole, from those of the temperate regions. Some of the forms appear to be peculiar to warm regions; and, in general, the intensity and beauty of color diminish as we approach the poles.

Naturalists have divided shells into five orders —univalve, bivalve, plurivalve, multivalve, and sub-bivalve. The univalve shells are formed of one piece alone, such as the Periwinkle and Whelk. The bivalves have two valves or scales, united at the back by a hinge-joint, secured by a substance of great strength, and having sometimes teeth that lock into each other, as Oysters, Mussels, and Cockles; and the multivalve are those which constitute a series of imbricated dorsal plates, like the cuirasses of an armed knight, as the Chiton and Echini. The subbivalve are composed of one piece, like the Whelk, but have in addition an *operculum* constructed by a process similar to that by which the rest of the shell is formed, and attached to the superior and posterior part of the foot. The use of this peculiarity is to form a hard solid lid or door, to close the entrance of the shell when the animal has withdrawn into the cavity, during the winter season, or a long continued drought. It also prevents evaporation from the surface of the body of the animal; and for this reason snails, &c., may be preserved for years in a dormant state, capable of being restored to the active functions of life when placed in water.

It is not our intention to dwell on the endless diversities of structure which this very extensive department of natural history presents, nor to describe the various genera and species into which molluscous animals have been divided, but simply to give one or two examples of a more remarkable kind, such as may prompt the reader to go in search of more information upon a subject which will open up a source of pleasure and profit available in every leisure hour.

Our first example is the *Giant Mussel* or *Giant Chama*, the most extraordinary and splendid shell at present known. It belongs to the Conchifera order, which surpasses all the mollusca in the amount of human nutriment which its members afford; and is furnished with bivalve shells, which open or shut by a hinge composed of two compressed teeth, a motion effected by the mantle of the animal. It is confined exclusively to the Moluccas, and the East Indian seas, and commonly lives at the bottom, where it moves about in the muddy slime by means of its expanding muscle or foot. The extraordinary size it attains is almost incredible to those who are only acquainted with the puny shells strewed on our sea-shores. We have

seen one that would cradle an infant, with a circumference of nearly eight feet, and a weight of two hundred pounds; the mollusc which inhabited it being capable of furnishing a plentiful meal, almost equal to the delicacy of our own Oyster, to nine or ten men. It is said to be often used in architecture in the countries where it is found, as a basin or receptacle for the fountains which adorn the beautiful pleasure-grounds around pagodas and temples.

The *Mytilus*, or Gammon mussel, is a triangular, violet-colored shell, shaped like a ham, with eatable flesh when boiled, though sometimes acting as a poison, and producing in some cases violent bowel complaints. It is furnished with a singular apparatus, by means of which it attaches itself to other substances, withstands the fury of the sea, and prevents dangerous collisions with bodies which might easily destroy its brittle shell. This apparatus prepares, much in the same way as a spider does his web, a bunch or tuft of silky threads, nearly a foot long, in different directions round the shell, the strength of which the animal ascertains before it attaches them to the adjacent rock, by swinging itself round, so as to put every individual thread fully on the stretch. In the *Pinna*, or Sicilian mussel, so called from its form of a wing or feather, this *byssus*, or tuft, is so large, soft, and delicate, that the inhabitants of various parts of the Mediterranean manufacture it into stuffs which resemble silk, of which gloves and other small articles of dress are made, and are not unfrequent in cabinets of curiosities. The genuine Pearl mussel (*Mytilus margaritifera*) also belongs to this genus. It is a native of the East and West Indies, and the Persian Gulf, and is about eight inches long, and still broader than it is long; the inside being beautifully polished, radiating all the colors of the rainbow, and producing the true mother-of-pearl, as well as frequently the most valuable pearls. There is still another species, which is not so well known, although perhaps the most singular of all, viz., the singing mussel. In the calm, delicious night of the tropics, when the cloudless moon, and the bright constellations of the Ship and the Cross, sailing through the dark azure firmament, gild with their soft magical beams every wave rippled by the perfumed breeze, the lonely wanderer on the coast of Ceylon hears its melancholy but melodious music from the opposite shore. At first it steals upon his ear faint as the evening sigh over the strings of the Æolian harp, but anon it increases in loudness and sweetness, then changes into the same low tones again, and at last dies away at intervals; and the murmurs of the surge, and the all-pervading rustling sound produced by the humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground, alone disturb the deep stillness around. The wanderer walks home, fully convinced that the old legend of the sea-nymphs, who charmed so much with their melodious voice that strangers forgot their pursuits while listening to them, was no poetic myth or fable, but a strict reality.

The *Murex* is a very abundant and interesting genus, containing many varieties, one of which is inhabited by the little animal, so celebrated in the works of the Latin and Greek poets, and which supplied the ancients with the beautiful Tyrian purple, used to die the costly robes of kings. Since the introduction of the cochineal insect, the use of this dye has been superseded, so that we are in a great measure ignorant of the process by which it was formerly extracted. It is supposed, however, that the shell was broken in a vice, and a longitudinal whitish vein, containing a yellowish liquor, extracted from the back of the animal under the skin. When this juice was applied to cloth, by means of a small brush, and exposed to the rays of the sun, it became green, blue, and purple, and at last settled down into a glowing crimson, unaffected by acids and alkalies. There is another very rare specimen of the Murex, called the *Murex prismatica*, which is of a dingy brown color, and any thing but captivating in its external appearance; and yet, when placed in a basin of water, its surface becomes irridescent, and exhibits the most beautiful variety of colors.

The most wonderful of all the mollusca, however, is the *Argonauta*, Glass-boat, or Paper-nautilus. Its habits are still but very imperfectly known. Many strange tales have been told concerning it, how that, like another cuckoo of the ocean, too idle to build a shell for itself, it deprived some other unknown species of mollusca of its habitation, and appropriated it to its own purposes. This fanciful belief has perhaps originated from the fact, that it is capable of carrying its shell on its back, or withdrawing itself from it altogether, and sailing about naked and exposed in the ocean. The name Argonauta, which it sometimes receives, is derived from the renowned expedition which was undertaken by Jason and his companions, 1263 years before Christ, for the purpose of obtaining the golden fleece so zealously guarded at Colchis. It belongs to the order *Cephalopoda*, because its tentacula or motive organs are situated on the head, and surround the opening of the mouth. These organs, by their flexibility and strong muscular power, are peculiarly well adapted for the purpose of seizing its prey, or of attaching itself firmly to other objects, or of enabling it to swim about in the water. The shell, white and irridescent like mother-of-pearl, is beautifully convoluted, and is sometimes, for this reason, formed into elegant drinking-cups. It is also exceedingly thin, and almost pellucid, probably for the sake of lightness, as it is intended to be used as a boat. Perhaps there is no object so beautiful and interesting in the eyes of the weary voyager, standing at the ship's side, and gazing out on the wide, shoreless expanse of the tropic ocean, as this little animal. Like a tiny fairy of the deep, with all its membraceous tentacula spread out to catch the light breeze, and plying its oars on either side, it moves calmly and gracefully along, amidst the most wonderful play of light and shade, altered every moment by the

dreamy splash of the wavelets, or the mazy track of a troop of porpoises, following each other in long winding lines, through the crystal clear water. For a while it thus enjoys itself, drinking in the vertical rays of the sun at every pore, until at length the breeze freshens, and the sea becomes ruffled, when it instantly withdraws its oars within its shell, furls its sails, and, by letting water into its hold, sinks like a dream from the wondering view of the spectator, into more tranquil regions beneath the surface.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN EXCITEMENT SEEKER.

NUMBER IV.

IN regard to my good old friend, Mr. White, I must add a word or two more, in order that my dear nephew may know whence comes a considerable portion of the fortune which he will inherit from me. The worthy old man, notwithstanding the exactions to which he had been subjected for many months before his death, left behind him much greater wealth than any one knew he had possessed. He had no relations, few intimate friends, and though he provided well for two old servants, and left his house, his business, and all that the apothecary's shop contained, to a young man who had been with him for some years as assistant, he bequeathed the hulk of his property, in value about one-and-twenty thousand pounds, to myself. He especially added a codicil giving me his library, all his papers, and his anatomical collection, of which he declared me worthy on account of my strong predilection for science. My father smiled when he heard this codicil read, and my elder brother declared, that the only science for which he had discovered in me a predilection was the science of dreams. The anatomical collection I made over to the College of Surgeons, together with all the books purely medical. Some curious treatises I kept myself, and among the papers I found a number of interesting anecdotes, written down with his own hand, but by no means in his own style, which makes me imagine that they were taken verbatim from the lips of others. Some of these I subjoin.

THE SLOW MATCH.

To the real lover of science, and the friend of the human race, no phenomenon affords a subject of such deep and painful interest as mental insanity. In the small village of Pacy, in Normandy, there lived, about twenty years ago, a gentleman, his wife, and daughter, whose means were somewhat small for their station, although they could not well be called poor. They had a handsome chateau, or country house, perched upon the top of the rock which overhangs the highway, and from it extended a very pretty formal garden, bounded by the farm to the south, which farm afforded an income to Monsieur de B—— of about fifteen thousand livres per annum. Monsieur de B—— himself was a very good sort of man, with no great share of feeling or understanding; but well educated, and polished in his manners. Madame de B—— was of a somewhat rougher character, sharp and quick in her temper, imperious in her demeanor, and always believing that her own judgment was the best thing on earth, not only when applied to her own conduct, but to that of others. She was never in her life known to do any thing that any body else asked her, in the way that they asked it, and she was exceedingly offended, on all occasions, if any one even dreamed that their own way was best. Henriette de B—— was an exceedingly lovely, dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, gentle and affectionate to those who were gentle and affectionate to her, but showing in her infancy some sparks of a quick temper, which her mother took especial care to trample out before she was eighteen.

Both Monsieur and Madame de B—— would have been very glad to have figured at the court had their means permitted it, and grumbled through many a fine summer's day, which they might have employed to much better purpose. Henriette, for her part, neither grumbled nor repined, and the villagers imagined that the cause of her being so well contented at Pacy, was the fact that she saw every Sunday, and sometimes on the Friday also, young Alphonse de Dreuil, a nephew of the count of that name, and one of the handsomest young men that ever drew a sword for the service of his king and his country. One scandalous old woman, the grand aunt of the sacristan, declared that she had seen Alphonse kiss Henriette in the corner of the garden, behind the apricot tree, which nobody believed, of course. However that might be, Alphonse had to go away to the wars, as all young noblemen of France had to do in those days, and whatever were Henriette's feelings, she had to conceal them; for the idea of choosing a husband for herself was a thing which could never enter into a French young lady's head, whatever romance writers may have said to the contrary. She was somewhat dull and melancholy for a few days, and then recovered her spirits.

About four months after, a gentleman from Dauphiné came to visit at the chateau of Pacy: a good-looking, middle aged man, grave and gentlemanly in his deportment, and the last man in the world, one would have supposed, to fall in love with a girl of eighteen. His name was the Marquis d'Andaure, and he was rich—quite an unobjectionable sort of son-in-law; or, if there was an objection in the eyes of Monsieur de B——, it merely proceeded from a dislike which the Marquis d'Andaure had to courts and crowds, and his love for his chateau and vineyards in Dauphiné. He made his proposal in due form to Monsieur and Madame de B—— for the hand of mademoiselle, and was accepted by madame, before her husband could open his mouth. That same evening, Henriette was informed that she was going to be married, which took her so much by surprise that she looked both frightened and confounded; for which Madame de B—— scolded

her heartily, although she had not offered a word of objection to the interesting ceremony. Madame de B—— was a very rapid woman, and had not Monsieur d'Andaure been very much in love, she might have lost her fish by trying to land him, without playing him. Very much in love, however, he was: he married Henriette before he had known her a complete month, and away he took her to his native province. Madame de B—— suggested, in very plain terms, that it would be better first to take her to the court; but Monsieur d'Andaure very coldly replied that he thought not; and there was a something about him not easily described, which sheltered him from the storm of angry words and sharp looks which generally fell upon every one who opposed the will and pleasure of Madame de B——.

Monsieur d'Andaure soon found that he had deceived himself in regard to Henriette—not respecting her character, or her amiableness of disposition; for she was kind, pure-minded, and generous; but Monsieur d'Andaure had expected—and he was mad to expect it—that the mere fact of his loving her violently, would produce in her a passion equal to his own for her. Nothing of the kind took place. Henriette was as cold as a stone. She submitted to her fate, and tried to do it well; but, of course, she did not love a man the better for having disappointed the first sweet dreams of young affection. There was nothing in her whole conduct or demeanor that her husband could object to: it was the most perfect model of propriety and prudence. But, in six months, Monsieur d'Andaure found out that he was not loved: that he had got a passive and obedient slave, and not an attached wife. He became dreadfully morose and irritable; the more because there was nothing he could find fault with. Dark, gloomy, and discontented, he seemed to every one. The physician of the place said he thought he would go mad, as his father had done, and the curé believed in his heart, that the same evil spirit had fallen upon him which had possessed Saul. Every one pitied and loved Madame d'Andaure; but, as she could not love Monsieur d'Andaure, that made no difference in her situation. If it made any, it rendered him the more morose. Perhaps it was not an unnatural conclusion that if she did not love him, she did, or soon would, love some one else; and Monsieur d'Andaure took all sorts of unpleasant precautions to prevent her having the opportunity. He kept her almost without society in the chateau; he seldom, if ever, suffered her to go out alone; he watched her night and day. However, he discovered and prevented nothing; for there was nothing to discover or prevent; and he only irritated an excited brain, and fed the evil and gnawing spirit that devoured his own heart. For hours, every day, he would walk up and down before the gates of the chateau, as if he were keeping sentinel, and dark, bitter, insane, were his thoughts during that gloomy march. His relations marked his conduct, as well as his wife and neighbors, and very gladly would they have made it out that Monsieur d'Andaure was mad; for, as yet, he had no children; if he died without, his estates went to his cousin, and it seemed to that cousin, and several others, that it would be very advisable to guard against the contingency of Madame d'Andaure having a family, by shutting her husband up in a mad-house. They came to see her twice when he was absent, and went so far as to consult some physicians at Lyons. But they gained nothing by these proceedings. Poor Henriette behaved very well, and gave no encouragement, declaring that she had nothing to complain of, and, even from their own showing, the doctors concluded that there was no pretext for calling Monsieur d'Andaure mad. What they had done came to his ears, however, and, in a cold, bitter, sneering way, he insinuated to his wife, that she was cogging with his relations to deprive him of his liberty. A miserable life led poor Henriette; but such things generally grow worse instead of better. She had not been out of the gates of the chateau for nearly three months, when, in a brighter moment than usual, Monsieur d'Andaure one day took her over to a small town in the neighborhood. There he left her for a few moments in the carriage, while he went into his notary's, and on his return, unfortunately found a gay-looking, very handsome young officer at the door of the vehicle speaking to her.

"This is Monsieur Alphonse de Breuil, my husband," said Henriette, "a friend of my childhood."

But Monsieur d'Andaure got into the carriage without a single word, and ordered the coachman to drive home. The distance was about nine miles; and during the whole way Monsieur d'Andaure never opened his lips.

When they arrived at the chateau, he ordered his wife to go to her room, without giving any explanation whatever; and there was a dark, gloomy expression in his eyes which frightened her. Nevertheless, she had some spirit left, and she said, reproachfully—

"Why do you serve me so? What have I done to offend you?"

"You resist!" he said, through his set teeth. "I will teach you better;" and grasping her wrist, with a force that left every finger imprinted in it, he led her up-stairs to her own chamber, and gazed at her for a moment in silence. Henriette's blood boiled. Conscious of innocence in thought and deed, his brutal treatment was too much to bear, and she exclaimed, vehemently, "Very well, sir. I shall stay here, as you force me. But remember, this is my own room; and it, at least, shall be my sanctuary. I wish you to free it of your presence, and never more to see you in it."

Monsieur d'Andaure laughed, with a low, quiet, fearful sort of laugh, but made no reply; and walking out, he locked the door behind him. When he went down-stairs, he walked about the great saloon for nearly an hour. A servant came and told him that dinner was ready; but he paid not the least attention. The man repeated the information, and asked if he should call madame.

His importunity irritated his master, and Monsieur d'Andaure took up a fine china cup, and threw it at his head. He went into dinner, however, and the servants were a good deal alarmed to see how he felt the point of the carving knife with his thumb. Consternation spread through the household. One talked to another of what they saw, and every one concluded that Monsieur d'Andaure had gone quite mad, and that some mischief would come of it. During the evening, the symptoms were unmistakable. He pursued a turkey about the court-yard for about half-an-hour; and when he caught it, began plucking it alive. He knocked down one of the grooms without any provocation whatever, and then went up to his wife's chamber, and tried the door. He found it bolted on the inside, however, and retired, muttering, to a bedroom down below, where he shut himself in; but whether he slept at all, or not, no one could tell.

The alarm was, by this time, so great in the household, that every one trembled for his life; and after a long and terrified consultation, the servants fled, in a body, during the night, with the exception of the gardener, who slept out of the house. At daybreak on the following day, Monsieur d'Andaure's valet set out in search of his relations, to warn them of his master's state, and of the dangerous position of his young wife. But the man had to hunt far and wide before he found those he sought, and the day was far spent before any measures could be taken.

But let us return to the preceding day and to the chateau of Andaure, which was an old building, not fortified, but built with the towers and conical roofs common in that part of the country. The room which Henriette occupied, was somewhat high up in one of these towers, and looked toward the park which surrounded the house. Below, was a flower garden, in which she had taken some delight; but the gardener's house was on the opposite side of the chateau, near one entrance of the grass court. The basement rose in a thick stone wall for about four feet, to a level with the floor of the saloon. Then came the wall of the saloon itself, some fourteen feet high: then an *entresol*, as it is called in France; and then the room of poor Henriette. In the foundation wall was a small aperture, perhaps one foot square (but not a window), pierced to give air to the cellar. The chamber of Madame d'Andaure was a large, airy room, with two windows, and those windows were large; but the height of the window-sill from the ground could not be less than thirty-five feet; and though during the first evening of her captivity, Henriette, more than once, thought of endeavoring to make her escape from a husband, of whose insanity she was now convinced, yet she soon saw that the attempt would be hopeless. The door was too thick and strong to be broken open by any implement that her room contained, and death, or worse than death, must be the consequence of attempting to drop from the window. The unhappy girl sat still, and wept, till darkness fell over the earth. Shortly after, the voice of her maid was heard, speaking through the key-hole. "Ah, Madame," she said, "Monsieur has gone quite mad; and Monsieur Charles, his valet, has determined to go and tell some of your friends to come hither and deliver you. Who had he better go to?"

The name of Alphonse de Breuil had almost started to Henriette's lips, but something in her heart checked her. She dared not send for him, though he was the friend of her youth, and quartered in the nearest town, and she replied, that it would be better to go to any of Monsieur d'Andaure's relations. The girl then spoke about supplying her with food; but they could devise no means, she had not even a ribbon which would reach to the ground from the window, and she was obliged to remain fasting all night. She was awake with the earliest ray of the sun, and in sad guise, went to the window to look out. The morning was bright, and beautiful; the whole earth sparkling with dew; and the sun rising yellow in the east. But the sight of sweet free nature only moved her to tears again. A moment or two after, she heard a sound of voices, and the next instant perceived her husband in the garden, coming round the corner of the tower. She drew back immediately; but at the glance she obtained, Monsieur d'Andaure did not seem mad in the least. He was walking quietly along by the side of the gardener, with his hands behind his back, and they both stopped at the foot of the tower, and talked in quiet tones. Her husband seemed to be giving some directions. "There," he said; "dig there. Make it pretty deep. You will need it eighteen inches long, and about twelve wide. I will come back in a quarter of an hour, and see."

"Won't that be too near the wall, sir?" asked the gardener.

"No," said the marquis, sharply; "not at all. I told you that it is intended to run over the whole house, and it must be planted there."

Thus saying, he walked away, and the gardener began to dig. Henriette crept back to the window, and looked out. There was nobody there but the gardener, a good-natured, middle aged man, somewhat stupid; and she spoke to him, asking him if he could not help her to escape by bringing a ladder from the stables, and putting it up to her window.

"Bless you, no, madame," he said. "The marquis is wandering all about, and would find us out in a minute. But you will soon have help; for Monsieur Charles, the valet, has gone to seek it. He says, and they all say, that Monsieur is mad; but he does not seem to me mad at all; only mighty ill-tempered. You had better draw down the blind, madame, and then he can't see you are talking to me."

"What are you digging that hole for?" asked Henriette.

"To plant a wonderful rose tree in," replied the gardener. "Monsieur says that it will run all over the house in two years, and I am to go

over to St. D—— to fetch it, as soon as I am done digging."

Thus saying, he shoveled out a few spadefulls of earth, while Henriette watched him from the window, with the blind drawn down, so that she could see the garden below, without being seen. In less than a quarter of an hour, Monsieur d'Andaure returned, blamed the gardener sharply for his slowness, and soon after sent him away, telling him to take the brown horse, and the cart, and fetch what he had been ordered to bring. He then went away himself, and Henriette, soon after, heard the roll of wheels as the gardener went upon his errand. All then became still in the house, and round it. She did not know that all the servants had left the place, and the complete silence seemed to her strange. She became nervous and alarmed; but still she sat near the window, sometimes weeping, and sometimes looking out, while the blind was moved gently backward and forward by the air. Presently, she heard a step, and a grating sound; and turning her eyes in that direction, she saw her husband rolling a small barrel along the gravel walk. Curiosity now superseded other emotions; and she watched him till he rolled it up to the spot where the gardener had been digging, which was close against the aperture in the foundation wall which I have mentioned. Then he rolled it into the little pit, and laughed strangely. Its position did not seem to suit him, at first; and he turned it one way, and then another, adjusting it with great care.

"What could be in that barrel!" Henriette asked herself. She had heard of people burying treasures. The barrel seemed to be heavy, though it was so small; and she concluded that it must contain gold.

She was soon undeceived. Monsieur d'Andaure went away, and came back again, bringing with him a gimlet in his hand, and round his arm a large coil of what seemed to be small cord. Then he bored a hole in the barrel, inserted one end of the cord in it, and then stretched the other out to its full length, some twelve or fourteen yards, then putting his hands in his pockets, he pulled out two powder flasks, and emptied the contents into the aperture in the wall.

The truth flashed suddenly upon her mind: the barrel contained gunpowder: the cord was a slow-match: it was his intention to blow up the tower in which he had confined her; and he had sent away the gardener, for the purpose of doing so undisturbed. Terror and anguish seized upon her; and, forgetting that he was mad, she called to him, beseeching him to forbear, entreating, imploring, adjuring. But it was all in vain. Her husband looked up, and laughed, only saying, "Ah, it will soon be over. Make ready; for we are going a journey, *mon amie*. From that moment he seemed to hear nothing that she said; but went about his work as quietly and deliberately, as if he were transplanting a shrub. He gathered a number of stones together, placed them round the barrel, so as to fix it firmly against the wall, laid a large one over the powder in the aperture, and then piled the earth up all round, taking care not to embarrass the fuse. Then getting a lantern, he set fire to the end of the slow-match.

Henriette shrieked with fright; but he only looked up, nodded his head significantly, and walked away. The anguish, and horror of her sensations were now indescribable. For a few minutes there was the usual struggle of hope and fear. She thought he might repent, come back, and extinguish the match; but then she remembered that he was mad, and that madness has no repentance; and dull, heavy despair took possession of her. Yet that match, and the small speck of red fire at the end of it, had a strange fascination for her. There was no flame: it looked like a glow worm moving through the grass, only with a brighter, and a redder fire, and a slower progress. Whether the man intended to protract her torture, who can say. But the fuse was very long, and the time it took to burn, immense. Her own sensations, too, were most strange. Once, she felt as if she could throw herself from the window, to escape from the horrible impression of impending death by flying at once into his arms. Once, she felt as if she could go to sleep; but then again, she said to herself, "No; I will die praying for him, and for me. God knows I have never injured him by word, deed, or thought;" and kneeling before the crucifix she prayed for several minutes, expecting each instant to be hurried into eternity.

Suddenly the thought came across her mind that the match might have gone out, and she went timidly toward the window. But there it was, burning still. It had made very little progress, but it had made some. When she had looked at it before, the spot of light was in the green grass; now, it was upon the farther edge of the gravel walk. She looked at her watch, remarked how long it took to cross an inch or two of the walk, and calculated how many minutes she had to live. Slowly, slowly it went on. An hour and a half would elapse, at the least, before it could creep up to the powder. A momentary flash of hope arose. The gardener might return. But then, when she remembered the distance he had to go, the hope went out; and she sat, and gazed at the match, with the leaden apathy of despair. Then, strange to say, sweet dreams of what might have been, began to present themselves to her imagination: how happy she could have been with Alphonse de Breuil, even with very limited means! and then she turned her eyes to the match again, and thought of death. The memory of many a little incident of sweet early times came up before her eyes: childhood's pleasures: youth's hopes and warm affections: the visions of dawning love. She sat as a dying woman, recalling all the things of a past life, while the slow fire marched insidiously onward, shortening every instant her allotted space by almost imperceptible degrees. Very strange and very terrible were her sensations, varying almost

every instant through the long and dreadful period of suspense. Sometimes her brain would seem to turn with the horror of her situation. She felt as if in a dream: all around her became unreal to her imagination: she could have laughed: she could have sung; but soon, very soon, the stern reality rushed back upon her again with all its fearful circumstances. Sometimes a gleam of hope rose up in the midst of the dark blank of her despair, like one of those small wandering sparks which burst forth in a charred paper, long after all fire has seemed extinct. Sometimes a soft and gentle melancholy possessed her: a calm, resigned, tranquil expectation of coming fate. A bird began to sing in one of the trees of the garden, and she thought it wonderfully sweet: a light cloud floated over the sun, checkering the brilliant yellow lustre of the morning by a blue shadow. Oh, how beautiful! She felt like a person on the eve of quitting their home—a home still loved, though there might have been pangs and sorrows there—and every joy and pleasure was remembered, every sweet thought, and gentle emotion of life came back to gild the scene she was parting with forever. Oh, warm, bright, cheerful, happy world, how hard, how sad is it to part from thee! It was a dream—it must be a dream. There could not be such a thing in reality. It was too frightful to be true. It was but a horrible vision. Could that little spark, which had now nearly reached the midway of the gravel path, be bearing her on every instant nearer to eternity! Could that slow, creeping light be the messenger of death, to tear her away from all kindly relations, from all sweet enjoyments, from the loves, the hopes, the emotions, the affections, even from the sorrows of life—a little spark like that! Impossible! Yet there it was, creeping on, creeping on, tardy as the snail, but sure and even.

Once she thought it had gone out. Some black ashes concealed it from her eye. She sprang up, and could have danced for joy. Ah, no! It reappeared again, brighter than before. Five minutes after, just round the corner of the tower, where she could catch a glimpse of the open country beyond the park, two horsemen appeared. She saw them, and too early thanked Heaven for help. But they were not coming to the chateau: their horses' heads were turned the other way. She leaned forth from the window: she called to them: she shrieked. The wind was from the west, and bore her voice away; and riding quietly on, they were hid behind the trees. Henriette sank down again, and covered her eyes with her hands.

When she looked out once more, the spark of fire had reached the nearest edge of the walk. Two feet more it had to travel, and then all would be over. It was inevitable. Fate was upon her. She tried to calm her whirling brain, to think of death—of God—of salvation—to cast from her the clinging garniture of this world's hopes, and robe herself in faith for the world to come. She walked slowly and quietly to the place where stood the crucifix, and taking it from the table, carried it with her to the window, and pressed it to her breast with her crossed arms. The feeling of all hope in this world, of all doubt in regard to the dread reality, passed away. There was the small spark creeping along the slow-match. There was the locked door behind her. It was Fate. Yet she could not take her eyes from that spot of light, that glimmered there like the fascinating eye of the serpent. Stilly, steadily she gazed at it. It crept over the grass, among the green blades—nearer, nearer; sometimes hardly perceivable, but yet her eye detected it, and marked its progress with terrified acuteness. All her senses seemed to be sharpened with the horrors of her condition. It came up, up, over the fresh turned earth, which her mad husband had cast over the powder. Not above an inch or two was left. Her ear caught the sound of horses' feet, galloping hard, before the riders came from behind the trees. The next moment a party of men appeared. But it was in vain. She knew it; she saw it: not an inch of the match was left. Gallop hard as they would, they could not reach the house in time. Oh, horrible, to be dashed to pieces with hope and relief in sight!

Suddenly the bird began to sing again. How strangely, and at what strange moments imagination acts. To her ear, the song seemed to say, "Fly far—Fly far—Fly far: Fly, fly, fly!"

The spark was burying itself in the earth. The sound seemed a warning from an angel. She darted from the window to the farthest nook of the room, where the tower was joined on to the main building: she crouched behind the bed.

Suddenly there was a roar that deafened her, and her heart stood still. The windows were dashed to pieces; the tower rocked and shook; the stout rafters and the heavy walls rent and cracked, and then she felt the whole mass swaying slowly, fearfully. Then, with a rattle as if a mountain had fallen, the front wall of the tower, part of the west angle, and a considerable portion of the flooring were cast a mass of ruins into the garden below.

Where was she? Was she living?—was she dead?—what had happened! All thought seemed for an instant to have been extinguished; all consciousness. But gradually her breath came back and her recollection. Through the clouds of smoke and dust, she saw the blue sky, and the trees of the park. Her bed stood firm before her; a picture of her father hung against the wall; but beyond that was an awful fissure, and the whole front of the chamber was open to the outer air. She paused, trembling, and not daring to move, or only move to press the crucifix to her lips. Was she safe? she asked herself. Was she yet safe? Would not the tower still fall? Suddenly a beam went rattling down from above, carrying part of the ceiling with it. It fell heavily on the flooring that remained. But there it rested, and the tower remained unshaken.

"Henriette!" cried a voice from without, which she recognized as that of one of her hus-

band's cousins. "Good God! what is all this? Henriette—Henriette!"

She crept slowly forward, holding by any object near at hand, and dreading every step, till she could see out into the garden. Every thing there seemed confused and indistinct—partly perhaps from the whirling of her own brain, and tha faint sinking of her heart—partly from the clouds of mingled dust and smoke which still rose up against the yellow light, paling the sunshine She saw several figures, however, grouped together at a little distance, gazing up at the tower. Their faces she could not distinguish; but she stretched forth her beautiful arms, exclaiming, "A ladder!—Oh, bring a ladder!—Quick!"

The next moment some one tried the lock of her chamber-door, and then pushed it hard; but she called to them in terror to forbear, saying, "For Heaven's sake do not shake tha tower! It is all shattered. Bring a ladder to the window—quick—quick!"

Poor girl, she forgot it had windows no longer.

Speedily a ladder was brought, raised carefully, and lightly placed against remnants of flooring. Some one ascended from below, and as he came she saw that it was a young cousin of her husband's, who had ever been kind to her. She crept toward the edge, trembling lest the shaken boards and beams should give way beneath her little feet at every step. But they stood firm; and, aided by the lad, she descended safely to the garden.

When her feet touched the solid ground, however—when the peril and the agony were over—when she was safe, rescued, restored almost from death to life, the emotions of thankfulness and relief proved more overpowering that even terror had been, and she fainted.

On opening her eyes again, she found the same people round her; but it was the face of Alphonse de Breuil that bent so anxiously over her. They gave her a little time to recover, and then young Claude d'Andaure told her that, while walking in the streets of St. D——, with his friend, De Breuil, and some other gentlemen, he had met the old gardener of the chateau. From him he heard that all the servants had fled, thinking their lord mad; and that Henriette herself had been locked into her chamber by her husband. The old man added, that he did not believe the Marquis to be mad at all, but only out of humor; but apprehension took possession of the kindly lad, and De Breuil proposed that they should set out instantly. Other relations were gathered together in haste, and a party of some six or seven gentlemen were now assembled before the chateau. The explosion of the barrel of powder, and the fall of part of the tower, had at once directed their attention to that part of the building; but they had as yet seen no living soul in the neighborhood, except Henriette herself. Many were the questions they asked her, as they led her to the old gardener's cottage. But it was with difficulty they extracted a reply. Undefined, but painful feelings rendered her unwilling either to dwell upon or to relate the particulars of the terrible event which had just occurred. She would have spared her husband if she could Young Claude d'Andaure, however, at length asked eagerly for his cousin, and, suddenly, some words which the Marquis had uttered came back upon Henriette's memory. "Make ready," he had said, "for we are going on a long journey." He had spoken in the plural, at the moment he was devising her death; and clasping her hands, she exclaimed eagerly, "Seek for him, seek for him! God knows what has happened! He blew up the tower to destroy me, but he spoke of himself too!"

They placed her in the cottage, and while two or three remained to guard her, the rest hurried back to the chateau. The great doors were locked. Two smaller ones were tried in vain; and the windows were too high up to be forced open. But one of them remembered that the breach in the shattered tower gave entrance by the great saloon, and through it they made their way into the main body of tha house. They hunted through all the chambers on the lower floor, without success—the lesser saloon, the dining-hall, the library, the marquis's dressing-room; he was not there. They then went on to the floor above, which was an entresol, and in several rooms they entered, were equally unsuccessful. At length, however, they came to a door which was locked, and there they knocked and shouted. They were going on, when one of the gentlemen exclaimed, "Stay; open that door opposite, and give us some light. The floor is wet here."

The door was opened, and then they saw a stream of blood flowing from under the locked door, across the passage. An entrance was speedily forced, and then all was revealed. The marquis was seated in a chair, with his head bent forward upon the table, so that his face could not be seen. But the whole parquet was dabbled with blood, an open razor lay upon the table, and it was soon found that he had cut his throat from ear to ear. He was quite dead; but it was evident that the act of suicide had not been long committed; for the body was still warm, and the limbs flaccid. His watch lay upon the table beside the razor; and it is probable he had waited there, counting the minutes till the explosion took place, and, then satisfied that he had accomplished his object, had destroyed himself.

It was a sad history, which the family endeavored to bury in silence, as far as possible, and there being little publicity for any thing at that time in France, they were, to a great degree, successful. A few *procès verbeaux* recorded the facts, and these were suppressed in the boxes of a police-office. But I heard the story, while traveling through that part of the country, from old Doctor S——, the physician at St. Valery, to whom I had letters. He had been one of those consulted by the relations of Monsieur d'Andaure on the first appearance of mental aberration, and had made it his business subsequently to obtain all the particulars of his after-fate and

death. He told me that Henriette had not married as soon as might have been expected, although she was now her own mistress, and possessed of a considerable jointure, in the enjoyment of which, strange to say, her husband's relations left her unmolested. But the terrible events through which she had just passed, and a long period of anxiety and grief which had preceded, impaired her health, and depressed her spirits. She remained a widow for more than two years; and the old doctor imagined that it was a wound which Alphonse de Breuil received in battle, as well as some attempts of her mother to resume an ancient and extinct domination, which had at length induced the fair young widow to bring her lover's term of probation to an end. She was again married, he said, on her twenty-first birthday, and bestowed upon Alphonse a larger family than French husbands are usually blessed with.

PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS.

It was in one thousand eight hundred and two, I was at St. Valery, and the same good old Doctor S——, who lodged me in his own house, and taught me to eat snails and vipers (N. B.—This is literally in poor Mr. White's manuscript), gave the following account of curious experiments which he had made during the Revolution.*

These proceedings puzzled the worthies of the mob who were then uppermost very much, the old doctor said, and might probably have got him into a scrape with the Sans Culottes, who always hated every thing they did not understand. But he was saved, he intimated, by other experiments, which led him to conduct that greatly excited their admiration. "The various theories of muscular motion," he said, "and of the voluntary, and involuntary movement of the muscles, induced me to be present, if I had an opportunity, whenever an execution was going on; and, I need not tell you, my good friend, that they were tolerably frequent in those times. I had various objects in my investigations; but the principal one was to ascertain, if possible, how long the brain retained its sensibility, when the supply of blood was cut off by the separation of the sensorium from the heart; whether consciousness remained after the separation; or whether the action of the heart and the brain was so necessary to both, that the functions of each stopped, as soon as the one was parted from the other. I had made some experiments upon a turtle; but, for reasons that will be evident to you, they did not satisfy me; and I determined to pursue them with the human subject, for which the Revolution gave ample opportunity. My fondness for the scaffold made me a great favorite with the crowd, and established an intimate friendship between me and the town executioner, who was a patient of mine, and the most desperate coward I ever saw when he was ill. I thus had him under my thumb, and we arranged our matters quite easily. Though he had a decided taste for blood, and all the natural qualifications for his trade, the poor man was sometimes over-fatigued with the number of executions at that time. The mob itself occasionally grew tired of him, and when any thing occurred to attract their attention in another direction, or to render the great square an unpleasant abiding place, the neighborhood of the scaffold would be quite deserted, and the condemned man, the executioner, and the guard, had it all their own way.

We watched for one of these opportunities, and one came sooner than we expected. Seven gentlemen had to have their heads cut off one morning; and I mounted the scaffold early with my friend, who was rather languid and indifferent. He did not seem to enjoy his morning's pastime as much as usual; but if he was cool and at his ease, his patients, as he called them, were hardly less so; and it would have surprised any body who does not know how soon human nature reconciles itself to any thing, to see with what *sang froid* people can undergo the guillotine. Five had already been shortened by the head, and two only remained to suffer: a Monsieur St. Martin, a gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, and who chatted with me quite jocosely while he was taking off his cravat, and another with whom I had no acquaintance. I did not even know his name, and I do not think any body in the town did; for they chopped off his head anonymously, and inscribed him in the register, "*Aristocrat: nom inconnu.*"

Just as they were going to begin with St. Martin, and the people who thronged the square gave a howl as he stepped forward, down came a pour of rain, which set the worthy Sans Culottes scampering, and we were soon left very nearly alone. "Those poor devils will have their skins washed for once," said Monsieur St. Martin, unbuttoning his shirt-collar, and looking up at the knife. "For my part, I shall not need an umbrella, I shall be under shelter so soon."

I just whispered a word or two to the executioner: our friend was put in the proper position, and down came the knife. The executioner instantly snatched the head from the basket, and held it up by the hair. I put my lips to the ear, hallooing out as loud as I could bawl, "Pierre St. Martin;" and then looked at the face. The eyes, which were wide open, and as lively as ever, rolled quickly round toward the side on which I had spoke, and then stopped. I thought I saw a movement of the lips, too, as if in an effort to speak; but it was not as successful as in the case of the physician Douban.

This seemed so far satisfactory. It went some way to show that sensation lingered in the sensorium after the brain was separated from the heart. I hinted to my friend the executioner, however, that I must have some more experiments, to see if the result would be always the same. "No time like the present," he said. "We have still got another to try upon; and we may not again get so good an opportunity as this." They were just bringing the last man

* Several of these statements, more interesting to the man of science than the general public, which Mr. Harcourt had preserved, have been omitted here by the editor.

out of the cart, and I stepped politely up, and asked his name. "Excuse me, sir," he said. "I shall have no name at all in three minutes, and it is not worth while to trouble myself with so useless a piece of baggage for so short a time." I was a little vexed; but I formed my plan in a moment, and told the executioner what to do. As soon as the head was off, he took it up, and held the face right toward me. I had an open penknife in my hand, and I darted the point toward the pupil of the eye. The eyes closed instantly, remained closed for a moment, and then opened again. There was no sort of convulsive movement that I could detect about the features; and here was another indication. Still, I do not mean to say that these experiments were as satisfactory as I could have desired. It was lucky, however, that I seized that opportunity; for that very night my worthy friend of the pulley and the knife was struck with complete paralysis of his lower extremities. You may see him in the town, dragging about his legs in a go-cart. The man who was appointed in his room was a brutal fellow, without any real love for science, and I never could get him to give me any facilities whatever. One time, when I was applying to him, he growled forth a hope that he should have me under his hands some day; adding, "And then you will know as much about it as you want to know." I thought it best, after that, to hold aloof, and let him forget me.

HESTER.

CHAPTER I.

"THEY'RE only a ha'penny, sir—any one you like;—only a ha'penny."

"No!" said the gentleman addressed, with great emphasis and decision, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, but with inflexible determination straight before him.

"Oh sir, please do!" the first little voice said again. It was a very sweet, faint, childish voice, and there was a very earnest, plaintive tone in it, as it made its simple entreaty. Perhaps the gentleman thought so; for, with a sudden jerk of his head, he turned round, and fixed a pair of very bright gray eyes upon the little ragged creature who was struggling, not very successfully, to keep up with his rapid pace. He came to a stop as soon as he saw her, and planted his walking-stick firmly in the ground.

"They're all different, sir," the child said, eagerly but timidly presenting a little bird, formed of a flat piece of pasteboard, covered with black velvet, for the approbation of the stranger.

"And what do you think I'm going to do with that!" the gentleman asked fiercely, as he gazed with unspeakable contempt upon the diminutive object that was being held up to him.

"I thought you'd buy it, sir," the child said, in a frightened whisper, drawing in her hand again, and preparing to back out of sight.

"You thought I'd buy it, did you! And did you think I'd play with it too!" the gentleman said, with still increasing emphasis.

"I don't know, sir," the child answered, with her eyes fixed on his. "A good many gentlemen *do* buy them for their children," she added, after a moment's thought.

"For their children, do they! Well, I've got a child, so there's a halfpenny. Now give me one—a good one."

"There's the biggest, sir," the child said, with an instinctive feeling that the biggest was best suited to her customer. "Thank you, sir;" and she was moving away.

"Stay still!" growled the gentleman.

"Yes, sir," said the child, staying still accordingly.

"You must lead a very pleasant life, no work, no lessons, nothing to do all day but to play with these birds. Come, don't you?"

"I don't ever play, sir," she said—not saying it as if it were any thing strange.

"Not play!" cried the gentleman, quickly. "Why, what on earth *do* you do, then!"

"Just go about with them all day, sir."

"Go about with *what*?"

"With the birds, sir."

"Oh, with the birds, do you! Well, there's nothing very hard in that."

"No, sir," said the child faintly, thinking he waited for an answer.

"And when you've sold the birds, what do you make of the money!"

"I take it home to my mother, sir."

"Oh, you've got a mother! And she sells birds somewhere else, I suppose!"

"No, sir, she makes them."

"And sits comfortably at home while she sends you out to sell them! Well, I like that! —And so she is making birds!"

"No, sir, these are the last."

"The last! What, won't she make any more!"

"We've used every thing up, sir."

"What—all the velvet!"

"Yes, sir, and the card and all."

"That's a bad job!"

"Yes, sir."

"And when did it all come to an end!"

"A week ago, sir."

"A week ago, did it! And what's your mother been doing since!"

"Starving, sir."

"Starving!" the gentleman cried, in such a voice that the child involuntarily retreated; "starving, and nobody doing any thing to help her! And are *you* starving too! Are you hungry!"

"Oh yes, sir!" she answered, in a tone as if *not* to be hungry was a thing she had never imagined.

"Oh, God help her!" cried the stranger suddenly to himself. "What, are you *always* hungry!" and he turned to her again; "did you *never* have enough!"

"I don't know, sir," the child hesitated; "I don't remember."

"It's a bad case—a shocking bad case," said the gentleman, frowning at the child, and shak-

ing his head so vehemently, that she got more alarmed than ever, and again began to retreat backward, but with a single step he was up to her again.

"Well, and what do you expect I'm going to do?"

"Sir?" stammered the child, with dim visions of a police-office floating through her brain.

"I say, what do you suppose I am going to do?"

"Oh, sir, please don't do any thing, because, because—" and she burst into tears, and looked round despairingly for some possibility of taking flight.

The gentleman looked confounded.

"Why, what do you think I *want* to do?" he cried, stamping his stick upon the stone pavement to give more emphasis to his words, a proceeding which was certainly unnecessary, for they almost made the child leap off her feet, and arrested her tears so completely that for very terror not another fell.

"I don't know, sir; but, if you please, sir—if you'd let me go now, I wouldn't ever trouble you again," the child murmured timidly, in very great childish distress.

"Let you go and starve—of course I will!—the very thing I'll do!" the stranger said, shaking his head at her more angrily than ever. "Come, what's your name?"

"Hester, sir."

"Hester, is it? Well, Hester, and where do you live?"

"In Monmouth-street, sir."

"A bad place—a very bad place. Up or down?" said the gentleman.

"Down," said the child on a venture, "down in a cellar."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, drawing a long breath between his teeth, "just the place to starve in. Well, Hester, I'll give you sixpence if you'll take me there."

With sparkling eyes, the child looked up at him: "Oh! will you, sir?" she cried.

"Will I? There it is for you. Why, Hester, you don't seem much used to sixpences?"

"Oh no, sir!" she said earnestly, as she turned it over and over.

"Well, well, you can look at it another time; come away now. No, stop a moment. Don't move from this spot!" and the gentleman darted from her side, disappearing so suddenly that she looked around her in blank amazement. Before she had recovered, he was back again with a couple of buns in his hand, which being of a most overgrown and unusual size, had caught his eye in a shop window.

"Now, Hester, begin to eat," he said gruffly. "There, now, you'll never hold them both, and the birds, and the sixpence too—give the birds to me; now eat quickly. Well, is it good, well made, well baked?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the earnest answer, more earnest in look than in words. "I haven't had one such a time," she ventured to add, for her fear was beginning to pass away beneath the rough kindness of her new friend.

"Not for such a time, haven't you, Hester? Well, but I suppose you look into the bakers' shops, and get half the pleasure of the things so, don't you?"

"Not lately, sir, since I've been very hungry," she said gently.

"Oh, Hester, you've been hungrier than ever of late, have you?" the stranger said, and the voice was almost soft, so that in amazement Hester looked up into his face, and saw that it too was very full of kindness.

"Oh, it's been much worse this last month or two, sir," she said, in a touchingly hopeless, uncomplaining tone; "some days we haven't had any thing at all."

"Nothing at all, Hester! And what have you done then?"

"There wasn't any thing to do, sir," the child said.

The gentleman walked on very quickly indeed, so quickly that Hester, running, was just able to keep up with him, and could only every now and then give a bite to her great bun, for to most people it is difficult to run and eat together, but especially to those who are starving, and have little breath to spare at any time. It was a very feeble, slow, unsteady kind of running too, such as might be expected from a child who could never remember once in its life to have had enough to eat.

"It just turns off the street, sir; it's down here," Hester said, quite breathless; but, with a great effort, catching the gentleman's coat tail as he was swiftly passing on. It brought him to a stand-still at once.

"Oh, it's down here, Hester, is it? Well, that's worse still! What! not got through the bun yet?" the gentleman said with an alarming gesture. "Ah, it's very clear you're not used to eating. Come along—go on in front, and point out the place. Now, now, Hester, you needn't run, just walk as I do. Why, bless me, it's my belief you've been running all this time! Now, is this the place, Hester?"

"Yes, sir. I think I'd better go in first."

"I certainly think you had: but take care, child—take care! Oh, heaven help her—what practice she's had! Now, Hester, take my hat, and put it down carefully, for I'm coming," and gently and cautiously he began the descent of the short, steep ladder.

"If you please, sir, I'll just take hold of your foot," Hester said from below.

"What?" roared the gentleman, abruptly stopping in his descent, and clinging with both hands and both feet to the ladder, immovable.

"Just to help you, sir, in case you should miss the steps," the child said.

"Ah, well, you may do that if you like, so that you don't throw me down. Yes, yes, I feel—now, that'll do. Give me my hat. Come, where's your mother? Has she gone out?"

"Gone out!" the child echoed mournfully; "oh! sir, she couldn't. It's the next room, sir; this isn't ours, only we've got no door of our own."

They passed through a low opening in the wall into an adjoining cellar, whose only light came through an aperture nearly at the top of the wall. It was not a window—had never been a window, but simply a square hole, through which a glimpse of the narrow, blackened street could be caught. The only air that ever entered the room came through it, and rain, and wind, and snow came through it too, all unhindered, for there was nothing that would serve for even a temporary shutter. There was no fireplace in the room, no sign any where of fire. The walls and ceiling were black with age and dirt; the floor was blacker still, for it was made of clay, moist, and uneven, and cold as ice. Within the cellar there was no furniture at all, except in one corner the skeleton frame of a bedstead—four posts of old deal, polished by wear, with transverse poles connecting them at the head; but the thing was a mere mockery, for there was nothing to support the wretched, torn mattress, and it lay in the centre of the four posts upon the damp, cold ground. From this corner there came a faint voice as they entered the room.

"Oh, thank God! I thought I should never see any one again," and then it went off into a low groan.

"Mother, mother, here's a good gentleman come: he's given me sixpence and two great buns. Look, mother dear—eat it."

The woman raised a thin, wasted hand, and took the cake, looking at it with a hungry, starved look, and then she shook her head, and bursting into tears, murmured, "I can't do it now."

"Oh, mammy!" the child said, sobbing too, but quite perplexed, not understanding why she couldn't eat.

"Good God! she's dying!" the stranger cried, with intense emotion; and in a moment he was on his knees on the bare ground. "My good woman, tell me what I can do? Is there no one living here to whom I can apply?—no doctor near? Try to rouse yourself! Oh, Hester, child, do what you can for your mother!"

The woman raised her eyes to his with a strange kind of amazement, with a look such as none but those who have no friend in the wide world can give; and then, after a moment, she said, "God bless you!" in a voice that trembled, and turned away her head.

"Hester, do you know where to find a doctor?" the gentleman said hastily.

"No, no, I don't want one," the woman faintly whispered; "he couldn't do any thing—it's been coming on a long time."

"Some wine!" the gentleman exclaimed; "that's the thing! Hester, there's money—go and get a bottle of wine at once. Quick, don't be a minute. Oh! God help us!—God forgive us!" he cried, pressing his hands together.

The dying woman's eyes were turned on him again.

"Hester didn't know it was so near," she said; "I kept it from her, and I hoped that to-day, or some day soon, I should die when she was away. But I didn't know how hard it was—how horrible it was—to die alone; I didn't think that, after all that's passed, the end could be so bad."

There was something strangely lethargic in her voice, as if starvation had deadened every feeling, even now in the hour of death.

"It mayn't be too late yet, it mayn't be too late," the stranger said, eagerly, taking the woman's thin hand in his, as tenderly as if she had been some one whom he loved; "but lie still until Hester comes; hush! lie still."

She was a delicate-looking woman, with regular features, and large dark gray eyes. The face was so worn and wasted with care, and suffering, and hunger, that there was little of beauty left now, but she must have been handsome once. Hester was very like her, but hunger had robbed her of her beauty too, and pinched and sharpened the little face.

"Here you are, Hester; well, have you got it? Oh, child, don't cry so! Now, my poor woman, raise your head; take care, can you swallow it? There, that'll do at first. Hester, lay her head right. No, wait a moment, wait a moment," and he tore off his outer coat; "here, put this under her. Oh! heaven help her, what *is* that pillow made of?"

"Oh, mammy dear! you're better now!" Hester whispered, trembling, and full of fear, she scarcely knew for what. "Couldn't you eat a little bit now?—try it; oh, mammy, do try it!"

But the woman shook her head, and feebly put the food aside again; then suddenly, as her child still bent over her, she stretched out her arms, and passionately clasped her to her bosom, crying, "Hester, Hester, my little child!" with bitter tears.

"Oh, mammy dear!" was all the weeping child could say, as she clung to her.

How many a dying mother, clasping her little child for the last time to her, has not felt so great a bitter, passionate anguish, that half-consciously in her heart she has bid defiance to death, and, with a wild rising in her soul, has said that it shall not part her from her child? And when the paroxysm of despair has passed, and she gives it into a loving Father's arms, and with clasped hands and gentler tears, says to her heavenly Father that she is resigned, and will be content to die, do we not say that faith is strong in her?

Strong in *her*! then what would it need to be in those who, dying, leave their children fatherless and friendless, without a roof to cover them, without a crust of bread to eat, without one single thing in this wide world to call their own; surrounded with dangers, with snares, with temptations; vice and sin on their right hand and on their left, and before and behind them nothing but starvation and death—what would it need to be in them? And what must

their agony be, as, without hope, and without faith, and, in their terrible despair, almost striving to believe that death *is* an eternal sleep, they take their last passionate embrace of the thing they are being torn from forever!

Kneeling by her side, the stranger tried to soothe and comfort her; and as she still wildly wept and clasped her child, he prayed her to be calm; but at the word she turned upon him with such sudden energy that he shrank back involuntarily.

"Calm!" she cried; "who are you who *dare* to tell me to be calm? Do you think because I lie here starving to death—because sorrow, and suffering, and misery, have been pressing down on me for years, killing me by slow torture—because I have no food, no money, no friends, do you think I am to be treated as if I had not still a woman's heart What can you know of my agony—you, well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed? I was all that once; I know how the rich feel for us!" and she laughed with bitter scorn. "Look here, look at this child, she is all I have in the world, the only thing I have had for years; I have lived, and struggled, and suffered for her; I have done every thing but sin for her, and it was she alone who kept me from that, and now I am dying! I am dying! and what do you think will become of her! Oh, man! will you tell me to be calm again? I tell you, if you were to take my child—my child, the one solitary thing that my heart yearns over—if you were to take her and kill her before my eyes, I could almost thank you. I have tried to do it; I have tried, but I could not! Do you shrink from me? You didn't think this was in me; why did you give me your wine to rouse the devil in my heart! I had scarcely strength to speak, scarcely strength even to feel, when you came; it would all have been over now, but you have made me mad! Had not I suffered enough before that? could you not have let me die in peace? Oh, Hester, my child!" she suddenly cried, with a softened voice, stretching out her arms to her; "my child, my darling! come to me again. I say wild words, don't mind them; I am ill, oh! hold me close, close! Blessings on the dear arms, blessings on the dear lips!—my little child! my little child!"

Again they clung to one another, and the woman's fierce face was full of love again, and her burning eyes gushing out with tears. There was silence in the wretched room, except for their sobs, they, too, becoming presently faint and low, for the woman's momentary strength was fading from her, and her soul was about to pass away.

Then, in the stillness, the stranger spoke, bending over her, and speaking slowly and solemnly, that she might hear his words.

"Listen to me, that you may die in peace. As I kneel now in God's sight, I promise that I will take your little daughter home with me to my house, to live with me, and to be to me as my own child. By God's blessing she shall never know hunger or poverty any more. Do you consent to this?"

She looked at him almost wildly, in an agony of half-believing, half-doubting joy. With one last effort of strength she grasped his arm, and said, "You are not mocking me!" in such a tone of passionate eagerness.

"God forbid!" the stranger cried.

She fixed her eyes upon him for one moment longer, and then such a look broke over her face, as though a ray of heavenly light had pierced through that dark, miserable room, and fallen upon her. Her joy and gratitude were unutterable; she could not speak them; but as she burst into new tears, she sobbed forth, "I think there is a God!" and hid her face, as if in shame and penitence.

"Yes, there is a God; a God who hears the prayers of the wretched and the sorrowful," the stranger said in a low, firm, gentle voice; "oh, woman, believe in Him!"

There was a few moments' pause.

"I do believe," she whispered, clasping her feeble hands; "oh, God forgive me!"

"Mother!" Hester murmured, half-fearfully, laying her head down upon her bosom.

"Oh, my darling, pray for me, too!" the softened woman said. "I have sinned—I have sinned; God be merciful to me!"

Solemnly and gently, still stooping over her, the stranger spoke again.

"'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest for your souls.'"

And as the last words died away, with one low, deep sigh, a life was yielded up, and a weary, suffering spirit was released from earth, and went away to find its long, deep rest.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was very little to be learned about the history of the woman who had died. Mr. Thurnell—such was the name of Hester's new friend—made all inquiries that were possible concerning her, but who she was, except that she had called herself Mrs. Ingram, or where she had lived before her arrival at this house, he was quite unable to ascertain. During the two years she had lived there, she had always been miserably poor, the woman of the house said; but it had got worse and worse toward the end, until every article of furniture in their wretched cellar had been sold, and they were sometimes for days together without food.

Hester herself had faint recollections of living once in a large house, and of some one whom she used to call "Papa," but who was never kind to her or to her mother. Every body, she thought, was very miserable, and the house seemed often in great confusion; and one night, she remembered, as if it had been a dream, that her mother came crying bitterly, and snatched her in passionate haste from the little bed in which she was sleeping, and carried her in her

arms out into the dark street, sobbing and weeping wildly. And from that night she did not think she had ever seen her father, or the house where she had lived, again; but she and her mother had staid always together, going about from place to place, and getting ever poorer and poorer, until they came here at last. She did not know how long they had been wandering, but it seemed to her a very, very long time.

And this was all that Mr. Thurnell could learn about the previous history of his adopted child.

The sun shone very brightly, and the air was very soft and warm for an April morning, as little Lily Thurnell stood at her father's gate, watching for her father's coming home. It was a rustic gate of twisted boughs, between two of which Lily's curly head looked out upon the road, for Lily was a little thing, not four years old, and there was quite room enough between the bars of that garden-gate for such a little head as here to insert itself. So now looking through the wide bars of her prison, now gayly running through the winding walks of the great old garden, with the soft spring breeze blowing back her golden curls, and singing all the time all kinds of merry little songs, Lily spent an hour of that bright April morning before her father came.

But at last, from far away, her quick ears caught the sound of carriage-wheels, and flying to the house, she called aloud for some one to unlock the gate; then, standing in the open entrance, and clapping her little hands with joy, she waited with impatience for her father to alight.

"Well, my little pet, so you're all ready for us?" cried Mr. Thurnell's strong, cheerful voice; and in another moment Lily was caught up from the ground, and raised high in the air in her father's arms, and for two or three moments there was a mingled sound of hearty kisses, and merry laughter, and glad childish words of welcome; and then, without further prelude, Lily was on the point of launching forth into an account of every thing that had happened since her father went, when he laughingly stopped her with—

"Wait a little bit, Lily! We'll hear all about that presently, but there's something else to be done first. Don't you know I've brought you a little friend? Hester, my dear, give me your hand. There, Lily, down with you—down on the step. That's right! Now, my dears, kiss one another."

But Lily, standing on the carriage-step, hung her pretty head, and even showed a decided inclination to put her finger in her mouth, and Hester, from within, colored very deeply, and looked very timidly and distressfully on the ground.

"Come now, what is it?—what's the matter? Can't you look at each other? Lily, behave like a lady! Why, Lily, I'm ashamed of you!"

Upon which poor Lily's eyes began to fill with tears, and there seemed less chance than ever of her conducting herself like a lady; but, fortunately, upon Hester the rebuke had a better effect, for she raised her eyes for a moment to Mr. Thurnell's face, then dropped them upon Lily, and finally, hesitating a moment, moved a little nearer to the door, and took Lily's two hands into hers.

"That's right, Hester! that's a good girl, my dear!" said Mr. Thurnell, approvingly.

Then, blushing a good deal, Hester knelt down, for Lily being such a little thing, and standing on the carriage-step, she was far below Hester, and stooping forward she gave Lily a very quick, tremulous kiss upon her soft, round cheeks, and whispered very gently and timidly, "Sister Lily!" And then Lily at last looked up. There must have been something in the quiet, gentle, sad little face to take away fear, and inspire confidence and love, for as Lily looked at her suddenly all her shyness passed away, and gazing for one moment on her, all at once, with a few murmured childish words, the little arms were raised, and the soft hands clasped round Hester's neck, and a little shower of kisses came down on her pale cheek. But while Lily laughed tears gathered fast in Hester's eyes, although she dropped their lids, and with her long, dark lashes hid them, smiling the while as Lily kissed her. And then they walked together, hand in hand into the house, and from that day—from that very hour, they grew to love each other.

Such a merry, light-hearted little creature was Lily Thurnell, that it seemed as if nothing like pain or sorrow could live near her. Sad as Hester was when she first came to her new house—sad, not only on account of her mother's death, but because for so many years sorrow and poverty had been her daily companions—not many days had passed before a strange, new feeling of joy began to put fresh warmth and life into her half-dead heart—before the slow, weary, unelastic step began to grow so light and gay that she herself was full of wonder at it—before the heavy-lidded eyes began to beam with a clear, hopeful light—before the pale, hollow cheek grew touched with rose, and the sad and sickly smile changed to a merry laugh, and the low, timid, tremulous voice grew strong, and sweet, and clear. It was a strange and touching thing to see how, in the light and warmth and happiness around her, the stunted life began at last to expand. She had suffered so much almost without knowing it—she had lived for so long so utterly without joy or hope—that gradually and unconsciously she had grown accustomed to her wretched life—had ceased ever to think that any change would come—ever almost to wish for it; all that was childlike in her had withered away—had been starved out of her; a listless torpor had by slow degrees crept over her, deadening the little life that still remained—day by day making her more insensible to the misery and poverty that was around her; every thing that was beautiful in her—every thing that was natural—had been, as it were, frozen up: now, at last, in

this new warmth the ice began to melt, the sluggish blood began to flow again, the almost forgotten hopes and feelings of her early childhood began once more, after their long sleep, to come to life. She was like one who had been blind receiving her sight again; and blind she had indeed been, living in ever-deepening darkness, knowing and seeing nothing of all the beauty that was in the world around her, forgetting even the little that she once had known.

She grew to be so happy in this new, kind home; not happy altogether as Lily was, for Lily seemed to live in sunlight and laughter, and to be herself a very embodied joy—a thing that never could know pain or grief; and Hester, changed and beautiful as all things were around her, could never forget what her life once had been, and thus she did not grow gay and laughter-loving like Lily, but had a grave, still look about her, very unlike the laughing sunshine of Lily's face, which never passed away, but grew ever more deeply sweet, and gentle, and calm. A smile lay always hidden in the dimples round Lily's rosy lips, a world of merry thoughts was always looking out from Lily's deep blue eyes, her voice was full of softest laughter, her step like that of one who ever hears some hidden music, her every movement was so full of grace, and joy, and love, that one might read all that was in her heart only by silently looking at her.

It was not in Hester's nature to be so very glad. Happy as she was, having almost every thing in the world that she could wish for, for herself, she kept always in her heart so deep a memory of all she once had been, that her joy, if it was not clouded, was at least subdued, and calmed by thoughts of others' griefs. With a pale cheek, with tearful eyes and quivering lips, she would listen to all tales of poverty and suffering, bursting sometimes into wild weeping, as though the poor and sorrowful were all her friends; and often meeting some poor child with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, the impulse of her love and pity would become so strong, that she would throw her arms about it, sobbing so bitterly, as though *she* was the sufferer—trying to speak childish words of comfort to it—comforting it with all she had of more substantial things than words.

Even when she was young there was a strangely thoughtful look in her large gray eyes, which deepened still more as she grew up. Not but that they could look bright, too—both bright and gay, and could laugh almost as merrily as Lily's own; but in their ordinary expression there was a little touch of sadness, or, perhaps, rather of gravity than sadness; yet it passed mostly away when she raised the long-fringed lids that often, when she was silent or alone, threw a soft shadow across their clearness. It was very natural that she should be a little grave and thoughtful, for as her childhood passed away it could not be but she must often think about her unknown father—often long to hear some tidings of him—still more often sorrow over her mother's sufferings and death. Happy as she was, it was most natural, that, as she grew up to womanhood, this thought, that she had no one in the world to claim her, no one who *owed* her love, should weigh heavily upon her. Mr. Thurnell was as a father to her, Lily like a sister, and as a father and sister she loved them; but yet, in many silent hours, an unutterable longing would come upon her to know something of her own people: cruel as she could not but believe her father was, her loving heart yet yearned so strangely toward him.

This was the one sorrow that she had, and she kept it a secret in her own bosom. Perhaps it was not hidden there from Mr. Thurnell's eyes, but if he guessed it, he guessed, too, her wish to hide it, and so hid from her his own knowledge. Most kind and good he was to her, and kind and good he was to all; for, beneath his rough exterior there beat a noble, warm, and generous heart. He treated Hester like his own child, and almost like his own child he loved her, and she returned his love so eagerly, so warmly, and with overflowing and unspeakable gratitude for all that he had done for her. Her gratitude from the first almost oppressed her: she had tried once or twice to thank him, and the thought of what he had saved her from moved her always so deeply that tears only came instead of words; but he well understood her, and ever tried to make her feel that she far more than rewarded him for his kindness to her.

And it was true, for as she grew up she became the good angel of the house. Lily was a bright little spirit, gay, and beautiful, and lovable, whose use in the house was to be a beam of sunlight, to make every body glad who looked at her, and listened to her merry voice and silver laughter; but, to tell the truth, sometimes Lily hid herself, as the sun himself does, for a little while, under a cloud. For Lily was a petted child, and just a little spoilt by petting; but so joyous and so beautiful, that every body loved her at first sight, and continued, too, with rare exceptions, to love her always, forgiving and half-forgetting her faults, for the sake of all that was noble and lovable in her. And of all her friends, none loved her half so dearly as Hester did, none admired her so warmly, none was so good and true a friend, though perhaps she, too, helped a little now and then to spoil her. And Lily loved her with her whole warm heart, and looked up to her, and, in a docile mood, would let herself be guided by her, and sometimes, when she was very humble, as she could be at times, she would even wish that she was as sensible, and as useful, and as even tempered as Hester, and, throwing her arms round Hester's neck, would ask her to forgive her all her willfulness and naughtiness, and to love her always, receiving such an answer—pretty, spoilt Lily!—as would put at once all her humble thoughts quite to flight again.

And so the two girls grew together, loving each other dearly, until Lily was eighteen, and Hester two-and-twenty.

CHAPTER III.

It happened in the early summer, about that time, when Lily was just past eighteen, that she went for a fortnight's visit to a country house, some twelve or fourteen miles from Mr. Thurnell's. Such visits were of very frequent occurrence, for both the girls were extremely intimate at this house of the Gilbournes', and were, one or other of them, continually running away to their friends there for a few days during the summer; but this particular visit of Lily's was a far more important one than she, or Hester either, had ever paid before, and brought very important and unexpected consequences after it—for in the course of it Lily fell in love. So, at least, every body said but Lily herself, who contended stoutly for months afterward that it was only Mr. Staunton who fell in love with her, and that she had nothing at all to do with it until long afterward, when, simply out of pure compassion for him, she was induced to follow his example. But whether Lily's account of the matter was the true one or not, about one thing there was no doubt at all—and even she herself was too happy to deny it—that when his example *was* followed, it was followed with her whole warm, true, loving heart. And, in truth, Mr. Staunton was worthy of all the love she gave him.

He was the nephew of a gentleman who had very recently settled in the neighborhood, a Colonel Staunton, of whom, however, little was known besides his name, and the fact that he was a wealthy man, for he was a confirmed invalid, and rarely or never left his house. He had been Mr. Staunton's guardian, and being still his nearest living relative, his consent was in due time asked, as a matter of courtesy, at least, if nothing more, to his nephew's marriage with Lily, and very cordially given; a little, as it seemed, to Mr. Staunton's relief. Besides signifying his approbation to his nephew, Colonel Staunton also addressed a courteous note to Mr. Thurnell, apologizing for his inability to call on him and his daughter, but warmly inviting them to visit him at his own house. The invitation was of course accepted, and they all went.

They reached the house early, for they were to spend the day there; and, while Hester and Lily had retired to remove the out-of-door portions of their dress, Mr. Thurnell, at Colonel Staunton's request, was at once ushered into his presence. In half an hour afterward, he returned to fetch Lily, and she, with Hester, for Lily was a timid little thing, and would not go alone, accompanied him to Colonel Staunton's room.

As they entered, Colonel Staunton rose to meet them, and came forward. He was like a man who had grown prematurely old. His hair was scarcely gray, and his age might not have much exceeded fifty, but his eye was dim and sunken, his white and hollow cheeks seamed with wrinkles, his step feeble and unsteady, his whole appearance worn out and faded; and yet, in strange opposition to all else about him, his manner was almost courtly in its studied urbanity and ceremonious politeness. But it ill-suited him. The artificial smile with which he came forward to meet his visitors sat strangely on his pale, withered lips. The very first tones of his voice raised an involuntary suspicion of insincerity; the still visible remains of eminent handsomeness of form only seemed to make the faded face and figure more unprepossessing.

Lily came in a little in advance; before Mr. Thurnell could introduce her, he guessed that it was she who was to be his future niece, and at once addressed her:

"Miss Thurnell, I have to make a thousand apologies—and yet I scarcely know how to regret my inability to visit you, since I am indebted to it for the pleasure I now—"

The sentence broke off abruptly, and in an instant Colonel Staunton stood in perfect silence, but a great and sudden change had come over him. The false smile had passed from his lips; the whole studied expression of high-flown courtesy had vanished from his face; every thing that was artificial and unreal seemed in a moment, as if by magic, to have been torn away from him; more haggard even than before, more deadly pale, he stood still by Lily's side, holding the tips of her fingers in his hand; but her very existence was forgotten, for, looking beyond her, his eyes had fallen, and were fixed in wild amazement upon Hester's face.

For one instant every thing was silent, for all were thrown into a sudden, strange surprise; then, in a shaking voice, yet loud and passionate, Colonel Staunton cried, "Who is this girl?" and his eyes, not dim now, but burning with a fierce, uneasy light, flashed for an instant upon Mr. Thurnell, then fixed themselves again where they had rested first.

Mr. Thurnell stood by Hester's side, and answered steadily and calmly, "She is my adopted daughter; her name is Hester Ingram."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when, with a wild cry, they were echoed through the room.

"Hester Ingram! Hester Ingram a girl like that! Are you daring to mock me!" and from one to another of the astonished group his piercing glance went like a flash of fire; then, with a quick step forward, he was by Hester's side, with his hand upon her shoulder, grasping her firmly.

She shook from head to foot, her color went and came, her heart beat passionately with a wild hope, a wild fear; her eyes met Colonel Staunton's, as he gazed upon her, with a pleading, melting look, that seemed to move him strangely, for, as he looked on her, his lips began to tremble, his frowning brow began to be unknit, the fierce expression of his eyes began

to soften, as though the reflected light from hers was falling on them.

Some moments passed in perfect silence; then Colonel Staunton spoke again, and it was to Hester that he addressed himself. There was an assumed calmness in his voice as he began, and yet, against his will, it trembled.

"Your name, you say, is Hester Ingram. Will you permit me to inquire if Ingram was your father's name?" He bent his eyes more eagerly than ever on her face.

"I never knew my father's name," she answered, in a low, agitated voice; "my mother's was the same as mine."

"Her maiden name, you mean! her maiden, not her married name?" he asked, eagerly and impatiently.

"I do not know which. When I was very young, she left my father's house; I was too young to know what name she bore there."

"Go on!" he cried, impetuously. "She left her husband's house—where did she go? what became of her?"

"She went from one place to another. We were very poor—she died at last of starvation!" and, sobbing, Hester hid her face upon her hands. The piercing gaze fell from her face now at last.

"Give me a seat," he whispered, in a low, hoarse voice, and, almost staggering, he moved back a step or two, and, sinking on a chair, his head fell down upon his breast.

No one approached or spoke to him; but kind and strengthening words were whispered into Hester's ear, and kind, warm hands clasped hers. But she could not answer them: her whole soul seemed to be absorbed in the silent, intense gaze that she had fixed on Colonel Staunton's face. Suddenly, when more than a minute had gone by, he lifted his head again, and, rising for a moment from his chair, said slowly—

"Leave the room, all of you; let me speak alone with—my daughter."

A half-broken, stifled cry burst from Hester's bosom: not any word from her or any one. Silently, with only from Mr. Thurnell one pressure of the hand, they went away, and Colonel Staunton and Hester were left together.

"Hester! come near to me!" he said.

She came, almost mechanically, like one walking in her sleep; but when she had reached where he sat, and saw the hand that was coldly put out to meet her, something that the shock of his last words had deadened within her, sprang suddenly into life again. Forgetting every thing but what he was to her, she broke into a passionate flood of tears, and sobbing "Father!" she fell down at his feet, and clasped her hands around his knees.

He started at her sudden action, and for a moment almost shrank back from her; but, cold, and selfish, and almost heartless as he was, there was something so touching in the gush of undeserved, involuntary love with which she met him, that it awakened something like affection even in his bosom, and, yielding to the sudden impulse that he felt, he raised her from the ground, and whispering, "My poor child!—my poor injured child," he held her closely in his arms, and let her weep upon his bosom.

They sat down side by side, and talked together. She told him all her and her mother's sorrowful wanderings—how they had grown so poor and full of misery—how help came only when it was too late to save her mother's life—how the bread, for want of which she died, when it was brought to her at last, she could not eat; and, as she spoke, bitterly weeping herself, more than one tear rose to her father's eyes. But when, at last, after they had talked together long, she ventured timidly to ask a question that from the first had trembled on her lips, to ask what thing it was that drove her mother from her husband's house, his brow grew clouded, and his voice was full of anger, and, scarcely answering her question, he launched out into loud and violent denunciations of his wife's conduct, which Hester bore in silence, with a heaving heart, until her love and reverence for her mother's memory overcame all other feelings, and she broke forth with an indignant protest against his unjust words.

He did not answer her when she ceased speaking: perhaps she said some things that touched his conscience; but sat in silence with a frown upon his brow, until his daughter, grieving already that she had said so much, pressed back her tears, and timidly, but with deep earnestness, again began to speak:

"Oh, my father, forgive me for angering you in this first hour! I may have spoken foolishly, speaking of what I do not understand; but think how dear my mother was to me, and *pardon* me; and if she did wrong to leave you, oh, think of all she suffered!—of the wretched death she died!—and forgive her too! Perhaps—father, I am very bold—perhaps there was some fault both on her side and yours;—perhaps each of you misunderstood the other;—perhaps—oh, I know this well!—this happens often between people of high, noble natures!—you could not harmonize together, and so there grew up bitterness between you. Oh, father! let me make excuses for you both—not for her only! Let me love you both! I have loved her all my life—I must love her till I die! but my heart is yearning—oh, it has yearned so many long years—to love my father, too!"

Her eyes had grown so full of tears, that she could not raise them to his face; but, with hands pressed together, with her head bent down, and trembling with an agitation that she could not still, she waited for his answer. It came, and thrilled her with delight, for he held her in his arms again, and bade her love him—love him as she had loved her mother, and prayed God to bless her, thanking Him for having given him back his child, to be a comfort and a joy to him in his old age.

They sat again together, hand in hand, and, with the sudden glow of generous feeling still

upon him, Colonel Staunton spoke about his wife:

"If I was harsh just now in mentioning your mother, Hester, pardon me. She was a noble and high-minded woman, and I loved her: I loved her, if ever I loved any thing in the world; but she—but—hut—we both had faults. We were both warm-tempered. She was very haughty, haughty (and in the recollection of the past his brow began again to darken) as no woman should dare to be toward her husband. She left me in a moment of sudden passion. There was a quarrel, a violent quarrel; Hester, can you expect that I should tell you more! She was gone before I was aware of it, and when I knew it, every thing that it was possible to do, Hester—I give you my word for it—I did, to discover where she had gone, but the search was all in vain. After six months I gave it up, and left England. God knows, I forgive her now, all that she has made me suffer! Mine has been a lonely life—a very lonely life, my child! You have found your father a poor wreck, Hester; and it might have been very different if I had had a kind wife or daughter near me. It is a sad thing to be nursed by none but servants, Hester—a very sad thing!"

Colonel Staunton spoke in such a feeling voice, that the tears sprang into Hester's eyes, and, full of pity, she pressed her lips upon his hand, and murmured, "My poor father!" in such a tone of sympathy, that he probably became more than ever convinced of the greatness of the injury that had for so long been done him.

"But my dear child will not let her father be left again to the care of strangers! My daughter will be my kind nurse now—my kind nurse and my comforter—will she not?"

"Yes, while I live!" was the answer that came from Hester's heart; and again she pressed a long kiss on her father's hand, as if to seal her promise.

Thus Hester found her father: thus, at last, her life's wish was fulfilled, and in the fulfillment the whole current of her life was changed; for she had to leave the house where fourteen years had passed over her head so peacefully and so happily; she had to leave the generous, warm-hearted friends who had been kind and dear as a father and a sister to her, to become the unthanked nurse of an ailing, and overbearing, and selfish man, who, having acknowledged her as his child, and made her the heir of his property, considered that he had purchased the undoubted right to her ceaseless and faithful services while he lived. And she, in her gentle, patient way—it was strange how, with such parents, she had grown up so sweetly tempered—bent herself to his will, and, never murmuring, for ten long years devoted herself entirely to him, living in what sweet Lily Thurnell indignantly called, an absolute imprisonment—and called not untruly; for ever, as the time passed on, Colonel Staunton grew more and more fretful and impatient if she left him even for a few hours, complaining, with such bitter words, that it was hard his own daughter, a girl who had been a poor dependent upon a stranger's charity until her good fortune led him to discover her, should grudge the little attendance on him that he asked; and so wringing her gentle heart—he soon learnt how easily it could be wrung—by talking with affected emotion of the relief his death would be to her, that at last she scarcely ever ventured from the house; and for some years she never saw either Mr. Thurnell or Lily, except when they came, sometimes at long intervals, to visit her at her father's.

A little paler, and a little thinner, and a little sadder-looking, poor Hester grew with every year, and with ever-increasing anxiety and regret her kind friends watched the gradual change; but she never complained, never said that she was ill or weary, never breathed, during all her years of trial, a single discontented word. She had learnt in her childhood such a lesson of patient suffering, that to bear without murmuring seemed almost natural to her.

After ten years had passed, Colonel Staunton died. He never, to the last moment of his life, recognized his daughter's noble spirit of self-sacrifice, but because he spoke kindly to her, and ceased his usual outbursts of ill-temper during the last few days of his illness, she thought herself repaid for all that she had done for him; and when he died, she felt as sorrowful and desolate as though she had lost a real father and a friend. On the day of the funeral, Mr. Thurnell took her home with him again; and there, once more, in the sunshine and the warmth, her heart expanded, and her joy returned, and her pale cheeks recovered their glow of health.

And in that home she still at this time lives, for she has never married, saying laughingly, that she has no time to spare upon a husband; and, indeed, to judge by how fully her time is occupied now without one, it would seem that she must be tolerably in the right; for Mr. Thurnell, though a hale old man, is troubled now and then with a fit of gout, and at such times Hester is his willing nurse; and, of late years, too, he has been a good deal impressed with the opinion, that the spectacles of the present day are not at all to be compared with those of twenty years ago, and therefore he entertains any thing but an objection to Hester's reading out to him—and accordingly Hester does read aloud for two or three hours a day. Then Lily, who lives mostly in London, for Mr. Staunton is a lawyer there, is so continually beseeching Hester to come and stay with her, that she has, at least three or four times a year, to perform a little journey on the Great Western Railway for that purpose, and seldom returns home again without one or other of Lily's children, whose constitutions, they being already the strongest and healthiest little fellows in the world, grandpapa and Cousin Hester are always extremely anxious still more to strengthen and

improve by country air; and Hester is consequently rarely without a wild, high-spirited boy to take charge of, which—for she has an unconquerable love for helping him in all his games—occupies no little portion of her time. Then there are old women in little two-roomed cottages who always brighten at the sight of Hester's gentle, cheerful face upon the threshold; and mothers, with large families, who are not much skilled in needle-work, and never can get their children decently clothed, unless Hester buys, and cuts out, and sews for them; and fathers who are always falling out of work, and leaving the management of their affairs to Hester; and a school which Hester has built herself, and where she must go and teach: and so many more little duties and pleasures than it is possible to enumerate, to be got through every day of her life, that the only wonder is, how she finds any time—not for a husband, *he* is out of the question—but any at all even for herself.

And so, quietly, and busily, and peacefully, Hester Staunton's days pass on. Around her there is nothing but sunshine and content, and love; and, each making the other's life happy, she and her father—for once more they have become father and daughter to each other—thank God from day to day for the Providence that brought them first together.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

For a bright manhood there is no such word as *fail*.

SUCCESS is generally regarded, in the opinion of the public, as the best test of a man: and there is some foundation for the opinion. But impressions greatly vary as to what constitutes true success. With the greater number it means success in business, and making money. Of one we hear it said—"There goes a successful man: he has made thirty thousand pounds within the last twelve months." Of another—"There you see a man who commenced life as a laborer; but by dint of industry, perseverance, and energy, he has amassed a large fortune, bought a landed estate, and lives the life of a country gentleman, though he can hardly yet write his own name: *that's* what I call success." Or of another—"That is Mr. ——, the great astronomer, who was originally the son of a small farmer, and by diligent study and application he has now reached the first rank among scientific men; yet they say he is very poor, and can barely make the ends meet." We suspect that most people would rather exchange places with the laborer than with the astronomer, so ready are we to estimate success and worldly position according to the money standard.

The idea instilled into the minds of most boys, from early life, is that of "getting on." The parents test themselves by their own success in this respect; and they impart the same notion to their children. "Mak siller, Jock," said a Scotch laird to his son, "mak siller—honestly if you can, but mak it." The same counsel, if not in the same words, is that which is imparted, at least by example, if not in express language, to most boys. They have set before them the glory of making their fortunes. That is their "mission," and many perform it diligently, heeding little else but money-making throughout life. Public opinion justifies them in their course—public opinion approving above all things the man who has "made his fortune." But public opinion is not always correct; and sometimes, as in this case, it is obnoxious to the sarcastic query of the French wit who once asked, "And, pray, how many fools does it take to make a public!"

Yet worldly success, considered in the money aspect, is by no means a thing to be undervalued. It is a very proper object of desire, and ought to be pursued—honestly. A man's success in the accumulation of wealth, indicates that he is possessed of at least some virtues: it is true they are of the lower sort—still they are estimable. It is not necessary that a man shall be largely gifted with intelligence, or that he shall have a benevolent disposition, to enable him to accumulate money. Let him scrape long and diligently, and he will grow rich in time. Diligence and perseverance are virtues enough for the mere money-maker. But it is possible that the gold, when made, may lie very heavy indeed upon all the other virtues, and crush both mind and heart under their load.

Worldly success *may*, however, be pursued and achieved with the help of intelligence; and it may be used, as it always ought to be used, as the means of self-improvement and of enlarged benevolence. It is as noble an aim to be a great merchant or manufacturer, as to be a great statesman or philosopher—provided the end is attained by noble means. A merchant or manufacturer can help on humanity as well as other men—can benefit others while he is enriching himself, and set before the world a valuable example of intelligent industry and enterprise. He can exhibit honesty in high places—for in these days we need examples of honesty very much; indeed, a wit has observed, that in the arithmetic of the counter, two and two do not make four. And to test that remark, you have only to gauge a modern pint bottle.

But many successful merchants have declared, that in the end "Honesty is always the best policy." The honest man may not get rich so fast as the dishonest one, but the success will be of a truer kind, earned without fraud, injustice, or crime. "He cozened not me, but his own conscience," said old Bishop Latimer, of a cutler who had made him pay twopence for a knife not worth a penny. Even though honesty should bring *ill* success, still a man must be honest. Better lose all and save honor. "Mak siller" by all means, but make it honestly; otherwise, as the Scriptures express it, in such terrible words—"it will eat your flesh as it were fire."

Success in life is also attained through the practice of economy—another excellent virtue.

But money is so often esteemed as a means of enabling us to take front seats in society, to live in better style, and to produce a glare in the faces of other people, that even many of those persons who have achieved apparent "success in life," are not particularly observant of this homely virtue. We are fonder of living up to the means, and even of living beyond the means, than of living within them. But the end comes at last; and what may have seemed success, often proves a bubble.

Fortunes are made by perseverance; though many try to achieve them as generals do a victory—at a blow. They make a dash at success—speculate largely, and are ready to venture every thing upon a cast. They regard the share and stock market as another Aladdin's Lamp—only give it a rub, and lo! the genii are expected to come with gold at their bidding. But unhappily the speculator as often rubs the wrong as the right way, and then, instead of a gain, there is a loss. And even when there is a gain in that manner, it does a man but little good; for, "what is got over the ——'s back"—you know the familiar proverb well enough, we dare say. These eager-to-be-rich people miss the mark because of their very eagerness. They have not the patience to wait; and De Maistre, the wise Frenchman, says, that "to know how to wait, is the great means of success."

Success in life requires the daily practice of other familiar virtues; as, for instance, punctuality, prudence, foresight, caution—and yet, also, decision and enterprise. Let a man practice these virtues faithfully, and he will almost infallibly succeed in life—that is, he will succeed in accumulating money and rising in social position.

But what avails it all unless the possession of the money makes the man better, wiser, and happier? Is not the life that has ended merely in the accumulation of a huge pile of gold to all intents and purposes a failure, unless the man has been thereby somewhat elevated in the dignity of a thinking being—made more fitted to enjoy life himself, and to communicate blessings to others?

And here let us say, that the success in life which is merely tested by the money standard is an altogether false one. So far as the virtues go which are necessary to be practiced by a successful man of business, they are very well, and the money accumulated is also very good; but in itself it is only so much dross, unless it is used as a means of enjoyment and usefulness. Thousands of men are now making their fortunes by gold-gathering at the Australian diggings. By late advices from Melbourne, there is one laboring man who, after six months digging, had accumulated £24,000 in the bank. There was success! But what did it amount to? The man had accumulated as much metal as would sell in the world's market for the sum above mentioned. There are thousands of other men scraping and digging in the mud and dirt round about Mount Alexander and Ballarat, who are also accumulating gold with like rapidity, and with extraordinary success. And the men return with their gold, richer—abler to command the luxuries of life—with more abundant means of entering upon a career of dissipation; but no better men, no more deserving of admiration, no more worthy of esteem or applause—often, indeed, worse men, hardened in heart, and corrupted in nature, because of their very wealth.

We must set up some other test than gold, then, for true success in life. What shall it be? In this country the possession of acres gives a man a great weight in society; and generally it gives him a high standing. A long rent-roll and as long a pedigree—these are the standards of success come down to us from the feudal times. But the gold-gatherers are coming in upon these men, and buying them out. We have successful laborers, successful merchants, successful bankers, and successful manufacturers, becoming large landed proprietors, and rapidly taking the place of the old squires and landed aristocracy of the country. But this is only the power of gold in another form; and we must have another test besides either breadth of acres or length of purse. As for birth, we can all boast of that. The pedigree of the meanest is as long as that of the greatest. Many of us have lost count, but we all look back to Adam. We do not know that any nobleman can get beyond that.

The truest test of success in life is Character. Has a man built up, not a fortune, but a well-disciplined, well-regulated character? Has he acquired, not mere gold or acres, but virtue, benevolence, and wisdom? Is he distinguished, not for his ingots, but for his philanthropy? That is the only true test of a man.

Gold is every day becoming of less consideration in society. There are so many rich men already, and likely to be so many more richer still, that the possession of mere wealth will entitle a man to no consideration of itself, unless accompanied by some other more rational claims to distinction and respect. The rulers of opinion—the men of mark in society in this day, are most of them self-raised men. They may be rich men—that is very well so far; but they are also men of moral power—of scientific skill—of enlightened judgment—and of large public spirit. It is not the mere power of the till which these men wield, but the power which works in their moral character and disciplined experience. These are the strong men in Parliament now—one of whom was a weaver-boy, another a commercial traveler, and the third a pit-man's boy. Yet these individuals exercise a greater power in society than the roll of dukes or the bench of bishops. One has distinguished himself by his pen, another by his legislative power, and the third by his works—unrivaled in any age. These men are embodiments of success in the truest and highest sense.

It is personal qualities, not the accident of birth or the accumulation of gold or acres, which tell upon society at large. Money is power, it

is true; but so are intelligence, public spirit, and moral virtue, powers, too, and far nobler powers. The making of a fortune may enable many to enter the list of the fashionable and the gentle classes, but it does no more. To be esteemed there, they must possess qualities of mind, manners, or heart, else they are mere rich people—nothing more. There are men in the city almost as rich as Cræsus, who have no consideration extended to them—who elicit no respect—for why? They are but money-bags. Compare them, for instance, with the pamphleteer who gave us the penny postage, and how infinitely less respectable are they! It is the same throughout society. The men of weight—the successful and the useful men—are not necessarily rich men. They are men of sterling character—men of probity and moral excellence. Even the poor man, though he possess but little of this world's goods, may, in the self-consciousness of a well-cultivated nature—of opportunities used, and not abused—of a life spent and improved to the best of his ability—look down, without the slightest feeling of envy, upon the mere man of worldly success—the man of money-bags and acres.

A TEETOTALER'S STORY.

AMONG the energetic workers of the present day, the teetotalers are unquestionably entitled to take a first place. Those who are not teetotalers cheerfully admit this. We have seen the fruits of their labors, and can bear witness that they are good. We have seen them raise from the very sink of vice and depravity men whom every other missionary had abandoned in despair. We know many whom they have elevated from pauperism into comfort, from pollution into cleanliness, from degradation into respectability, from habitual drunkenness into habitual sobriety.

Many are the thrilling tales that teetotalers could tell, of men dragged from the slough of sin into the pure air and sunlight of social well-being and well-doing. But teetotalers are not literary; the hardest workers among them are working men, who have been their own educators. They have no time to write tales, even if they had the literary culture. But teetotal literature is advancing, and the day may come when some genius will arise from the ranks of the teetotalers, to portray the condition of the drunkard, and stir up a universal desire to alleviate their lot, and rescue them from the depths of vice and misery.

We shall never forget a tale of a rescued drunkard, told by one of the teetotal lecturers. It was a statement of his own experience, and its truth can at this day be attested by thousands. The story was told in a rather broad, uncouth dialect, for the speaker had originally been a factory workman, and had raised himself by his own industry and energy, chiefly in this very teetotal cause, to a respectable and highly useful position in society. We despair of being able to impart to our readers the full force of the story as told by the narrator, or to produce any thing like the thrilling effect which he produced upon the meeting in question—for there is an electric influence in the spoken words, which is lost when it is attempted to commit them to the written paper:

"I was out on my first teetotal journey," said the narrator, "and was very new to my mission. I remember that I was dressed in a velveteen cut-away coat, with white mother-of-pearl buttons—just a raw factory lad, full of enthusiasm for the cause: but that is worth a good deal, as you know.

"I reached a town in the northern part of the country. It was a fine summer evening, when I went out into the street to address the people. I borrowed a chair from a poor woman, after being rebuffed from several doors, and carrying it into an open space, near which some children were playing, and laboring people sauntering about after their day's work, I planted the chair there, mounted it, and began to speak—not without great flutterings at heart, and serious qualms as to the success of my speech.

"At the sound of my voice the children ceased from their play and gathered round me, and several of the saunterers also turned aside to hear what I had got to say. At first, some thought I was selling pills; others took me for a Mormon; and when I began to talk about teetotalism—this new-fangled doctrine of abstaining altogether from intoxicating drink—my slender audience began to giggle, some of them jeered at 'fustian-jacket,' and several of them guffawed outright. This was not a very encouraging beginning for a raw speaker.

"While I was still talking, I saw a drunken man swaggering along in the distance, with a lot of boys about him calling out names, and provoking him to swear at them in return. He seemed to notice the little group collected about me, and, like most drunken men when they see a crowd, he at once made toward us. Now, thought I, my evening's work is fairly spoilt: this drunken fellow will put the finisher to my speech; and as he came rolling along, some of the crowd gleefully called out, as if they expected a row, 'Here comes Charley Brown—a real teetotaler: hurrah for Charley!' The children set up a shout; the drunken man staggered in among the audience; and I went on with my speech

"I could not keep my eyes off the man: he was a frightful example of the degradation to which habitual drunkenness may bring one. He was tall and powerfully made, but he was clothed in rags, dirty and unkempt, and his face was one mass of red blotch. The man fixed his drunken eyes upon me as I spoke, and I felt encouraged by his attention, degraded and outcast though he looked. I went on, in homely words drawing a picture of the wretched life of the drunkard, his beggared home, his neglected children, and his ruined wife; and urged again and again that the only radical cure was the teetotal one—

abstinence at once and for ever from all intoxicating drinks.

"By this time, some other tipsy men had joined the audience, and I was told that a beer-shop keeper was among them, who kept up a fire of interruptions, shouting out, 'It's a lie!' 'You're a fool!' and such like; and pieces of rubbish and dirt began to be thrown at me from the outskirts of the crowd

"At this, the drunken man, whom the crowd had saluted by the name of 'Charley,' strode forward, and pushing his way up to where I stood, stretched forth his hand to me. My first thought was, that he meant to pull me down from my chair, and the delighted audience thought so too; but the man called out instead, that I must 'shake hands with him,' which I did at once; and then the man, clapping me on the shoulder, called out, 'Go on, good lad, and let Charley Brown see the man that dares to meddle wi' you!'

"As I afterward learnt, this Charley was the terror of his neighborhood; he was the greatest fighter in the place, and his bashed face bore many evidences of his pugilism as well as of his drunkenness So his patronage at once quelled the rising insults of the crowd, and I was permitted quietly to finish my address. At the end, I offered to take the names of any persons present who might be disposed to join the Teetotal Society, and to my surprise—I may almost say my dismay—the only one who offered to join was the drunken man 'Charley.' I, of course, regarded his taking the pledge as a joke, and offered to defer it until the following morning. 'No!' said he, 'NOW, NOW—I'm your man.' So I took his pledge—I confess reluctantly, and amidst much laughter. No one dared to follow his example—it seemed only too ludicrous.

"Well, I returned the chair to the poor woman from whom I had borrowed it, and was about to proceed toward my humble lodging; but Charley would not leave me. He insisted on accompanying me, arm-in-arm, across the market-place, down the High Street—people coming to their doors to see us pass, and wondering what new mischief that drunken pest had been brewing. Charley even insisted on my going to his house to see his wife and family. I consented to go, for I found I could not shake him off; and I was afterward glad I went.

"I was introduced to the Drunkard's Home, and a more destitute, wretched home I never entered. Down several steps from the street, in a house situated in one of the poorest districts of the place, I landed on the clay floor of Charley Brown's hovel! his wife, ragged and heart-broken, sat by the hearth with a crying child on her knee, and others about her feet. There was scarcely a scrap of furniture in the room; it had been broken to pieces during the drunken outbreaks of her husband, or pawned by him to supply his ravenous appetite for drink. The children were ragged and dirty. There was no place for me to sit down upon, but I stood for a few minutes and told the trembling wife what was my errand to the town, what her husband had that night promised me—that he would entirely abstain from drink for the future; and, turning to him, said I—'Charley, I hope you will keep your promise LIKE A MAN!' 'I will!' said he; 'I am *determined* that I will; and you shall see.' I confess that I despaired! the case seemed so hopeless. Nevertheless, I tried to hope, and I encouraged him as well as I could, and urged his wife to aid him in his good resolution

"The poor woman told me her brief and pitiful story. When she married Charley Brown, he was the handsomest fellow in the place, and one of the best workmen, though rather 'gay.' He was a bootmaker by trade, and when he stuck to his work he could make abundant wages. But latterly, he had been making very short time, and every thing that he made, as well as all their furniture and most of their clothing, had gone for drink. It was a story similar to thousands more—fit to make the heart bleed.

"I took my leave, but promised to call in the morning before leaving town. I did so, and found Charley at his work. He was now quite sober, and distinctly remembered the promise of the previous night. He still said that he was resolved to keep the pledge, and that he would do so. My hopes about the man were now raised, though they were still very weak: and encouraging him to abide by his good resolution, I left him.

"A year passed, and I revisited the town. Of course, my first thought was, what had become of Charley Brown. Often had I reflected about my first visit, and my one convert; and I wondered whether a character so desperate could by this or any other means be made good for any thing. Charley being what is called a 'notorious character' in the town, I had no difficulty in finding him out, though he had removed to another quarter. I knocked at his door, and was admitted. Could I believe my eyes! Was this clean and contented-looking woman the same whom, wretched and ragged, I had visited in the drunkard's home in —— Street but a short year ago! Were these healthy children the same that I had seen, peevish and dirty, sprawling on the mud floor of the old beggar's hovel! It was indeed so! The woman sprang to me with a 'God bless you, sir! God bless you!' and shook me cordially by the hand. 'Oh, how much we owe you, sir—come in, come in!'

"The woman's eyes sparkled with pleasure. She could not do too much for me—offered me the best chair to sit down upon—insisted I should have tea and cake—that I must wait until Charles came in—he would be back presently: and I was resolved to see him, for already I saw clearly enough that the cure was fairly at work, and that the drunken convert had unexpectedly proved a good and true man.

"Of course, I inquired into the cause of the immense improvement which I saw every where

around me, in the wife and children, in the furniture of the dwelling, and in the air of comfort which perraded the place. The story was soon told. 'Charles had kept the pledge. It was a terrible struggle with him at first; but he is a man of a strong will and great force of purpose; so he persevered—gave up his former acquaintances—abandoned the drinking-houses, and stuck to his work. You know, Charles is a capital workman—the best bootmaker in the place, sir. So the wages came in on Saturday nights regular. We soon redeemed our furniture and eight-day clock, which lay in pledge; bought better food and better clothes; and a month or two since we removed to this better house. We have now all that we need to make us comfortable; and if Charles perseveres, by God's blessing, we shall be an honor to the cause in this place, sir. Only last night Charles was speaking of sending the youngest boy to school, where the others already are; and then we shall be all in the way of becoming wiser and better. Oh, sir, it was a blessed day for us, that which brought you to this place, and led Charles to take that pledge. It has been the making of us all.' And the tears were now standing full in her eyes, and dropping down her cheeks. For me, I was quite overcome by her story, and felt more encouraged to persevere in the work than ever I had done before.

"Charley soon made his appearance; he had been carrying home some of his work. The alteration in his appearance was so great that I could scarcely have recognized him: he was clean and well dressed; and on conversing with him I found him intelligent and manly—really a fine hearted fellow at bottom, though his better qualities as a man had so long been obscured and blighted by the accursed drink. We had some delightful conversation together, and the upshot of it was, that a teetotal meeting was determined on for the following evening, when Charley was to appear by me on the platform. The meeting took place, and it was a most successful one. The ice had been fairly broken, and the cause now made steady progress in the town.

"Years passed, and I again visited the scene of my early labors. I wrote to my friend Charles that I was coming by the coach on such a day: and as we drove up to the inn where the coach halted, who should be there but my friend Charles, more improved than ever in appearance. He was now dressed in superfine cloth, and was as spruce as a shop-keeper. He insisted on carrying my carpet-bag, but I almost thought shame to allow him to do so—it seemed so much beneath his appearance.

"'You will scarcely know us now, sir—the good cause has prospered us so much.'

"I was surprised, indeed, when he led me into the market-place; and there, pointing to a sign-board over a respectable-looking shop, I read the words, in gold letters—CHARLES BROWN, BOOTMAKER. I was indeed amazed! My astonishment was increased when, entering his shop, and passing the valuable stock of goods which it contained, I was introduced up-stairs into a comfortable, even handsomely-furnished room, where the tea-things were set out upon the table, and 'Mrs. Brown' was anxiously waiting to give me a hearty welcome.

"I need not pursue the story further. Charles Brown is now one of the most respectable, respected, and thriving inhabitants of his native town. he is owner of a house and lot; and, what is better, is himself a member of a Christian church; and I cite him wherever I go, as one of the most memorable and blessed instances of the renovating, life-giving, and happiness-bestowing power of Teetotalism."

RELAXATIONS OF GREAT MEN.

MEN of the strongest minds need relaxation. The bow can not always be kept bent, otherwise its elasticity is irretrievably injured. Like it, the human mind must be relaxed from time to time, to allow it to recover its strength and tone. This lesson is well taught in the traditionary story related of the Apostle John. A hunter one day passing, appeared much surprised at seeing him caressing a little bird with all the delight of a child. The well-beloved disciple observing his astonishment, said to the hunter, "Why do not you keep your bow always bent!" "Because it would soon lose its strength if it were always strung." "Well!" replied the old man, "it would be the same with my mind; if I gave it no relaxation, it would, in like manner, lose its force."

It is interesting to note the amusements of learned and great men of present and past times. Their predilections, their private tastes, their amusements, their domestic habits, their relaxations—in a word, all that satisfies them, annoys them, amuses them—are capable of furnishing useful lessons to our race; for a man's manners and habits help us to a knowledge of him, and are the best evidence of his real character.

Many great men have delighted in passing their hours of relaxation in the company of children. This betokens a pure and loving nature. Richter says, the man is to be shunned who does not love the society of children. Henry IV. was passionately fond of them, and delighted in their gambols and little caprices. One day, when crawling round his room on all-fours, on his hands and knees, with the Dauphin on his back, and the other children about him urging the king to gallop in imitation of a horse, an embassador suddenly entered and surprised the royal family in the midst of their fun. Henry, without rising to his feet, asked, "Have *you* children, Mr. Embassador!" "Yes, sire" "In that case I proceed with the sport," replied the king.

The Duke of Wellington was, in like manner, extremely fond of children, and was a general favorite with them. He enjoyed their gambols, took part in them, and was constantly presenting them with little keepsakes and presents. The opera was his chief amusement; and he

was a regular frequenter of both houses as well as of the Ancient and other first-class concerts.

Leibnitz used to pass months together in his study, engaged with his laborious investigations. At such times his only relaxation consisted in collecting about him in his study children of both sexes, whom he watched; and sometimes he took part in their frolics. Seated in his easy chair, he delighted to observe their lively movements, to listen to their conversation, and to observe their several dispositions; and when his soul had sufficiently enjoyed the innocent spectacle, he would dismiss the children with sweetmeats, and return to his studies with renewed energy.

Louis Racine says of his father, that he took part in all the children's sports. "I remember a procession we once had," says he in his memoirs, "in which my sisters played the part of the clergy, I was the curate, and the author of *Athalie*, singing in chorus with us, carried the cross."

Napoleon, like Wellington, was fond of children. He used to take the infant king of Rome in his arms, and standing in front of a mirror with him, there made the oddest grimaces in the glass. At breakfast, he would take the child upon his knee, dip his finger in the sauce, and daub his face with it: the child's governess scolded, the emperor laughed, and the child, almost always pleased, appeared to delight in the rough caresses of his father. Those who, on such occasions, had a favor to solicit from the emperor, were almost always sure of being favorably received.

Napoleon also took great delight in the sound of bells. Bourrienne relates, that when walking with him in the avenue at Malmaison, the village bell would interrupt him in his conversation about the gravest matters. He would stop suddenly, and listen, as if not to lose a note; and he seemed to be annoyed at those who did not experience the same delight in bells that he himself did. Once he observed, with emotion, "That sound recalls to my mind the first years I passed at Brienne: I was happy then!"

Louis XIV.'s brother, the duke of Orleans, was also passionately fond of bells, and cared for no other music. He always made a point of resorting to Paris at the times when the bells were set a-ringing, as, for instance, on the day when the vigil of the dead is rung. He used to declare that the ringing gave him a delight quite beyond expression.

Who would have imagined that the grave, the philosophic Socrates, during his hours of leisure, took pleasure in dancing! Yet it was so! By dancing, leaping, and other exercises of the body, he preserved his bodily health; and at other times, when not in the humor for physical exercise, he amused himself by playing upon the lyre, which tuned and tempered his mind. These old Greeks took much more rational methods of educating and developing the whole nature of man than we moderns do. They regarded physical education as the groundwork of mental; and sought to train the bodily powers and develop the muscular energies at the same time that they cultivated the mind by discipline and study. "A sound mind in *a sound body*," was one of their most current maxims.

Many other wise men, besides Socrates, have taken great delight in music. Epaminondas, a famous Grecian general, used to take pleasure in singing at the village festivals. The cruel Nero "fiddled while Rome was burning,"—at least he played the harp, for there were not, as yet, fiddles in those days. Luther delighted in playing the flute, and thus used to soothe his excited feelings. Frederick II. of Prussia, allayed the most violent agonies of mind with the same instrument. An hour's playing generally sufficed to reduce him to perfect tranquillity. Milton delighted in playing the organ; and composed several fine psalm tunes, which are, to this day, sung in our churches. Bentham was passionately fond of music, and played the organ; there was scarcely a room in his house without a piano. He took pleasure even in running his fingers over the keys. Gainsborough, the painter, was a capital performer on the violin.

Byron's great delight was flowers; and while in Italy, he purchased a fresh bouquet every day. He had flowers in every room; and he said to Lady Blessington, that they filled him with a sweet melancholy, and inspired him with serious thoughts. Byron was also fond of animals. In his youth he made a friend of a bear, and, later in life, he formed attachments to dogs—the epitaph on one of which he caused to be graved on its tombstone.

More lovers of children! Cato the censor, no matter howsoever urgent the business of the republic, would never leave his home in the morning without first having seen his wife wash and dress the baby! Cicero, after having put the finishing hand to his orations, called in the children and had a joyous romp with them! A great diversion of the emperor Augustus was to play at games with little children, who were brought from all parts for the purpose—Moorish and Syrian children being his chief favorites. There was one little fellow, of the name of Nucius, who stood only two feet high, and weighed only seventeen pounds, but who, nevertheless, had a prodigious voice; he was an especial favorite. Rousseau said, that nothing gave him greater pleasure than to see little children making fun and playing together. "I have often," says he, "stopped in the streets to watch their frolics and sports with an interest which I see no other person take in them." Yet, inconceivable inconsistency! Rousseau sent his own children to a foundling hospital, and never owned them!

The attachment which some men have formed for animals of various kinds, is an amusing subject. When philosophers have had neither wife nor children, they have taken to dogs, horses, serpents, birds, and even spiders! Goethe rarely passed a day without bringing out from

the chimney corner a live snake which he kept there, and caressing it like a bosom friend. Tiberius, a Roman emperor, also made an intimate companion of a serpent, which he trained to take food out of his hand. Augustus was exceedingly fond of a parrot, but still more so of a quail, the loss of which made him as sad as if he had lost a battle. Honorius, another Roman emperor, was so grieved at the loss of a hen, named Roma, that he would willingly have given Rome itself to bring it back: but Alaric had taken Rome. The emperor Domitian occupied his leisure in catching flies. Louis XI. when ill at Plessis-le-Tours, only found pleasure in an exhibition of dancing pigs, oddly dressed up, which were trained for his special entertainment.

Richter was very fond of tame animals, which he constantly had about him. Sometimes a mouse; then a great white cross spider, which he kept in a paper box with a glass top. There was a little door beneath, by which he could feed his prisoner with dead flies. In the autumn he collected the winter food for his little tree-frog and his tame spider. "How I wish," he wrote once to his friend Otto, "that you could have met me in the street or in the Harmony; then you would have seen my little squirrel upon my shoulder, who bites no longer."

Next to money, Rembrandt loved nothing so much as his monkey. He was one day painting a picture of a noble family, when the intelligence was brought to him of his ape's death. He could scarcely contain his grief, and lamented his unhappy lot. Sobbing and crying, he forthwith began delineating the form of the ape upon the family picture. They remonstrated with him, and protested that an ape was quite out of place in the company of such distinguished personages. The family were most indignant, and ordered him to efface the traces of the animal. But he continued to weep, and went on painting his ape. The head of the family demanded to know whether it was *his* portrait or that of a monkey which Rembrandt was pretending to delineate! "It *is* the portrait of a monkey," said Rembrandt. "Then you may keep the picture." "I think so," said the painter. And the picture still survives.

Henry III. of France was so foolishly fond of spaniels, that he used to carry a litter of them in a basket suspended round his neck when giving his audiences. His passion for these animals cost him on the average not less than a hundred thousand crowns a year. Charles I. of England was also excessively fond of spaniels; and the breed of his dogs is still famous in this country. Frederick the Great was also a great dog-fancier.

The painter Razzi formed friendships with all sorts of animals, and he filled his house with squirrels, monkeys, Angora cats, dwarf asses, he-goats, tortoises, and Elba ponies. Besides these he had an enormous raven, who gravely strode about among the other animals, as if he were the exhibitor of this Noah's ark. When any one knocked at the outer door, the raven called "Come in!" in a loud voice.

Pelisson, confined in the Bastille, made a friend of a spider, which he tamed. The jailer one day, seeing Pelisson take pleasure in contemplating the insect, crushed it under his foot, and left the prisoner distressed and melancholy at the loss of his friend. Latude, in the same prison, made companions of some six-and-twenty rats who inhabited his cell. He gave each of them a name; and they learnt to come to him at his call. He fed them, played with them, and they thus greatly relieved the *ennui* of his captivity.

But Latude only made friends of rats from necessity. The Marquis de Montespan, in perfect freedom of choice, had the extraordinary taste to amuse himself with mice, when occupying the gilded apartments of Versailles. True, the mice were white, and had been brought to him all the way from Siberia; but the taste was a most odd one, nevertheless.

Cardinal Mazarin, the French minister, employed his leisure in playing with an ape; and Cardinal Richelieu amused himself with his collection of cats. The poet Alfieri was proud of his horses, and took great delight in fondling and caressing them. Cowper was at no time so happy as when feeding his tame hares.

There are other historic names associated with pet animals, among which may be named the vulture of Semiramis, the butterfly of Virgil, the starling of Nero, the ape of Commodus, the sparrow of Heliogabalus, and the dove of Mohammed.

Finally, among the other relaxations of learned and great men may be mentioned Calvin's game of throwing dice along a table—whereas Luther was great in nine-pins. When he knocked down all the pins at a stroke he was as much delighted as if he had upset all the papists. Boileau was also very fond of the same game, and when he prostrated the nine-pins, he was better pleased than if he had completed his best ode. Massillon the preacher used to assemble Oratorians and Jesuits in his room, and set them to play at chess together, meanwhile exhorting them never to engage in any less innocent warfare. Buffon's great delight was in gleaning the village gossip from the village barber during his morning toilet. Charlemagne's chief relaxation and pleasure consisted in swimming in a bath, together with his sons, officers, and others. Charlemagne beat them all at swimming. Boyle the philosopher's great delight, like Curran's, was to watch the exhibition of puppet-shows. The performance of Punchinello invariably drew him into the street, and he did not mind standing in the midst of a shower of rain to witness it. In like manner, Tasso's liveliest amusement was to see masquerades, and to enjoy the diversions of the populace during the public festivals. Who knows but that there may be many wise men now "about town," who take part privily, but sweetly, in the annual diversions of our Greenwich fair!

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER L.—ESTHER'S NARRATIVE.

IT happened that when I came home from Deal I found a note from Caddy Jellyby, informing me that her health, which had been for some time very delicate, was worse, and that she would be more glad than she could tell me if I would go to see her. It was a note of a few lines, written from the couch on which she lay, and inclosed to me in another from her husband, in which he seconded her entreaty with much solicitude. Caddy was now the mother, and I the godmother, of such a poor little baby—such a tiny, old-faced mite, with a countenance that seemed to be scarcely any thing but cap-border, and a little lean, long-fingered hand, that was always clenched under its chin. It would lie in this attitude all day, with its bright specks of eyes open, wondering (as I used to imagine) how it came to be so small. Whenever it was moved it cried; but at all other times it was so patient, that the sole desire of its life appeared to be, to lie quiet, and think. It had curious little dark veins in its face, and curious little dark marks under its eyes, like weak remembrances of poor Caddy's inky days; and altogether, to those who were not used to it, it was quite a piteous little sight.

But it was enough for Caddy that *she* was used to it. The projects with which she beguiled her illness for little Esther's education, and little Esther's marriage, and even for her own old age, as the grandmother of little Esther's little Esthers, were so prettily expressive of devotion to this pride of her life, that I should be tempted to recall some of them, but for the timely remembrance that I am getting on irregularly as it is.

To return to the letter. Caddy had a superstition about me, which had been strengthening in her mind ever since that night long ago, when she had lain asleep with her head in my lap. She almost—I think I must say quite—believed that I did her good whenever I was near her. Now, although this was such a fancy of the affectionate girl's, that I am almost ashamed to mention it, still it might have all the force of a fact when she was really ill. So I set off to Caddy, with my Guardian's consent, post-haste; and she and Prince made so much of me, that there never was any thing like it.

Next day I went again to sit with her, and next day I went again. It was a very easy journey, for I had only to rise a little earlier in the morning, and keep my accounts, and attend to house-keeping matters before leaving home. But when I had made these three visits, my Guardian said to me, in his own kind way, on my return at night:

"Now, little woman, little woman, this will never do. Constant dropping will wear away a stone, and constant fatigue will wear out a Dame Durden. We will go to London for a while, and take possession of our old lodgings."

"Not for me, dear Guardian," said I, "for I never feel tired," which was strictly true. I was only too happy to be in such request.

"For me, then," returned my Guardian; "or for Ada, or for both of us. It is somebody's birthday to-morrow, I think."

"Truly, I think it is," said I, kissing my darling, who would be twenty-one to-morrow.

"Well," observed my Guardian, half-pleasantly, half-seriously, "that's a great occasion, and will give my fair cousin some necessary business to transact in assertion of her independence, and will make London a more convenient place for all of us. So to London we will go. That being settled, there is another thing—how have you left Caddy?"

"Very unwell, Guardian. I fear it will be a long time before she regains her health and strength."

"What do you call a long time, now?" asked my Guardian, thoughtfully.

"Some weeks, I am afraid."

"Ah!" He began to walk about the room with his hands in his pockets, showing that he had been thinking as much. "Now what do you say about her doctor? Is he a good doctor, my dear?"

"I feel obliged to confess that I know nothing to the contrary; but that Prince and I had agreed only that evening, that we would like his opinion to be confirmed by some one."

"Well!" returned my Guardian, quickly, "there's Woodcourt."

I had not meant that, and was rather taken by surprise. For a moment, all that I had had in my mind in connection with Mr. Woodcourt seemed to come back and confuse me.

"You don't object to him, little woman?"

"Object to him, Guardian? Oh, no!"

"And you don't think the patient would object to him?"

So far from that, I had no doubt of her being prepared to have a great reliance on him, and to like him very much. I said that he was no stranger to her personally, for she had seen him often in his kind attendance on Miss Flite.

"Very good," said my Guardian. "He has been here to-day, my dear, and I will see him about it to-morrow."

I felt, in this short conversation—though I did not know how, for she was quiet and we interchanged no look—that my dear girl well remembered how merrily she had clasped me round the waist, when no other hands than Caddy's had brought me the little parting token. This caused me to feel that I ought to tell her and Caddy too, that I was going to be the mistress of Bleak House; and that if I avoided that disclosure any longer, I might become less worthy in my own eyes of its master's love. Therefore, when we went up-stairs, and had waited listening until the clocks struck twelve, in order that only I might be the first to wish my darling all good wishes on her birthday, and to take her to my heart; I set before her, just as I had set before

* Continued from the June Number.

myself, the goodness and honor of her cousin John, and the happy life that was in store for me. If ever my darling were fonder of me at one time than at another in all our intercourse, she was surely fondest of me that night. And I was so blest to know it, and so comforted by the sense of having done right in casting this last idle reservation away, that I was ten times happier than I had been before. I had scarcely thought it a reservation a few hours ago; but now it was gone, I felt as if I understood its nature better.

Next day we went to London. We found our old lodging vacant, and in half an hour were quietly established there, as if we had never gone away. Mr. Woodcourt dined with us to celebrate my darling's birthday, and we were as pleasant as we could be with the great blank among us that Richard's absence naturally made upon such an occasion. After that day I was for some weeks—seven or eight as I remember—very much with Caddy, and thus it fell out that I saw less of Ada at this time than any other since we had first come together, except the time of my own illness. She often came to Caddy's, but our function there was to amuse and cheer her, and therefore we did not talk in our usual confidential manner. Whenever I went home at night we were together; but Caddy's rest was broken by pain, and I often remained to nurse her.

With her husband and her poor little mite of a baby to love, and their home to strive for, what a good creature Caddy was! so self-denying and uncomplaining, so anxious to get well on their account, so afraid of giving trouble, and so thoughtful of the unassisted labors of her husband, and the comforts of old Mr. Turveydrop; I had never known the best of her until now. And it seemed so curious that her pale face and helpless figure should be lying there day after day, where dancing was the business of life; where the kit and the apprentices began early every morning in the ball-room, and where the untidy little boy walked by himself in the kitchen all the afternoon.

At Caddy's request I took the supreme direction of her apartment, trimmed it up, and pushed her, couch and all, into a lighter and more airy and more cheerful corner than she had yet occupied; then every day, when we were in our neatest array, I used to lay my small small namesake in her arms, and sit down to chat or work, or read to her. It was at one of the first of these quiet times that I told Caddy about Bleak House.

We had other visitors besides Ada. First of all, we had Prince, who in his hurried intervals of teaching used to come softly in and sit softly down, with a face of loving anxiety for Caddy and the very little child. Whatever Caddy's condition really was, she never failed to declare to Prince that she was all but well—which I, Heaven forgive me, never failed to confirm. This would put Prince in such good spirits, that he would sometimes take the kit from his pocket and play a chord or two to astonish the baby—which I never knew it to do in the least degree, for my tiny namesake never noticed it at all.

Then there was Mrs. Jellyby. She would come occasionally with her usual distraught manner, and sit calmly looking miles beyond her grandchild as if her attention were absorbed by a young Borrioboolan on its native shores. As bright-eyed as ever, as serene, and as untidy, she would say, "Well, Caddy, child, and how do you do to-day?" And then would sit amiably smiling and taking no notice whatever of the reply, or would sweetly glide off into a calculation of the number of letters she had lately received and answered, or of the coffee-bearing power of Borrioboola Gha. This she would always do with a good-natured contempt for our limited sphere of action, not to be disguised.

Then there was old Mr. Turveydrop, who was from morning to night, and from night to morning the subject of innumerable precautions. If the baby cried it was nearly stifled lest the noise should make him uncomfortable. If the fire wanted stirring in the night, it was surreptitiously done lest his rest should be broken. If Caddy required any little comfort that the house contained, she first carefully discussed whether he was likely to require it too. In return for this consideration he would come into the room once a day, all but blessing it—showing a condescension and a patronage and a grace of manner in dispensing the light of his high-shouldered presence, from which I might have supposed him (if I had not known better) to have been the benefactor of Caddy's life.

"My Caroline," he would say, making the nearest approach that he could to bending over her. "Tell me that you are better to-day."

"O much better, thank you, Mr. Turveydrop," Caddy would reply.

"Delighted! enchanted! And our dear Miss Summerson. She is not quite prostrated by fatigue?" Here he would crease up his eyelids and kiss his fingers to me, though I am happy to say he had ceased to be particular in his attentions since I had been so altered.

"Not at all, I would assure him."

"Charming. We must take care of our dear Caroline, Miss Summerson. We must spare nothing that will restore her. We must nourish her. My dear Caroline;" he would turn to his daughter-in-law with infinite generosity and protection; "want for nothing, my love! Frame a wish and gratify it, my daughter. Every thing this house contains, every thing my room contains, is at your service, my dear. Do not," he would sometimes add, in a burst of Deportment, "even allow my simple requirements to be considered, if they should at any time interfere with your own, Caroline. Your necessities are greater than mine."

He had established such a long prescriptive right to this Deportment (dating from before his son's birth, and his son's inheritance from his mother), that I several times knew both Caddy and her husband to be melted to tears by these affectionate self-sacrifices.

"Nay, my dears," he would remonstrate; and

when I saw Caddy's thin arm about his fat neck as he said it, I would be melted too, though not by the same process; "Nay, nay! I have promised never to leave ye. Be affectionate toward me, and I ask no further return. Now, bless ye! I am going to the Park."

He would take the air there, presently, and get an appetite for his tavern dinner. I hope I do old Mr. Turveydrop no wrong, but I never saw any better traits in him than these I faithfully record, except that he certainly conceived a liking for Peepy, and would take the child out walking with him —always, on these occasions, sending him home before he went to dinner himself, and sometimes with a halfpenny in his pocket. But even this disinterestedness was attended with no inconsiderable expense, to my knowledge; for before Peepy was sufficiently decorated to walk hand-in-hand with the professor of Deportment, he had to be newly dressed at the expense of Caddy and her husband from top to toe.

Last of our visitors, there was Mr. Jellyby. Really when he used to come in of an evening and ask Caddy in his meek voice how she was, and then sit down with his head against the wall and make no attempt to say any thing more, I liked him very much. If he found me bustling about, doing any little thing, he sometimes half took his coat off, as if with an intention of helping by a great exertion; but he never got any further. His sole occupation was to sit with his head against the wall, looking hard at the thoughtful baby; and I could not quite divest my mind of a fancy that they understood one another.

I have not counted Mr. Woodcourt among our visitors, because he was now Caddy's regular attendant. She soon began to improve under his care; he was so gentle, so skillful, and so unwearying in the pains he took, that it is not to be wondered at, I am sure. I saw a good deal of Mr. Woodcourt during this time, though not so much as might be supposed, for, knowing Caddy to be safe in his hands, I often went home about the hours when he was expected. We frequently met, notwithstanding. I was quite reconciled to myself now; but I still felt glad to think that he was sorry for me, and he still *was* sorry for me, I believed. He helped Mr. Badger in his professional engagements, which were numerous, and had as yet no settled projects for the future.

It was when Caddy began to recover that I began to notice a change in my dear girl. I can not say how it first presented itself to me, because I observed it in many slight particulars, which were nothing in themselves, and only became something when they were placed together. But I made out, by putting them together, that Ada was not so frankly cheerful with me as she used to be. Her tenderness for me was as loving and true as ever. I did not for a moment doubt that; but there was a quiet sorrow about her which she did not confide to me, and in which I traced some hidden regret or reserve.

Now, I could not understand this; and I was so anxious for the happiness of my own pet that it caused me some uneasiness, and set me thinking often. At length, feeling sure that Ada suppressed this something from me, lest it should make me unhappy, too, it came into my head that she was a little grieved—for me—by what I had told her about Bleak House.

How I persuaded myself that this was likely, I don't know. I had no idea that there was any selfish reference in my doing so. I was not grieved for myself, I was quite contented and quite happy. Still, that Ada might be thinking—for me, though I had abandoned all such thoughts myself—of what once might have been, but was now all changed, seemed so easy to believe that I believed it.

What could I do to reassure my darling (I considered then) and show her that I had no such feelings? Well! I could only be as brisk and busy as possible, and that I had tried to be all along. However, as Caddy's illness had certainly interfered, more or less, with my home duties, though I had always been there in the morning to make my Guardian's breakfast, and he had a hundred times laughed, and said there must be two little women, for his little woman was never missing; I resolved to be doubly diligent and gay. So I went about the house, humming all the tunes I knew, and sat working and working in a most desperate manner, and I talked and talked morning, noon, and night.

And still there was that same shade between me and my darling.

"So, Dame Trot," said my Guardian, shutting up his book, one night when we were all three together; "so Woodcourt has restored Caddy Jellyby to the full enjoyment of life again?"

"Yes," I returned, "and to be repaid by such gratitude as hers, is to be made rich, Guardian."

"I wish it was," he said, "with all my heart."

So did I, too, for that matter. I said so.

"Ay! We would make him as rich as a Jew if we knew how. Would we not, little woman?"

I laughed as I worked, and replied that I was not sure about that, for it might spoil him, and he might not be so useful, and there might be many who could ill spare him. As Miss Flite, and Caddy herself, and many others.

"True," said my Guardian. "I had forgotten that. But we would agree to make him rich enough to live? Rich enough to work with tolerable peace of mind? Rich enough to have his own happy home, and his own household gods—and household goddess too, perhaps?"

That was quite another thing, I said. We must all agree in that.

"To be sure," said my Guardian. "All of us. I have a great regard for Woodcourt, a high esteem for him; and I have been sounding him delicately about such matters. It is difficult to offer aid to an independent man with that just kind of pride which he possesses. And yet I would be glad to do it if I might, or if I knew how. He seems half inclined for another voyage. But that appears like casting such a man away."

"It might open a new world to him," said I.

"So it might, little woman," my Guardian assented. "I doubt if he expects much of the old world. I have fancied that he sometimes feels some particular disappointment or misfortune encountered in it. You never heard of any thing of that sort?"

I shook my head.

"Humph," said my Guardian. "I am mistaken, I dare say."

As there was a little pause here which I thought, for my dear girl's satisfaction, had better be filled up, I hummed an air as I worked, which was a favorite of my Guardian's.

"And do you think Mr. Woodcourt will make another voyage?" I asked him, when I had hummed it quietly all through.

"I don't quite know what to think, my dear, but I should say it was likely at present that he will give a long trial to another country."

"I am sure he will take the best wishes of all our hearts with him wherever he goes," said I, "and though they are not riches, he will never be the poorer for them, Guardian at least."

"Never, little woman," he replied.

I was sitting in my usual place, which was now beside my Guardian's chair. That had not been my usual place before the letter, but it was now. I looked up at Ada, who was sitting opposite, and I saw, as she looked at me, that her eyes were filled with tears, and that tears were falling down her face. I felt that I had only to be placid and merry once for all to undeceive my dear, and set her loving heart at rest. I really was so, and I had nothing to do but to be myself.

So I made my sweet girl lean upon my shoulder—how little thinking what was heavy on her mind—and I said she was not quite well, and put my arm about her, and took her up-stairs. When we were in our own room, and when she might perhaps have told me what I was so unprepared to hear, I gave her no encouragement to confide in me—I never thought she stood in need of it.

"O my dear, good Esther," said Ada, "if I could only make up my mind to speak to you and my cousin John when you are together!"

"Why, my love!" I remonstrated. "Ada? why should you not speak to us!"

Ada only dropped her head and pressed me closer to her heart.

"You surely don't forget, my beauty," said I, smiling, "what quiet old-fashioned people we are, and how I have settled down to be the discreetest of dames? You don't forget how happily and peacefully my life is all marked out for me, and by whom? I am certain that you don't forget by what a noble character, Ada. That can never be."

"No, never, never, Esther."

"Why, then, my dear," said I, "there is nothing amiss—and why should you not speak to us!"

"Nothing amiss, Esther?" returned Ada, weeping bitterly, "O when I think of all these years, and of his fatherly care and kindness, and of the old relations among us, and of you, what shall I do, what shall I do!"

I looked at my child in some wonder, but I thought it better not to answer otherwise than by cheering her, and so I turned off into many little recollections of our life together, and prevented her from saying more. When she lay down to sleep, and not before, I returned to my Guardian to say good-night, and then I came back to Ada, and sat near her for a little while.

She was asleep, and I thought as I looked at her that she was a little changed. I had thought so, more than once lately. I could not decide, even looking at her while she was unconscious, how she was changed, but something in the familiar beauty of her face looked different to me. My Guardian's old hopes of her and Richard arose sorrowfully in my mind, and I said to myself, "she has been anxious about him," and wondered how that love would end.

When I had come home from Caddy's while she was ill, I had often found Ada at work, and she had always put her work away, and I had never known what it was. Some of it now lay in a drawer near her, which was not quite closed. I did not open the drawer, but I still rather wondered what that work could be, for it was evidently nothing for herself.

And I noticed as I kissed my dear, that she lay with one hand under her pillow so that it was hidden.

How much less amiable I must have been than they thought me, how much less amiable even than I thought myself, to be so pre-occupied with my own cheerfulness and contentment, as to think that it only rested with me to put my dear girl right, and set her mind at peace!

But I lay down, self-deceived, in that belief. And I awoke in it next day, to find that there was still the same shade between me and my darling.

CHAPTER LI.—ENLIGHTENED.

WHEN Mr. Woodcourt arrived in London, he went that very same day to Mr. Vholes's, in Symond's Inn. For he never, from the moment when I entreated him to be a friend to Richard, neglected or forgot his promise. He had told me that he accepted the charge as a sacred trust, and he was ever true to it in that spirit.

He found Mr. Vholes in his office, and informed Mr. Vholes of his agreement with Richard, that he should call there to learn his address.

"Just so, sir," said Mr. Vholes. "Mr. C.'s address is not a hundred miles from here, sir, Mr. C.'s address is not a hundred miles from here. Would you take a seat, sir?"

Mr. Woodcourt thanked Mr. Vholes, but he had no business with him beyond what he had mentioned.

"Just so, sir. I believe sir," said Mr. Vholes, still quietly insisting on the seat by not giving the address, "that you have influence with Mr. C. Indeed I am aware that you have."

"I was not aware of it myself," returned Mr. Woodcourt; "but I suppose you know best."

"Well, sir," rejoined Mr. Vholes, self-contained, as usual, voice and all, "it is a part of my professional duty to know best. It is a part of my professional duty to study and to understand a gentleman who confides his interests to me. In my professional duty I shall not be wanting, sir, if I know it. I may with the best intentions be wanting in it without knowing it—but not if I know it, sir."

Mr. Woodcourt again mentioned the address.

"Give me leave, sir," said Mr. Vholes. "Bear with me for a moment. Sir, Mr. C. is playing for a considerable stake, and can not play without—need I say what?"

"Money, I presume?"

"Sir," said Mr. Vholes, "to be honest with you (honesty being my golden rule, whether I gain by it or lose, and I find that I generally lose), money is the word. Now, sir, upon the chances of Mr. C.'s game I express to you no opinion, no opinion. It might be highly impolitic in Mr. C. after playing so long and so high, to leave off; it might be the reverse. I say nothing. No, sir," said Mr. Vholes, bringing his hand flat down upon his desk, in a positive manner, "nothing."

"You seem to forget," returned Mr. Woodcourt, "that I ask you to say nothing, and have no personal interest in any thing you say."

"Pardon me, sir!" retorted Mr. Vholes, "you do yourself an injustice. No, sir! Pardon me! You shall not—shall not in my office, if I know it—do yourself an injustice. You are interested in any thing and in every thing that relates to your friend. I know human nature much better, sir, than to admit for an instant that a gentleman of your appearance is not interested in whatever concerns his friend."

"Well," replied Mr. Woodcourt, "that may be. I am particularly interested in his address."

("The number, sir," said Mr. Vholes, parenthetically, "I believe I have already mentioned.) If Mr. C. is to continue to play for this considerable stake, sir, he must have funds. Understand me! There are funds in hand at present. I ask for nothing; there are funds in hand. But for the onward play more funds must be provided, unless Mr. C. is to throw away what he has already ventured—which is wholly and solely a point for his consideration. This, sir, I take the opportunity of stating openly to you as the friend of Mr. C. Without funds I shall always be happy to appear and act for Mr. C. to the extent of all such costs as are safe to be allowed out of the estate: not beyond that. I could not go beyond that, sir, without wronging some one. I must either wrong my three dear girls, or my venerable father, who is entirely dependent on me—in the Vale of Taunton—or some one. Whereas, sir, my resolution is (call it weakness or folly if you please) to wrong no one."

Mr. Woodcourt rather sternly rejoined that he was glad to hear it.

"I wish, sir," said Mr. Vholes, "to leave a good name behind me. Therefore, I take every opportunity of openly stating to a friend of Mr. C. how Mr. C. is situated. As to myself, sir, the laborer is worthy of his hire. If I undertake to put my shoulder to the wheel, I do it, and I earn what I get. I am here for that purpose. My name is on the door outside, with that object."

"And Mr. Carstone's address, Mr. Vholes?"

"Sir," returned Mr. Vholes, "as I believe I have already mentioned, it is next door. On the second story you will find Mr. C.'s apartments. Mr. C. desires to be near his professional adviser; and I am far from objecting, for I court inquiry."

Upon this, Mr. Woodcourt wished Mr. Vholes good day, and went in search of Richard, the change in whose appearance he began to understand now but too well.

He found him in a dull room, fadedly furnished; much as I had found him in his barrack-room but a little while before, except that he was not writing, but was sitting with a book before him, from which his eyes and thoughts were far astray. As the door chanced to be standing open, Mr. Woodcourt was in his presence for some moments without being perceived; and he told me that he never should forget the haggardness of his face, and the dejection of his manner, before he was aroused from his dream.

"Woodcourt, my dear fellow!" cried Richard, starting up with extended hands, "you come upon my vision like a ghost."

"A friendly one," he replied, "and only waiting, as they say ghosts do, to be addressed. "How does the mortal world go?" They were seated now, nearly together.

"Badly enough, and slowly enough," said Richard; "speaking at least for my part of it."

"What part is that, just now?"

"The Chancery part."

"I never heard," returned Mr. Woodcourt, shaking his head, "of its going well yet."

"Nor I," said Richard, moodily. "Who ever did?"

He brightened again in a moment, and said, with his natural openness:

"Woodcourt, I should be sorry to be misunderstood by you, even if I gained by it in your estimation. You must know that I have done no good this long time. I have not intended to do much harm, but I seem to have been capable of nothing else. It may be that I should have done better by keeping out of the net into which my destiny has worked me; but I think not; though I dare say you will soon hear, if you have not already heard, a very different opinion. To make short of a long story: I am afraid I have wanted an object; but I have an object now—or it has me—and it's too late to discuss it. Take me as I am, and make the best of me."

"A bargain," said Mr. Woodcourt. "Do as much by me in return."

"Oh! You," returned Richard, "you can pursue your art for its own sake, and can put your hand upon the plow and never turn, and can

strike a purpose out of any thing. You and I are very different creatures."

He spoke regretfully, and lapsed for a moment into his weary state.

"Well, well!" he cried, shaking it off, "every thing has an end. We shall see! So you will take me as I am, and make the best of me?"

"Ay! indeed I will." They shook hands upon it laughingly, but in deep earnestness. I can answer for one of them with my heart of hearts.

"You come as a godsend," said Richard, "for I have seen nobody here yet but Vholes. Woodcourt, there is one subject I should like to mention for once and for all in the beginning of our treaty. You can hardly make the best of me if I don't. You know, I dare say, that I have an attachment to my cousin Ada."

Mr. Woodcourt replied that I had hinted as much to him.

"Well," returned Richard, "don't think me a heap of selfishness. Don't suppose that I am splitting my head and half breaking my heart over this miserable Chancery suit for my own rights and interests alone. Ada's are bound up with mine; they can't be separated; Vholes works for both of us. Do think of that!"

He was so very solicitous on this head that Mr. Woodcourt gave him the strongest assurances that he did him no injustice.

"You see," said Richard, with something pathetic in his manner of lingering on the point, though it was off-hand and unstudied, "to an upright fellow like you, bringing a friendly face like yours here, I can not bear the thought of appearing selfish and mean. I want to see Ada righted, Woodcourt, as well as myself; I want to do my utmost to right her as well as myself; I venture what I can scrape together to extricate her as well as myself. Do, I beseech you, think of that!"

Afterward when Mr. Woodcourt came to reflect on what had passed, he was so very much impressed by the strength of Richard's anxiety on this point, that in telling me generally of his first visit to Symond's Inn, he particularly dwelt upon it. It revived a fear I had had before, that my dear girl's little property would be absorbed by Mr. Vholes, and that Richard's justification to himself would be sincerely this. It was just as I began to take care of Caddy that the interview took place; and I now return to the time when Caddy had recovered, and the shade was still between me and my darling.

I proposed to Ada that morning that we should go and see Richard. It a little surprised me to find that she hesitated, and was not so radiantly willing as I had expected.

"My dear," said I, "you have not had any difference with Richard since I have been so much away?"

"No, Esther."

"Not heard of him, perhaps?" said I.

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Ada.

Such tears in her eyes, and such love in her face. I could not make my darling out. Should I go to Richard's by myself? I said. No, Ada thought I had better not go by myself. Would she go with me? Yes, Ada thought she had better go with me. Should we go now? Yes, let us go now. Well, I could not understand my darling, with the tears in her eyes and the love in her face!

We were soon equipped, and went out. It was a sombre dark day, and drops of chill rain fell at intervals. It was one of these colorless days when every thing looks heavy and harsh. The houses frowned at us, the dust rose at us, the smoke swooped at us, nothing made any compromise about itself, or wore a softened aspect. I fancied my beautiful girl quite out of place in the rugged streets, and I thought there were more funerals passing along the dismal pavements than I had ever seen before.

We had first to find out Symond's Inn. We were going to inquire in a shop, when Ada said she thought it was near Chancery-lane. "We are not likely to be far out, my love, if we go in that direction," said I. So to Chancery-lane we went, and there, sure enough, we saw it written up, Symond's Inn.

We had next to find out the number. "O Mr. Vholes's office will do," I recollected, for Mr. Vholes's office is next door. Upon which Ada said, perhaps that was Mr. Vholes's office in the corner. And it really was.

Then came the question which of the two next doors? I was for going to the one, and my darling was for going to the other, and my darling was right again. So, up we went to the second story, where we came to Richard's name in great white letters, on a hearse-like panel.

I should have knocked, but Ada said perhaps we had better turn the handle and go in. Thus we came to Richard, poring over a table covered with dusty bundles of papers which seemed to me like dusty mirrors reflecting his own mind. Wherever I looked I saw the ominous words that ran in it, repeated, Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

He received us very affectionately, and we sat down. "If you had come a little earlier," he said, "you would have found Woodcourt here. There never was such a good fellow as Woodcourt is. He finds time to look in between whiles, when any body else with half his work to do would be thinking about not being able to come. And he is so cheery, so fresh, so sensible, so—every thing that I am not, that the place brightens whenever he comes, and darkens whenever he goes again."

"God bless him," I thought, "for his truth to me!"

"He is not so sanguine, Ada," continued Richard, casting his dejected look over the bundles of papers, "as Vholes and I are usually; but he is only an outsider, and is not in the mysteries. We have gone into them, and he has not. He can't be expected to know much of such a labyrinth."

As his look wandered over the papers again,

and he passed his two hands over his head, I noticed how sunken and how large his eyes appeared, how dry his lips were, and how his fingernails were all bitten away.

"Is this a healthy place to live in, Richard, do you think?" said I.

"Why, my dear Minerva," answered Richard, with his old gay laugh, "it's neither a rural, nor a cheerful place, and when the sun shines here, you may lay a pretty heavy wager that it's shining brightly in an open spot. But it's well enough for the time. It's near the offices and near Vholes."

"Perhaps," I hinted, "a change from both—"

"—Might do me good?" said Richard, forcing a laugh, as he finished the sentence. "I shouldn't wonder! But it can only come in one way now, in one of the two ways, I should rather say. Either the suit must be ended, Esther, or the suitor. But it shall be the suit, the suit, my dear girl?"

These latter words were addressed to Ada, who was sitting nearest to him. Her face being turned away from me and toward him, I could not see it.

"We are doing very well," pursued Richard. "Vholes will tell you so. We are spinning along! Ask Vholes. We are giving them no rest! Vholes knows all their windings and turnings, and we are upon them every where. We have astonished them already. We shall rouse up that nest of sleepers, mark my words!"

His hopefulness had long been more painful to me than his despondency. It was so unlike hopefulness, had something so fierce in its determination to be it, was so hungry and eager, and yet so conscious of being forced and unsustainable, that it had long touched me to the heart. But the commentary upon it now written indelibly in his handsome face, made it far more distressing than it used to be. I say indelibly, for I felt persuaded that if the fatal cause could have been forever terminated, according to his brightest visions, in that same hour, the traces of the premature anxiety, self-reproach, and disappointment it had occasioned him would have remained upon his features to the hour of his death.

"The sight of our dear little woman," said Richard, Ada still remaining silent and quiet, "is so natural to me, and her compassionate face is so like the face of old days—"

I smiled and shook my head.

"—So exactly like the face of old days," said Richard, in his cordial voice, and taking my hand with the brotherly regard which nothing ever changed, "that I can't make false pretenses with her. I fluctuate a little; that's the truth. Sometimes I hope, my dear, and sometimes I—don't quite despair, but nearly. I get," said Richard, relinquishing my hand gently, and walking across the room, "so tired!"

He took a few turns up and down, and sank upon the sofa. "I get," he repeated gloomily, "so tired. It's such weary, weary work!"

He was leaning on his arm saying these words, in a meditative voice, and looking at the ground, when my darling rose, put off her bonnet, kneeled down beside him with her golden hair falling like sunlight on his head, clasped her two arms round his neck, and turned her face to me. O, what a loving and devoted face I saw!

"Esther, dear," she said, very quietly, "I am not going home again."

I could not answer her. A light shone in upon me all at once.

"Never any more. I am going to stay with my dear husband. We have been married above two months. Go home without me, my own Esther. I shall never go home any more!" With these words my darling drew his head down on her breast, and held it there. And if ever in my life I saw a love that nothing but death could change, I saw it then before me.

"Speak to Esther, my dearest," said Richard, breaking the silence presently. "Tell her how it was."

I met her before she could come to me, and folded her in my arms. We neither of us spoke; but with her cheek against my own I wanted to hear nothing. "My pet," said I. "My love. My poor, poor girl!" I pitied her so much; I was very fond of Richard; but the impulse that I had upon me was to pity her so much.

"Esther, will you forgive me? Will my cousin John forgive me?"

"My dear," said I, "to doubt it for a moment is to do him a great wrong. And as to me!"—why, as to me what had I to forgive?

I dried my sobbing darling's eyes, and sat beside her on the sofa, and Richard sat on my other side; and while I was reminded of that so different night when they had first taken me into their confidence, and gone on in their own wild, happy way, they told me between them how it was.

"All I had, was Richard's," Ada said, "and Richard would not take it, Esther, and what could I do but be his wife when I loved him dearly?"

"And you were so fully and so kindly occupied, excellent Dame Durden," said Richard, "that how could we speak to you at such a time? And, besides, it was not a long-considered step. We went out one morning, and were married."

"And when it was done, Esther," said my darling, "I was always thinking how to tell you, and what to do for the best. And sometimes I thought you ought to know it directly, and sometimes I thought you ought not to know it, and keep it from my cousin John; and I could not tell what to do, and I fretted very much.

Ah, how selfish I must have been, not to have thought of this before! I don't know what I said now; I was so sorry, and yet I was so fond of them, and so glad that they were fond of me; I pitied them so much, and yet I felt a kind of joy in their loving one another. I never had experienced such painful and pleasurable emotion at one time; and in my own heart I did not know which predominated. But I was not there to darken their way; I only know I did not do that.

When I was less foolish and more composed,

my darling took her wedding-ring from her bosom, and kissed it, and put it on. Then I remembered last night, and told Richard she had always worn it at night, when there was no one to see. Then Ada blushingly asked me how did I know that, my dear? Then I told Ada how I had seen her hand concealed under her pillow, and had little thought why, my dear. Then they began telling me how it was, all over again, and I began to be sorry and glad again, and foolish again, and to hide my plain old face as much as I could, lest I should put them out of heart.

Thus time went on until it became necessary for me to think of returning. When that time arrived it was the worst of all, for then my darling completely broke down. She clung round my neck, calling me by every dear name she could think of, and saying what should she ever do without me! Nor was Richard much better; and as for me I should have been the worst of the three if I had not severely said to myself, "Now, Esther, if you do, I'll never speak to you again!"

"Why, I declare," said I, "I never saw such a wife. I don't think she loves her husband at all. Here, Richard, take my child, for goodness' sake." But I held her tight all the while, and could have wept over her I don't know how long.

"I give this dear young couple notice," said I, "that I am only going away to come back to-morrow, and that I shall be always coming backward and forward until Symond's Inn is tired of the sight of me. So I shall not say good-by, Richard. For what's the use of that, you know, when I am coming back so soon!"

I had given my darling to him now, and I meant to go, but I lingered for one more look of the precious face, which it seemed to rive my heart to turn from.

So I said (in a merry, bustling manner) that unless they gave me some encouragement to come back, I was not sure that I could take that liberty; upon which my dear girl looked up faintly, smiling through her tears, and I folded her lovely face between my hands, and gave it one last kiss, and laughed, and ran away.

And when I got down-stairs, O how I cried! It almost seemed to me that I had lost my Ada forever. I was so lonely, and so blank without her, and it was so desolate to be going home with no hope of seeing her there, that I could get no comfort for a little while, as I walked up and down, in a dim corner, sobbing and crying.

I came to myself by-and-by, after a little scolding, and took a coach home. The poor boy whom I had found at St. Albans had reappeared a short time before, and was lying at the point of death—indeed, was then dead, though I did not know it. My Guardian had gone out to inquire about him, and did not return to dinner. Being quite alone, I cried a little again; though, on the whole, I don't think I behaved so very, very ill.

It was only natural that I should not be quite accustomed to the loss of my darling yet. Three or four hours were not a long time, after years. But my mind dwelt so much upon the uncongenial scene in which I had left her, and I pictured it as such an overshadowed, stony-hearted one, and I so longed to be near her, and taking some sort of care of her, that I determined to go back in the evening, only to look up at her windows.

It was foolish, I dare say; but it did not then seem at all so to me, and it does not seem quite so even now. I took Charley into my confidence, and we went out at dusk. It was dark when we came to the new strange home of my dear girl, and there was a light behind the yellow blinds. We walked past cautiously three or four times, looking up, and narrowly missed encountering Mr. Vholes, who came out of his office, while we were there, and turned his head to look up too, before going home. The sight of his lank, black figure, and the lonesome air of that nook in the dark, were favorable to the state of my mind. I thought of the youth and love and beauty of my dear girl, shut up in such an ill-sorted refuge, almost as if it were a cruel place.

It was very solitary and very dull, and I did not doubt that I might safely steal up-stairs. I left Charley below and went up with a light foot not distressed by any glare of light from the feeble oil lanterns on the way. I listened for a few moments, and in the musty rotting silence of the house, believed that I could hear the murmur of their young voices. I put my lips to the hearse-like pannel of the door, as a kiss for my dear, and came quietly down again, thinking that one of these days I would confess to the visit.

And it really did me good, for though nobody but Charley and I knew any thing about it, I somehow felt as if it had diminished the separation between Ada and me, and had brought us together again for those moments. I went back, not quite accustomed yet to the change, but all the better for that hovering about my darling.

My Guardian had come home, and was standing thoughtfully by the dark window. When I went in, his face cleared and he came to his seat; but he caught the light upon my face as I took mine.

"Little woman," said he. "You have been crying."

"Why, yes, Guardian," said I, "I am afraid I have been, a little. Ada has been in such distress and is so very sorry, Guardian."

I put my arm on the back of his chair, and I saw in his glance that my words, and my look at her empty place had prepared him.

"Is she married, my dear?"

I told him all about it, and how her first entreaties had referred to his forgiveness.

"She has no need of it," said he. "Heaven bless her and her husband!" But just as my first impulse had been to pity her, so was his. "Poor girl, poor girl! Poor Rick! Poor Ada!"

Neither of us spoke after that, until he said, with a good-humored sigh, "Well, well, my dear! Bleak House is thinning fast."

LIGHT.

"But its mistress remains, Guardian." Though I was timid about saying it, I ventured because of the sorrowful tone in which he had spoken. "She will do all she can to make it happy," said I.

"She will succeed, my love!"

The letter had made no difference between us, except that the seat by his side had come to be mine; it made none now. He turned his old bright fatherly look upon me, laid his hand on my hand in his old way and said again, "She will succeed, my dear. Nevertheless, Bleak House is thinning fast, O little woman!"

I was sorry presently that this was all we said about that. I was rather disappointed. I feared I might not quite have been all I had meant to be, since the letter and the answer.

CHAPTER LII.—Obstinacy.

But one other day had intervened, when early in the morning as we were going to breakfast, Mr. Woodcourt came in haste with the astounding news that a terrible murder had been committed, for which Mr. George had been apprehended and was in custody. When he told us that a large reward was offered by Sir Leicester Dedlock for the murderer's apprehension, I did not in my first consternation understand why; but a few more words explained to me that the murdered person was Sir Leicester's lawyer; and immediately my mother's dread of him rushed into my remembrance.

This unforeseen and violent removal of one whom she had long watched and distrusted, and who had long watched and distrusted her; one for whom she could have had few intervals of kindness, always dreading in him a dangerous and secret enemy, appeared so awful, that my first thoughts were of her. How appalling to hear of such a death, and be able to feel no pity! How dreadful to remember, perhaps, that she had sometimes even wished the old man away, who was so swiftly hurried out of life!

Such crowding reflections increasing the distress and fear I always felt when the name was mentioned, made me so agitated that I could scarcely hold my place at the table. I was quite unable to follow the conversation until I had had a little time to recover. But when I came to myself, and saw how shocked my Guardian was, and found that they were earnestly speaking of the suspected man, and recalling every favorable impression we had formed of him out of the good we had known of him, my interest and my fears were so strongly aroused in his behalf that I was quite set up again.

"Guardian, you don't think it possible that he is justly accused?"

"My dear, I *can't* think so. This man whom we have seen so open-hearted and compassionate—who with the might of a giant has the gentleness of a child—who looks as brave a fellow as ever lived, and is so simple and quiet with it—

this man justly accused of such a crime? I can't believe it. It's not that I don't or I won't. I can't."

"And I can't," said Mr. Woodcourt. "Still, whatever we believe, or know of him we had better not forget that some appearances are against him. He bore an animosity toward the deceased gentleman. He has openly mentioned it in many places. He is said to have expressed himself violently toward him, and he certainly did about him, to my knowledge. He admits that he was alone on the scene of the murder within a few minutes of its commission. I sincerely believe him to be as innocent of any participation in it as I am; but these are all reasons for suspicion falling upon him."

"True," said my Guardian; and he added, turning to me, "it would be doing him a very bad service, my dear, to shut our eyes to the truth in any of these respects."

I felt, of course, that we must admit, not only to ourselves but to others, the full force of the circumstances against him. Yet I knew witha) (I could not help saying) that their weight would not induce us to desert him in his need.

"Heaven forbid!" returned my Guardian. "We will stand by him, as he himself stood by the two poor creatures who are gone." He meant Mr. Gridley and the boy, to both of whom Mr. George had given shelter.

Mr. Woodcourt then told us that the trooper's man had been with him before day, after wandering about the streets all night like a distracted creature. That one of the trooper's first anxieties was that we should not suppose him guilty. That he had charged his messenger to represent his perfect innocence with every solemn assurance he could send us. That Mr. Woodcourt had only quieted the man by undertaking to come to our house very early in the morning, with these representations. He added that he was now upon his way to see the prisoner himself.

My Guardian said, directly, he would go too. Now, besides that I liked the retired soldier very much, and that he liked me, I had that secret interest in what had happened, which was only known to my Guardian. I felt as if it came close and near to me. It seemed to become personally important to myself that the truth should be discovered, and that no innocent people should be suspected, for suspicion once run wild, might run wilder.

In a word, I felt as if it were my duty and obligation to go with them. My Guardian did not seek to dissuade me, and I went.

It was a large prison, with many courts and passages so like one another, and so uniformly paved, that I seemed to gain a new comprehension, as I passed along, of the fondness that solitary prisoners, shut up among the same staring walls from year to year, have had, as I have read, for a weed, or a stray blade of grass. In an arched room by himself, like a cellar up-stairs, with walls so glaringly white that they made the massive iron window-bars and iron-bound door even more profoundly black than they were, we found the trooper standing in a corner. He had been sitting on a bench there, and had risen when he heard the locks and bolts turn.

When he saw us, he came forward a step with his usual heavy tread, and there stopped and made a slight bow. But as I still advanced, putting out my hand to him, he understood it in a moment.

"This is a load off my mind, I do assure you, miss and gentlemen," said he, saluting us with great heartiness, and drawing a long breath. "And now I don't so much care how it ends."

He scarcely seemed to be the prisoner. What with his coolness and his soldierly bearing, he looked more like the prison guard.

"This is even a rougher place than my gallery to receive a lady in," said Mr. George, "but I know Miss Summerson will make the best of it," as he handed me to the bench on which he had been sitting. I sat down; which seemed to give him great satisfaction.

"I thank you, miss," said he.

"Now, George," observed my Guardian, "as we require no new assurances on your part, so I believe we need give you none on ours."

"Not at all, sir. I thank you with all my heart. If I was not innocent of this crime, I couldn't look at you and keep my secret to myself under the condescension of the present visit. I feel the present visit very much. I am not one of the eloquent sort, but I feel it, Miss Summerson and gentlemen, deeply."

He laid his hand for a moment on his broad chest and bent his head to us. Although he squared himself again directly, he expressed a great amount of natural emotion by these simple means.

"First," said my Guardian, can we do any thing for your personal comfort, George?"

"For which, sir?" he inquired, clearing his throat.

"For your personal comfort. Is there any thing you want that would lessen the hardship of this confinement?"

"Well, sir," replied Mr. George, after a little cogitation, "I am equally obliged to you, but tobacco being against the rules, I can't say that there is."

"You will think of many little things, perhaps, by-and-by. Whenever you do, George, let us know."

"Thank you, sir. Howsoever," observed Mr. George, with one of his sunburnt smiles, "a man who has been knocking about the world in a vagabond kind of a way as long as I have, gets on well enough in a place like the present, so far as that goes."

"Next, as to your case," observed my Guardian.

"Exactly so, sir," returned Mr. George, folding his arms upon his breast with perfect self-possession and a little curiosity.

"How does it stand now?"

"Why, sir, it is under remand at present.

Bucket gives me to understand that he will probably apply for a series of remands from time to time, until the case is more complete. How it is to be made more complete, I don't myself see; but I dare say Bucket will manage it somehow."

"Why, Heaven save us, man!" exclaimed my Guardian, surprised into his old oddity and vehemence, "you talk of yourself as if you were somebody else!"

"No offense, sir," said Mr. George. "I am very sensible of your kindness. But I don't see how an innocent man is to make up his mind to this kind of thing without knocking his head against the walls, unless he takes it in that point of view."

"That's true enough, to a certain extent," returned my Guardian, softened. "But my good fellow, even an innocent man must take ordinary precautions to defend himself."

"Certainly, sir. And I have done so. I have stated to the magistrates, 'Gentlemen, I am as innocent of this charge as yourselves; what has been stated against me in the way of facts is perfectly true; I know no more about it.' I intend to continue stating that, sir. What more can I do? It's the truth."

"But the mere truth won't do," rejoined my Guardian.

"Won't it, indeed, sir? Rather a bad look-out for me!" Mr. George good-humoredly observed.

"You must have a lawyer," pursued my Guardian. "We must engage a good one for you."

"I ask your pardon, sir," said Mr. George, with a step backward, "I am equally obliged. But I must decidedly beg to be excused from any thing of that sort."

"You won't have a lawyer?"

"No, *sir*." Mr. George shook his head in the most emphatic manner. "I thank you all the same, sir, but—no lawyer!"

"Why not?"

"I don't take kindly to the breed," said Mr. George. "Gridley didn't. And—if you'll excuse my saying so much—I should hardly have thought you did yourself, sir."

"That's Equity," my Guardian explained, a little at a loss; "that's Equity, George."

"Is it indeed, sir?" returned the trooper, in his off-hand manner. "I am not acquainted with those shades of names myself, but in a general way I object to the breed."

Unfolding his arms, and changing his position, he stood with one massive hand upon the table, and the other on his hip, as complete a picture of a man who was not to be moved from a fixed purpose as ever I saw. It was in vain that we all three talked to him and endeavored to persuade him; he listened with that gentleness which went so well with his bluff bearing, but was evidently no more shaken by our representations than his place of confinement was.

"Pray think, once more, Mr. George," said I. "Have you no wish, in reference to your case?"

"I certainly could wish it to be tried, miss," he returned, "by court-martial; but that is out of the question, as I am well aware. If you will be so good as to favor me with your attention for a couple of minutes, miss, not more, I'll endeavor to explain myself as clearly as I can."

He looked at us all three in turn, shook his head a little as if he were adjusting it in the stock and collar of a tight uniform, and after a moment's reflection went on.

"You see, miss, I have been hand-cuffed and taken into custody, and brought here. I am a marked and disgraced man, and here I am. My shooting-gallery is rummaged, high and low, by Bucket; such property as I have—'tis small—is turned this way and that, till it don't know itself; and (as aforesaid) here I am! I don't particular complain of that. Though I am in these present quarters through no immediately preceding fault of mine, I can very well understand that if I hadn't gone into the vagabond way in my youth, this wouldn't have happened. It *has* happened. Then comes the question, how to meet it."

He rubbed his swarthy forehead for a moment, with a good-humored look, and said apologetically, "I am such a short-winded talker that I must think a bit." Having thought a bit, he looked up again, and resumed.

"How to meet it. Now the unfortunate deceased was himself a lawyer, and had a pretty tight hold of me. I don't wish to rake up his ashes, but he had, what I should call if he was living, a Devil of a tight hold of me. I don't like his trade the better for that. If I had kept clear of his trade, I should have kept outside this place. But that's not what I mean. Now suppose I had killed him. Suppose I really had discharged into his body any one of those pistols recently fired off, that Bucket has found at my place, and, dear me, might have found there any day since it has been my place. What should I have done as soon as I was hard and fast here? Got a lawyer."

He stopped on hearing some one at the locks and bolts, and did not resume until the door had been opened and was shut again. For what purpose opened I will mention presently.

"I should have got a lawyer," and he would have said (as I have often read in the newspapers), "My client says nothing, my client reserves his defense—my client this, that, and t'other. Well! 'tis not the custom of that breed to go straight, according to my opinion, or to think that other men do. Say I am innocent, and I get a lawyer. He would be as likely to believe me guilty as not; perhaps more. What would he do, whether or no? Act as if I was;—shut my mouth up, tell me not to commit myself, keep circumstances back, chop the evidence small, quibble, and get me off perhaps! But, Miss Summerson, do I care for getting off in that way, or would I rather be hanged in my own way—if you'll excuse my mentioning any thing so disagreeable to a lady?"

He had warmed into his subject now, and was under no further necessity to wait a bit.

"I would rather be hanged in my own way. And I mean to be! I don't intend to say," looking round upon us with his powerful arms akimbo

and his dark eyebrows raised, "that I am more partial to being hanged than other men. What I say is, I must come off clear and full, or not at all. Therefore, when I hear stated against me what is true, I say it's true; and when they tell me, whatever you say will be used, I tell them I don't mind that; I mean it to be used. If they can't make me innocent out of the whole truth, they are not likely to do it out of any thing less, or any thing else: and if they are, it's worth nothing to me."

Taking a pace or two over the stone floor, he came back to the table, and finished what he had to say.

"I thank you, miss, and gentlemen both, many times for your attention, and many times more for your interest. That's the plain state of the matter as it points itself out to a mere trooper with a blunt, broadsword kind of a mind. I have never done well in life beyond my duty as a soldier; and if the worst comes after all, I shall reap pretty much as I have sown. When I got over the first crash of being seized as a murderer—it don't take a rover who has knocked about so much as myself so very long to recover from a crash—I worked my way round to what you find me now. As such, I shall remain. No relations will be disgraced by me, or made unhappy for me, and—and that's all I've got to say."

The door had been opened to admit another soldier-looking man of less prepossessing appearance at first sight, and a weather-tanned bright-eyed wholesome woman with a basket, who, from her entrance, had been exceedingly attentive to all Mr. George had said. Mr. George had received them with a familiar nod and a friendly look, but without any more particular greeting in the midst of his address. He now shook them cordially by the hand, and said, "Miss Summerson and gentlemen, this is an old comrade of mine, Joseph Bagnet, and this is his wife, Mrs. Bagnet."

Mr. Bagnet made us a stiff, military bow, and Mrs. Bagnet dropped us a courtesy.

"Real good friends of mine they are," said Mr. George. "It was at their house I was taken."

"With a second-hand violinceller," Mr. Bagnet put in, twitching his head angrily. "Of a good tone. For a friend. That money was no object to."

"Mat," said Mr. George; "you have heard pretty well all I have been saying to this lady and these two gentlemen. I know it meets your approval?"

Mr. Bagnet, after considering, referred the point to his wife. "Old girl," said he. "Tell him. Whether or not. It meets my approval."

"Why, George," exclaimed Mrs. Bagnet, who had been unpacking her basket, in which there was a piece of cold pickled pork, a little tea and sugar, and a brown loaf, "you ought to know it don't. You ought to know it's enough to drive a person wild to hear you. You won't be got off this way, and you won't get off that way—what do you mean by such picking and choosing? It's stuff and nonsense, George."

"Don't be severe upon me in my misfortunes, Mrs. Bagnet," said the trooper, lightly.

"Oh! Bother your misfortunes!" cried Mrs. Bagnet, "if they don't make you more reasonable than that comes to. I never was so ashamed in my life to hear a man talk folly, as I have been to hear you talk this day to the present company. Lawyers? Why, what but too many cooks should hinder you from having a dozen lawyers, if the gentleman recommended 'em to you?"

"This is a very sensible woman," said my Guardian. "I hope you'll persuade him, Mrs. Bagnet."

"Persuade him, sir?" she returned. "Lord bless you, no. You don't know George. Now, there!" Mrs. Bagnet left her basket to point him out with both her hare brown hands. "There he stands, as self-willed and as determined a man in the wrong way as ever put a human creature under heaven out of patience. You could as soon take up and shoulder an eight-and-forty pounder by your own strength, as turn that man, when he has got a thing into his head, and fixed it there. Why, don't I know him!" cried Mrs. Bagnet. "Don't I know you, George? You don't mean to set up for a new character with *me*, after all these years, I hope?"

Her friendly indignation had an exemplary effect upon her husband, who shook his head at the trooper several times, as a silent recommendation to him to yield. Between whiles, Mrs. Bagnet looked at me, and I understood, from the play of her eyes, that she wished me to do something, though I did not comprehend what.

"But I have given up talking to you, old fellow, years and years," said Mrs. Bagnet, as she blew a little dust off the pickled pork, looking at me again; "and when ladies and gentlemen know you as well as I do, they'll give up talking to you too. If you are not too headstrong to accept of a bit of dinner, here it is."

"I accept it, with many thanks," returned the trooper.

"Do you though, indeed?" said Mrs. Bagnet, continuing to grumble on good-humoredly. "I'm sure I'm surprised at that. I wonder you don't starve in your own way also. It would only be like you. Perhaps you'll set your mind upon *that*, next." Here she again looked at me, and I now perceived from her glances at the door and at me, by turns, that she wished us to retire, and to await her following us, outside the prison. Communicating this by similar means to my Guardian, and Mr. Woodcourt, I rose.

"We hope you will think better of it, Mr. George," said I, "and we shall come to see you again, trusting to find you more reasonable."

"More grateful, Miss Summerson, you can't find me," he returned.

"But more persuadable we can, I hope," said I. "And let me entreat you to consider that the clearing up of this mystery, and the discovery of the real perpetrator of this deed, may be of the last importance to others besides yourself."

He heard me respectfully, but without much heeding these words, which I spoke a little turned from him, already on my way to the door; he was observing (this they afterward told me) my height and figure, which seemed to catch his attention all at once.

"'Tis curious," said he. "And yet I thought so at the time."

My Guardian asked him what he meant.

"Why, sir," he answered, "when my ill-fortune took me to the dead man's staircase on the night of his murder, I saw a shape so like Miss Summerson's go by me in the dark, that I had half a mind to speak to it."

For an instant I felt such a shudder as I never felt before or since, and hope I shall never feel again.

"It came down stairs as I went up," said the trooper, "and crossed the moonlighted window with a loose black mantle on; I noticed a deep fringe to it. However, it has nothing to do with the present subject, excepting that Miss Summerson looked so like it at the moment, that it came into my head."

I can not separate and define the feelings that arose in me after this; it is enough that the vague duty and obligation I had felt upon me from the first of following the investigation, was, without distinctly daring to ask myself any question, increased; and that I was indignantly sure of there being no possibility of a reason for my being afraid.

We three went out of the prison, and walked up and down at some short distance from the gate, which was in a retired place. We had not waited long when Mr. and Mrs. Bagnet came out too, and quickly joined us.

There was a tear in each of Mrs. Bagnet's eyes, and her face was flushed and hurried. "I didn't let George see what I thought about it, you know, miss," was her first remark when she came up; "but he's in a bad way, poor old fellow!"

"Not with care, and prudence, and good help," said my Guardian.

"A gentleman like you ought to know best, sir," returned Mrs. Bagnet, hurriedly drying her eyes on the hem of her gray cloak; "but I am uneasy for him. He has been so careless, and said so much that he never meant. The gentlemen of the juries might not understand him as Lignum and me do. And then such a number of circumstances have happened bad for him, and such a number of people will be brought forward to speak against him, and Bucket is so deep."

"With a second-hand violinceller. And said he played the fife. When a boy." Mr. Bagnet added, with great solemnity.

"Now, I tell you, miss," said Mrs. Bagnet; "and when I say miss, I mean all! Just come into the corner of the wall, and I'll tell you!"

Mrs. Bagnet hurried us into a more secluded place, and was at first too breathless to proceed; occasioning Mr. Bagnet to say, "Old girl! Tell 'em!"

"Why, then, miss," the old girl proceeded, untying the strings of her bonnet for more air, "you could as soon move Dover Castle as move George on this point, unless you had got a new power to move him with. And I have got it!"

"You are a jewel of a woman," said my Guardian. "Go on!"

"Now, I tell you, miss," she proceeded, clapping her hands in her hurry and agitation a dozen times in every sentence, "that what he says concerning no relations is all bosh. They don't know of him, but he does know of them. He has said more to me at odd times than to any body else, and it warn't for nothing that he once spoke to my Woolwich about whitening and wrinkling mothers' heads. For fifty pounds, he had seen his mother that day. She's alive, and must be brought here straight!"

Instantly Mrs. Bagnet put some pins into her mouth, and began pinning up her skirts all round a little higher than the level of her gray cloak; which she accomplished with surprising dispatch and dexterity.

"Lignum," said Mrs. Bagnet, "you take care of the children, old man, and give me the umbrella! I'm away to Lincolnshire, to bring that old lady here."

"But, bless the woman!" cried my Guardian, with his hand in his pocket, "how is she going? What money has she got?"

Mrs. Bagnet made another application to her skirts, and brought forth a leathern purse in which she hastily counted over a few shillings, and which she then shut up with perfect satisfaction.

"Never you mind for me, miss. I'm a soldier's wife, and accustomed to traveling in my own way. Lignum, old boy," kissing him, "one for yourself; three for the children. Now I'm away into Lincolnshire after George's mother!"

And she actually set off while we three stood looking at one another, lost in amazement. She actually trudged away in her gray cloak at a sturdy pace, and turned the corner, and was gone.

"Mr. Bagnet," said my Guardian. "Do you mean to let her go in that way?"

"Can't help it," he returned. "Made her way home once. From another quarter of the world. With the same gray cloak. And same umbrella. Whatever the old girl says, do. Do it! Whenever the old girl says, *I'll* do it. She does it."

"Then she is as honest and genuine as she looks," rejoined my Guardian, "and it is impossible to say more for her."

"She's Color-Sergeant of the Nonpareil battalion," said Mr. Bagnet, looking at us over his shoulder, as he went his way also. "And there's not such another. But I never own it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

CHAPTER LIII.—THE TRACK.

MR. BUCKET and his fat forefinger are much in consultation together under existing circumstances. When Mr. Bucket has a matter of this pressing interest under his consideration, the fat

forefinger seems to rise to the dignity of a familiar demon. He puts it to his ears, and it whispers information; he puts it to his lips, and it enjoins him to secrecy; he rubs it over his nose, and it sharpens his scent; he shakes it before a guilty man, and it charms him to his destruction. The augurs of the Detective Temple invariably predict that when Mr. Bucket and that finger are much in conference, a terrible avenger will be heard of before long.

Otherwise mildly studious in his observation of human nature—on the whole, a benignant philosopher—not disposed to be severe upon the follies of mankind, Mr. Bucket pervades a vast number of houses, and strolls about an infinity of streets: to outward appearance, rather languishing for want of an object. He is in the friendliest condition toward his species, and will drink with most of them. He is free with his money, affable in his manners, innocent in his conversation—but through the placid stream of his life there glides an under-current of forefinger.

Time and place can not bind Mr. Bucket. Like man in the abstract, he is here to-day and gone to-morrow, but very unlike man, indeed, he is here again the next day. This evening, he will be casually looking into the iron extinguishers at the door of Sir Leicester Dedlock's house in town, and to-morrow morning he will be walking on the leads at Chesney Wold, where last the old man walked whose ghost is propitiated with a hundred guineas. Drawers, desks, pockets, all things belonging to him, Mr. Bucket examines. A few hours afterward he and the Roman will be alone together, comparing forefingers.

It is likely that these occupations are irreconcilable with home enjoyments, but it is certain that Mr. Bucket at present does not go home. Though in general he highly appreciates the society of Mrs. Bucket—a lady of a natural detective genius, which, if it had been improved by professional exercise, might have done great things, but which has paused at the level of a clever amateur—he holds himself aloof from that dear solace. Mrs. Bucket is dependent on their lodger (fortunately an amiable lady in whom she takes an interest) for companionship and conversation.

A great crowd assembles in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields on the day of the funeral. Sir Leicester Dedlock attends the ceremony in person; strictly speaking, there are only three other human followers, that is to say, Lord Doodle, William Buffy, and the debilitated cousin (thrown in as a make-weight), but the amount of inconsolable carriages is immense. The Peerage contributes more four-wheeled affliction than has ever been seen in that neighborhood. Such is the assemblage of armorial bearings on coach-panels, that the Herald's College might be supposed to have lost its father and mother at a blow. The Duke of Foodle sends a splendid pile of dust and ashes with silver wheel-boxes, patent axles, all the last improvements, and three bereaved worms, six feet high, holding on behind, in a bunch of woe. All the state-coachmen in London seem plunged into mourning; and if that dead old man of the rusty garb be not beyond a taste in horse-flesh (which appears impossible), it must be highly gratified this day.

Quiet among the undertakers and the equipages, and the calves of so many legs all steeped in grief, Mr. Bucket sits concealed in one of the inconsolable carriages, and at his ease surveys the crowd through the lattice blinds. He has a keen eye for a crowd—as for what not?—and looking here and there, now from this side of the carriage, now from the other, now up at the house windows, now along the people's heads, nothing escapes him.

"And there *you* are, my partner, eh?" says Mr. Bucket to himself, apostrophizing Mrs. Bucket, stationed, by his favor, on the steps of the deceased's house. "And so you are. And so you are! And very well indeed you are looking, Mrs. Bucket!"

The procession has not started yet, but is waiting for the cause of its assemblage to be brought out. Mr. Bucket, in the foremost emblazoned carriage, uses his two fat forefingers to hold the lattice a hair's breadth open while he looks.

And it says a great deal for his attachment, as a husband, that he is still occupied with Mrs. B. "There you are, my partner, eh?" he murmuringly repeats. "And our lodger with you. I'm taking notice of you, Mrs. Bucket; I hope you're all right in your health, my dear?"

Not another word does Mr. Bucket say, but sits with most attentive eyes, until the sacked depository of noble secrets is brought down—(where are all those secrets now? Does he keep them yet? Did they fly with him on that sudden journey?)—and until the procession moves and Mr. Bucket's view is changed. After which, he composes himself for an easy ride, and takes note of the fittings of the carriage in case he should ever find such knowledge useful.

Contrast enough between Mr. Tulkinghorn shut up in his dark carriage, and Mr. Bucket shut up in *his*. Between the immeasurable track of space beyond the little wound that has thrown the one into the fixed sleep, which jolts so heavily over the stones of the streets—and the narrow track of blood which keeps the other in the watchful state, expressed in every hair of his head! But it is all one to both; neither is troubled about that.

Mr. Bucket sits out the procession, in his own easy manner, and glides from the carriage when the opportunity he has settled with himself arrives. He makes for Sir Leicester Dedlock's, which is at present a sort of home to him, where he comes and goes as he likes at all hours, where he is always welcome and made much of, where he knows the whole establishment, and walks in an atmosphere of mysterious greatness.

No knocking or ringing for Mr. Bucket. He has caused himself to be provided with a key, and can pass in at his pleasure. As he is cross-

ing the hall, Mercury informs him, "Here's another letter for you, Mr. Bucket, come by post," and gives it him.

"Another one, eh?" says Mr. Bucket.

If Mercury should chance to be possessed by any lingering curiosity as to Mr. Bucket's letters, that wary person is not the man to gratify it. Mr. Bucket looks at him, as if his face were a vista of some miles in length, and he were leisurely contemplating the same.

"Do you happen to carry a box?" says Mr. Bucket.

Unfortunately Mercury is no snuff-taker.

"Could you fetch me a pinch from anywheres?" says Mr. Bucket. "Thankee. It don't matter what it is; I'm not particular as to the kind. Thankee!"

Having leisurely helped himself from a canister borrowed from somebody down-stairs for the purpose, and having made a considerable show of tasting it, first with one side of his nose and then with the other, Mr. Bucket, with much deliberation, pronounces it of the right sort, and goes on, letter in hand.

Now, although Mr. Bucket walks up-stairs to the little library within the larger one, with the face of a man who receives some scores of letters every day, it happens that much correspondence is not incidental to his life. He is no great scribe, rather handling his pen like the pocket-staff he carries about with him always convenient to his grasp, and discourages correspondence with himself in others, as being too artless and direct a way of doing delicate business. Further, he often sees damaging letters produced in evidence, and has occasion to reflect that it was a green thing to write them. For these reasons he has very little to do with letters, either as sender or receiver. And yet he has received a round half dozen within the last twenty-four hours.

"And this," says Mr. Bucket, spreading it out on the table, "is in the same hand, and consists of the same two words."

What two words?

He turns the key in the door, ungirdles his black pocket-book (book of fate to many), lays another letter by it, and reads, boldly written in each, "Lady Dedlock."

"Yes, yes," says Mr. Bucket. "But I could have made the money without this anonymous information."

Having put the letters in his book of Fate, and girdled it up again, he unlocks the door just in time to admit his dinner, which is brought upon a goodly tray, with a decanter of sherry. Mr. Bucket frequently observes in friendly circles where there is no restraint, that he likes a toothful of your fine old brown East Inder sherry better than any thing you can offer him. Consequently he fills and empties his glass with a smack of his lips, and is proceeding with his refreshment when an idea enters his mind.

Mr. Bucket softly opens the door of communication between that room and the next, and looks in. The library is deserted, and the fire is sinking low. Mr. Bucket's eye, after taking a pigeon-flight round the room, alights upon a table where letters are usually put as they arrive. Several letters for Sir Leicester are upon it. Mr. Bucket draws near, and examines the directions. "No," he says, "there's none in that hand. It's only me as is written to. I can break it to Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, to-morrow."

With that he returns to finish his dinner with a good appetite, and, after a light nap, is summoned into the drawing-room. Sir Leicester has received him there these several evenings past, to know whether he has any thing to report. The debilitated cousin (much exhausted by the funeral) and Volumnia are in attendance.

Mr. Bucket makes three distinctly different bows to these three people. A bow of homage to Sir Leicester, a bow of gallantry to Volumnia, and a bow of recognition to the debilitated cousin; to whom it airily says, "You are a swell about town, and you know me, and I know you." Having distributed these little specimens of his tact, Mr. Bucket rubs his hands.

"Have you any thing new to communicate, officer?" inquires Sir Leicester. "Do you wish to hold any conversation with me in private?"

"Why—not to-night, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"Because my time," pursues Sir Leicester, "is wholly at your disposal, with a view to the vindication of the outraged majesty of the law."

Mr. Bucket coughs, and glances at Volumnia rouged and necklaced, as though he would respectfully observe, "I do assure you, you're a pretty creetur. I've seen hundreds worse-looking at your time of life, I have indeed."

The fair Volumnia, not quite unconscious perhaps of the humanizing influence of her charms, pauses in the writing of cocked-hat notes, and meditatively adjusts the pearl necklace. Mr. Bucket prices that decoration in his mind, and thinks it as likely as not that Volumnia is writing poetry.

"If I have not," pursues Sir Leicester, "in the most emphatic manner, adjured you, officer, to exercise your utmost skill in this atrocious case, I particularly desire to take the present opportunity of rectifying any omission I may have made. Let no expense be a consideration. I am prepared to defray all charges. You can incur none, in pursuit of the object you have undertaken, that I shall hesitate for a moment to bear."

Mr. Bucket makes Sir Leicester's bow again, as a response to this liberality.

"My mind," Sir Leicester adds, with generous warmth, "has not, as may be easily supposed, recovered its tone since the late diabolical occurrence. It is not likely ever to recover its tone. But it is full of indignation to-night, after undergoing the ordeal of consigning to the tomb the remains of a faithful, a zealous, a devoted adherent."

Sir Leicester's voice trembles, and his gray hairs stir upon his head. Tears are in his eyes; the best part of his nature is aroused.

"I declare," he says, "I solemnly declare that until this crime is discovered and, in the course of justice, punished, I almost feel as if there were a stain upon my name. A gentleman who has devoted a large portion of his life to me, a gentleman who has devoted the last day of his life to me, a gentleman who has constantly sat at my table and slept under my roof, goes from my house to his own, and is struck down within an hour of his leaving my house. I can not say but that he may have been followed from my house, watched at my house, even first marked because of his association with my house—which may have suggested his possessing greater wealth, and being altogether of greater importance than his own retiring demeanor would have indicated. If I can not, with my means, and my influence, and my position, bring all the perpetrators of such a crime to light, I fail in the assertion of my respect for that gentleman's memory, and of my fidelity toward one who was ever faithful to me."

While he makes this protestation with great emotion and earnestness, looking round the room as if he were addressing an assembly, Mr. Bucket glances at him with an observant gravity in which there might be, but for the audacity of the thought, a touch of compassion.

"The ceremony of to-day," continues Sir Leicester, "strikingly illustrative of the respect in which my deceased friend;" he lays a stress upon the word, for death levels all distinctions—"was held by the flower of the land, has, I say, aggravated the shock I have received from this most horrible and audacious crime. If it were my brother who had committed it, I would not spare him."

Mr. Bucket looks grave. Volumnia remarks of the deceased that he was the truest and dearest person!

"You must feel it as a deprivation to you, miss," replies Mr. Bucket, soothingly, "no doubt. He was calculated to be a deprivation, I'm sure he was."

Volumnia gives Mr. Bucket to understand, in reply, that her sensitive mind is fully made up never to get the better of it as long as she lives; that her nerves are unstrung for ever; and that she has not the least expectation of smiling again. Meanwhile she folds up a cocked-hat for that redoubtable old general at Bath, descriptive of her melancholy condition.

"It gives a start to a delicate female," says Mr. Bucket, sympathetically, "but it'll wear off."

Volumnia wishes of all things to know what is doing? whether they are going to convict, or whatever it is, that dreadful soldier? whether he had any accomplices, or whatever the thing is called, in the law? And a great deal more to the like artless purpose.

"Why you see, miss," returns Mr. Bucket, bringing the finger into persuasive action—and such is his natural gallantry, that he had almost said, my dear; "it ain't easy to answer those questions at the present moment. Not at the present moment. I've kept myself on this case, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," whom Mr. Bucket takes into the conversation in right of his importance, "morning, noon, and night. But for a glass or two of sherry, I don't think I could have had my mind so much upon the stretch as it has been. I *could* answer your questions, miss, but duty forbids it. Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, will very soon be made acquainted with all that has been traced. And I hope that he may find it;" Mr. Bucket again looks grave; "to his satisfaction."

The debilitated cousin only hopes some fler'll be executed—zample. Thinks more interest's wanted—get man hanged pesentime—than get man place ten thousand a year. Hasn't a doubt—zample—far better hang wrong fler than no fler.

"*You* know life, you know, sir," says Mr. Bucket, with a complimentary twinkle of his eye and crook of his finger, "and you can confirm what I've mentioned to this lady; *you* don't want to be told that from information I have received, I have gone to work. You're up to what a lady can't be expected to be up to. Lord! especially in your elevated station of society, miss," says Mr. Bucket, quite reddening at another narrow escape from my dear.

"The officer, Volumnia," observes Sir Leicester, "is faithful to his duty, and perfectly right."

Mr. Bucket murmurs, "Glad to have the honor of your approbation, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

"In fact, Volumnia," proceeds Sir Leicester, "it is not holding up a good model for imitation, to ask the officer any such questions as you have put to him. He is the best judge of his own responsibility; he acts upon his responsibility. And it does not become us who assist in making the laws to impede or interfere with those who carry them into execution; or," says Sir Leicester, somewhat sternly, for Volumnia was going to cut in before he had rounded his sentance; "or who vindicate their outraged majesty."

Volumnia with all humility explains that she has not merely the plea of curiosity to urge (in common with the giddy youth of her sex in general), but that she is perfectly dying with regret and interest for the darling man whose loss they all deplore.

"Very well, Volumnia," returns Sir Leicester. "Then you can not be too discreet."

Mr. Bucket takes the opportunity of a pause to be heard again. "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, I have no objections to telling this lady, with your leave, and among ourselves, that I look upon the case as pretty well complete. It is a beautiful case—a beautiful case—and what little is wanting to complete it, I expect to be able to supply in a few hours."

"I am very glad indeed to hear it," says Sir Leicester. "Highly creditable to you."

"Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet," returns Mr. Bucket, very seriously, "I hope it may at one and the same time do me credit, and prove satisfac-

tory to all. When I depict it as a beautiful case, you see, miss," Mr. Bucket goes on, glancing gravely at Sir Leicester, "I mean from my point of view. As considered from other points of view, such cases will always involve more or less unpleasantness. Very strange things comes to our knowledge in families, miss, bless your heart, what you would think to be phenomonons, quite."

Volumnia, with her innocent little scream, supposes so.

"Ay, and even in gen-teel families, in high families, in great families," says Mr. Bucket, again gravely eying Sir Leicester aside. "I have had the honor of being employed in high families before, and you have no idea—come, I'll go so far as to say not even *you* have any idea, sir," this to the debilitated cousin, "what games goes on!"

The cousin, who has been casting sofa-pillows on his head, in a prostration of boredom, yawns, "Vayli"—being the used-up for "very likely."

Sir Leicester, deeming it time to dismiss the officer, here majestically interposes with the words —"Very good. thank you!" and also with a wave of his hand, implying not only that there is an end of the discourse, but that if high families fall into low habits they must take the consequences. "You will not *forget*, officer," he adds, with condescension, "that I am at your disposal when you please."

Mr. Bucket (still grave) inquires if to-morrow morning, now, would suit, in case he should be as for'ard as he expects to be? Sir Leicester replies, "All times are alike to me." Mr. Bucket makes his three bows, and is withdrawing, when a forgotten point occurs to him.

"Might I ask, by-the-by," he says, in a low voice, cautiously returning "who posted the Reward-bill on the staircase."

"I ordered it to be put there," replies Sir Leicester.

"Would it be considered a liberty, Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, if I was to ask you why?"

"Not at all. I chose it as a conspicuous part of the house. I think it can not be too prominently kept before the whole establishment. I wish my people to be impressed with the enormity of the crime; the determination to punish it, and the hopelessness of escape. At the same time, officer, if you in your better knowledge of the subject see any objection—"

Mr. Bucket sees none now; the bill having been put up, had better not be taken down. Repeating his three bows he withdraws: closing the door on Volumnia's little scream, which is a preliminary to her remarking that that charmingly horrible person is a perfect Blue Chamber.

In his fondness for society, and his adaptability to all grades, Mr. Bucket is presently standing before the hall-fire—bright and warm on the early winter night—admiring Mercury.

"Why, you're six foot two, I suppose?" says Mr. Bucket.

"Three," says Mercury.

"Are you so much? But then you're broad in proportion, and don't look it. You're not one of the weak-legged ones, you ain't. Was you ever modeled now?" Mr. Bucket asks, conveying the expression of an artist into the turn of his eye and head.

Mercury never was modeled.

"Then you ought to be, you know," says Mr. Bucket, "and a friend of mine that you'll hear of one day as a Royal Academy Sculptor, would stand something handsome to make a drawing of your proportions for the marble. My Lady's out, ain't she?"

"Out to dinner."

"Goes out pretty well every day, don't she?"

"Yes."

"Not to be wondered at!" says Mr. Bucket. "Such a fine woman as her, so handsome, and so graceful, and so elegant, is like a fresh lemon on a dinner-table, ornamental wherever she goes. Was your father in the same way of life as yourself?"

Answer in the negative.

"Mine was," says Mr. Bucket. "My father was first a page, then a footman, then a butler, then a steward, then an innkeeper. Lived universally respected, and died lamented. Said with his last breath that he considered service the most honorable part of his career, and so it was. I've a brother in service, *and* a brother-in-law. My Lady a good temper?"

Mercury replies, "As good as you can expect."

"Ah!" says Mr. Bucket, "a little spoilt? a little capricious? Lord! What can you anticipate when they're so handsome as that? And we like 'em all the better for it, don't we?"

Mercury, with his hands in the pockets of his flaming orange-colored small clothes, stretches his symmetrical silk legs with the air of a man of gallantry, and can't deny it. Come the roll of wheels and a violent ringing at the bell. "Talk of the angels," says Mr. Bucket. "Here she is!"

The doors are thrown open, and she passes through the hall. Still very pale, she is dressed in slight mourning and wears two beautiful bracelets. Either their beauty, or the beauty of her arms, is particularly attractive to Mr. Bucket. He looks at them with an eager eye, and rattles something in his pocket—halfpence perhaps.

Noticing him at his distance, she turns an inquiring look on the other Mercury who has brought her home.

"Mr. Bucket, my Lady."

Mr. Bucket makes a leg, and comes forward, passing his familiar demon over the region of his mouth.

"Are you waiting to see Sir Leicester?"

"No, my Lady, I've seen him!"

"Have you any thing to say to me?"

"Not just at present, my Lady."

"Have you made any new discoveries?"

"A few, my Lady."

This is merely in passing. She scarcely makes a stop, and sweeps up-stairs alone. Mr. Bucket, moving toward the staircase-foot, watches her as she goes up the steps the old man came down to

SHADOW.

his grave; past murderous groups of statuary, repeated with their shadowy weapons on the wall; past the printed bill, which she looks at going by; out of view.

"She's a lovely woman, too, she really is," says Mr. Bucket, coming back to Mercury. "Don't look quite healthy, though."

Is not quite healthy, Mercury informs him. Suffers much from headaches.

Really? That's a pity! Walking, Mr. Bucket would recommend for that. Well, she tries walking, Mercury rejoins. Walks sometimes for two hours, when she has them bad. By night, too.

"Are you sure you're quite so much as six foot three?" asks Mr. Bucket, "begging your pardon for interrupting you a moment."

Not a doubt about it.

"You're so well put together that I shouldn't have thought it. But the Houshold Troops, though considered fine men, are built so straggling.—Walks by night, does she? When it's moonlight, though?"

O yes. When it's moonlight! Of course. O of course! Conversational and acquiescent on both sides.

"I suppose you ain't in the habit of walking yourself?" says Mr. Bucket. "Not much time for it, I should say?"

Besides which, Mercury don't like it. Prefers carriage exercise.

"To be sure," says Mr. Bucket. "That makes a difference. Now I think of it," says Mr. Bucket, warming his hands, and looking pleasantly at the blaze, "she went out walking the very night of this business."

"To be sure, she did! I let her into the garden over the way."

"And left her there. Certainly you did. I saw you doing it."

"I didn't see you," says Mercury.

"I was rather in a hurry," returns Mr. Bucket, "for I was going to visit a aunt of mine that lives at Chelsea—next door but two to the old original Bun House—ninety year old the old lady is, a single woman, and got a little property. Yes, I chanced to be passing at the time. Let's see. What time might it be? It wasn't ten."

"Half-past nine."

"You're right. So it was. And if I don't deceive myself, my Lady was muffled in a loose black mantle, with a deep fringe to it?"

"Of course she was."

Of course she was. Mr. Bucket must return to a little work he has to get on with up-stairs, but he must shake hands with Mercury in acknowledgment of his agreeable conversation, and will he—this is all he asks—will he, when he has a leisure half hour, think of bestowing it on that Royal Academy sculptor, for the advantage of both parties?

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

ONE winter evening, when "norland winds were piping" loudly, but harmlessly around the walls of our old substantial dwelling, our whole family, consisting of four persons—namely, my father and mother, my sister and myself—were sitting before a cheerful fire, enjoying that dim delicious hour that intervenes between the night and the day, ere shutters are closed, or candles placed on the table. On the present occasion, this hour was spun out to an unusual length, and yet not one of us felt inclined to have the lights brought in. My father, was peculiarly animated in his narration of the various scenes he had witnessed, and our questions ever and anon stimulated him to some fresh recollection. A pause at last ensued, however; and the close of the twilight enjoyment seemed inevitable, when my sister put a question which prolonged it for a considerable time further. "What," said she, "was the happiest passage, father, in your life?"

"I shall tell you, my children," said our father, "what passage in my life gives me most satisfaction in the retrospect. Soon after your mother had united her fate with mine, I fell into a respectable and profitable business in New York, where, as you are aware, that competency was earned which now enables me to pass the evening of life in comfort. The occupation which I followed required my daily presence for some hours in the centre of that city, where I met the parties with whom I had business connections. The time which I generally chose for this purpose was the hottest part of the day, when every one almost is within doors, and there was less chance of missing my object. The streets at this period of the day are often remarkably empty, only a straggler being visible here and there. It was on one of these business visits that I saw, in a back-street, two men, an Irishman and a negro, jostling, or rather struggling with each other. There was no other object in the street to divert my attention, and I therefore almost involuntarily kept my eyes fixed upon the men. The negro was a powerful, athletic man, and had evidently the better in the struggle, which speedily became a complete wrestle. The Irishman felt his inferiority, and, becoming irritated, raised his arm, and gave his opponent a tremendous blow, which felled him to his knees. The Irishman after this threw himself into a defensive attitude, and on the black raising himself from the ground, blows were rapidly interchanged by the parties. All this passed almost instantaneously, and the issue was equally speedy. The negro struck his adversary on the side of the head with sufficient force to drive him to the ground. The unfortunate Irishman's head came in contact with a stone, and his skull was fractured. Within a few moments after the fall, he was dead!

"No one was near enough to witness the course of this affair but myself. A crowd, however, soon collected on the spot; and as the street was chiefly inhabited by the laboring Irish, the assemblage was principally composed of that nation. The wounded man was carried into a house to receive medical assistance, and I, losing sight of the negro, proceeded on my way home.

"My own affairs occupied so much of my time and attention, that the unhappy incident I had witnessed passed almost entirely from my mind. A few mornings after it happened, however, I was much shocked to perceive by the newspapers, that the negro had been committed to prison on a charge of willful murder, several Irishmen having sworn before the coroner, that they had seen the black *strike the deceased with a stone*. To give color to this assertion, one of them had the audacity to bring forward what the newspapers called 'the fatal stone.' Horrified at such villainy as this, I instantly formed the resolution of going forward at the trial, and telling the truth as I had witnessed it. Your mother and my friends attempted in vain to dissuade me, on the ground that I would inevitably incur, by such conduct, the hatred of the lower orders of the Irish, who, disappointed of their victim, might wreak their revenge on me. A sense of duty to the negro and to justice enabled me, thank Heaven, to resist these representations, though reason admitted their feasibility. 'The poor negro is, like myself, in a land of strangers,' said I; 'he is far from the hearth of his infancy, and perhaps has not one

friend in the world. He is of a persecuted and despised race; and, come what may, I am resolved that he shall at least have the advantage of having the truth stated regarding the melancholy accident in which he has been involved.' Recollect, my children, that this was only my duty, and that the peculiar circumstances of the case alone gave my resolve—if, indeed, it did possess it—any merit.

"On the morning of the trial, I was in attendance at the court-house. On applying for admittance to the grand jury-room, I was informed that a true bill had been found against the negro, and that the gentlemen on the jury had given orders for the admission of no more witnesses, being perfectly satisfied with the evidence laid before them. I was not to be put off, however, in this manner, but forced my way, almost in spite of the attending official, into the room, and after relating the whole of my story to the grand jury, was admitted as an evidence. At the same time, the true bill already found was held still as the conclusion to which these gentlemen had come, and the poor negro's life was thus left dependent on the effect of my testimony at the trial.

"The cause came on. Witness after witness swore to the same facts, until the jury were thoroughly satisfied, and the court impatient to hear the sentence pronounced against a wretch so vile as the black seemed to be. He, poor fellow, seemed more thunderstruck at the deliberate falsehoods uttered, than alarmed at his dangerous predicament. No voice was lifted up in his favor; no eye glanced on him with compassion or sympathy; friendless and hopeless, he sat like a being of an inferior kind among his fellowmen. I was called at length, and gave a plain and full statement of the facts of the case: 'That I was the only person in the street, beside the deceased and the prisoner, at the time of the occurrence; that I knew neither of the parties; that the Irishman struck the negro first, bringing him on his knees with the blow, and causing the blood to gush from his nose; that the black rose, and wiping the blood from his face with his left hand, after a short struggle, with the same hand gave the Irishman a blow on the side of the head, which drove him to the ground, where his head, striking the curb-stone, was fatally injured; and that no *stone* could possibly be in the negro's hand without my observing it.'

"I feel pleasure, my children, in stating, for the honor of human nature, that a buzz of satisfaction ran through the court-room at the conclusion of my story. My own character and station in life, together with the total absence of interested motives, caused the entire overthrow of the previous evidence, and compassion and sympathy for the accused took the place of anger and abhorrence in every breast. The counsel for the prosecution alone, as was natural perhaps, acted as if unsatisfied. He cross-examined me very closely, and made me repeat so often the manner in which the negro struck the deceased, and with which hand he did it, that my patience became in the end exhausted, and I brought matters to a conclusion by suiting the action to the word, and applying my fist pretty smartly to the side of his own head. The solemnity of the occasion could not restrain the laughter that broke forth, and the barrister sat down, satisfied, it appeared at length, and somewhat chop-fallen. The jury, without the slightest hesitation, acquitted the prisoner of the charge of murder, and returned a verdict of manslaughter. He was sentenced to be imprisoned for some months; but this was merely formal, for in a few days he was restored to perfect liberty."

"Did you ever hear of the negro afterward?" interrupted my sister.

"I never saw him more than two or three times. The first time was about a month after the trial, when, in passing an oyster-shop or cellar, a voice called out: 'Massa G——! Massa G——!' I turned, and recognized in the owner of the store the unfortunate negro. His gratitude for the service which accident had enabled me to do for him, was written in every line of his countenance. He compelled me to taste a few of his oysters, and anxiously pressed me to inform him of my residence, that he might carry thither his whole stock as a present for me. 'Ah, massa,' said he, 'when me stand at bar without friend, and when me saw 'pectable gentleman go in hox, me tink, what! you going to hang me too! But when me heard massa speak true, me tank God for sending one gentleman to speak my cause. De blessing will be answered from de sky which poor nigger speak for Massa G——. Me could not help cry de first time many year.' And the tears again ran down his cheeks as he spoke.

"This passage of my life," continued my father, "if not the happiest at the time, is at least one of the most pleasing to look back upon. And this, my children, is the best test of all happy passages in life."

"Did you suffer nothing for your behavior from those wretches of Irishmen?" asked my sister—"those vindictive—"

"Hush, Betsy," said my father; "do not vent general reflections, as I fear you were about to do, upon a nation which has shown so many great and good men in the list of her sons, and whose every error has been owing to ignorance, and, it may be, hard usage. Those Irishmen who were connected with the affair I have described, were beings who had never enjoyed opportunities of education, and their errors ought not to be assumed as a ground for general reproach to their country. You will, I hope, see such things more clearly as you grow older."

Dear little Betsy *did* see these things more clearly as she grew older, for she is now the happy wife of as good a man as ever lived, and he is an Irishman. Heigho! how time flies!—her eldest girl, I fear me, will make me some day soon a granduncle!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE affair of the Mesilla Valley, of which mention was made in our last Record, threatens to result in a collision between Mexico and the United States. The whole spirit of Santa Anna's administration is decidedly hostile to this country; and if we can place any reliance upon the indications afforded by his conduct, he is prepared to run the risk of another war. It is certain that troops have been sent to take military possession of the disputed territory. An article in the *Washington Union* is supposed to be so far official as to indicate the views of our own Government in the matter. It assumes that the line run between New Mexico and Chihuahua by the Boundary Commission has not been confirmed by the authority required by the treaty, and that, therefore, "no line has been run which the Government of the United States can rightly recognize;" that the Mesilla Valley has always belonged to New Mexico, and as such was transferred to the United States by treaty; and that, consequently, "the armed occupation of the Valley by the Mexican troops, is wholly in violation of the rights of the United States, and of every principle of international law." The question is one to be settled by negotiation, and the Mexican Government must not insist upon settling it by force. The policy of the United States, says this document, toward Mexico, is "one of forbearance and peace;" and "it is to be expected that in response to such a spirit the Mexican authorities will, upon due reflection, abandon their purpose of holding the Mesilla Valley by arms." The course of the Governor of Chihuahua in taking military possession of the Valley is pronounced not to be "an admissible proceeding;" and the "United States can not submit to it as a permanent disposition of that territory." "We have no doubt," concludes this article, "from all that has been announced of the foreign policy of the Administration, that all suitable measures have been taken, and will in future be taken, to place the whole question, both before the Mexican authorities and the people of the United States in its proper position." The inference from this is, that our Government are determined, unless Mexico withdraws her troops from the Valley, also to send forces there. In opposition to these views, it is strenuously maintained that the Valley in question was formally and in proper manner adjudged to belong to Mexico, by the authority created by solemn treaty.——Apart from this affair, there is little of special interest in the department of general political intelligence. The Legislature of New York is sitting in special session; the Constitutional Convention of Massachusetts has convened; and a Southern Convention is assembled at Memphis, Tenn., to consult upon the interests of the South.——The principal diplomatic appointments have been made, with the exception of that of Minister to France, which is still vacant, and are as follow:

MINISTERS PLENIPOTENTIARY.

JAMES BUCHANAN, of Pennsylvania, to Great Britain.
THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, of Connecticut, to Russia.
JAMES GADSDEN, of South Carolina, to Mexico.
PIERRE A. SOULE, of Louisiana, to Spain.
PETER D. VROOM, of New Jersey, to Prussia.
SOLON BORLAND, of Arkansas, to Central America.
WILLIAM TROUSDALE, of Tennessee, to Brazil.
SAMUEL MEDARY, of Ohio, to Chili.
JOHN R. CLAY, to Peru.
THEODORE S. FAY, Minister Resident in Switzerland.

CHARGES D'AFFAIRES.

J. J. SEIBELS, of Alabama, for Belgium.
AUGUSTE BELMONT, of New York, for Netherlands.
RICHARD K. MEADE, of Virginia, for Sardinia.
ROBERT DALE OWEN, of Indiana, for Two Sicilies.
HENRY R. JACKSON, of Georgia, for Austria.
CHARLES LEVI WOODBURY, of N. H., for Bolivia.
HENRY BEDINGER, of Virginia, for Denmark.
WILLIAM H. BISSELL, of Illinois, for Buenos Ayres.
JAMES S. GREEN, of Missouri, for New Granada.
SHELTON F. LEAKE, of Virginia, for Sandwich Islands.

CONSULS.

CHARLES L. DENMAN, of California, at Acapulco.
EDWARD D. LEON, of South Carolina, at Alexandria.
DAVID S. LEE, of Iowa, at Basle.
JOHN M. HOWDIN, of Ohio, at Bermuda.
ALFRED GILMORE, of Pennsylvania, at Bordeaux.
WILLIAM HILDEBRAND, of Wisconsin, at Bremen.
DENNIS MULLINS, of New York, at Cork.
M. J. LYNCH, of Illinois, at Dublin.
WILLIAM H. DE WOLF, of Rhode Island, at Dundee
ALEXANDER M. CLAYTON, of Mississippi, at Havana.
S. M. JOHNSON, of Michigan, at Hamburg.
JAMES KEENAN, of Pennsylvania, at Hong-Kong.
BENJAMIN F. ANGEL, of New York, at Honolulu.
GEORGE W. CHASE of Maine, at Lahaina.
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, of Mass., at Liverpool.
JAMES M. TARLETON, of Alabama, at Melbourne.
GEORGE SANDERS, of New York, at London.
THOMAS W. WARD, of Texas, at Panama.
DUNCAN K. MCRAE, of North Carolina, at Paris.
ROBERT G. SCOTT, of Virginia, at Rio Janeiro.
CHARLES J. HELM, of Kentucky, at St. Thomas.
WYNDHAM ROBERTSON, of Louisiana, at Trieste.
JOHN HUBBARD, of Maine, at Trinidad de Cuba.
REUBEN WOOD, of Ohio, at Valparaiso.
DONALD G. MITCHELL, of Connecticut, at Venice.
GEORGE F. GOUNDI, of Pennsylvania, at Zurich.

The amended Charter of the City of New York proposed by the Legislature, and submitted to the popular vote of the city, June 7, was accepted by a vote of 36,672 yeas to 3351 nays. The principal provisions of the Charter are those intended to guard against the bribery and corruption of public officers:—Directing leases and contracts to be given out only by public auction, to the most favorable bidder, after due public notice:—Increasing the number of one branch of the Common Council, which is also to be chosen from smaller districts; this branch to have the sole power of originating appropriations of money:—Granting to the Mayor a veto power, which can be overruled only by a vote of two-thirds of the Common Council:—Taking from the Aldermen the duty of sitting as Judges in the Criminal Courts:—Laying restrictions upon the expenditures of public moneys.

Two expeditions of unusual interest have just been dispatched from this country. The first, that fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, to continue the search for Sir John Franklin, sailed from New York, May 31. It consists of a single vessel, the Advance, with a company of only seventeen persons, under the command of Dr. Kane, who was attached to the previous expedition. They go with provisions calculated for two years, independent of what they may gain by hunting. Their immediate destination is Smith's Sound, the farthest point to the north yet reached. Thence, if the ice permits, they will push their way into regions hitherto unexplored. If the northern passages are blocked up, they intend to have recourse to dogs, using their boats as sledges, in order to make a thorough exploration of the region, in search of traces of the lost navigators. The other expedi-

tion sailed a few days later from Norfolk. It consists of four vessels and a supply ship, under the command of Captain Ringgold. Its object is to make a thorough exploration of the routes pursued by our vessels between San Francisco and China, and of the whaling grounds of the Sea of Okotsk, and Behring's Straits. Of only small portions of the region proposed to be surveyed have any accurate charts been prepared, though their commercial importance is very great.

The General Assembly of the "Old School" branch of the Presbyterian Church held its annual session at Philadelphia, commencing May 19, and continuing till June 3. The opening sermon was preached by John C. Lord, D.D., the Moderator of the last Assembly. John C. Young, D.D., was chosen Moderator. Apart from the regular details, the most important action of the body was the establishment of a new Theological Seminary at Danville, Kentucky, designed to take the place of all the existing Western Seminaries. The following Professors were appointed: "R. J. Breckenridge, D.D., *Didactic* Theology; E. P. Humphrey, D.D., *Ecclesiastical History and Church Government*; B. M. Palmer, D.D., *Oriental and Biblical Literature*; P. D. Gurley, D.D., Pastoral Theology. The Professorship at Princeton, vacant by the death of the late Dr. Alexander, was filled by the appointment of Henry A. Boardman, D. D. Rev. Dr. Davidson of New Brunswick, N. J., delivered before the Presbyterian Historical Society a very able discourse on "Presbyterianism; its true Value and Position in History;" in the course of which he vindicated the characters of Calvin and Knox from their detractors. The next meeting of the Assembly was appointed to be held at Buffalo.

The "New School" General Assembly met at Buffalo, also on May 19, and was opened by a discourse from the Rev. William Adams, D.D., Moderator of the last Assembly, on the "True Ideal of the Christian Minister." The Rev. Dr. Allen, Theological Professor in the Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, was chosen Moderator. The roll of commissioners, clerical and lay, numbered two hundred and eight—the largest representation ever assembled. The session was protracted to Tuesday, May 31st, and, apart from the regular routine of business, was made interesting by the discussion of a variety of important measures. Among these, was a recommendation to raise a fund of $100,000, to be loaned or donated to feeble churches at the West, for the erection of church-edifices. A Committee appointed by the last General Assembly, to confer with the American Home Missionary Society respecting the adjustment of the Plan of Church Extension with the operations of that Society, reported a correspondence, which stated that entire agreement had been accomplished. A further Committee was appointed this year, to confer with the Society in reference to certain alleged deficiencies in its rules, which interfere with the prosecution of Home Missions by this Church. A large Commission was appointed to devise some comprehensive plan for the education of Ministers by this Church; the existing Education Societies being recommended as the best agencies for this purpose, in the mean time. An overture reported to the Assembly, justifying the marrying of a sister's daughter, was almost unanimously rejected. An overture reprehending promiscuous dancing by church-members, was answered by re-affirming the stringent condemnation of a former Assembly. On the subject of Slavery, a long and earnest, but friendly discussion took place, on a series of resolutions, drafted by a member of a Southern Presbytery, which re-affirmed the action of the Assembly of 1850, at Detroit, and requested the several Presbyteries in the Slave States to make inquiries, and send up answers to the next Assembly, as to how many slaves are held by members of the Presbyterian Church; how many of these are held from excusable or charitable motives; whether the Southern Churches regard the sacredness of the marriage relation among slaves; whether baptism is duly administered to children of slaves professing Christianity, &c. The resolutions were discussed for nearly three days, and were finally adopted by a vote of 79 to 34—the minority entering two protests thereto. The Assembly, during its session, made visits, in a body, to Niagara Falls, and to the Portage Falls. The next meeting of this body is to be held in Philadelphia.

From *Utah* our intelligence extends to April 30. On the 6th, the General Conference of the Mormons was opened with great parade. Brigham Young was "brought forward and sustained as President of the Church of Christ of the Latter Day Saints, also as Prophet, Seer, and Revelator, and leader in Israel." John Smith was "sustained as Patriarch to the whole Church." The Ninth General Epistle "to the Saints, scattered abroad throughout the whole earth," presents a prosperous state of affairs in the community, though some complaints are made of slothfulness and waste. Manufactures are gradually improving; the culture of beet-root and the extraction of sugar have been commenced with favorable prospects. The courts are nearly superfluous, except for the purpose of settling disputes among emigrants. The Indian tribes preserve peaceful relations with the settlers. Twenty-five missionaries have been appointed to various countries. These missionaries have directions to flee from countries where they are persecuted; to translate and print the book of Mormon, with the promise that "the gift of tongues shall more and more be made manifest;" and to ordain native teachers wherever possible. A few days after the date of the Epistle some Indian disturbances broke out, incited, it is said, by a "horde of Mexicans or outlandish men," who supply the natives with arms and ammunition. Governor Young thereupon directed a military detachment to proceed to the scene of disturbance, with orders to arrest all suspicious persons, but to treat with kindness those Mexicans who remain in their settlements. The militia are directed to be in readiness to march at a moment's notice to any part of the Territory.

From *California* the receipts of gold have been very large since our last notice. The Grand Jury of San Francisco refused to bring in an indictment for manslaughter against the captain of the steamer Independence, whose loss occasioned so fearful a destruction of life; but expressed their regret that it was not within their functions to indict the owners of the line for criminal negligence in sending out unseaworthy vessels. The question of the division of the State continues to excite interest. There have been two or three serious riots, involving loss of life.

MEXICO.

Santa Anna has assumed full and undivided possession of all the functions of government. His formal entry into authority took place on the 20th of April; at which time he proceeded to the palace—his carriage drawn by the populace, who had insisted upon removing the horses, and themselves supplying their place. Thence the cortège went to the Chamber of Deputies, where the civil and ecclesiastical authorities were assembled. There the oath was

administered to him, by which he swore to "defend the independence and integrity of the Mexican territory, and to promote the welfare and prosperity of the nation, in conformity with the basis adopted by the plan of Jalisco, and the agreement made in Mexico on the 6th of February last by the united forces." On the 22d he issued a proclamation settling the basis of public administration, as established provisionally, until the promulgation of a new organization. By this document all legislative authority is suspended, and a Board of five Secretaries are appointed, who are to report, each for his own special department, measures to the President; and in case of his approval to be responsible for their execution. To aid and advise these Secretaries, a Council of State, of twenty-one members, divided into sections answering to the several Secretaryships, is named. Each of these sections forms the special council of one of the Secretaries. Subsequently, decrees have been issued, imposing restrictions on the press, taking possession by Government of the telegraph, forbidding the circulation of foreign money, prohibiting private citizens to have in their possession any arms, powder, or munitions, and the like. Extraordinary honors have been awarded to those who suffered during the late American war, while those persons who voluntarily surrendered to the invaders have been dismissed from public service. The remains of those who fell in battle have been directed to be disinterred, in order to be again buried in a manner worthy of those who had deserved well of their country. A public levée was held of those who had suffered mutilation during the war; the President assured them that he too had suffered mutilation for the country, and that the country would remember them. The title assumed by Santa Anna is, "Antonio Lopez Santa Anna, Benemerito of the Country, General of Division, Cavalier of the Great Cross of the Royal and Distinguished Spanish Order of Carlos III., and President of the Republic." Arista, the late President, received an order to betake himself to Vera Cruz, and to embark for Europe in the packet about to sail. In the event of being too late for the packet, he was to be imprisoned in the castle till the next departure. As the order was backed by a troop of horse, the Ex-President obeyed: and from the vessel returned an answer, protesting against the banishment; declaring that his sole offense was sympathy with North American institutions; and affirming that, in order to secure the happiness of the country, he would, if necessary, be in favor of "annexation to the United States; for, in that measure, Mexico could discover an inexhaustible source of wealth and prosperity, in exchange for that grand riddle which General Santa Anna calls nationality." As Minister to the United States the new Government has appointed General Almonte. There are reports that Santa Anna is disposed to enter into intimate relations with Spain, in order to make common cause against the United States; at all events, the Spanish Minister, on occasion of his presentation, was received with distinguished honor. Great exertions, in the meanwhile, are making to recruit the army; reinforcements have been dispatched to Governor Trias of Chihuahua, to resist the occupation of the Mesilla Valley by the Americans. In various departments opposition has been manifested to the government of Santa Anna. A serious disturbance, which was, however, finally quelled, broke out at Vera Cruz on the 17th of May.

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN AMERICA.

The hopes entertained of the establishment of peace in *Buenos Ayres* have again been disappointed. General Urquiza refused to assent to the provisions of the treaty which had been negotiated by the Commissioners, on the ground that all the advantages were on the side of the Government party, to the prejudice of the Provincials. The city was again put in siege, though an agreement seems to have been made by which actual hostilities are to be suspended for a while, that recourse may be had to another attempt at negotiation.

It is hardly worth the while to endeavor to record the quarrels and reconciliations of the minor States of Southern and Central America. The latest quarrel seems to be between *Peru* and *Bolivia*. The latter State is charged with having issued debased coin, and with some indignity to the Peruvian Chargé. By way of reprisal, the Peruvian Government has laid heavy duties on all merchandise passing the Peruvian custom-houses, either to or from Bolivia. ——The war between *Honduras* and *Guatemala* is reported to be at an end.——Señor Mora has been re-elected, almost unanimously, to the Presidency of *Costa Rica*. His message presents a somewhat favorable state of affairs in that State. He, however, recommends an increase in the powers of Government.——A proposition has been broached that the five powers of Central America should unite in a customs-union, somewhat like the German *Zollverein*.

In *Jamaica* a serious quarrel has arisen between the different departments of the Government. Resolutions passed the Assembly, making various reductions in the public expenditures, to which the Council refused to accede. The Assembly thereupon passed a resolution charging the Council with recklessness and utter disregard of the public interests. And on these grounds they refused to originate any legislative measures, or to do any business with that body. The Council rejoined by denouncing the Assembly's resolution as unfounded in fact, a gross violation of Parliamentary usage, and a wanton attack upon the honor and dignity of the Council. In view of this state of things the Governor prorogued the Legislature; and as no provision had been made for supplies, he threatened to disband the police, and to set loose the criminals, for whose support no provision had been made.

At the *Sandwich Islands* rumors were prevalent, which are probably premature, of a movement on the part of the French, with a design of taking possession of the islands; and the project of annexation to the United States has been broached.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Several preliminary trials of strength have taken place in respect to the proposed Budget, which indicate that the Ministers have a decided majority in the House of Commons.——As was anticipated, the Jewish Disabilities bill was defeated in the House of Peers; the vote was 164 nays to 115 ayes. Among those who advocated the bill was Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin.——In reply to Parliamentary interrogations, the Ministers announced that the Chinese Government had applied to Britain for assistance; but no orders had been given to interfere in the war, except for the protection of British subjects and property; and that the Burmese province of Pegu had been annexed to British India, by way of indemnification for the expenses of the war.——The subject of political refugees continues to excite attention.——Charges are rife of enormous corruption in various departments of Government. Investigations into the management of the dock-yards, under the late Derby administration, have resulted in some singular disclosures.——The papers teem with ac-

counts of the progress of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She has been received with unprecedented enthusiasm; but the Times comments with some severity upon the affair.——A magnificent copy of Shakspeare, purchased by nearly ten thousand subscribers of a penny each, has been presented to Kossuth. The speech in presentation was made by Douglas Jerrold. Kossuth replied with even more than his usual eloquence and brilliancy.——The Irish Industrial Exhibition at Dublin was opened on the 12th of May, by the Lord Lieutenant. It promises to be very successful. It owes its origin to the liberality of the Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Dargan, who, commencing life as a common laborer, has attained to great wealth.——A sumptuous entertainment was given by the American banker, Mr. Peabody, to our Minister, Mr. Ingersoll, and a large number of Americans and Englishmen. Among the guests was Ex-President Van Buren, who was welcomed with distinguished honor.

THE CONTINENT.

From *France* there is nothing of general interest except the report, which gains strength, that the two branches of the House of Bourbon are upon the point of uniting their interests. The hopes which had been entertained of a direct heir to the Imperial Crown have been disappointed by the premature *accouchement* of the Empress. The health of the Emperor is represented to be much shattered. It is proposed by Government to revive capital punishment for certain classes of political offenses.

In *Holland* the Government has been involved in some embarrassments, growing out of attempts made to introduce a Roman Catholic hierarchy. In consequence of these the States General were dissolved, and a new election ordered, which resulted in the success of the Ultra-Protestant party, which has also the support of the King.

In *Spain* the intelligence of the appointment of Mr. Soulé as American Minister has occasioned no little excitement. The newspapers discuss the matter with great earnestness, and even recommend that he be not received.

In *Italy* the Austrians are adopting stringent measures to check revolutionary attempts, and to prevent the refugees from finding an asylum in the neighboring minor States. Explicit demands have been made upon the Swiss Confederation to remove from their territories any refugees who should be charged by the Austrian envoy with being engaged in revolutionary enterprises. This was accompanied by some hostile demonstrations. The demand has been refused by the Cantons, and has been followed by the withdrawal of the Austrian envoy.

The affairs of *Turkey* appear to be approaching a crisis. The demands of Russia approach to a semi-sovereignty over the whole population of Turkey belonging to the Greek communion. This the Sultan has refused to grant, and a suspension of diplomatic intercourse has resulted. In the meanwhile the fleets of the European powers are gradually concentrating within striking distance from Constantinople. It is understood that the Sultan has refused to accede to the demands of Russia by the advice of the English and French embassadors.

CHINA.

For two or three years there have been vague and contradictory reports of a revolutionary movement in progress in the heart of the Chinese Empire; but the seat of the disturbance was so remote from all European intercourse, that no authentic intelligence had transpired in relation to its object or extent. Recent arrivals indicate that it will prove to be one of the most important movements of the age, as it promises to involve the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, and to put an end to the exclusive policy which has so long shut out China from intercourse with the world. The insurrection, commencing in the central provinces, has spread north and east. The insurgents have every where proved successful against the Imperial forces; until at last the Emperor issued a proclamation acknowledging that his efforts to check the insurrection had proved utterly abortive, sketching a plan for future military operations, and concluding by offering large rewards to those who should contribute to the support of the army. This last effort has utterly failed; and at the latest advices, the insurgents were in the neighborhood of Nankin, with every prospect of soon becoming masters of that capital, and then marching upon Shanghae. Not the least singular circumstance connected with this insurrection is the absolute uncertainty that exists as to the person and antecedents of the leader. His real name is absolutely unknown to the Imperial authorities. Report says that he has been educated by European missionaries, is imbued with European ideas, and that his council of war is composed of four individuals, who are evidently foreigners, and are supposed to be Frenchmen. It is certain that the insurrection is carried on with a skill to which the Chinese can lay no claim. Towns are invested by regular approaches; no plunder or pillage is allowed, and the districts over which the forces pass are pacified. Some curious proclamations, issued by the insurgent leaders, have been translated. One commences by asserting the democratic doctrine that when any government loses the affection of the people, it must fall. The dominant dynasty are charged with bestowing office and rewards for bribes, to the exclusion of those who are versed in the doctrines of Confucius. The proclamation then goes on to say that the leader, in imitation of certain great sages, had heretofore concealed his own name and station; but that, seeing how the black-haired race were oppressed, he had taken up arms, and intended "first to overthrow the dynasty, and then proceed to breakfast." Another insurgent proclamation, after giving a deplorable picture of public and private grievances, lays all the blame upon "the vicious and besotted monarch." It goes on to state that cultivators and artisans will not be disturbed in their avocations; but intimates that the wealthy must furnish supplies for the sustenance of the army, for the amount of which receipts will be given, and payments made at a future period. Rewards are offered to those who assist in carrying out the plans of the insurgents; and the severest punishments are threatened against those who assist the "marauding mandarins." The public functionaries are directed to surrender the insignia of their offices, and to retire to their several villages; all of them who resist, are threatened with death. The Chinese Intendant at Shanghae, under date of March 16, addressed a petition to the foreign consuls, requesting their assistance. After detailing the progress of the insurgents he affirms that, if they be not speedily interrupted, commercial relations between China and foreign nations will be at an end. He therefore requests that the foreign vessels in port may proceed up the river to Nankin in aid of the Imperial forces. The British, French, and American naval forces have accordingly undertaken to protect, at least temporarily, and upon certain conditions, Shanghae, Nankin, and the mouth of the Great Canal against the insurgents. It is further reported that Russia has offered her intervention in order to maintain the present Tartar dynasty on the throne.

Editor's Table.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION—as it is called—presents a problem of the same kind, and involving the same difficulties, with that of religious liberty. We may not hope to present a satisfactory solution, and yet it is entitled to some place in our Editor's Table, as one of the current and most exciting topics of the day. If, as on the kindred question, we can do no more than set these difficulties before our readers in a clear and impressive light, no small service will have been rendered to the blessed cause of truth and charity.

All great questions have two sides to them. They would not be great questions if it were not so. A conviction of this is as essential to the correctness and clearness of our reasoning, as to the kindness and forbearance of our conclusions. Not that truth is indifferent, or is to be found by indolently traveling some convenient *viâ media*; moral and political truth is as fixed in its principles as the mathematical, but the interests, and passions, and depravities of mankind present difficulties of application which have no place in the purely speculative. No mental faculty therefore, is of higher value than that by which we are enabled to view questions from a foreign standpoint, and to get ourselves into the spirit of ages, and circumstances, and modes of thinking, remotely diverse from our own.

Can the State educate? We may say the State *ought* to educate, because it is bound to promote the highest good of all its citizens—their highest intellectual and moral good, for its own sake—their highest intellectual and moral good, for the sake of its bearing upon that physical welfare which is within the undoubted jurisdiction of the political sovereignty. But who can fail to see that, as far as the duty and the motive are concerned, the same position is equally tenable in respect to the higher question of a national religion. If the State ought to educate, it ought to give the *best* education. It ought to educate in the truth, and to this end, not only ascertain what that truth is, but cause it to be taught to the exclusion of every thing else. So, too, the State *ought* to have the best religion, and teach that religion, however it may, on account of certain expediencies, tolerate other forms and creeds. The objections, we know, to doing this, in the present state of things, are legion, but still it is difficult to see why those of most force in the one case are not equally tenable in the other. Men differ in their religious dogmas. They differ in their philosophy. They differ, and differ bitterly, in their politics. They differ widely and even essentially in what all seem nowadays to regard as a most necessary part of education—their views of morals and moral truth. They may agree in the facts of physical science; but even here comes in as wide, if not a still wider, diversity in their opinions respecting its rank, its value, and especially its connections with the higher world of spiritual realities. Chemistry may be a very godless science. It may be so taught as to be more offensive to some parents than any patronage the State might extend to certain forms of religious error. The study of nature, if made the ground of morals, may by some be regarded as the highest immorality, as well as the highest irreligion.

Are similar objections insurmountable in the parallel case? We all agree that they are. No man among us, whatever may be his views of the desirableness, maintains the practicability of a national religion. However much any one might be inclined to defend such an action of the civil power in peculiar circumstances—however plausible might be the arguments in favor of it as attempted in a homogeneous nation, where the inhabitants are as yet all of one race, one religion, one worship, one set of opinions, or one set of prejudices—however desirable, we say, or practicable it might be in such a case to try and keep them such, it is now with us entirely out of the question. The State *can not*, and therefore, unless it be that its moral obligations are unrelaxed by inabilities which some might say exist through its own wrong construction, it *ought* not to have a State-regulated national religion.

We would not be mistaken in these remarks. We have indulged in them merely to show the immense difficulties that surround all these great questions. Strange that they should be so easily seen in the one case, and that we should be so blind to them in the other. Time, however, is forcing them upon our notice. That most certain and most thorough of all teachers is presenting them in such a light, that the veriest demagogue will soon be compelled to admit that the worthy treatment of this subject is not so easy a matter as it would seem to be, from the flippant truisms sometimes to be found in executive messages and legislative reports. We do not take ground against national education; but a careful survey of the whole perplexing field must convince every sound and candid thinker, that if the desired result is to be obtained at all, it can only be as the fruit of much compromise, along with a settled conviction that fragmentary or partial interests must yield to something acknowledged as nationally predominant, if not universal, in the sphere of morals and religion.

The great question—Can the State educate?—may present itself under two aspects. Some may regard it as sufficiently answered by a mere tax-collecting, money-giving system, that simply furnishes funds for educational purposes, leaving it to local societies and to individuals to employ them in their own way, or according to their own views of the knowledge or instruction to be imparted. But this can not properly be called State education. It is nothing but a poor scheme of finance. It is taking from the people with the one hand what is returned to them with the other, and in such a way as to destroy the individual stimulus and the individual supervision through the appearance of public patronage, while in reality, by refusing any specific control of the funds employed, it presents no public aim, and is subservient to no public good. The State might about as well assume the collection and paying out again distributively of all church rates, on the ground that religion is a very good thing for the well-being of the body politic, but with a Gallio-like indifference in respect to the quality or varieties of the article so patriotically purchased.

It is, then, the second aspect alone that worthily meets the importance and difficulty of our question. By State education can be rightly meant nothing else than a governmental control—having the charge and supervision of the very purposes, and all the purposes, for which the funds are bestowed. It must have, eventually, in view the whole subject in all its departments, from the lowest to the highest. It must regulate the studies, the books, the modes of teaching. It must decide whether there shall be the same

education for all, as some would contend, or whether there shall be different grades according to the different capacities developed, and the varieties of business and condition arising out of the natural and necessary inequalities of mankind. If it could be shown, as we think it easily might, that, to some extent, a class of purely theoretical minds would be useful to the *commonwealth*, it is bound to cultivate this department of the educational garden, as well as that for which the public aid is so exclusively and clamorously demanded under the name of the practical, or the more directly utilitarian. In all such control, it must have regard to the common or organic good, and not to any real or fancied individual rights. It educates its *members*, if it educate at all, just as the individual man educates his members—his eyes, his ears, his hands, his feet—not for their own sakes, but for the corporate welfare of the one undivided personality.

Can the State do this? It is becoming the great question of the day. It is agitating England and France as well the United States. Among ourselves, three parties have already developed themselves. More will probably arise; but they will all become arranged under these primary divisions. There is the Protestant Evangelical interest—we use the name not as the most appropriate in itself, but as the best that can be employed if we would get rid of the vagueness which attaches to the first part of the compound—there is the Romanist—and there is the Infidel. The latter might be complained of as an improper and an injurious term; but we find nothing more convenient, and, in fact, more just, to denote those of every kind who would make education exclusively secular, and who maintain this ground, either through their dislike to the more serious aspects of religious truth, or because they claim it as the only possible way of avoiding the difficulties which are pressed upon the subject by the conflicting demands of the other two parties. They are Infidels, or, if they would prefer the name, *Liberalists*, in regard to the belief that would hold the secular and the physical in education to be not only imperfect, but positively pernicious, when pursued to the exclusion of the spiritual.

The two extremes, or the two acute angles in this triangular controversy, are the Romanist and the Liberalist, as we have defined him. One contends for an education to be paid for by the State, and yet definitely and denominationally religious. The other demands the entire exclusion of religious teaching, or religious influences of every kind. The third party hopes to steer a middle course. It would secure religious and moral instruction; yet of such a character as to give no just cause of offense—that is, no just cause in its estimation—either to its right or left hand antagonists.

Are any of these schemes practicable? It would seem the easiest of all to deal with the position of the Romanist—we mean logically, for practically the greatest difficulty, perhaps, will be found on this side. The answer to his claim of a share of the public money presents itself at once. If for one, for all. And so the whole of our boasted educational system is reduced to the collecting and distributing of money. When brought to this condition, too, each sect could only receive, not in proportion to the number of its children, but, in proportion to the taxes it had contributed; for who would contend for the justice of taxing Protestants to pay for the education of children in the exclusive tenets of Romanism? as must be the case, if, in proportion to their numbers, the former are the wealthiest portion of the community?

How is it with what we have called the Evangelical Protestant scheme? It might do for a large middle ground; though even this, a jealous sectarianism among Protestants themselves, would be continually narrowing. It is, however, the best and only one of the three that could be selected, should it be decided that the State *must* educate, and that, too, on some one system that would make its education a blessing and not a curse. In that case, we must decide, as well as we can, what moral and religious influences are *predominant* in the nation, and make them the controlling power in a system of national education, with as much tolerance as possible for every thing else. By predominant we mean, not the bare assent of a numerical majority for the time being, but that prevailing view of things spiritual which has been active in the national history, and thus entered largely into the national character, or what may be called the national life. To disregard this is inevitably to denationalize ourselves. A state that does not, in this sense, possess some predominant moral and religious character, or that regards "all faiths, all forms" as alike good, alike evil, can have no true sanctions for its laws, can command no permanent respect for its institutions. Its mere physical force will be ultimately of no avail in the absence of that fixed moral sentiment, without which law has no self-sustaining power, and all enactments become in time a dead letter, not merely negatively useless, but actually breeding a deadly pestilence in the national conscience. Such a state, in short, can claim no more regard, or reverential obedience, than the individual man who stands in the same faithless and Godless predicament.

We see no assailable point in these general positions. It is only when we attempt to make specific applications that the difficulties present themselves; and these difficulties it would be well for us to look steadily in the face. The advocate of some predominant middle ground is driven to defend himself, and make good his position against two apparently most opposite antagonists. Almost every argument he urges against one extreme is turned with some plausibility against him by the other. The Romanist pierces him with the same weapon he had employed against the infidel. The infidel assails him in the very quarter which he had regarded as his vantage ground in a conflict with the Romanist. Against this latter class of antagonists, he may indeed maintain, and with much appearance, at least, of proof, that their newly displayed zeal for common school education is lacking in a hearty sincerity. He may pose them with the questions—How comes it that this feeling ever slumbers until aroused by Protestant efforts? Why is it only exhibited in predominantly Protestant countries? Why is there not as much interest felt for the education of the poor, and the children of the poor, in Sicily, and Portugal, and Mexico, as in Great Britain and America? But all this amounts to nothing in the argument. The Romanist stands on the ground of the Constitution. His religion is to be respected. He claims relief against any public system of education which is either directly or indirectly hostile to it. It is no answer to him to say that this is according to the nature of things. It will not be enough to tell him that under present circumstances, as they exist in the present age of the world, all free or common education must be hostile to Romanism. Such a nature of things and circumstances, and such influences of the present age, he would say are evil and wrong. They affect injuriously his cherished belief, and he asks protection from a State which is constitutionally bound, as he

says, to an exact impartiality, or, rather, to an undisturbed indifference.

Very similar to this is the reasoning the Evangelical Protestant is compelled to employ, when assailed by the Liberalist with a demand for the entire exclusion of all but the purest scientific instruction. Such an exclusion, he contends, although apparently a merely negative act, is positive hostility. There can be strictly no neutrality. In the present state of things exclusion is reprobation, and an infidel bias upon the young mind is the fruit of an assumed yet unreal impartiality. Under the pretense of indifference to all sects, there is a favoring of the very worst. There is a show of fairness, but in the very nature of such a state of things, every movement tends to the advantage of those who hold to negations instead of positive truth. The definite language necessarily employed in the statement or defense of the latter carries the appearance of sectarianism. It stands out clear and uncompromising. The cant of an infidel rationalism is more flexible. It assumes to be philosophical, and under this guise attacks the most precious truth without creating alarm. No position can be more unanswerably just than that a system of education which, under the pretense of fairness, excludes certain definite religious views as sectarian, should also equally exclude any direct or indirect denials of them. If, for example, the doctrine of a future penal retribution can not be taught, or if it must be expurgated when even alluded to in a reading book, on what principle of justice or consistency shall another doctrine in every respect opposed to it be allowed to come creeping in under the name of phrenology, or the philosophy of humanity, or some system of pretended ethics, which, after all, is but the sheerest naturalism. There has been more than one example of just such a kind of neutrality in the selection of reading books, and volumes for district libraries. Robert Hall's works would be shut out as sectarian; so would any religious periodical openly devoted to the maintaining certain definite theological views. On the other hand, Combe's Constitution of Man, and The Westminster Review, are freely allowed to come in under the cloak of philosophy and literature. Our public officers may mean to be fair; but of many of them it may be truly said —they know no better. Their own highest education, perhaps, has been that of the party newspaper, the political caucus, or the flash lecture system of the day; and how should they be expected to keep the track of so wily and slimy a thing as the modern infidelity. Again, a direct attack on certain religious views is not half so dangerous as the pretense of teaching morals on a plan which carefully excludes all distinctively religious ideas. A believer in the Atonement and the Trinity might more safely have his children brought in direct contact with Volney and Voltaire, than with the system of expurgated school-books which has been adopted in some parts of our land.

Thus reasons, and most justly and pertinently reasons, our middle man, or our Evangelical Protestant, as we have styled him, when he loses sight of his Romish, and turns him to his Infidel antagonist. We have merely given the outline points of his argument, but it might be filled up so as to appear extremely forcible, to say the least, if not wholly unanswerable. It could be shown almost to a mathematical certainty, that in the present system of things, the decision of disputed questions, arising out of the selection of school and library books, must continually result in the triumph of the infidel, or negative, interest, whenever it comes in conflict with positive truth.

And this brings us to the third position, or that taken by the enlightened Liberalist, as he so modestly styles himself. His watchword is *pure science*. Education should be *purely scientific*. But is this possible? It may be so if we arbitrarily narrow the term to take in just what we please. But such a course would be merely a dodging, and not a fair and manly meeting of the difficulty. Suppose we get clear, or fancy we get clear, of religion; what is to be done with morals? No education without morals. Here almost all seem to be agreed. It is one of the famous words of the day. There is a charm about it for all classes of reasoners. Our religious men are for morals of course; and so are all our editors. The political manager too, and the stump orator, and the demagogue of every species and of every party, are all for morals. Why, morals, to be sure! What is education without morals? Are they not the foundation of our liberties? The commonness of this kind of declamation, whatever may be meant by it, has almost given the odiousness of cant to what would otherwise be but the expression of the most wholesome truth. It is enough, however, for the use we make of it in our argument, that this is the great ground on which is placed the duty of the State to educate. It can not be derived from any interest arising out of pure science. The nation owes it to itself to make good citizens. The childless rich are taxed, it is said, because they have an *interest* in the public morals. In other words, morals are very useful for the protection of property; and so land, and houses, and stocks, will all be worth more if morals are taught in our public schools. Now this reasoning certainly seems very conclusive; but what morals? it might be asked; or is the kind or quality of no account in the market? Is it the morals of politics, or the morals of commerce, or the morals of Christianity? Is it the morals of Jesuitism, or of Old Fogyism, or of Young America? Is it the morals of phrenology, or the morality of the Bible, with all its dread sanctions drawn from the idea of a future life? Nothing would be easier, some might think, than to give an answer to such a question. It is the morals, or the morality, which "teaches men their duties without respect to *faiths* and *forms*." We think we have seen some such definition in a legislative document; but it would be difficult to conceive of a greater amount of nonsense being contained in so brief a space. We might as well talk of a mathematics that had nothing to do with number and figure, or a science of mechanics that had nothing to do with force and motion, or a psychology that had nothing to do with thought and feeling. "A morality that has nothing to do with *faiths* and *forms*!" What would it be, in other words, but a morals without *principles* of any kind for their ground, or objective sanctions to fix them in vivid remembrance upon the conscience? When, however, we come to discuss these principles, we find that here too men can differ, and differ as widely, and as bitterly, as on the dogmas of philosophy or theology. What some call morals, others would regard as nothing but a political economy, and that too of a very poor order. Some would make morals obedience to nature. To others this is little better than atheism. In the minds of some it can not be severed from positive law; others would regard it as wholly subjective, or an obedience, if we may use such a term here, to each man's own inward feeling, be it true conscience, stubborn caprice, or sheer willfulness. We differ as widely in respect to its end. With some it is to make good citizens, or good men of business, with a view solely to the utilities of the present life. Others would re-

gard a morals having no relation to another world, and a higher divine government, as in fact *immorality* of the worst kind—worse even than not teaching morals at all.

And then again, as to the manner in which morality is to be taught. The difficulties and diversities we have mentioned belong to it as a direct study; they present themselves no less when we would determine on what principles it should regulate the government of a school. What some would call *moral suasion*, others would regard as a most *immoral* substitution of a false motive, or a selfish, flattering self-respect, for a true principle of righteous obedience to law and truth for their own sakes—a kind of morals now needed in this country more than all others.

But suppose we give up morals, and come back to reading and writing, with such elementary instruction in mathematical science as steers wholly clear of the disputed ground. Physical science too might come in here, were there not, as we have seen, an unsettled boundary line between it and theology, and we might say, some views of ethics. By giving up morals, however, we yield the main argument on which it is claimed that the State must educate. As an individual benefit, education has no more demand than any other private interest upon the State's assistance. Mere reading will not work this moral charm. That depends altogether on what is read, or likely to be read. There may be such a current literature (that of Paris, for example, for we say nothing to the disparagement of our own) as would make the incapacity to read, in a large part of the population, an actual protection rather than an injurious privation.

Neither will science that is far in advance of this have any more of direct moral power. The argument here has been so often presented that the barest statement is sufficient. A man may pick locks all the better for knowing something of mechanics. Certain kinds of chemical knowledge may enable him to commit murder with a facility and a security of which he would not otherwise have dreamed.

The difficulties meet us with all their force in the choice of school-books. It is not in morals alone that we find them. They arise out of all subjects in which men have a personally interesting, instead of a merely speculative difference. Were education confined to reading, writing, and arithmetic, we think the whole matter could be easily settled. But what shall we say of politics? O! that must be taught, of course. That, too, belongs to the foundation of our liberties. Every child should understand our political institutions. But do we not differ widely about the very theory and interpretation of our Constitution? and can that Constitution be any thing else than what such theory and interpretation make it to be? Shall it be taught with Hamilton's commentary, or Jefferson's, or Calhoun's, or Webster's? And then, too, there is history, a very important study, indeed, but how are we to dispose of the endless disputes which grow out of every department, especially when regarded as a history of opinions, instead of bare and unimportant facts?

But we find our present space exhausted with a statement of the difficulties that surround the subject. This, however, may be a benefit, if it leads, as we said in the beginning, to that spirit of forbearing compromise which more than any thing else the settlement of the great problem demands. The State *ought* to educate—the State *can* educate—but the means and the manner call for the profoundest consideration of our profoundest minds.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OUR fast age is growing rapidly faster. Between the crowds of coming strangers, the country-bound citizens, the frightful casualties, the political schemings, the Crystal Palace, the fatal Francesi, and the summer's heat, we hardly know upon what point of the public thought to rest our pen and our periods.

It has amused us to consider, in our self-confident, editorial way, how some twenty years hence (or it may be fifty) the boys of parents, who are now on the fourth form of the ward schools, will look back through our careless setting down of the things that bewitch the tongues of the town, and glean from it a private history of all those little every-day changes, of pavements and police—hotels and hospitalities—railway murders and private murders, which belong to our epoch; and which will give, after all, a better idea of the civilization of the day than can come into the neat pages of either Hildreth or Bancroft.

"We want a history of firesides," said Mr. Webster, in one of his great speeches; we want to know how men dressed, who were our fathers' and our mothers' fathers; and we want to know how they traveled, and through what dangers "of the road" they made their traverse from town to country, and at what hotels they "put up," and on what shell-fish or lobster *patés* they made their eleven o'clock suppers; and how much Congress-water they moistened their June meals with.

In short, the newspaper history of a country or a people is, after all, the truest history, and one which will give a better lookout upon the shifting habit of the passing age, than any quarto with marginal references. And if this be true of newspapers, why is it not also true of this—our skimming of newspapers, which we write down week by week, after drinking up and poring over all that the newspapers tell?

We remember, years ago, in old country towns, searching out, with curious feet and searching eyes, some dilapidated, antique mansion, where, on a time, a man had lived who had committed murder—slaying his children, one by one, and his wife; and after that, with a blasphemous prayer, blowing out his own murderous brains, and falling upon the pile of the slaughtered. We groped eagerly on the doorway, fancying every dark stain was blood, and every sound of a creaking shutter was an utterance of the ghostly dead. And the house was a marked house in our childish calendar; and an air of sombre mysteriousness hung around the street, and stirred among the weird branches of the elms that shaded it. And we shuddered to wander thitherward at nightfall, and hurried away if even a cloud crossed the sun when the day was at its height. And the name of the murderer was a name that gave a shock whenever and wherever it met us. And we counted all this as a wholesome horror, which by its very rarity made the generating crime greater and more dreadful.

We wonder much, nowadays, if the growing generation are gaining such appreciative sense of blood and murder; and whether Norwalk and Chicago—not to mention the names of engineers and superintendents—are becoming bugbears to boys, or are not rather the mere explosive demonstrations of that fast American spirit which boys are born to—and born to honor.

When the Henry Clay, under the kind direction of Captain —— and owner ——, was burned gloriously, and hurried a few dozens of unwilling women and men into a watery grave, there was talk of bringing men to justice; and some few, going still farther,

wanted to erect some memorial shaft upon the spot, that all captains thenceforth might keep in mind the terrible wreck and the terrible murder, and so strive to avoid such; but the justice and the memorial are nowadays nowhere to be found, save in the newspapers. Norwalk and Chicago are almost as dead as the victims, and the papers tell us "the cars run as fast as ever."

Indeed our American gush of travel is too earnest, and too full to be delayed by any hecatomb of slain. We shall have, as we have already, a great number of ingenious devices for making security certain, and a great number of condemnatory speeches; but our national disregard for life will hang by us yet, until we have groped our way through very much blood and fire to a more perfect civilization.

Apropos of this, and of kindred matters, we have a pleasant record to make here of a capital race upon the Mississippi, between the steamers Shotwell and Eclipse, upon which, we are pleasantly informed, some fifty thousand dollars were staked in the way of bets. The race was decided in favor of the Shotwell. But we can not believe that the elegant Eclipse will tamely submit to such a victor. We shall look with the utmost confidence to a renewal of the race; and we shall expect our very energetic friends in the southwest will subscribe funds, if necessary, for the supply of tar, resin, and turpentine, or such other combustible material as may be needful, for "crowding her" to the top speed.

We can not conceive it possible that any Mississippi traveler, with proper self-respect, should henceforth take passage upon a boat that has been beaten in a fair race. The Eclipse must redeem herself, or—explode. Nothing else can now establish her reputation. Nothing else will make her a favorite boat.

We beg pardon of our readers for thus making a joke of our national misfortune. As yet, strange as it may seem, in the face of that popular sentiment which encourages such boiler strife, every new accident is heralded by a wail of accusation against the murderous captain and engineers. If we will be fools in our bravado, at least let us not shirk the wearing of our folly.

We have no advice to give in this connection, except the old advice which has crept in here and there through all the papers of our Easy Chair employ, viz.: to govern our fast American spirit with somewhat more of the prudence of civilization;—to attempt no more than we can safely attain to;—to make our progress such as shall tell its own story, without Fourth of July declamations, and to distinguish more clearly between healthful enterprise and heedless audacity.

And this leads us, by a not unnatural association, to the spending of a word or two upon our New York Palace of Arts and Manufactures. It is but a new type of the ill-considered *fastness* of our time: that fastness which makes the manifesto grander than the battle, and which kindles expectation that falls short of realization.

From the first, we ventured to question the propriety with which a joint-stock company should assume the tone of a national institution, and, with even greater assumption, should call that a World's Fair which had neither time nor space to fill such sounding programme. It involved unfortunate comparisons; it excited unreal anticipations; and whatever may be the result to the proprietors, or to individual exhibitors, we can not hope that America, as a nation, will come off with flying colors from the trial her own challenge provokes.

That much good may come of it, we most readily believe; that it is a worthy object, we freely and cordially avow. We only regret that the wording of the promises had not been more tamed by the inexperience of the designers, and by the narrowness of the time and of the means. The day is coming, and not very far off, when a World's Fair may well be set up on this side of the water; and when the Government may interest itself nobly and honorably in calling in tokens of artistic skill from the two hemispheres. But it should be a well-considered and a national matter—a matter not to make us blush for its feeble imitativeness, but one to develop, with fitting accompaniments, that great progress in the useful arts which thus far is our chief distinction.

If Lord Ellesmere wants to see what will provoke his wonder and his admiration more than any thing under the shadow of our crystal dome, let him study our system of common schools, and take a look at the satcheled boys, of every parentage and every social hue, who rejoice in books and in abundance! Or let him traverse those fat lands of ours, where nodding wheat is ripening amid giant tree-stumps; and where harvests are thickening along such fresh wilderness as ten years ago saw no white-faced passer-by, but which now is belted with iron rails, stretching from the farthest lakes to all the cities of the sea. Or, still better, let him observe regardfully the every-day, swift-moving, swarming American life—passing through the harassments of trade, of individual passion, of political heat, of professional strife, of opposing interests—without ever a soldier's coat, or a bayoneted man, or a sentineled gate, or a martial order, or scarce the smallest livery of power! Then let him wonder, with greater wonder than he will feel in the Crystal Palace, at the great home of outcasts, which receives, without a shock and without a tremor of fear, his British ship-loads of poverty!

Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is July. Now the heats in the city are intense, and dogs, big and little, run about the streets with panting sides and lolling tongues, and now citizens must beware of hydrophobia. Now pedestrians wipe their steaming faces, and the fat man longs for a shady place, where he may step out of his clothing of flesh, and let the wind pass coolingly through his ribs. Now, pop! pop! pop! is heard all through the city, day and night, from juvenile fire-crackers, torpedoes, and one and two horse-pistols. Now women scream and tremble in the thoroughfares, whereat mischievous little rascals, rejoicing at their fears, run laughing away. Now are patriotic police-officers lenient, because "*Fourth-of-July*," our "Sabbath-Day of Freedom," is at hand, and "something must be pardoned to the spirit of Liberty."

"Speaking of the Fourth of July," the following sketch of the Scenes of a Fourth of July Celebration in the City, written some twenty years ago, will be read with equal interest at the present time, for "that which *hath* been, *will* be," in scenes like these. We seldom rise on the morning of the "glorious Fourth," without thinking how many maimed limbs, how many precious lives, will be a sad result of the national celebration, ere the sun shall set upon the patriotic demonstrations. But to our sketch:

"Morn breaketh in the east! It is the Day of the Nation. Hark to the heavy roar of artillery! Observe, over the still waters of the Bay, the

puffs of smoke that dot the green marge of the shores—the ordnance-reports in "honor of the Day." The flags are unrolling from the shipping; the pennons and streamers are running up and along a thousand masts and spars, amidst the rough merriment of happy seamen. The Great City is fenced in with a palisade of vessels, and their gay colors gleam in the rising sun, and stream on the morning breeze.

"The city teems with life. Banners wave, as far as the eye can reach, over the multitudes who crowd the streets, that melt into a soft breeze in the distance, but as far as can be seen, there is no lessening of the moving mass of humanity.

"And now it is mid-day. The sun pours upon the soldiers in the crowded Park, while the dense throng relieves the white back-ground of the white marble portico. Do you hear the clashing of the glittering arms of the military?—the 'noise of the people, and the shouting?' The immense area is now an inclosure of dense smoke; and a noise as if the foundations of the great deep were broken up, swells prolonged above the billowy mass.

"The *feu-de-joie* ceases—the sulphurous canopy rolls away—and the long lines come gleaming on. How the music thrills upon the ear!—how the scene fills the heart! Yonder gray-haired veteran, as he leans upon his staff, feels it in his 'heart of hearts.' He is 'fighting his battles o'er again.' He swings his hat with a hand that trembles now, but was firm enough when he 'bore him stiffly up' against the enemies of his country. A company of infant-soldiery have imbibed the spirit of the scene, and their gayly-plumed paper chapeaus and tin swords are waved and flourished under the influence of a new life.

"Night falls upon the metropolis. A thousand lamps glimmer through the long ranges of booths, and the voice of revelry swells up from among them. Clusters of explosions of India-crackers, prolonged by single, double, and treble discharges, indicate the ubiquity of small sportsmen. Blue, red, and yellow fires every where color the streets. Can that be the moon rising so gradually up the sky? Not at all; it is an illuminated balloon. Now it gleams like burnished gold in the light of the 'silver-rain' of a rocket, which has exploded above it. How soft come down the reports, which succeed the advent of those fiery serpents trailing through the air, and the overflowing of fountains of fire, which scatter golden drops upon the sleeping city! On every side, streams of light rush into mid-heaven, paling for a moment the 'ineffectual fires' of the whole host of stars.

"A change comes over the scene. The day and the night have passed, and the sun is again high in heaven, and murky clouds are pillowed along the west—the settling fumes of a dissipated day. The air is cool and delicious; and the sick man upon yonder litter seems to inhale it with delight, as his palanquin is set down before the gates of the Hospital. Follow us up the green sward, and under the trees, into the edifice.

"Pain, suffering, death, are here. The pageant, the enjoyment, the aspirations of yesterday have terminated sadly with the beings around us. The light of the blessed sun is shut forever from the eyes of the poor lad who writhes upon his couch, as we enter the long apartment. The surgeon, as he removes the curls from the fair forehead of the boy beside him, and probes with his silver instrument the source of the 'gouts of blood' that ooze upon his pale cheek and breast, shakes his head ominously and mournfully. There is no hope for him! Much pain has turned the brain of the poor fellow under the window, who holds up the bleeding stump of an arm, from which an explosion has severed the hand in an instant. He struggles with his attendants, but his final struggle with the Great Enemy will come but too soon. The discolored linen band around his head hides a mortal wound.

"And of all who surround these victims—companions in suffering—how few yesterday but were free from pain, and little apprehensive of approaching danger! But let us not dwell upon the painful picture."

If the close of this graphic sketch shall have the effect to make one person more prudent in celebrating the anniversary of our National Independence, then not in vain shall we have resuscitated it from the depths of "The Drawer."

A good story is told of a sharp Justice of the Peace in one of the recesses of the "Mountain District" of the State of Tennessee, which seems to us to be worthy of preservation in "The Drawer." It was a voting station where he lived, and where there existed but one Whig, all the rest belonging to the "unterrified," who put in piles of votes for "General Jackson's heir" every four years. Somehow or other, however, this Whig held the office of Justice of the Peace by common consent. But at length, when political excitement had reached an unwonted pitch, the project was formed to oust him from his office, and to put in a man of different partisan "stripe."

The election was held in an old log distillery, and the ballot-box was a large gourd. The "regular nominee" opposed to the reigning "Squire" was the owner of the distillery, which of course was free to all the "Sovereigns."

The "Squire" was early on the ground, bare-footed, and unincumbered with any other garment than a shirt and pair of pantaloons. After eying the proceedings for a short time, he arose and said:

"Fellow-citizens, I wan't to make you a short speech."

"Agreed!" said they all.

Accordingly he mounted a barrel—magnanimously resolved to "rise *above* all party issues," and to appeal to their State pride and their love of our common country—and proceeded as follows:

"Fellow-citizens, I've been a-lookin' round here, and I see plain enough what's a-goin' on. *I* know what you want, I've been Justice of the Peace here going on twenty years, and a good many of you know that I've saved you from going to the Penitentiary twenty times—and now you are tryin' to turn me out of office. But I just want to tell you *one* thing: *I've got the Constitution and Laws of the State of Tennessee*, and just as sure as you turn me out of office *I'll burn 'em up*—blame me if I don't—and you may all go to ruin together!"

The effect of this speech was overwhelming; and the ruin-threatener was re-elected by a handsome majority. To be in a State without a Constitution and Laws was too great a calamity to be thought of for a moment?

The following admirable lines were written by a sailor on a blank-leaf of his Bible:

> "While down the stream of life I sail,
> Christ be my ship, and grace my gale;
> Hope be my anchor while I ride,
> This Book my compass o'er the tide."

We do not know why the following incident found

a place in our "Drawer," unless from the "curiosity of the thing;" and we think the reader will consider *that* to be a sufficient justification of its insertion here. It is from a paper in Schoharie, published some twenty-five years ago:

"A young apprentice-lad was very ingeniously detected in stealing money from the drawer of Mr. Throop's store in this village. He had for some months made it a practice to call at the store when there was no one in excepting the owner, or one of his clerks. He would generally then call for wine, or some trifling article kept in the store-cellar, and in their absence to procure the article, it was suspected that he made somewhat too free with the change-drawer.

"The other day, Mr. Throop fastened a strong cord to the back of the drawer, and let one end pass through a small hole into the cellar. It was but a short time before the boy came in, and observing no one but the proprietor in the store, called for some wine. On entering the cellar, the owner perceived the cord to move, caught hold of it, and with a sudden and violent jerk made it fast. He then ran up stairs, and found the young rogue with his hand fast in the drawer, and he was taken, as Prince Hal says, 'in the manner.'"

A pleasant bit of ingenious invention; as good as Hobbs's best lock against the depredations of the descendants of the Longfinger family.

THERE is much of beauty and simplicity in the following lines. They have been long preserved, but we know not their author:

I've wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground which sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom; and few were left to know,
That played with us upon the green some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom; bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we did then, with spirits just as gay;
But the "master" sleeps upon the hill, which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding place, just twenty years ago.

The old school-house is altered now; the benches are replaced,
By new ones, very like the same our penknives had defaced;
But the same old bricks are in the wall, the bell swings to and fro,
Its music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas twenty years ago.

The boys were playing some old game, beneath that same old tree;
I have forgot the name just now—you've played the same with me,
On that same spot; 'twas played with knives, by throwing so and so;
The leader had a task to do—there, twenty years ago.

The river's running just as still; the willows on its side
Are larger than they were, Tom; the stream appears less wide—
But the grape-vine swing is ruined now, where once we played the beau,
And swung our sweethearts—"pretty girls"—just twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill, close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high, that we could almost reach;
And, kneeling down to get a drink, dear Tom, I started so,
To see how sadly I am changed since twenty years ago.

Near by the spring, upon an elm, you know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom, and you did mine the same;
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark, 'twas dying sure but slow,
Just as that one, whose name you cut, died twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but tears came in my eyes;
I thought of her I loved so well—those early broken ties;
I visited the old church-yard, and took some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved, some twenty years ago.

Some in the church-yard laid—some sleep beneath the sea;
But few are left of our old class, excepting you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom, and we are call'd to go,
I hope they'll lay us where we played, just twenty years ago.

IT has long been a "moot question," whether an oyster could be "crossed in love," and whether there ever was an instance in which one ever had been. However this may be, it is quite certain, according to a modern writer, that they have certain *roysterous* propensities, which are peculiar enough to be noteworthy:

"What I am about to describe may be untrue, but I believe it. I have heard of the waggish propensities of oysters. I have known them, from mere humor, to clasp suddenly upon a rat's tail at night; and what with the squeaking and the clattering, we verily thought that Bedlam had broken loose in the cellar. Moreover, I am told that, upon another occasion, when a demijohn of brandy had been burst, a large blue pointer was found lying in a little pool of liquor, just drunk enough to be careless of consequences; opening and shutting its shells with a "devil-may-care" air, as if he didn't value any body a brass farthing, but was going to be as noisy as he possibly could."

A drunken man is a sad object to behold; a drunken woman is a worse; a cow intoxicated is amusing; a swine drunk on brandy-cherry stones is disgusting; but an *oyster*, drunk, must constitute "the sublime" of inebriation!

THE following letter purports to come from a "cute" merchant, who writes, in reply to a boyish epistle from his son at boarding-school, to his master, to send him home, for reasons which he thus characteristically explains:

"Sir—My son's of 10th inst. came duly to hand, and cont's noted. Sorry to hear he's been stud'g Latin, &c. What's use? *I* never studied any such thing—nothing but Webster's Sp'g Book and Daboll's Arith'k, and P'r Richard's Alm'k; yet got along well enough—made money; am Bank Direct'r, Memb. Chamb. Com., &c., &c., &c. Latin!—better look into M'Cull'ch—some *use* in *that*. Learn all about Dr. and Cr., ct. per ct., cur'cy, exch., bank facil., md'se, &c.; *that's* the commodity of true knowledge—the best md'se for counting-room—always in dem'd—always available in market, when y'r Latin and y'r Greek wouldn't fetch a *scomarket*, as my captain says.

"But to point. My son is now 14 yr's old—am in want of another clerk—must have finished his ed'n by *this* time, surely: would have let him stand another half-year though, but for the Latin, and high rates of tuition at board'g-sch'l. Please ship him on board Swiftsure, with invoice and bill of lad'g, of books &c., consigned to Merx and Co., N. Y'k.

"P. S.—Send bill, and will remit by return mail. Stocks rather heavy. Sh'd be glad to sell you a lot of damag'd Java at 7 cts. per lb.—very cheap, and good enough for board'g-sch'll. Please advise."

A sharp "business letter" that, in the eyes of that class—growing smaller, let us hope, all the while—who think that there is nothing valuable *but* trade in this multifarious world of ours!

THAT was a very brief correspondence between two persons by letter, which consisted simply of a note of interrogation and a cipher, in reply; thus:

FIRST CORRESPONDENT.—"☞?"

THE REPLY.—"☞0."

Which simply implied: "Is there any news?"—and the answer (both question and answer being previously understood), "None."

But a still briefer "statement" of a fact is given by a tea and sugar grocer in Nottingham, England. He has on his chimney too large T's—one painted *black*, and the other *green*—to intimate that he has black and green tea for sale. It strikes us that Dr. FRANKLIN would have found *this* customer, unlike his renowned hatter, unwilling to alter or shorten his sign, to please the philosopher; for brevity could "no farther go."

ON one occasion at Cambridge (Mass.) University, a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavor to convert an infidel companion of his by appearing as a *ghost* before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol, which always lay near the head of his friend's bed.

Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, A——, the youth who was to be frightened, very coolly looked his companion the ghost in the face, and said:

"I know you: this is a good joke; but you see I am not alarmed. Now you may vanish!"

The "ghost" stood still.

"Come," continued A——, "that is enough. I shall become angry. Away!"

Still the "ghost" moved not. "By ——," (ejaculated A——, with an oath), "if you do not in three minutes leave this apartment, I will shoot you!"

He waited the time—deliberately leveled his pistol—fired—and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterward died. "The very moment he believed it to *be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it," adds the narrator; and we think he must have been more or less than human *not* to have yielded, "under the circumstances."

SMALL change has been scarce of late in the country and the metropolis, for which various reasons have been assigned—some asserting that it was owing to the great influx of gold; others, that it was caused by gathering in the old Spanish "quartere," or twenty-five cent pieces. But whatever the cause, the scarcity was vexatious; and the annoyance is even yet not removed. However, it is not so bad at present, in the way, at least, of "exchanges," as it used to be in the olden time, if we may judge from a passage in that "mad wag," PUNCH'S "*History of Money*:"

"The early Italians used cattle instead of coin; and a person would sometimes send for change for a thousand-pound bullock, when he would receive a twenty fifty-pound sheep; or, perhaps, if he wanted very small change, there would be a few lambs among them. The inconvenience of keeping a flock of sheep at one's banker's, or paying in a short-horned heifer to one's private account, led to the introduction of bullion.

"As to the unhealthy custom of 'sweating sovereigns,' it may be well to recollect that Charles the First was, perhaps, the earliest sovereign who was sweated to such an extent, that his immediate successor, Charles the Second, became one of the lightest sovereigns ever known in England.

"Formerly every gold watch weighed so many "carats," from which it became usual to call a silver watch a "turnip."

"Troy weight" is derived from the extremely heavy responsibility which the Trojans were under to their creditors.

The Romans were in the habit of tossing up their coins in the presence of their legions, and if a piece of money went higher than the top of the ensign's flag, it was pronounced to be "above the standard."

The "Finance Department" of the "Drawer" is closed with these authentic *data* in the "History of Money."

A CORRESPONDENT at South Hero, Vermont, is reminded by the anecdote of Governor Chittenden in one of the late Numbers of our Magazine, of an incident, somewhat similar, "and so laughable," he adds, "that I can not resist the inclination of laying it before you, to dispose of as you may see fit. It has never been in print, but was related to me by a lady who received it from Dr. P—— himself.

"Late one warm summer's night as old Dr. P—— returned home from visiting a patient, who had suddenly been taken worse, he heard a whisper from one of the cellar windows, which had been removed.

"He paused and listened intently. 'So you've come at last, Jim,' murmured the voice, 'Well, I've found the meat barrel and precious little there is in it, to be sure. Here, do you hold the bag while I bring the pork.' The old Doctor quietly obeyed directions and layer after layer of fat 'broadside' was hoisted out to him. 'There,' said the thief at last, 'It ain't best to be small in these things, so I've left one piece, now lend us a hand, Jim, for it's easier getting in than out this small window'

"Dr. P—— had recognized the voice as belonging to one of his neighbors, a man of whom better things might have been expected; therefore, he thought proper to give him a lecture ere he extended the required assistance.

"'I am sorry, neighbor L——, that you are reduced to this strait, and must confess that I have never before suspected your integrity in the smallest degree,' said the old Doctor with solemn gravity. At this unexpected rejoinder the terror of the detected rogue knew no bounds. He begged and prayed for pardon and secrecy.

"'I will never expose you, on condition that this is the last time you trespass against your neighbors in this manner, but I shall tell this story whenever I please,' said the Doctor, as he dragged out his abashed companion, and he kept his word. Dozens of times he told the story in the very presence of the conscience-smitten L——, but no persuasions could ever draw from him the name of the guilty one. Without doubt this course was more effectual in reforming L—— than any public punishment which could have been devised.

SEA-SICKNESS is a terrible thing, and never-to-be sufficiently deprecated by all who have ever "gone down to the sea in ships," whether sailing-packets or ocean-steamers. Who can wonder at this, after reading this professional description of that awful

malady. The *cause* being thus clearly demonstrated, we need only a *remedy* to relieve voyagers from this dire *nausea-marina*:

"All the symptoms of this malady lead me to believe that it is the spinal marrow which is the nervous centre, and that it is the pneumogastric, intercortal and abdominal nerves, which are the ciosdic and exodic nerves, which form in their connection with this centre, the origin and the cabastathic and diastathic pulsations which ensue!"

THE identical pulpit in which GEORGE WHITEFIELD preached many of his powerful sermons in England, was brought over to this country a few months ago, and may now be seen at the Tract-House, in the rooms of the City Tract Society. It is about six feet high, nearly square at the top, and presents the appearance of a light frame-work of hard wood. It could easily be moved from one place to another, and placed in the open air. It is easily put in compact form by the operation of hinges, and held together by iron hooks.

What tales, could it speak, might not that rude pulpit tell? The raised arm, pointing to heaven, or stretched in love and blessing over thousands upon thousands of awakened sinners; the voice, now swelling into thunder-tones, now silvery soft in its pleadings; the eyes now flashing with interior fire, now melting in tenderness and tears!

CANDIDATES for nurses in England, according to PUNCH, are hereafter to attend on a certain day in London, to answer certain questions to be propounded to them by the faculty of the Nurse's College. Among the "Questions to Candidates," are the following:

"At what period of a difference between yourself and your charge do you introduce the name of the 'Horrid Black Man' in the cellar?"

"In the case of a child pertinaciously refusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your idea of the proper treatment, and whether an imitation 'Goblin,' or Godfrey's Cordial is, in your judgment, the preferable soporific."

"What amount of gold hobby-horses, diamond-shoes, and bran-new-silver-nothings-to-put-round-its-neck, do you promise a child 'when your ship comes home,' and what date do you assign to that feat in navigation?"

"Suppose there is reasonable ground for thinking that an infant cries because a pin is running into it, do you adopt the prevalent belief that the speediest relief is caused by a good slap upon the afflicted region?"

"All which is respectfully submitted" to mothers, and other *occasional* overseers of the nurses of young children!

LET all bashful people—and there are a great many of them—take comfort and consolation from the remarks of a modern writer touching their class:

"We seldom see a genuine bashful man who is not the soul of honor. Though such may blush and stammer, and appear awkward, shrug their shoulders, and prove unable to throw out with ease the thoughts to which they would give expression, yet commend us to bashful men for real friends.

"There are fine touches in their character, that time will mellow and bring out; perceptions as delicate as the faintest tint of the unfolded rose; and their thoughts are none the less refined and beautiful that they do not flow with the impetuosity of the shallow streamlet.

"It is a wonder that such men are not more appreciated; that young women, with really good hearts and cultivated intellects, will reward the gallant Sir Mustachio Brainless with smiles and attentions, because he can fold a shawl gracefully, and bandy compliments with a Parisian elegance, while they will scarce condescend to look upon the worthier man, who feels for them a reverence so great that his very mute glance is a worship.

"The man who is bashful in the presence of women, is their defender when the loose tongue of the bold slanderer would defame them: it is not *he* who boasts of his conquests, or dares to talk glibly of failings that exist only in his imagination: his cheek will flush with resentment, his eye flash with anger, to hear the sacred name of WOMAN coupled with a coarse oath; and yet he who would die to defend them, is least honored by the majority of the sex.

"Who ever saw a *bashful libertine?* Such an anomaly was never encountered. Ease and elegance are his requisites. Upon his false lips sits Flattery, ready to pay court alike to blue eyes and black. He is never nonplussed—he never blushes. For a glance he is in raptures; for a word, he would professedly lay down his life. Yet *he* it is who fills our city dens with wrecks of female purity; *he* it is who profanes the holy name of MOTHER; desolates the shrine where domestic happiness is throned; ruins the fond heart that trusts in him; pollutes the very air he breathes—and all, *all* under the mask of 'a *polished* gentleman!'

"LADIES! a word in your ear: Have you lovers? and would you possess a worthy husband? Choose then the man whose delicacy of deportment, whose sense of your worth, leaves him to stand aloof, while others, with less modesty and no feeling, crowd around you. If he blushes, if he stammers even, at your approach, consider those things so many signs of his exalted opinion of your sex. If he is retiring and modest, let not a thousand fortunes weigh him down in the balance; for, depend upon it, with him your life will be happier, even with comparative poverty, than with many another, surrounded by the splendor of palaces."

HERE, at last, is a sensible "spirit-rapper," who rapped, it would seem, to some purpose, according to a country editor. "We mixed," he says, "lately, in a circle of rappers, and made a dollar and a half by the operation. The following message was spelled out to one of the company:

'*Pay the Printer!*'

"It was subsequently explained through one of the 'mediums' present, that the message was from the spirit of a delinquent subscriber, who owed us one dollar and fifty cents! The friends of the departed paid us the money without hesitation; and the joy of the relieved spirit was at once manifested by sundry satisfied (and to us *satisfactory*) raps upon the table."

Pity that *all* "spiritual manifestations" were not as sensible as this!

THERE are some persons, often high in public office—moreover, "executive men," as they are sometimes called—who acquire a great reputation for profundity by never saying any thing; but who, for that very reason, are supposed to keep up a tremendous *thinking*—like old Wouter Van Twiller, in Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York.

One of this class of persons, in one of the many pleasant towns in the State of Connecticut, and who, for very many years represented that State in Con-

gress, was, on one occasion, called to lay the corner-stone of some public edifice in the city where he resided. The day had been appointed, a great crowd had assembled, and the stone was laid "with appropriate ceremonies;" and "the *speaker*" arose. He approached the corner-stone, mounted it, walked to each corner, pressed it down with his foot, and then, gazing earnestly at the crowd, he lifted his right hand, and, "in tones that could be heard over the whole vast assemblage," he said:

"*It will do!*"

This was all. The audience retired slowly; meditating upon how much could be embraced in a single brief sentence, when coming from such a mind as that of Hon. R—— S——!

The only parallel to this case is the speech of a militia captain, in reply to a similar speech that had been made to him, on the presentation of a silver cup, in honor of his "valuable services" in commanding an "awkward squad" in the country. Both presenter and acceptor had forgotten their separate parts, and only found words to express:

"Well, Cap'n, here's that cup!"

"Ah, Major, is *that* the cup? Thank'ee!"

And here the subject was dropped.

"No beast that roams the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the POWER that pities *me*,
I learn to pity them."

So sang—so *sings*—Goldsmith. But while "flesh-meat" is not unlawful, we are afraid that butcher-craft must thrive. "Meat in due season" is a dispensation permitted and sanctioned by the Bible. Moreover, all beasts prey, in some way, upon some other beasts; and of the ravenous inhabitants of the ocean this is particularly true.

That is a curious remark of Cuvier's, somewhere, that there is no living thing yet discovered, that is so small that he has not *vermin* on him! Think of that! Vermin on a flea, or a musquito, for example! But it serves them right. Let them "see how *they* like it," once in a while!

However, there might be less cruelty exercised in *preparing* animals for market than there is. Who that sees lambs borne to slaughter-houses in carts, "opening not their mouths," but panting their anguish, as their heads hang over the sides of the vehicle; or hundreds of calves, tied feet to feet, which uproariously testify their sufferings, as they descend from boats upon inclined planes, and lie sprawling upon wharves—who can see all this, and not feel an irrepressible sympathy for the dumb creatures?

But there is more humane feeling manifested by the purveyors of our meat-markets than formerly. The animals are murdered more scientifically. If they are large, they are "brought up with a round turn" from a windlass, having previously been "secured" without resistance; and the first thing they know is, their four feet are coming slowly together; they are gradually let down to the floor, with head elevated; and a single blow from an instrument with a head like the head of an adze, and they have experienced the first step marketward.

"Once it was not so." Driven heated, terrified, they were forced into corners, and only killed by the fifteenth or twentieth blow, the rest having missed their aim; the animals, meanwhile, scared half to death at the belligerent manifestations of their captors, who, until now, had seemed very attentive and friendly!

AND, "by-the-by," speaking of dumb animals, we beg leave to echo in this place, and to "put on record here," as our representatives say, the words of a brother editor, uttered a long time ago, against *Cruelty to Animals*:

"We call upon our brother editors to rebuke, on all proper occasions, degrading and cruel sports, and the brutal treatment of the dumb creation. We call upon men who profess to be "gentlemen," and ladies who bear a feeling heart, to avoid and check, by practice and example, that hard driving of the noblest animal, the HORSE, which always injures, and sometimes destroys, both life and limb. We call upon the pulpit to preach mercy and kind care of the creatures which are put into our trust, and contribute to our comfort. We call upon the police to check the brutal scenes witnessed but too frequently in our streets. We call upon our citizens, as they would rise in true civilization and noble humanity, to rebuke and suppress, in every proper way, by word and deed, the most despicable, cowardly, and causeless of all sins—cruelty to the sentient beings who serve us, and whom GOD has given into our power, but not into our tyranny."

THE following is an authentic anecdote of an alderman in a provincial town in England, who, being about to depart this life, as soon as he knew that his case was desperate, called together all persons to whom he was indebted in his mercantile concerns, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am going to die, and my death will be an inconvenience to you, because it will be some time before you can get your accounts settled with my executors. Now, if you will allow me a handsome discount, I will settle them *myself*, at once!"

They came into the proposal, and the old alderman turned his death into nine hundred pounds profit.

Without stopping to inquire "What doth it profit" a man like this to gain money which "it is certain he can not take away with him," it is a natural thought that they who prate so frequently about "Yankee 'cuteness," "American cunning," "sharp practice," and the like, might sometimes "look at home," without any great reflection upon their judgment or their candor.

FASHION has been well described as being "the race of the Rich to get away from the Poor, who follow as fast as they can!"

MORE good stories are told of and by clergymen, we believe, than by the members of any other profession. A respected clerical friend of ours narrated to us the other day, with no little unction, an incident which happened to himself. One Sabbath evening, a few weeks ago, he was resting in his study after the duties of the day, when the door was opened and he was informed that a couple were at the door who required his professional services to "make of the twain one flesh." The party were ushered into the study, and after the necessary preliminary inquiries, the ceremony was duly performed. When all was over, and the certificate of marriage fairly delivered, the happy bridegroom, pulling on a long face, addressed the clergyman thus:

"This is Sabbath evening, Doctor—holy time—and I have conscientious scruples about transacting worldly business in it; as I should be doing were I to offer you your fee to-night. I shall be obliged, therefore, to put off paying you until sacred time is past—to-morrow I will send it. I wish you a very good-evening, Doctor."

Our friend could not, of course, ask so scrupulous a man to violate any conscientious scruples, and hinted his perfect acquiescence in the proposed arrangement. The groom thereupon tucked his new-made bride under his arm, bowed himself out of the study, and disappeared. Neither bridegroom nor fee has yet made its appearance.

A clergyman in a neighboring city was lately done for in quite as cool a manner. One Sunday, directly after morning service, he was accosted by a stranger, who requested him to "step round and marry him." As no carriage was in readiness, he concluded that the place could not be very distant, and minister and groom set out together on foot. After walking a mile or more the spot was reached, and the ceremony performed, to the apparent satisfaction of all parties.

"Well, now, Parson," said the new husband, inserting his hand into his pocket, as though in search of his pocket-book, "what do you charge for doin' a job like that?"

"Oh," said the clergyman, "we always leave that to the gentleman himself—we are satisfied with whatever he chooses to give. We don't make any special charge."

"Well, I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said the liberal groom, withdrawing his hand from his pocket with a very relieved air. "I'm very much obliged to you, indeed. Good-morning."

And the clergyman took his departure without his fee.

While upon the subject of clerical anecdotes, we may as well give another.

A number of years ago, Parson B—— preached in a town in the interior of this State. A sound theologian was Parson B——, as a published volume of his Sermons evinces; but, like many clergymen of the past generation, he was too much given to preaching "doctrinal sermons," to the exclusion of "practical" themes:—at least so thought one of his parishioners, Mr. C——.

"Mr. B——," said he one day to the clergyman, "we know all about the doctrines by this time. Why don't you sometimes preach us a real practical discourse?"

"Oh, very well. If you wish it, I will do so. Next Sunday I will preach a practical sermon."

Sunday morning came; and an unusually large audience, attracted by the report of the promised novelty, were in attendance. The preliminary services were performed, and the Parson announced his text. After "opening his subject," he said he should make a practical application to his hearers. He then commenced at the head of the aisle, calling each member of the congregation by name, and pointing out his special faults. One was a little inclined to indulge in creature comforts; another was a terrible man at a bargain, and so on. While in mid volley, the door of the church opened, and Doctor S—— entered.

"There," went on the Parson, "there is Doctor S——, coming in in the middle of the service, just as usual, and disturbing the whole congregation. He does it just to make people believe that he has so large a practice that he can't get time to come to church in season, but it isn't so—he hasn't been called to visit a patient on Sunday morning for three months."

Thus went on the worthy clergyman. At last he came to Mr. C——, who had requested a practical sermon.

"And now," said he, "there's Mr. C——; he's a merchant—and what does he do? Why, he stays at home Sunday afternoon, and writes business letters. If he gets a lot of goods up from New York Saturday night, he goes to his store, and marks them on Sunday, so as to have them all ready for sale Monday morning. That's how he keeps the Sabbath; and he isn't satisfied with doctrinal sermons; he wants practical ones."

At the conclusion of the service, the Parson walked up to Mr. C——, and asked him how he liked the "practical sermon."

"Mr. B——," was the reply, "preach just what you please after this. I'll never attempt to direct you again."

The good Parson had a sort of dry wit about him, and sometimes made capital hits—if the following is correctly attributed to him. He was once asked by a neighboring clergyman, who wished to puzzle him, what was the meaning of that passage of Scripture which speaks of a man being "*clothed with curses*, as with a garment."

"I should say," replied Mr. B——, "that the man had got an awful *habit of swearing*."

A correspondent writing from Texas gives us a couple of good stories, for the perfect truth of which he pledges his "sacred honor:"

"In the interior of the country," writes he, "corn-bread forms the staple article of diet; any thing composed of wheat flour being about as scarce as ice-creams in Sahara. One of the citizens of those parts, not long since, paid a visit to a relative in Galveston, who, knowing the rarity of "wheat fixins" in his visitor's location, presented him with a genuine wheat biscuit, to be given to each of his children on his return. The journey was long, and the weather warm; so that before the good man reached his home, the biscuits had become hard and dry. The wonderful presents from "Aunt Jane," were in due time distributed to the tow-headed youngsters, and they ran off with them in high glee. Soon one of them made his appearance with a live coal placed on the top of his biscuit, which he was blowing most vigorously.

"That's the go, Jake," cried another, "blow away; I'll be darned if the critter don't poke his head out'n his shell afore long!"

The youngsters, who had never seen a biscuit before, thought that they were young terrapins.

"And now," continues our correspondent, "for a snake-story—all of which I saw, and a part of which I was:

"One night my wife and myself were awakened by a voice from the shelf, which contained our small store of crockery, followed by a crash which showed that a great portion of our cups and plates had been flung to the floor. Springing up to discover the author of this 'attack upon China,' I found a large snake in a somewhat unpleasant 'fix.' He had crawled upon the shelf, attracted by a number of eggs which were scattered about. One of these he had swallowed, and, in order to get at the next, he had put his head, and a portion of his body, through the handle of a jug which happened to stand between the coveted delicacies. The handle was just open enough to let his body, in its natural state, slip cleverly through; but not sufficient to let it pass when puffed out by the egg. In this position he had swallowed the second egg. His snakeship thus found himself unable to advance or retreat; and in floundering about to escape from this novel stocks, had caused the accident which had aroused us. I, of course, proceeded at once to execute summary justice upon the interloper; but the eggs which he had swallowed were a dead loss."

Literary Notices.

The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century, by W. M. THACKERAY. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In this volume we have the lectures which were heard by so many charmed audiences in England and in this country, in nearly the same words as they fell from the lips of the speaker. A few biographical and illustrative notes have been added, showing in part the materials which served as a foundation for the author's statements. The present edition contains the admirable lecture on "Charity and Humor," delivered at the request of some ladies, who were equally devoted to benevolence and to Thackeray, in behalf of a charitable institution of this city. Few of our readers need to be informed of the character of the literary discourses, which have been reported by the newspaper press in every quarter of the country. We have only to assure them that the fascination which attended their delivery is reproduced in the volume. No one can fail to read it with intense delight. It makes no pretensions to elaborate research or profound criticism. It reads less like the production of a maker of books than of a man of the world. There is no air of oracular wisdom in its pages. Rather as men than as authors does it treat of the wits and the humorists, who have more than found their peer in the present writer. Indeed, we must own, that without the slightest taint of egotism, the volume creates a deeper interest in Thackeray himself than in the worthies whom he has embalmed in his sweet and spicy phrases. His lectures tell us more of his own heart than his novels. In fact, they will disabuse many of the impressions which they have received from his fictions. Those who have inferred, from the cold, steel-like sarcasm, with which he there pierces pretension, that he is nothing but a satirist and a cynic, will here learn their error. They will find the man of a large, generous, loving nature, in the sympathy with which he dwells on every trait of genuine, robust, and kindly humanity, in the character of his subjects. Nothing excites his scorn but hypocrisy, meanness, selfishness. He is alive to every touch of true manliness. Never does he seek to throw a soft delusion around baseness and duplicity. Never does he withhold his tribute from large-hearted and natural worth. He is eminently just in his appreciation of character. No brilliancy or force of intellect blinds him to the perception of what is hollow and egotistic. With equal truthfulness he depicts the manners of the day, though with incidental strokes. His simple coloring revives the faded lines of the past with wonderful freshness. Swift, Addison, the great Mr. Congreve, Pope, Steele, Sterne, and Goldsmith, again live as beings of flesh and blood; we are made familiar with their personal traits; we meet them in their social haunts; we catch the expression of their faces; their very tones murmur in our ears; we seem to have parted with them but yesterday; and henceforth we shall read their works, not as the abstractions of literature, but as the writings of men with whom we have strange reminiscences of intimate relations. Still, we repeat it, we prefer the living humorist of this century to the departed great ones of the eighteenth, and are therefore thankful to Thackeray for showing himself so transparently, as well as those whom he professes to exhibit.

A Treatise on Apoplexy, by JOHN C. PETERS, M.D. (Published by W. Radde.) This is another able monograph by one of the most learned and skillful Homœopathic practitioners in this city. It is founded on RUCKERT'S *Clinical Experience*, but contains such large and important additions to his work, drawn from a variety of sources, as to make it essentially a new contribution to medical literature. *Dr. Peters* has freely availed himself of the labors of ROKITANSKY, HASSE, SIMON, LEHMANN, and other foreign medical writers of distinction, as well as of his own experience in fifteen years' study of Homœopathy. He is not, however, to be regarded as a professional sectarian. In the treatment of the terrible disease to which his work is devoted, he strenuously urges the importance of discarding all considerations of prejudice, theory, or system, and of aiming only at the welfare of the afflicted patient, by whatever means it can be accomplished. The present volume is to be followed by others of a similar character, which, with those already published, can not fail to promote the interest of pathological science.

Home Pictures, by Mrs. C. W. DENNISON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A series of domestic sketches, in the form of a simple autobiographical journal. It abounds with genuine touches of nature, and often depicts scenes of melting pathos. The style has a certain quaint homeliness, in keeping with the subject and the position of the supposed writer. Many of the incidents in this volume have an air of such remarkable naturalness as assures the reader that they must have been drawn from real life. No one can follow the interesting narrative in which they are related without finding his heart softened and made better.

The Old House by the River, is the title of a charming volume, full of sweet pictures of rural life, overflowing with tender and delicate sentiment, though free from sentimentality, enlivened with stories of sporting life in the forests and on the waters of Long Island, and written in a style of exquisite purity and grace, not unworthy of Irving or Ik. Marvel. It is pervaded by a high moral tone, and a fine natural sense of religion, which blends admirably with the prevailing poetic character of the volume. With its justly colored portraitures of nature, its simplicity and truthfulness of feeling, and its rare appreciation of silvan life, it can not fail to be welcomed as a beautiful addition to the rural literature in which so many of our native authors have attained an enviable eminence. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Carlton and Phillips have published a series of Lectures to Young Men, on *The Formation of a Manly Character*, by the Rev. GEORGE PECK, D.D. A volume rich in judicious and affectionate counsels to the young and inexperienced, and suited to make the most salutary impressions on the susceptible mind. The tone of morality which pervades the work is lofty and severe, but not extravagant or repulsive. The most earnest appeals of the author are tempered with paternal benignity and genuine sympathy with youth. He aims at the development of every part of our nature, and while he places the foundation of excellence in deep religious principle, he does not overlook or underrate the claims of social and mental culture. Numerous quotations from eminent authors serve to fortify his own views, and give an attractive variety to his little volume.

A Second Book in Latin, by JOHN M'CLINTOCK. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A valuable manual for the study of Latin, by the distinguished scholar who has already rendered such eminent services to the cause of classical education in this country. It is intended to follow the author's *First Book*

in *Latin*, constituting with it a sufficient grammar, reader, and exercise-book for elementary instruction. An excellent peculiarity of this work is the pure Latinity of the selections of which it is composed. The only authors from whom the reading lessons are taken are Cæsar and Cicero. These succeed each other, in regular order, from the simplest sentences to the most characteristic specimens of Roman eloquence. The explanatory notes are copious and apposite, giving all needful aid to the student in difficult passages, without tempting him to neglect the exercise of his own intellect. Nor is the value of this work confined to the juvenile pupil. The lover of Roman literature, however familiar with the language, will find in it an attractive collection of the "beauties" of Cæsar and Cicero, forming a seductive recreation for a leisure hour.

The Genius and Mission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, by the Rev. CALVIN COLTON, LL.D. (Published by Stanford and Swords.) In this elaborate volume, Dr. Colton describes the genius of Christianity and of the Primitive Church, and after presenting a brief sketch of the principles of the Church of Rome, of the Reformation, and of the Church of England, proceeds to a systematic analysis of the genius of the American Episcopal Church. He claims for this body of Christians the nearest approach to the true character of a Catholic Church, an accordance with primitive Christianity, and a harmony with the tendencies of the American people. His reasoning is conducted with simplicity and earnestness. Though ardently devoted to his own Church, he indulges in no denunciation or abuse of other persuasions. In the clearness of its arguments, the copiousness of its illustrations, and the devoutness of its spirit, this work is suited to make a favorable impression on the religious public.

Life and Letters of the late President Olin. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This copious and well-arranged biography of one of the most eminent religious leaders of his day, will be received with cordial satisfaction, not only by the ecclesiastical connection to which he was especially attached, but by every intelligent friend of religion and education in the community. The work comprises an interesting memoir of Dr. Olin's life, with liberal selections from his correspondence, and occasional letters to him from several persons in the wide circle of his friends. It is enriched with the personal recollections of the deceased by various eminent individuals, with whom he sustained relations of more than common intimacy at different periods of his life. The history of Dr. Olin's career is singularly instructive. Born amidst the romantic mountain scenery of beautiful Vermont, he inherited a marked organization both of body and mind, which evidently destined him to the attainment of future distinction. Every thing about him was on a large and generous scale. With the free air of his native mountains, he imbibed the love of freedom, the love of truth, the love of moral beauty, and a lofty and magnanimous spirit. His mind at an early age exhibited traces of elastic vigor and noble aspiration. During his college course at Middlebury he revealed to his teachers and class-mates the robust germs of intellectual greatness, which subsequently expanded in such a luxuriant wealth of action and usefulness. Here too, by devotion to study, to the neglect of organic laws, he injured a naturally fine constitution, and laid the foundation of diseases which, throughout his public life, made him a perpetual invalid. In spite of the wearing depression of confirmed ill health, Dr. Olin abundantly redeemed the promise of his youth, by the energy, devotedness, and wisdom of his maturity. In every position in which he was placed he exerted an extraordinary influence. There was something in his presence, in his words, in his manners, which acted with rare effect on men's minds. As a preacher, as the head of literary institutions, as a counselor and legislator in the church, he was equally impressive and commanding. He seemed to possess an instinctive sense of the True, no less than a native attachment to the Right. The justness of his intellect was even more remarkable than its energy. It operated with a precision and accuracy that reminded one of the certainty of a natural law. "His judgment was so profound," as Dr. M'Clintock has admirably observed, "that on all subjects of an ethical, political, or religious character, his *à priori* judgments were of more value than most other men's conclusions on the largest collection of facts would be." But the crowning attribute of Dr. Olin's character was the dignity, we may even say the grandeur, of its moral proportions. Free, to a wonderful degree, from the selfishness which predominates in lower natures, he made the universal law of duty his supreme rule of life. A high and masculine sense of religion gave the tone and motive to his moral qualities. The biography of such a man can not be other than a public benefaction. Its effects must be as salutary as the character of its subject was unworldly and pure. In the present case, the interest of the work is greatly enhanced by the space that is allotted to the correspondence of President Olin, whose letters form almost a consecutive autobiography.

American Game in its Seasons, by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT. A sporting work from the pen of the writer of the present volume, carries its own recommendation to amateurs, apart from any assertions of the critic. The name of Herbert, or Frank Forester, is more in its favor than the decision of a whole sanhedrim of reviewers. We need only say that this is a collection of scattered papers, written in the author's usual felicitous style, describing several of the leading varieties of game, classified in reference to the months in which they are in season. An abundance of illustrations, drawn from nature, form a valuable and delightful embellishment of the volume. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

Portraits of Eminent Americans now Living. By JOHN LIVINGSTON. (Published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co.) These elegant volumes contain complete biographical sketches of the persons whose portraits are presented in well-executed engravings. For the most part, they are devoted to living Americans who have attained distinction at the bar, or as business men, without reference to their position in public life. In many respects, the plan of the work is an excellent one. Taking its subjects from the common walks of life, it affords a more correct illustration of the American character than if it had been confined to men of political or literary distinction. The memoirs are uniformly well-written. In some instances, they are autobiographical, and often quite amusing. They show, in a striking manner, the effect of enterprise, industry, and integrity, in insuring success, in our fortunate condition of society.

Poetry of the Vegetable World, from the German of SCHLEIDEN, edited by ALPHONSO WOOD. (Published by Moore, Anderson, and Co., Cincinnati.) A strong tinge of German mysticism pervades this beautiful work, but the originality of its views, the poetic charm of its illustrations, and the large amount of positive instruction which it imparts, will recommend it to every reader of taste and intelligence.

Thalatta, a Book for the Sea Side, is the title of an admirable collection of poetry, relating to the ocean, published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. The volume proceeds from a happy idea, and has been executed with no small degree of success. The taste and poetical reading of the editors are visible on every page. It will form a melodious accompaniment to the music of the ocean, in many a fair hand, during the season of summer prime.

The fifth edition of Lieutenant MAURY'S *Sailing Directions*, with additions and improvements, has been issued under the authority of the Hon. JOHN P. KENNEDY, late Secretary of the Navy. Apart from the scientific and practical value of this work, in the specialty to which it belongs, it contains a variety of graphic descriptions of remarkable marine phenomena, which make it an interesting volume for the general reader.

Harper and Brothers have published the eighth edition of HASWELL'S *Engineer's and Mechanic's Pocket-Book*, containing a multiplicity of useful tables, rules, and formulas relating to the science of Engineering in all its branches. This indispensable work is too well-known to the profession to require comment.

Marie de Berniere is the title of a new tale by W. GILMORE SIMMS. The scene is laid in New Orleans, and presents many high-wrought portraitures of Southern character. Several other stories, marked with the usual descriptive power of the author, complete the contents of the volume. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

The Bible in the Counting-House, by the Rev. H. A. BOARDMAN, D.D. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) In this volume, which consists of a course of Lectures to Merchants, delivered by the author in the church of which he is the pastor, many profound and delicate questions relating to the moralities of commerce are handled in a thorough and judicious manner. It abounds with forcible statements of mercantile duties, sustained by cogent arguments, and enlivened with popular illustrations. Without aiming to install the Bible in the place of the day-book and ledger, it would induce the merchant to give it a position by their side.

Poems, by ALEXANDER SMITH. (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) This young author has been ushered into notoriety by a general peal of jubilation from the English press. Grave critics have not hesitated to compare him with Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and even Shakspeare himself. In our opinion, Mr. Alexander Smith must bide his time, before the green chaplet of laurel can justly adorn his brow. The present volume—thus much we are bound to admit—displays a wonderful profusion of imagery, and often a dainty, luscious sweetness of expression. With a soft, voluptuous sense of all natural beauties, the young Alexander pours out a gushing tide of enthusiasm, mostly as an apotheosis of sensuous delights. But he does not yet exhibit the grave earnestness of thought, the haunting sense of spiritual realities, and the refined perception of humanity, without which no poet in this age can hope to win a permanent fame.

Home Life in Germany, by CHARLES LORING BRACE. (Published by Charles Scribner.) This is a fascinating volume. It reveals the interior of many German homes. Without violating the confidences of domestic life, the writer relates many of his personal experiences, which present a more vivid idea of society and manners in Germany than can be found elsewhere in books of travels. He is evidently a man of most genial temperament, enthusiastic, excitable, with a decided tinge of romance in his composition; but he never parts with his common sense, and keeps his eyes, where they should be, in his head, not in his heart. Avoiding in a great measure the hackneyed objects of curiosity to the traveler, he has devoted himself to the observation of human character—the social, religious, and domestic peculiarities of a peculiar people—and has set down the results of his search in a style which has all the charm of a free, intelligent conversation. His volume, accordingly, is as unique as it is interesting. No one can read it without feeling a hearty sympathy with the author, and a fresh admiration of the frank, genial, home-bred qualities of the German character.

European ignorance of American geography and topography has furnished many capital stories. Every body has heard of the Cockney tourist upon the Hudson, who begged "to be hinformed if that river hemptied into 'Udson's Bay." This ignorance is not confined to the uneducated classes. Dr. Cox, in his amusing "Interviews," tells us of a visit which Dr. Chalmers had projected to "Yale College, in Kentucky." The great Scotch divine confounded Kentucky with Connecticut. The latest, and not the least amusing instance of this sort is furnished by Mr. "William Parrish Robertson," an English traveler, one of whose books once had the honor of furnishing the text for an article, by Thomas Carlyle. This gentleman has just published a couple of volumes of travels in Mexico and the United States. In the course of his journeyings he had occasion to pass from Cincinnati to Springfield, in Ohio. The road runs, he says, for "the whole way along the Connecticut River, through wood-land, with some clearances, to make room for towns and villages." He gives another item of information, which will be new on this side of the Atlantic: "Here" (in Springfield, Ohio,) "is the United States armory, built round a square of twenty acres of ground, and 3000 men are employed in it. The town contains 20,000 inhabitants."

A new work of more than ordinary interest has recently been published in London, written by a daughter of WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT who seems to share the gifts and accomplishments of her distinguished parents. It is entitled *An Art Student in Munich*. A London journal says, in reviewing the book, "Mary Howitt's, daughter passed a twelvemonth in Munich as a student of painting; and these volumes give an account of her daily life and what she saw. Compiled, or more properly extracted, from family letters, the narrative has the freshness of conversation with some of its minuteness, and presents a very charming reflex of thought and feeling, as well as a picture of Bavarian life, and of what is to be seen in the great art-city of Germany. Externals may predominate too much in ANNA MARY HOWITT'S description of things; her account of art may be somewhat colored by her own enthusiasm, so that individual liking is substituted for criticism, and the pleasant impression which common but present images make upon the mind may be too fully dwelt upon, without considering their effect in description on a distant reader. The book, however, is remarkable in itself and full of hope for the future. So interesting and informing a work from such apparently slender materials is a *rara avis*. *An Art Student in Munich* reminds one of WASHINGTON IRVING'S descriptive narratives. The lady-painter is less quaint and elaborate; she is also looser in the texture of her production; but she is more natural and real."

The Educational Institutions of the United States, their Character and Organization, translated from the Swedish of P. A. SILJESTRÖM, M. A., is the title of a work of considerable value lately announced from the London press. Professor Siljeström was deputed by the Swedish Government to travel into the United States for the purpose of examining the American institutions of education. He remained some time in this city, where he won the esteem of all who made his acquaintance, by his modesty and intelligence. The information in the volume is mainly derived from public reports on the schools, or the laws under which they are established and regulated, with such correction as oral inquiry and examination could supply, as to the actual working. The tone of the volume has therefore at times something of a blue-book character. This official air is continually relieved by living observations, or by general reflections. The book contains a good digest of the schools and systems of education in the model States of New York and New England, with notices of some of the other States and of the higher Colleges: there are notices, too, of the character and qualifications of the teachers; and sketches of *quasi* historical questions, such as the disputes with the Romanists and the schools for colored people.

J. D. MORELL, the author of a History of Philosophy, and other works of a philosophical character, having obtained by his former publications a name among the cultivators of mental science, now appears as the author of a more formal and systematic treatise on psychology. Few men are so thoroughly acquainted with the works of continental as well as English metaphysicians, and so well qualified for noting and reporting the history and condition of metaphysical sciences as a branch of human knowledge. Those who are interested in such studies will find in Mr. Morell's book much satisfactory information and much curious speculation.

The London *Athenæum* hits off the eccentric work of our adopted countryman Dr. KRAITSIR, on *Glossology*, with its usual pungent criticism. At the same time it does not fail to recognize the merit of that truly original production. "Dr. Kraitsir's style of writing is far removed from that of the quiet, old-fashioned school of philosophical authors. He has evidently read Carlyle, or some of his imitators. His treatise is disfigured by a wild extravagance of tone and expression, misplaced and unsuccessful attempts at wit, far-fetched and incongruous allusions, a want of simplicity and clear arrangement, and a random spirit of speculation which carries the worthy doctor beyond all reasonable bounds. At the same time, we freely admit that it contains materials which—though thrown together in an undigested form—are capable of being turned to good account. Dr. Kraitsir lashes himself into a perfect fury of indignation at the English mode of pronouncing Greek and Latin, but does not vouchsafe any directions for improving it. Another *bête noire* that disturbs his equanimity, is, the way in which English spelling is usually taught—that is, by requiring the learner to name the letters of which words are composed, though their names differ widely from the sounds. He proposes that at first words should be spelt by dividing them into their elementary sounds, and afterward in the ordinary way. Having settled this grave matter to his satisfaction, our author proceeds to discuss the whole subject of sounds and letters in a long and curious chapter, displaying wide, if not deep, research."

AYTOUN, author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, has delivered a course of lectures on poetry and dramatic literature in Edinburgh with great success, and has also repeated them in London. We hope he may follow the laudable fashion of the day and give us an opportunity of listening to his course on this side of the Atlantic. Thackeray, with his bag of $12,000 and his budget of universal good-will, presents a brilliant inducement to the eloquent Aarons in English letters to imitate his example.

The Academy of Sciences of Berlin has granted to Dr. FREUND, the eminent philologist and lexicographer, the expenses of a journey in Switzerland and the Tyrol, for the purpose of investigating the Romanic dialects spoken in the districts of ancient Rhætia.

In the series of translations entitled "Contemporary French Literature," a recent number presents *Mazzini Judged by Himself and by his Countrymen*, written by JULES DE BRÉVAL. The coarse and intemperate invectives against Mazzini may please his enemies, but a book in such a style will not promote the object for which it was written. Much personal abuse, and the imputation of unworthy motives, are the author's chief weapons, yet Protestant readers will receive a favorable impression rather than otherwise of Mazzini and his works, from the perusal of M. Bréval's volume.

A late decree of the Roman literary inquisitors involves an amusing instance of the rapidity with which—in these days of express trains and magnetic telegraphs—literary intelligence travels from London to Rome. These censors of books appear to have just become aware that an Englishman of the name of Macaulay has written two volumes called the *History of England*—and, having also made the discovery that the said "History of England," is heretical and subversive of sound faith and morals, the ancient gentlewomen who preside over the intellectual feasts of Italy have set it down in their list of political writings. It is the old war between the red stockings and the blue.—As a further illustration of the just asserted principle, we may add that the same list is now for the first time enriched with the *Scripture Lessons* published by the Irish Board of Education for the National Schools so long ago as 1835!

A certain learned gentleman, Monsieur EMMANUEL by name, has recently obtained considerable notoriety in Paris, by attempting to make as sweeping and as radical a revolution in the science of astronomy as worthy Sganarelle in Molière's comedy did of his own authority in that of physiology. The earth, he says, turns from the east to the west, and not from the west to the east, as all astronomers have heretofore maintained; the rotation of the earth is accomplished in twenty-four hours precisely, instead of twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes, and some seconds as astronomers have heretofore supposed, and all the theories as to the attraction of the sun or the planets are entirely erroneous. The astronomical Sganarelle had the infatuated presumption to press these and other eccentric notions on the Academy of Sciences, and to endeavor to get a commission nominated to report on them; but M. Arago, M. de Liouville, and the other astronomers and mathematicians of that learned body, declined one after another to examine and report on them, lest it should be supposed for a moment that they take such

strange crotchets seriously. This has greatly exasperated M. Emmanuel, and in his wrath he has belabored M. Arago without mercy, in sundry lengthy letters, which one of the daily newspapers has been foolish enough to insert. But what is more singular is, that he has opened a course of lectures, in which he gravely teaches his astronomical heresies, and those lectures attract crowded, and, it is said, believing and admiring auditories.

A most interesting discovery has just been made in the Royal Library of Brussels. In looking over Etienne's edition, 1568, of the *Tragedies of Sophocles*, the notes written on the margins have been recognized to be in the handwriting of Racine. This book once formed a portion of the collection of the late Mr. Van Hulthem, but no mention was made in the catalogue at the period of sale of the fact, and it was by mere accident it has now been discovered.

A valuable manuscript copy of the Bible, in Norman French, written on vellum, richly illuminated, and once the property of King John of France, is about to be offered for sale for the benefit of the creditors of Mr. Broughton, formerly of the Foreign Office. It is stated that £1500 was demanded for it on the occasion of an application to purchase it by the late Archbishop of Canterbury.

Germany has lost another man of letters of European reputation: LUDWIG TIECK, founder of the romantic school of German literature, died at Berlin on the 28th April, in the eightieth year of his age. Tieck was a fellow laborer with Schlegel in translating Shakspeare.

The second volume of a very interesting book has just been published at Leipzig—viz., *An Account of the different Languages of the German People*, by VON FIRMENICH. It contains 491 German dialects. Von Firmenich has collected altogether 563; the remaining seventy-two will appear in the third and fourth volumes; in addition to which, he intends to give dialects from the Friesland Islands, besides words connected with, or directly derived from the German, in the Dutch, Flemish, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Scotch languages.

TOUISSANT LOUVERTURE, the negro hero, who distinguished himself by his resistance to the attempt of the French to impose their yoke on his country, Saint Domingo, and who was carried to France and confined in a dungeon till he died—this noted man must now be included in the list of modern authors. A work has just been published containing memoirs of his life, written by him when in the fortress of Joux, in France. They were principally destined to be placed before the First Consul Bonaparte. They contain a full account of the remarkable events in which he figured, and a complete refutation of the charges which Bonaparte caused to be brought against him, as a pretext for keeping him in confinement. They are written with much simplicity and feeling, combined with a certain degree of dignity.

A Russian historian and novelist of considerable note, THEODORE ANDREIOWITCH VON ŒTTINGER, has just died at St. Petersburg. He is likewise known as the translator of English, French, and German plays, and has left behind him a valuable collection of 4000 dramatic pieces.

"All Paris, learned and unlearned, gentle and simple," says the correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette*, "has been for the last fortnight, and still is, deeply occupied with the singular phenomenon of tables, hats, porcelain vases, and other things, but especially tables, being set in motion, or made to whirl round and round with some rapidity by the simple imposition of human hands, touching each other by the extremities of the thumbs and little fingers. The 'Literary Gazette,' in its last two numbers, had some account of the phenomenon; and the experiments that have been made in this city within the last few days by men of science, letters, or social rank—experiments in which any thing like fraud or juggling was impossible—leave no doubt whatever of its reality. The most extraordinary feature in it is, that the operators, when once they have set the table in motion, can direct it by their will—making it turn, untouched, from side to side, backward or forward, as readily as if it were a doll pulled by strings, or a learned dog performing its tricks. Among the persons who have publicly testified to the truth of experiments made by them are—Dr. Latour, editor of one of the medical journals; Jules Janin, of the 'Debats;' A. Lireux, theatrical critic of the 'Constitutionnel;' and several others of equal note."

The Athenæum says of the Shakspeare testimonial to KOSSUTH: "Time and antecedent events necessarily gave to the great meeting at the London Tavern something of a character beyond our criticism—but the essential fact was, the presentation by Mr. Jerrold of a literary offering in the name of upwards of nine thousand subscribers of all ranks and occupations, and its acceptance by the illustrious exile in a speech which as a piece of impassioned eloquence excelled every thing of the kind that we have heard. The speaker seemed at times in the sublimity of his expression almost to have caught the spirit of the poet, his communication with whom was the express occasion of this commemoration. This gave a character of singular appropriateness to the proceedings of the evening—and really confers on the occasion almost a right to have its place in the history of Shakspearian literature."

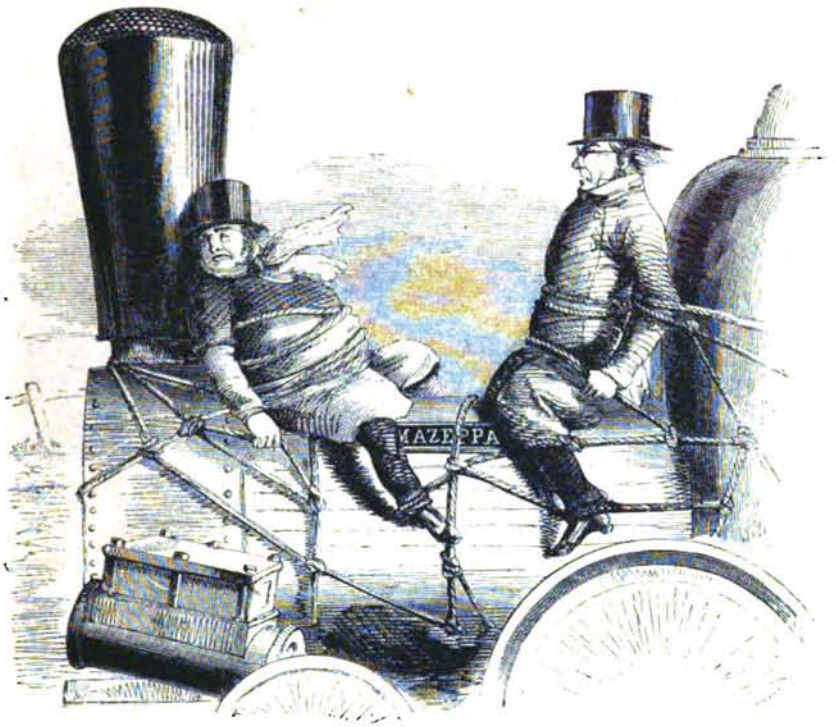
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR has addressed to KOSSUTH a copy of his *Imaginary Conversations of Greeks and Romans*, just published, with the following inscription:

"Souls such as yours, O Kossuth, alight, close their wings, and rest upon the elevated crags of Antiquity. The sun shines there, when all beneath is lying in mist and shadow.

"Morning is far off; but it returns in the course of nature: we feel its pungency before we feel its warmth.

"Hungary is not dead; no, nor sleepeth.

"Receive my Greeks and Romans. Let them drive from your memory, if possible, the insults you lately have suffered from wretches like those who betrayed the Bandieri, when they might as easily, if not as advantageously to themselves, have prevented the rash enterprise of those two unfortunate youths. Farewell."



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Tie a couple of Directors upon every Engine that starts with a Train.

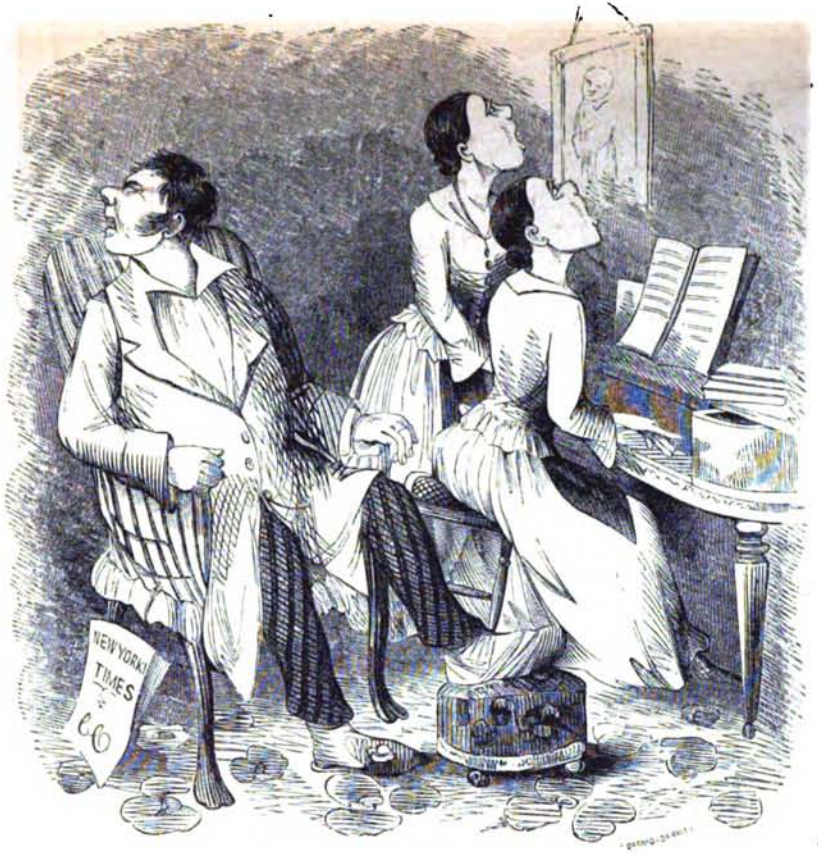
CAPITAL DAY'S SPORT.

Walked twenty miles—found a good spot—fell fast asleep—tide rose to my knees—Somebody picked my pockets and changed hats with me—fish ran off with my hook—Caught nothing but a bad cold.

NOCTURNAL DELIGHT OF A SUMMER COTTAGE.

Goodwife (*at the top of her voice*).—Fire!—Murder!—Thieves!—Robbers: Oh-h-h!

Father of the Family (*nervously*)—Wh-o-o's th-e-e-r-re!



THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC HARMONY.

FASHIONABLE MATERIAL FOR PANTS.

It takes two Men to Show the Pattern.

Fashions for July.

FIGURES 1 AND 2—VISITING AND HOME COSTUME.

VISITING DRESS.—Bonnet falling low behind, open in front; it is composed of guipure ribbons No. 12, in silk, with spots of light silk and taffeta edges fringed in festoons. The frame-work is black tulle. The ornament consists of the ribbon above mentioned, edged with black lace, laid smooth on the middle of the crown, goffered at the sides. The curtain is taffeta, bouillonné, covered with a deep lace. A cord of straw is sewed on the ribbon at the place where the edge of the taffeta finishes against the middle of the guipure, which thus forms an insertion. The inside is trimmed with flowers forming bandeaux on the forehead. The pelisse is of taffeta, trimmed with No. 9 ribbon plaited, a row of narrow lace (1½ inch), and a wide lace. It is low in the neck, heart-shaped in front, and round behind. The part of the taffeta between the two rows of ribbons is arranged as a bertha, and replaces the hood, which is simulated by a large hollow plait. Below the bottom ribbon, there is a row of narrow lace sewed on almost even; then a deep lace of six or eight inches, slightly gathered, which forms a flounce all round. A sleeve of taffeta bordered with a piece plaited *à la vieille*, and trimmed with a deep lace, comes out under the frill of the bertha. A plaited trimming edges the forepart; there are two rows at bottom, and the whole is completed by a narrow flounce and a wide one. The dress is high-bodied, and made of gray taffeta, fastening all the way down with steel buttons. Collar and under-sleeves of white lace.

HOME DRESS.—A little Pompadour cap of white blonde, vandyked at the edge, having at the sides loops and ends of gauze ribbon mixed with blonde. The crown is rumpled and covered with small butterfly-bows. The trimming is a blonde frill. Dress of taffeta, trimmed with ribbons, flounces, and small ornaments of stamped velvet. The body is high, open in front all the way down; plain behind, plaited in front in three broad plaits laid flat, from the shoulder seam. A large bow of black velvet, set on a cross band, ornaments the front, a second bow is placed in the same manner in the middle, and the velvet sash forms a third bow with ends. The sleeves are wide, and composed of two large puffs falling over and a frill, under each puff in front there is a velvet bow. A velvet No. 9 borders this frill, and a small ornament of velvet an inch wide is laid upon it. Three flounces trim the skirt. Above the first there is a row of stamped velvet. On the edge of the second there is a velvet two inches wide, and an inch above that a row of stamped velvet.

As to bonnets, we can not do better, in the absence of space for illustrations, than to copy the descriptions of one or two novelties, furnished by the Parisian milliners. One adapted to a simple toilet, is a light drawn bonnet of white tulle, made in bouillonnés, having three rows of white figured ribbon placed on each side, following the undulations of the bouillonnés; the inside of the capote trimmed with bunches of daisies. Another is of white hair, embroidered with straw, with a row of straw vandykes, or we might rather say, of straw blonde, running along the edge of the brim; the ornaments are bows of white ribbon, and inside of the brim are rows of violets surrounded with foliage Flowers are decidedly in vogue as ornaments for bonnets. One favorite mode is to arrange them in light trails winding around the bonnet; some cover the crown entirely, terminating in grape-like clusters at the side, while others wind around the brim, and end in bunches. Among those flowers much admired, are long elastic branches of white and colored lilac, and cordons of violets. A decided novelty in the way of floral ornamentation is formed by rice-ears composed wholly of feathers, even to the cells themselves. These are accompanied by straw and flag, forming a charming decoration for summer.

We present several very elegant styles of caps. FIGURE 3 is a coiffure of blonde, trimmed with flowers and white ribbons, the flowers, arranged in tufts to accompany puffed bandeaux, are covered with a row of blonde, which turns back on itself to form the crown. At the foot of each row of blonde are several rows of narrow ribbons, the strings placed behind proceed from several bows of ribbons, forming a large bunch.—FIGURE 4 is a muslin cap, formed of insertions in satin-stitch and valenciennes, trimmed with embroidered bands and bows of ribbons.—FIGURE 5 is a cap of scolloped blonde. The blonde is placed slanting, and covers the whole; the band passes under each bow of ribbons, and thus forms an ornament very advantageous to the face. The ends of the ribbons and velvets that trim the bottom of the cap are of unequal size, half velvet, half ribbon No. 16.

FIGURE 3.—BLONDE COIFFURE.

FIGURE 4.—MUSLIN CAP.

FIGURE 5.—BLONDE CAP.