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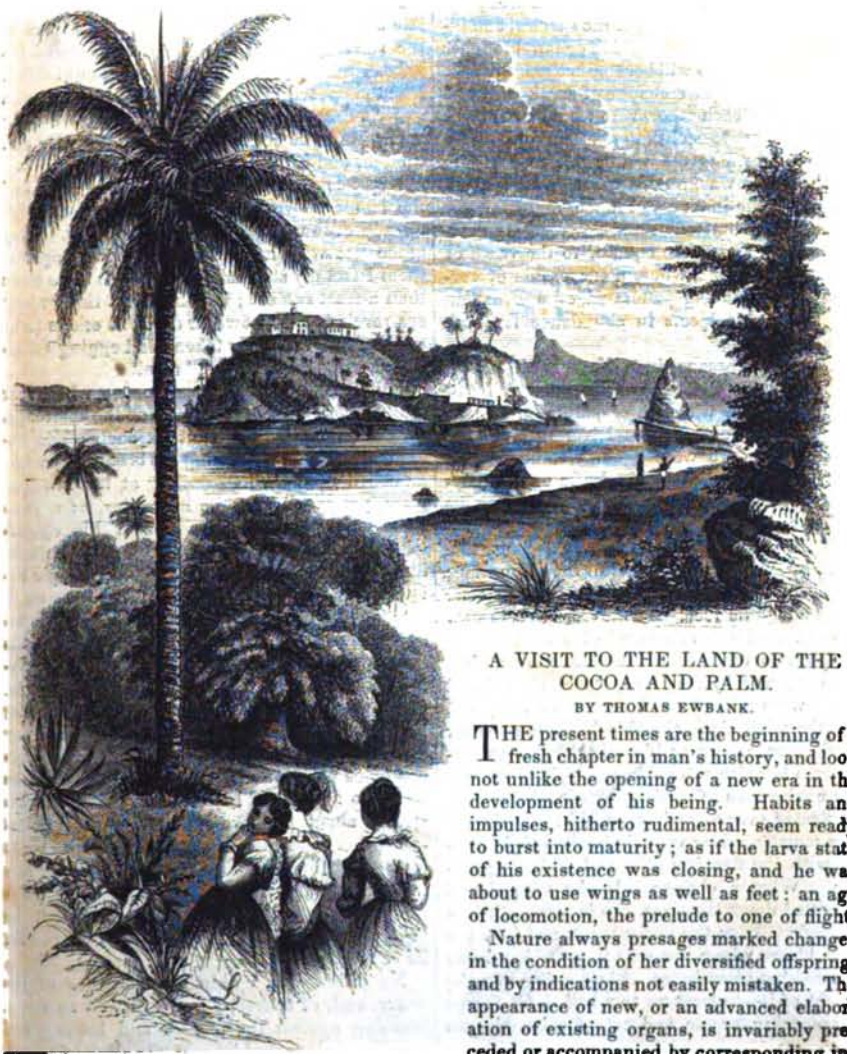


BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

A VISIT TO THE LAND OF THE COCOA AND PALM.

BY THOMAS EWBANK.

THE present times are the beginning of a fresh chapter in man's history, and look not unlike the opening of a new era in the development of his being. Habits and impulses, hitherto rudimental, seem ready to burst into maturity; as if the larva state of his existence was closing, and he was about to use wings as well as feet: an age of locomotion, the prelude to one of flight.

Nature always presages marked changes in the condition of her diversified offspring, and by indications not easily mistaken. The appearance of new, or an advanced elaboration of existing organs, is invariably preceded or accompanied by corresponding instincts. An insect is no sooner fitted for ac-

tion in an element different from that in which its previous constitution delighted, than it finds itself impelled to the exercise of newly-born powers, and sets out in quest of untasted pleasures. The phenomenon of metamorphosis is common to every form of life: it merely varies in its manifestations. Man is but an aspiring insect, and the addition of instruments of flight would scarcely surpass in novelty transformations which the species, according to some authors, has already undergone.

As on the approach of migratory seasons in lower tribes, a general restlessness pervades society. Classes and masses hitherto inert, are beginning to move and to flutter, agitated by some latent influences. Such facts the world never before witnessed to as great an extent as at the present time. What it forebodes heaven best knows. If precursive of a breaking-up of the old recluse habits of the species, and introductory of a system by which distant branches of the human family will become better known to, and be led to the interchange of sentiments and civilities with each other, who would wish to be among the last to feel the generous impulse?

These questions the writer put to himself; and the result was, a determination to cast off, for a while, the instincts of home, and hie away to a region of butterflies and flowers. Inclination led him across the equator to the verge of the southern tropic, where a succession of novelties in the moving panorama of a Brazilian city, supplied subjects in abundance for both pen and pencil.

Engaging passage in a New York trader, which filled up her cargo with flour at Richmond, we spent the greater part of a tedious week in descending James River to Hampton Roads, where we were again weather-bound. This detention made heavy drafts on the captain's patience; and, at length, he swore he would pass Cape Henry before night, let what would happen. A pretty piece of blasphemy this would have been in a mariner of the olden time; but, alas for Neptune, instead of hulls reeking on his altars, he receives little from sailors now but exhausted quids thrown in his face.

After two unsuccessful attempts we at last beat out; and by five, P.M., "Old Point" and "Rip" were miles behind us. Now fairly off, with the wind abaft, the ship hitherto so sober and demure, moves as if mad with joy at getting into her element, rolling and pitching from pure exuberance of spirits. A stranded whale, just floated over a sand-bar, could not make off more merrily. Her very timbers creak in concert with the flapping sails and whistling rigging. What a change. If she minced and minuetted down the river, she is leaving it in a gallopade. How the ocean roars, and how the water hisses where she cuts it, as if her bows were red-hot plowshares. She's going to make a night of it—to treat us to a ball. All things are preparing for one, and not a few have begun rehearsing.

The captain, as master of the ceremonies, dressed early. Retiring after dinner, in citizen's dress, he emerged a perfect sea-bean. I did not recognize him, and was on the point of asking who the stranger was, when he announced himself, *viva voce*. A glazed hat, with a hemispherical crown, covered his head: the wide and flexile brim was drawn at two opposite points close to his florid cheeks by spun-yarn ribbons, tied in a slip-knot under the chin. An oil-skin coat, or cloak, or shirt—it had properties belonging to all three—reached from his throat to his ankles. Of the color of beeswax, it was not more supple than stiff paper; the upright collar embraced his neck, and was made to hug it close by a band cut from the same web as the hat-strings. But, in his opinion, the choicest portion of his costume were his French boots. Purchased in Havre, they were the only real sea water-proofs he ever met with; inflexible as marble, the legs were almost as thick as the soles. Raising his skirts, he showed his knees sunk in them with scollops cut out behind. I had supposed nothing rigid should be about a sailor's dress, and I could not perceive how in such things he could act the skipper. *He did*, though, and in fine style.

Night is fast letting down her curtain, and the lamps above are kindling; but I am sick already of the evening's entertainments. They agree not with my head or legs, and against them I feel my stomach rising. The taste more than a feast suffices; but the worst thing about sea revels is that, however desirous one is to be excused, no excuse is taken, no begging off allowed, no "not at homes" admitted.

It is impossible to convey to one who never left the land, an adequate idea of the distresses of a sea-sick voyage. But let such a one imagine a person approaching the ocean and when launched upon it, half-smiling at his previous fears, yet sensible, while he smiles, of a *je ne sais quoi* sensation flitting about his epigastrium; so very slight, however, that he tells himself it is mere imagination. A struggle between this new feeling and his fears goes on, it may be for an hour or two, when there is no mistaking either. He now no longer rules his inner or his outer being; his faculties are flying, and his feet forsaking him. Creation reels. He looks out, and lo! the earth has left her orbit, and the heavens are rushing with her into chaos. His nature seems dissolving; electric halos play round his bursting eye-balls; he feels the sutures of his cranium open, and his viscera about to leave him. His soul seems taking her departure. Suppose the victim seeks his bed (beyond question the best place for him in such weather as this), yet even there he is rolled and tossed, jerked and shaken till he becomes indifferent to life, and even wishes for its extinction.

My pillow was within a few inches of the water, and, of course, I heard as well as felt it booming against the planks, and boiling and gurgling as it rushed by. While ideas of foundering, running on rocks, or against some other

vessels, were invading me, there came suddenly such a blow, somewhere beneath me, as made the vessel stop and fairly spin again. Shaken by the jar, I involuntarily shouted, "What is that?" But a Stentor's voice could not at that time have been heard on deck. The shock was so short, sharp, and tremendous, that I knew not to what to attribute it, except that the hull had been struck by the fluke of a whale. These creatures have crushed in ships' timbers; what if some sound or rotten plank had been knocked off, and I was about to drop unseen into the abyss? Then I thought of sword-fishes plunging their weapons clear through the sides of vessels —what if one should transfix me here? "Well," I said, "such a death is preferable to sinking slowly down among marine monsters, that would tear one asunder, and fight over one's disjointed limbs before sensation left them. Of the two kinds of death give me the quickest.

As if taken at my word, there came another shock close to where I lay, that made the ship and all within her shiver. She could not have been more stunned if the blow had come from a battering-ram. It was succeeded by others during the night; and not till morning did I learn that they were indeed blows from water-rams—huge waves snapping directly under and against her.

We dashed across the Gulf-stream, from which steam was issuing as from a boiling cauldron: its temperature increasing as we approached its central or main current. In four hours the temperature rose six degrees. On the fourth day we passed within 120 miles of Bermuda.

Could the complexity and infinity of curves one's person is compelled to go through, be transferred to paper, they would convey to landsmen a better idea than could otherwise be imparted of the pitchings, swings, and shakes sea-farers undergo; of the intricate and erratic lines their heads unceasingly trace in air. It would excite surprise that the brains of many are not addled.

Standing close to the main-mast and looking up, its topmost extremity is seen to sweep from star to star, or cloud to cloud, tracing in the firmament diagrams that truly mark the vessel's movements. To imitate this would serve the purpose; and the barometer, freely suspended on gimbals, with a heavy mass of mercury at its bottom, suggested the ready means. Its top reached nearly to a level with the top of the beams of the cabin-roof under the skylight. This was removed, and a pencil (point upward) fixed to the instrument, six or seven inches from the points of suspension. An edge of a letter-sheet pressed firmly upon one of the two beams between which the pencil was, and the opposite edge borne gently down to bring and keep the under surface and central parts of the paper in easy contact with the moving style, was all that was necessary to obtain a faithful chart of the vessel's motions—except her progressive one.

The paper supplied the place of the firmament, and the pencil acted the part of the mast (though in point of fact the operation was reversed). The action of the point was, of course, distinctly seen on the upper surface of the paper as the diagrams progressed on the underside. The slightest lurch or pitch, and every variation from the perpendicular which the vessel's deck underwent, were thus accurately delineated and recorded; their direction and relative extent also. The subjoined are specimens from scores taken during the voyage. B denotes the bows of the vessel; E, the stern; L, her larboard;

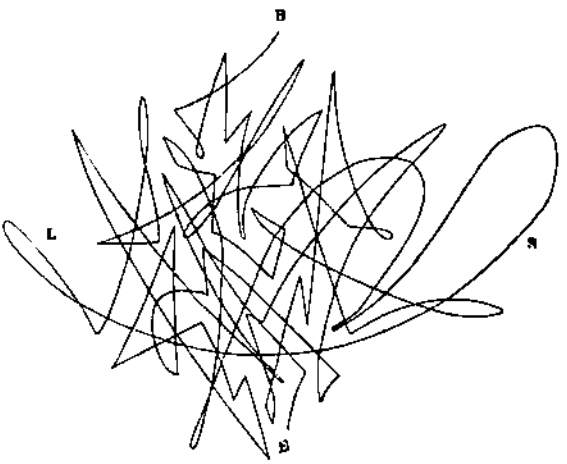


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

and S, her starboard sides. They were taken in fine weather. The time the pencil was in contact with the paper, from twenty to thirty

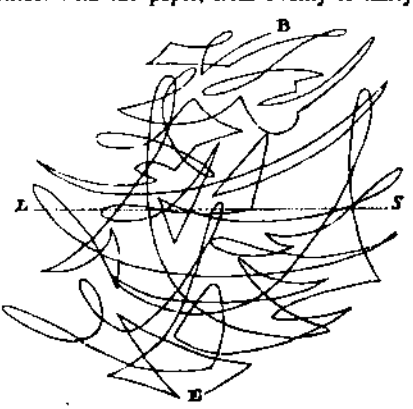


DIAGRAM OF SHIP'S MOVEMENTS.

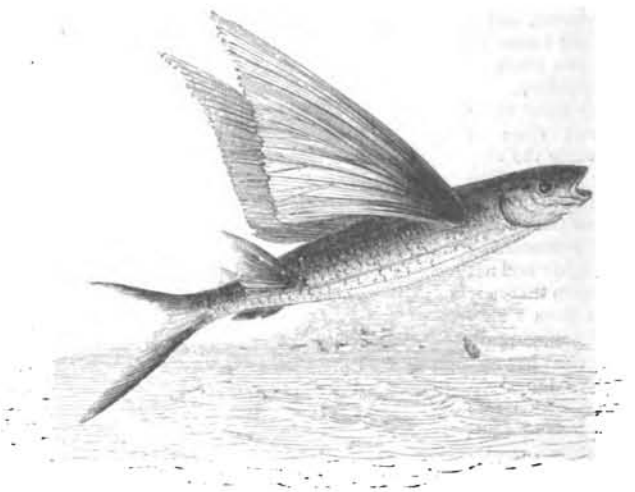
seconds. When the time was prolonged the lines became too much involved to be traced without difficulty. The pencil first touched the

paper at B, and left it at E. All deviations from a vertical line, indicate rolling or lurching; while the horizontal ones show the rising and falling of her bows and stern. The lines generally are made up of pitching and rolling. There is but one decided roll in the first figure.

Such are the motions of a ship in even moderate weather, while the changes in them are endless and infinite. Through eternity no two diagrams could be found alike; and yet to the motions represented by them every individual on board must conform to preserve his centre of gravity over that of motion—to keep his head above his feet. If it ever become worth while to underwriters, vessels could be made to register every strain they may be subjected to, and every deviation from an even keel in sailing. A roll of paper unfolding, as in the electric telegraph, has only to be adapted to a pencil properly suspended.

During a part of the voyage I slept in a cot, suspended from the cabin ceiling; and out of curiosity attached to it a pencil whose point acted on a yielding sheet of pasteboard. Some of the diagrams differed little from the second figure on the preceding page.

While crossing the "flying-fish latitudes," those pretty creatures afforded matter of pleasing interest. Few nights passed or evenings closed in without some coming aboard, allured by the cabin lights. The figure is a portrait of one of the visitors.



FLYING-FISH.

Flocks of from twenty to two hundred spring up as the ship plows in among them. They seem to take the air for pleasure, as well as to escape danger; groups and individuals being observed leaping and making short trips, as if in mere wantonness. They fly low, seldom mounting higher than six or eight feet, but they have the power to rise and fall with the heaving surface, and to change their direction laterally. While the greater part of a flock goes off in a right line, individuals turn aside and pursue different courses, just like birds disturbed in a rice or wheat-field. The distance they pass over varies with the impulse that rouses them. While some descend not far from you, others, more timid, dart far away. Their ordinary flight is about two hundred feet, but some proceed three or four times that distance. I have seen single fish pass over three hundred yards. Kirby, Roget, and other naturalists, who teach that the wings of flying-fish are only buoyant, not progressive organs, are mistaken—decidedly so.

But no sight interested me more than some superb oceanic skies, which at one part of the voyage were so rich and transcendently glorious as to excite the admiration of both skipper and crew. It was the introduction of a new pigment, so to speak, on the solar pallet that wrought this wonder. It was a rich cream-color which now overpowered and gave tone to the celestial landscapes. At and after sunset, for several days, appeared panoramic paintings, to which no human pencil could approximate, nor could human pen portray half their beauties. I thought they might be named "Quaker Skies," for here the heavens in their loveliest costume not only sanction, but adopt the very hues preferred by pretty sisters of the sect. Did George Fox, William Penn, or other voyaging patriarchs of the Friends, while on missions over seas, obtain their canonical colors immediately from above? Did they catch the idea and inspiration literally from the clouds?

The atmosphere at this time was surcharged with "African sand," or "Sirocco dust," from which Ehrenberg has obtained such interesting results. It accumulated on the sails until some appeared as if they had received a coat of yellow ochre, or pale brick-colored paint, and to it the predominance of the cream-color in the celestial scenery was due.

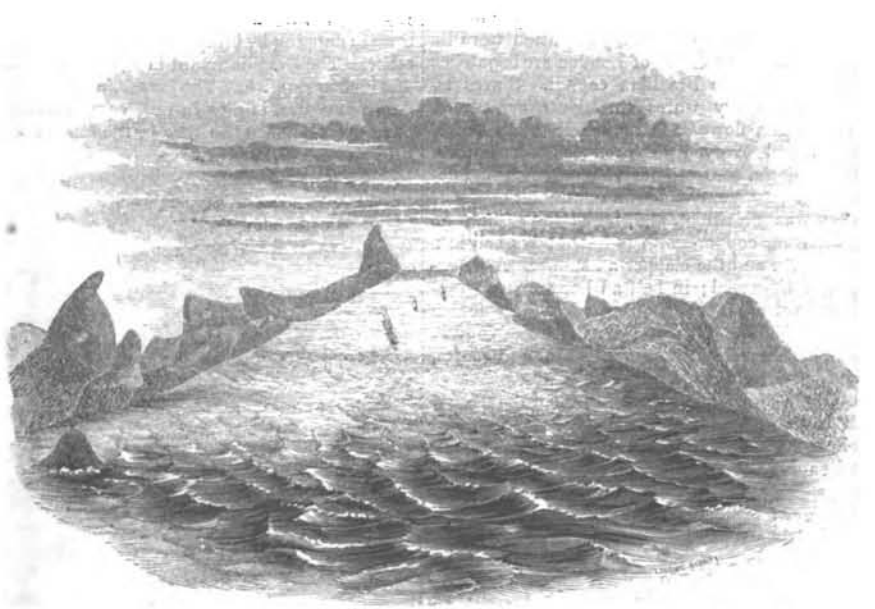
As matter of amusement, our progress to the

equator was daily measured by a two-foot rule. Suspending it by a thread on deck at noon, its shadow gradually grew shorter, and, like our own, became at length reduced to nothing. Did the Oriental greeting, "May your shadow never be less!" mean, "May you never leave home!" or does it allude to man in sickness, as a prostrated gnomon, and in the grave to a buried one! Possibly, it had reference to breadth as well as length; for people of the East had rather be fat than tall.

The thirty-seventh day out closed with a night as serenely beautiful as ever elicited admiration from or kindled devotion in a patriarch's breast. It was as mild as an evening in heaven. Myriads of orbs in undimmed radiance shone above, while cooling zephyrs delightfully wafted us onward. The horizon, shifting imperceptibly as we neared it, wooed us forward, and happily concealed the liquid immensity upon which we floated. In the larger planets, how much more extensive must be views at sea—how much more capacious their celestial canopies! Treading the deck on such a night as this, it is impossible not to forget the petty grovelings and selfishnesses of life in the awful grandeur of the scene, or not to feel a relationship between us and the inhabitants of the worlds in sight. For my part, I can not but believe that at this very moment navigators are crossing oceans in yonder spheres, bearing, like us, the products of one clime to another, and serving as a bond of brotherhood to peoples in districts the most remote. Sailors and Trades in other worlds! Yes, why not. Physical beings must have physical employments, and wherever variety is the law of mind and of matter, diversity of pursuits must follow. For every type of genius and class of intellects, congenial theatres of exertion are undoubtedly provided.

The idea of navigation is singularly apposite to the heavens, and is suggested by them. What are all those floating orbs but ships of the Almighty Merchant, ranged in fleets, loaded with passengers and provisions, varying in their tonnage, courses, distances, and speed—in their freights, accommodations, and destinations! Why has God launched us in the same ocean, given us powers of vision to perceive, and intellects to comprehend their magnitudes, densities, and movements, if not to accustom us to look out of our own small bark upon them, and to identify it as one of them! Why else has he implanted in us desires to know something about those who are sailing in them! As they and we are children of the same parent, how natural the desire to become acquainted with them as our brethren! Seamen are glad to recognize vessels belonging to the same port or country with themselves, and, when too distant for verbal communication, with what alacrity they run up their flags! Now it is but an extension of the same social principle that leads us to inquire after those who, embarked on other planets, belong to the same owner and fleet with ourselves. Is it not an innocent wish to have a peep into their vessels and know how they do! or to exchange signals with them—and, if possible, with those sailing in more distant parts of the same ocean!

Then we might extend our thoughts to yonder nebulæ, the ship-yards of God, according to some philosophers, where vessels are in the early stages of construction. Some barely framed, others just coming into form; and others more advanced, but not prepared for passengers, be-



THE APPROACH TO RIO DE JANEIRO.

cause not yet provisioned. Oh! for the removal of another film from the mind's eye, that we might draw nearer to the Divine Builder, and more clearly contemplate his doings! But hold! Were the screen withdrawn we should possibly become dissatisfied with and unfitted for our duties here. Enough is shown to make us scorn ourselves for neglecting kindred themes within our reach for the paltry and sordid pursuits that too generally absorb us.

The forty-second day out, we descried Cape Frio, the first land seen, hardly to be distinguished from clouds; and before night we anchored within twelve or fifteen miles of Rio Janeiro harbor, where the temperature of the sea was 64°—sixteen degrees less than it was in the morning, when we were 150 miles from land.

If the reader would like to behold the general outlines of the famous marine gateway of the Brazilian capital, he can see it on the previous page, as taken from the ship's deck.

A wide opening between two mountain walls that rapidly converge to a narrow space at the distant apex where the water meets the sky, and where the left wall terminates in a conical mass—the famous "Sugar-Loaf." Behind the extremity of the same wall rises the not less celebrated "Corcovado." This opening into the port of Rio Janeiro is so clearly defined, that there is no mistaking it, and is so easy of access at all seasons that pilots are unknown. Every skipper, foreign and native, runs his own craft in and out.

Here we are in the capital of the "the Land of the Cocoa and Palm." The voyage is over, and a new world is opened to us. Let us take a stroll through its busy mart, and observe its social physiognomy.

Among the characteristics of street-life in Rio Janeiro that first caught my attention were its peddlers. The "cries" of London are bagatelles to those of the Brazilian capital. Slaves of both sexes cry wares through every street. Vegetables, flowers, fruits, edible roots, fowls, eggs, and every rural product; cakes, pies, rusks, *doces*, confectionary, bacon, and other delicacies pass your windows continually. Your cook wants a skillet, and, hark! the signal of a pedestrian copper-smith is heard; his bell is a stew-pan, and the clapper a hammer. A water-pot is shattered; in half an hour a moringue-merchant approaches. You wish to replenish your table-furniture with fresh sets of knives, new-fashioned tumblers, decanters, and plates, and, peradventure, a cruet, with a few articles of silver. Well! you need not want them long. If cases of cutlery, of glass-ware, china, and silver have not already passed the door, they will appear anon. So of every article of female apparel from a silk-dress or shawl to a handkerchief and a paper of pins! Shoes, bonnets ready trimmed, fancy jewelry, toy-books for children, novels for young folks, and works of devotion for the devout; "Art of Dancing" for the awkward; "School of Good Dress" for the young; "Manual of Politeness" for boors; "Young Ladies' Oracle;" "Language of Flowers;" "Holy Reliquaries;" "Miracles of Saints," and "A Sermon in Honor of Bacchus;"—these things and a thousand others are hawked about daily.

Vegetables, &c., are borne in open baskets;

BEARER OF VEGETABLES.

fowls, in covered ones; pies, confectionary, and kindred matters, are carried on the head in large tin chests, on which the owners' names and address are painted. Dry-goods, jewelry, and fancy wares upon portable counters, or tables, with glass-cases fixed on them. These are very numerous.

Proprietors accompany silver-ware, silks, and also bread, for blacks are not allowed to touch the latter. When a customer calls, the slave brings his load, puts it down, and stands by till the owner delivers the articles wanted. The signal of dry-goods venders is made by the yard-stick, which is jointed like a two-foot rule. Holding it near the joint, they keep up a continual snapping by bringing one leg against the other. The Brazilian yard is the *vara*, equal to 43¼ inches English. The *covado*, an old Portuguese measure, is also in use, equal to 28¼ of our inches—hence the *vara* of the streets is di-

BEARER OF POULTRY

vided unequally, the long leg being a *covado*. These are the only measures used by shopkeepers in Brazil. Fine goods, such as silks, lawns, crapes, and the like, are sold by the *covado*, and others by the *vara*.

PEDDLERS OF DRY-GOODS.

Young Minas and Mozambiques are the most numerous, and are reputed to be the smartest of *marchandes*. Many a one has an infant added to her load: she secures it at her back by a wide piece of check wound round her waist. Between the cloth and her body it nestles and sleeps; and when awake, inquisitively peeps abroad, like an unfledged swallow peering over the edge of its nest. To protect her babe from the sun, she suspends a yard of calico at the rear end of the case on her head: this serves as

FRUIT-BEARERS.

a screen, and from its motions, acts somewhat as a fan. Dealers often solace themselves with lighter companions—paper cigars—which, when called to display their wares, are disposed of in a curious place. One of these gentlemen, with a strangely miscellaneous stock, was called into the passage to-day. He had combs, soaps, needles, perfumes, inks, quills, thread, blacking, books, paper, pencils, matches, English china tea-sets, cards of fine cutlery, and I know not what else, so crammed was his glass counter. Before coming in, he stuck his cigar behind one ear, and on his stooping down, I perceived a tooth-pick projecting from the other.

The way customers call street-venders is worth noticing and imitating. You step to the door, or open a window, and give utterance to a short sound resembling *shir*—something between a hiss and the exclamation used to chase away fowls; and it is singular to what a distance it is heard. If the person is in sight, his attention is at once arrested: he turns and comes direct to you, now guided by a signal addressed to his eyes—closing the fingers of the right hand two or three times, with the palm downward, as if grasping something—a sign in universal use, and signifying, "Come." There is here no bawling after people in the streets; for in this quiet and ingenious way all classes communicate with passing friends or others with whom they wish to speak. The custom dates, I believe, from classical times.

The Custom House adjoins the Merchants' Exchange, and at this part of Dereita-street passengers have to run a muck through piles of bales, barrels, packages, crates, trucks, and bustling and sweating negroes. Here are no carts drawn by quadrupeds for the transportation of merchandise. Slaves are the beasts of draught as well as of burden. The loads they drag, and the roads they drag them over, are enough to kill both mules and horses. Formerly few contrivances on wheels were used at the Custom House. Every thing was moved over the ground by simply dragging it. A good deal of this kind of work is still done. See! there are two slaves moving off with a cask of hardware on a plank of wood, with a rope passed through a hole at one end, and the bottom greased or wetted! Such things were a few years ago very common.

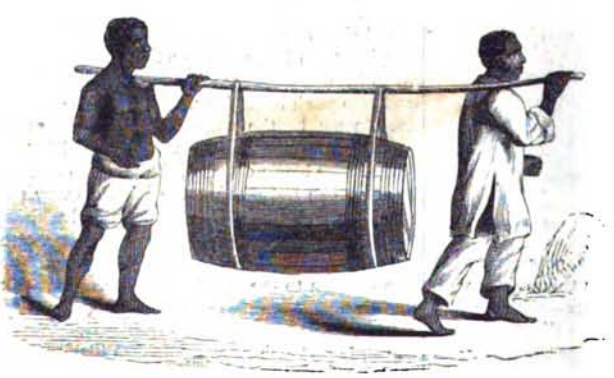
Trucks in every variety are now numerous. Some recent ones are as heavily built and ironed as brewers' drays, which they resemble, furnished with winches in front, to raise heavy goods. Each is of itself sufficient for any animal below an elephant to draw; and yet loads, varying from half a ton to a ton, are dragged on them by four negroes. Two strain at the shafts and two push behind, or, what is quite as common, walk by the wheels and pull down the spokes. It is surprising how their naked feet and legs escape being crushed, the more so as those in front can not prevent the wheels every now and then sinking into the gutters, and whirling the shafts violently one way or the other. One acts as foreman, and the way he gives his orders is a caution to the timid. From a settled calm he in a moment rages like a maniac, and seems ready to tear his associates to pieces. The annexed is a sketch of one of those trucks, laden with ten barrels of Trieste flour, which the four slaves thus brought over a mile to the Cattete.

SLAVES WITH A TRUCK WAGON.

Two negroes passed me one day with a huge cask of oil suspended from a pole resting on their shoulders. The poor fellow in the rear stumbled and fell—I thought he had been killed. His companion, instead of pitying him, turned the very image of rage—screamed, swore, shook his fist, walked round the prostrate slave, and yelled till a crowd gathered round him.

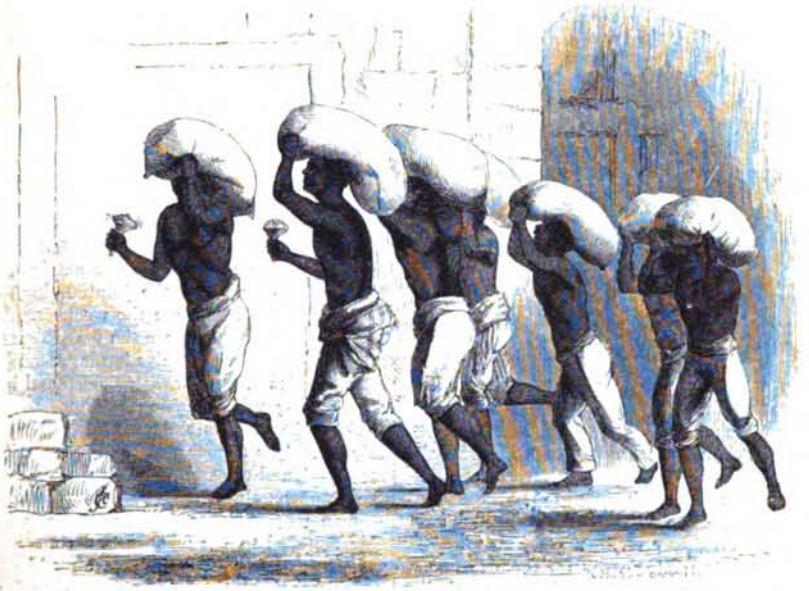
A TRUCK.

With a friend I went to the Consulado, a department of the Customs having charge over exports. Gangs of slaves came in continually with coffee for shipment. Every bag is pierced and a sample withdrawn while on the carrier's head, to determine the quality and duty. The tariff, based on the market price, is regulated every Saturday. At present the duty amounts to eleven per cent. on coffee and seven on sugars. The instrument used to withdraw samples of coffee is a brass tube, cut precisely like a pen. The point is pushed in at the under side of the bag, and the berries pass through the tube. A handful is abstracted. On withdrawing the instrument, its point is drawn over, and closes the opening. The operation occupies but a few seconds. The samples amount to some tons in a year. They, with those of exported sugars, are given to the Lazaretto.



BEARING AN OIL CASK.

Every gang of coffee-carriers has a leader who commonly shakes a rattle, to the music of which his associates behind him chant. The load, weighing 160 lbs., rests on the head and shoulders, the body is inclined forward, and the pace is a trot, or half run. Most are stout and athletic, but a few are so small and slightly-made that one wonders how they manage to keep up with the rest. The average life of a coffee-carrier does not exceed ten years. In that time the work ruptures and kills them. They have so



COFFEE-CARRIERS.

much a bag, and what they earn over the sum daily required by their owner they keep. Except four or five, whose sole dress was short canvas shirts, without sleeves, all were naked from the waist upward and from the knees below; a few had on nothing but a towel round the loins. Their rich chocolate skins shone in the sun. On returning some kept up their previous chant, and ran as if enjoying the toil; others went more leisurely, and among them some finely-formed and noble looking fellows stepped with much natural grace.

Dining one day at T——'s, in the city, a gang of fourteen slaves came past, with enormously wide but shallow baskets on their heads. They were unloading a barge of *sea-coal*, and conveying it to a foundry or forge. The weight each bore appeared equal to that of a bag of coffee (160 lbs.) This mode of transporting coal has one advantage over ours, since the material is taken directly from the vessel to the place where it is to be consumed. In the narrow streets of Rio it could not be dumped from carts: it would block up the thoroughfare, and therefore it is not allowed. But as with coal, with every thing; when an article is once mounted on the head of

COAL-CARRIERS.

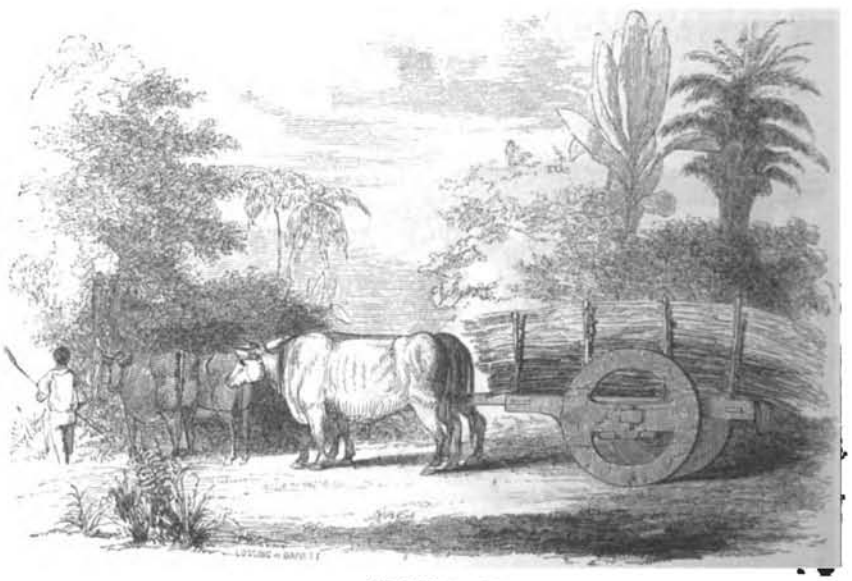
COAL-CARRIERS ASLEEP.

a negro, it is only removed at the place where it is to remain.

A couple of slaves followed the coal-carriers, each perspiring under a pair of the largest-size blacksmith's bellows—a load for a horse and cart with us. A week before I stood to observe *eight* oxen drag an ordinary wagon-load of building stone for the Capuchins up the steep castle-hill; it was straining work for them to ascend a few rods at a time; now I noticed similar loads of stone discharged at the foot of the ascent, and borne up on negroes' heads.

No wonder that slaves shockingly crippled in their lower limbs should be so numerous. There waddled before me, in a manner distressing to behold, a man whose thighs and legs curved so far outward that his trunk was not over fifteen inches from the ground. It appeared sufficiently heavy, without the loaded basket on his head, to snap the osseous stems, and drop between his feet. I observed another whose knees crossed each other, and his feet preternaturally apart, as if superincumbent loads had pushed his knees in instead of out. The lamplighter of the Cattete district exhibits another variety. His body is settled low down, his feet are drawn both to one side, so that his legs are parallel at an angle of thirty degrees. The heads of Africans are hard, their necks strong, and both being perpendicular to the loads they are called to support, are seldom injured. It is the lower parts of the moving columns, where the weights are alternately thrown on and off the jointed thighs and legs, that are the weakest. These necessarily are the first to give way under excessive burdens; and there are examples of their having yielded and broken down in every imaginable direction.

Even the wagons and oxen are not without interest. The former are Portuguese, Spanish, mediæval, and classical. Their construction is the same as those made by old Grecian and Roman wheelwrights. The axletree is invariably fastened to the wheels, and consequently turns with them. The latter are made of two, sometimes three, thick slabs, commonly five feet in diameter, four inches thick at the periphery, and between seven and nine at the centre, where they receive the squared and tapered ends of the axle. Two journals are formed on the axle just within the wheels, by making six or eight inches of the timber round and smooth, to receive two forked pieces, or inverted plummet-blocks of hard wood, secured to the bottom or underside of the wagon body. The axles are generally of rosewood, which appears to be the hickory of Brazil. But the most singular feature of these carriages is that they are all musical, giving out

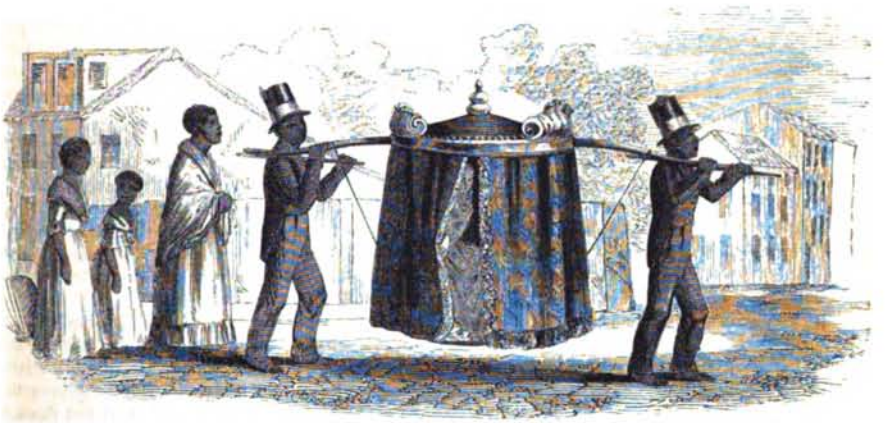


BRAZILIAN CART.

an incessant moaning, more or less soft or sharp, and broken by every jolt or depression in the road. This arises from the friction of the forked piece on the journals; it is modified but not destroyed by grease, nor is the noise unpleasant. There is no saw-filing, teeth-drilling, or flesh-creeping power in it. In a neighboring province I met twelve wagons laden with cane, as in the illustration, on their way to the Engenho, and heard them for several miles before they came up. Every one had a tone of its own, and the mingling of the whole was not ungrateful. To the animals in the shafts it is said to be as delightful as to the drivers, both of whom it enlivens in their labors.

Every planter has a shop for making his own wagons. They are well put together, and seem to justify the opinion that no spoked-wheel carriage can go through the same rough work. Cervantes, the most graphic portrayer of Spanish life, throws Sancho into a swoon of fear by the creaking of the same kind of wagon in the dark. But the oxen frequently seen in these wagons both in the city and country, are such as would make glad the hearts of our farmers. Allied to the buffalo of India, nobler-looking creatures are not to be found.

Had custom not prevented ladies from promenading the streets, they could not indulge the exercise with any degree of comfort. The thoroughfares of few cities are less adapted for it than those of Rio. Their contracted width, the danger from wheels of trucks and carriages, imperfect sidewalks, and sometimes none at all; to say nothing of the indecencies of blacks, and the offensive condition of places bordering on thoroughfares—the Gloria beach for example, and worse still, that facing the palace and palace-square—are enough to keep the sex in-doors. In suburban avenues ladies can air themselves, but not in the city. They have less inducements than with us to appear abroad. To the attractions of shopping they are strangers. If an article is wanted which the street-peddlers have not, a note is sent by a slave to a store, and samples are returned by him to choose from.



BRAZILIAN SEDAN.

When a lady has occasion to visit the business part of the city, a carriage or a *cadeirinha* is called. The latter is a sedan. All are built on the same plan, and differ only in ornament. *Cadeira* is the Portuguese word for chair, and *cadeirinha* is literally "little chair." They are derived from the *sella gestatoria* of Rome, probably fac-similes, and are infinitely more elegant and commodious than the old English box or Opera hand-barrow chair.

I entered one to examine its construction. The annexed figure represents the skeleton. On an elliptical board, 30 inches by 20, a high-backed chair is fixed, the rails of which extend up to a hoop of the form and dimensions of the base. The curved pole is connected to the base by small iron rods as represented.

The two bearers of a *cadeirinha* never go in a line; the one at the rear is always more or less to the right or left of his leader. This is easier for themselves and the person they carry. They do not stop to rest, but shift the load occasionally from one shoulder to the other as they proceed—not by actually changing their position with regard to it, but transferring the pressure, by a stout walking-stick thrown over the unoccupied shoulder, and passed under the pole. I met one with a dome of polished leather and a gilt dove on it, the curtains highly embroidered;

the ends of the poles were brass or gilt lions' heads. It was a private one. The slaves that bore it were in a flaming livery. The lady's colored maids walked behind, as in the accompanying sketch.

Sometimes a *cadeirinha* is sent out without its owner. I saw one of a blue color, all but covered with gold embroidery; a broad engrailed band of Cordovan went round the top; two elegant horns or finials arose in front and rear, and on the convex roof a silver or silver-gilt eagle stood. The curtains were drawn aside, exposing the chair within, and upon it an enormous bouquet, a present from the owner of the sedan, the value of which was augmented by this complimentary mode of transmitting it.

OUR LADY OF THE GOOD VOYAGE.

My friend and I agreed to devote a day to a mountain isle on the opposite side of the bay, and close in with the shore, between San Domingo and the fort of Santa Cruz, a view of which is delineated in the frontispiece to this article. From the city it looks no larger than a good-sized haystack, which it resembles. It is sacred to the protectress of seamen, having been dedicated, with the church that crowns it—yon small white patch on its summit—some two hundred years ago, to "Nossa Senhora da Boa-Viagem," a lady to whose providence Brazilian and Portuguese sailors committed and commit themselves, make vows to and call upon her when in peril, just as ancient navigators dealt with Neptune and Oceanus. Having had a prosperous voyage from the States, a pious relative says I ought to go.

We crossed the bay in a small steamer, whose pilot was a Mozambique slave, and landed at San Domingo, where the gate-keeper or ferry-master was, or had been, another. Both were tall, middle-aged, and as finely formed men as I ever saw—the latter particularly. He had no more of the negro lineaments than had Mark Antony or Cato. But both had indelible marks of their Barbaric origin—one a double, the other a single row of pimples, the size of peas, down the middle of the forehead and along the ridge of the nose, to its very tip—the signs of their native tribes. The Mozambiques are among the best of slaves. Equally intelligent and more pacific than the Minas (from the Gold Coast), faithful and trustworthy, they bring a high price. A gentleman who crossed the bay with us had witnessed, while on a visit to the eastern coast of South Africa, the process of producing the fleshy beads. At one time he saw forty or fifty lads and young men lying on the ground suffering from the operation. A minute incision is made through the skin for each pimple; the lips of the wound then are pulled up and tied by a thread, and in time the protuberances become permanently globose, smooth, and shining.

After skirting round a mountain, and following a narrow pathway darkened with dense foliage towering over us, with coffee, orange, and banana trees, and chacaras concealed among the exuberant vegetation, we came plump on the beach in the rear of the Sacred Isle, which was now between us and the city, as represented in the frontispiece to this article. A strip of sand connects it at low tides with the opposite shore, and on it a stone causeway has been built; but the whole is broken down and dispersed by the surf, save part of an arch projecting from the precipitous face of the isle. The tide was coming in, and we had to retreat. My companion hallooed, and presently a naked yellow boy came over in a leaky canoe, which could take only one of us across at a time. The only craft belonging to the place, it was hardly creditable to the patroness of watermen.

While my companion was being paddled over, I had an opportunity of observing a very interesting fact in physics. The ridge of sand just mentioned is formed by waves rolling in from opposite directions, and meeting there. While reclining on a stone at a spot where their force was reduced almost to nothing, the tiny surges crossed each other, and continued on their way without having their forms or movements apparently the least affected. One swept over the other, while each preserved its outline and progress as if no such contact had taken place. The shallow transparent fluid, and the almost snow-white sand below, rendered their movements distinctly visible.

Young Charon returned, and I joined H—— on a rock, in which notches were cut for the feet and hands to mount it. By careful climbing we got into a zig-zag path, at places too steep for any biped to ascend, had not the soil been cut into steps, with stakes driven in for risers. The only passage up, it presents one of those cases where a few determined spirits could keep an army at bay, or children put bold men to flight. As we rose, we found preparations made to test the latter. We came to a stone door-way. To pass by it without wings was impossible, and within it stood a sentinel with musket and fixed bayonet. He was supported by a comrade in a military cap, blue round-about, a cartridge-box at his side, and a brass-handled sword in his hand. Neither of these warriors exceeded four feet in height, nor ten years of age! One, I perceived at a glance, was an Indian. What all this meant I could not divine, nor find breath to ask. They made way for us, and we passed through—two sweating, panting, broken-winded pilgrims, pressing onward to the shrine above.

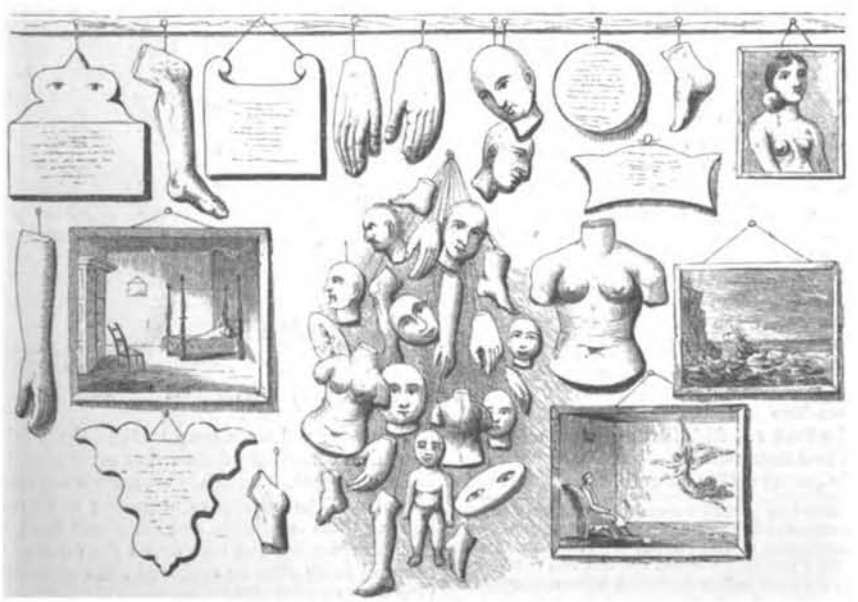
Tacking this way and that, we at length stopped to rest, when H—— told me that the place had been little visited by devotees of late years, and that the Government had established a school on it for a hundred boys, to be educated for marines. The governor was his old army acquaintance. Starting again, we approached the top of this immense rock, came to a low dwelling, and observed the church a little farther up. The governor and his amiable family received us both as old acquaintances. Being a widower, his mother takes charge of his children. The old lady, with spectacles on nose, but

no cap on her gray head, was busy with her needle. The house, of one story, is cool, comfortable, and wholly void of ornament. After taking a draught of sugar and water, H—— entered into conversation with our venerable hostess in true Brazilian style. As his tongue rattled on, his arms were here, there, and every where; he frowned, smiled, and grinned successively; his voice, now a whisper, next a shout; his eyeballs rolling to and fro as if alarmed, like distracted people at the windows of a house on fire; his whole system was in commotion, and in an instant calm as a statue. He wound up with placidly drawing forth his *caixa de rapé*, and begging his smiling auditress to take a pinch. He had merely been relating some common-place city news.

We found the little church open. A contemporary of that on Gloria Hill, every thing about it reminds one of former times. Almost the entire structure, as well as its images and ornaments, came from Portugal. For want of repairs, both stone and wood work are going to decay. The Lady Patroness is neglected too. No priest lives here to wait on her, and only at long intervals does one appear. Her glory is waning with her walls. The "noble brotherhood" once devoted to her service has been long extinct. Even the records of her former greatness are no more.

The low walls support a rather high roof, whose converging sides are truncated, leaving the interior like the lower half of the letter A. Entering the old-fashioned door, the hat of a tall man would touch the ceiling of a little gallery stretching overhead. Here were marine subjects—ships tossing on the ocean, and our Lady in the clouds watching them. Advancing, we found the side walls set off with Dutch tiles, and the ceiling covered with paintings of shipwrecks and the miraculous rescue of drowning sailors; of Portuguese in conflict with Mohammedans; the marriage of the Virgin; the mother of the mother of God and her husband teaching the mother of God to read; an emblematic fountain, in which the Virgin holds the infant Christ, from whose toes and fingers issue streams of water into an overflowing vase; while men gaze and crowd to catch the falling drops. Here are three altars, with their appurtenances. Over the chief one "Our Lady of the Good Voyage" presides. She is only thirty inches high, yet far too large for the ship she stands on. Though inclosed in glass, her garments and the Baby's are faded and colorless. Of the candles before her none are lit—all look yellow, as if they had been years on duty, that tall one in front excepted. It is white, clean, and distinguished farther by a red ribbon tied round the middle. "That," said the governor, "was sent here yesterday from a woman whose husband is at sea—an offering on his behalf." A few days since, another female sent over eight pounds of wax, to secure the safe return of her son from Pernambuco.

One of the lesser shrines is dedicated to Santa Rita, the other to Santa Clara. Neither of these ladies are over twenty inches in stature, and not being inclosed, are left to take their chance with less sacred wood-work. They are destitute and perishing. Every thing is on a small scale, as well as the images. A preacher in the box-pulpit could, with an ordinary coach-whip, administer discipline to every sinner in the congregation.



EX VOTOS.

Now let us, in passing out, take a glance at the collection of old *ex votos* at the right and left of the entrance. Here hang bunches of waxen legs, arms, feet, hands, paps, breasts, heads, eyes, entire abdomens, &c., all of natural dimensions. A votive tablet records that Justina de Araujo Silva had a cancer on one eye, and was miraculously cured by "N. S. da Boa-Viagem." A monstrous tumor is represented in lively colors bleeding on a waxen abdomen—another great cure wrought by her. A tablet has a foundering ship portrayed on it, and tells us she was overtaken by a hurricane, when the crew called on the Lady of this church, and she saved all. The vessel was trebly guarded from evil in her name: "Santa Anna, San Antonio, and E Almas!" This small board declares that the female who offered it was long afflicted with a pain in her side, and she was in danger of making a voyage to the other world. She came here to consult our Lady, and was healed. One more, dated 1756, has a painting on it of a man sick in bed, and our Lady in a corner of the room, telling him to rub the diseased parts with oil taken from the lamp then burning before her, in this very place. He followed the advice, rose a sound man, and hung up this tablet as a testimony of his gratitude and of the miracle.*

We next were shown into the Sacristry. Two lads came in and opened drawers of the old bureau to look for something. In one lay loose leaves of an early volume in manuscript: "Accounts of the Nobre Irmanda de N. S. da Boa-Viagem." Some entries were dated in 1719. The only existing volume begins with 1769, and closes, without being filled, in 1818. In other drawers were the Lady's linen and holiday dress, one or two old purple silk gowns, and embroidered stomachers for herself, and a frock and frills for the infant; a large pill-box held their crowns and three or four *splendores*—i.e., silver or tin rays attached to wires to stick them on the head. Quite a number of curious old pictures hang on the walls. One, three feet by two, represents the Birth of the Virgin. Saint Anna is in bed, her husband in an arm-chair near her, and half a dozen women washing the new-born child, making posset, &c. Every canvas is ready to drop from its frame—nearly eaten out by ants. Strange, that one who can rescue sinking ships and seamen, cure colics, cancers, and other ills, should not, by a small miracle, keep her own place here in better order, and save it, as well as souls, from perishing.

As characteristic a thing as any, is the Lavatory. In city vestries this is generally of sculptured marble; here it is of chinaware, and exhibits in a striking light the piety of ancient mariners voyaging from the Indies. Every piece was a gift to the Lady of the place.—

VOTIVE OFFERINGS OF CHINA-WARE.

The ewer has been a soup tureen; the wash-basin, an octagonal salad-bowl or other member of a dining-set. Auxiliary ornaments are from tea-sets. The manner of arranging and combining them is curious, and the whole affair is unique: against the wall arises from a step a conical fancy slab, its scolloped sides terminating with a trefoil at the apex, some six feet high. It is not of stone, but stucco. Four feet up is

* A strictly parallel case may as well be given from Gruter:—One Lucius was sick of a pleurisy, and applied to Esculapius, to whom he had great devotion. The god appeared to him in a dream, and told him to take ashes from his altar, mingle them with wine, and apply them to his side. He obeyed, got well, and hung up in the temple an acknowledgment of the miraculous cure.

the tureen, of which one-third nearly has been buried in the mortar to sustain the two-thirds projecting from it. The plaster has been scooped out to allow the cover to be removed. In front of the vessel a hole is drilled to receive a faucet —at present filled with a cork. Below is the basin, fixed in the same way. Then, all over the remaining parts of the slab are embedded tea and coffee-cups, saucers, teapot-lids, plates, preserve-dishes, &c., of porcelain, with the painted sides outward. Parts of vessels are stuck in where whole ones could not be. I counted a dozen cups, four plates, between thirty and forty saucers, all whole; besides full as many broken pieces. Placed outside of a building it would be taken as the sign of crockery on sale within.

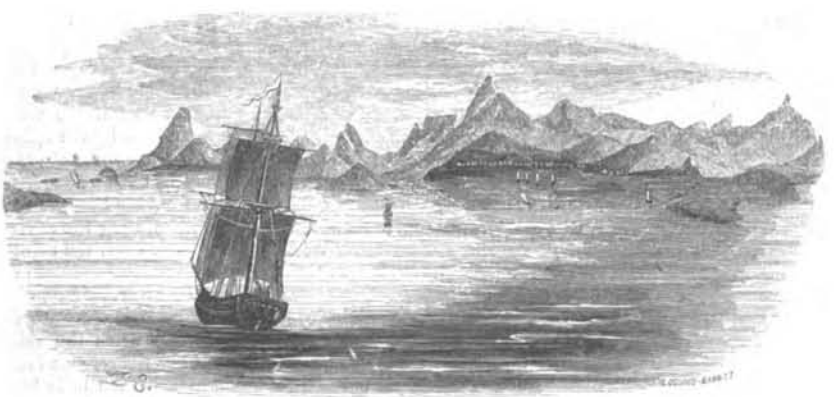
The little cinerary vase at the foot is modern: it is made of polished rosewood, and contains the ashes of a child, with the touching inscription: "T. d'Amor P."—"Testimonial of a Father's Love."

By a flag-staff near the church a couple of Liliputian sentries paraded. Others were sweeping paths with bunches of leaves. Several Indians are among them, chiefly tamed ones from Jesuit settlements. The authorities pick them up wherever they can, and send them down to the marine and naval schools here. They are said to make good seamen. It was asserted that the aborigines, wild and tame, have little regard for their children—often selling them for cachaça-rum; and that their offspring care nothing for their parents. To illustrate this, the governor called, at my suggestion, a little fellow from the vicinity of the Amazon. In reply to interrogatories he told us his father was dead, and he wanted to go to his mother.

We now ascended the roof to get an uninterrupted view of the bay and ocean—of the city and surrounding scenery; and such a prospect! The sea, a sheet of silver; not a ruffle on the glistening bay to divert attention from its emerald isles and verdant shores, nor a cloud on the smiling face of heaven. It was like a scene in Eden. I shall not attempt to describe it, nor to portray the buoyancy of mind and feeling, approaching to ecstasy, which it inspired.

Not till now did I perceive the relative positions of the famous peaks in the vicinity of Rio: the Sugar-Loaf, Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, and Tejuco. But here they were ranged before us in such bold outlines, that I could not resist the impulse to sketch them; and the rather, as no such view, I understand, has been taken, notwithstanding its conveying so clear an idea of the physical features of the country, including even a large portion of Brazil. Instead of hills and dales, plains and valleys, it presents an endless succession of mountains, rocks, and ravines.

The point on the extreme left is the site of the



VIEW IN THE HARBOR OF RIO JANEIRO

Fort of Santa Cruz. Outside of the harbor's mouth are Razee and Rond Islands. In the range are seen the Sugar-Loaf, the Two Brothers, Gavia, Corcovado, Tejuco, the Isle of Villegagnon, &c., with part of the city, about five miles off, and the shipping at the extreme right.

In a garret over the vestry, used as a school-room, were among the obsolete apparatus two wooden friars, about two feet high, fixed on a base, and pointing to a perpendicular slit in a board between them. A short tin tube proceeds from the breast of each. The governor thought it was an ancient weather-indicator: and that when fair, the shaven crowns were exposed; when wet, the cowls, which moved on joints, were raised to shield them from the rain. Probably a modification of the old popular toy of a man and woman in a box: when the sun is out she appears, but when a storm is brewing she goes in and sends her partner forth.

Here was also an alms-box, worn out in service. It is of an oval form, made of tin plate, provided with a lock, ornamented with a picture of the Lady of the Good Voyage, and with a strap to pass over the neck of the collector, when he started forth to receive contributions from her friends among the shipping, and from others on the city shore. It is rusted through and through.

ALMS-BOX

After dining with our excellent host we took our leave. We passed the Indian child who longed for his mother. He was armed with a sword, and acted as guard. Having to wait for the steamer, we noticed theatrical and other bills posted on the ferry-house walls, Esmola-boxes, to receive contributions for the saints, &c. It was near dark ere we reached the city, and concluded this delightful pilgrimage of a day.

The Church of Boa-Viagem is, in some respects, well located. No vessel can enter or leave the harbor without passing it. No votary comes in without being reminded of his promised offerings, or goes out without a hint of the value of the Lady's protection. Still, it is too distant from the city and anchorage-ground, and too difficult of approach. To accommodate all who do not like to cross the bay, or from other causes find it inconvenient to go so far, an office is opened in the city, in Saint Luzia's Church, where the Lady of Navigators has an altar and an Esmola-box. In other churches, also, she is invoked by those who wish to secure safe passages over seas, for themselves or friends, and to receive the acknowledgments of such as she has saved from hurricanes and lee-shores. Many a ton of wax, and the sails of hundreds of vessels have been offered to her on the island; but the business is now almost entirely done in the city.

In conversation one evening, a lady (Doña S——) told me that she came from Rio Grande in 1816 in one of her father's vessels. The passage was pleasant till within a day's sail of the Sugar-Loaf. A small cloud then rose rapidly from the horizon; darkness gathered over them; the sea began to swell, and other indications of a storm so alarmed the captain that he called the men aft, and asked them to join him in offering the mainsail to St. Francis de Paula, on condition of his carrying them safe in. They agreed. Doña S—— remembers them standing round the commander, and with loud voices calling on the saint, reminding him of what they had promised. Each man confirming the gift, so far as his proportion of the cost went. On arriving safe, they paid for a mass, and a few days afterward went to the saint's quarters in procession, barefoot, bearing the sail through the streets, with the captain at their head. The offering was deposited in front of the church. A fair value was put upon it in presence of the priest; the captain laid down the money, and was handed a receipt stating the amount which the pious Commander, Antonia Martimes Bezerra, had paid into the treasury of the saint—the value of his mainsail—in fulfillment of a vow made at the approach of a storm, on such a day, as an acknowledgment of the saint's miraculous interposition in behalf of himself, his ship, and crew.

I was informed that auctions of ship's sails, vowed to saints in stormy weather, were, till recently, quite common in the Largo de St. Francis de Paula, and are not yet obsolete. The captains always bought them in, and not unfrequently the priests had some one to run them up, to prevent their being knocked down too low.

A regular receipt was always given. Similar scenes occasionally took place at St. Antony's Convent; in front of the churches of Sts. José and Sebastian, St. Luzia, and others; but the priests of St. Francis had the greatest run, though this holy man probably never knew the difference between a barnacle and a binnacle.

In coming down from Pernambuco, in 1831, my informant says they had unusually bad weather near the Albrolhos. Three waterspouts were in sight, and one so near that the noise of the ascending fluid was quite audible. Instead of depending on his own energies, and stimulating those of the crew, the captain had recourse to the Lady of the Good Voyage, promising her a large amount of wax if she would run them in alongside her island by the following day, the 4th of April. They did not get in till the 5th, and the Lady lost her reward, the Captain having no idea of paying her, *pro rata*, for what she had done; illustrating the ancient saying, "When the danger is over, the saint is neglected."

ALLELUIA SATURDAY.

"Sabbado de Allelulia." Alleluia Saturday—the end of Lent: the day when the saints throw off their mourning, and the screens before their images are withdrawn—when bells begin to ring again, and *matracas* (their substitutes during Passion Week) are put away for another year, when scores of Judases are torn to pieces, and when the annual consecration of fire and water takes place.

At noon I went to the Paula Church to witness the performances, but found it so dark within and crowded, that I was glad to get into the vestry, where people with bunches of rosemary were waiting to have them aspersed with the new holy water. I subsequently procured a seat in the music-gallery, where, besides the old organ, there were one bass and two kettle-drums, violins, clarionets, French-horns, trumpets, &c., waiting to strike up the moment the ceremonies ended. The process of conse-

cration was as follows: The baptismal font being filled, the officiating Padre put his hand into or on it, making the sign of the cross in the action. Next he waved three crosses over the surface, in the name of each person in the Trinity, saying: "By this [sign] I bless thee creature water—By the living God [a cross]. By God [a cross] most true—By God [a cross] most holy—By God who in the beginning of the world divided thee from earth." Then he breathed three times upon it, making the sign of the cross in the act of blowing, and exclaimed each time, "The virtue of the Holy Ghost descend upon this water." He dropped oil from a minute vial crosswise on it, and dipped the vial itself in, saying, "The infusion of our Lord Jesus Christ and of the Holy Ghost is made in the name of the most Holy Trinity." He then took a portion of the water up and threw it toward the four quarters of the earth. When he got through, the attending officials sprinkled themselves and the spectators near them.

Water being thus made holy, it was employed in the consecration of fire. The *cirio*, or "Great Paschal Candle," a very large and elaborately ornamented one, is the principal object in this ceremony. I wonder the Church on these occasions does not follow the universal practice of antiquity in both hemispheres, and introduce new fire—draw it direct from the sun by lenses; from wood by the friction of two sticks, or produce it afresh from flint and steel. Instead of this, the custom is to prepare three *triune* candles, each consisting of three tapers longitudinally united, to represent the unity of the Godhead in a trinity of persons. One is placed near the entrance, another half-way to, and the third at the altar. They are lit, and all others carefully extinguished.

The priest takes the *cirio*, and with the usual ceremonies baptizes it at the font. He drops chrism and baptismal oil from vials on the water; breathes three times over it, not crosswise now, but as if forming with his breath the letter Y. He dips the lower end of the *cirio* a little in, raises it, and plunges it farther down, a third time, and it reaches the bottom of the font. Each movement is accompanied with similar expressions to those used in sanctifying the water. It now is lit at one of the triune tapers and placed by the side of the High Altar, where the other lights are kindled at its flame.

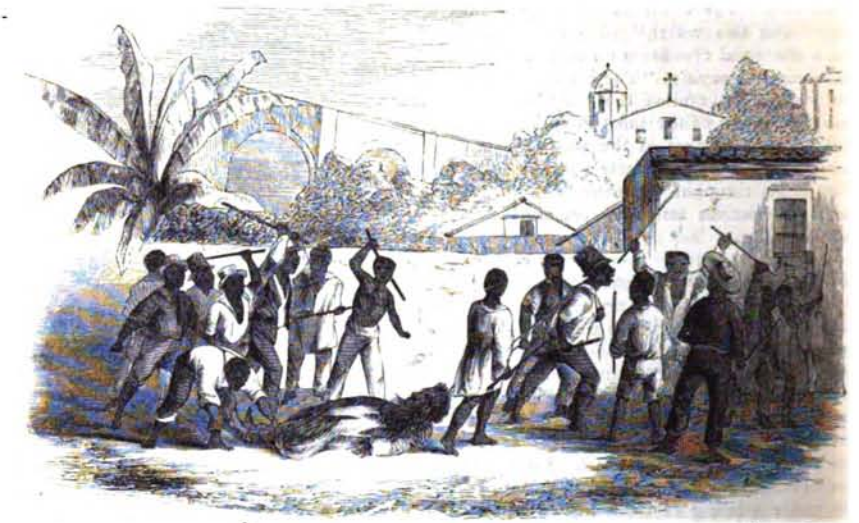
After baptism the Litany of the Saints was said, and then mass, as on Palm Sunday. When the officiating Padre came to the words, "Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia," the bells struck up a merry peal, music in the gallery burst forth, screens before the images dropped, also others concealing lights that had meanwhile been kindled at the *cirio*, and the building, hitherto almost dark, is instantaneously illuminad, and resounds with chants of, "God is risen from the dead;" "Allelulia is come;" "Lent is finished." Every face is radiant with smiles, and the day is spent in pleasure. Now the *agoa-bents* basins are replenished, and families send bottles and tumblers to be filled to sprinkle their children and friends. Some preserve the fresh liquid as a preservative against many complaints. Boys with sprigs of rosemary were already in the church passages and outside, sportively aspersing people with it.

The Padres of the various city churches wait for a signal from the Imperial Chapel where the Bishop officiates. As soon as he arrives at the "Allelulia," rockets are sent up. Priests con-

PASCHAL CANDLE.

trive to be near that part of the service, and ready, on hearing the guns, to utter the joyful words. Guns in the forts answer the rockets; men-of-war in the bay reciprocate, and every bell then peals merrily.

On returning, I stepped into the Imperial Chapel. The *cirio* was standing in an antique fashioned candlestick of silver, four feet or more high. The candle was about the same length, four inches in diameter, and beautifully painted over its entire surface. The figure given is from a sketch taken at the time. Upon leaving, I fell in with half a dozen negroes carrying live turkeys with blue ribbons on their necks. They were "Allelulia presents." Gobbling innocents are as much in demand now as in New England on "Thanksgiving Day." Next I overtook a band of youthful devotees—blacks and whites—hoarse with uttering comminations on the fallen Apostle, perspiring and exhausted with punishing him. These young zealots were "killing Judas." The annexed illustration conveys a



KILLING JUDAS.

correct idea of this "act of devotion," as it is called.

One, after being dragged through mud and mire, and thrashed and stoned till little like a human form remained, was stuck up in Hospicio-street. Another I saw hanging from a lamp-post, and before reaching home I passed the limbs of several more. Formerly Judas was burnt here; but this is not now allowed on account of danger from so many fires. Some practical joking is occasionally played off by dressing the figure after some obnoxious character. A few years ago, a British minister, on account of his opposition to the slave-trade, was thus exhibited, and stoned, and thrashed, and hanged in effigy.

THE INTRUDO.

For a week I had noticed colored balls exposed here and there on plates for sale. The green ones might be taken for small apples, the yellow for oranges and lemons. Some are formed like pears, others like melons. An acquaintance made with some this morning has banished the indifference with which I have passed by them. Another article has also been pressed upon my attention. It is native *starch*, not granulated like ours, but an exceedingly white and fine powder, put up in paper cylinders six inches long, and half an inch in diameter. When used, one end is opened, and the contents shaken out.

While sitting at breakfast, S—— passed behind J——'s chair, and, to my amazement, emptied a couple on his head and shoulders. The operation was performed so quietly, and the dust fell so lightly, that he knew not what was going on till a handful was applied to his face and ears. He sputtered, sprang up, and, half-blinded, was saluted with liquid shots from a long-necked cologne-bottle. Half in anger, and amid much laughter, he made a quick retreat, dressed, and went to the city.

While wondering what this could mean, a particle or two dropped from my forehead. Raising a hand, I found my own hair had also been powdered—a discovery that elicited a general screech. I rose to decamp, but this had been foreseen, and the only door through which escape was possible was locked. Now beset by a host of female foes, I dodged and ran till well-nigh exhausted, in trying to evade incessant volleys of starch and water. At length I protested if the unrighteous war was continued I must and would come to close quarters, and, *et armis*, capture and play their own ordnance upon them. This was received with fresh peals of merriment and fresh broadsides; but, at last, an armistice, to endure through the day, was

INTRUDO SPORTS.

agreed on. I now was told that *the Intrudo* begins to-morrow, when all classes, in-doors and out, dust and sprinkle one another; and that it is usual to do a little, by way of preface, the day before.

I retired to change my dress, but had not taken five paces ere I was overtaken by a storm of colored balls charged with some liquid similar to those I had noticed in the city. Surprised at this open breach of faith, and at the red and blue fragments with which I was bespattered, I lost no time in reaching my room and securing the door. I took from the shelf an old Portuguese dictionary for information. It derives *Entrudo*, or *Intrudo*, from the Latin, *Introitus*—"Entrance, or Beginning;" and describes the festival as one in which people, like Bacchantes, romp, feast, and dance, and frolic in-doors, and play all manner of tricks out, wetting and powdering one another. Of the origin of the feast—of which I had been treated to a foretaste—I could learn nothing. Neither the Vicar nor any one else appealed to, could impart the smallest glimmer of its history. That it dates back to remote times is admitted.

It may be a question whether the Intrudo and the Carnival of Italy are the same. Though associated with the great Quadragesimal fast, there are striking points of seeming difference. The former in its etymology has no reference to abstinence from butcher's meat, of which the latter is the literal expression. *Carni*, "flesh;" *vale*, "farewell." Carnival time extends from the first of January to the beginning of Lent; whereas the Intrudo occurs in the latter part of February, and lasts but three days, invariably beginning on the Sunday previous to Ash-Wednesday. Moreover, throwing dust and water is its special characteristic, the most conspicuous of its rites.

Intrudo-balls—for so the colored shot are named—instead of fruit, which they resemble, are mere shells of wax filled with water. They are sufficiently tenacious to retain the liquid, to bear gentle handling, and to be thrown to a considerable distance. Like more fatal bombs, they explode when they strike; the wax is shivered, and most of it sticks where it hits. I received a present of specimens of a superior kind formed like bottles or decanters, and decorated with paint and gilding. The necks were closed in imitation of corks sealed over. When used, they are charged with cologne or other scented waters.

This is Intrudo-day. On rising, my friend J—— found the lower extremities of his pants sewed up. It is not unusual to lodge half a dozen balls in each leg, but as he is rather unwell, these singular marks of affection and foot-baths were spared him. In the act of shaking hands I had one or two balls crushed in mine. At breakfast one had his coffee without sugar, another found it sweetened with salt, a third began to pick threads out of his mouth, which caused a shout of laughter; of two plates of toast, fine thread had been drawn through and through every piece, so that the teeth became unavoidably entangled in the meshes. Some foreign merchants came up, on their way to the Botanic Garden. T—— invited them in. The simpletons! Their riding-costumes were soon like bathing-dresses. One got out without his

INTRUDO BALLS AND BOTTLES.

hat, and actually rode off, bareheaded! He returned in the afternoon with a slave bearing a large basket of the cereal missiles, and quietly entering the rear, repaid his foes with interest.

The Vicar came, and was saluted with cologne; they spared his *sutain* the infliction of the starch. He mentioned instances where he had been half-drowned after receiving the most solemn pledges that he would not be molested. That I can fully believe; and, turning to some ladies, asked how *they* could, and on a Sunday, too, tell such ——. "O!" they replied, "Intrudo lies are no sin." There is no believing any one while it lasts. The Padre wisely took his departure; he did not dare to stay for dinner lest his rooms should be robbed by friends sending in his name for every valuable in them. Doña F——, by a ruse of this kind, obtained a dozen bottles of porter from J——'s carpenter, who had charge of them. He himself tricked the Vicar last year, and, by the aid of a slave, deprived a friend of a turkey and fowls, upon which the owner and his family dined as guests, without dreaming of having contributed to the feast. It used to be a custom to set before guests joints of wood, pies of sand, custards and puddings of kindred inedibles, dishes out of which leaped frogs, &c. But the Intrudo, like other pomps and processions, is not kept up as formerly.

Senhor R—— rose to depart, but was induced to drop again into his seat, on which a neighbor had slipped a quantity of flour and water balls. He sprang up as these nest-eggs crushed beneath him, while the mischief-loving projectors were in convulsions of laughter. Nor was the tumult one whit lessened by his manner of relieving the part affected. Finding it impossible now to remain, he good-humoredly waved an adieu with one hand, and with the other placed his hat upon his head—and snatched it off again. It had been lined with the current ingredients of the day. Two extremities of his person were now in the condition of Don Quixote's head when he suddenly called for his helmet at an inconvenient moment for Sancho to deliver it.

Retiring to my room for a change of dress, I found a strange lady writing at the table. I paused and addressed her. No answer or motion. I advanced. The intruder was a bolster, furnished with sleeves, skirts, bonnet, shawl, &c., very artistically got up. Opening the drawers, I found the sleeves and neck of every shirt sewed up, and other garments hermetically sealed, so as to require both time and patience to get into them.

Both sexes are expert in calming one after an attack, and throwing him off his guard. Ladies will show their open palms, rub them down their sides, to prove that they have no concealed missiles—sit down by you, express fatigue, and say that a little frolic is well enough, but this excess is foolish, and very vulgar—look innocent as Madonnas, and conclude with, "No more Intrudo." Your suspicions are lulled; but, ten to one, that same moment a couple of waxen wash-balls are applied to your face in the manner of soap and water, and a paper of cassava starch emptied upon you. Your fair enemy springs from you, with a shriek, and your surprise now takes another turn. She draws from her person ball after ball, and paper after paper, till you are ready to conclude she is made of them, or has some machine about her for producing them.

Employing parties on fool's errands is practiced. An unsuspicious person is sent on what he imagines a confidential matter of great moment to his friend—to borrow money, on an emergency, perhaps. The substance of the letter he carries is, "Send the fool to Senhor B——, and ask him to forward by the bearer a like request to others!"

An example has been given of a family being feasted on their own victuals. A Reverend sweet-tooth revenged himself to-day for a similar trick played on him, by indulging largely at a neighbor's table. His hilarity became more enhanced when a splendid cake was brought in and placed before him. With sparkling eyes he cut deep into it; and when three-fourths had disappeared, some hint was dropped which caused him to rise, stand aghast, and pray for patience! The cake—a highly-valued present from a female friend—had been filched from his own larder! To-day another attempt was made, but in vain, to deceive the Ethiopian guardian of his treasures, by sending, as from his Reverence, for a few bottles of choice nectar.

I walked out toward the Passero, and saw only few individuals molested. One gentleman in a new suit received two or three balls, and was quite indignant: he addressed some remarks to me, and pointed to the window whence the shots came. It is useless to get vexed; those who do so are sure to have their anger cooled by a fresh shower.

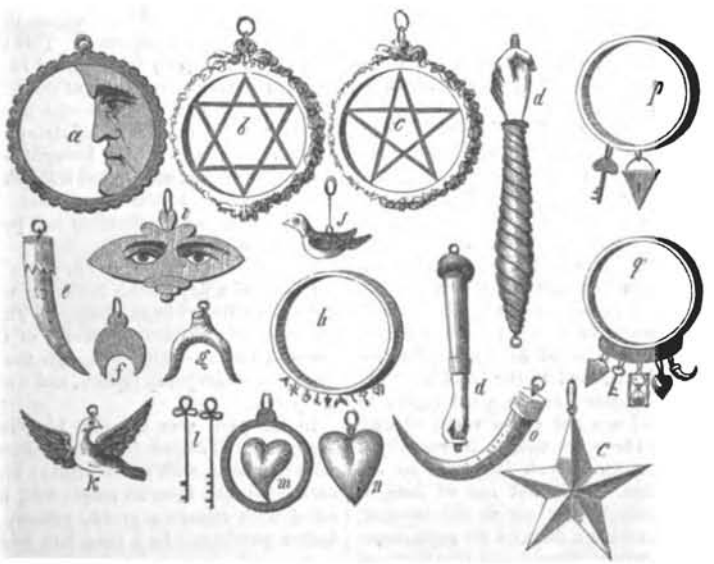
Youths, here and there, were playing with syringes. For some time past I had noticed huge tin implements hanging by the door-posts of "Funileiros," and occasionally met an individual carrying one home. Wondering for what they were made, I stopped one day to examine them. All I could make out from the laughing tinman was, "Two milreis"—the price of one. They were quart and half-gallon Intrudo-squirts. The young black rascals who charge them in gutters seldom molest any except their own color; but white boys use no ceremony in washing the Ethiops. B—— told me of acquaintances who have concealed garden-engines, to salute their friends with. He has one himself, but it is out of order.

The illustration by a Rio artist, copied on page 739, is a fair representation of playing the Intrudo in the street. I saw one negro laden with water from the Carioco Font attacked in precisely the same way. He stumbled, and fell headlong, fortunately without being injured.

On retiring for the night, I could not find the way into bed. The sheets and coverlid had been formed into a sack whose contracted mouth was under the bolster. Relighting the candle, I unraveled the sewing, and finally laid down to rest, heartily tired of the Intrudo, and little thinking what cause I had to be thankful that half a bushel of balls had not been deposited at the foot of the sack.

More or less of classical jewelry is to be found in all the Latin nations: much of it is current in Brazil. Ancient charms and amulets, including the *figa*, are as common as ever they were in Thebes, Athens, Ephesus, or Rome. Although I had repeatedly passed through Silversmith-street, and observed the small perpendicular case hung out against the window or door-post of each shop, it was not till my attention was turned to amulets, that I stopped to examine the contents. They are very much the same from one end of the long street to the other. Besides crosses, crucifixes, crowns, palms, glories, and other little sacerdotal bijouterie, every case contains staple amulets in gold, silver, stone, ivory, &c. In some, these constitute the principal—in all, a prominent item. Specimens are subjoined.

The amulets marked *a*, *b*, *c*, are known as "Signs of Solomon," and are very popular;



AMULETS.

f is another, much worn by children; *d*, *d*, are *figas*—one in gold, the other cornelian. I have seen them of horn, bone, wood, and lead. They are decidedly the chief of amulets, being worn by all classes and all ages, from teething infants to second childhood. They, as well as others, are blessed by priests before being worn; *e* I suppose to be the tooth of some animal; one precisely like it was taken by the police, with other paraphernalia, from an African conjurer; *g* is of coral; the artist explained its virtues, but I did not understand him; *i* represents a pair of eyes; groups of these eyes stare at you from every case, varying in size from those in the illustration to two or three times as large; they are composed of thin strips of gold and silver, struck in dies; and resemble those given out at the Festival of the Protectress of Eyes—St. Luzia. They keep off the evil eye; *k* is a "Dove Amulet;" *l*, *l*, are keys of ancient form, and are quite common; *m* is a *bulla* within a ring; *n* is another form, much worn by children; Minas and Mozambique women sport large ones, and so do most fashionable white ladies; *o* is a cock's spur—also made of brass, tin, silver, &c. In the same case was another amulet, resembling it in form, but much larger; *p* and *q* are rings, with locks, keys, hearts, crescents, hour-glasses, &c., suspended upon them, each having a significance of its own.

Anxious parents protect their children by a number of these preservatives. The device is neither due to modern nor mediæval ingenuity. We find it exemplified in Pharaonic necklaces, and other relics of past epochs. Images of gods, shell-beads, birds, beasts, and scores of symbols were strung round the neck and attached to various parts of the body. The same thing was formerly in vogue in Europe. Finger-rings, decorated in this manner, are in high esteem in Brazil. They are met with in most of the jewelers' shops. Fig. *h* is one; a miniature figa, bulla, padlock, key, crescent, cock-spur, &c., were attached to the one from which the illustration was taken.

Here are necklaces and bracelets which look like charms against hunger rather than against witchcraft. One of the former before me—a gold one—is made up of knives, forks, a padlock and key, a stew-pan, water-jar, plates, dishes, ewer and basin, and twenty other culinary and domestic things. The best work of this kind comes from Bahia. Doña E—— has a bracelet made there, three inches wide, and divided into four compartments, in which kitchen utensils to the number at least of fifty are arranged. All are of gold, attached to the band by loose rings. These bracelets are in great repute in the country, and are not entirely out of date in the cities. There are morals in ear-rings: an hour-glass, worn at each lobe, was an old European fashion. It is not out of date in Brazil. But though kept up in the interior, many city belles have a distaste for such monitors of their fleeting charms and the flight of time. When watches came into vogue, efforts we know were made to secure for them the same favorable regard which the sex had accorded to those primitive chronometers; and, strange as it may seem, ladies then sported real ticking horologes at their ears. For the benefit of those who have never dreamed of trinkets teaching ethics, and are incredulous of the union of piety and fashion in our great-grand-dams, likewise, also, to do justice to the moral and mechanical ingenuity of the old jewelers, I add the following from an old writer:

"The wit of man hath been luxuriant and wanton in the inventions of late years. Some have made watches so small and slight that ladies hang them at their ears like pendants and jewels. The smallness and variety of the tools that are used about these small engines seem to me no less admirable than the engines themselves: and there is more art and dexterity in placing so many wheels and axles in so small a compass, than in making clocks and greater machines; for some French watches do not exceed the compass of a farthing."

Locks and keys were once common auricular pendants, and are still sometimes seen. Doña L——, a lady of my acquaintance, wears the lock at the right ear, and the key at the left. Others have both at each ear. The sentiment embodied in the device is apparent. Thus Othello to Emilia:

> "There's money for your pains;
> I pray you turn the key, and keep our counsel."

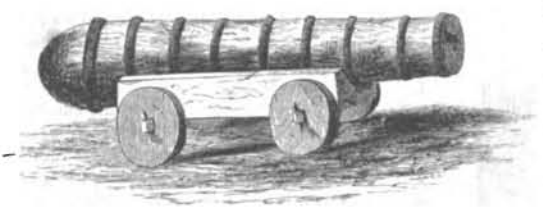
Warburton, not aware that ear-jewels in these forms were once common, makes a mistake worthy of Dogberry himself, in attempting to elucidate the following observation of that learned dignitary: "And also, the Watch heard them talk of one Deformed; they say, *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it*." On this the bishop remarks: "They heard the conspirators satirize the Fashion: whom they took to be a man surnamed Deformed. This the constable applies with exquisite humor to the courtiers, in a description of one of the most fantastical fashions of that time—the men wearing rings in their ears and indulging a favorite lock of hair, which was brought before and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*." Malone has a note to the same effect. I am not aware that any commentator has properly explained the passage.

THE MUSEUM.

I devoted a day to the Museum, which faces the Senate House in the Campo. The Curator, a Carmelite Friar and Professor of Chemistry, received us cheerfully, although the establishment was undergoing repairs, and was closed to the public.

In the yard was a caged king-vulture, the handsomest of accipitrines: his body was cream-color and slate, with roseate tints; his head and neck protruded from an ample frill, were variegated with crimson, green, yellow, and some darker patches. In a long box near him lay snugly coiled a twelve-foot boa, from Minas Province. Close by was a curiosity of another

kind—a mounted cannon, four and a half feet long, three inches bore—composed of two longitudinal slabs of hard and heavy *wood*, strongly



WOODEN CANNON.

bound by numerous wrought-iron wings. It had evidently been used. It was taken from the rebels in Para, during an attempt at revolution there, some eight or nine years ago.

Zoology and ornithology are the chief features of the Museum. The native feline tribes, from the jaguar to the smallest of tiger-cats, are fully represented; so are the quadrumana. One sloth is nearly four feet in length; the rest are less than three. In the brilliant assemblage of birds are representations from every province; including, of necessity, a numerous deputation from those fairies of the forest—humming-birds.

For students of numismatics, here are ancient and modern coins and medals. The collection of minerals is extensive, and a laboratory for the analysis of ores is provided. Some interesting Egyptian antiquities have also been procured.

Native antiquities are few and not of much interest; but this feature of the institution will improve. There are a few embalmed heads from the Amazon. The Tapajos thus preserved the skulls of their enemies, and on special occasions carried them, suspended on the breast, as amulets.

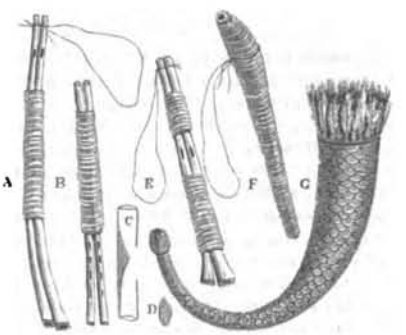
They look horrible enough: worse than New Zealand specimens placed near them. The sockets of the eyes are filled with a dark, resinous matter, in which are embedded small pieces of bone or shell. Into the open mouths are inserted the ends of strong corded loops, and the whole filled flush with cement. A ridge of

EMBALMED HEAD.

black hair remains on the crowns; and at the occiputs considerable quantities adhere. Large and very handsome rosettes conceal the ears, precisely like similar ornaments of ribbon worn by modern ladies.

In one case were specimens of musical instruments. Double flutes were extensively used by the classical ancients; and here they are as constructed by American aborigines. The bones of which they are made are yellow, jagged, and far from inviting to delicate lips. Their tones, however, are singularly soft and mellow.

A represents the largest. Each bone is twelve inches long, and three-eighths of an inch bore. They are united by twine, neatly wound and worked. On the back of the lower parts are finger-holes—shown at B; these were stopped up;

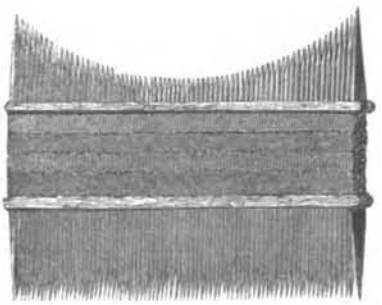


ANCIENT BONE FLUTES AND CAZIQUE'S TRUMPET.

perhaps they were experimental additions of some Brazilian Pronomus. The construction of the sounding, or whistle part, is seen at C; a cone of resinous cement being secured immediately under the orifice, at D. The ridge of cement rises to the centre of the tube. The instrument is played by blowing through the upper end, as in a clarionet. E is a smaller flute, to be blown at either end. F has a swelled wooden mouth-piece, and no side opening. Dual bone flutes, with finger-holes, are yet in use in the northern provinces; besides bamboo-flutes and instruments, with which the voices of wild beasts are imitable with singular accuracy. Single and double flutes of Greece and Rome were of bone. The "Ossea Tibia" was made of the leg-bone of a crane.

A Cazique's trumpet is figured at G. The substance, hard as iron and black as jet, appeared to have been handsomely carved. The diverging orifice is furnished with a double row of scarlet and yellow feathers, which add to its length, and by their vibration probably affected the notes. Through age, they are mostly stripped. While attempting to revive its long silent tones, the deputy curator asked if we knew what it was made of! It was made of the end of an alligator's tail. Rams' horns were the primeval clarions of the East, but no quadruped of South America supplied any thing of the kind; hence these amphibious substitutes.

The next thing was an article of female ingenuity—a comb—in which the teeth, set edgeways, are thin slips of hardwood, uniform in size and shape, and, by means of four transverse pieces, firmly strung together by thread. The



COMB.

needle-work forms a broad band, with raised borders, reflecting waved figures; the whole is smooth and regular, as if woven, and the instrument is strong as modern ones. The thread is round, well twisted, and uniform as silk cord. Its material is from the *macaya*, a species of cocoa, whose fruit produces a shining white fibre, stiffer than silk and stronger than cotton. Specimens of the undressed fibre, of thread made of it, and of stockings, are in the Museum.

Combs of rosewood, sometimes attached to coronals of feathers and other head ornaments, are still common among the Indians, and display both taste and skill in the hands that put them together.

The only sample of ancient native earthenware in the Museum was disinterred between 20 and 30 years ago, on the Praya Flamingo, while digging foundations for a house. The internal diameter at the rim is eighteen inches, the depth

BRAZILIAN BASIN.

six. The thickness of the bottom and sides within exceeds an inch. It was probably used as a caldron, the under side being blackened as with fire. No signs are observable of the wheel in its formation, though the circle is tolerably correct. The material is a grayish yellow clay, and imperfectly burnt. The inside has been profusely decorated. A band of dark red goes round just below the rim, and the rest is covered with complicated lines, that are more like a mass of serpents entangled together than any thing else. Small dots are mingled with them. A light and poor kind of glazing has been put on, of which remains are left. The surface, inside and out, is covered with an infinity of minute cracks, like old teacups thus disfigured. The outside has been colored red; the inside a palish yellow, the ornamental lines brown.

In another case were mills for triturating leaves of a popular plant, of which large quantities were manufactured by the ancient natives; also a couple of philosophical apparatus by which the prepared material was conveyed into dark, tortuous, and precipitous caverns.

Previous to unlocking the case, our courteous attendant opened and gracefully offered his snuff-box—a common Brazilian practice. It reminds one of relators of long or dry stories beginning with lighting a pipe or treating themselves with a pinch. Suppose we imitate them on this occasion.

Modern lovers of the pipe seldom think of the worthies to whom they are indebted for its free enjoyment; and of those who delight in nasal aliment, how few ever call to mind the Dioclesian persecutions their predecessors passed through for adhering to their faith in, and transmitting to their descendants, the virtues of tobacco. Europe frowned, and Asia threatened. Pagan, Mohammedan, and Christian monarchs combined to crush them. James I., foaming with rage, sent forth his "Counterblast;" the half savage ruler of the Muscovites followed suit; the King of Persia, Amurath IV. of Turkey, and the Emperor Jehan-Geer, and others, joined the crusade. They denounced death to all found inhaling the fumes of the plant through a tube, or caught with a pellet of it under their tongues. Those who used it as a sternutative only were to be deprived of nostrils and nose. To perfect the miseries of the delinquents, Urban VIII. went in state to the Vatican, where, tremulous with holy anger, he shook his garments, to intimate that the blood of the offenders would be on their own heads, and then thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing, in any shape, into a church.

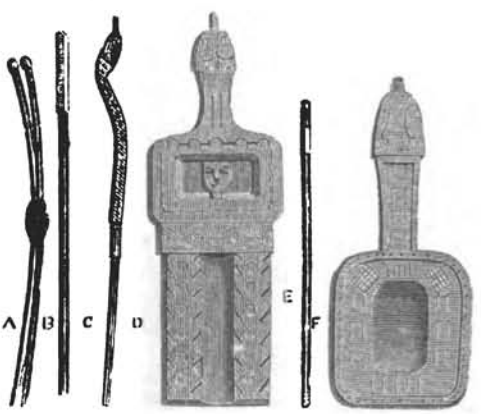
Loss of life for lighting a pipe! Mutilation for taking a pinch! Tortures here, and endless torments hereafter, for a whiff or quid of tobacco! One wonders how the sufferers managed to pass through the fires unscathed, or even to escape annihilation; yet most of them did escape, and they did more—they converted the Nebuchadnezzars who sought to consume them.

What a spectacle! The world in arms against a herb, and anon prostrate before it! Proud rulers worshiping the idol whose admirers they had so fearfully menaced, and lawgivers avowed violators of their own laws. The modes adopted to exterminate the plant increased the demand for it, till it was sought for with an avidity that no penal enactments could suppress. Royal and sacerdotal clamor had extended its consumption ten thousand fold. The tide turned, and all began to praise the magic leaf. Ladies joined their lords in smoking after meals; boys carried pipes in their satchels to school, and at a certain hour pedagogues and pupils whiffed together. Not a bad subject for a painter. Mothers in the sixteenth century filled their sons' pipes early in the morning, to serve them instead of breakfast. People went to bed with cigars or

pipes in their mouths, and rose in the night to light them. All classes became consumers; even priests were not excepted, provided they refrained till after mass. To accommodate travelers, poor and transient persons, *Tabagies*, or smoking-houses, were licensed on the continent in every marine and inland town, where sailors and itinerants of every description could, on moderate terms, be made happy, either by inhaling the vapor of the popular stimulant or tickling their nasal membranes with it. The ambitious sought fame by associating themselves with the introduction of the plant and its cultivation; thence we find it named after cardinals, legates, and embassadors, while in compliment to Catherine de Medicis it was called "the Queen's herb." Kings now rushed into the tobacco trade. Those of Spain took the lead, and became the largest manufacturers of snuff and cigars in Christendom. The royal workshops in Seville are still the most extensive in Europe. Other monarchs monopolized the business in their dominions, and all began to reap enormous profits from it—as most do at this day.

Much has been written on a revolution so unique in its origin, unsurpassed in incidents and results, and constituting one of the most singular episodes in human history; but next to nothing is recorded of whence the various processes of manufacture and uses were derived. Some imagine the popular pabulum for the nose of transatlantic origin—no such thing. Columbus first beheld smokers in the Antilles, Pizarro found chewers in Peru, but it was in the country discovered by Cabral that the great sternutatory was originally found. Brazilian Indians were the fathers of snuff, and its best fabricators. Though counted among the least refined of aborigines, their taste in this matter was as pure as that of the fashionable world of the East. Their snuff has never been surpassed, nor their apparatus for making it.

The following is their milling and sniffing machinery—machinery, we believe, never figured and published before.



ANCIENT BRAZILIAN SNUFF-MILLS.

F is a slab of *jacaranda* (rosewood), ten inches long, of which five are taken up with the handle. The blade is nearly half an inch thick, with a cavity in the middle. The extremity of the handle represents the head of a serpent, with the tongue protruded. E is a cylindrical stick of rosewood, nine inches long and three-fourths of an inch in diameter. These two constitute a mill. The owner takes out of a "*chuspa*"—a pouch, commonly slung over his right shoulder—a few pieces of dried tobacco leaf, places them in the cavity, and, grasping the stick, grinds them by rubbing its end to and fro upon them, and in a few moments reduces them to a rich and fragrant snuff; nor is the fragrance wholly due to the substance ground, but to the material of the mill. The heat developed by the friction of two pieces of odorous wood evolves a pleasant aroma, that impregnates the powder.

The article being thus prepared, the next thing is to transmit it to its destination ere it grows cold, or the odor becomes weakened by evaporation. The apparatus for this part of the business is shown at A; it consists of a double tube, consisting of two light cylindrical bones of the wing of a bird, united by thread, having the upper ends tipped with small wooden bulbs. The reader has anticipated the rest: no sooner is the triturating process ended than the pestle or stick is taken down, the plain ends of the tube plunged into the smoking powder, the others inserted into the nostrils, and by a smart inhalation the warm-scented dust is diffused in a trice over the olfactory nerve. D represents another mill, in which the grinding receptacle is in the shape of a gutter running out at the end of the blade; C is an edge view, and B the rubber.

Suspended by a string round the neck, an Indian had this apparatus always at hand. At the back of one or both is an angular recess for the purpose of producing fire by friction—thus uniting in each a snuff-box, mill, and tinder-box.

The modern Indians of Brazil are as fond of snuff as their ancestors; their apparatus for making and taking it are also similar to those described. I have seen neat circular mills from two to five inches across, with short conical and pyramidal pestles or mullers; sniffing pipes also, more portable than those figured. Sometimes three bones are united—one to put into the snuff, connected with two for the nose—just like one suction-pipe serving two pumps.

An ardent enemy to all stimulants, wet or dry, might, after reading the foregoing, be disposed to ask—And has not tobacco avenged, to some extent, the New World for the blood of her children slain by those of the Old—in its Circean effects, physical and moral; in the wealth it has drawn and continues to draw from consumers? All the conquerors have become tainted with the poison; the most ruthless are the most deeply polluted and debased. Formerly the first powers of the earth—now contemptible for their weakness, dissensions, and crimes—slaves to blighting superstitions, to ignorance, poverty, pride, and a poisonous weed.

SUGAR AND THE SUGAR REGION OF LOUISIANA.

BY T. B. THORPE.

EARLY HISTORY OF SUGAR.

SUGAR, which is, at the present day, considered one of the necessaries of life, was unknown to the ancient world, and in the middle ages was a luxury seldom indulged in even by the wealthiest classes of society. No mention is made of it in Scripture, though the theatre of the most startling events of sacred history included what are now the most favored regions for the production of cane. It seems to be conceded, that the plant originated in China, and that its saccharine matter was in use by the "Celestials," very many centuries before it found its way to India and Arabia, and from these countries to the European world. Sugar was sent to Greece among the costly drugs and spices that were imported from the East, and was known as the "Indian salt." Pliny and earlier authors have left in their histories sufficient evidence to prove, that confections were received at Athens and Rome from Arabia, and so costly must they have been, that except upon rare occasions, and only among nobles and merchant princes, could they have been found.

There can not be a doubt, that the monopoly of sugar was carefully protected by the original possessors of the plant, and this monopoly was favored by the then limited resources of commerce; it is only by this supposition that it can be explained why its cultivation made so little progress in the world, for the very countries through which for centuries was carried the crude "Indian salt," on its way to the Mediterranean, have since become among the most favored regions for its cultivation. "The Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Greeks, who went, in the pursuit of commerce, through a greater part of

Asia, and lastly, the Jews, Romans, Christians, and Mahommedans, make no mention of sugar cane before the period when merchants first began to trade with the Indies."

From these merchants came the vague report that sugar was the sap of a reed. Destitute of all certain information, the inhabitants of the different countries, who knew the value of the product, searched, it is said, among the jungles for the plant, and tested the qualities of the juices of many reeds they met with, and failing in accomplishing their object, fanciful theories were invented as to the true origin of sugar. "Some thought that it was a kind of honey, which formed itself without the assistance of bees; others considered it a shower from heaven, which fell upon the leaves of the heaven-blessed reed; while others, again, imagined that it was the concentration of the sap of some peculiar plant, formed in the manner of gum."

INTRODUCTION OF SUGAR INTO EUROPE.

The Saracens having overrun a portion of Southern Europe in the ninth century, it is no doubt correctly supposed that they introduced the culture of cane into Sicily and the islands in its vicinity; and also, that a knowledge of sugar was circulated, and its uses made known to the European world by the Crusaders, many of whom must have become familiar with it, in their journeyings to and from the Holy Land. The Moors introduced sugar into Spain soon after they got foothold in that country, and hence it was familiar to the Spaniards, and naturally became one of the first products transplanted to the newly discovered Indies.

It was not, however, until the middle of the thirteenth century, that sugar cane became thoroughly known to the European world. A noble Venetian merchant, it is said, about the year 1250, visited Bengal, and made himself familiar with the history and cultivation of the plant. Certain it is, that to Venice, at a very early period, is the world indebted for the art of refining sugar, and making it into the form of loaves. With the increasing demand among civilized nations, the cultivation of this luxury rapidly spread, and it was soon introduced into all those countries which possessed a genial climate for its production. The discovery of a new world by Columbus, however, gave a new impulse to commerce, and produced a revolution, not only in the production, but also in the crystalization of its juices, for within a quarter of a century after this extraordinary event, St. Domingo became famed for its abundance of sugar, and the extraordinary improvements its inhabitants had introduced in its manufacture. A century scarcely elapsed, before Portugal, Spain, France, and England, had their plantations among the fruitful islands of a virgin continent, and that general cultivation was commenced, which has resulted in producing sufficient sugar for the immense demands of modern times.

INTRODUCTION OF SUGAR INTO LOUISIANA.

To the inhabitants of a large portion of the "temperate zones," the culture of cane, and the whole history connected with its production and manufacture, may be said to be a mystery —or rather a dim shadowing forth of something accumulated in the hazy atmosphere of a tropical climate, amid waving palms, half nude negroes, tangled foliage, and rapidly perfected vegetation. Yet a sister State of "the Confederacy," that reposes upon the Mexican Gulf, and forms the boundaries of the mouth of the Mississippi, and can claim with some show of reason a temperate climate, embraces within its limits the rich lands that produce a sugar crop, the value of which is counted by millions: a product that finds its way alike into the cabin of the poor, and the mansion of the rich, and is hailed by all as one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon man by a munificent Providence.

To give to the casual reader an idea of the cultivation of cane and its manufacture for the purposes of commerce, together with the scenery, and the incidental life of Louisiana, peculiar to the sugar region, is the object of our article. We shall go into the fields in the spring and attend to the planting of the "seed," and follow up, as intelligently and as perfectly as we are able, the beautiful developments of nature and the intelligent labor of man, until both are, for the time being, crowned with the production of one of the greatest luxuries as well as necessaries of life.

It is proper to observe at the commencement, that the climate of Louisiana is far inferior for the production of sugar to that of Cuba and the adjacent islands; but there can not be a doubt that the cane, in the course of time, becomes acclimated, and insensible to that cold which a few years before would have destroyed its value.

Louisiana had been settled more than half a century before the culture of cane was commenced, and yet, as we have already stated, it was among the very first things introduced by Europeans into the neighboring islands of the West Indies. About one hundred years ago, a number of Jesuit priests, from the island of St. Domingo, came to Louisiana, bringing with them not only "seed cane," but also a number of negroes who understood the manner of planting and manufacturing it into sugar. By these priests, upon the lands now become the most densely populated part of New Orleans, was, in a most primitive manner, commenced the cultivation of cane.

For very many years no one indulged the idea of making sugar; the planter was satisfied with the production of *sirop*, which, in those days, was readily disposed of at extravagant prices. Toward the close of the last century (says the highest authority), a gentleman residing in the vicinity of New Orleans, determined to attempt the manufacture of sugar. The crop was properly increased, the machinery procured, and a sugar maker sent for from the West Indies. The result of the experiment was anxiously looked for by the whole surrounding country. The inhabitants of New Orleans and its neighborhood assembled in great numbers,

but remained outside of the building, probably through fear that the experiment would not succeed. The *strike* was made, amidst profound silence—when the second was thrown into the coolers, the sugar maker announced to the anxious crowd, in technical language, "It grains." Shouts of joy rent the air, and the news spread with rapidity, that the juice of the cane grown in lower Louisiana, had been manufactured into crystalized sugar, and a new impulse was given to the cultivation of cane.

It was very many years, however, before the production was sufficiently large to be of any commercial importance. Even in the memory of those now living, it was confined to a very small portion of the State. It was thought folly to cultivate cane upon the "uplands," and it was supposed that a day's journey beyond New Orleans was beyond the magic circle that insured a congenial climate to the delicate plant. A few years, however, have changed the face of things. For over two hundred miles on either side of the Mississippi, and on the banks of many of its tributaries, together with the rich country—almost unknown except to its inhabitants—of Opelousas and Attakappas, lying westwardly on the Gulf coast, the sugar cane flourishes in the greatest perfection. A large number of the great cotton farms on lower Red River, have been successfully changed into the cultivation of cane, and the "high lands," which mean those above the annual rise of the Mississippi, have gratefully rewarded the labor of the sugar planter. Thus, gradually, has Louisiana changed her staple product, and it seems not impossible, in the quickly coming future, that she may raise within her own boundaries sufficient to supply the home consumption of the entire Union.

THE SUGAR CANE.

Sugar cane is classed by botanists among the grasses. Its technical description, except to the initiated, gives but an indefinite idea to the general reader. Superficially, it resembles, in the field, the growing corn; but, on examination, it will be found to be very different. The stem, in every species of cane, is round and hard, and divided, at short, irregular intervals, with joints. A volume might be written upon the beautiful economy of nature in the development of this valuable plant; for from the time it shoots up its three grassy blades from the ground, until it waves over the fields like a mighty wand of peace and plenty, there are chemical processes going on in its cells, and strange phenomena taking place within its body, that show in a wonderful manner the power and goodness of Providence in providing for the wants of man.

As the cane rises from the soil, the bud or germ breaks loose from its tightly enveloping leaves, and joint after joint comes to perfection, until the growth of the plant is accomplished. The first joint requires from four to five months to ripen it, and when this ripening is perfected the leaves that inclose it wither away; the next joint above then gradually matures, and again the binding leaves of that particular joint loosen their hold, and stretch their long arms, dead and rattling to the winds. So goes on the work until the time comes when the harvest must be gathered in. This maturing process of each successive joint would continue until all were ripe, but for the frosts, which in Louisiana, check the growth of the plant before its entire length has come to perfection. These upper and unripe portions, together with the last and elongated one, known as the "arrow," retain their green leaves, and shed over the vast fields a brilliant spring-like verdure, that forms a striking contrast to the lower foliage, which is already sere and yellow with the maturity of age.

Botanists have discovered in the sugar cane this peculiarity, that while each joint contributes its share to the nourishment and development of the whole plant, yet each is at the same time, selfishly as it were, providing for its own wants and necessities, independently of every associated part of the plant. One set of vessels provides for the general structure and prepares the chambers, and another set contracts only to furnish these chambers, one by one, with saccharine matter, perfecting their task completely and distinctly in each, as they proceed to the top of the plant. A sugar cane stalk, therefore, may be aptly compared to the fabled serpent, which, cut into pieces, was merely multiplied into a greater number, each part complete in itself; for each individual joint contains within itself all the properties of a perfect plant.

From this vague description of the reproducing character of the cane, it will be inferred that it is not necessary for its propagation to depend upon seed. There is probably no perfectly authenticated case of its being so produced. In the West Indies it occasionally "feathers," and a few years since, owing to an extraordinary season, it did the same in Louisiana; but the "whitish dust," or seed, that is sometimes found upon the feather, on being sown has never been known to germinate; it seems to be the order of nature that cane should be propagated by "cuttings" alone. Independently of the labor of cultivation, the Louisiana planter has annually to contribute one-fifth of his crop for "seed." This constant replanting is almost wholly avoided in Cuba and in all the West India Islands. Fields of cane still exist in those favored regions, that have for a half century grown from the roots. An occasional barren spot has been supplied with plants, or a "choked up" place weeded out, but the growth may be considered almost spontaneous. It is asserted, upon the best authority, that the very cane fields planted centuries ago by the Portuguese on the Island of St. Thomas, still flourish and yield a plentiful harvest to the planter. When it is considered, that in Louisiana, the sugar crop has to be gathered and manufactured in ninety days, or be destroyed by the frost, and that one-third of the entire crop has to be put into the ground for "seed," and that in the

LOUISIANA CANE FIELD.

West Indies the season is always favorable for the perfection of cane, a tolerably correct idea may be formed of the disadvantages under which the Louisiana planter labors, compared with those similarly engaged in more tropical regions.

DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF CANE.

Sugar cane is divided by nature into many varieties, all distinctly marked. In Louisiana, the "Bourbon," the "Ribbon," the "Otaheite," and "Creole" cane are common. The Bourbon and the Ribbon are the most cultivated, as they yield the richest juice, and not only have the thickest covering or bark, but are additionally protected by a thick and perceptible coating of "silica" as a farther defense against the frost. The names given to the different varieties of sugar cane are of course more or less fanciful. The Bourbon cane is of a dark purplish color; the name of the Ribbon cane is suggestive of its appearance, for the purple is broken with golden stripes in every variety of penciling, and so delicate frequently are these horizontal combinations of purple and gold, that the manufacturers of ribbon might obtain patterns from them to add new beauties to their delicate fabrics. The Creole cane, which has been longest known in the State, is of a light green color, that suggests a delicate organization; and is of all the varieties of cane most sensible to the effects of cold.

There can not be a doubt, that the differences presented are greatly dependent upon the accident of climate and soil. Quite a different hue is presented by a field of cane growing upon lands long cultivated, from that flourishing upon lands just cleared of the primitive forest. It is the economy of nature to endeavor to remedy every possible evil. Sugar cane brought from the tropics, and planted in a temperate zone, when springing into life, shudders at the unexpected blast, and perhaps droops and withers away to the root. The plant, checked in its growth, gathers its strength for a new shoot, and increases the vigor of its roots so snugly protected from the inhospitable cold; again the delicate bud-leaf appears, the season has advanced, the sunshine is more genial, and the growth goes uninterruptedly on. Still the pale green surface of this enervated plant of the tropics, finds that its glossy light bark repels the heat as it was wont to do in its native fields. But now a new arrangement takes place; the plant, in its desire for acclimation, finds something in the soil that darkens its coating into a deep purple, and deadens its glossiness; and now the sun's heat, beaming upon its surface, is not reflected but absorbed, and the ripening and rejoicing plant has remedied, in a degree at least, the evils of its emigration.

PLANTATIONS OF LOUISIANA.

The largest and most important sugar plantations of Louisiana lie, with few exceptions, upon the low lands of the Mississippi and its outlets. The consequence is, that they are beautifully level, and present a different appearance from any other agricultural portion of the Union. The prairies of the West roll like the swells of the sea, but the fields of Louisiana spread out with an evenness of surface that finds no parallel, except in the undisturbed bosom of the inland

lake. The soil is rich—it may be said inexhaustible; and vegetation springs from it with a luxuriance that defies comparison:

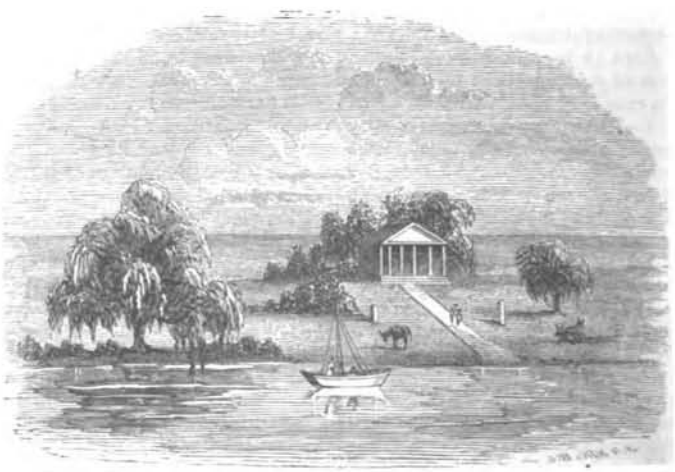
> "A gray deep earth abounds,
> Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
> Rising in clods, which ripening sun and rain
> Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize;
> In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
> Pleased at the planter's call to burst on day."

The stranger who for the first time courses the "Father of Waters," at a season of the year when his swelling wave lifts the steamer above the levee-guarded banks, as he looks over and down upon the rich sugar plantations, is filled with amazement, and gets an idea of agricultural wealth and profuseness nowhere else to be witnessed in the world. On every side, the deep green cane-fields spread out in perspective, enlarged to his eye by the ever-retreating lines of the useful plow, that follow their course to the distant forests, which tower up from the swamps, and wave their moss-covered limbs in sullen grandeur, as a contrast to the smiling field, the crowded garden, and the ever busy joy of the agriculturist's home.

One of the most interesting and picturesque portions of Louisiana devoted to the cultivation of sugar, lying off the banks of the Mississippi River, is the country of "the Attakappas." This earthly paradise—for such a name it really deserves—lies west of the Mississippi River, and borders upon the Gulf of Mexico. It would be almost impossible to describe its character, it is so composed of bayous, lakes, rivers, prairies, and impenetrable swamps. To even a large portion of the oldest inhabitants of the State, Attakappas is an unknown region, and so it is destined to remain, except to its immediate inhabitants, if artificial means are not adopted to facilitate communication. In the spring you can reach the Attakappas in a comfortable steamer; later in the season all direct communication is cut off by the "low water," and you get there, and to all its fruitful adjacent regions, as best you can.

From the mouth of the Bayou Plaquemine, one hundred miles above New Orleans, to a place called Indian Village, a distance of nine miles; the waters of the Mississippi, when they are at their spring flood, pour down with tremendous velocity, and the ingenious navigator descends inland, with his gallant craft stern foremost, the powerful engines being necessary, not to propel, but to act as a drag, by working the wheels up stream, at the same time the boat is going in a contrary direction. A few miles, however, are only passed when the counteracting floods from the sea meet the waters of the Mississippi, and they compromise, by spreading out over the low lands, giving an idea of desolation difficult to imagine by those who have not witnessed the scene. Amidst this waste of waters the steamer pursues its way, sometimes passing through narrow avenues of cypress trees, and then suddenly emerging into vast turbid lakes, the surfaces of which are agitated by flocks of water-fowl, and the ever-vigilant but disgusting-looking alligator, that either floats as a log or, if too nearly approached, sinks like lead to the depths below. In the course of your voyage, you run across the beautiful sheet of water known as Berwick's Bay, which must have been a sacred place among the aboriginal inhabitants, judging from the mounds, and the remains of rude "Indian temples," that rise from its shores. You change your course, thread innumerable mazes, and in time find yourself upon the Téche—the beautiful and mysterious stream that flows through the Attakappas country, and upon the borders of which are the most enchanting scenery and the richest sugar farms of Louisiana.

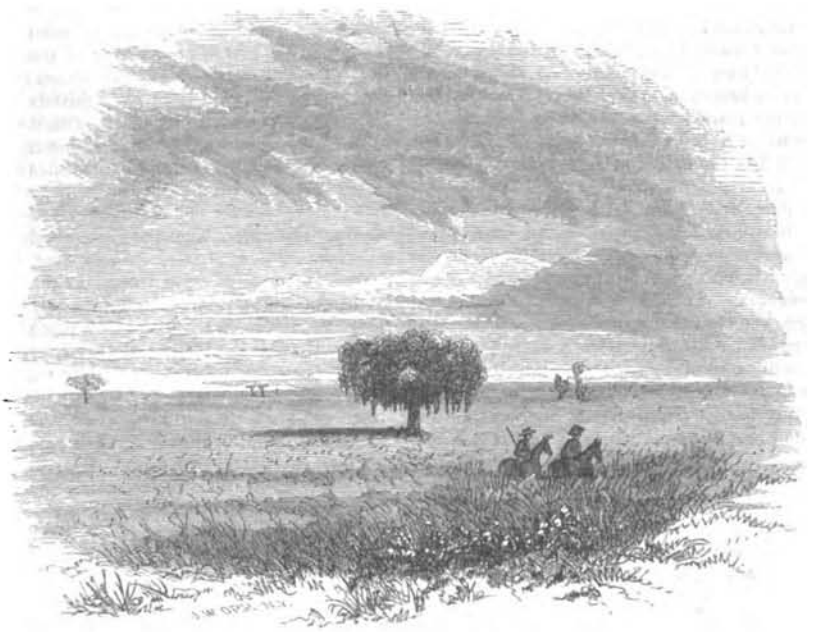
Unlike the Mississippi, the Téche has no levees; its waters never overflow. The stately residences of the planters are surrounded by gardens, the shrubbery of which reaches to the water's edge, and hedges of rose and hawthorn.



SCENERY ON THE TECHE, ATTAKAPPAS.

of lemon and orange, every where meet the ravished eye. Along its shores the magnificent live-oak rears itself in all the pride of vigorous "ancient youth," and gives to the gently undulating landscape, the expression so often witnessed in the lordly parks of England, for the shelving and ever green banks of the Têche seem created rather by art than by nature, and the magnificent lords of the forest are distributed where the taste of Shenstone would have dictated.

Leaving the Têche, you soon come to the broad prairies, over which roam innumerable herds of cattle, and which are also diversified by lakes, their surfaces shaded from the hot sun by the broad-leafed nelumbium, and their depths filled with the choicest fish. Here again is to be seen the live-oak, perhaps in its most commanding form. Rising from the dead level, it towers a seeming mountain of vegetation, and finds à world of room for the extension of its gnarled and shaggy arms. Away off upon the horizon scud the mists of the sea, and the ever complaining surf, alone breaks solitudes even now as primitive as when the red man here held undisputed sway.



LIVE-OAKS OF LOUISIANA.

The pleasant town of Franklin lies upon the Têche, and is the shipping port of the richest sugar parish of the State. Vessels of large size while in the Gulf of Mexico turn aside from the mud-choked mouths of the Mississippi, and floating and cordelling through innumerable bays and bayous, finally work their way into the "interior," and mingle their rigging with the foliage of the forest. Here these argosies, born in the cold regions of the Aroostook, fill their holds with sugar and molasses, and, once freighted, wing their way to the north.

Tradition says that in "old times" (fifty years ago!) a shrewd down-easter found himself hunting for a harbor along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. His brooms, his soap, candles, onions, and cod-fish were tossed about in uncertainty for days and nights, but, true Yankee-like, he turned his misfortunes to a good account, for, "guided by Providence," he finally found himself after many days in the Têche, surrounded and warmly greeted by a rich agricultural country, teeming with a primitive and unsuspecting population. Here, without a rival, he traded and bargained to his heart's content, exchanging his cargo of "notions" for cotton, fruits, and money; and then bore himself back to the land of "steady habits" a far richer man than when he left it, and the possessor of a secret that gave him the trading monopoly of the land of the Attakappas. For years, his vessel alone continued to visit the Têche, and he increased in wealth and importance beyond all who in his neighborhood "went down to sea in ships;" and it was not until he was about to be gathered to his fathers, that he left to his children and neighbors the knowledge of the *secret passes* that led from the sea to the happy land we have so vaguely described.

Running parallel with the Têche are magnificent lakes, that consequently lie upon the rear of the plantations. It is the mists from these inland seas, with those of the rivers, that rise over the sugar cane in winter, and protect it

from frosts which in less favored regions destroy the planter's prospects. To the accidental location of a plantation with regard to water, is it often indebted for a comparative exemption from freezing cold. Plantations, sometimes contiguous, will differ essentially in the preservation of cane; on one, it will stand uninjured until the last stalk is cut for the mill; in the other, it will have been blasted by the frost, and rendered almost worthless for the purposes of life.

Upon the large estates of the Têche, having these lakes in their rear, the luxury of bathing is enjoyed in perfection. As may be imagined, the lakes being as clear as crystal, and solid at their bottoms as minute shells can make them, and never dangerously deep near the shore, all become expert in this healthful exercise. We had a lady on a time pointed out to us, whose matronly beauty gave evidence of the once willingly acknowledged belle, who could as gracefully move in the waters of Grand Lake as she once did in the mazes of a dance at the Tuileries. Among her suitors—and she had many—was one fixed up for the occasion, whose age and heartlessness were hidden under artificial appliances, yet whose self-esteem was insufferable. The presumption of this beau piqued our Creole beauty, and while sailing upon the pellucid waters of Grand Lake, the gentleman expatiating upon his disinterested attachment, and his willingness to make ten thousand sacrifices to prove the ardor of his affection—the lady, with her tiny foot, struck the plug from the bottom of the skiff, and it slowly began to sink. The astonished lover, with distended eyes, looked into the watery gulf, and thought not of saving his lady-love, but his dress. Down—down went the frail bark, the cause of the mischief apparently an uninterested observer. In another instant the skiff was gone; the beau dissolved into fragments as he touched the water, while the lady, graceful as a naiad, reached the shore; and as she departed in her calash, she made the air musical with her merry laugh.

INDIANS, AND THEIR REMAINS.

There are curious ancient traditions about the land of the Attakappas, for the name in the aboriginal tongue signifies "eaters of men." The Indians in this favored land were unquestionably cannibals, and in this were exceptions to all the remaining tribes of the North American continent. In no part of the world could the means of life have been more spontaneous than in Attakappas. As we have already stated, the innumerable streams are crowded with fish, in the fall of the year the air is darkened by a thousand varieties of aquatic fowls, and in early times the prairies, now covered with kine, were then more abundantly supplied with buffaloes. But the old chronicles authenticate the charge, and relate with rare simplicity, of a long-starved, and no doubt naturally lean Frenchman, who fell into the clutches of the Indians, but being unfit for immediate consumption, was put aside, to be fattened for a future feast. In the mean time, he made himself popular and very useful, and not increasing in fat by the cuisine of the cannibals, he was permitted to live, and, an opportunity offering, finally made his escape.

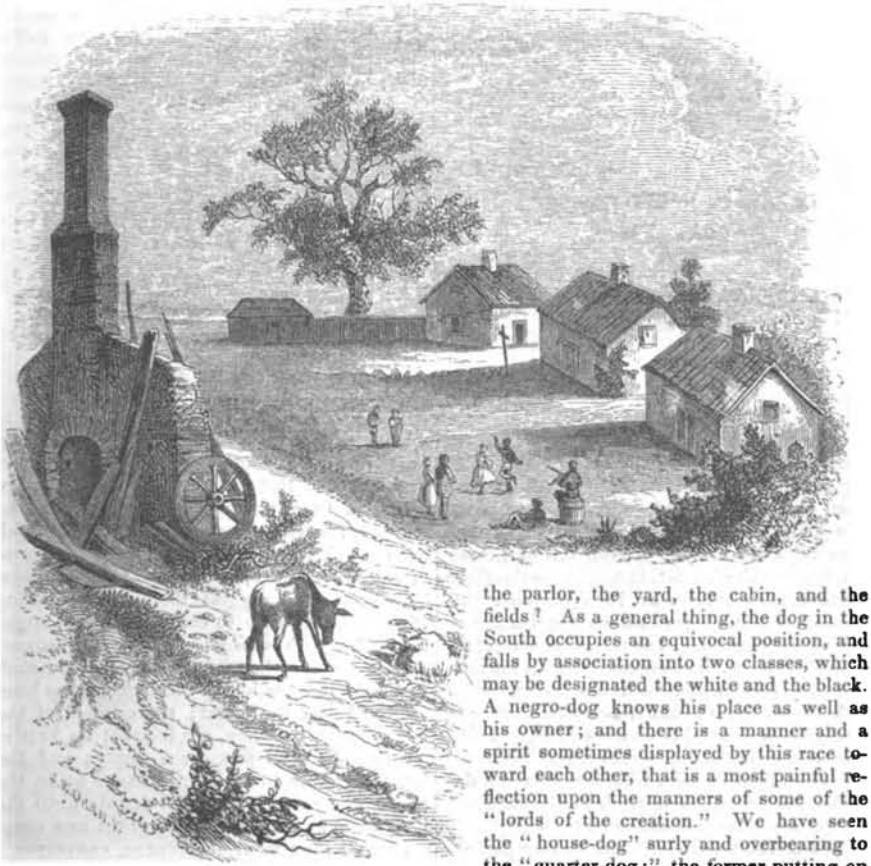
The burying-place of the Chatimeches, a neighboring tribe of the Attakappas, is still to be seen upon one of the islets of Grand Lake. Even within the memory of man, there lay undisturbed around the dead the last memento of affection deposited by the sorrow-stricken kindred. Earthen pots, cups of various kinds, and the trusty gun, mouldered untouched in the solitude. There seemed to be departed spirits that still lingered around, to punish the sacrilegious hand; but, alas! the curiosity-hunter and the phrenologist "passed by that way," and the spell was broken, and all that now remains is the *half-completed mound* of the poor Chatimeches. But there can still be seen how those curious monuments of Indian labor were raised—not, it would appear, by rapidity of construction, but in the course of long years and innumerable funeral rites. Upon the ground, within the prescribed circle, were laid the dead of the tribe, as they accumulated from the ravages of disease and the waste of wars. The space completely filled, a thin layer of earth was thrown over the deceased, and in successive years another tier of the dead accumulated, again to be covered with earth, and again to be the resting place of the Indian. In time the mound would be completed, and no doubt was left undisturbed, as the sacred resting place of the bones of the fathers of the tribe. The Chatimeches were cut off in the midst of their work; they have left a monument, the foundations only of which are visible; the only mound perhaps in such a condition that has ever been critically observed by the profane white, as he moves along, consuming nations instead of individuals in his progress, and in his work of destruction not hesitating to disturb the dead.

In digging into the ancient and completed mounds, every where to be met with in this particular section of country, there are found the remains of human bones, earthen vessels, and arrow-heads. Here we have a list of the imperishable property of the Indian. Had the Chatimeches mound, that we have alluded to, been finished by its projectors, and a century or two hence opened by some curious persons, there would have been discovered the earthen vessels; and in place of the arrow-heads, the remains of gun-barrels; which would show that the mound was erected by Indians, after they had become acquainted with the white inhabitants of the continent; thus stamping its modern character, when compared with those mounds, that existed long anterior to the discovery of America by European navigators.

PLANTATION LIFE ON THE COAST.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, which are termed by the inhabitants "the coast," may be seen the appliances of plantation life in their perfection. The stately residence rises out from among groves of lemon and orange-trees, of magnolia and live-oaks. Approaching from the

front, the walks are guarded by shrubbery of evergreen jessamines, and perpetually blooming flowers. Grouped in the rear, in strange confusion, is a crowd of out-houses; useful as kitchens, store-rooms, baths, with a school-house, and perhaps a chapel. A little farther on is the neat stable of the saddle and carriage-horses, around all of which is drawn the protecting fence, that shuts up "the residence" from the plantation. Passing beyond this magic circle, you find yourself in the broad fields devoted to the cultivation of cane; and, in the distance, you see the village known as the "quarters," formed of a number of one-story cottages, with



NEGRO QUARTERS.

the more pretending house of the overseer. In the rear of each cottage, surrounded by a rude fence, you find a garden in more or less order, according to the industrious habits of the proprietor. In all you notice that the "chicken-house" seems to be in excellent condition; its inhabitants are thrifty and well-conditioned. Above these humble inclosures, rise many tall poles, with perforated gourds suspended from the top, in which the wren, the martin, and socially-disposed birds, make a home, and gratify the kindly-disposed negro with their melody, their chattering, and their dependence upon him for protection.

But while speaking of the habitations and intelligent beings of the plantation, why should we overlook that companion of man, the dog, that in such extraordinary numbers, finds a home in the parlor, the yard, the cabin, and the fields? As a general thing, the dog in the South occupies an equivocal position, and falls by association into two classes, which may be designated the white and the black. A negro-dog knows his place as well as his owner; and there is a manner and a spirit sometimes displayed by this race toward each other, that is a most painful reflection upon the manners of some of the "lords of the creation." We have seen the "house-dog" surly and overbearing to the "quarter-dog;" the former putting on airs of superiority, and the other submitting, with the best grace possible, to offensive conduct which he dared not resent. That the dogs themselves make a distinction, there can not be a doubt; for one of them adopting a negro for his master, mixes up his fortunes and makes his home with his humble owner. The negroes are fond of dogs, and love their companionship; no litter of "nine blind puppies" was ever ruthlessly thrown into the engulfing stream by the humble African; he has his tradition characteristic of his heart, that it will bring "bad luck" thus to destroy canine infancy. The youthful planter on his part has likewise a great passion for dogs; and displays it, by frequently expending large sums for fancy importations; but excepting deer-hounds, none are really useful or much appreciated. We have seen some few packs tolerably well kept; but it is too much trouble

UNCLE POMP'S CABIN.

to keep them up, and game is too plenty in Louisiana to positively need such an expensive organization. We have been much amused when the newly-arrived setter, fresh from the hills and hollows of the North, was turned loose upon the strange alluvial soil of Louisiana, to see with what astonishment the Southern sportsman looked on as he discovered that "Carlo" did not "perform on the instant as well as represented." The poor dog, not yet off of his "sea-legs," not acquainted with his masters, not familiarized with any thing, would look about, get confused, be scolded at, and peremptorily ordered to do something, and then take to his heels, his reputation ruined—and we are all familiar with what becomes of a dog with a bad name. The truth is, the Southern planter is too much accustomed to be implicitly obeyed at the word of command, ever to have patience to humor the pets of the Northern sportsman; and the higher breeds of dogs, consequently, do not flourish; they degenerate, lose their self-esteem, and become utterly worthless; many, however, with native pride, refuse to go to the "quarters" for protection, and hang on to the skirts of gentility, preferring to be kicked and cuffed in good society, to a savage independence. Mongrel, indeed, are the dogs of a sugar estate; and, as they issue out upon some strange animal that may be passing by, there can be seen curs of every degree, and high-bred dogs of every conceivable price—some useful, some ornamental, and many worthless—but all involved in one general cry, all united by one interest.

The stables of a large plantation are among the last things visited; but they are none the less objects of curiosity to the tyro in Southern life. Here are often seen stalls for fifty, and, sometimes, a hundred mules and horses, arranged with order and an eye to convenience. The vast roof that covers these necessary appendages to a plantation, together with the granary, sheds, and a score or more of useful, but scarcely to be recollected structures, form, of themselves, a striking picture of prodigal abundance, and suggest the immense outlay of capital necessary to carry on a large sugar plantation with success.—But to the sugar-house: the crop has just been gathered; and, by the thousand wings of commerce, it has been scattered over the world; the engines of the sugar-house, therefore, are lifeless; its kettles are cold, its store-rooms are empty; and the key that opens to its interior hangs up in the master's house, where it will remain until the harvesting and manufacturing of the new crop.

PREPARATORY WORK.—DITCHING, CLEARING.

Immediately after the business of one year is closed, and the holidays are at an end, one of the first things attended to, as a commencement of the year's labor, is the clearing out of the ditches, that have become choked up by vegetation in the course of the summer and fall months. The ditches form one of the most important and expensive necessities of a sugar estate; for, with the exception of frost, standing water is the most destructive thing to cane. Rains that fall in torrents in these latitudes, not only have to be guarded against, but also the more insidious and ever-encroaching "transpiration water." To form an idea of what is meant by this term, it must be remembered that the lands on the Mississippi River are protected from annual inundation by embankments known as "levees." In the spring of the year, the Mississippi, as the conductor to the ocean of more than half the running water of the North American continent,

rises not only until its banks are full—but would, if left to itself, overflow for a season the whole lower country through which it passes. To remedy this evil, from below New Orleans and up toward the north for hundreds of miles, the river is lined by an embankment, which, in times of flood, confines its waters within its usual channel. These embankments vary from six to twelve feet in height. When the river is full, it will be noticed that there is an inconceivable pressure made by this artificial column upon the water that lies under the soil of the plantations. Consequently, there is a constant percolation up to the surface; and if this were not provided against by the most liberal and scientific method of ditching, although the sun might shine uninterruptedly for weeks, the cane crop would sicken and die, not as we have seen by the descending rains, but by the *ascending* flood that at these particular times literally boils and billows under the earth.

The highest lands upon the Mississippi River are those forming the banks; as you go inland, they gradually sink. In draining a plantation, it is customary to cut parallel ditches about two hundred feet apart, from the front to the rear of the plantation, with cross ditches every six hundred feet. This complication of artificial canals requires not only an enormous outlay of capital and occupation of valuable land, but also taxes the scientific engineer to give them their proper levels. In many instances, it is found impossible to accomplish this, and costly draining-machines have to be called into service. The voyager on the Mississippi, at the time when the river is "up," will often, in glancing over the fertile fields of the just budding cane, notice, far off in the dark moss-covered swamp, the constantly-puffing steam, that so eloquently speaks of the industry of man. There is erected the steam-engine, that in every revolution tumbles the superabundant water that is running so merrily in the ditches over the *back* levee into the swamp; the waters of which have, by the unerring laws of nature, found a level with the mighty reservoir of the "Father of Waters." The plantations and improvements are now, by many feet, lower than the wall of water that is piled up in their front and rear, and should the frail protection of the levee break, should some intrusive wave, or mischievous eddy, crumble away the rich soil that forms the embankment, the mighty flood that undisturbed or unchecked flows so noiselessly and peacefully along, obeying in its onward course so kindly the gentle checkings of human art—we say, let this flood throw one too many waves over the levee, or force one drop of water too much through its feeble walls, the barrier dissolves away, and the fountains of the great deep seem to be broken up, as they roll undisputed over the country, carrying terror and ruin, with the cry, "*The crevasse! the crevasse!*"

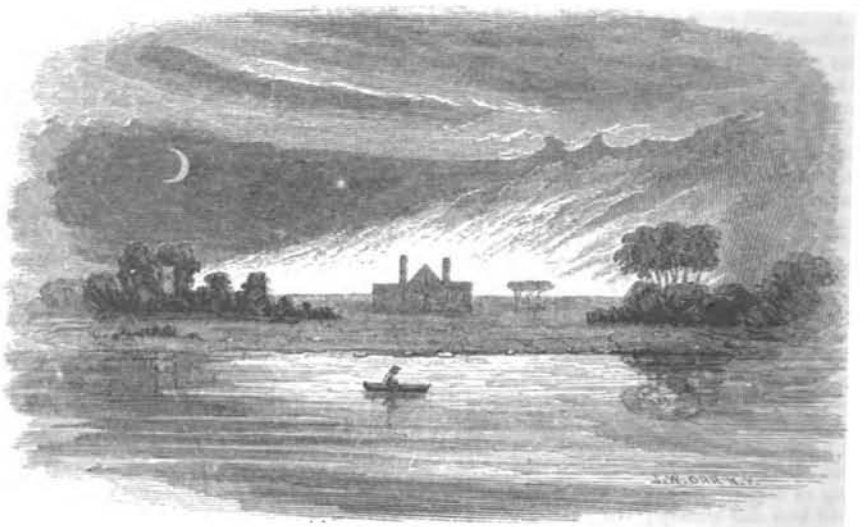
There are plantations on which within a square mile can be found from twenty to thirty miles of ditching. Often the "bayous" of the country are cleared out, and form an important natural adjunct in carrying off the surplus water, but to the labor of man is to be ascribed the making of the most formidable channels; for on some plantations can be seen a regular system of deep and carefully-constructed canals. It may be with truth said, that the industry and capital expended in Louisiana alone, to preserve the State from inundation, have erected works of internal improvement which, united, far surpass in extent, and if concentrated within the vision of a single eye, would be superior in magnificence to the renowned pyramids of Egypt.

This extensive ditching has required the labor of years to accomplish. At first very little was needed, for only the highest lands of the river were cultivated. As plantation after plantation was opened, and the levees increased, this ditching became more important—in fact, the value of the plantation for productiveness depended upon their construction. Where the "plantation force" is large, the negroes do most of this important work, and generally are able to keep all clean when once they are made. But the same hardy and improvident son of Erin that levels mountains at the North, or tunnels through their rocky hearts, that flourishing cities may be built, and railways be constructed, finds his way to the distant South; and with spade and wheelbarrow, is ever ready to move about the rich soil with an energy and ease that finds no rival except in the labors of an earthquake. Dig and delve may the Emeralder among the rocks of the everlasting hills of the North, and the monuments of his industry every where meet the eye; but it is not until the true-hearted Irishman puts his spade into the stoneless soil of lower Louisiana that digging becomes, as it were, ideal, and reaches its perfection. Here the sod and earth come up in the shapes cut by the spade; no envious and resisting pebble, even as large as the imperfect pearl that homes in the oyster, checks its way; all is smooth and glib, as if the digging were in a vast Berkshire cheese.

Never shall we forget our friend Finigan, who, upon first striking his spade into the rich alluvium, did absolutely, in the course of a few hours, dig himself out of sight, in the very exuberance of his enthusiasm. Finigan is a flourishing man now, and has raised up mementoes of his enterprise that will be as enduring as our State: he has become a "boss contractor" to ditch and levee; and I never see him now without, in spite of his new dignity, thinking of those terrible animals described by geologists, that had their head and feet shaped expressly to burrow in the ground, enabling them to turn up the tap-roots of the mighty oaks and cedars for food, with all the ease that a gardener would a radish. It was but recently that we met Finigan; he was contemplating a just completed "draining canal" upon one of our largest plantations. This canal was more than a mile long, ten feet deep, and fifteen wide, and could have been no more perfect in its square sides,

even if it had been the product of crystallization. While admiring this stupendous work, Finigan asked us what we thought was the most beautiful thing in nature. While hesitating to reply, he answered his own question, by saying he thought a "straight ditch was;" and we could add, if a straight ditch was not the handsomest thing in nature, it is to the planter, at least, one of the most useful things in Louisiana.

While the labor of cleaning out the ditches is going on, which is performed by the most robust of the negroes, another "gang" has been preparing the fields for the plow. When the cane of the "last year's crop" was being cut for the mill, it was stripped of its abundant leaves, and those joints not ripe were cut off. These leaves and cane-tops really form a large proportion of the gross vegetation of the annual product of the soil, and spread out upon the ground, cover it with a thick mat of slowly-decaying vegetation. This "trash" has answered one purpose—it has protected the "stubble," or roots, from the inclement weather of the winter months, but now the spring has come, the danger of frost has passed away, the ground must be prepared for a new crop, and the withering and drying "trash" must be removed from the surface of the soil. Some few planters, distinguished for their success in their pursuits, plant their cane rows ten feet apart, and plow the "trash" under the earth in the centre of the rows, where it is left to decay into a rich compost, to be used at a following spring, but generally it is set on fire as the least troublesome process of getting it out of the way. Of the improvidence of this method of "cleaning up" a cane-field, much has been said; but so long as the present system of cultivation is kept up and the soil shows no immediate injury, so long, we fear, will it be continued.



BURNING THE TRASH.

Of all the preparations that usher in the planting of a new crop, these fires from the burning trash form one of the most picturesque features. Generally lighted at night, the horizon will frequently be illuminated for miles; and as the steamers ply upon the Mississippi, the traveler is struck with the novelty, and with the splendor that every where meets his view. The rolling clouds and the ascending moon are tinged with red, the low landscape assumes mysterious forms, and at every bend in the river some unthought-of novelty strikes the eye.

PLANTING AND CULTIVATING THE CANE.

The ground once cleared of "trash," it is now ready for the plow. A sugar-cane field is sometimes a mile or more in extent, and but for the constant succession of side and cross-ditches, the furrows would run entirely across the field. As it is, they are frequently very long, and made with great precision by the skillful plowman. The field well tilled and harrowed, the furrows are run from six to ten feet apart, according to the notions of the planter. In the furrow, the cane preserved in the "matlays" is laid in two or three parallel lines, and well lapped, so that there will be little danger of not having a "good stand," for it must be remembered that from every joint of the matured cane there comes, if the eye be uninjured, a plant.

The "seed-cane" once deposited in its place, it is covered with earth from three to four inches deep, according to the season; if it is early, and cold may be expected, it is better protected than when the genial sun of spring has already commenced its vivifying influences.

WORKING THE CROP.

Nine months from the time that it is planted are required in Louisiana to ripen the cane. Upon its first appearance, it gives indication of strength; there is a dark green about the leaf

and a fibrous texture that instantly shows its nature. As it advances in strength, the most careful cultivation is required to keep it free from the weeds that grow so luxuriantly in the surrounding and recently-disturbed soil. Gradually, the once dark and charred fields at a distance, begin to assume a glow of green, and as the cane advances the plow and hoe are used in throwing soil upon the roots to protect them from the heat and drought of the midsummer months, while the leaves are still too delicate to afford a shade.

Difficult, indeed, would it be to give an idea of the labor necessary to complete the crops. The rain and the drought, the cold and the heat, all have to be guarded against. From the time the cane is put in the ground it is the source of constant anxiety. At first slow of growth, the rich soil in which it is hidden, turned up by the plow, revels with rank and quick-growing weeds and grasses, which if not subdued by the most patient industry, would soon choke up and destroy the just planted cane. It is therefore by a repetition of plowing and hoeing from day to day that the tender plant is absolutely nursed; —if it is cold, the earth is placed over the roots to keep them warm; if it rains, and the falling torrent has beaten down the sod, the plow is at hand to break up its compactness; if the water stands in the furrows, they are deepened, that it may run off. At least every two weeks, for nearly half the year, every part of the cane-field is wrought over until it possesses a garden-like neatness that commands the admiration of the person most indifferent to agricultural pursuits. As the season advances, the cane slowly but surely increases in size, and steadily enlarges its leaves, and increases their number, until they cast their own shade about their roots, and thus absorb the whole effects of the life-fostering sun that had previously awakened into existence so many troublesome and noxious weeds; and thus the hand of man becomes daily less and less necessary for the protection of the cane. Soon it takes entire possession of the surrounding earth, and flourishes without a rival in the field.

But before this is accomplished who but the interested husbandman can judge of the anxious hours that have been caused by each change of the season, or the varied temperature of the fleeting day! All that was favorable or unfavorable has been noticed, and amid the multiplicity of his cares he feels that—

> "The planter's labor in a round revolves;
> Ends with the year, and with the year begins."

But unseen influences are ever at work in the earth and the air to aid him in his pursuits, and at the close of each year he finds, that Providence has rewarded his industry, and that his storehouses are full.

The "growing crop" in Louisiana consists of three kinds of cane: the first is technically called "plant cane," and is that which springs directly from the "seed cane;" the second is called "rattoon," which is the growth from the roots of the previous year's plant cane; the third is called "stubble," which is the growth from the roots of the rattoon cane. In Cuba and the other West India Islands there are but two kinds of growing cane, the plant and the rattoon, for the latter named never becomes "stubble," by degenerating, as in Louisiana.

In going through a cane-field, you can readily discover the different growths. The plant cane is tall and vigorous, and has all the appearance of a new vegetation; the rattoon is more compact in its appearance, the stalk is smaller than that of the plant, there is an evident deterioration; still the joints are juicy, and perhaps what they lose in size, they may, in a great degree, make up in the superior strength of their saccharine secretions. The stubble is still smaller, and the stand only indifferently good; it seems to the unsophisticated as if a blight had passed over it. This rapid deterioration of the growth of the cane from the plant to the rattoon, will explain why it is necessary, in Louisiana, that *one-fifth of the crop* be returned to the soil for reproduction, and gives a startling idea of the superior remuneration of the climate of Cuba and the neighboring West India Islands; for in these islands the plant growing almost spontaneously, it is only necessary to manufacture the sugar from the cane juice, the care of cultivation, and providing of seed, being unimportant items. Taking the sugar crop of Louisiana to be three hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads, and each hogshead weighing one thousand pounds, it will be seen that sugar cane is returned to the ground as seed, that would produce the enormous amount of *seventy thousand* hogsheads of sugar; and this is lost to the State by the disadvantages of climate alone, for the soil of Louisiana is superior to any other portion of the world. But for this necessity of replanting, Louisiana would stand unrivaled in the production of sugar. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that only American industry and American ingenuity could have made, under the circumstances, the production of sugar in Louisiana an interest of vast commercial importance.

In the latter part of June, or by the middle of July, the cane has attained a strength and luxuriance that enables it to "take care of itself." The rapidly spreading leaves cast a dark shade upon the ground, that effectually prevents the growth of weeds, and, to use the expressive language of the agriculturist, the crop is "laid by."

PREPARATIONS FOR SUGAR-MAKING.

Now commence new and more heterogeneous labors. The mules, worked down by plowing, are turned loose to rest and recover their strength, to meet the heavy work of hauling in the fall, the perfected crop to the sugar house. The negroes are divided into "gangs," some to be employed in gathering "fodder," some to secure the crop of corn, now ripe and ready for the granary, some to manufacture bricks, while

the sturdier hands are busily employed in cutting wood.

The amount of fuel consumed in the production of sugar is enormous. Three cords are on an average necessary for the manufacture of a hogshead of sugar, of the usual weight of one thousand pounds Ten years ago, five cords were necessary for the manufacture of a hogshead, but the improvements in the "setting of kettles" has lessened the number of cords needed nearly one half. This wood will readily sell to the steamboats throughout the sugar region of Louisiana for three dollars per cord, consequently each thousand hogsheads of sugar costs nine thousand dollars in its manufacture for wood alone.

As may be imagined, the primitive forests are rapidly disappearing before this consumption, and already many large plantations are lessened in value, because they have little or no timber left upon them. In Cuba, the *bégasse*, or the remains of the cane after it has been ground in the mill, is quite sufficient as fuel to make the crop; but in Louisiana this vegetable matter is destroyed. The *bégasse* is a spongy fibrous mass, composed of the crushed pith and outside covering of the sugar cane. It absorbs water from the atmosphere, and is very difficult to dry. Various ingenious expedients have been resorted to, to make this vast refuse of the crop, as in Cuba, useful for the purposes of fuel, but none, we believe, have been successful. In Cuba and the West India Islands, the dry weather continues for months without the exception of a single wet day; consequently, the *bégasse* is thrown out in the open air, and under a tropical sun soon becomes as dry as tinder, and burns under the sugar kettles with a vehemence that defies competition. In Louisiana, the climate is damp, and in the fall showery, and the *bégasse*, in the open air, so far from drying, absolutely becomes more incombustible from wet, than when it is first brought from the mill. The necessity of economy in fuel is every where acknowledged, and ingenious men are endeavoring to invent machinery for rapidly drying the *bégasse* by artificial means, so as to render it fit for immediate use; but up to the present time this grand object has not been accomplished, and the *bégasse* still remains a mass of vegetable matter, not only of no use to the planter, but absolutely causing considerable expense in order to get it out of the way.

The various buildings necessary upon every plantation for the manufacture of cane juice into sugar, differ in costliness according to the means of the planter, and the demands of the estate on which they are needed. Generally they are placed midway between the river and the forests in the rear of the plantation. This is done to divide up as much as possible the distance that must be traversed in hauling the wood from "the swamps," the cane from the fields, and the crop to the river for shipment. Within the last few years the improvements introduced in the appearance of the sugar house are very apparent. Some of them now have, on the outside, quite an imposing appearance.

The introduction of steam engines not only changed the architectural appearance of the sugar house, but, no doubt, saved the sugar crop to the State as an important staple. Under the operation of grinding with horses, portions of the crop are lost, from the imperfect manner in which the cane is ground, and also for want of expedition, for the process is so slow, that before a large crop could be ground, a portion of the cane would be found in the field injured by the frost. There are nearly fifteen hundred sugar plantations in Louisiana, one-third of which have "horse-mills," but it is considered profitable to go to the expense of steam, when the produce of the plantation is one hundred hogsheads or upward.

On every plantation the sugar house is one of the most prominent objects. It would be impossible to give a correct idea of the immense amount of money lavished upon these adjuncts to the sugar estate, not only for things acknowledged to be useful and positively necessary, but more particularly for apparatus to be used in the manufacture of the crop. Hundreds of thousands of dollars annually find their way to the coffers of the Northern artisan, in return for his skillful labor in endeavors to improve upon the machinery used in the crystallization of sugar, and so willing are the spirited planters to beautify and adorn their sugar houses, that mills and engines are now erected, that in elaborate workmanship seem rather for ornament than for use. The cheapest sugar house that can be erected, costs at least twelve thousand dollars. Twice that sum will build the house and purchase the machinery for the best class of plantations, that make the common brown or muscavado sugar: such a house as we intend particularly to describe.

Many of the largest plantations in the State are properly "refineries," for they have the means, not only for producing white or refined sugar directly from the cane juice, but occupy a portion of the year in "working over" the brown sugars made on other plantations. Eminent among these large estates is one in the parish of St. James, and the particulars relating to it will not prove, perhaps, uninteresting to the reader.

REFINERY AND PLANTATION OF ST. JAMES.

The tract of land connected with this estate, contains nine thousand acres, one thousand five hundred of which are under cultivation, and divided as follows: eight hundred acres in cane; two hundred and ninety-four acres in corn; one hundred and fifty acres cultivated by the negroes for their own use; ten acres in olives; the remainder of the fifteen hundred acres alluded to as under cultivation, is taken up by potatoes, building lots, pasturage, and gardens: the remainder of the nine thousand acres is in forest, from which is taken the fuel consumed in manufacturing and refining, and

the timber for the casks used in packing the sugar for market.

The buildings consist of the proprietor's dwelling and out-houses—twenty-four negro houses with verandahs in front; each cabin is forty feet square, and contains four rooms, and each cabin has a garden and fowl-house attached—a hospital sixty-four feet square, containing seven rooms, and an immense verandah—a nursery fifty feet square, store-houses, overseer's or manager's house, stables containing one hundred stalls, two wood houses, each four hundred feet long by one hundred wide, one sugar house five hundred and seventy feet long, by seventy-five feet wide, thirty-four feet high between the floor and ceiling, and a "double saw-mill."

The machinery consists of steam saw-mills and pumping-engine at the river for supplying the sugar house with water, steam-engine of eighty horse-power, and sugar-mill for grinding cane, engines, vacuum-pans, and a complete apparatus for making and refining twenty-five thousand pounds of sugar every twenty-four hours direct from the cane-juice, and doing this entirely by steam.

The stock upon the plantation consists of sixty-four mules, twelve horses, sixteen oxen, one hundred and forty-five sheep, eighty head of cows and "beeves," two hundred and fifteen slaves—among which are one hundred and seven field hands, two coopers, one blacksmith, two engineers, four carpenters, twenty house-servants, four nurses, eleven old men and women that attend to the stables, and sixty-four children under five years of age.

The cash expenses of this estate are twenty thousand dollars annually, paid to managers, sugar-makers, engineers, and for food and clothing for the negroes, and repairs of machinery and buildings. The weekly rations of each negro are five and a half pounds of mess-pork, best quality, with as much meal and potatoes as they choose to take—in addition to which every one has his pigs and his poultry; for all adults have not only the chicken-yard, but also their garden, which they are obliged to cultivate for their own benefit—the surplus of vegetables and poultry being purchased by their master, and paid for in gold and silver, and amounted, in the year just past, to one thousand five hundred and sixty dollars—this sum not including the money obtained by sales of poultry, pigs, eggs, and fruits, to chance customers. In addition still, the negroes annually receive two suits of clothes, two pairs of shoes, a blanket, and hat.

The value of the estate of St. James, and of its productions for the year 1852, are as follows:

VALUE OF THE ESTATE.

Land: 9000 acres, at $40	$360,000
Buildings	100,000
Machinery	50,000
Slaves	170,000
Stock	11,000
Total	$701,000

PRODUCTIONS OF THE ESTATE IN 1852.

Sugar: 1,300,000 lbs., at 6 cts.,	$78,000	
Syrup: 60,000 gallons, at 35 cts.,	21,600	
		99,600
Corn: 9000 barrels for consumption on the estate; wood: 3000 cords for the engine-house. Estimated value		$14,400
Total products of the estate,		$114,000

This plantation shows the average production of the best class of sugar estates in Louisiana, the largest of which, in 1852, yielded a revenue of one hundred and fifty-two thousand and fifty dollars; but these estates increase the value of their products, by the aid of costly machinery, not used on the ordinary plantations.

And here, it is perhaps pertinent to remark upon the natural dependence of one portion of the Union upon another, as illustrated by the distribution of a large portion of the income of this particular plantation. The bricks and timber of the immense sugar-house, we have noticed, are of home growth and manufacture; but these crude materials form only an unimportant item in the gross expense. The mill, the steam-engines, the complicated vacuum-pans, the bone-black, the wrought iron moulds, the iron of the railway, the mules, the wagons, the carts, the food, the clothing for an army of negroes, and the ten thousand not recollected but expensive items, are all produced at the North and West; and hundreds of families in those distant portions of the country are just as dependent for their living as the planter himself upon the successful cultivation of the sugar-cane crop.

SUGAR-MAKING.

The sugar-house, which boils in "open kettles," is the one generally met with throughout the State, and the sugars thus produced are in the most universal use. There can not be a doubt that good brown sugar is sweeter than any other, and that the process which it goes through to deprive it of its dark color also takes from it some of its intrinsic qualities. Some profess to make a distinction between saccharine and sweet; and say that in one sugar the sweet predominates; in another, the saccharine. The Chinese make the fanciful distinction of male and female sugar—the former being most saccharine, the latter most sweet. That there is a perceptible difference in the taste of sugars can not be denied; and perhaps it is true that raw or brown sugar is most sweet, and refined sugar the most saccharine. The marked differences in sugar are no doubt owing, in some degree, to the soil and to the season, but more particularly to the consequences resulting from successful and unsuccessful manufacture. The Louisiana planters, beyond any others in the world, have been most successful in crystallizing sugar direct from the cane-juice; and we have therefore, in their method, the most perfect examples that can be given of the primitive, and, if you please, the natural way of producing sugar.

The preparations for "grinding"—the term

generally used when speaking of manufacturing the crop, are the preliminaries of a busy but happy season. The cultivation of the cane, that has consumed the hard labor of nearly a year, has become tedious; and master and servant greet with gratification a change from a severe routine to a rush of work that may be said hourly to yield the most satisfactory evidence of remuneration. The season of harvesting approaches, and who does not rejoice? The sugar house is thoroughly examined, and each ramification, or department, undergoes a rigid scrutiny. The kettles, it is discovered at the eleventh hour, need many repairs in their setting; the engine wants several screws; the mill is out of order; the coolers have opened their seams; the purgery wants cementing; the hogsheads are not all made; and the poor planter finds that the work of the leisure hours of summer is now crowded into a few already too much occupied days. Every thing is hurry and bustle; and the negroes, suddenly rising in importance by the multifarious demands made upon them, seem to shine with an extra polish as they pursue their allotted tasks. The day "to begin" has been named, but it is deferred to another "set time" that proves to be inconvenient, because the cane-wagons are not ready, and the harness needs repairs; and so continues a chapter of annoyances which is only by extra exertion brought to an end.

And now may be seen the field-hands, armed with huge knives, entering the harvest field. The cane is in the perfection of its beauty, and snaps and rattles its wiry-textured leaves, as if they were ribbons, and towers over the head of the overseer as he rides between the rows on his good-sized horse. Suddenly, you perceive an unusual motion among the foliage —a crackling noise, a blow—and the long rows of growing vegetation are broken, and every moment it disappears under the operation of the knife. The cane is stripped by the negroes of its leaves, decapitated of its unripe joints, and cut off from the root with a rapidity of execution that is almost marvelous. The stalks lie

GATHERING THE CANE.

scattered along on the ground, soon to be gathered up and placed in the cane-wagons which, with their four gigantic mule-teams, have just come rattling on to the scene of action with a noise and manner that would do honor to a park of flying artillery.

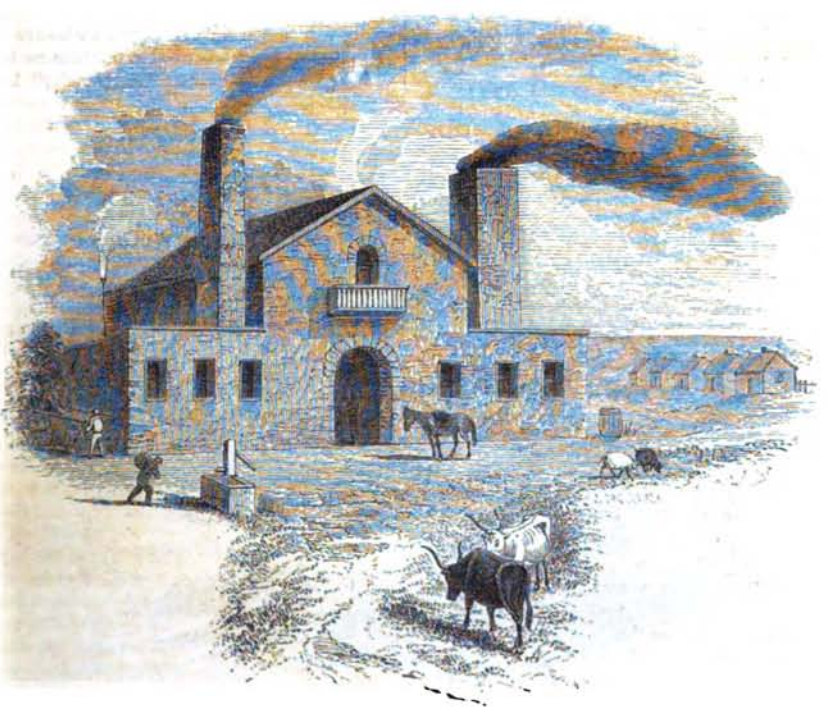
We have already alluded to the fact that the sugar crop has to be gathered in Louisiana within ninety days, or else it will be destroyed by the cold; as a consequence, from the moment the first blow is struck, every thing is inspired with energy. The teams, the negroes, the vegetation, the very air, in fact, that has been for months dragging out a quiescent existence, as if the only object of life was to consume time, now start as if touched by fire. The negro becomes supple, the mules throw up their heads and paw the earth with impatience, the sluggish air frolics in swift currents and threatening storms, while the once silent sugar house is open, windows and doors. The carrier shed is full of children and women, the tall chimneys are belching out smoke, and the huge engine, as if waking from a benumbing nap, has stretched out its long arms, given one long-drawn respiration, and is alive.

In the mean while the cut cane is accumulating in the carrier shed; it rises up in huge masses on every side. Enough "to commence" is obtained, and the steam-pipe whistles shrilly, the lumbering carrier moves, the cane is tumbled between the rollers and ground up, its saccharine juice in breaking jets runs merrily into the receiver. The furnace fires now send forth a cloud of smoke, and by the time night sets in the sugar house is literally in a blaze.

> "While flame the chimneys, while the coppers foam,
> How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles."

The planter now becomes indifferent to sleep or rest, and often spends a large portion of the night in visiting the different departments of the busy scene, noticing the working of the engine and the mill, but more particularly he hangs over the kettles, to see what the newly-expressed juice promises. As is always the case with that from cane first cut from the fields, it yields only indifferently well, and it seems as if a "strike" would never be made.

The "taking off the crop" has now fairly commenced, and for sixty or ninety days all is hurry and bustle. From morn to night, and night to morn, the unfeeling and powerful steam engine seems to drag along with its untiring industry all within its influence, and man and beast must be alike insensible to fatigue. Strange as it may appear, under this severe tax every thing thrives; there is something about the season, the peculiar labor, and the constant indulgence in eating the juice of the cane, that produces unwonted health, and consequently the highest flow of animal spirits. But the planter is not exempt from his misfortunes, and they seem sometimes to accumulate at this critical period. The sugar maker does not succeed in



SUGAR HOUSE IN FULL BLAST.

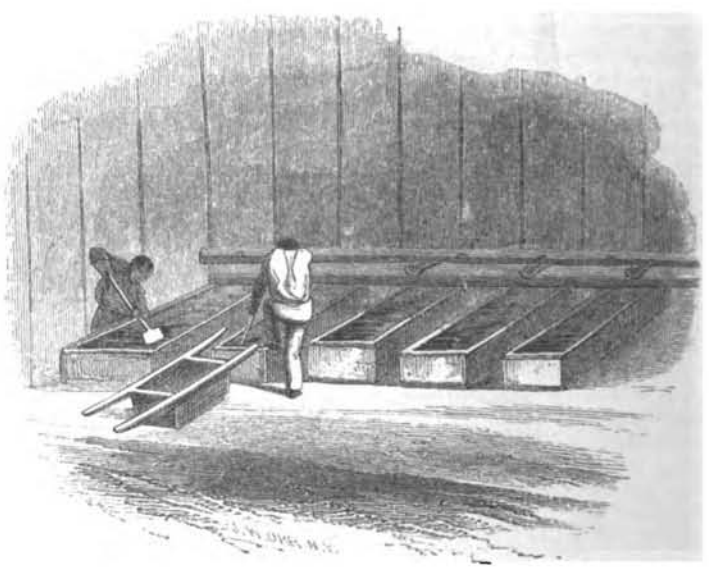
producing "the staple" of a favorite color and proper grain; an unusual quantity of cane passes through the rollers for the amount of sugar known to be in the coolers. Frequently the immense pressure brought upon the mill breaks it asunder, and as there is no place nearer than New Orleans in which to get repairs, a delay is the consequence, harassing in the extreme. The "invalid roller" is tumbled down to the levee, and as the regular "coasting packet" comes along, the experienced eye of the captain detects, by the anxious group ashore, that something has gone wrong at the sugar house. There are the negroes rushing up and down, hallooing and waving their arms for signals, long after the announcement is made that the boat will make the landing. Then the planter, with his working clothes on, paces up and down the levee, his hands thrust in his pockets, his mouth grim, while he speculates upon his extraordinary "bad, bad luck," when compared with his neighbors and "the rest of mankind."

But the sugar house has other scenes: frequently there are pleasant apartments fitted up for "the family," and the socialities of life are displayed in the most delightful manner; the amenities of high civilization and out-door living blend in beautiful harmony. Here, amid the bustle, the family meal is taken, and every appetite is increased by the bracing air of a Southern winter. The invalid, white or black, that has long been confined to the sick bed, hastens to the sugar house, and in the rarefied air and sweetened steam that pervades a portion of the building, finds a balm for the pains in the chest, and a relief to the distressing cough. The bloom of health not only deepens upon those who already possess it, but revives upon the faded cheek.

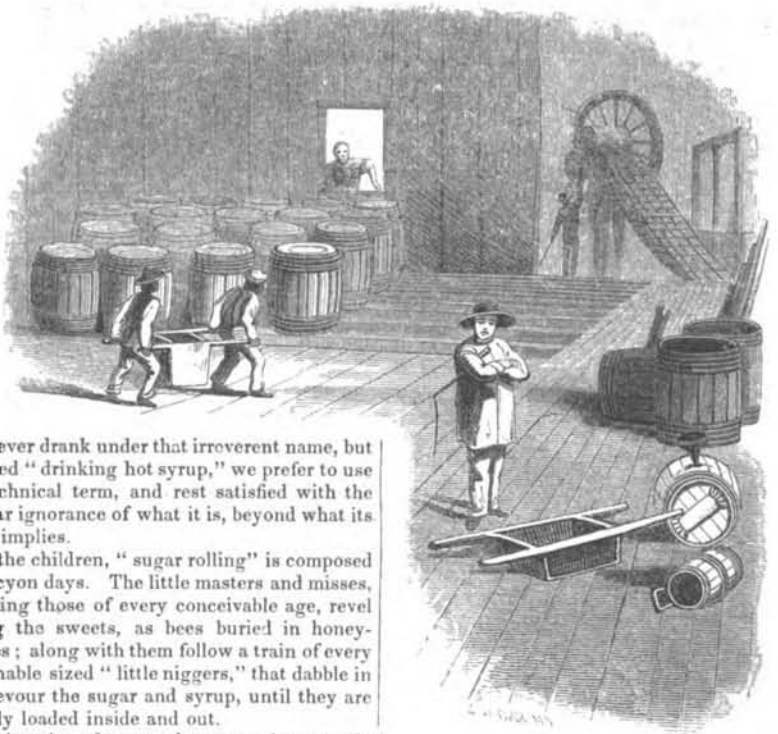
The healthful influence of the "boiling season" upon the sick and debilitated of the sugar plantation, and the invigorating qualities of the cane juice upon all who drink it from the kettles, or extract it themselves from the plant, has often been noticed and taken advantage of. Grainger, the rural poet of Basseterre, near a century ago, thus apostrophizes:

> "While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
> Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each morn,
> But chief the sick and young at setting day,
> Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts
> Of tepid nectar; so shall health and strength
> Confirm thy negroes, and make labor light."

As the medicinal qualities of the steam arising from the sugar kettles, and the use of the hot syrup as a drink for invalids, are beginning to attract the speculative attention of some eminent practitioners, we should perhaps be remiss if we did not mention a favorite sugar house beverage, very much in demand by those who, from all external appearance, seem to be anything but victims of pulmonary complaints. A tumbler of cane juice, partially boiled down to the crystallizing point, is well "tempered with French brandy"—such is the term used—and drank with great precipitation, and is generally not considered unnecessary or unpalatable by gentlemen visitors. There are some persons, however, who are obliged to add to this novel libation some of the acid from the innumerable sour oranges that load the trees in the neighborhood of the sugar house. Persons who are good judges have pronounced this mixture as being nothing more or less than "hot punch;" but as



SYRUP COOLERS.



THE PURGERY.

it is never drank under that irreverent name, but is called "drinking hot syrup," we prefer to use the technical term, and rest satisfied with the popular ignorance of what it is, beyond what its name implies.

To the children, "sugar rolling" is composed of halcyon days. The little masters and misses, including those of every conceivable age, revel among the sweets, as bees buried in honeysuckles; along with them follow a train of every imaginable sized "little niggers," that dabble in and devour the sugar and syrup, until they are literally loaded inside and out.

The interior of a sugar house can be properly divided into the "cooler room," the "purgery," the place for the kettles, and the mill. These differently named places and things are all connected together, so that the cane juice from the mill runs through provided gutters into the receiver that supplies the kettles; the cane juice, by the power of heat brought to the point of crystallization, is thrown into the "coolers," from which coolers it is removed into the "purgery," where it is, as sugar, placed in hogsheads, and allowed to drain of its molasses, or imperfectly crystallized cane juice; from the "purgery" it comes out the article of commerce and domestic use so familiar to all.

The "coolers" are troughs from ten to twelve feet in length, a foot and a half deep, and four feet wide. They are arranged in lines parallel to each other, yet wide enough apart to admit of a laborer going between them. These coolers hold, when conveniently full, from a hogshead to a hogshead and a half of sugar.

The "purgery" consists of a long room, generally one of the wings of the sugar house, at the bottom of which, in the place of a floor, is a hydraulic cement cistern, about four feet deep. Over this cistern are laid strong timbers, on which the hogsheads rest when they are being filled from the coolers. At the bottom of the hogsheads are holes, out of which the molasses drains into the cistern.

The mill used in grinding sugar cane consists generally of three iron rollers, of two feet and a half in diameter and five feet in length. They are placed about five-sixteenths of an inch apart, and are capable of sustaining an immense outward pressure as the cane passes between them. A stalk of sugar cane is heavy and compact, and has a great deal of strong vegetable conformation about it, but let it pass between the rollers of the mill, and it comes out crushed into fragments—literally ground into dust and ribbons. This mill is placed at some considerable height from the ground, so that the expressed cane juice, as it flows from it, will readily run down to the kettles.

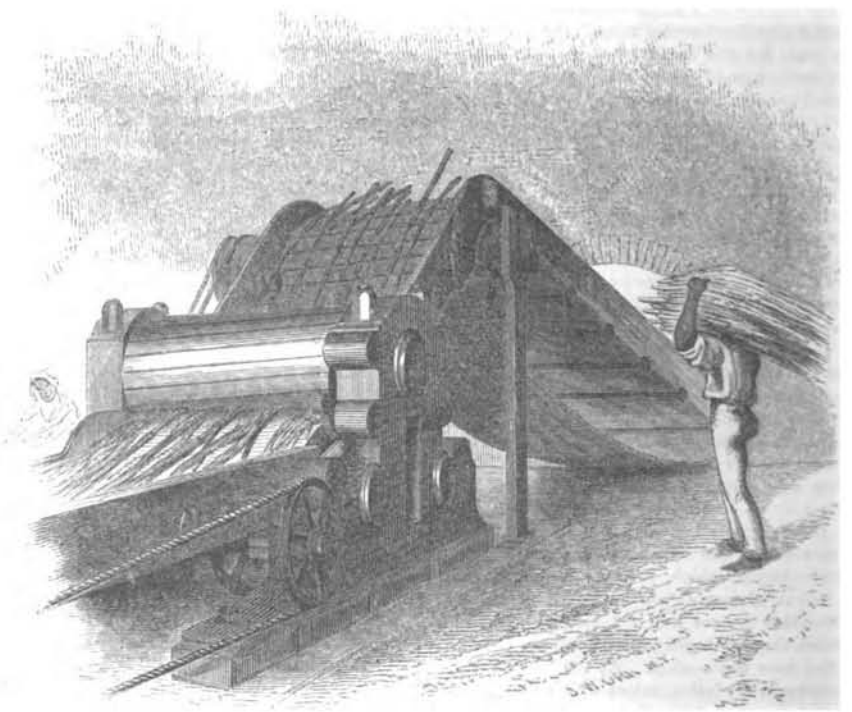
Attached to the mill is an ingenious contrivance known as the "carrier." This consists of a never-ending band, about three feet wide, made of chains and cross bars of wood, that runs upon rollers, and is used to bring the cane from the outside of the building up and into the mill. The carrier generally reaches a considerable length beyond the walls of the sugar house, and, as the grinding goes on, is fed with cane by the women and children appointed for that purpose. The primitive method of supplying the mill with cane was for the negroes to "carry" it by armfuls, which is still the general custom in Cuba and in the West India Islands. But on the introduction of steam, power was easily obtained, and machinery was soon brought to relieve the la-

borer of this then most unpleasant duty. Now the cane is placed upon the carrier, at a long distance from the mill; it is arranged in parallel lines, as upon a table, and moves quietly to its place of destination. The steam engine, that is the motive power of this machinery, is too familiar to need a notice from us.

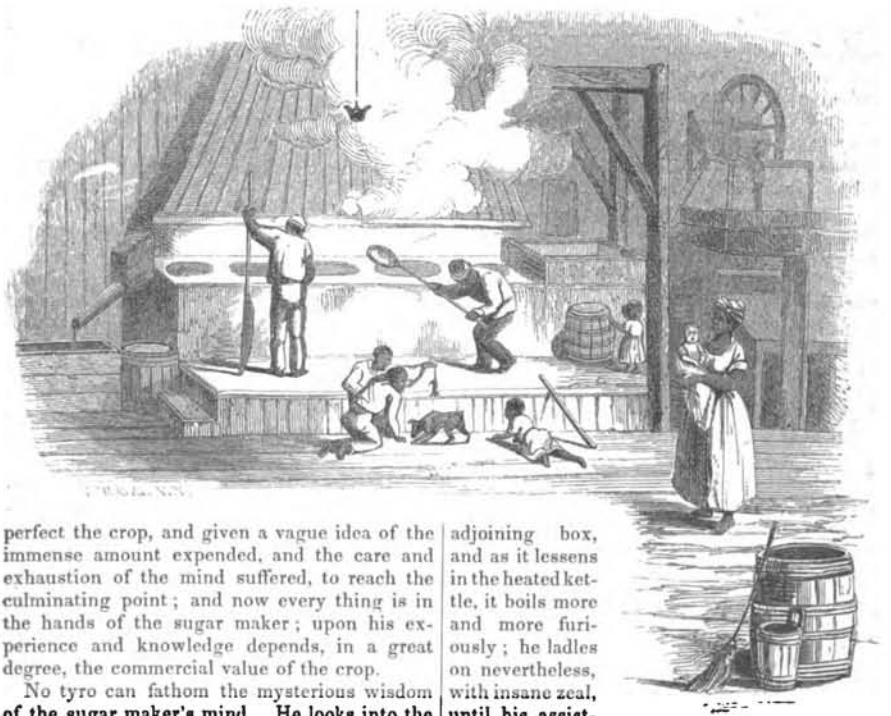
A "set of kettles" consists of five deep evaporating cast or wrought iron kettles, arranged in solid masonry, so that they set in a line, with their tops all upon the same level. Underneath these kettles is a furnace, the mouth of which is outside of the building. The furnace is so arranged that the flame from the burning wood passes, in its progress to the chimney, under each kettle. Sugar makers have given to these several kettles distinct names, as follows: the *batterie*, the *sirop*, the *flambeau*, the *propre*, the *grande*. Each of these boilers enlarges progressively, from the *batterie* to the *grande*.

As the sugar cane juice flows from the mill, it runs into a large wooden reservoir, that connects by a cock with the *grande*. At the commencement of making sugar, every kettle is filled with juice, the fire in the mean time has been lighted, and it soon gives out an intense heat. The concentration of flame is under the *batterie*, for this kettle is situated directly over the mouth of the furnace. As soon as the juice begins to boil, there rises to the top a vast amount of woody fibre, and other foreign substances, not before observable, and the attendants commence, with a large wooden sword, to sweep off the scum of the kettles, from the *batterie* toward the *grande*. In this way, the whole line is purified. As might be presumed, evaporation takes place most rapidly at the *batterie*; consequently, while the dirt that gathers on the top of the foaming kettles is swept by the sword to the *right*, the ladle is used to bring the concentrating juice to the *left*, so as to keep every kettle full. Directly over the boiling kettles is what is termed the steam chimney, through which passes the vapor that rises from the rapidly evaporating cane juice. As can be readily perceived, the concentrating of the saccharine liquid by heat, requires that the several kettles should be constantly replenished, and it is done as follows: the mill fills the reservoir, the reservoir the *grande*, the grand the *propre*, and so on, the liquor passing from one kettle to another, until the *batterie* receives the concentrated juice of three or four charges of the *grande*, after it had passed necessarily through all the named vessels of the entire "set," and had been "tempered" and "skimmed" as much as the process would permit.

At the *batterie* stands the "sugar maker," the important functionary, for the time being, of the sugar plantation. His commands, be he as black as midnight, are attended to with a unquestioning punctuality that shows how much is dependent upon his skill. We have gone through the details of the labor necessary to



SUGAR MILL.



INTERIOR OF SUGAR HOUSE.

perfect the crop, and given a vague idea of the immense amount expended, and the care and exhaustion of the mind suffered, to reach the culminating point; and now every thing is in the hands of the sugar maker; upon his experience and knowledge depends, in a great degree, the commercial value of the crop.

No tyro can fathom the mysterious wisdom of the sugar maker's mind. He looks into the *batterie*, but sees more than is accorded to the vision of the uninitiated. The dark tumbling mass of liquid sweet, appeals to his judgment in every throe it heaves from its bosom; a large and ominous bubble will perhaps fill him with dismay; if the mass settles down into quietude, he will yell frantically to the old Argus at the furnace, to "throw in more wood;" perhaps the liquid will then dance and frolic, and whiten and coquette, and then comes over the face of the sugar maker a grim smile of satisfaction, as he, with his wooden spatula, beats down and breaks the bubbles, that might otherwise rise too high. Now also the sugar maker observes the syrup as it cools upon his ladle, and also sees if it will string into threads, for the critical moment is approaching, the "strike" is at hand.

We forgot to say that at the head of the sugar kettles, there was a square box that communicates by movable troughs with all the coolers. The moment the contents of the *batterie* indicate that it must soon be thrown off, which cooler is to receive it is decided upon, and arrangements are made accordingly.

The sugar maker, now armed with an immense ladle, fastened on the end of a long handle, holds it suspended over the *batterie;* the sugar maker's assistant, likewise prepared, holds his ladle over the *sirop*, or second kettle. The moment the *strike* is ready, the sugar maker's object is to get the liquid as quickly as possible out of the *batterie*. Over he throws it into the adjoining box, and as it lessens in the heated kettle, it boils more and more furiously; he ladles on nevertheless, with insane zeal, until his assistant, seeing what remains in the *batterie* would be destroyed by the glowing heat, tumbles over the displaced quantity from the *sirop*, which is in turn replenished from the *flambeau*, the *flambeau* from the *propre*, the *propre* from the *grande*, and the *grande* from the juice boxes or receivers connected with the mill, and then the work goes on to complete another "strike."

The hot liquor from the *batterie* has, in the mean time, pursued its way along the troughs, and distributed itself over the cooler, where, presenting a large surface to the surrounding air, you can see it crystallizing under your gaze, and taking upon itself the familiar form of brown or muscovado sugar.

At stated times the *coolers* are emptied of their contents; stout negroes are appointed to do what is termed, "potting the sugar," which means, carrying it to the hogsheads, which are, as we have already stated, setting upon timbers over the *purgery*. The contents of the coolers form a mass, more or less a mixture of sugar and molasses. If you strike a spade into the centre of a well filled cooler, and remove a portion of its contents, you will see the opening gradually fill up with a rich fluid, that seems to exude from every part of the wounded mass; this fluid is denominated the *bleedings*, and contains, no doubt, much of the imperfectly crystallized sugar, that never finds its way into the molasses. The sugar thrown into the hogs-

heads, settles down, and becomes thoroughly cool. If the weather in which it has been made was favorable, and the cane was thoroughly ripe, very little drainage, comparatively, takes place; but if the cane were green, the sugar maker inexperienced, or the plant the least touched with frost, these sad truths can be learned by the increasing volume of molasses that is found in the cisterns of the *purgery*, and the planter, in the bitterness of his heart, finds out that he is making an immense amount of molasses, when his energies have been directed only to produce a crop of sugar.

To remedy the defects of sugar making, has called into action the first order of minds, and consumed an almost unlimited amount of money. There are no less than eight different methods of sugar making by machinery, carried on in Louisiana, the object of each of which seems to be, to procure the product without the adulteration or mixture with any foreign substance. The method of sugar making that we have described is the simplest and the most primitive, it is really, simply boiling the juice of the cane down, until all the water in it is evaporated, and then letting it *cool* into sugar. But it is noticeable, that the manner is necessarily very imperfect. The moment that the cane juice has been brought by heat to the point of granulation, it should instantly be transferred to the *coolers*. The most expert sugar maker can not always judge of the exact moment when he should *strike*, and under all circumstances he must commence "throwing off," with the full assurance that the syrup will be unequally done, for that which is taken from the *batterie* in the commencement of the strike, must be less affected with heat, than that which is taken at its end. Some of the syrup will be at the crystallizing point, some of it burnt, and some in its raw state. Here, then, we find the causes of the brown color of the sugar, and why molasses also is produced.

Chemists and machinists have exhausted their skill, to find out the way to turn cane juice into pure sugar, unalloyed with any other substance. They have endeavored to avoid burning the sugar by evaporating the juice with steam, and by the use of vacuum pans, so that the heat used could be scientifically regulated, the great desideratum being to work up the cane juice into sugar of a pure quality, without loss by imperfect crystallization, as exhibited in inferior sugar and in the production of molasses.

The importance of this can hardly be realized by any one but the producer. A slight difference in the color of sugar, or in the size of the crystals, will make thousands of dollars difference in the value of a large crop. Sugar that sells for sixty dollars the hogshead, entails no more expense upon the planter than that which brings him in half that sum; consequently, the "high-priced" sugar costs for freight and packing, just half as much as the inferior article; while the advance of a cent on a pound upon a crop of sugar, may cause a princely return to the planter for his year's labor; or the deduction of a cent on a pound, a trivial sum, when divided among the consumers, may be to the planter the cause of his pecuniary ruin.

With the inducements held out to improve the quality of sugar, it is no wonder that so much money is expended in the purchase of costly machinery. Still, the old-fashioned "open kettle" method that we have endeavored to describe, maintains its popularity, in spite of the evident waste that attends it. Machinery of the proper kind is difficult to obtain, and the almost human sensibility it displays in its liability to be deranged, causes disappointment and frequent loss, and satisfies the planter that complicated machinery can only be used with advantage in connection with an enormous outlay of capital, and with appliances not always at his command. The great mass of labor that is expended in making sugar is performed by negroes; and only the simplest and most physical methods are with safety intrusted to their care.

As the manufacturing of the crop progresses, the waving cane in the fields continues to ripen, the increasing cold stops the circulation of the sap, and checking the growth of the plant, the juices are perceptibly enriched in a night. Often, indeed, on favorable days, you can break the cane; and as the juice flows down the stalk you can see it granulate before your eyes, without the aid of any evaporation, except such as comes from the surrounding air. The influence of cold in enriching the sap of plants is observable not only in the cane, but in the sugar-maple-trees of the North; for, with them a warm "unseasonable" day ruins the sap, and turns it into a nauseous, valueless fluid; but let the wind chop round to the north, and even while the sap flows it will change, and become rich and valuable for the wants of man. To the planter, in the "grinding season," the fear of the frost and of excessive heat, keeps him in a state of constant anxiety. A warm sun is destructive; a freeze, ruinous.

As soon as the perfected sugar begins to accumulate in the *purgery*, the "sugar broker," armed with a huge auger, makes his appearance on the plantation, and is always welcomed as a guest, if not always popular as a business man. The sugar broker is the antipodes of the planter: one has an interest in high prices, the other in low prices; one is domestic, the other foreign; one is always in haste, the other has unappreciated quantities of spare time. The sugar broker carries with him a mysterious face, and affects to know something about the markets that can not be divulged without agitating the commercial world; he also insinuates to the planter that he has information about the unusual amount of the "coming crop," that renders it very important that the producer should "take advantage of the present ruling prices." The sugar broker is also a singular evidence of the natural incapacity some people have of discovering light-colored sugars; for with the broker they are always dark, if he is

purchasing; and he never *can* see a light-colored sugar except when he has it to sell. The sugar broker generally brings the news of the day to the residents of the plantation, and becomes very popular, if he can make himself agreeable at all. A little experience makes you acquainted with the sugar broker; he is peculiar; and if it were not for the fact that he wields such an important influence in the sale of the crop, every body would be amused at his awkward manner of riding, his "on 'Change" look, his city habits, and his hustling manners, which contrast so strangely with the quiet demeanor of the planter.

The novelty of sugar making in time passes away, and the whole affair assumes a business sameness. Each person, by experience, becomes familiar with his duty, and things go on with tolerable smoothness. The "planter's family" has moved permanently back to the mansion; and the ladies seldom visit the sugar house, except to accompany visitors, or for the purpose of healthful exercise. The mules are now pretty well "worked down," in hauling the cane from the fields; the negroes are calculating when will come "the finish," and as January approaches the weather becomes unsettled, the rains fall, and the roads are "cut up." And the "last load" of cane, as it is carried to the mill, is greeted with satisfaction; and already hope pictures new pleasures that are to be enjoyed in the time consumed in the production of the "next crop."

HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.

At the close of the year's labor are the holidays, which extend from Christmas to New Year. The negroes now enjoy uninterrupted repose; or, rather, have the liberty of indulging their caprices, so long as they are harmless to themselves and others, free from constraint. It is the season of enjoyment and festivity, and the time for settling up their outstanding accounts with each other, and the master and mistress of the plantation. The long running account for chickens, eggs, and vegetables, is liquidated by the good housewife; and the master pays for innumerable things, which have been provided by the slave, without interfering with his accustomed labors. Now it is that crates of cheap crockery and bales of gayly-colored handkerchiefs find a ready sale; and the peddlers that infest "the coast," reap a rich harvest, by selling at large profits ribbons and nick-nacks, that have no other recommendation than the possession of glaring colors in the most glaring contrasts. Balls become the order of the day, and the business of the night; and the humble Paganini of the quarters is called into requisition, and elevated into a person of temporary, but still extraordinary importance—because he is master of the violin; while the negroes—

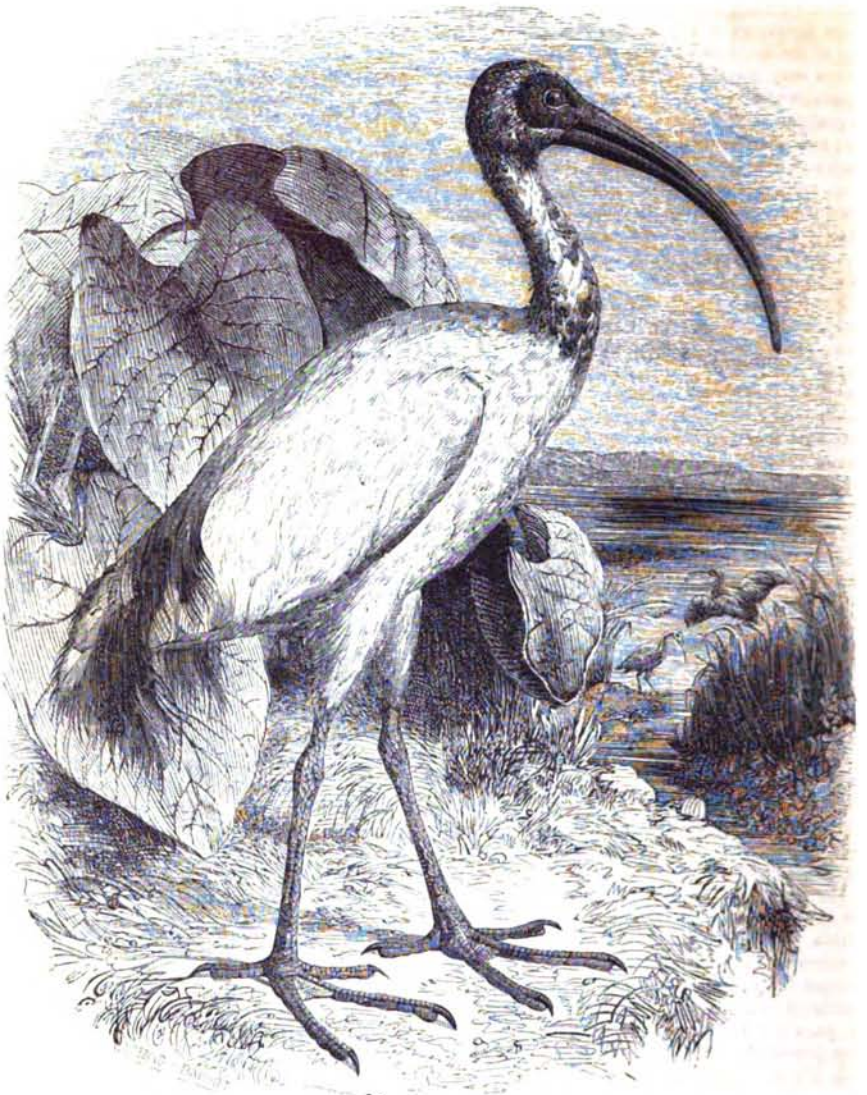
> "Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
> Move awkwardly harmonious: hand in hand
> Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
> And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
> Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
> While those distinguished for heels and air,
> Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine.
> Meanwhile, some stripling from the choral ring,
> Trips forth, and, not ungallantly, bestows
> On her who nimblest hath the green sward beat,
> And whose flush'd beauties have enthralled his soul,
> A silver token of his fond applause."

The planter and his family have too their trysting time. The mother and her comely daughters hie to the city of New Orleans, in pursuit of the innocent amusements of the season; and the "Crescent City," at these times, shows a perceptible filling up of joyous, familiar, and Southern-looking faces. The fashionable dry goods and jewelry stores, the Opera, and the "society balls" all feel the genial influence of these holiday times, and it only gradually disappears as the summer heat sets in, and drives residents of the country back to their rural homes.

CONCLUSION.

The State of Louisiana produces over three hundred and fifty thousand hogsheads of sugar, of one thousand pounds each, about half of the amount of sugar consumed by the people of the entire Union. By referring to the map, it will be seen, that but a small portion of the cane-producing lands of the State is under cultivation. There can not be a doubt that the time will come, when the importation of foreign sugars into the United States should cease, and that the immense amount of money now sent abroad for this necessary of life, will be distributed among our own people.

Gradually the sugar made in Louisiana passes into "second hands;" the greater portion of it finds its way to New Orleans, from which mart it is distributed over the Northern and Eastern States. But vast quantities are annually sent direct from the plantations, to supply the increasing demand of the "giant West," and long before the spring has come, the contents of the cane fields of Louisiana are widely scattered over the "broad Union," and enter largely into almost every article of consumption that forms a prominent or insignificant object of the social board; it sparkles upon the bridal cake; assumes a thousand forms in the confectioner's window; neutralizes the acidity or bitterness of medicine; gives life to the fragrant coffee and tea; destroys the unpurified taste of preserved meats; and retains for years the delicate flavor of our choicest fruits; turn, indeed, which way you will, you perceive the ameliorating influence of sugar upon the economy of life, and thanks to the genius and enterprise of the Louisiana planter, it is raised upon our own soil, and at a price that brings it within the command of the rich and poor alike.



IBIS-SHOOTING IN LOUISIANA.

THE ibis (*tantalus*) is one of the most curious and interesting of American birds: it is a creature of the warm climates, and is not found in either the northern or middle States—the tropics, and the countries contiguous to them, are its range. Louisiana, from its low elevation, possesses almost a tropical climate; and the ibis, of several varieties, is to be there met with in considerable numbers.

There are few sorts of game I have not followed with horse, hound, or gun; and, among other sports, I have gone ibis-shooting: it was not so much for the sport, however, as that I wished to obtain some specimens for mounting. An adventure befell me in one of these excursions that may interest the reader. The southern part of the State of Louisiana is one vast labyrinth of swamps, bayous, and lagoons. These bayous are sluggish streams that glide sleepily along, sometimes running one way, and sometimes the very opposite, according to the season. Many of them are outlets of the great Mississippi, which begins to shed off its waters more than three hundred miles from its mouth. These bayous are deep, sometimes narrow, sometimes wide, with islets in their midst. They and their contiguous swamps are the great habitat of the alligator and the fresh-water shark—the gar. Numerous species of water and wading fowl fly over them, and plunge through their dark tide. Here you may see the red flamingo, the egret,

the trumpeter-swan, the blue-heron, the wild-goose, the crane, the snake-bird, the pelican, and the ibis; you may likewise see the osprey, and the white-headed eagle robbing him of his prey. These swamps and bayous produce abundantly fish, reptile, and insect, and are, consequently, the favorite resort of hundreds of birds which prey upon these creatures. In some places, the bayous form a complete net-work over the country, which you may traverse with a small boat in almost any direction; indeed, this is the means by which many settlements communicate with each other. As you approach southward toward the Gulf, you get clear of the timber; and within some fifty miles of the sea, there is not a tree to be seen.

It was near the edge of this open country I went ibis-shooting. I had set out from a small French or Creole settlement, with no other company than my gun; even without a dog, as my favorite spaniel had the day before been bitten by an alligator while swimming across a bayou. I went of course in a boat, a light skiff, such as is commonly used by the inhabitants of the country.

Occasionally using the paddles, I allowed myself to float some four or five miles down the main bayou; but as the birds I was in search of did not appear, I struck into a "branch," and sculled myself up stream. This carried me through a solitary region, with marshes stretching as far as the eye could see, covered with tall reeds. There was no habitation, nor aught that betokened the presence of man. It was just possible that I was the first human being who had ever found a motive for propelling a boat through the dark waters of this solitary stream. As I advanced, I fell in with my game; and I succeeded in bagging several, both of the great wood-ibis and the white species. I also shot a fine white-headed eagle (*Falco leucocephalus*), which came soaring over my boat, unconscious of danger. But the bird which I most wanted seemed that which could not be obtained. I wanted the scarlet ibis.

I think I had rowed some three miles upstream, and was about to take in my oars and leave my boat to float back again, when I perceived that, a little further up, the bayou widened. Curiosity prompted me to continue; and after pulling a few hundred strokes further, I found myself at the end of an oblong lake, a mile or so in length. It was deep, dark, marshy around the shores, and full of alligators. I saw their ugly forms and long serrated backs, as they floated about in all parts of it, hungrily hunting for fish, and eating one another; but all this was nothing new, for I had witnessed similar scenes during the whole of my excursion. What drew my attention most, was a small islet near the middle of the lake, upon one end of which stood a row of upright forms of a bright scarlet color: these red creatures were the very objects I was in search of. They might be flamingoes: I could not tell at that distance. So much the better, if I could only succeed in getting a shot at them; but these creatures are even more wary than the ibis; and as the islet was low, and altogether without cover, it was not likely they would allow me to come within range; nevertheless, I was determined to make the attempt. I rowed up the lake, occasionally turning my head to see if the game had taken the alarm. The sun was hot and dazzling; and as the bright scarlet was magnified by refraction, I fancied for a long time they were flamingoes. This fancy was dissipated as I drew near. The outlines of the bills, like the blade of a sabre, convinced me they were the ibis; besides, I now saw that they were only about three feet in height, while the flamingoes stand five. There were a dozen of them in all. These were balancing themselves, as is their usual habit, on one leg, apparently asleep, or *buried in deep thought*. They were on the upper extremity of the islet, while I was approaching it from below. It was not above sixty yards across; and could I only reach the point nearest me, I knew my gun would throw shot to kill at that distance. I feared the stroke of the sculls would start them, and I pulled slowly and cautiously. Perhaps the great heat—for it was as hot a day as I can remember—had rendered them torpid or lazy. Whether or not, they sat still until the cut-water of my skiff touched the bank of the islet. I drew my gun up cautiously, took aim, and fired both barrels almost simultaneously. When the smoke cleared out of my eyes, I saw that all the birds had flown off except one, that lay stretched out by the edge of the water. Gun in hand, I leaped out of the boat, and ran across the islet to bag my game. This occupied but a few minutes; and I was turning to go back to the skiff, when, to my consternation, I saw it out upon the lake, and rapidly floating downward! In my haste I had left it unfastened, and the bayou current had carried it off. It was still but a hundred yards off, but it might as well have been a hundred miles, for at that time I could not swim a stroke.

My first impulse was to rush down to the lake, and after the boat; this impulse was checked on arriving at the water's edge, which I saw at a glance was fathoms in depth. Quick reflection told me that the boat was gone—irrecoverably gone!

I did not at first comprehend the full peril of my situation; nor will you. I was on an islet, in a lake, only half a mile from its shores—alone, it is true, and without a boat; but what of that? Many a man had been so before, with not an idea of danger. These were first thoughts, natural enough; but they rapidly gave place to others of a far different character. When I gazed after my boat, now beyond recovery—when I looked around, and saw that the lake lay in the middle of an interminable swamp, the shores of which, even could I have reached them, did not seem to promise me footing—when I reflected that, being unable to swim, I could not reach them—that upon the islet there was neither tree, nor log, nor bush; not a stick

out of which I might make a raft—I say, when I reflected upon all these things, there arose in my mind a feeling of well-defined and absolute horror.

It is true, I was only in a lake, a mile or so in width; but so far as the peril and helplessness of my situation were concerned, I might as well have been upon a rock in the middle of the Atlantic. I knew that there was no settlement within miles—miles of pathless swamp. I knew that no one could either see or hear me—no one was at all likely to come near the lake; indeed I felt satisfied that my faithless boat was the first keel that had ever cut its waters. The very tameness of the birds wheeling round my head was evidence of this. I felt satisfied, too, that without some one to help me, I should never go out from that lake: I must die on the islet, or drown in attempting to leave it.

These reflections rolled rapidly over my startled soul. The facts were clear, the hypothesis definite, the sequence certain; there was no ambiguity, no supposititious hinge upon which I could hang a hope; no, not one. I could not even expect that I should be missed and sought for: there was no one to search for me. The simple *habitans* of the village I had left knew me not—I was a stranger among them; they only knew me as a stranger, and fancied me a strange individual; one who made lonely excursions, and brought home bunches of weeds, with birds, insects, and reptiles, which they had never before seen, although gathered at their own doors. My absence, besides, would be nothing new to them, even though it lasted for days: I had often been absent before, a week at a time. There was no hope of my being missed.

I have said that these reflections came and passed quickly. In less than a minute my affrighted soul was in full possession of them, and almost yielded itself to despair. I shouted, but rather involuntarily than with any hope that I should be heard; I shouted loudly and fiercely: my answer—the echoes of my own voice, the shriek of the osprey, and the maniac laugh of the white-headed eagle.

I ceased to shout, threw my gun to the earth, and tottered down beside it. I have been in a gloomy prison, in the hands of a vengeful guerilla banditti, with carbines cocked to blow out my brains. No one will call that a pleasant situation—nor was it so to me. I have been lost upon the wide prairie—the land-sea—without bush, break, or star to guide me—that was worse. There you look around; you see nothing; you hear nothing: you are alone with God, and you tremble in his presence; your senses swim; your brain reels; you are afraid of yourself; you are afraid of your own mind. Deserted by every thing else, you dread lest it, too, may forsake you. There is horror in this—it is very horrible—it is hard to bear; but I have borne it all, and would bear it again twenty times over rather than endure once more the first hour I spent on that lonely islet in that lonely lake. Your prison may be dark and silent, but you feel that you are not utterly alone; beings like yourself are near, though they be your jailers. Lost on the prairie, you are alone; but you are free. In the islet, I felt that I was alone; that I was not free: in the islet, I experienced the feelings of the prairie and the prison combined.

I lay in a state of stupor—almost unconscious; how long I know not, but many hours I am certain: I knew this by the sun—it was going down when I awoke, if I may so term the recovery of my stricken senses. I was aroused by a strange circumstance: I was surrounded by dark objects of hideous shape and hue—reptiles they were. They had been before my eyes for some time, but I had not seen them. I had only a sort of dreamy consciousness of their presence; but I heard them at length: my ear was in better tune, and the strange noises they uttered reached my intellect. It sounded like the blowing of great bellows, with now and then a note harsher and louder, like the roaring of a bull. This startled me, and I looked up and bent my eyes upon the objects: they were forms of the *crocodilidæ*, the giant lizards—they were alligators.

Huge ones they were, many of them; and many were they in number—a hundred at least were crawling over the islet, before, behind, and on all sides around me. Their long gaunt jaws and channeled snouts projected forward so as almost to touch my body; and their eyes, usually leaden, seemed now to glare.

Impelled by this new danger, I sprang to my feet, when, recognizing the upright form of man, the reptiles scuttled off, and plunging hurriedly into the lake, hid their hideous bodies under the water.

The incident in some measure revived me. I saw that I was not alone: there was company even in the crocodiles. I gradually became more myself; and began to reflect with some degree of coolness on the circumstances that surrounded me. My eyes wandered over the islet; every inch of it came under my glance; every object upon it was scrutinized—the moulted feathers of wild-fowl, the pieces of mud, the fresh-water mussels (*unios*) strewed upon its beach—all were examined. Still the barren answer—no means of escape.

The islet was but the head of a sand-bar, formed by the eddy—perhaps gathered together within the year. It was bare of herbage, with the exception of a few tufts of grass. There was neither tree nor bush upon it—not a stick. A raft indeed! There was not wood enough to make a raft that would have floated a frog. The idea of a raft was but briefly entertained; such a thought had certainly crossed my mind, but a single glance round the islet dispelled it before it had taken shape.

I paced my prison from end to end; from side to side I walked it over. I tried the water's depth; on all sides I sounded it, wading reck-

lessly in; every where it deepened rapidly as I advanced. Three lengths of myself from the islet's edge, and I was up to the neck. The huge reptiles swam around, snorting and blowing; they were bolder in this element. I could not have waded safely ashore, even had the water been shallow. To swim it—no—even though I swam like a duck, they would have closed upon and quartered me before I could have made a dozen strokes. Horrified by their demonstrations, I hurried back upon dry ground, and paced the islet with dripping garments.

I continued walking until night, which gathered around me dark and dismal. With night came new voices—the hideous voices of the nocturnal swamp; the qua-qua of the night-heron, the screech of the swamp-owl, the cry of the bittern, the el-l-uk of the great water-toad, the tinkling of the bell-frog, and the chirp of the savanna-cricket—all fell upon my ear. Sounds still harsher and more hideous were heard around me—the plashing of the alligator, and the roaring of his voice; these reminded me that I must not go to sleep. To sleep! I durst not have slept for a single instant. Even when I lay for a few minutes motionless, the dark reptiles came crawling round me—so close that I could have put forth my hand and touched them.

At intervals, I sprang to my feet, shouted, swept my gun around, and chased them back to the water, into which they betook themselves with a sullen plunge, but with little semblance of fear. At each fresh demonstration on my part they showed less alarm, until I could no longer drive them either with shouts or threatening gestures. They only retreated a few feet, forming an irregular circle round me. Thus hemmed in, I became frightened in turn. I loaded my gun and fired: I killed none. They are impervious to a bullet, except in the eye, or under the forearm. It was too dark to aim at these parts; and my shots glanced harmlessly from the pyramidal scales of their bodies. The loud report, however, and the blaze frightened them, and they fled, to return again after a long interval. I was asleep when they returned; I had gone to sleep in spite of my efforts to keep awake. I was startled by the touch of something cold; and half-stifled by a strong musky odor that filled the air. I threw out my arms; my fingers rested upon an object slippery and clammy: it was one of these monsters—one of gigantic size. He had crawled close alongside me, and was preparing to make his attack; as I saw that he was bent in the form of a bow, and I knew that these creatures assume that attitude when about to strike their victim. I was just in time to spring aside, and avoid the stroke of his powerful tail, that the next moment swept the ground where I had lain. Again I fired, and he with the rest once more retreated to the lake.

All thoughts of going to sleep were at an end. Not that I felt wakeful; on the contrary, wearied with my day's exertion—for I had had a long pull under a hot tropical sun—I could have lain down upon the earth, in the mud, any where, and slept in an instant. Nothing but the dread certainty of my peril kept me awake. Once again before morning, I was compelled to battle with the hideous reptiles, and chase them away with a shot from my gun.

Morning came at length, but with it no change in my perilous position. The light only showed me my island prison, but revealed no way of escape from it. Indeed, the change could not be called for the better, for the fervid rays of an almost vertical sun burned down upon me until my skin blistered. I was already speckled by the bites of a thousand swamp-flies and musquitoes, that all night long had preyed upon me. There was not a cloud in the heavens to shade me; and the sunbeams smote the surface of the dead bayou with a double intensity. Toward evening, I began to hunger; no wonder at that: I had not eaten since leaving the village settlement. To assuage thirst, I drank the water of the lake, turbid and slimy as it was. I drank it in large quantities, for it was hot, and only moistened my palate without quenching the craving of my appetite. Of water there was enough; I had more to fear from want of food.

What could I eat? The ibis. But how to cook it? There was nothing wherewith to make a fire—not a stick. No matter for that. Cooking is a modern invention, a luxury for pampered palates. I divested the ibis of its brilliant plumage, and ate it raw. I spoiled my specimen, but at the time there was little thought of that: there was not much of the naturalist left in me. I anathematized the hour I had ever imbibed such a taste; I wished Audubon, and Buffon, and Cuvier, up to their necks in a swamp. The ibis did not weigh above three pounds, bones and all. It served me for a second meal, a breakfast; but at this *déjeûner sans fourchette* I picked the bones.

What next! starve! No—not yet. In the battles I had had with the alligators on the second night, one of them had received a shot that proved mortal. The hideous carcass of the reptile lay dead upon the beach. I need not starve; I could eat that. Such were my reflections. I must hunger, though, before I could bring myself to touch the musky morsel. Two more days' fasting conquered my squeamishness. I drew out my knife, cut a steak from the alligator's tail, and ate it—not the one I had first killed, but a second; the other was now putrid, rapidly decomposing under the hot sun: its odor filled the islet.

The stench had grown intolerable. There was not a breath of air stirring, otherwise I might have shunned it by keeping to windward. The whole atmosphere of the islet, as well as a large circle around it, was impregnated with the fearful effluvium. I could bear it no longer. With the aid of my gun, I pushed the half-decomposed carcass into the lake; perhaps the current might carry it away. It did: I had the gratification to see it float off. This circumstance led me into a train of reflections. Why did the

body of the alligator float! It was swollen—inflated with gases. Ha!

An idea shot suddenly through my mind, one of those brilliant ideas—the children of necessity. I thought of the floating alligator, of its intestines—what if I inflated them? Yes, yes! buoys and bladders, floats and life-preservers! that was the thought. I would open the alligators, make a buoy of their intestines, and that would bear me from the islet!

I did not lose a moment's time; I was full of energy: hope had given me new life. My gun was loaded—a huge crocodile that swam near the shore received the shot in his eye. I dragged him on the beach; with my knife I laid open his entrails. Few they were, but enough for my purpose. A plume-quill from the wing of the ibis served me for a blow-pipe. I saw the bladder-like skin expand, until I was surrounded by objects like great sausages. These were tied together and fastened to my body, and then, with a plunge, I entered the waters of the lake, and floated downward. I had tied on my life-preservers in such a way that I sat in the water in an upright position, holding my gun with both hands. This I intended to have used as a club in case I should be attacked by the alligators; but I had chosen the hot hour of noon, when these creatures lie in a half-torpid state, and to my joy I was not molested. Half an hour's drifting with the current carried me to the end of the lake, and I found myself at the debouchure of the bayou. Here, to my great delight, I saw my boat in the swamp, where it had been caught and held fast by the sedges. A few minutes more, and I had swung myself over the gunwale, and was sculling with eager strokes down the smooth waters of the bayou.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE DIVORCE.

IT is the duty of the historian of Napoleon faithfully to record what he has said and what he has done. His sayings are as remarkable as his doings. Both alike bear the impress of his wonderful genius. Fortunately respecting the deeds which he performed there is no room for controversy. They are admitted by all. The gaze of the world was upon him. Whether he had a right to do what he did, and what the motives were which impelled him, are questions upon which the world is divided. We are not aware that there is a single important fact stated in these pages, which is not admitted by Napoleon's most hostile biographers.

The striking explanations of Napoleon, and his comments upon his career, are equally authentic. His words are presented in these pages as recorded by Count Pelet de Lozerne, Savary the Duke of Rovigo, Caulaincourt the Duke of Vicenza, the Baron Meneval, the Duchess of Abrantes, General Rapp, Louis Bonaparte, General Count Montholon, Dr. O'Meara, Count Las Cases, and others who were near his person, and who received his words from his own lips. In recording the sublime tragedy of the divorce, we act but as the scribe of history. The scenes which transpired, and the words which were uttered, are here registered.

Napoleon had again vanquished his foes. He was still, however, exposed to the greatest peril. No one saw this more clearly than himself. England, unrelenting and heedless of all supplications for peace, continued her assaults.* With unrepressed zeal she endeavored to combine new coalitions of feudal Europe against the great advocate of popular rights. It was her open avowal that the triumph of democratic principles threatened the subversion of every European throne.†

While Napoleon was marshaling his forces at Lobau, for the decisive battle of Wagram, an English fleet was hovering along the shores of Italy, watching for an opportunity to aid the Austrians there. All the sympathies of the Pope were evidently with the enemies of France. The fanatic peasantry of Spain and of the Tyrol were roused by the emissaries of the church. The danger was imminent that England, effecting a landing in Italy, and uniting with the Austrians and all the partisans of the old regime in that country, would crush the infant kingdoms of Italy and Naples. Under these circumstances, Napoleon wrote as follows to the Pope:

* "All the wars of the European continent," says the Encyclopedia Americana, "against the revolution and against the empire, were begun by England, and supported by English gold. At last, the object was attained. Not only was the ancient family restored to the throne, but France was reduced to its original limits, its naval force destroyed, and its commerce almost annihilated. But victory brought bitter fruits even to England."

In 1793, the public debt of Great Britain was estimated at 1,200,000,000 of dollars. It is now estimated at about 4,000,000,000. The most of this enormous increase was caused by the wars against Napoleon. "It is impossible," says the Encyclopedia Americana, "to prevent the burden of the taxation from falling directly or indirectly, in a very great degree, upon the laboring or active classes. And in Great Britain this has become so heavy to the mere laborer, who has no capital, that his wages will but just support, or will not support, himself and his family in the cheapest manner of living, and his life becomes one desperate struggle against want and starvation."

† "The assumption," says Richard Cobden, member of Parliament, "put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue. If you will examine the proofs, as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and the justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves, leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

"The Emperor expects that Italy, Rome, Naples, and Milan should form a league, offensive and defensive, to protect the Peninsula from the calamities of war. If the Holy Father assents to this proposition, all our difficulties are terminated. If he refuse, he announces, by that refusal, that he does not wish for any arrangement, any peace with the Emperor; and that he declares war against him. The first result of war is conquest; and the first result of conquest is a change of government; for if the Emperor is forced to engage in war with Rome, will it not be to make the conquest of Rome, and to establish another government, which will make common cause with Italy and Naples against their common enemies! What other guarantee can the Emperor have of the tranquillity and the safety of Italy, if the two realms are separated by a state in which their enemies continue to have a secure retreat! These changes, which will become necessary if the Holy Father persists in his refusal, will not deprive him of any of his spiritual rights. He will continue to be Bishop of Rome as his predecessors have been during the last eight centuries."

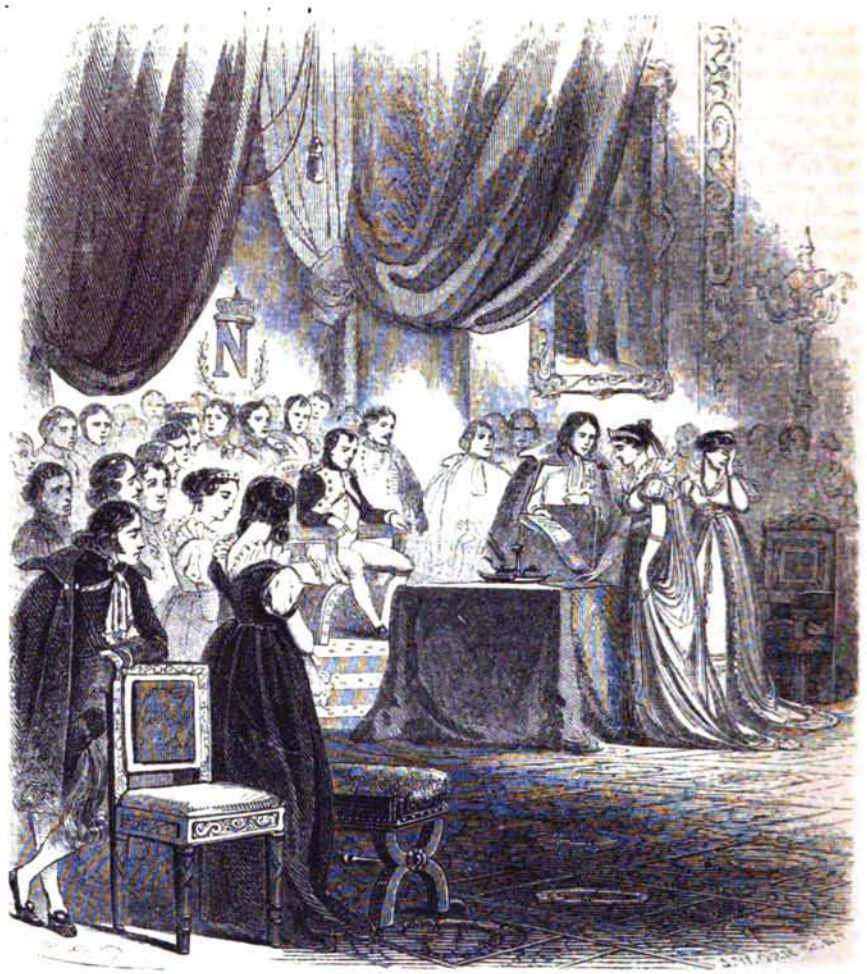
The continued refusal of the Pope to enter into an alliance with France, induced the Emperor to issue a decree uniting the States of the Church with the French empire. The only apology which can be offered for this act is its apparent necessity. The Pope, claiming neutrality, was aiding the enemies of France. Napoleon, in the midst of ten thousand perils, was struggling, almost single handed, against the combined sovereigns of Europe. In self-defense he was compelled to treat those with severity who were secretly assisting his foes. Solicitous for his good name, he announced to Europe, as the reason for this arbitrary measure, "The sovereign of Rome has constantly refused to make war with the English, and to ally himself with the Kings of Italy and Naples for the defense of the peninsula of Italy. The welfare of the two kingdoms, and also that of the armies of Italy and of Naples, demand that their communication should not be interrupted by a hostile power." *

The French troops immediately entered Rome, and drove from it the emissaries of England and

* "Have you any commands for France!" said a Frenchman at Naples to an English friend, "I shall be there in two days."—"In France!" answered his friend, "I thought that you were setting off for Rome."—"True; but Rome, by a decree of the Emperor, is now indissolubly united to France."

"I have no news to burden you with," said his friend; "But can I do any thing for you in England? I shall be there in half an hour."—"In England," said the Frenchman, "and in half an hour!"—"Yes!" was the reply. "Within that time I shall be at sea; and the sea has been indissolubly united to the British empire." She who arrogated to herself the dominion of the wide world of waters, ought to have some charity for him, who, when struggling against combined Europe, strove to avert from himself destruction by reluctantly annexing to France the feeble States of the Church.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT.



SUNDERING THE TIE.

of Austria, who, in the pontifical court, were secretly fomenting their intrigues. To this act of violence the Pope replied by a bill of excommunication. Murat, the King of Naples, with his usual thoughtless impetuosity, immediately arrested the Pope and sent him out of Italy. When Napoleon, who was then at Lobau, heard of this act, he expressed the most sincere regret that a measure so violent and inconsiderate had been adopted. But, with his accustomed disposition to regard himself as the child of destiny, he seemed to consider it an indication of providence, or rather of fate, that he was to organize the whole of Italy, with its twenty millions of inhabitants, into one homogeneous kingdom, glowing with the energies of free institutions, and with renovated Rome for its capital. It was a brilliant and an exciting vision. It was rich in promise for the welfare of Europe. It was almost probable that it would be realized. The Pope was sent to Savona, on the Gulf of Genoa, where a palace was prepared for his reception. He was afterward removed, for greater security, to Fontainebleau. Napoleon had a high regard for the Pope, and often expressed his sincere veneration for his character. He ordered that Pius should be treated with the greatest respect; gave him an annual income of four hundred thousand dollars, and sent gorgeous furniture and troops of domestics to the imperial palace where he was securely but most magnificently detained. He ordered that the Pope should be allowed to do what he pleased, perform all the ceremonies of religion, and receive without restraint the homages of the numerous population who would flock to greet him. Thus Napoleon, though he at first regretted the injudicious seizure of the Pope, assumed the responsibility of his captivity.*

* Upon this subject, Louis Bonaparte remarks, in his response to Sir Walter Scott:

"I was well acquainted with Pope Pius VII. At the

The energy of Napoleon immediately diffused its vivifying influence through the drowsy streets of Rome. Many of the most intelligent men rejoiced to escape from the lethargic sway of the Church. The fanatic populace, however, were horror-stricken in view of the sacrilege inflicted upon the Vicar of Christ. Still there were many in Rome, then as now, weary of ecclesiastical domination. They were hungering and thirsting for political freedom and for republican liberty. A deputation of prominent Italians from Rome called upon Napoleon with expressions of confidence and congratulation.

"My mind," replied the Emperor, "is full of the recollections of your ancestors. The first time that I pass the Alps, I desire to remain some time among you. France and Italy must be governed by the same system. You have need of a powerful hand to direct you. I shall have a singular pleasure in being your benefactor. Your bishop is the spiritual head of the Church, as I am its Emperor. I 'render unto God the things that are God's, and unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.'"

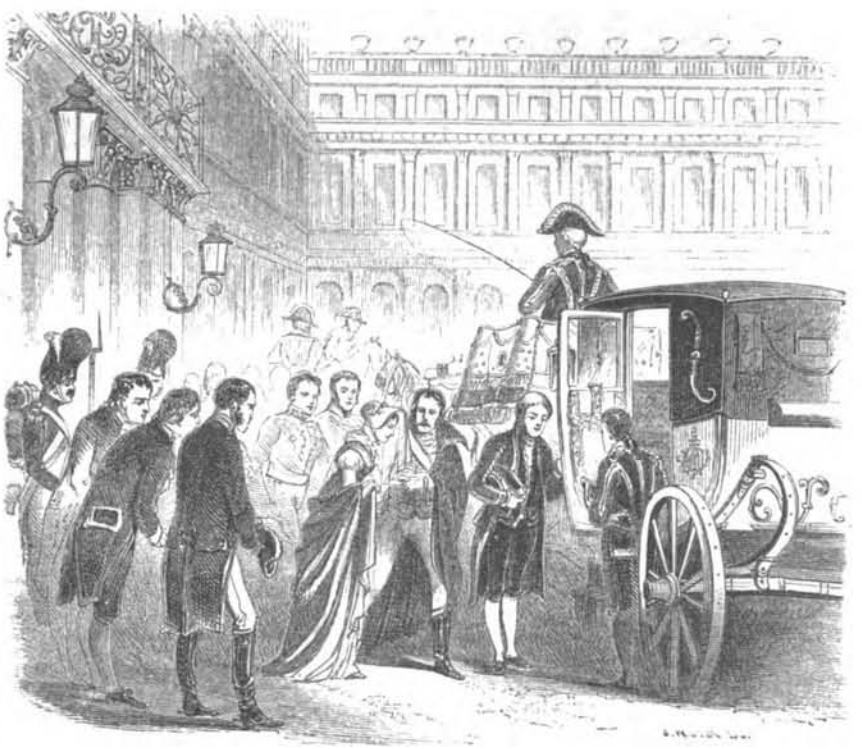
Immense improvements were immediately undertaken by Napoleon in the time-hallowed metropolis. His Herculean energies infused new life into the tombs of the departed. The hum of industry was diffused through all the venerable streets of Rome. The claims of utility and of beauty were alike regarded. Majestic monuments, half buried beneath the ruins of centuries, were restored to the world in renovated splendor. The stately column of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the beautiful pillars of the temple of Jupiter Stator were relieved of encumbering loads of rubbish, and again exhibited their exquisite proportions in the bright Italian sun. The immense area of the Coliseum was cleared of the accumulated debris of ages, revealing to the astonished eye long buried wonders. The buildings which deformed the ancient forum were removed, and all the gigantic remains of ancient Rome were explored and rescued from destruction, by the wakeful eye

time of his journey to Paris in 1804, and since then until his death, I have not ceased to receive from that venerable pontiff proofs, not only of friendliness, but even of confidence and affection. Since the year 1814 I have resided at Rome. I had frequent occasions to see him, and I can affirm that in the greater number of my interviews with his Holiness, he has assured me that he was treated by the Emperor Napoleon with all the personal respect which he could desire. These are his words:

"'Personalmente non ho avuto di che dolermi; non ho mancato di nulla; la mia persona fu sempre rispettata e trattata in modo da non potermi lagnare.'

"*I have no cause personally to complain. I was never permitted to want for any thing. My person was always respected, and treated in such a manner as to afford me no occasion for complaint.*"

The palace of Fontainebleau, with its magnificent furnishing and appliances, was a very different residence from the dilapidated, rat-infested hut at St. Helena. Napoleon was not an ungenerous foe.



DEPARTURE OF JOSEPHINE.

ENTRANCE INTO PARIS.

and the refined taste of Napoleon. Large sums were expended upon the Quirinal palace. A salutary and efficient police was immediately organized, instantly arresting those multiplied disorders which had so long disgraced the papal metropolis. A double row of ornamental trees was planted to embellish the walk from the Arch of Constantine to the Appian Way, and thence to the Forum. Energetic measures were adopted for the drainage of the immense Pontine Marshes, so fertile in disease and death. Preparations were commenced for turning aside the channel of the Tiber, to reclaim those inestimable treasures of art which were buried beneath its waves by Gothic invaders. Such were Napoleon's exertions for public improvement, while the combined monarchs of Europe were struggling to crush him.*

* "Napoleon," says Sir Walter Scott, "was himself an Italian,[1] and showed his sense of his origin, by the particular care which he always took of that nation, where, whatever benefits his administration conferred on the people, reached them more profusely and more directly than in any other part of his empire. That swelling spirit entertained the proud, and, could it have been accomplished consistently with justice, the noble idea, of uniting the beautiful peninsula of Italy into one kingdom, of which Rome should once more be the capital. He also nourished the hope of clearing out the eternal city from the ruins in which she was buried, of preserving her ancient monuments, and of restoring what was possible of her ancient splendor."

[1] Sir Walter is inaccurate, Napoleon was a Frenchman, of Italian ancestry.

We must now turn to the sad tragedy of the Emperor's divorce. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was perhaps as well acquainted with the secret thoughts of Napoleon as any one could be. He thus speaks of the motives by which the Emperor was influenced:

"A thousand idle stories have been related concerning the Emperor's motives for breaking the bonds which he had contracted upward of fifteen years before, and separating from a person who was the partner of his existence during the most stormy events of his glorious career. It was ascribed to his ambition to connect himself with royal blood; and malevolence has delighted in spreading the report, that to this consideration he had sacrificed every other. This opinion was quite erroneous; and he was as unfairly dealt with on the subject as all persons are who happen to be placed above the level of mankind. Nothing can be more true than that the sacrifice of the object of his affections was the most painful that he experienced throughout his life, and that he would have preferred adopting any other course than the one to which he was driven by motives which I am about to relate. Public opinion was, in general, unjust to the Emperor when he placed the imperial crown upon his head. A feeling of personal ambition was supposed to be the main spring of all his actions. This was, however, a very mistaken impression. I have already mentioned with what reluctance he had altered the form of government, and that if he had not been apprehensive that the state would again fall a prey to those dissensions which are inseparable from an elective form of government, he would not have changed an order of things which appeared to have been the first solid conquest achieved by the revolution. Ever since he had brought the nation back to monarchical principles, he had neglected no means of consolidating institutions which permanently secured those principles, and yet firmly established the superiority of modern ideas over antiquated customs. Differences of opinion could no longer create any disturbance respecting the form of government when his career should be closed. But this was not enough. It was further requisite that the line of inheritance should be defined in so clear a manner, that, at his death, no pretense might be made for the contention of any claimants to the throne. For, if such a misfortune were to take place, the least foreign intervention would have sufficed to revive a spirit of discord among us. His feeling of personal ambition consisted, in this case, in a desire to hand his work down to posterity, and to resign to his successor a state, resting upon his numerous trophies for its stability. He could not be blind to the fact that the perpetual warfare into which a jealousy of his strength had plunged him, had, in reality,

THE EMPEROR AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

NAPOLEON AND HIS CHILD.

no other object than his own downfall; because, with him must necessarily crumble that gigantic power which was no longer upheld by the revolutionary energy he had himself repressed.

"The Emperor had not any children. The Empress had two. But he never could have entertained a thought of them without exposing himself to most serious inconveniences. I believe, however, that if the two children of the Empress had been the only ones in his family, he would have made some arrangement for securing his inheritance to Eugene. He, however, dismissed the idea of appointing him his heir, because he had nearer relations, and it would have given rise to disunions, which it was his principal object to avoid. He also considered the necessity in which he was placed of forming an alliance sufficiently powerful, in order that, in the event of his system being at any time threatened, that alliance might be a resting-point, and save it from total ruin. He likewise hoped that it would be the means of putting an end to that series of wars of which he was desirous above all things to avoid a recurrence. These were the motives which determined him to break a union so long contracted. He wished it less for himself than for the purpose of interesting a powerful state in the maintenance of the order of things established in France. He reflected often on the mode of making this communication to the Empress. Still he was reluctant to speak to her. He was apprehensive of the consequences of her tenderness of feeling. His heart was never proof against the shedding of tears."

The moral sentiment of France had been severely shaken by the revolution. The Christian doctrine of the unalterable sacredness of the marriage-tie was but feebly recognized. "Though Josephine," says Thiers, "was loved as an amiable sovereign, who represented goodness and grace by the side of might, the French desired, with regret for her, another marriage, which should give heirs to the empire. Nor did they confine themselves to wishes on the subject." Such was the state of public feeling, which Napoleon fully apprehended. He sent for the Arch-chancellor Cambaceres, and communicated to him the resolution he had adopted. He stated the reasons for the divorce, spoke of the anguish which the stern necessity caused his affections, and declared his intention to invest the act with forms the most affectionate and the most honorable to Josephine. "I will have nothing," said he, "which can resemble a repudiation; nothing but a mere dissolution of the conjugal tie, founded upon mutual consent—a consent itself founded on the interests of the empire. Josephine is to be provided with a palace in Paris; with a princely residence in the country; with an income of six hundred thousand dollars; and is to occupy the first rank among the princesses, after the future empress. I wish ever to keep her near me as my best and most affectionate friend."

At length the fatal day arrived for the announcement of the dreadful tidings to Josephine. It was the last day of November, 1809. Rumors of the approaching calamity had for a long time reached the ears of the Empress, and had filled her heart with anguish. Napoleon and Josephine were at Fontainebleau. A general instinct of the impending woe seemed to have shrouded the palace in gloom. The guests had

departed, and the cheerless winds of approaching winter sighed through the leafless forest. Josephine spent the morning alone in her chamber, bathed in tears. Napoleon had no heart to approach his woe-stricken and injured wife. He also passed the morning alone in his cabinet. They met at the dinner-table. They sat down in silence. It was a strange repast. Not a word was uttered. Not a glance was interchanged. Course after course was brought in and removed untasted. A mortal paleness revealed the anguish of each heart. Josephine sat motionless as a marble statue. Napoleon, in his embarrassment, mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, absorbed in painful musings. The tedious ceremony of the dinner was at last over. The attendants retired. Napoleon arose, closed the door, and was alone with Josephine. Pale as death, and trembling in every nerve, he approached the Empress. He took her hand, placed it upon his heart, and with a faltering voice said, "Josephine, my own good Josephine, you know how I have loved you. It is to you alone that I owe the only few moments of happiness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is stronger than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the welfare of France."

The cruel blow, all expected as it was, pierced that loving heart. Josephine fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon, alarmed, rushed to the door, and called for assistance. The Count de Beaumont entered, and with the aid of the Emperor conveyed the helpless Josephine up a flight of stairs to her apartment. She murmured as they bore her along, "O, no! no! you can not do it. You surely would not kill me." Napoleon was intensely agitated. He placed her upon her bed, rang for her waiting-women, and hung over her with an expression of deep affection and anxiety. As consciousness seemed returning he retired to his own apartment, where he paced the floor in anguish until the dawn of the morning. He gave free utterance to his agitated feelings, regardless of who were present. Trembling with emotion, and with tears filling his eyes, he said, as he walked restlessly to and fro, articulating with difficulty, and frequently pausing between his words: "The interests of France and my destiny have wrung my heart. The divorce has become an imperious duty, from which I must not shrink. Yet the scene which I have just witnessed cuts me to the soul. Josephine should have been prepared for this by Hortense. I communicated to her the melancholy obligation which compels our separation. I am grieved to the heart. I thought she had more firmness. I looked not for this excess of agony."

Every hour during the night he called at her door to inquire respecting her situation. The affectionate Hortense was with her mother. In respectful, yet reproachful terms she assured the Emperor that Josephine would descend from the throne as she had ascended it, in obedience to his will; and that her children, content to renounce grandeurs which had not made them happy, would gladly go and devote their lives to comforting the best and most affectionate of mothers. Napoleon could no longer restrain his emotion. He freely wept. He gave utterance to all the grief he felt, and reiterated the urgency of the political considerations which, in his view, rendered the sacrifice necessary.

"Do not leave me, Hortense," said he; "but stay by me with Eugene. Help me to console your mother, and render her calm, resigned, and even happy in remaining my friend, while she ceases to be my wife."

Eugene was summoned from Italy. His sister threw herself into his arms, and acquainted him with their mother's sad lot. Eugene hastened to the saloon of his beloved mother. After a short interview with her he repaired to the cabinet of the Emperor, and inquired if he intended to obtain a divorce from the Empress. Napoleon, who was strongly attached to Eugene, could make no reply, but simply pressed the hand of the noble son. Eugene immediately recoiled from the Emperor, and said, severely:

"Sire, in that case, permit me to withdraw from your service."

"How," exclaimed Napoleon, looking upon him, sadly, "will you, Eugene, my adopted son, forsake me?"

"Yes, Sire," Eugene replied, "the son of her who is no longer Empress can not remain Viceroy. I will follow my mother into her retreat. She must now find her consolation in her children."

Tears filled the eyes of the Emperor. "Eugene," said he, in a mournful voice, tremulous with emotion, "you know the stern necessity which compels this measure; and will you forsake me? Who then should I have for a son? the object of my desires and preserver of my interests; who would watch over the child when I am absent? If I die, who will prove to him a father?—who would bring him up? who is to make a man of him?"

Eugene, deeply moved, took Napoleon's arm, and they retired to the garden, where they conversed a long time together.

The noble Josephine, with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice never surpassed, urged her son to remain the friend of Napoleon. "The Emperor," she said, "is your benefactor, your more than father, to whom you are indebted for every thing, and to whom, therefore, you owe boundless obedience."

The melancholy day for the consummation of this cruel tragedy soon arrived. It was the 15th of December, 1809. In the grand saloon of the Tuileries there were assembled all the members of the Imperial family and the most illustrious officers of the empire. Gloom overshadowed all. Napoleon, with a pallid check, but with a firm voice, thus addressed them:

"The political interests of my monarchy, and the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should transmit to an heir, inheriting my love for the peo-

ple, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. It is this consideration which induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consult only the good of my subjects, and to desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge the reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows how much such a determination has cost my heart. But there is no sacrifice too great for my courage when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life, and the remembrance of them will be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand. She shall always retain the rank and title of Empress. Above all, let her never doubt my affection, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Napoleon having ended, Josephine, holding a paper in her hands, endeavored to read. But her heart was broken with grief. Uncontrollable sobs choked her voice. She handed the paper to M. Reynaud, and, burying her face in her handkerchief, sank into her chair. He read as follows:

"With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare that, retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have the pleasure of giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty. It was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people. I respond to all the sentiments of the Emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the happiness of France, by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man who was evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart. The Emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy and exalted interests, has rent his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices we make for the good of the country."

"After these words," says Thiers, "the noblest ever uttered under such circumstances—for never, it must be confessed, did vulgar passions less prevail in an act of this kind—Napoleon, embracing Josephine, led her to her own apartment, where he left her, almost fainting, in the arms of her children."

On the ensuing day the Senate was assembled in the grand saloon to witness the legal consummation of the divorce. Eugene presided. He announced the desire of his mother and the Emperor to dissolve their marriage. "The tears of his Majesty at this separation," said the Prince, "are sufficient for the glory of my mother." The Emperor, dressed in the robes of state, and pale as a statue of marble, leaned against a pillar, care-worn and wretched. Folding his arms upon his breast, with his eyes fixed upon vacancy, he stood in gloomy silence. It was a funereal scene. The low hum of mournful voices alone disturbed the silence of the room. A circular table was placed in the centre of the apartment. Upon it there was a writing apparatus of gold. A vacant arm-chair stood before the table. The company gazed silently upon it as the instrument of the most soul-harrowing execution.

A side-door opened, and Josephine entered. Her face was as white as the simple muslin robe she wore. She was leaning upon the arm of Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, was sobbing most convulsively. The whole assembly, upon the entrance of Josephine, instinctively arose. All were moved to tears. With her own peculiar grace Josephine advanced to the seat provided for her. Leaning her pale forehead upon her hand, she listened with the calmness of stupor to the reading of the act of separation. The convulsive sobbings of Hortense, mingling with the subdued and mournful tones of the reader's voice, added to the tragic impressiveness of the scene. Eugene, pale and trembling as an aspen-leaf, stood by the side of his adored mother.

As soon as the reading of the act of separation was finished, Josephine, for a moment, in anguish, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and then, rising, in tones clear, musical, but tremulous with repressed emotion, pronounced the oath of acceptance. She sat down, took the pen, and affixed her signature to the deed which sundered the dearest hopes and the fondest ties which human hearts can feel. Eugene could endure this anguish no longer. His brain reeled, his heart ceased to beat, and he fell lifeless upon the floor. Josephine and Hortense retired with the attendants who bore out the insensible form of the affectionate son and brother. It was a fitting termination of this mournful yet sublime tragedy.

Josephine remained in her chamber overwhelmed with speechless grief. A sombre night darkened over the city, oppressed by the gloom of this cruel sacrifice. The hour arrived at which Napoleon usually retired for sleep. The Emperor, restless and wretched, had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected his faithful and devoted wife, when the private door of his chamber was slowly opened, and Josephine tremblingly entered. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, her hair disordered, and she appeared in all the dishabille of unutterable anguish. Hardly conscious of what she did in the delirium of her woe, she tottered into the middle of the room, and approached the bed of her former husband. Then irresolutely stopping,

she buried her face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears. A feeling of delicacy seemed for a moment to have arrested her steps—a consciousness that she had *now* no right to enter the chamber of Napoleon. In another moment all the pent-up love of her heart burst forth, and forgetting every thing in the fullness of her anguish, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped Napoleon's neck in her arms, and exclaiming, "My husband! my husband!" sobbed as though her heart were breaking. The imperial spirit of Napoleon was entirely vanquished. He, also, wept convulsively. He assured Josephine of his love—of his ardent and undying love. In every way he tried to soothe and to comfort her. For some time they remained locked in each other's embrace. The valet-de-chambre, who was still present, was dismissed, and for an hour Napoleon and Josephine continued together in this their last private interview. Josephine then, in the experience of an intensity of anguish such as few human hearts have ever known, parted forever from the husband whom she had so long and so faithfully loved. An attendant entered the apartment of Napoleon to remove the lights. He found the Emperor so buried beneath the bed-clothes as to be invisible. Not a word was uttered. The lights were removed, and the unhappy monarch was left alone in darkness and silence to the melancholy companionship of his own thoughts. The next morning the death-like pallor of his cheek, his sunken eye, and the haggard expression of his countenance attested that the Emperor had passed the night in sleeplessness and in suffering.

The beautiful palace of Malmaison, which Napoleon had embellished with every possible attraction, and where the Emperor and Empress had passed many of their happiest hours, was assigned to Josephine for her future residence. She retained the title and rank of Empress, with a jointure of about 600,000 dollars a year.

The grief of Napoleon was unquestionably sincere. It could not but be so. He had formed no new attachment. He was influenced by no vagrant passion. He truly loved Josephine. He consequently resolved to retire for a time to the seclusion of Trianon. He seemed desirous that the externals of mourning should accompany an event so mournful. "The orders for the departure for Trianon," says the Baron Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary, "had been previously given. When in the morning the Emperor was informed that his carriages were ready, he took his hat and said, 'Meneval, come with me.' I followed him by the little winding staircase which, from his cabinet, communicated with the apartment of the Empress. Josephine was alone, and appeared absorbed in the most melancholy reflections. At the noise which we made in entering, she eagerly rose, and threw herself sobbing upon the neck of the Emperor. He pressed her to his bosom with the most ardent embraces. In the excess of her emotion she fainted. I rang the bell for succor. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the renewal of scenes of anguish which he could no longer alleviate, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as she began to revive. Directing me not to leave her, he hastily retired to his carriage, which was waiting for him at the door. The Empress, perceiving the departure of the Emperor, redoubled her tears and moans. Her women placed her upon a sofa. She seized my hands, and franticly urged me to entreat Napoleon not to forget her, and to assure him that her love would survive every event. She made me promise to write her immediately on my arrival at Trianon, and to see that the Emperor wrote to her also. She could hardly consent to let me go, as if my departure would break the last tie which still connected her with the Emperor. I left her, deeply moved by the exhibition of a grief so true, and an attachment so sincere. I was profoundly saddened during my ride, and I could not refrain from deploring the rigorous exigencies of State, which rudely sundered the ties of a long-tried affection, to impose another union offering only uncertainties. Having arrived at Trianon, I gave the Emperor a faithful account of all that had transpired after his departure. He was still oppressed by the melancholy scenes through which he had passed. He dwelt upon the noble qualities of Josephine, and upon the sincerity of the affection which she cherished for him. He ever after preserved for her the most tender attachment. The same evening he wrote to her a letter to console her solitude."

At eleven o'clock all the household of the Tuileries were assembled upon the grand staircase, to witness the departure of their beloved mistress from scenes where she had so long been the brightest ornament. Josephine descended from her apartment, vailed from head to foot. Her emotions were too deep for utterance. Silently she waved an adieu to the affectionate and weeping friends who surrounded her. A close carriage with six horses was before the door. She entered it, sank back upon the cushions, buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing bitterly left the Tuileries forever.

Napoleon passed eight days in the retirement of Trianon. During this time he visited Josephine at Malmaison, and also received her to dine with him and with Hortense at Trianon.

The following letter written to Josephine by Napoleon at this time reveals his feelings:

"8 o'clock in the evening, Dec., 1809.

"My Love—I found you to-day more feeble than you ought to be. You have exhibited much fortitude, and it is necessary that you should still continue to sustain yourself. You must not yield to funereal melancholy. Strive to be tranquil, and above all, to preserve your health, which is so precious to me. If you are attached to me, if you love me, you must maintain your energy, and strive to be cheerful. You can not doubt my constancy and my tender affection. You know too well all the sentiments with which I regard you to suppose that I can

be happy if you are unhappy, that I can be serene if you are agitated. Adieu, my love. Sleep well. Believe that I wish it.

"NAPOLEON."

The Emperor soon returned to Paris, where he remained for three months, burying himself entirely in the multiplicity of his affairs. He was calm and joyless, and a general gloom surrounded him. He expressed himself as much affected by the dreary solitude of the palace, which was no longer animated by the presence of Josephine. From the Tuileries he thus wrote to his exiled wife:

"Wed. noon.

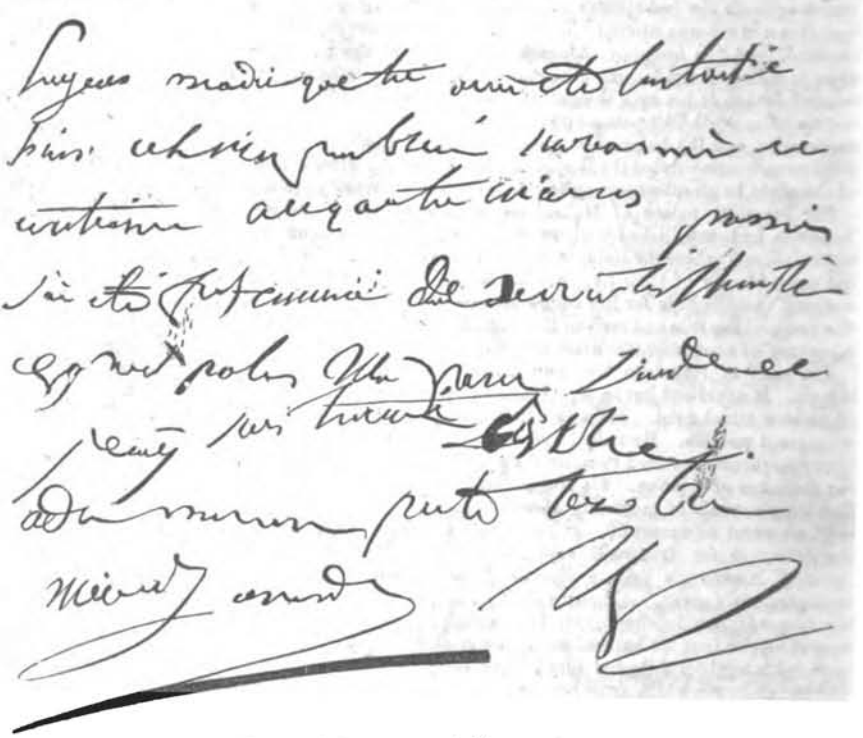
"Eugene has told me that you were yesterday very sad. That is not right, my love. It is contrary to what you have promised me. I have been very lonely in returning to the Tuileries. This great palace appears to me empty, and I find myself in solitude. Adieu, my love. Be careful of your health.*

"NAPOLEON."

Negotiations were now in progress for the new nuptials. It was for some time undecided whether the alliance should be with Austria, with Russia, or with Saxony.

Josephine was still surrounded with all the external splendors of royalty. Napoleon frequently called upon her, though from motives of delicacy he never saw her alone. He consulted her respecting all his plans, and assiduously cherished her friendship. It was soon manifest that the surest way of securing the favor of Napoleon was to pay marked attention to Josephine. The palace of Malmaison consequently became the favorite resort of the court. Some time after the divorce, Madame de Rochefoucault, formerly mistress of the robes to Josephine, deserting the forsaken Empress, applied for the same post of honor in the household of her successor. To the application, Napoleon replied, "No, she shall retain neither her old situation nor have the new one. I am charged with ingratitude toward Josephine. But I will have no imitators, especially among those whom

* The following is a fac-simile of this letter, the first which he wrote to the Empress after his return to the Tuileries:



"Eugene m'a dit que tu avais été toute triste hier. Cela n'est pas bien, mon amie. C'est contraire a ce que tu m'avais promis. j'ai été fort ennuyé de revoir les Tuileries. Ce grande palais m'a paru vide, et je m'y suis trouvé isolé.

Adieu, mon amie. Porte toi bien.

"NAPOLEON."

she has honored with her confidence and loaded with benefits."

Josephine remained for some time at Malmaison. In deeds of kindness to the poor, in reading, and in receiving with the utmost elegance of hospitality the members of the court who were ever crowding her saloons, she gradually regained equanimity of spirits, and surrendered herself to a quiet and pensive submission. Napoleon frequently called to see her, and, taking her arm, he would walk for hours in the embowered paths of the lovely chateau, confidentially unfolding to her all his plans. He seemed to desire to do every thing in his power to alleviate the intensity of anguish with which he had wrung her heart. His own affections still clung to Josephine. Her lovely and noble character commanded increasingly his homage.

Josephine thus describes an interview with Napoleon at Malmaison: "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran toward me, and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered—I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. Oh, then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me, and his look was that of most tender affection. At length, in a tone of deepest compassion and love, he said:

"'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you. I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have again contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished you from my memory!'

"'Sire!' I replied—

"'Call me Bonaparte!' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.'

"Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. Oh, how quickly does every thing take place on earth! I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The divorce of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, was a violation of the immutable laws of God. Like all wrongdoing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe. Doubtless Napoleon, educated in the midst of those convulsions which had shaken all the foundations of Christian morality, did not clearly perceive the extent of the wrong. He unquestionably felt that he was doing right—that the interests of France demanded the sacrifice. But the penalty was none the less inevitable. At St. Helena Napoleon remarked:

"My divorce has no parallel in history. It did not destroy the ties which united our families, and our mutual tenderness remained unchanged. Our separation was a sacrifice demanded of us by reason, for the interests of my crown and of my dynasty. Josephine was devoted to me. She loved me tenderly. No one ever had a preference over me in her heart. I occupied the first place in it; her children the next. She was right in thus loving me, and the remembrance of her is still all-powerful in my mind."

The question was still undecided who should be the future empress. Many contradictory opinions prevailed; and Napoleon himself remained, for a time, in uncertainty. On the 21st of January, 1810, a privy council was assembled in the Tuileries to deliberate upon a matter of such transcendent importance to the welfare of France. Napoleon, grave and impassible, was seated in the Imperial chair. All the grand dignitaries of the empire were present. Napoleon opened the meeting by saying:

"I have assembled you to obtain your advice upon the greatest interest of state—upon the choice of a spouse who is to give heirs to the empire. Listen to the report of M. de Champagny; after which, you will please, each of you, give me your opinion."

An elaborate report was presented upon the three alliances between which the choice lay—the Russian, the Austrian, and the Saxon. After the report there was a long silence, no one venturing to speak first. Napoleon then commenced upon his left, and called upon each individual, in his turn, for his opinion. There was in the council a strong majority in favor of the Austrian princess. During the interview Napoleon remained calm, silent, and impenetrable. Not a muscle of his marble face revealed any bias of his own. At the close he thanked the members for their excellent advice, and said:

"I will weigh your arguments in my mind. I am convinced that whatever difference there may be between your views, the opinion of each of you has been determined by an enlightened zeal for the interests of the state, and by a faithful attachment to my person."

Some cautious words were at first addressed to the Court of St. Petersburg. Alexander favored the alliance. He was, however, much annoyed by the opposition which he had already encountered from the Queen-mother and the nobles. He hoped to regain their favor by constraining Napoleon, as a condition of the alliance, to pledge himself never to allow the re-establishment of the Kingdom of Poland, or any enlargement of the Duchy of Warsaw.

"To enter," Napoleon nobly replied, "into an absolute and general engagement, that the Kingdom of Poland shall never be re-established, were an undignified and imprudent act on my part. If the Poles, taking advantage of favorable circumstances, should rise up of themselves, alone, and hold Russia in check, must I then employ my forces against them? If they find allies, must I march to combat those allies? This would be asking of me a thing impossible—dishonoring. I can say that no co-operation, direct or indirect, shall be furnished by me toward an attempt at reconstituting Poland. But

I can go no further. As to the future aggrandizement of the Duchy of Warsaw, I can not bind myself against them, except Russia, in reciprocity, pledges herself never to add to her dominions any portion detached from the old Polish provinces."*

The haughty Empress-mother was not prepared to decline so brilliant a proposal. She, however, was disposed to take time for consideration. "A Russian Princess," said she, "is not to be won like a peasant girl, merely by the asking." The impetuous nature of Napoleon could not brook such dalliance. With characteristic promptness, he dispatched a communication to St. Petersburg, informing Alexander that he considered himself released from the preference he had thought due to the sister of a monarch who had been his ally and his friend.

On the same day a communication was opened with the Court of Austria. The propositions were with alacrity accepted. The Emperor Francis was highly pleased with the arrangement, as it sundered the union of Russia with France, and secured to his daughter the finest fortune imaginable. The young princess Maria Louisa was eighteen years of age, of graceful figure, excellent health, and a fair German complexion. "She accepted," says Thiers, "with becoming reserve, but with much delight, the brilliant lot offered her." The Emperor of Russia was exceedingly disappointed and vexed at this result. He is reported to have exclaimed, when he heard the tidings, "This condemns me to my native forests." The alliance of Austria with France annihilated his hopes of obtaining Constantinople.†

Arrangements were immediately made for the nuptials. Berthier was sent as Napoleon's embassador-extraordinary to demand Maria Louisa in marriage. Napoleon selected his illustrious adversary, the Archduke Charles, to stand as his proxy and represent him in the marriage ceremony. How strange the change. But a few months before, Napoleon and the Archduke had struggled against each other, in the horrid carnage of Eckmuhl, Essling, and Wagram. Now, in confiding friendship, the Austrian prince, personating the Emperor of France, received his bride.

On the 11th of May the marriage ceremony was solemnized with a splendor which Vienna has never seen paralleled, and in the midst of an universal outburst of popular gladness. Maria Louisa was conveyed in triumph to France. Exultant joy greeted her every step of the way. It was arranged that at the magnificent royal palace of Compeigne she was to meet Napoleon for the first time, surrounded by his whole court. To save her from the embarrassment of such an interview, Napoleon set out from Compeigne, accompanied by Murat, that he might more privately greet her on the road. Neither husband nor wife had ever yet met. As the cavalcade approached, Napoleon, springing from his carriage, leaped into that of the Empress, and welcomed her with the most cordial embrace. The high-born bride was much gratified with the unexpected ardor, and with the youthful appearance of her husband. The Emperor took his seat by her side, and seemed much pleased with her mild beauty, her intelligence, and her gentle spirit.‡ Napoleon was

* Caulaincourt, the French Minister at St. Petersburg, hoping to facilitate the negotiations then pending for a matrimonial alliance, signed a convention on the 5th of January, 1810, containing the following conditions:—"That the Polish kingdom should never be re-established; that the names of Poland and the Poles should cease to be used in all public acts; and that the Duchy of Warsaw should receive no new territorial accessions from any portion of ancient Poland." *But Napoleon promptly refused to ratify such preliminaries.* To avenge the affront Alexander immediately withdrew many of the restrictions by which British commerce had been excluded from his ports. Sir Archibald Alison, though aware of this fact, yet attributing to Napoleon the *act of the French Minister*, which Napoleon *refused to recognize*, says:

"Napoleon, however, spared no efforts to appease the Czar; and being well aware that it was the secret dread of the restoration of Poland, which was the spring of all their uneasiness, he engaged not only to concur with Alexander, in every thing which should tend to efface ancient recollections, but even declared that he was desirous that the name of Poland and of the Poles *should disappear, not merely from every political transaction, but even from history.* How fortunate that the eternal records of history are beyond the potentates who for a time oppress mankind."

That *Alexander* desired this iniquity is universally admitted. But Alexander was the ally of England in the overthrow of Napoleon. *Alexander became the foe of Napoleon because Napoleon would not permit the Czar to annex Constantinople to his empire, and would not aid him in crushing the Poles. The guns of the allies demolished the Duchy of Warsaw, and annihilated the hopes of Poland.* We marvel at the boldness of the historian who, in view of such uncontradicted facts, can speak of the allies as contending for the liberties of Europe.

† "We are pleased with this event," said Romanzoff, the Chancellor of Russia, to Caulaincourt. "We feel no envy at Austria. We have no cause of complaint against her. Every thing that secures her tranquillity and that of Europe can not but be agreeable to us." "Congratulate the Emperor," said Alexander, "on his choice. He wishes to have children. All France desires it. This alliance is for Austria and France a pledge of peace, and I am delighted. Personally, I may have some reason to complain. But I do not do so. I rejoice at whatever is for the good of France." In the same interview, however, Alexander did complain most bitterly.

"When such," says Alison, "was the language of the Emperor, it may be conceived what were the feelings of St. Petersburg, and how materially the discontent of the court weakened the French influence, already so hateful to the nobles and the people. These details are not foreign to the dignity of history; they are intimately blended with the greatest events which modern history has witnessed; for though governed in his policy generally only by state policy, and a perfect master of dissimulation, Alexander was scrupulously attentive to his private honor; the coldness between the two courts soon became apparent; but such is the weakness of human nature, alike in its most exalted as its humblest stations, that possibly political considerations might have failed to extricate the cabinet of St. Petersburg from the fetters of Tilsit and Erfurth, if they had not been aided by private pique; and Napoleon been still on the throne, if to the slavery of Europe and the wrongs of the Emperor, had not been superadded in the breast of the Czar, the wounded feelings of the man."—*Alison's History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 334.

‡ Maria Louisa afterward confessed to Napoleon, that when her marriage was first proposed, she could not help feeling a kind of terror, owing to the awful accounts she had heard of him. Upon mentioning these reports to her

at this period of his life remarkably handsome. There was not a furrow upon his cheek; his complexion was an almost transparent olive, and his features were of the most classic mould. Maria Louisa was surprised to find her illustrious husband so attractive in his person and in his address. "Your portrait, Sire," said she, "has not done you justice."

The marriage ceremonies which had taken place in Vienna were in accordance with the usages of the Austrian Court. The marriage was complete and irrevocable. Napoleon made particular inquiries, upon this point, of the supreme judicial tribunal of France, that there might be no violation of decorum. The repetition of the ceremony at Paris was merely a formality, arranged as a mark of respect to the nation over which the new sovereign came to reign. Napoleon, among other benefactions on the occasion of his marriage, gave a dowry of one hundred and forty dollars to each of six thousand young girls who, on the day of the solemnization of his own nuptials, should marry a soldier of his army, of established bravery and good conduct.

The bridal party remained at Compeigne three days. The civil marriage was again celebrated at St. Cloud on the 1st of April. The next day Napoleon and Maria Louisa, surrounded by the marshals of the empire, and followed by the imperial family and the court in a hundred magnificent carriages, made their triumphal entry into Paris, by the Arch of the Etoile. The Emperor and Empress were seated in the coronation carriage, whose spacious glass panels exhibited them to the three hundred thousand spectators, who thronged that magnificent avenue. As the imperial couple moved slowly along, they were enveloped in one continuous and exultant roar of enthusiastic acclaim. They traversed the Champs Elysées through a double range of most sumptuous decorations, and entered the Palace of the Tuileries by the garden. The nuptial altar was erected in the grand saloon. Leading the Empress by the hand, Napoleon passed through that noble gallery of paintings, the longest and richest in the world, which connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. The most distinguished people of the empire, in two rows, lined his path and gazed with admiration upon the man whose genius had elevated France from the abyss of anarchy to the highest pinnacle of dignity and power.

In the evening, in a chapel dazzling with gold, and illuminated to a degree of brilliance which surpassed noonday splendor, he received the nuptial benediction. All Paris seemed intoxicated with joy. Every murmur was hushed. Every apprehension seemed to have passed away. The dripping sword was sheathed, and peace again smiled upon the continent, so long ravaged by war.

The ringing of the bells and the booming of the cannon which announced the marriage of Napoleon, forced tears of anguish into the eyes of Josephine in her silent chamber. With heroism almost more than mortal she struggled to discipline her feelings to submission.

The beautiful chateau of Malmaison is but a few miles distant from Paris. Napoleon, to spare the feelings of Josephine, so far as possible, under this cruel trial, assigned to her the Palace of Navarre, where she would be further removed from the torturing rejoicings of the metropolis. Soon after her arrival at Navarre, she wrote thus to the Emperor:

"SIRE—I received this morning the welcome note which was written on the eve of your departure for St. Cloud, and hasten to reply to its tender and affectionate contents. These, indeed, do not surprise me; so perfectly assured was I that your attachment would find out the means of consoling me under a separation necessary to the tranquillity of both. The thought that your care follows me into my retreat, renders it almost agreeable. After having known all the sweets of a love that is shared, and all the sufferings of one that is shared no longer; after having exhausted all the pleasures that supreme power can confer, and the happiness of beholding the man whom I loved, enthusiastically admired, is there aught else save repose to be desired? What illusions can now remain for me! All such vanished when it became necessary to renounce you. Thus the only ties which yet bind me to life, are my sentiments for you, attachment for my children, the possibility of still being able to do some good, and, above all, the assurance that you are happy.

"I can not sufficiently thank you, Sire, for the liberty you have permitted me, of choosing the members of my household. One circumstance alone gives me pain, viz., the etiquette of custom, which becomes a little tiresome in the country. You fear that there may be something wanting to the rank I have preserved, should a slight infraction be allowed in the toilet of these gentlemen. But I believe you are wrong in thinking they would for one minute forget the respect due to the woman who was your companion. Their respect for yourself, joined to the sincere attachment they bear to me, secures me against the danger of being ever obliged to recall what it is your wish that they should remember. My most honorable title is derived, not from having been crowned, but, assuredly, from having been chosen by you. None other is of value. That alone suffices for my immortality.

"I expect Eugene. I doubly long to see him; for he will doubtless bring me a new pledge of your remembrance, and I can question him, at my ease, of a thousand things concerning which

uncles, they replied, "That was all very true, while he was our enemy. But the case is altered now."

"To afford an idea of the sympathy and good-will with which the different members of the Austrian family were taught to regard me," said the Emperor, "it is sufficient to mention that one of the young archdukes frequently burnt his dolls, which he called *roasting Napoleon*. He afterward declared that he would not roast me any more, for he loved me very much, because I had given his sister Louisa plenty of money to buy him playthings."

I desire to be informed—but of which I can not inquire of you; things, too, of which you ought still less to speak to me. Do not forget *your friend*. Tell her sometimes that you preserve for her an attachment, which constitutes the felicity of her life. Often repeat to her that you are happy; and be assured, that for her the future will thus be peaceful, as the past has been stormy and often sad."

In less than three weeks after Napoleon had entered Paris with his Austrian bride, Josephine wrote to him the following touching letter, involuntarily revealing the intensity of her sufferings:

"Navarre, 19 April, 1810.

"Sire—I have received by my son the assurance of your Majesty's consent to my return to Malmaison. This favor, Sire, dissipates in a great degree the solicitude and even the fears with which the long silence of your Majesty had inspired me. I had feared that I was entirely banished from his memory. I see that I am not so. I am consequently to-day less sorrowful, and even as happy as it is henceforth possible for me to be. I shall return at the close of the month to Malmaison, since your Majesty sees no objection. But I ought to say, Sire, that I should not so speedily have profited by the permission which your Majesty has given me in this respect, if the house of Navarre did not require for my health, and for that of the persons of my household, important repairs. It is my intention to remain at Malmaison but a short time. I shall soon put myself at a distance again, by going to the waters. But during the time that I shall remain at Malmaison, your Majesty may be sure that I shall live as though I were a thousand leagues from Paris. I have made a great sacrifice, Sire, and every day I experience more fully its magnitude. Nevertheless that sacrifice shall be as it ought to be—it shall be entirely mine. Your Majesty shall never be troubled in his happiness by any expression of my grief. I offer incessant prayers that your Majesty may be happy. That your Majesty may be convinced of it, I shall always respect his new situation. I shall respect it in silence. Trusting in the affection with which he formerly cherished me, I shall not exact any new proof. I shall await the dictates of his justice and of his heart. I limit myself in soliciting one favor. It is that your Majesty will deign to seek himself occasionally the means to convince me and those who surround me that I have still a little place in his memory, and a large place in his esteem and in his friendship. These means, whatever they may be, will alleviate my sorrows without being able to compromise that which to me is the most important of all things, the happiness of your Majesty.

"Josephine."

To this letter Napoleon replied in a manner which drew from Josephine's heart the following gushing response:

"A thousand, thousand tender thanks, that you have not forgotten me. My son has brought me your letter. With what eagerness have I read it. And yet it took much time, for there was not one word in it which did not make me weep. But these tears were very soothing. I have recovered my heart all entire, and such as it will ever remain. There are sentiments which are even life, and which can pass away only with life. I am in despair that my letter of the 19th has wounded you. I can not recall entirely the expressions, but I know the very painful sentiment which dictated it. It was that of chagrin at not hearing from you. I had written you at my departure from Malmaison, and since, how many times have I desired to write you. But I perceived the reason of your silence, and I feared to be obtrusive by a single letter. Yours has been a balm to me. May you be happy. May you be as happy as you deserve to be. It is my heart all entire which speaks to you. You have just given me my portion of happiness, and a portion most sensibly appreciated. Nothing is of so much value to me as one mark of your regard. Adieu, my friend. I thank you as tenderly as I always love you.

"Josephine."

Shortly after his marriage Napoleon visited, with his young bride, the northern provinces of his empire. They were every where received with every possible demonstration of homage and affection. England, however, still continued unrelentingly to prosecute the war. Napoleon, in addition to the cares of the civil government of his dominions, was compelled to struggle against the Herculean assaults of the most rich and powerful nation upon the globe. England, with her bombarding fleet, continued to assail France wherever a shot or a shell could be thrown. She exerted all the influence of intrigue and of gold to rouse the royalists or the jacobins of France, it mattered not which, to insurrection, and to infuse undying hostility into the insurgents of Portugal and of Spain. She strove with the most wakeful vigilance to prevent the embers of war from being extinguished upon the Continent. With a perseverance worthy of admiration, had it been exerted in a better cause, she availed herself of all the jealousies which Napoleon's wonderful career excited to combine new coalitions against the great foe of aristocratic usurpation, the illustrious advocate of popular rights. In this attempt she was too successful. The flames of war soon again blazed with redoubled fury over the blood-drenched Continent.*

* "On his return from a tour in Holland, at the end of October, Napoleon clearly perceived that a speedy rupture with Russia was inevitable. In vain he sent Lauriston as embassador to St. Petersburg, in the place of Caulaincourt, who could no longer remain there. The most skillful diplomatist that ever existed could effect nothing with a powerful government whose determination was already fixed. In the state to which Europe was reduced, no one could effectually counteract the wish of Russia and her allies to go to war with France."—Bourrienne's *Napoleon*, p. 436.

Napoleon being now allied with one of the reigning families of Europe, and being thus brought, as it were, into the circle of legitimate kings, hoped that England might at last be persuaded to consent to peace. He therefore made another and most strenuous effort to induce his warlike neighbors to sheathe the sword. He was, however, still unsuccessful. In thus pleading for peace again and again, he went to the very utmost extreme of duty. Truly did Mr. Cobden affirm, "*It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees to avert a rupture with England.*"

"Ever since his alliance with the house of Austria," says Savary, "the Emperor flattered himself that he had succeeded in his expectations, which had for their object to bind a power of the first order to a system established in France, and accordingly to secure the peace of Europe; in other words, he thought he had no longer to apprehend any fresh coalition. Nothing was therefore left unaccomplished except a peace with England. A peace with England was the subject to which his attention was principally directed. Such in fact was our position, that unless England could be prevailed upon to consent to peace, there could be no end to the war. The intervention of Russia had been twice resorted to for bringing about a negotiation with the English government; and it had been rejected by the latter, in terms which did not even afford the means of calling upon her for the grounds of her refusal. Still the Emperor could not give up all hope of procuring a favorable hearing for reasonable proposals on his part. He sought the means of sounding the views of the English government, for the purpose of ascertaining how far he was justified in not banishing all hope of an accommodation.

"It was necessary that a measure of this nature should be secretly resorted to, otherwise it would have shown his intentions in too open a manner. Holland stood much more in need of a maritime peace than France itself. King Louis enjoyed the good opinion of his subjects, and frankly told the Emperor of the personal inconvenience he should feel in being seated, for a much longer time, upon the throne of a country bereft of its resources. He was the first to open a correspondence, with the Emperor's approbation. It was carried on under the disguise of a mere commercial intercourse. The firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, transacted more business with England than any other house, and owing to the high consideration which it enjoyed, that house might, while carrying on its commercial affairs, be vested, without any impropriety, with the character which the State matters between the governments would require it to assume. It had for one of its partners M. de Labouchere, who was connected by family ties with one of the first mercantile men in London. M. de Labouchere addressed his reports to the firm of Hope, at Amsterdam, who handed them to the King; from the latter they were transmitted to the Emperor."

Fouché, the restless Minister of Police, had also ventured at the same time, on his own responsibility, unknown to Napoleon, to send a secret agent to sound the British ministry. M. Ouvrard was dispatched on this strange mission. "The consequence was," says Sir Walter Scott, "that Ouvrard and the agent of the Emperor, neither of whom knew of the other's mission, entered about the same time into correspondence with the Marquis of Wellesley. The British statesman, surprised at this double application, became naturally suspicious of some intended deception, and broke off all correspondence both with Ouvrard and his competitor for the office of negotiator." These reiterated and unwearied endeavors of Napoleon to promote peace, notwithstanding repulse and insult, surely indicate that he did not desire war. Napoleon, again disappointed, was exceedingly incensed with Fouché for his inexcusable presumption.

"What was M. Ouvrard commissioned to do in England?" said Napoleon to Fouché, when he was examined before the Council.

"To ascertain," Fouché replied, "the disposition of the new minister for foreign affairs, in Great Britain, according to the views which I have the honor of submitting to your Majesty."

"Thus, then," rejoined Napoleon, "you take upon yourself to make peace or war without my knowledge. Duke of Otranto, your head should fall upon the scaffold."

Fouché was dismissed from the ministry of police. Yet Napoleon, with characteristic generosity, sent him into a kind of honorable banishment as Governor of Rome. "Fouché," said the Emperor afterward, "is ever thrusting his ugly foot into everybody's shoes."

"Marquis Wellesley,"* says Alison, "insisted strongly on the prosperous condition of the British empire, and its ability to withstand a long period of future warfare, from the resources which the monopoly of the trade of the world had thrown into its hands." The English fleet triumphantly swept all seas. The ocean was its undisputed domain. She had just sent a powerful armament and wrested the island of Java from France. "This splendid island," says Alison, "was the last possession beyond the seas which remained to the French empire. Its reduction had long been an object of ambition to the British government. A powerful expedition against Java was fitted out at Madras. The victory was complete. The whole of this noble island thus fell under the dominion of the British. Such was the termination of the maritime war between England and Napoleon. Thus was extinguished the LAST REMNANT of the colonial empire of France." The moral courage which has enabled England, while thus grasping the globe in its arms, to exclaim against *the insatiable ambition of Bonaparte*, is astounding.

"England," continues Alison, "by wresting from her rival all her colonial settlements, had made herself master of the fountains of the hu-

* Richard Colley Wellesley, then Secretary of State, brother of Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

man race. But the contest was not to terminate here. The rival powers thus nursed to greatness on their respective elements, thus alike irresistible on the land and the sea, were now come into fierce and final collision. England was to launch her legions against France, and contend with her ancient rival on her own element, for the palm of European ascendency; the desperate struggle in Russia was to bring to a decisive issue the contest for the mastery of the ancient world."

France, with her fleet destroyed, her maritime commerce annihilated, her foreign possessions wrested from her, her territory bombarded in every vulnerable point, by the most powerful navy earth has ever known, and with her reiterated and earnest supplications for peace rejected with contumely and insult, had no means left by which to resist her implacable foe but the enforcement of the Continental System—the exclusion of British goods on the Continent.

Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland, more interested in the immediate pecuniary prosperity of his subjects than in the political views of his brother, neglected to enforce the Imperial Decree against English trade. Consequently immense importations of English merchandise took place in the ports of Holland, and from thence were smuggled throughout Europe. Napoleon determined to put an end to a state of things so entirely subversive of the effectual yet bloodless warfare he was now waging. He considered that he had a right to demand the co-operation of all those new popular governments which his voice had called into being, and which were entirely dependent upon France for support against surrounding enemies. The overthrow of popular institutions in France would whelm them all in common ruin. And in fact, when Napoleon was finally crushed, constitutional rights and popular liberty, all over Europe, went down into the grave together. Napoleon consequently did not feel that he was acting at all the part of a despot in calling upon all those associated and mutually dependent governments to co-operate in a common cause. They had all pledged to him their solemn word that they would do so. Their refusal to redeem this pledge seemed, to him, to insure the inevitable ruin of all. Prussia and Russia had also pledged the most solemn faith of treaties that they would thus assist Napoleon in his endeavor to spike the guns of England.

The following letter from Napoleon to Louis throws light upon the grounds of complaint against Holland:—"SIRE, MY BROTHER—I have received your Majesty's letter. You desire me to make known to you my intentions with regard to Holland. I will do it frankly. When your Majesty ascended the throne of Holland, part of the Dutch nation wished to be united to France. The esteem for that brave people which I had imbibed from history made me desirous that it should retain its name and its independence. I drew up myself its constitution, which was to be the basis of your Majesty's throne, and placed you upon it. I hoped that, brought up under me, you would have had such an attachment to France as the nation has a right to expect from its children, and still more from its princes. I had hoped that, educated in my politics, you would have felt that Holland, weak, without an ally, without an army, could and must be conquered the moment she placed herself in direct opposition to France; that she ought not to separate her politics from mine; in short, that she was bound to me by treaties. Thus I imagined that, in placing a prince of my own family upon the throne of Holland, I had a means of reconciling the interests of the two States, and of uniting them in one common cause, in a common hostility to England. I know that it is become the fashion with certain people to panegyrize me and deride France. But they who do not love France do not love me. Those who speak ill of my people I consider as my greatest enemies. Your Majesty will find in me a brother, if I find in you a Frenchman. But should you be unmindful of the sentiments which attach you to our common country, you will not take it amiss if I disregard those which nature formed between us."

Louis remonstrated against the interruption of trade between Holland and England.

"There are," he wrote to Napoleon, "only three means of attacking England with effect: detaching Ireland from her; capturing her Indian possessions; or a descent on her coast. The two last are impossible without a navy. But I am astonished that the first has been so easily abandoned. These present a more certain means of securing peace, than a system which injures yourself and your allies in an attempt to inflict greater hurt upon your enemies."

Hortense was then in Paris with her two children. She had been separated from her husband. Napoleon took into his lap her little son Napoleon, brother of the present Emperor of France, and said to him, "Come, my son, I will be your father. You shall lose nothing. The conduct of your father grieves me to the heart. But it is to be explained, perhaps, by his infirmities. When you become great, you must add his debt to yours. And never forget that in whatever situation you are placed by my politics and the interests of my empire, your first duty is toward me, your second toward France. All your other duties, even those toward the people I may confide to you, will rank after these."

"It can not be denied," says Savary, "that the abdication and flight of Louis seriously affected the Emperor's cause in public opinion. It was related to me by a person who was near the Emperor when he received the news of the event, that he never saw him so much struck with astonishment. He remained silent for a few moments, and after a kind of momentary stupor, suddenly appeared to be greatly agitated. He was not then aware of the influence which that circumstance would have over political af-

fairs. His mind was exclusively taken up with his brother's ingratitude. His heart was ready to burst, when he exclaimed:

"'Was it possible to suspect so mischievous a conduct in the brother most indebted to me? When I was a mere lieutenant of artillery, I brought him up with the scanty means which my pay afforded me. I divided my bread with him. And this is the return he makes for my kindness.' The Emperor was so overpowered by emotion, that his grief is said to have vented itself in sobs."

Commenting upon these acts at St. Helena, Napoleon said, "When my brother mistook an act of public scandal for one of glory, and fled from his throne, declaiming against me, my insatiable ambition and intolerable tyranny, what remained for me to do? Was I to abandon Holland to our enemies, or to give it to another king? Could I, in such a case, have expected more from a stranger than from my own brother? Did not all the kings I created act nearly in the same manner? I derived little assistance from my own family. They have deeply injured me and the great cause for which I fought. For the caprice of Louis, perhaps an excuse is to be found in the deplorable state of his health, which must have had a considerable influence upon his mind. He was subject to cruel infirmities. On one side he was almost paralytic. My annexation of Holland to the empire, however, produced a most unfavorable impression throughout Europe, and contributed greatly to lay the foundation of our misfortunes."

Perplexities were now rapidly multiplying around Napoleon. England was pushing the war in Spain with extraordinary vigor.* Russia, exasperated, was assuming every day a more hostile attitude. Not a French fishing-boat could appear upon the ocean but it was captured by the undisputed sovereign of the seas. The maritime commerce of France was annihilated. There seemed no possible way in which Napoleon could resist his formidable opponent but by the Continental System. And that system destroyed the commerce of Europe and provoked continual antagonism. There was no alternative left to Napoleon, but to abandon the struggle, bow humbly to the dictation of England, and surrender France to the Bourbons, or to maintain the system, often by the exercise of arbitrary power. Thus, by the right of might alone, Napoleon annexed to France the little canton of the Valois which commanded the new route over the Simplon to the Kingdom of Italy. With the same usurping power, he established a cordon of troops from the mouth of the Scheldt to that of the Elbe, to protect the coasts of the German Ocean from the barque of the smuggler.*

A young Saxon, 20 years of age, named Von der Sulhn, was arrested in Paris. He confessed that it was his intention to assassinate the Emperor, and thus to immortalize his own name by connecting it with that of Napoleon. He said that he knew that the attempt would insure his own death whether he succeeded or not. "I made a written report to the Emperor," says Savary, "of whatever had preceded and followed the arrest of the young Saxon, whose intentions admitted no longer of any doubt. The Emperor wrote in the margin of my report:

"'This affair must be kept concealed, in order to avoid the necessity of publicly following it up. The young man's age must be his excuse. None are criminal at so early an age, unless regularly trained to crime. In a few years his turn of mind will alter. Vain would then be the regret of having sacrificed a young madman, and plunged a worthy family into a state of mourning, to which some dishonor would always be attached. Confine him in the castle of Vincennes. Have him treated with all the care which his derangement seems to require. Give him books to read.' Let his family be written to, and leave it to time to do the rest. Speak on the subject to the Archchancellor, whose advice will be of great assistance to you.'

"In consequence of these orders, young Von der Sulhn was placed at Vincennes, where he

* The tremendous energy with which England persisted in the war may be inferred from the fact that Parliament voted as supplies for the navy for that year 100,000,000 of dollars; for the army 130,000,000. The British navy then consisted of 1019 vessels. The total expenditure of the British government for the year amounted to the enormous sum of 470,000,000 of dollars. By such Herculean exertions, the oligarchy of England finally succeeded in arresting the progress of republican equality, and in riveting anew upon the Continent the chains of feudal despotism. It is a remarkable fact that Napoleon introduced such order and economy into every department of the government, by giving publicity to all the accounts, and watching them with an eagle eye, that notwithstanding the incessant wars in which he was involved, the expenses of his administration were no greater than the ancient kingdom had required within greatly contracted limits, and in times of peace. Upon his downfall he bequeathed to his country no insupportable burden of debt.

* "The rigorous enforcement of the Continental System had become the Emperor's sheet anchor, inasmuch as no other means could be devised for compelling England to agree to a peace. That system, which had to stand such severe attacks from public opinion, had been maturely weighed and boldly carried into execution. At the risk of anticipating a little upon the order of events, I may be allowed to call to my assistance, in this place, the unsuspecting testimony of the Emperor Alexander.

"During the year 1814, that monarch was in the habit of visiting the Empress Maria Louisa at Schönbrunn. He met there the Baron Meneval, whom he soon recognized. In the course of conversation he told him that during his late excursion to England, after the peace of Paris, he was desirous of satisfying himself as to the practicability of the views contemplated by the Continental System. He had visited Manchester, Birmingham, and the large manufacturing towns of England. He had seen, examined, and questioned with the utmost care, and brought back the conviction that if the system had lasted another year England must have yielded. What the Emperor Alexander's penetration had only discovered in 1814, had been foreseen in the outset by the genius of Napoleon. He accordingly attached great importance to the carrying into effect a measure so effectual and yet so little understood. Holland required to be more closely watched than any other part of Europe, in consequence of its numberless rivers, and the variety of forms which its commercial transactions assume."—*Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo*, vol. ii. p. 238.

was still confined on the arrival of the allies in Paris."

As Napoleon was engaged in a perpetual series of toils and cares, encouraging the industry and developing the resources of his majestic empire, warding off the blows of England, striving to conciliate foes upon the Continent, superintending the calamitous war in Spain, which was every day assuming a more fierce and sanguinary character, the year rapidly passed away.* Having been so long absent from France, conducting the war upon the banks of the Danube, he was under the necessity of intrusting the conduct of the Spanish war to his generals.

On the evening of the 19th of March, 1811, Maria Louisa was placed upon that couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or imperial rank can purchase exemption. The labor was long-protracted, and her anguish was dreadful. Her attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the case was one of extraordinary difficulty, and that the life of either the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon. He sat by the side of his suffering companion during twelve long hours of agony, endeavoring to soothe her fears and to revive her courage. Perceiving that M. Dubois, the surgeon, had lost his presence of mind, he inquired, "Is this a case of unheard of difficulty?"—"I have met with such before," the surgeon replied, "but they are rare."—"Very well," rejoined Napoleon, "summon your fortitude. Forget that you are attending the Empress. Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis." This judicious advice was attended with happy results, and both mother and child were saved.

It had previously been announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess* twenty-one guns were to be fired, if a *prince* one hundred. At 6 o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering in their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and, in all her glowing veins, the current of life stood still. The *twenty-first* gun was fired. The interest was now intense beyond conception. For a moment the gunners delayed the next discharge, and Paris stood waiting in breathless suspense. The heavily loaded guns then, with redoubled voice, pealed forth the announcement. From the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome! how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by

* Another intrigue, of a singular character, and which terminated in an unexpected manner, originated in an attempt of the English Ministry to achieve the liberty of Ferdinand, the lawful King of Spain. It is no doubt true, that had the government of England known the real character of this prince, a wish for his deliverance from France, or his presence in Spain, would have been the last which they would have formed. This misapprehension, however, was natural, and was acted upon.

"A Piedmontese of Irish extraction, called the Baron Kolli (or Kelley), the selected agent of the British government, was furnished with some diamonds and valuable articles, under pretext of disposing of which, he was to obtain admission to the Prince, then a prisoner at Vallençay, where his chief amusement, it is believed, was embroidering a gown and petticoat to be presented to the Virgin Mary. Kolli was then to have informed the Prince of his errand, effected Ferdinand's escape by means of confederates among the royalist party, and conveyed him to the coast, where a small squadron awaited the event of the enterprise, designed to carry the King of Spain to Gibralter, or whither else he chose. In March, 1810, Kolli was put ashore in Quiberon Bay, whence he went to Paris, to prepare for his enterprise. He was discovered by the police, and arrested at the moment when he was setting out for Vallençay. Some attempts were made to induce him to proceed with the scheme, of which his papers enabled the police to comprehend the general plan, keeping communication at the same time with the French Ministers. As he disdained to undertake this treacherous character, Kolli was committed close prisoner to the castle of Vincennes, while a person, the same who betrayed his principal, and whose exterior in some degree answered the description of the British emissary—was sent to represent him at the castle of Vallençay.

"But Ferdinand either suspicious of the snare which wa laid for him, or poor-spirited enough to prefer a safe bondage to a brave risk incurred for liberty, would not listen to the supposed agent of Britain, and indeed denounced the pretended Kolli to Barthemy, the governor of the castle. The false Kolli, therefore, returned to Paris, while the real one remained in the castle of Vincennes till the capture of Paris by the allies. Ferdinand took credit, in a letter to Bonaparte, for having resisted the temptation held out to him by the British government, who had, as he pathetically observed, abused his name, and occasioned, by doing so, the shedding of much blood in Spain. He again manifested his ardent wish to become the adopted son of the Emperor; his hope that the authors and abettors of the scheme to deliver him, might be brought to condign punishment; and concluded with a hint, that he was extremely desirous of leaving Vallençay, a residence which had nothing about it but what was unpleasant, and was not in any respect fitted for him."—SCOTT'S *Life of Napoleon*, vol. ii. p. 98.

To deluge the whole peninsula in blood and woe, in order to place a remorseless tyrant upon the throne, and then to plead ignorance of his character as an excuse! One of Ferdinand's first acts upon his restoration to power was to abolish the constitution. "This perfidious decree," says the Encyclopædia Americana, "ended by declaring that the session of the Cortes had ceased and that whoever should oppose this royal decree, should be held guilty of high treason and punished with an infamous death. From the promulgation of the decrees of May 4th, may be dated what has not unappropriately been denominated the *reign of terror*. Ferdinand, supported by traitors to their oaths, pursued the most despotical course from 1814 to 1820. During these six years, a vast number of patriots perished on the scaffold; the possessions on the coast of Africa were thronged with the most virtuous Spaniards. The foreign ministers did not make the least attempt to save the numerous victims of this most cruel despotism. The Duke of Wellington came from Paris May 24th, to compliment the king on his restoration to the throne and his rights."

his death. Who could then have imagined that his Imperial father would have died a prisoner in a dilapidated stable at St. Helena; and that this child, the object of a nation's love and expectation, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and then sink into a forgotten grave.

By the ringing of bells and the explosion of artillery, the tidings of this birth were rapidly spread over the whole of France. Josephine was at Navarre. Her noble heart rejoiced in anguish. It was in the evening of the same day that she was informed, by the cannon of the neighboring garrison, that Napoleon had become a father. No one witnessed the tears she shed in her lonely chamber. But at midnight she thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Sire!—Amidst the numerous felicitations which you receive from every corner of France, and from every regiment of your army, can the feeble voice of a woman reach your ear? Will you deign to listen to her who so often consoled your sorrows and sweetened your pains, now that she speaks to you only of that happiness in which all your wishes are fulfilled? Having ceased to be your wife, dare I felicitate you on becoming a father! Yes, Sire! without hesitation; for my soul renders justice to yours in like manner as you know mine. I can conceive every emotion you must experience, as you divine all that I feel at this moment. Though separated, we are united by that sympathy which survives all events.

"I should have desired to have learned the birth of the King of Rome from yourself, and not from the sound of the cannon of Evreux, or from the courier of the Prefect. I know, however, that, in preference to all, your first attentions are due to the public authorities of the State, to the foreign ministers, to your family, and especially to the fortunate Princess who has realized your dearest hopes. She can not be more tenderly devoted to you than I am. But she has been enabled to contribute more toward your happiness, by securing that of France. She has, then, a right to your first feelings, to all your cares, and I, who was but your companion in times of difficulty—I can not ask more than for a place in your affections, far removed from that occupied by the Empress, Maria Louisa. Not till you have ceased to watch by her bed—not till you are weary of embracing your son, will you take your pen to converse with your best friend. I will wait.

"Meanwhile it is not possible for me to delay telling you that, more than any one in the world, do I rejoice in your joy. And you will not doubt my sincerity when I here say, that, far from feeling an affliction at a sacrifice necessary for the repose of all, I congratulate myself on having made it, since I now suffer alone. But I am wrong; I do not suffer while you are happy; and I have but one regret in not having yet done enough to prove how dear you were to me. I have no account of the health of the Empress. I dare to depend upon you, Sire, so far as to hope that I shall have circumstantial details of the great event which secures the perpetuity of the name you have so nobly illustrated. Eugene and Hortense will write me, imparting their own satisfaction; but it is *from you* that I desire to know if your child be well—if he resemble you—if I shall one day be permitted to see him. In short, I expect from you unlimited confidence, and upon such I have some claims in consideration, Sire, of the boundless attachment I shall cherish for you while life remains."

Josephine had but just dispatched this letter when a courier was announced with a note from the Emperor. With intense agitation she received from the fragile and youthful page the billet, and immediately retired to her private apartment. Half an hour elapsed before she again made her appearance. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and the billet, which she still held in her hand, was blurred with her tears. She gave the page a note to the Emperor in reply, and presented him, in token of her appreciation of the tidings which he had brought, a small morocco-case, containing a diamond breast-pin, and a thousand dollars in gold.

Then, with a tremulous voice, she read the Emperor's note to her friends. Its concluding lines were: "This infant, in concert with *our Eugene*, will constitute my happiness and that of France." As Josephine read these words with emphasis, she exclaimed, "Is it possible to be more amiable! Could any thing be better calculated to soothe whatever might be painful in my thoughts at this moment, did I not so sincerely love the Emperor! This *uniting my son with his own* is, indeed, worthy of him who, when he wills, is the most delightful of men. This is it which has so much moved me."

Notwithstanding the jealousy of Maria Louisa, Napoleon arranged a plan by which he presented to Josephine the idolized child. The interview took place at the Royal Pavilion, near Paris.

Shortly after this interview Josephine thus wrote to Napoleon:

"Assuredly, Sire, it was not mere curiosity which led me to desire to meet the King of Rome; I wished to examine his countenance—to hear the sound of his voice, so like your own—to behold you caress a son on whom centre so many hopes—and to repay him the tenderness which you lavished on my own Eugene. When you recall how dearly you loved mine, you will not be surprised at my affection for the son of another, since he is yours likewise, nor deem either false or exaggerated, sentiments which you have so fully experienced in your own heart. The moment I saw you enter, leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced, for a time, the recollection of all that had preceded; for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection. It is more: it is one of esteem—of sincere attachment. Still, I am perfectly sensible, Sire, that

those meetings, which afford me so much pleasure, can not frequently be renewed; and I must not so far intrude on your compliance as to put it often under contribution. Let this sacrifice to your domestic tranquillity be one proof more of my desire to see you happy." *

At St. Helena, Napoleon said: "A son by Josephine would have completed my happiness, not only in a political point of view, but as a source of domestic felicity. As a political result, it would have secured to me the possession of the throne. The French people would have been as much attached to a son of Josephine, as they were afterward to the King of Rome, and I should not have set my foot on an abyss hidden by flowers."

Baron Meneval, private secretary to the Emperor, and also subsequently to Maria Louisa, thus testifies respecting Napoleon's domestic character:

"The Emperor, burdened with care, and perceiving himself upon the eve of a rupture with Russia, occupied his time between the multiplied labors of his cabinet, reviews, and the work of his ministers. It was in the society of his wife and his son that he sought the only recreation for which he had any taste. The few moments of leisure which the toils of the day left him, he consecrated to his son, whose tottering steps he loved to guide with even feminine solicitude. When the precious child stumbled and fell before his father could prevent it, he was received with caresses, and with shouts of joyous laughter. The Empress assisted in these family scenes, but she took a less active part than the Emperor. This trio, whose simplicity compelled one to forget their unspeakable grandeur, presented the touching spectacle of a citizen's household, united by ties of the most tender affection. Who could have imagined the destiny reserved for those who composed it. That man, who has been represented as insensible to sentiments of sympathy and kindness, was a tender husband and father." *

The following well-authenticated anecdote, related by Baron Meneval, beautifully illustrates the social spirit of Napoleon. The remembrance of a taste imbibed in the familiarity of the domestic life which she had passed in her youth, inspired the Empress one day with the desire to make an omelet. While she was occupied in that important culinary operation, the Emperor, unannounced, entered the room. The Empress, a little embarrassed, endeavored to conceal her preparations. "Ah," exclaimed the Emperor, with a latent smile, "what is going on here? It seems to me I perceive a singular odor, as of frying." Then, passing round the Empress, he discovered the chafing dish, the silver saucepan in which the butter began to melt, the salad-bowl, and the eggs. "How," exclaimed the Emperor, "are you making an omelet? You know nothing about it. I will show you how it is done." He immediately took his place at the table, and went to work with the Empress, she serving as assistant cook. The omelet was at last made, and one side was fried. Now came the difficulty of turning it, by tossing it over with artistic skill in the frying-pan. Napoleon, in the attempt, awkwardly tossed it upon the floor. Smiling, he said, "I have given myself credit for more exalted talents than I possess;" and he left the Empress undisputed mistress of the cuisine.

Madame de Montesquiou was appointed governess to the infant prince. She was a woman of rare excellence of character, and nobly discharged her responsibilities. "Madame Montesquiou," said Napoleon at St. Helena, "was a woman of singular merit. Her piety was sincere, and her principles excellent. She had the highest claims on my esteem and regard. I wanted half a dozen like her. I would have given them all appointments equal to their deserts. The following anecdote will afford a correct idea of the manner in which Madame Montesquiou managed the King of Rome. The apartments of the young prince were on the ground-floor, and looked out on the court of the Tuileries. At almost every hour in the day numbers of people were looking in at the window in the hope of seeing him. One day when he was in a violent fit of passion, and rebelling furiously against the authority of Madame Montesquiou,

* "The personal intercourse between Napoleon and Josephine, though not unfrequent, was conducted with the most decorous attention to appearances. Their last interview but one took place before he left Paris for the Russian campaign. This enterprise the ex-empress had contemplated with well-grounded alarm, and repeatedly solicited a meeting. The Emperor at length arrived at Malmaison. He was in a caleche, which drew up at the park-gate, and, with becoming delicacy, his repudiated wife received his visit in the garden. Seating themselves on a circular bench, within sight of the windows of the saloon, but beyond hearing, they continued in animated conversation for above two hours. The courtiers, concealed behind the window-drapery, endeavored to divine, from the changing expression of the speakers, the subject of their discourse. Josephine spoke at first anxiously, and almost in alarm. The Emperor replied with eager confidence, and seemed, by degrees, to reassure her, for it was evident that she felt satisfied with his arguments. In all probability the conversation turned upon the intended expedition against Russia. At length Napoleon rose, kissed the Empress's hand, and walked with her to his carriage. During the rest of the day Josephine appeared perfectly satisfied, and more than once repeated to her ladies that she had never seen the Emperor in better spirits; adding, "How I regret my inability to do any thing for that fortunate of the earth!" Such was her expression. A few months sufficed to make the misfortunes of Napoleon a by-word among the nations."—MEMES' *Memoirs of Josephine*, p. 385.

* "Though the Empress Maria Louisa," says Alison, "was little more than an amiable non-entity, and she proved herself, in the end, altogether unworthy of being his wife, yet he was kind and considerate to her during the few years that she shared his fortunes; and toward the King of Rome he invariably felt the warmest affection; parental feelings, indeed—strong in almost all but the utterly selfish—were peculiarly warm in his bosom. The education and progress of his son occupied a large share of his attention, even on the most momentous occasion of his life; and one of the bitterest pangs which he felt during his exile at St. Helena was owing to his separation from that beloved infant with whom his affections and prospective glories had been indissolubly wound up."—ALISON'S *History of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 108.

she immediately ordered all the shutters to be closed. The child, surprised at the sudden darkness, asked *Maman Quiou*, as he used to call her, what it all meant. 'I love you too well,' she replied, 'not to hide your anger from the crowd in the court-yard. You, perhaps, will one day be called to govern all those people; and what would they say if they saw you in such a fit of rage! Do you think they would ever obey you if they knew you to be so wicked!' Upon this, the child asked pardon, and promised never again to give way to such fits of anger. This," the Emperor continued, "was language very different from that addressed by M. Villeroi to Louis XV. 'Behold all these people, my prince,' said he. 'They belong to you. All the men you see yonder are yours.'"

Napoleon cherished this child with an intensity of affection which no earthly love has, perhaps, ever surpassed.* "Do I deceive myself," said he, one day at St. Helena, to the Countess Montholon, "in imagining that this rock, all frightful as it is, would be an elysium if my son were by my side? On receiving into my arms that infant, so many times fervently implored of heaven, could I have believed that one day he would have become the source of my greatest anguish! Yes, madame, every day he costs me tears of blood. I imagine to myself the most horrid events, which I can not remove from my mind. I see either the potion or the empoisoned fruit which is about to terminate the days of that young innocent by the most cruel sufferings. Compassionate my weakness, madame; console me!"

Soon after the birth of the King of Rome, Napoleon contemplated erecting a palace for him upon the banks of the Seine, nearly opposite the bridge of Jena. The government accordingly attempted to purchase the houses situated upon the ground. They had obtained all except the dilapidated hut of a cooper, which was estimated to be worth about two hundred and fifty dollars. The owner, a mulish man, finding the possession of his hut to be quite essential to the plan, demanded two thousand dollars. The exorbitant demand was reported to the Emperor. He replied, "It is exorbitant; but the poor man will be turned out of his home; pay it to him." The man, finding his demand so promptly acceded to, immediately declared that, upon further reflection, he could not afford to sell it for less than six thousand dollars. All expostulations were in vain. The architect knew not what to do. He was afraid to annoy the Emperor again with the subject, and yet he could not proceed with his plan. The Emperor was again appealed to. "This fellow," said Napoleon, "trifles with us. But there is no help for it. We must pay the money." The cooper now increased his price to ten thousand dollars. The Emperor, when informed of it, said, indignantly, "The man is a wretch. I will not purchase his house. It shall remain where it is, a monument of my respect for the laws." The plans of the architect were changed. The works were in progress at the time of Napoleon's overthrow. The poor cooper, M. Bonvivant, finding himself in the midst of rubbish and building materials, bitterly lamented his folly. He was living a few years ago at Passy, still at work at his trade. The Bourbons, on their return to Paris, threw down the rising walls of the palace, and destroyed their foundations.

* W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his Life of Bonaparte, which is written with much candor, gives the following lines, as composed by Napoleon at St. Helena. We know not on what authority he rests their authenticity. He says:

"Bonaparte had, in his youth, composed a poem on Corsica, some extracts of which are to be found in '*Les Annales de l'Europe*,' a German collection. It has not yet come to the knowledge of the public that he had ever, since that epoch, composed a single verse. It required nothing short of the solitude of exile, and the idolatry which he manifested for his boy, to inspire him with the following verses, in all probability destined for the portrait of that young infant, which he, nevertheless, kept always concealed:

"'AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

"'De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!
Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,
Je ne le verrai plus; sur un plus doux rivage
Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?

"'O mon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence
A l'autour de tes jours épargnerait d'ennui!
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;
Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.

"'Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.

"(Signé) 'NAPOLEON.'"

(*Translation.*)

"TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

"O! cherished image of my infant heir!
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;—
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare,
His living form shall never glad my heart.

"My second self! how would thy presence cheer
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire.

"In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own;
Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

THE NEW PASTOR.

THE town of Burnhead is a place of some extent, large enough to contain two churches—one for the high, and one for the low church party. A Friends' meeting-house, a little Catholic chapel, with a bell perpetually going, and a modest Gothic building, known as Burnhead Old Meeting. It is not our design to go into the history of Burnhead's religious differences, to recount how high and low church, Quakers and Independents, quarreled among themselves, and how all united to quarrel with the Catholics; such history might be entertaining, and would certainly contain lessons for us, but our present business is at Burnhead Old Meeting.

Some of the townspeople thought it almost impious to call this pretty Gothic chapel the old

meeting. If the Rev. Jabez Stoutheart could rise from his grave, hard by, and see what sort of a building had been erected in the place of his unsightly brick edifice, what would be his horror! Poor Mr. Stoutheart had lived in times, when the justices' warrant sometimes interrupted what he would have termed his "exercises," and snatched him from the pulpit, to put him in the stocks. What the holy cause of religion gained by such exposure of Stoutheart, the writer of this history professes herself unable to discover.

Those days were long ago gone by: Burnhead Old Meeting had been replaced by a handsome chapel of white stone, which raised a modest spire to heaven, and although some few grumbled, the major part of the congregation found that their worship was neither aided nor interrupted by a building of graceful proportions, and some elegance of detail. The worship that went on in Burnhead Old Meeting was, we believe, too real a thing to be excited or cramped by such trifles. As a simple matter of taste, however, the new chapel must be allowed to have the preference; and as none, so far as we know, has ever demonstrated the necessity of wounding a man's sense of beauty and grace, in order to prove to him that there are things more important than grace and beauty, we hold with the modern party in Burnhead.

The last pastor, the Rev. Ezekiel Stringer, had just died. After a long life, during which he had performed as many acts of kindness and charity as most men, and had wonderfully endeared himself to his neighbors, he had been carried off by a fever caught in the discharge of his pastoral duties. He had fallen in his armor, his friends said. Only the Sunday before his death, he had preached a sermon on the Deformities of the Romish Faith, in which act of eloquence he had surpassed himself.

Ezekiel was not the only strong man who had succumbed to the fever; it had also stopped the calm pulses of Father Basil Froom, the Popish priest. Was there a bar, I wonder, where those two men would meet in silence, and as equals! If so, would either have been the worse for a little more charity to look back upon? Ah! brother, you and I too, some day, must stand beside them: let us be pure and faithful, but loving.

Poor Mr. Stringer had left a vacant place; and his congregation felt strangely orphaned in having to look out for a new friend and adviser. Ezekiel had come to them a youth; the figures on his tomb-stone were sixty-seven. Most of his hearers had grown up under his own eye. He had baptized and catechized them and their children; he seemed a part of every household, a part of religion itself almost—so much was he beloved.

A few, who had always spoken against him while living, grew lavish in his praise so soon as the earth was heaped over his coffin. They praised him, especially when any candidate for the pastoral office had acquitted himself pretty well. Such men as these eulogists are difficult to deal with, and unluckily are not confined to Burnhead.

The low church bell tolled, because a Defender of the Protestant faith had fallen.

In the natural, beautiful course of things, the black cloth hangings were taken from the pulpit of the Old Meeting, and the friends of Mr. Stringer had come to think of him with a sort of affectionate melancholy, rather than grief. A handsome tablet had been put up to his memory, but I regret to say his widow, an aged, childless woman, was little thought of. She went to a distance, and took up her residence with some humble friend, feeling that, in losing her husband, she had lost her all. She, too, had watched beside death-beds, tended sick people, and taught little children; but few thought of her. All their thoughts were buried with Mr. Stringer, and if he had not taken the precaution to insure his life, I fear to think how his poor relict might have fared.

It was spring now; lovely, budding, bursting spring; the "minister's house," was newly papered and painted, and apparently awaiting fresh inmates. Strange hands had nailed up the creepers—formerly Mrs. Stringer's peculiar charge—and every thing, so far as the "every thing" of an empty house goes, had been put in perfect order.

Many candidates had sought Mr. Stringer's place, for Burnhead Meeting-folks bore an excellent character among their own sect. Perhaps, therefore, they had a right to be hard to please. I know not; but they dismissed one young student after another, for reasons more or less trifling. One lisped; a second seemed haughty; a third was scarcely staid enough in his demeanor. Poor youths! Thus they were sent away to be candidates elsewhere.

The Burnhead people, tired of waiting, tired of being pastorless, had at last appointed a man who, if he had offered himself at first, had assuredly been dismissed. He did not lisp, it is true, but many thought him haughty; and as for being staid in his demeanor, you never heard a more joyous or hearty laugh than his; not that he laughed very often, but on occasion he could laugh, as all great-hearted men can.

The fervency of piety called forth by Foster's coming, was edifying to behold; never had Sunday-schools, and sick societies so flourished at Burnhead Old Meeting before.

I think Foster, without being handsome, was one of the loveliest looking men I ever saw; "lovely" seems an odd epithet to apply to a man, but it is the only one that suits him. Measured by the rules of art, he had not a single good feature; and yet there was not one you could mend without spoiling him. The charm must have been that his *physique* was so characteristic, so genially expressive of the soul within. I despair of describing him. I know not the color of his eyes, but they always beamed with a sense of deep, hearty humanity, that it did one good to see; his hair I am sure was brown

because it looked sunny in the sun; and otherwise rather dim and dull. He certainly was not handsome, but somehow his look pleased me better than the look of the Apollo Belvidere.

His manliness was written on his face, and was a sort of passport to one's friendship; one would as soon have refused sympathy to the sad, as friendship to Foster.

The pronoun "one," in the last sentence, had a limit; there were people who not only refused to give Foster their friendship, they really and entirely disapproved of him. Some of Mr. Stringer's oldest friends would shake their heads, and hint that Foster was not orthodox in doctrine. This may have arisen in the fact that he did not arrogate to himself the right to pass a general sentence of excommunication on the world outside Burnhead Old Meeting. He even went so far as to allow that outside the chapel walls there might be a great deal of good.

Add to this, that he was a geologist (one old lady said Foster was always flying in Moses' face; but one need hardly credit that), and that he gave lectures at the literary institution; and I believe you have an enumeration of his principal misdemeanors.

Foster had not been six months at Burnhead, before his popularity began to wane; at this he was not surprised; he felt that he had been petted and favored beyond reason at his first coming, and he had always looked forward to the re-actionary period; but it was painful to bear, nevertheless; even the female part of his congregation had begun to fail in their allegiance, and had dropped off to the low church in consequence of the advent of a new curate, with a deep voice, and a consumption. If Foster had only been consumptive! but his broad chest, and well-sustained tones, were vulgarly healthy. He had no claim to sympathy on this score.

He was essentially a good-tempered man, but his life began to be embittered by trifles. Anonymous letters, hinting that "a minister of the Burnhead Old Meeting need not meddle with literary institutions" (as if the tree of knowledge were an heir-loom of the powers of darkness), and an increasing number of tenantless pews in his chapel, were circumstances of painful import. He began to feel bitterly that he was not loved.

I can not quite defend Foster's line of conduct. His people's suspicions and dislikes drove him into himself; and when they showed themselves intolerant, he perhaps became hard and cold toward them. Only outwardly, though, for he had love to offer them, if they would take it. He was too proud to parley with their prejudices; and frightened by his plain speaking, his people went in numbers to hear the Rev. Cyril Thornton, who had written a pamphlet which drove Humboldt and all the geologists out of the field.

Foster's Sunday-schools and sick societies were rapidly on the decline.

The family between whom and Foster there had ever been most love, continued true to him; if it had not been thus, I believe he would have withered away in his wounded affection and his pride.

Walking one evening at sundown on a woody height that overlooked the town, meditating on the calm beauty of the season, and drinking in pleasure from every simplest sound of nature, Foster's brow suddenly darkened, he became conscious of the immediate presence of Cyril Thornton and Alice Lee.

Whatever their business had been, it was over, and they parted with a cheerful good-evening. Thornton rapidly walked toward the town, and Alice came in the direction of her pastor.

It seemed that she, too, enjoyed the song of the lark, the soft murmur of the distant sheep-bells, and the strange monotonous cawing of the homeward-flying rooks. She stopped to listen and to look back. Foster felt hurt; she, perhaps, was about to leave him for Thornton—she, the child of his friend, the only woman in Burnhead who had seemed to understand him. He fancied, however, that even this he could bear, and shed no tear; he was prepared for any falseness human nature could show him. Much as I liked Foster, I think he wrongly baptized this state of mind when he called it Christian resignation. It had no claim at all to baptism, it was rank heathen misanthropy.

"Well, Alice," said the pastor, rather grimly (you see they had progressed far enough in friendship for him to claim the privilege of using her name), "are you going to walk?" The girl was startled. She looked up surprised and blushing. Foster felt as jealous as if there was no reverend before his name—I fear he did, at least.

"You seem pre-occupied by your thoughts," he added, for she did not answer. "I ask if you are going to walk!"

Alice answered by placing her arm in his. Looking up playfully into his great serious eyes, she suddenly became grave, for she saw he was uncomfortable.

"What ails you, Mr. Foster?" she asked in a voice singularly kind and gentle. "Have I displeased you?"

"I hardly know. What was Thornton saying to you, and you to him, just now? I hope the sight of me did not interrupt your conversation?"

"For shame!" cried Alice. "You hope no such thing. We were talking about you."

"About me!"

"About you. Mr. Thornton came up with me just by Hollings's mill, and thereon was posted an announcement of your forthcoming lecture. As I have met him several times in company, and we were walking the same road, we shook hands, and then he too read the bill on the mill-wall, and asked me several questions on the subject of the lecture. He also said he feared you must be pained by the frequent defections in your congregation! he wished he knew how to prevent them."

"No doubt," ejaculated Foster, sarcastically, I must say the pastor would not have shown this mood to any but Alice Lee. It was a strange privilege for love to accord, perhaps, but so it was.

"Well, Mr. Foster, I need not ask you to believe him; you are now jealous and unjust, unkind to him and to yourself. Perhaps you think a few jealous airs become you as a lord of the creation—indulge them by all means. They form no part of that serious, deep, earnest nature of yours, which I love. I appeal from Foster jealous to Foster calm."

"Oh! forgive me, Alice. I begin to wonder whether I have any nature that will not be frittered away in the petty disputes that spoil and mar my life. I am growing black-hearted, hopeless, irreligious. There is no one but you who understands me."

"Be reasonable with me, then. I think your life will soon have other occupation than petty disputes. The fever has broken out again, and there will be a field, I fear, where Mr. Thornton and you need not jostle one another. Oh, Foster! call up all your old interest in human kind; it will all be wanted. Your pamphlet, 'On the Means of preventing Fever,' which excited so much ill-feeling against you, is eagerly sought after, I hear. Print it, and circulate it by hundreds."

"I will do more," said Foster; "I will preach about it. This fever in Burnhead is really a serious thing."

People who had thought Foster stepping out of his place when he tried to prevent fever, were glad enough now to benefit by his suggestions. Not only the chapel, but the churches were deserted; and the sun rose every day upon some who were doomed to die before he set.

A few pallid, shadowy creatures crept about the streets; otherwise the place looked deserted. With miserable want of taste, the Burnhead draper one morning filled his shop-windows with black clothing; before night his wife had looked out her widow's garb. Before morning came again, she, too, wanted only the sad last garment.

Trade, of course, was stagnant. Foster and Thornton, the High Church, and the Catholics, all were busy visiting the sick. As for the Quakers, wherever there was suffering, you were sure to find them.

Foster's good feelings were suddenly revived, ay, kindled brighter than ever before, by this great calamity. In the shadows of so many death-beds, and amid so much necessary active exertion, he really seemed all kindness and goodness. The people began to do him justice; he set those who were unattacked by the disease to drain the houses, and clear away nuisances. Never since Burnhead was built had there been such a crusade against dirt and corruption. Nobody now laughed at Foster for being in earnest on this subject.

Foster himself, after some weeks of incredible exertion, fell sick of the fever. He was seized at Mr. Lee's house, after a morning of unusual activity. Mrs. Lee instantly set about preparing to nurse him. I believe there is nothing so delightful to some women as to have a sick man in the house; and of this sort, Mrs. Lee was queen. She was as jealous over him as if he had belonged to her; scarcely might Alice venture to make him a cup of arrow-root, or squeeze the grapes into his poor parched mouth: the mother and daughter, generally so united, almost disagreed over him; and had not Mr. Lee himself had a slight attack, which diverted the interest, I fear there would have been a real collision.

The spring was far advanced by the time Foster recovered from his delirium. He awoke to life, and the first face that greeted him on his return to consciousness was the face of Alice Lee.

As he grew stronger, many were the grave conversations these two held together. Foster wept to learn how constantly he had been prayed for, and inquired after by his old congregation. Even the seceders were pricked to the heart by his much-enduring heroism, and were awaiting his recovery, to put themselves again under his direction. Foster was shocked to hear that poor Thornton, less fortunate than himself, had really died of the horrible epidemic; and was sleeping beneath the turf where the young clergyman had laid so many of his parishioners. What lessons Foster brought with him from the fever land I need not enumerate; but I know it made him more gentle, and more patient with ignorance and misconception. Altogether he was an altered man—a higher being after this fever than before it. He now contrived successfully to inoculate his people with a reverence for philosophy, and for wisdom of all kinds; but if ever he had a temptation to grow impatient, Alice was beside him to administer a rebuke; for they were married the summer after the fever.

It was some years after this that I had the happiness to make Foster's acquaintance; he himself related to me the greater part of what I have written; and where his modesty caused a chasm, Alice filled it up.

I was at a loss to fathom, when I first knew Foster, how a soul, so deep, so earnest, so passionate, could fit itself, so stilly and quietly, to its appropriate channel of action. His whole existence, so gentle, kindly, religious, and pure, seems like a perpetual offering of incense, or a never-broken strain of holy music. When I learned the rough discipline through which he had passed, I respected and loved him better than ever.

Do not imagine him a faultless man: Foster is no such being. If I thought his faults could do any good by their exposure, assuredly I could have picked out one or two blemishes; but beside the tremendous grandeur of the Alps, how tiny are the cottages at their feet! Scarcely large enough to be spots in our pictures. And so small Foster's faults look, beside the hearty

manly Christian heights of his daily life and speech.

I am certain, my dear reader, be you high or low church, Quaker, Catholic, or Independent, there is a moral here to which you may easily find your way. If not, I have failed in my intention toward you.

HISTORY AND INCIDENTS OF THE PLAGUE IN NEW ORLEANS.

THERE are few events in history which afford more striking illustrations of the good and bad qualities of humanity—which contain more of the "romance of real life"—and present more impressive and startling pictures of virtue and vice, of sorrow and suffering, of generosity and selfishness, of true courage and cowardice, of charity and meanness, than the visitation of a destructive pestilence, like that which has clothed one of our largest cities in sackcloth and ashes—and has filled the land with sorrow, wailing, and pity.

Amid the awful scenes of this plague, the writer, snatching a few moments from labors and cares of the most urgent and confining character, and from those calls of duty and charity which have been so incessant and imperative upon all of the acclimated who have remained in the city during the reign of the epidemic, imposed upon himself the additional task of entering in a memorandum all the striking and interesting incidents which came under his observation or that of his friends, in the progress of the pestilence. These notes do not aspire to the dignity of scientific or historical authenticity, but are necessarily disjointed and desultory, having but little other merit than that of truth.

Never did a business season, in a great commercial city, close in a more satisfactory manner than did that of 1853 in New Orleans. The winter had been unusually prosperous, gay, and healthy. Every branch of trade had flourished. Money was abundant. The disposal of one hundred and thirty millions of produce, which had been landed upon our levees from the teeming Valley of the Mississippi, had diffused a large sum among all classes of tradesmen and laborers. The warehouses were emptied and the wharves and levees cleared at an earlier period than usual. Thus our merchants were able to close their accounts, and round off the season in time to make a trip to the North, to Europe, or to the West, leaving their clerks and warehousemen in charge of their stores. Hence the general flight which marked the approach of the summer of 1853 among those of our people who could afford to travel.

Besides these evidences of general prosperity in New Orleans, property and stocks had advanced enormously—and capital which a few months before had avoided the city, began to pour into it, seeking safe and profitable investments. Much of this life and activity were due to the railroad spirit which had been newly awakened in the city, and was engaged in the successful and energetic prosecution of some of the grandest railroad projects that have ever been started in the United States.

Such were the circumstances of New Orleans in the spring of 1853. As the summer began slowly to creep upon a winter and spring of unusual mildness, hundreds of our citizens dropped off daily—hurrying by the various channels of travel northward, westward, and seaward. The spring was remarkably dry. The rainy season, which usually commences in May, had not manifested its presence until the last of June. Then it began to rain daily. The atmosphere was cool, clear, and apparently pure. There had been some sickness during the winter and spring, but it was chiefly of remittent fevers, which, formerly quite rare in this locality, had greatly increased of late. This was ascribed by some to the extensive clearings and partial drainage of the swamps in the rear of the city.

No one feared or even thought of Yellow Fever revisiting its old arena, after so long an absence. There had been no epidemic since 1847. Epidemic cases had indeed occurred in the Charity Hospital every summer; but the disease did not spread, and the assurance became general that this dreadful disease had abandoned New Orleans at last, as it had done Philadelphia and New York in 1822. Such was the feeling with which thousands of our citizens started on their tours, and which reconciled those who were compelled to remain to the prospect of spending the summer here.

About the middle of June it began to be noised about that there was some sickness among the shipping in the upper part of the city. The report was hushed up, or treated as a mere ebullition of some timid panic-makers, or idle gossipers, who had no lots to sell, or any business that might suffer from an apprehension that the city was unhealthy. The general cry was—"Hush up. Don't alarm people. You will frighten them into a fever. It is all humbug. A slight sickness among sailors and poor laborers, who eat bad food, &c." And so it was determined to ignore and discredit the existence of the fever.

But the formidable and insidious malady would not thus consent to be ignored. All the while it was furtively and gradually disseminating its poison—sowing the seeds of a rich harvest of death, filling up the wards of the Charity Hospital, and thinning the crowds of laborers on the levee. The very small number of our citizens who ever took the trouble to examine statistics of mortality, began to be alarmed; but they were frowned down as panic-makers, and the disease, the existence of which was admitted, was pronounced to be ship-fever, which threatened only sailors and stevedores. But what did the mortuary statistics show? In the books of the Charity Hospital the following cases were found entered:

"James McGingan, laborer; native of Ireland; one week in the city; had just landed from a vessel direct

from Liverpool; was taken sick on the 23d of May; entered the Hospital on the 27th; and died the same day, of black vomit.

"Gerhart H. Wörte, a native of Germany; a sailor, last from Bremen, died on the 30th May, of black vomit.

"Michael Mahoney, a native of Ireland—last from Liverpool; died June 7th, of black vomit.

"Herman Brunts, late from Bremen; died 7th of June, of black vomit.

"Thomas Hart, a native of England—last from Liverpool; died on 10th of June, of black vomit.

"Margaret Runnel—fifteen days from Boston; died on 11th of June, of black vomit."

These were the first six cases which terminated fatally. But these were ordinary occurrences, by no means justifying any apprehensions of an epidemic. Only six deaths from yellow fever in the Charity Hospital in twelve or fourteen days!

The first of July arrived. There had been but one death from yellow fever. There was, however, a good deal of other sickness; yet the month of June showed only 625 deaths in the whole city—being an average of 156 per week. But July was less satisfactory. The first week exhibited a result which created alarm. The deaths from yellow fever had doubled. Yet there were only 59 deaths out of a population of 60,000. "Let us hold on a little longer before we permit ourselves to be frightened," was the cry. The 16th of July arrives—204 deaths by yellow fever for one week. "That is serious, certainly."—"No; the fever exists among the shipping, and the very poorest classes. It will not extend to the *more respectable* portion of our people." The Council was not alarmed, and the Mayor was not at all discomposed. Even the newspapers curbed their natural tendency for panics, stirring incidents, and startling events; and lightly treated these rather serious figures. But at the same time they betrayed their real sentiments by inveighing against the Council for not cleaning the streets, creating a Board of Health, or doing *something* to prevent the introduction or origination of an epidemic. Alas! they knew well enough that the epidemic was already near the city; but the fatal effects of alarm were urged in justification of the pious *suppressio veri*.

About the middle of June there was one portentous announcement, which was well understood by the old residents. It was the publication of the Programme of the Howard Association—an association composed of thirty gentlemen, who, under a charter from the Legislature, have been long organized to aid the poor sick "*during an epidemic*." This publication was loudly censured. It was equivalent to a declaration that there was an epidemic in the city. The doctors disputed this point. The disease was confined to a particular class and a special locality: an epidemic includes all classes. The Council joined issue with the Association. Meeting on the 27th July, the Assistant Aldermen passed the following resolutions:

"*Whereas*, There now exists a very general apprehension among the good citizens of this city that the yellow fever, which is by many believed to be sporadic, and confined almost exclusively to certain crowded localities, may spread and become epidemic.

"*And whereas*, It is highly important that all and every possible and proper means be at once taken to prevent both the spreading of the disease and to allay all unnecessary excitement touching its mortality, by truthful official reports of its progress or decline."

These resolutions were written by a physician, and adopted by a body presided over by a physician. "May spread and become epidemic!"—The people were then dying at the rate of a hundred a day, in every part of the city. Fifteen hundred had already died of a disease "which is by many believed to be sporadic, and confined almost exclusively to certain crowded localities." Fifteen hundred in a few weeks cut down sporadically—just one half the total number of the victims of the epidemic of 1847—which was considered the severest that ever visited the city.

The Council next created a Board of Health, placed $10,000 at its disposal, and then adjourned, many of its members flying the city, and others remaining to perform their duties, like men and philanthropists.

The Board of Health set to work vigorously and earnestly, established infirmaries in various parts of the city, and performed such other duties as were now within the scope of human power. But it was too late to discuss preventive measures. It was not even considered necessary to repair the error of the Council, and declare that there *was an epidemic* in the city. It spoke for itself. It was figured up in the reports of the daily interments. It was proclaimed in a thousand forms of gloom, sorrow, desolation, and death. Funeral processions crowded every street. No vehicles could be seen except doctors' cabs and coaches, passing to and from the cemeteries, and hearses, often solitary, taking their way toward those gloomy destinations. The hum of trade was hushed. The levee was a desert. The streets, wont to shine with fashion and beauty, were silent. The tombs—the home of the dead—were the only places where there was life—where crowds assembled—where the incessant rumbling of carriages, the trampling of feet, the murmur of voices, and all the signs of active, stirring life could be heard and seen.

Spread over a large area, and badly built up, New Orleans did not, however, bring so distinctly before the eye and mind of the observer the full extent of the ravages of the disease as other cities would have done under a like visitation. To realize the full horror and virulence of the pestilence, you must go into the crowded localities of the laboring classes, into those miserable shanties which are the disgrace of the city, where the poor immigrant class cluster together in filth, sleeping a half-dozen in one room, without ventilation, and having access to filthy, wet yards, which have never been filled up, and when it rains are converted into green puddles—fit abodes for frogs and sources of poisonous malaria. Here you will find scenes of woe, misery, and death,

which will haunt your memory in all time to come. Here you will see the dead and the dying, the sick and the convalescent, in one and the same bed. Here you will see the living babe sucking death from the yellow breast of its dead mother. Here father, mother, and child die in one another's arms. Here you will find whole families swept off in a few hours, so that none are left to mourn or to procure the rites of burial. Offensive odors frequently drew neighbors to such awful spectacles. Corpses would thus proclaim their existence, and enforce the observances due them. What a terrible disease! Terrible in its insidious character, in its treachery, in the quiet, serpent-like manner in which it gradually winds its folds around its victims, beguiles him by its deceptive wiles; cheats his judgment and senses, and then consigns him to grim death. Not like the plague, with its red spot, its maddening fever, its wild delirium and stupor—not like the cholera, in violent spasms and prostrating pains, is the approach of the *vomito*. It assumes the guise of the most ordinary disease which flesh is heir to—a cold, a slight chill, a headache, a slight fever, and, after a while, pains in the back. Surely there is nothing in these! "I won't lay by for them," says the misguided victim; the poor laborer can not afford to do so. Instead of going to bed, sending for a nurse and doctor, taking a mustard-bath and a cathartic, he remains at his post until it is too late. He has reached the crisis of the disease before he is aware of its existence. The chances are thus against him. The fever mounts up rapidly, and the poison pervades his whole system. He tosses and rolls on his bed, and raves in agony. Thus he continues for thirty-six hours. Then the fever breaks, gradually it passes off—joy and hope begin to dawn upon him. He is through now. "Am I not better, Doctor!" "You are doing well, but must be very quiet." Doing well! How does the learned gentleman know? Can he see into his stomach, and perceive there collecting the dark-brown liquid which marks the dissolution that is going on! The fever suddenly returns, but now the paroxysm is more brief. Again the patient is quiet, but not so hopeful as before. He is weak, prostrate, and bloodless, but he has no fever; his pulse is regular, sound, and healthy, and his skin moist. "He will get well," says the casual observer. The doctor shakes his head ominously. After a while, drops of blood are seen collecting about his lips. Blood comes from his gums—that is a bad sign, but such cases frequently occur. Soon he has a hiccough. That is worse than the bleeding at the gums: then follows the ejection of a dark-brown liquid which he throws up in large quantities; and this in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand is the signal that the doctor's function is at an end, and the undertaker's is to commence. In a few hours the coffin will receive its tenant, and mother-earth her customary tribute.

This is the description of the great majority of cases. But it does not fall within the compass of this article to enlarge upon this branch of our subject. So we must hurry back to our facts, and dispose of them as briefly as possible, in order to give room for incidents which will possess more interest to the general reader, and perhaps serve better to illustrate the character and history of this pestilence than any formal narrative.

The Board of Health commenced its operations about the 1st of August. Daily reports were then published of the interments in all the cemeteries of the city. Commencing on 1st August with 106 deaths by Yellow Fever, 142 deaths by all diseases, the number increased daily, until for the first week, ending on the 7th, they amounted to 909 deaths by Yellow Fever, 1186 of all diseases. The next week showed a continued increase: 1288 Yellow Fever, 1526 of all diseases. This was believed to be the maximum. There had been nothing to equal it in the history of any previous epidemics, and no one believed it could be exceeded. But the next week gave a mournful refutation of these predictions and calculations: for that ever memorable week the total deaths were 1575, of Yellow Fever 1346. But the next week commenced more gloomily still. The deaths on the 22d of August were 283 of all diseases, 239 of Yellow Fever. This proved to be the maximum mortality of the season. From this it began slowly to decrease. The month of August exhibited a grand total of 5122 deaths by Yellow Fever, and nearly 7000 deaths of all diseases. Slowly the disease continued to decrease, only for the want of victims, until on the 6th of September (at which time these notes are transcribed), when it reached 65 deaths by Yellow Fever, and 95 deaths of all diseases. Looking back from this point we find that the whole number of deaths by Yellow Fever from its first appearance on the 28th of May were 7189—deaths from all diseases 9941. But there are 344 deaths the cause of which is not stated in the burial certificates. At least three-fourths of these may be set down in the Yellow Fever column—which would add 250 more, and make the deaths by Yellow Fever 7439.

But do these figures include all the deaths! Alas! no. Hundreds have been buried of whom no note was taken, no record kept. Hundreds have died away from the city, in attempting to fly from it. Every steamer up the river contributed its share to the hecatombs of victims of the pestilence. Nor do these returns include those who have died in the suburbs, in the towns of Algiers and Jefferson City, in the villages of Gretna and Carrollton. But even these figures, deficient as they are, need no additions to swell them into proofs that the most destructive plague of modern times has just wreaked its vengeance upon New Orleans. Estimating the total deaths at 8000 for three months, we have ten per cent. of the whole population of New Orleans. At this rate it

would only require two years and four months to depopulate the city.

But only the unacclimated are liable to the disease, and so we must exclude the old resident acclimated population, which, with slaves, and free colored persons, embrace at least two-thirds of the summer population of New Orleans. This would reduce the number liable to Yellow Fever below 30,000. Of that number one-fourth have died in three months. There is scarcely any parallel to this mortality. The great Plague of London in 1665 destroyed one out of every 13¼ of its population. That of New Orleans in 1853 destroyed one out of every ten of its total population, and one out of every four of those susceptible of the disease. This exceeds the mortality in Philadelphia in 1798, when it was estimated that one out of every six died.

But let us pass from these details and estimates, to phases and incidents of this melancholy visitation, which possess more interest, and may indeed serve to infuse some light into these gloomy records.

In the histories of pestilences, which we find in our libraries, human nature is usually represented in very repulsive and disgusting aspects. The laws of society and of nature are outraged. Fear and selfishness hold rule over the conduct of men. All the sanctities of life are trampled upon. The affections no longer control or influence the minds and conduct of men. All is confusion, terror, panic, desertion, misery, death, disorder, vice, wickedness, and blasphemy. The graphic pen of Defoe has presented us with such sketches of the conduct of the people and authorities during the Plague of London in 1665—a less virulent and afflictive visitation than the Epidemic of 1853 in New Orleans—as may not be read without shame and disgust for the selfishness and debasement of human nature. Turn from these revolting pictures, and view the conduct of the people of New Orleans, amid the appalling terrors of the pestilence. Where in history can you find a more noble display of courage, fortitude, humanity, and true nobility of soul? View the people at the very height of the epidemic, when Death loomed out, overshadowing the whole city, and obscuring all other objects. Grief, sorrow, distress, for some departed or departing friend may be discerned in the faces of that brave population. But there is no fear, no weak cowardice, no nervous timidity, no sneaking or skulking in their expression or action. All stand to their duties, to the calls of affection, of friendship, of humanity. Business and family are forgotten; stores and dwellings are closed. The rich spend their nights by the humble cot of the sick poor, and the poor watch at the downy couch of the rich. Masters tend unceasingly their sick servants, and employers perform the most menial duties for their employees. The delicate forms of females flit, spirit-like, in every direction, to and fro—visiting their sick friends, relieving the poor, smoothing the pillow and ministering to the wants of the sick, and providing for the numerous orphans who had frequently to be taken from the bosoms of dead mothers. Not a few of the ladies of the city who had left, to spend the summer at some of the fashionable resorts on the sea-coast, returned as soon as they heard of the violence of the pestilence, to look after their unacclimated friends. Nor was this heroic devotion confined to the acclimated. The fear of contagion produced but little effect in deterring the truly charitable from performing the duties of humanity and affection on this distressing occasion.

Of course there were exceptions to these remarks. The weak, the selfish, the base and cowardly exist every where. Occasions of great peril are certain to develop these qualities, as well as the virtues of which they are the antipodes. There are illustrations of both sides of human nature in the annals of the pestilence, a few of which may be worthy of record as lessons to the weak and timid. One of them is the case of

THE WEAK MOTHER.

A lady in affluent circumstances had gone up the coast to spend the summer, leaving her young son, a clerk, in the city. Hearing that he was seized with the fever, the fond mother took a boat and came to the city to see him. She rode up in a carriage from the wharf to the house in which her son boarded. On her way, she encountered several hearses and funeral processions. The sight of these melancholy symbols of mortality naturally added to her alarm and nervousness. Finally the carriage stopped before the boarding-house of her son. There was that dark vehicle of the dead, with its plumes and the sleepy negro, drawn up at the door.

"Who is dead here!" asked the lady, in a tremulous, choked voice.

"It is a young man, a clerk in a store," replied a servant at the door.

"My son! my son!" exclaimed the agonized and half-fainting mother. But even at that time, with the instinct of a mother, remembering that she had other children to live for, she ordered the coachman to drive back to the boat, upon which she left that evening for her country residence. Now a strange result followed. The son recovered. It was another young clerk who had died in the same boarding-house; the agonized and frightened mother had omitted to mention her son's name. But, alas! the unhappy lady, who could not bear to look upon the corpse of her dead son, returned to her country residence only to die of the disease the fear of which prevailed over her natural affection. A more revolting case is that of the

UNBURIED DAUGHTER.

A young girl about sixteen years of age was seized with the fever in a house where she lived with her father, mother, and other relatives. She was deserted and neglected in the early stage of the disease. At last a cab was called to take her to the hospital. Wrapped up in a blanket,

she was placed in the cab, and the driver was ordered to proceed as rapidly as he could to the hospital. But the cabman loitered on the way, and even stopped at a cabaret to take a drink. Thus it was two hours before he reached the hospital. When the cab arrived in front of the clerk's office, the usual questions were called out to the patient: "What is your name?—where are you from?" There was no reply from the object rolled up in the blanket. The questions were repeated in a louder tone.

No reply.

"Roll her out, cabman," called out the clerk.

The cabman pulled off the blanket, and a stiff, staring corpse fell heavily on the seat. "She is dead!" exclaimed the clerk; and, turning to the next cab, called out, "Drive up, and let us see what you have got." With pencil in hand, he had recommenced his eternal queries to a new patient: "What's your name, age, country?" When the unfortunate carrier of the corpse, having recovered from the alarm naturally excited by the discovery of the character of his burden, asked the clerk of the hospital what he should do with his load. "Take her home and make her friends bury her," was the curt reply. The cabman cracked his whip and dashed off in the direction of the house where he had received his load. He found the windows and doors of the house tightly closed, and a tar-barrel burning in the yard. Rapping for some time violently at the door, he at last discovered an upper window-shutter slowly moving, and a pale, frightened countenance peeping through the small open space.

"What do you want?" nervously inquired the person from the window—as if it were midnight, and he feared the attack of a robber.

"Here is your daughter dead in my cab, and I want you to take her and bury her."

A deep groan and noise, followed by a violent slamming of the shutters, were the only responses to the solicitation of the cabman. Now the latter began to be alarmed. What could he do with a corpse! They would not receive her at the hospital; her parents refused her—and he could not afford to bury her. At last it occurred to him to take her to the nearest cemetery. Away he started as fast as his wearied horse could drag the cab. Arrived at the cemetery, the sexton was asked to receive a corpse.

"Where is the certificate?"

"I have none."

"It can't be done."

"Here she is!" and the cabman unrolled the blanket.

"What! not even coffined—and no certificate! I'll have you arrested."

"Oh, lordy!" exclaimed the now thoroughly frightened cabman; and, jumping into his cab, drove rapidly back to the house of the dead girl's parents. Here he took the corpse out, and laying it on the steps of the house, drove away. Some charitable citizens, passing by, observed the corpse; and, after vainly trying to arouse the persons within, sent off for a corporation coffin, in which the body of the unfortunate girl was inclosed, and duly buried. In a week afterward the house, which was barricaded against the fever, as the hearts of its inmates were against all human and natural feeling, was emptied by the grim destroyer, and, as it appeared in this case, avenger and punisher!

MATRIMONIAL DEVOTION.

In contrast with these instances of human weakness and cowardice, many noble and inspiring examples of devotion, courage, and affection crowd into our memory. Never shall we forget a scene described to us by a friend, who witnessed it. A poor couple were seized with the fever about the same time, and lay in the same bed, in a damp, uncomfortable house or shanty. A doctor was called, who directed that the man should be sent to the hospital—adding that the woman was too low and weak to be removed. Hearing the direction of the physician, the poor patients clung to one another with all their strength, and declared that they would not be separated, but would die together. Force had to be used. Several strong men were called, who, by main strength, tore the unfortunate husband from the arms of his wife, who fell back on the bed in violent convulsions. The man was placed in a cab, which was ordered to take him to the Charity Hospital. On his arrival there he was in a dying condition, and the next day his body was in the dead-house. His poor wife quickly followed him to that home where they can no more be separated, and where their affections may bloom forever, without the blight of disease or sorrow.

MON PAUVRE PERE.

On the noon of a very warm day in August, we observed the corporation cart drawn up before a small house. We waited for a while to see what load it would bear. Presently, we saw one of those horrible black coffins—made of coarse, unplaned wood, smeared with lamp-black—brought out of the house, supported by two men, a young girl, and a boy about twelve years old. The coffin was deposited in the cart; the dirty, coatless boy who was driving, whipped up the lazy horse, and off they started for the Lafayette Cemetery, nearly two miles off. In the middle of the street, under a broiling sun, followed the girl and boy, walking hand in hand, with every indication of deep sorrow and grief. Several citizens stopped them, and endeavored to dissuade them from the long journey, but the poor orphans made no other reply than the agonizing, heart-rending exclamation, "*Mon pauvre père! Mon pauvre père!*" And thus with wailing and piteous cries they performed their dreary pilgrimage. We confess that this funereal procession impressed us more deeply and sorrowfully than the most solemn cortège which wealth, art, or taste ever devised. These poor children were the last of a large family of French emigrants who had recently landed in the city. On

mentioning their case, more than a hundred dollars were pressed upon us to give to them. But on calling at the house where the coffin had been received, we found it closed, and could never gather any tidings of the unfortunate orphans. Probably they followed their parents, and brothers, and sisters.

THE EXULTANT BELLE.

The Shell Road, which runs along the banks of the new canal, through which passes the commerce of the Lake, in the rear of the city, is the fashionable drive of New Orleans. It is a beautiful road, shaded the whole distance, and so perfectly level, being macadamized with shells taken from the bottom of the Lake, that you can hardly perceive the motion of your vehicle as it glides over it. On the right of the road, near the half-way station, and separated from it by the canal, are the principal cemeteries of the city. This road, the resort of the gay, the dissipated, the pleasure-loving, and of those who delight in horse-flesh and the excitation of fast driving, was not abandoned during the rage of the pestilence. Indeed, there seemed more parties on the road than usual at this season of the year, and they drove faster and shouted louder, as if they were running away from the grim destroyer, and uttering their defiances of him. And when they arrive at the elegant hotel on the Lake, and luxurious suppers, with a plentiful flow of generous liquors, are served up to them, the echoes along the Lake shore are awakened by their noisy hilarity, their joyous exultation, and loud bacchanalian strains. These are mostly persons who would drive off the dark fears which, in moments of quiet, possess their minds and enchain their spirits—the gloomy forebodings of the approach of the pestilence to their own habitations and persons. Others there were, who sought to relieve the tedium and gloom in which the city and its people are sunk, by a little forced gayety and oblivious dissipation. To this class belonged a gay party, composed of several gentlemen and ladies, who, on a certain Friday evening about the middle of August, dashed down the Shell Road to Caflom's, for the purpose of relieving their spirits of the oppression of the scenes presented in the city, by a supper and other festivities.

The gayest and loveliest of the party was a young married lady, a New Yorker by birth, whose husband was absent from the city on business. She was in the full bloom of health and beauty, the cynosure of all eyes, in a city where a healthy and pretty woman had become a *rara avis*. Her joyous, ringing laughter, her brilliant, clear complexion, and bright eyes, her ever bounding spirits and sanguine temperament, seemed to dissipate the prevailing gloom wherever she moved. The supper at the Lake was, of course, a gay and merry one. All was forgotten but present enjoyment, and every means of merriment and gayety were employed to while away the hours. It was late when the carriages were ordered up to take them back to the city. Excited by the generous liquors and food, the reckless roysterers gave full rein, and plied with whips their high-spirited steeds, until their pace increased to a frightful rapidity, which rendered all objects along the road undistinguishable. Thus, they passed those gloomy abodes of hundreds, who a few days before had been as full of life and of hope as themselves—where now many a flickering torch threw a lurid glare over dark groups of wailing friends paying the last sad rites to some departed relative—where the sound of sorrow and lamentation rose plaintively to heaven, and from which came that revolting odor of decaying mortality, that mingled with and corrupted the sweet south wind. But the solemnizing influence of these scenes did not reach these heartless votaries of pleasure. They only provoked careless jests, reckless levity, bold defiance, and maudlin shouts. They had read the Decameron, and were emulating the insensibility and "heroism" of those imaginary characters, so glowingly painted by the matchless Boccaccio. And so they entered the gloomy city—gloomy in a moral sense, for nearly every window was lighted up, as if there was a general illumination on some great occasion of festivity. But, alas! it was the illumination of the chambers of the sick and the dead—in which might be discerned the flitting figures of anxious nurses, or the bowed forms of bereaved relatives and friends.

They retire to their various homes, and here let us leave our gay friends to such quiet and peace as their consciences and spirits will allow.

The husband arrived in New Orleans on the day following that of the drive to the Lake, which has just been described. He hastened to meet his beautiful wife, from whom he had been separated for some months. On arriving at the boarding-house where she resided, he was shocked to find the establishment nearly deserted. He asked a servant where all the people were. "They are nearly all dead, but Mrs. ——, and she has just been seized with the fever," was the reply. "Great God!" exclaimed the alarmed husband; and rushing upstairs, entered his wife's room. It was too true. There she was—the bright, blooming, and joyous belle of the last night's frolic, stretched on her couch by the remorseless enemy of whose power she had but a few hours before spoken so lightly. A physician had just been called in. He had examined her case, and prescribed for her.

"What chance is there for her!" feebly gasped out the miserable husband.

"She is naturally a good subject," was the slow and measured reply of the learned professor; "but she has been taking the very course to bring on the fever, and render it incurable. She rode to the Lake last evening, and indulged in eating and drinking, and other excitements, which render a patient very unmanageable."

"Horrible! awful!" exclaimed the poor husband. "Oh! why did you—" but as he turned and caught a view of the agonized and sallow

countenance of his stricken wife, he could not finish the reproachful interrogatory.

Kindly and tenderly he attended her couch. Toward noon, the paroxysm passed off; her strong constitution seemed to triumph over the disease; the fever had abated, her whole condition was improved, consciousness had returned, and her nurse and physician said she was doing well. Seeing that she was provided with every thing needful, the husband stole out to attend to some business which could not be neglected. Thus he was employed to a late hour in the afternoon. After completing his duties he started homeward. On his way, he met a friend who, remarking upon his pale and exhausted appearance, asked him to join him in a drink in one of our hotels. They walked in, and, standing at the bar, were engaged in conversation, chiefly in reference to the supposed convalescent wife of the gentleman, her promising condition, and the prospects of an easy triumph over the fever, when a boy walked up to the husband, and asked:

"Are you Mr. ——?"

"Yes."

"Your wife is dead!"

As if struck by lightning, the poor man fell senseless on the floor. His friend, with the aid of some bystanders, raised him up, and bore him to a cab, in which he was carried to the St. Charles Hotel. Here leaving him, sunk in a stupor of grief and nervous prostration, his friend drove to the boarding-house of his wife.

It was too true. The proud, blooming, spirited beauty was now a yellow, spotted corpse. All her charms were gone. The full, round, glowing cheeks, the pouting lips, the soft and dimpled chin, the brilliant eyes, the swelling bosom, were fast sinking into that condition that would secure a rich banquet for the grave-worm.

Quickly follow the preparations for her burial. Two gentlemen, friends of the husband, quietly brought a coffin to her room, and with the aid of a black woman, deposited the corpse in it. A hearse was procured, in which the coffin was placed, and with a single carriage to accompany it, the two gentlemen started for the cemetery, at about ten o'clock at night, in the midst of a violent shower of rain. Arriving at the gate, with the help of a negro man, they removed the coffin from the hearse, and placed it in a vault. At that moment an individual who knew the gentlemen, asked whose coffin was that! He was informed; whereupon he exclaimed—"Great God! I saw her on the Shell Road yesterday!" It was then suggested that a prayer, or some religious ceremonial, should be read for the occasion. Inquiry was made in vain for a prayer-book. With a horrid oath, the stranger exclaimed against the barbarity of burying so pretty a woman with no more respect than they would a dog or a horse. The gentlemen got into their carriage, and rode back to the city.

Such was the sudden end and the desolate funeral of her who, but a few hours before, had rode by that gloomy receptacle of the dead, so exultant, so confident; so full of life, of hope, and of joy.

THE TABLEAU VIVANT.

A merry, jovial party assembled one day at the splendid rooms of Jacobs, the daguerreotypist, in Camp-street. The epidemic was not then at its height, and the fear of it had not become so pervading. One of the party, Mr. H——, claimed to be acclimated, and spoke jokingly, like a veteran, of "Yellow Jack." The young man in charge of the establishment, who was in the full bloom and vigor of life, snapped his fingers, in perfect indifference and defiance of the disease. Indeed, he would rather have it than not, as he heard it improved a man's beauty, and he thought he could stand a good deal of reform in that particular. Another, and the oldest and most serious of the party, was Dr. W. K. Northall, an editor of the New Orleans Delta, and well known in New York as a dramatic critic and author. The Doctor regarded the matter more seriously, and rebuked the levity of his young friends. They, in return, taunted him with being scared. Lying on the sofa while his young friends were amusing themselves in talk, the Doctor fell into a gentle slumber. It was then proposed by one of the young men that they should get up a Yellow Fever Tableau, by treating Doctor N. as a patient. Accordingly, one got a basin, into which some ink was poured, to represent black vomit; another took a vial; a third stood at his head, personating the physician, with his hand on the doctor's forehead; and a fourth personated a nurse. A daguerreotype was then taken of the scene, which is now in the city. It is a striking and expressive tableau, and would deceive any one looking at it into the belief that it was the picture of a real scene. But the events which closely followed this incident are much more real, solemn, and impressive. First, Mr. K——, the young daguerreotypist, was seized by the fever, and, despite his youth, his vigor, and his sanguine courage, was the first victim of the party to the dread destroyer. He was soon followed by another young man, W. H. H——, a native of Virginia, who was so confident of his acclimation; a third was also seized, and narrowly escaped death. And now the last of the party was the gentleman who had personated the patient in the tableau, Dr. Northall. For some time the Doctor escaped the disease, though constantly beset with every form of it, and not a little alarmed at its violence. Finally, he yielded to the persuasions of his friends, and left the city, intending to remain at Hollywood—a lovely summer resort on Mobile Bay—until he could feel satisfied that he had escaped the infection. On arriving at Hollywood, he felt for once free, safe, and happy, and wrote as follows to the journal of which he was the associate editor:

"Sick, melancholy, and depressed when we put our foot upon the deck of the good steam-

boat Oregon, to cross the lake, for Mobile, we scarcely felt that any breeze, however fresh and free from taint, would serve, in a short time, at least, to send the blood coursing through our veins with any thing like a joyous bounding. But in this we were mistaken; for, despite the lurking impression upon us, that the disease which had spared us so long might still lay its heavy hand upon us, we had not been on board the boat two hours before—to use the language of Grace—we felt 'renewed' and 'born again.' How much does the disposition and character of the mind depend upon the condition of the body! We are more mere machines than our pride is willing to admit."

That letter came by the mail. The lightning caught up with it. The evening edition of the same journal announced, by telegraph, the intelligence of the death by black vomit of the writer of these hopeful words! And so fared the *tableau vivant*. The sole survivor, the most delicate and feeble of the party, having barely escaped after a violent illness, retains the picture as a mournful memento of the uncertainty of life, and of the vanity of those who would seek to defy and mock a pestilence which, like a tornado, levels the proudest and sturdiest, even when it spares the delicate, the weak, and the timid.

THE MUSICIANS' LAST MEETING.

One gloomy Saturday evening in August there met in the music store of Mr. Ashbrand, in Camp-street, several gentlemen who were all leading musical characters in the city, and were also warm and devoted friends, whom congenial tastes and old national attachments frequently brought together. These gentlemen were, Mr. Hyer, a member of the Philharmonic Society; Mr. Adolphe Zunn, formerly director of the orchestra of the St. Charles Theatre; and Mr. Theodore La Hache, a musical composer of considerable celebrity. After interchanging the usual civilities, it was proposed that Mr. Hyer should sing Keller's "Blind Man," while Mr. Zunn accompanied on the piano. This song was executed in very beautiful style by Mr. H. It closes with these words—

"And in the grave there is rest;"

Mr. Zunn, repeating the words as he gave the last thrum to the piano, added: "Yes, two hundred and eighty-eight have this day found that rest."

It was then proposed by Mr. Ashbrand that Mr. Hyer should sing the "Last Rose of Summer." "With all my heart," replied Mr. H. "Would that the last rose of summer had faded and gone, and with it the last case of fever!"

At this moment they were joined by two other musical friends, in the stout and healthy persons of Mr. Yonspelius, a member of the Philharmonic Society, and Professor de Martellini, an accomplished musical scholar and performer, late of Baltimore. The party now included the very choicest musical spirits and most accomplished artists of a very musical city. They were all young men, under thirty, in the full vigor of health, and were models of temperance, regularity, and propriety of life and habits. A lively conversation on their favorite art now arose, and was kept up with the usual spirit and vivacity of devotees. Professor Martellini at last suggested that Mr. Yonspelius should sing the "Elf-king," by Shubert, which was done in beautiful style. At the conclusion, Mr. La Hache, taking up the words of the song, remarked: "Yes, the Elf-king is among us!"

"Ay, ay," added Professor Martellini:

"'The father doubled the speed of his steed,
But when he arrived at his castle-door,
The child was no more.'

"But," continued the Professor, "next Monday, I will get out of the reach of the Elf-king, mounted on a steed that travels faster than the horse."

"Come, come, Martellini," remarked Mr. Ashbrand, a young man of about twenty-five, "away with these gloomy ideas. Let us cheer our spirits and defy the pestilence with some sweet strains of divine music. Give us your variations on 'Woodman, spare that tree.'"

The Professor cheerfully complied, and performed his composition most exquisitely. At the close of it, Ashbrand, turning to La Hache, remarked—

"Martellini has promised to write out his variations next week, and I shall send them to Firth, Pond, and Co., for publication."

Dwelling upon the words of the song, and ever recurring to the prevailing topic, one of the company remarked—

"This is an appropriate song in these times, when so many stately trees are so rapidly hewn down, and when so few are spared."

"Yes," said Yonspelius himself, a very large and athletic young man; "but it would require a very sharp ax and stalwart arm to level such a heavy trunk as the Professor there."

"Oh, no," replied Ashbrand, a small and delicate man; "it is said the yellow fever is severer upon large men. The taller they are the greater and more sudden the fall. Hence, if we should both be seized with it, I should certainly stand the best chance, being but half the size of Martellini."

But this continued recurrence to the gloomy subject having rendered the friends somewhat moody and silent, they concluded to break up and return to their several homes. It was their last meeting. In ten days thereafter, Mr. La Hache was the only one left of the party. Thus music lost, in this brief period, four of its most gifted and devoted votaries. [redacted]

A startling incident marked the dying moments of one of these gentlemen. We refer to Mr. Yonspelius. For some time before death came to his relief he was in a raving delirium; in which his ruling passion displayed itself, in several attempts to sing his favorite songs. Being a very robust and powerful man, he tore himself from his nurses and from the ligatures with which it was found necessary to restrain

him; and rushing into the middle of the room, he assumed the attitude suited to the character; and, in a full and powerful voice, sang the beautiful solo of Edgardo, in Lucia di Lammermoor, when in the grave-yard he thus apostrophizes his beloved:

"Tu che a Dio, O bell' alma inamorata!"

Before he had completed the air, the black vomit gathered in his throat, and ejecting a large quantity of it, he fell upon the floor, and died in a few minutes.

FAMILIES SWEPT OFF.

It would be vain to attempt to enumerate the instances of whole families swept off by the epidemic. The advocates of contagion will find strong arguments to sustain their view of the disease, of its communicability by contact, in examples of the most melancholy character, where, in the course of a few days, a large tenement, which but a short time before had been full of vivacity and gayety, was converted into a Golgotha or cemetery, with every member of the family dying or dead. Frequently, even in families of means, three or four corpses would be exposed in one room. There would be the mother and the father lying on one bed, and the infant between them or at their feet. In one room the undertaker might be seen screwing down the coffin, while the heavy breathing of another member of the family, in his or her dying agonies could be heard from an adjoining room, and the raving of a third in the delirium of fever from another apartment. The burial of mother and infant in the same coffin was a very ordinary incident. The newspapers, though but few of the victims obtained even the small space allotted to obituary notices, contained melancholy records of this destruction of whole families.

In the *Picayune* of August 23, we find the following recorded, among the deaths by yellow fever:

"Josephine Wolff, the 2d inst., aged 69 years.
"Solomon Wolff, her husband, 9th inst., aged 68 years.
"Hana Wolff, daughter, 9th inst., aged 22 years.
"Sara Wolff, daughter, 11th inst., aged 24 years.
"Montez Wolff, grandchild, 13th inst., aged 9 years."

Thus was a whole family, and a happy one, cut down in the course of nine days!

The *Delta* of the 4th September has the following:

"On the 13th August, Sarah E., second daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 18th August, Ellen, youngest daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 23d August, Frances B., eldest daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 28th August, Mary T., third daughter of John B. and Sarah Groves.
"On the 1st inst., of the prevailing epidemic, John B. Groves, merchant of this city, formerly of Columbia, Tennessee."

Four beautiful, blooming daughters rapidly follow one another, and are borne to the grave by a fond, devoted parent—a gentleman of high standing and wealth, and an old merchant of this city. Finally the father completes the sorrowful record, and joins his beloved children in the mansions of the blessed.

A most affecting incident was that of a young merchant, who, having succeeded in business, married a young and beautiful girl, and established himself in a pleasant cottage in the suburbs to pass his honeymoon. The new married couple took but one servant, an Irish girl. We need not say how cheerful and happy they were in their pleasant little villa—with its patch of shrubbery and young magnolias in front, and cool, airy rooms, and gallery in which they could walk of afternoons, and chat so pleasantly and enjoy the evening air. For some weeks nothing disturbed their happiness. Biddy, the servant, was a good, faithful, hard-working girl, and the young couple had little to do but to enjoy one another's society. They had lived some years in the city, believed they were acclimated, and besides were too happy to be disturbed by the gloomy stories which began to appear in the newspapers about the ravages of the yellow fever. At last came their first care. Biddy had a fever. There was no tea and toast—no one to sweep the rooms, or cook the little breakfast and dinner. Alas! Biddy grew worse and worse, and even the doctor could do her no good, and she died in a few days. Another girl was hired in place of Biddy. She shared the same fate, dying in a few days. Another was obtained, and she too followed her predecessors. Frightened by this terrible mortality, the young husband determined to fly the fatal house. He therefore hurried with his bride to Mobile. She was seized with the fever, and died in that city. The afflicted husband returned to the city, with a view of disposing of his property, and proceeding to some distant country, where he would be out of view of a place so suggestive of sorrow. On his arrival in New Orleans, he was seized with the fever, and died. A friend, the only one who attended his corpse to the grave, went up to the former happy residence of his departed friend and his lovely bride. There he found the scene of so much pure happiness a few weeks ago, now one of gloomy desolation and solitude. There was but one living creature in the house. It was a solitary parrot, swinging mournfully in its cage, and bemoaning its desolate fate. Alas, poor Poll!

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

When the fever was at its height, and the whole city was sunk in grief and mourning, a smiling happy couple appeared one morning before the Rev. Mr. De La Croix, of the Catholic Church, and requested him to proclaim the banns of their marriage the next day. The reverend priest was surprised that any persons should desire to get married at such a time of general misery and distress; and urged the couple that they should postpone it until the epidemic was over. But they declined doing so, and the priest, indignant at what he considered ill-timed levity, turned away, and positively refused to officiate in their behalf, stating that he was too busy

attending the sick and administering the last consolations to the dying. The impatient pair next proceeded to the Rev. J. J. Mullen, Rector of St. Patrick's, who exhibited a like surprise at the urgency of the parties, and at first refused to sanction such a marriage, but at last yielded to their importunities. After due publication of the banns they were married, and retired to their new home to spend the honeymoon.

In a few days, the bridal chamber presented a solemn and affecting spectacle. The dead body of the husband lay on a couch, and the bride writhed in the agony of a violent fever on the bed; she quickly followed him, and their honeymoon was passed in another world.

THE NERVOUS LITERATEURS.

Two literary gentlemen, who were connected with the press of the city, and who had been educated as physicians, were in the habit, whenever they met, of joking one another about their appearance; their alarm for the fever, and their chance of getting and escaping it.

One day they met in one of our hotels, when the following conversation took place:

Dr. N——. "Why, W——, you look very bad—your skin is yellow, your eyes bloodshot."

Dr. W——. "Oh, you are joking. None of that on so serious a subject." (Looking very nervous and alarmed.)

Dr. N——. "I never was more serious in my life."

Dr. W——. "I was just about to say the same of you—you have a very pale, nervous, alarmed look. Let me see your tongue—very bad—you would make a very bad case—black vomit in thirty-six hours."

Dr. N——. (Looking nervous and frightened—in an irritable manner, replied)—"Black vomit—you look as if you had it already, for with all your efforts to keep it in, it is oozing out at the corners of your mouth." (Dr. W—— chewed tobacco.)

Dr. W——. (Spitting out the quid and looking highly excited.) "What! do you mean, N——! Do you desire to kill me!"

Dr. N——. "What do *you* mean! Have you not already threatened and endangered my life by your absurd joking!"

From this the two friends got to using the words "murderer," "assassin," &c, until some friends were compelled to interfere to restore their usual pleasant relations; which was, however, finally completed over a bowl of punch.

The next day this little occurrence was noted by one of the daily papers. The writer little thought that in a few days thereafter he would be called on to chronicle the death of both gentlemen, who, at last, yielding to their apprehensions fled the city, but bore with them the infection which developed itself some days after they had left, and snatched from a circle of devoted friends and relatives two most estimable gentlemen, who had already acquired enviable positions in the world of letters.

THE GOOD CLERGYMAN.

As a general rule, the clergy of this city remained true and faithful during the scourge. On this score, the Protestant ministers have been severely censured for their derelictions heretofore; but it must be admitted that they fairly redeemed their characters during the present epidemic. It is true their labors were not so severe as those of the Catholics; but still there was enough for all to do—and they courageously performed their tasks, not only in ministering in their proper sphere, but also in acting as nurses and physicians. Though it may appear invidious to select particular individuals from a class in which, as far as we could learn, there were no delinquents, yet the case of the Rev. Mr. Whitall, of the Bethel in this city, a Protestant Episcopal clergyman, whose province is to preach to the seamen of our city, and to labor for the improvement and reform of that class of our population, is so remarkable, that we can not refrain from referring to it. The labors of Mr. Whitall in aiding the sick, in hunting up the poor and procuring proper comforts and attendance for them; in nursing and taking care of the orphans of the plague, were almost incredible. We regret that the compass of our article forbids our following him even through one day of his labors. A single instance may illustrate the practical character of his benevolence. Walking on the levee in pursuit of objects of charity, one day at noon, he was attracted to a number of laborers collected around some object. Elbowing his way through the crowd, Mr. Whitall found a poor laborer lying on the ground in a violent fever, exposed to the sun, and suffering very much. The crowd, though pitying his condition, appeared to be either too much frightened to render him any aid, or ignorant of how they could relieve him. But the experienced Samaritan did not long consider his duty on such an occasion. Seizing one of the wheelbarrows used in carrying bales of cotton from the wharves to the ships, he rolled it up alongside the sick man, and laying him gently in it, wheeled his poor patient to the nearest hospital, and there secured him proper attendance. The good clergyman received his reward in the consciousness of a noble action, and in the heartfelt gratitude of the poor laborer, who recovered, and is now pursuing his duties on the levee.

A DEAD SECRET.

IN what manner I became acquainted with that which follows, and from whom I had it, it serves not to relate here. It is enough that he *was* hanged, and that this is his story.

* * * * *

"And how came you," I asked, "to be—" I did not like to say hanged, for fear of wounding his delicacy, but I hinted my meaning by an expressive gesture.

"How came I to be hanged!" he echoed, in a tone of strident hoarseness. "You would like to know all about it—wouldn't you!"

He was sitting opposite to me at the end of the walnut-tree table in his shirt and trowsers, his bare feet on the bare polished oak floor. There was a dark histre ring round each of his eyes; and they—being spherical rather than oval, with the pupils fixed and coldly shining in the centre of the orbits—were more like those of some wild animal than of a man. The hue of his forehead, too, was ghastly and dingy; blue, violet, and yellow, like a bruise that is five days old. There was a clammy sweat on his beard and under the lobes of his ears; and the sea-breeze coming gently through the open Venetians (for the night was very sultry), fanned his long locks of coarse dark hair until you might almost fancy you saw the serpents of the Furies writhing in them. The fingers of his lean hands were slightly crooked inward, owing to some involuntary muscular rigidity, and I noticed that his whole frame was pervaded by a nervous trembling, less spasmodic than regular, and resembling that which shakes a man afflicted with *delirium tremens*.

I had given him a cigar. After moistening the end of it in his mouth, he said, bending his eyes toward me, but still more on the wall behind my chair than on my face: "It's no use. You may torture me, scourge me, flay me alive. You may rasp me with rusty files, and seethe me in vinegar, and rub my eyes with gunpowder—but I can't tell you where the child is. I don't know—I never knew. How am I to make you believe that I don't know—that I never knew?"

"My good friend," I remarked, "you do not seem to be aware that, so far from wishing you to tell me where the child you allude to is, I am not actuated by the slightest curiosity to know any thing about any child whatever. Permit me to observe that I can not see the smallest connection between a child and your being hanged."

"No connection!" retorted my companion, with vehemence. "It *is* the connection—the cause. But for that child I should never have been hanged."

He went on muttering and panting about this child; and I pushed toward him a bottle of thin claret. (Being liable to be called up at all hours of the night, I find it lighter drinking than any other wine.) He filled a large tumbler—which he emptied into himself, rather than drank—and I observed that his lips were so dry and smooth with parchedness, that the liquid formed little globules of moisture on them, like drops of water on an oil-cloth. Then he began:

I had the misery to be born (he said) about seven-and-thirty years ago. I was the offspring of a double misery, for my mother was a newly-made widow when I was born, and she died in giving me birth. What my name was before I assumed the counterfeit that has blasted my life, I shall not tell you. But it was no patrician, high-sounding title, for my father was a petty tradesman, and my mother had been a domestic servant. Two kinsmen succored me in my orphanage. They were both uncles; one by my father's, one by my mother's side. The former was a retired sailor, rich, and a bachelor. The latter was a grocer, still in business. He was a widower, with one daughter, and not very well to do in the world. They hated each other with the sort of cold, fixed, and watchful aversion that a savage cat has for a dog too large for her to worry.

These two uncles played a miserable game of battledore and shuttlecock with me for nearly fourteen years. I was bandied about from one to the other, and equally maltreated by both. Now, it was my Uncle Collerer who discovered that I was starved by my Uncle Morbus, and took me under his protection. Now, my Uncle Morbus was indignant at my Uncle Collerer for beating me, and insisted that I should return to his roof. I was beaten and starved by one, and starved and beaten by the other. I endeavored—with that cunning which brutal treatment will teach the dullest child—to trim my sails to please both uncles. I could only succeed by ministering to the hatred they mutually had one for the other. I could only propitiate Collerer by abusing Morbus: the only road to Morbus's short-lived favor was by defaming Collerer. Nor do I think I did either of them much injustice; for they were both wicked-minded old men. I believe either of them would have allowed me to starve in the gutter; only each thought that, appearing to protect me, would naturally spite the other.

When I was about fifteen years old, it occurred to me, that I should make an election for good and all between my uncles; else, between these two knotty, crabbed stools I might fall to the ground. Naturally enough I chose the rich uncle—the retired sailor, Collerer; and although I dare say he knew I only clove to him for the sake of his money, he seemed perfectly satisfied with my hearty abuse of my Uncle Morbus, and my total abnegation of his society; for, for three years I never went near his house, and when he met me in the street I gave him the breadth of the pavement, and recked nothing for his shaking his fist at me, and calling me an ungrateful hound. My Uncle Collerer, although retired from the sea, had not left off making money. He lent it at usury on mortgages, and in numberless other crawling ways. I soon became his right hand, and assisted him in grinding the needy, in selling up poor tradesmen, and in buckling on the spurs of spendthrifts when they started for the race, the end of which was to be the jail. My uncle was pleased with me; and although he was miserably parsimonious in his housekeeping and in his allowance to me, I had hopes and lived on; but very much in the fashion of a rat in a hole.

I had known Mary Morbus, the grocer's daughter, years before. She was a sickly, delicate child, and I had often teased and struck and robbed her of her playthings, in my evil childhood. But she grew up a surpassingly beautiful creature, and I loved her. We met by stealth in the park

outside her father's door while he was asleep in church on Sundays; and I fancied she began to love me. There was little in my mind or person, in my white face, elf-locks, and dull speech to captivate a girl; but her heart was full of love, and its brightness gilded my miserable clay. I felt my heart newly opened. I hoped for something more than my uncle's money-bags. We interchanged all the flighty vows of everlasting affection and constancy common to boys and girls; and although we knew the two fierce hatreds that stood betwixt us and happiness, we left the accomplishment of our wishes to time and fortune, and went on hoping and loving.

One evening, at supper-time—for which meal we had the heel of a Dutch cheese, a loaf of seconds bread, and a pint of small beer—I noticed that my Uncle Collerer looked more malignant and sullen than usual. He spoke little, and bit his food as if he had a spite against it. When supper was over, he went to an old worm-eaten bureau in which he was wont to keep documents of value; and, taking out a bundle of papers, untied and began to read them. I took little heed of that; for his favorite course of evening reading was bonds and mortgage deeds; and on every eve of bills of exchange falling due he would spend hours in poring over the acceptances and endorsements, and even in bed he would lie awake half the night moaning and crooning lest the bills should not be paid on the morrow. After carefully reading and sorting these papers, he tossed them over to me, and left the room without a word. Then I heard him going up stairs to the top of the house, where my room was.

I opened the packet with trembling hands and a beating heart. I found every single letter I had written to Mary Morbus. The room seemed to turn round. The white sheet I held and the black letters dancing on it were all I could see. All beyond—the room, the house, the world—was one black unutterable gulf of darkness. I tried to read a line—a line I had known by heart for months; but, to my scared senses, it might as well have been Chaldee. Then my uncle's heavy step was heard on the stairs.

He entered the room, dragging after him a small black portmanteau in which I kept all that I was able to call my own. "I happened to have a key that opens this," he said, "and I have read every one of the fine love-letters that silly girl has sent you. But I have been much more edified by the perusal of yours, which I only received from your good Uncle Morbus—strangle him!—last night. I'm a covetous hunks, am I? You live in hopes, do you? Hope told a flattering tale, my young friend. I've only two words to say to you," continued my uncle, after a few minutes' composed silence on his part, and of blank consternation on mine. "All your rags are in that trunk. Either give up Mary Morbus—now and forever, and write a letter to her here in my presence to that effect—or turn out into the street and never show your face here again. Make up your mind quickly, and for good." He then filled his pipe and lighted it.

While he sat composedly smoking his pipe, I was employed in making up my wretched mind. Love, fear, interest, avarice—cursed avarice—alternately gained ascendency within me. At length there came a craven inspiration that I might temporize; that by pretending to renounce Mary, and yet secretly assuring her of my constancy, I might play a double game, and yet live in hopes of succeeding to my uncle's wealth. To my shame and confusion, I caught at this coward expedient, and signified my willingness to do as my uncle desired.

"Write then," he resumed, flinging me a sheet of letter-paper and a pen. "I will dictate."

I took the pen; and following his dictation wrote, I scarcely can tell what now; but I suppose some abject words to Mary, saying that I resigned all claim to her hand.

"That'll do very nicely, nephew," said my uncle, when I had finished. "We needn't fold it, or seal it, or post it, because—he, he, he!—we can deliver it upon the spot." We were in the front parlor, which was separated from the back room by a pair of folding-doors. My uncle got up, opened one of these; and with a mock bow ushered in my Uncle Morbus and my Cousin Mary.

"A letter for you, my dear," grinned the old wretch; "a letter from your *true love*. Though I dare say you'll have no occasion to read it, for you must have heard it. I speak plain enough, though I am asthmatic, and can't last long—can't last long—eh, nephew?" This was a quotation from one of my own letters.

When Mary took the letter from my uncle, her hand shook as with the palsy. But, when I besought her to look at me, and passionately adjured her to believe that I was yet true to her, she turned on me a glance of scornful incredulity; and, crushing the miserable paper in her hand, cast it contemptuously from her.

"*You* marry my daughter," my Uncle Morbus piped forth—"you! Your father couldn't pay two-and-twopence in the pound. He owed me money, he owes me money to this day. Why ain't there laws to make sons pay their fathers' debts? You marry my daughter? Do you think I'd have your father's son—do you think I'd have your uncle's nephew for my son-in-law?" I could see that the temporary bond of union between my two uncles was already beginning to loosen; and a wretched hope sprang up within me.

"Get out of my house, you and your daughter, too!" cried my Uncle Collerer. "You've served my turn, and I've served yours. Now, go!"

I could hear the two old men fiercely, yet feebly, quarreling in the passage, and Mary weeping piteously without saying a word. Then the great street door was banged to, and my uncle came in, muttering and panting. "I hope you are satisfied now, uncle," I said.

"Satisfied!" he cried with a sort of shriek, catching up the great earthen jar, with the leaden top, in which he kept his tobacco, as though he meant to fling it at me. "Satisfied!—I'll satisfy you: go. Go! and never let me see your hang-dog face again!"

"You surely do not intend to turn me out of doors, uncle?" I faltered.

"March, bag and baggage. If you are here a minute longer, I'll call the police. Go!" And he pointed to the door.

"But where am I to go!" I asked.

"Go and beg," said my uncle; "go and cringe to your dear Uncle Morbus. Go and rot!"

So saying he opened the door, kicked my trunk into the hall, thrust me out of the room and into the street, and pushed my portmanteau after me, without my making the slightest resistance. He slammed the door in my face, and left me in the open street, at twelve o'clock at night.

I slept that night at a coffee-shop. I had a few shillings in my pocket; and, next morning, I took a lodging at, I think, four shillings a week, in a court, somewhere up a back street between Gray's Inn and Leather Lane, Holborn. My room was at the top of the house. The court below swarmed with dirty, ragged children. My lodging was a back garret; and, when I opened the window, I could only see a narrow strip of sky, and a foul heap of sooty roofs, chimney-pots and leads, with the great dingy brick tower of a church towering above all. Where the body of the church was I never knew.

I wrote letter after letter to my uncles and to Mary, but never received a line in answer. I wandered about the streets all day, feeding on saveloys, and penny loaves. I went to my wretched bed by daylight, and groaned for darkness to come; then groaned that it might grow light again. I knew no one to whom I could apply for employment, and knew no means by which I could obtain it. The house I lived in and the neighborhood were full of foreign refugees and street mountebanks, whose jargon I could not understand. My little stock of money slowly dwindled away; and, in ten days, my mind was ripe for suicide. You must serve an apprenticeship to acquire that ripeness. Crowded streets, utter desolation and friendlessness in them, scanty food, and the knowledge that when you have spent all your money and sold your coat and waistcoat you must starve, are the best masters. They produce that frame of mind which coroners' juries call temporary insanity. I determined to die. I expended my last coin in purchasing laudanum at different chemists' shops—a pennyworth at each; which, I said, I wanted for the toothache; for I knew they would not supply a large quantity to a stranger. I took my dozen vials home, and poured their contents into a broken mug that stood on my wash-hand-stand. I locked the door, sat down on my fatal black portmanteau, and tried to pray; but I could not.

It was about nine in the evening, in the summer time, and the room was in that state of semi-obscurity you call "between the lights." While I sat on my black portmanteau, I heard through my garret window, which was wide open, a loud noise, a confusion of angry voices, in which I could not distinguish one word I could comprehend. The noise was followed by a pistol-shot. I hear it now, as distinctly as I heard it twenty years ago; and then another. As I looked out of the window I saw a pair of hands covered with blood, clutching the sill, and I heard a voice imploring help for God's sake! Scarcely knowing what I did, I drew up from the leads below and into the room the body of a man, whose face was one mass of blood—like a crimson mask. He stood upright on the floor when I had helped him in; his face glaring at me like the spot one sees after gazing too long at the sun. Then he began to stagger, and went reeling about the room, catching at the window curtain, the table, the wall, and leaving traces of his blood wherever he went—I following him in an agony—until he fell face-foremost on the bed.

I lit a candle as well as I could. He was quite dead. His features were so scorched and mangled, and drenched, that not one trait was to be distinguished. The pistol must have been discharged full in his face, for some of his long black hair was burnt off. He held, clasped in his left hand, a pistol which evidently had been recently discharged.

I sat by the side of this horrible object twenty minutes or more, waiting for the alarm which I thought must necessarily follow, and resolving what I should do. But all was as silent as the grave. No one in the house seemed to have heard the pistol-shot, and no one without seemed to have heeded it. I looked from the window, but the dingy mass of roofs and chimneys had grown black with night, and I could perceive nothing moving. Only, as I held my candle out of the window it mirrored itself dully in a pool of blood on the leads below.

I began to think I might be accused of the murder of this unknown man. I, who had so lately courted a violent death, began to fear it, and to shake like an aspen at the thought of the gallows. Then I tried to persuade myself that it was all a horrible dream; but there, on the bed, was the dreadful dead man in his blood, and all about the room were the marks of his gory fingers.

I began to examine the body more minutely. The dead man was almost exactly of my height and stoutness. Of his age I could not judge. His hair was long and black like mine. In one of his pockets I found a pocket-book containing a mass of closely-written sheets of very thin paper, in a character utterly incomprehensible to me; moreover, there was a roll of English bank-notes to a very considerable amount. In his waistcoat pocket was a gold watch; and in a silken girdle round his waist, were two hundred English sovereigns and louis d'ors.

What fiend stood at my elbow while I made

this examination I know not. The plan I fixed upon was not long revolved in my mind. It seemed to start up matured, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter. I was resolved. The dead should be alive, and the live man dead. In less time than it takes to tell, I had stripped the body, dressed it in my own clothes, assumed the dead man's garments, and secured the pocket-book, the watch, and the money about my person. Then I overturned the lighted candle on to the bed, slouched my hat over my eyes, and stole down stairs. No one met me on the stairs, and I emerged into the court. No man pursued me, and I gained the open street. It was only, an hour after perhaps, as I crossed Holborn toward St. Andrew's Church, that I saw fire engines come rattling along; and, asking unconcernedly where the fire was, heard that it was "somewhere off Gray's Inn Lane."

I slept nowhere that night. I scarcely remember what I did; but I have an indistinct remembrance of flinging sovereigns about in blazing gas-lit taverns. It is a marvel to me now that I did not become senseless with liquor, unaccustomed as I was to dissipation. The next morning I read the following paragraph in a newspaper:

"AWFUL SUICIDE AND FIRE NEAR GRAY'S INN LANE.—Last night the inhabitants of Cragg's Court, Hustle-street, Gray's Inn Lane, were alarmed by volumes of smoke issuing from the windows of number five in that court, occupied as a lodging-house. On Mr. Plose, the landlord, entering a garret on the third floor, it was found that its tenant, Mr. ——, had committed suicide by blowing his brains out with a pistol, which was found tightly clenched in the wretched man's hand. Either from the ignition of the wadding, or from some other cause, the fire had communicated to the bed-clothes; all of which, with the bed and a portion of the furniture, were consumed. The engines of the North of England Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot; and the fire was with great difficulty at last successfully extinguished; little beyond the room occupied by the deceased being injured. The body and face of the miserable suicide were frightfully mutilated; but sufficient evidence was afforded from his clothes and papers to establish his identity. No cause is assigned for the rash act; and it is even stated that if he had prolonged his existence a few hours later, he would have come into possession of a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, his uncle, Gripple Collerer, Esq., of Raglan-street, Clerkenwell, having died only two days before, and having constituted him his sole heir and legatee. That active and intelligent parish officer, Mr. Pybus, immediately forwarded the necessary intimation to the Coroner, and the inquest will be held this evening at the Kiddy's Arms, Hustle-street."

I had lost all—name, existence, thirty thousand pounds, every thing—for about four hundred pounds in gold and notes.

"So I suppose," I said, as he who was hanged paused, "that you gave yourself up with a view of re-establishing your identity; and, failing to do that, you were hanged for murder or arson?"

I waited for a reply. He had lit another cigar, and sat smoking it. Seeing that he was calm, I judged it best not to excite or aggravate him by further questioning, but staid his pleasure. I had not to wait long.

"Not so," he resumed; "what I became that night I have remained ever since, and am now; that is, if I am any thing at all. The very day on which that paragraph appeared, I set off by the coach. My only wish was to get as far from London and from England as I possibly could; and, in due time, we came to Hull. Hearing that Hamburg was the nearest foreign port, to Hamburg I went. I lived there for six months in an hotel, frugally and in solitude, and endeavoring to learn German; for, on narrower examination of the papers in the pocket-book, I guessed some portions of them to be written in that language. I was a dull scholar; but at the end of six months, I had scraped together enough German to know that the dead man's name was Müller; that he had been in Russia, in France, and in America. I managed to translate portions of a diary he had kept while in this latter country; but they only related to his impressions of the towns he had visited. He often alluded, too, casually to his 'secret' and his 'charge;' but what that secret and that charge were, I could not discover. There were also hints about a 'shepherdess,' an 'antelope,' and a 'blue tiger'—fictitious names, I presumed, for some persons with whom he was connected. The great mass of the documents was in a cipher utterly inexplicable to my most strenuous ingenuity and research. I went by the name of Muller, but I found that there were hundreds more Mullers in Hamburg, and no man sought me out.

I was in the habit of going every evening to a lager-beer house outside the town, to smoke my pipe. There generally sat at the same table with me a little fat man in a gray great-coat, who smoked and drank beer incessantly. I was suspicious and shy of strangers; but, between this little man and me there gradually grew up a quiet kind of tavern acquaintance.

One evening, when we had had a rather liberal potation of pipes and beer, he asked me if I had ever tasted the famous Baierische or Bavarian beer, adding that it threw all other German beers into the shade, and liberally offering to pay for a flask of it. I was in rather merry humor, and assented. We had one bottle of Bavarian beer; then another, and another, till, what with the beer and the pipes and the wrangling of the domino-players, my head swam.

"I tell you what," said my companion, "we will just have one chopine of brandy. I always take it after Baierischer beer. We will not have it here, but at the *Grüne Gans*, hard by; which is an honest house, kept by Max Rombach, who is a widow's son."

I was in that state when a man having already had too much is sure to want more, and I followed the man in the gray coat. How many chopines of brandy I had at the *Grüne Gans* I know not; but I found myself in bed next morning with an intolerable thirst and a racking headache. My first action was to spring out of bed, and

search in the pocket of my coat for my pocket-book. It was gone. The waiters and the landlord were summoned; but no one knew any thing about it. I had been brought home in a carriage, very inebriated, by a stout man in a gray great-coat, who said he was my friend, helped me up-stairs, and assisted me to undress. The investigation ended with a conviction that the man in the gray coat was the thief. He had, manifestly, been tempted to the robbery by no pecuniary motive; for the whole of my remaining stock of bank-notes, which I always kept in the pocket-book, I found in my waistcoat-pocket neatly rolled up.

That evening I walked down to the beer-house where I usually met my friend—not with the remotest idea of seeing him, but with the hope of eliciting some information as to who and what he was.

To my surprise he was sitting at his accustomed table, smoking and drinking as usual; and, to my stern salutation, replied with a good-humored hope that my head was not any worse for the *branntwein* overnight.

"I want a word with you," said I.

"With pleasure," he returned. Whereupon he put on his broad-brimmed hat and followed me into the garden behind the house, with an alacrity that was quite surprising.

"I was drunk last night," I commenced.

"*Za*," he replied, with an unmoved countenance.

"And while drunk," I continued, "I was robbed of my pocket-book."

"*Za*," he repeated with equal composure.

"And I venture to assert that you are the person who stole it."

"*Za*. You are quite right, my son," he returned, with the most astonishing coolness. "I did take your pocket-book; I have it here. See."

He tapped the breast of his gray great-coat; and, I could clearly distinguish, through the cloth, the square form of my pocket-book, with its great clasp in the middle. I sprang at him immediately, with the intention of wrenching it from him; but he eluded my grasp nimbly, and, stepping aside, drew forth a small silver whistle, on which he blew a shrill note. In an instant a cloak or sheet was thrown over my head. I felt my hands muffled with soft but strong ligatures; and, before I had time to make one effort in self-defense, I was lifted off my feet and swiftly conveyed away, in total darkness. Presently we stopped, and I was lifted still higher; was placed on a seat; a door was slammed to; and the rumbling motion of wheels convinced me that I was in a carriage.

My journey must have lasted some hours. We stopped from time to time: to change horses, I suppose. At the commencement of the journey I made frantic efforts to disengage myself, and to cry out. But I was so well gagged, and bound, and muffled, that in sheer weariness and despair, I desisted. We halted at last for good. I was lifted out, and again carried swiftly along for upward of ten minutes. Then, from a difficulty of respiration, I concluded that I had entered a house, and was, perhaps, being borne along some underground passage. We ascended and descended staircases. I heard doors locked and unlocked. Finally, I was thrown violently down on a hard surface. The gag was removed from my mouth, and the mufflers from my hands; I heard a heavy door clang to, and I was at liberty to speak and to move.

My first care was to disengage myself from the mantle, whose folds still clung around me. I was in total darkness—darkness so black, that at first I concluded some infernal device had been made use of to blind me. But, after straining my eyes in every direction, I was able to discern high above me a small circular orifice, through which permeated a minute thread of light. Then I became sensible that I was not blind, but in some subterranean dungeon. The surface on which I was lying was hard and cold—a stone pavement. I crawled about, feeling with my hands, endeavoring to define the limits of my prison. Nothing was palpable to the touch, but the bare smooth pavement, and the bare smooth walls. I tried for hours to find the door, but could not. I shouted for help; but no man came near me.

I must have lain in this den two days and two nights—at least the pangs of hunger and thirst made me suppose that length of time to have elapsed. Then the terrible thought possessed me that I was imprisoned there to be starved to death. In the middle of the third day, as it seemed to me, however, I heard a rattling of keys; one grated in the lock; a door opened, a flood of light broke in upon me; and a well-remembered voice cried, "Come out!" as one might do to a beast in a cage.

The light was so dazzling that I could not at first distinguish any thing. But I crawled to the door; and then standing up, found I was in a small court-yard, and that opposite to me was my enemy, the man of the gray coat.

In a gray coat no longer, however. He was dressed in a scarlet jacket, richly laced with gold; which fitted him so tightly with the short tails sticking out behind, that, under any other circumstances, he would have seemed to me inconceivably ridiculous. He took no more notice of me than if he had never seen me before in his life; but, merely motioning to two servants in scarlet liveries to take hold of me under the arms, waddled on before.

We went in and out of half a dozen doors, and traversed as many small court-yards. The buildings surrounding them were all in a handsome style of architecture; and in one of them I could discern, through the open grated windows on the ground floor, several men in white caps and jackets. A distant row of copper stewpans and a delicious odor, made me conjecture that we were close to the kitchen. We stopped some moments in this neighborhood; whether from previous orders, or from pure

malignity toward me, I was unable then to tell. He glanced over his shoulder with an expression of such infinite malice, that, what with hunger and rage, I struggled violently but unsuccessfully to burst from my guards. At last we ascended a narrow but handsomely carpeted staircase; and, after traversing a splendid picture gallery, entered an apartment luxuriously furnished; half library and half drawing-room.

A cheerful wood fire crackled on the dogs in the fireplace; and, with his back toward it, stood a tall elderly man, his thin gray hair carefully brushed over his forehead. He was dressed in black, had a stiff white neckcloth, and a parti-colored ribbon at his button-hole. A few feet from him was a table, covered with books and papers; and sitting thereat in a large arm-chair, was an old man, immensely corpulent, swathed in a richly furred dressing-gown, with a sort of jockey cap on his head of black velvet, to which was attached a hideous green shade. The servants brought me to the foot of this table, still holding my arms.

"Monsieur Müller," said the man in black, politely, and in excellent English. "How do you feel?"

I replied, indignantly, that the state of my health was not the point in question. I demanded to know why I had been trepanned, robbed, and starved.

"Monsieur Muller," returned the man in black, with immovable politeness. "You must excuse the apparently discourteous manner in which you have been treated. The truth is, our house was built, not for a prison, but for a palace; and, for want of proper dungeon accommodation, we were compelled to utilize for the moment an apartment which I believe was formerly a wine-cellar. I hope you did not find it damp."

The man with the green shade shook his fat shoulders, as if in silent laughter.

"In the first instance, Monsieur," resumed the other, politely motioning me to be silent; for I was about to speak, "we deemed that the possession of the papers in your pocket-book" (he touched that fatal book as he spoke) "would have been sufficient for the accomplishment of the object we have in view. But, finding that a portion of the correspondence is in a cipher of which you alone have the key, we judged the pleasure of your company absolutely indispensable."

"I know no more about the cipher and its key than you do," I ejaculated, "and, before heaven, no secret that can concern you is in my keeping."

"You must be hungry, Monsieur Müller," pursued the man in black, taking no more notice of what I had said than if I had not spoken at all. "Carol, bring in lunch."

He, lately of the gray-coat, now addressed as Carol, bowed, retired, and presently returned with a tray covered with smoking viands and two flasks of wine. The servants half loosened their hold; my heart leaped within me, and I was about to rush toward the viands, when the man in black raised his hand.

"One moment, Monsieur Müller," he said, "before you recruit your strength. Will you oblige me by answering one question, Where is the child?"

"*Ja*, where is the child?" echoed the man in the green shade.

"I do not know," I replied, passionately; "on my honor I do not know. If you were to ask me for a hundred years, I could not tell you."

"Carol," said the man in black, with an unmoved countenance, "take away the tray. Monsieur Müller has no appetite. Unless," he added, turning to me, "you will be so good as to answer that little question."

"I can not," I repeated; "I don't know; I never knew."

"Carol," said my questioner, taking up a newspaper, and turning his back upon me, "take away the things. Monsieur Müller, good-morning."

In spite of my cries and struggles, I was dragged away. We traversed the picture gallery; but, instead of descending the staircase, entered another suite of apartments. We were crossing a long vestibule lighted with lamps, and one of my guards had stopped to unlock a door while the other lagged a few paces behind (they had loosened their hold of me, and Carol was not with us), when a panel in the wainscot opened, and a lady in black—perhaps thirty years of age and beautiful—bent forward through the aperture. "I heard all," she said, in a rapid whisper. "You have acted nobly. Be proof against their temptations, and Heaven will reward your devotedness."

I had no time to reply, for the door was closed immediately. I was hurried forward through room after room; until at last we entered a small bed-chamber, simply but cleanly furnished. Here I was left, and the door was locked and barred on the outside. On the table were a small loaf of black bread, and a pitcher of water. Both of these I [illegible] ravenously.

I was left without further food [illegible] another entire day and night. From my window, which was heavily grated, I could see that my room overlooked the court-yard where the kitchen was, and the sight of the cooks, and the smell of the hot meat drove me almost mad.

On the second day I was again ushered into the presence of the man in black, and the man with the green shade. Again the infernal drama was played. Again I was tempted with rich food. Again, on my expressing my inability to answer the question, it was ordered to be removed.

"Stop!" I cried desperately, as Carol was about to remove the food, and thinking I might satisfy them with a falsehood; "I will confess. I will tell all."

"Speak," said the man in black, eagerly, "where is the child?"

"In Amsterdam," I replied at random.

"Amsterdam—nonsense!" said the man in the green shade impatiently, "what has Amsterdam to do with the Blue Tiger!"

"I need not remind you," said the man in black, sarcastically, "that the name of any town or country is no answer to the question. You know as well as I do that the key to the whereabouts of the child is *there*," and he pointed to the pocket-book.

"Yes; *there*," echoed the man in the green shade. And he struck it.

"But, sir—" I urged.

The answer was simply, "Good-morning, Monsieur Müller."

Again was I conducted back to my prison; again I met the lady in black, who administered to me the barren consolation that "Heaven would reward my devotedness." Again I found the black loaf and the pitcher of water, and again I was left a day and a night in semi-starvation, to be again brought forth, tantalized, questioned, and sent back again.

"Perhaps," remarked the man in black, at the fifth of these interviews, "it is gold that Monsieur Müller requires. See." As he spoke, he opened a bureau crammed with bags of money, and bade me help myself.

In vain I protested that all the gold in the world could not extort from me a secret which I did not possess. In vain I exclaimed that my name was not Müller; in vain I disclosed the ghastly deceit I had practiced. The man in black only shook his head, smiled incredulously, and told me—while complimenting me for my powers of invention—that my statement confirmed his conviction that I knew where the child was.

After the next interview, as I was returning to my starvation meal of bread and water, the lady in black again met me.

"Take courage," she whispered. "Your deliverance is at hand. You are to be removed to-night to a lunatic asylum."

How my translation to a madhouse could accomplish my deliverance, or better my prospects, did not appear very clear to me; but that very night I was gagged, my arms were confined in a strait waistcoat, and placed in a carriage, which immediately set off at a rapid pace. We traveled all night; and, in the early morning, arrived at a large stone building. Here I was stripped, examined, placed in a bath, and dressed in a suit of coarse gray cloth. I asked where I was! I was told in the Alienation-Refuge of the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeiffiger.

"Can I see the head-keeper?" I asked.

The Herr Ober-Direktor was a little man with a shiny bald head and very white teeth. When I entered his cabinet he received me politely, and asked me what he could do for me! I told him my real name, my history, my wrongs; that I was a British subject, and demanded my liberty. He smiled, and simply called—"Where is Kraus!"

"Here, Herr," answered the keeper.

"What number is Monsieur?"

"Number ninety-two."

"Ninety-two," repeated the Herr Direktor, leisurely writing. "Cataplasms on the soles of the feet. Worsted blistere behind the ears, a mustard plaster on the chest, and ice on the head. Let it be Baltic ice."

The abominable inflictions thus ordered were all applied. The villain Kraus tortured me in every imaginable way; and in the midst of his tortures, would repeat, "Tell me where the child is, Müller, and you shall have your liberty in half an hour."

I was in the madhouse for six months. If I complained to the doctor of Kraus's ill-treatment and temptations, he immediately began to order cataplasms and Baltic ice. The bruises I had to show were ascribed to injuries I had myself inflicted in fits of frenzy. The maniacs with whom I was caged declared, like all other maniacs, that I was outrageously mad.

One evening, as I lay groaning on my bed, Kraus entered my cell. "Get up," he said, "you are at liberty. I was bribed, by you know who, with ten thousand Prussian thalers to get your secret from you, if I could; but I have been bribed with twenty thousand Austrian florins (which is really a sum worth having) to set you free. I shall lose my place, and have to fly; but I will open an hotel at Frankfort for the Englanders, and make my fortune. Come!" He led me down-stairs, let me out of a private door in the garden; and, placing a bundle of clothes and a purse in my hand, bade me good-night.

I dressed myself, threw away the madman's livery, and kept walking along until morning, when I came to the custom-house barrier of another Grand Duchy. I had a passport ready provided for me in the pocket of my coat, which was found to be perfectly *en règle*, and I passed unquestioned. I went that morning to the coach-office of the town, and engaged a place in the *Eilwagen* to some German town, the name of which I forget; and, at the end of four days' weary traveling, I reached Brussels.

I was very thin and weak with confinement and privation; but I soon recovered my health and strength. I must say that I made up by good living for my former compulsory abstinence; and both in Brussels and in Paris, to which I next directed my steps, I lived on the best. One evening I entered one of the magnificent restaurants in the Palais Royal to dine. I had ordered my meal from the *carte*, when my attention was roused by a small piece of paper which had been slipped between its leaves. It ran thus:

"Feign to eat, but eat no fish. Remain the usual time at your dinner, to disarm suspicion, but immediately afterwards make your way to England. Be sure, in passing through London, to call on Hildeburger."

I had ordered a *sole au gratin*; but when it arrived, managed to throw it piece by piece under the table. When I had discussed the

rest of my dinner, I summoned the garçon, and asked for my bill.

"You will pay the head waiter, if you please, Monsieur," said he.

The head waiter came. If he had been a centaur or a sphinx I could not have stared at him with more horror and astonishment than I did; for there, in a waiter's dress, with a napkin over his arm, was Carol, the man of the gray coat.

"Müller," he said, coolly, bending over the table. "Your sole was poisoned. Tell me where the child is, and here is an antidote, and four hundred thousand francs."

For reply I seized the heavy water decanter, and dashed it with all the force I could command, full in the old ruffian's face. He fell like a stone, amid the screams of women, the oaths of men, and cries of *à la Garde! à la Garde!* I slipped out of the restaurant and into one of the passages or outlets which abound in the Palais Royal. Whether the man died or not, or whether I was pursued, I never knew. I gained my lodgings unmolested, packed up my luggage, and started the next morning by the diligence, for Boulogne.

I arrived in due time in London; but I did not call on "Hildeburger" because I did not know who or where Hildeburger was. I started the very evening of my arrival in London for Liverpool, being determined to go to America. I was fearful of remaining in England, not only on account of my persecutors, but because I was pursued every where by the spectre of the real Müller.

I took my passage to New York in a steamer which was to sail from the Docks in a week's time. It was to start on a Monday; and on the Friday preceding I was walking about the Exchange, congratulating myself that I should soon have the Atlantic between myself and my pursuers. All at once I heard the name of Müller pronounced in a loud tone close behind me. I turned, and met the gaze of a tall thin young man with a downy mustache, who was dressed in the extreme of fashion, and was sucking the end of an ebony stick.

"Monsieur Müller," he said, nodding to me easily.

"My name is not Müller," I answered, boldly.

"You have not yet called on Hildeburger," he added, slightly elevating his eyebrows at my denial.

I felt a cold shiver pass over me, and stammered, "N—n—no!"

"We had considerable difficulty in learning your whereabouts!" he went on with great composure. "The lady was obstinate. The screw and the water were tried in vain; but at length, by a judicious use of the cord and pulleys, we succeeded."

I shuddered again.

"Will you call on Hildeburger now?" he resumed quickly and sharply. "He is here—close by."

"Not now, not now." I faltered. "Some other time."

"The day after to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," I answered eagerly, "the day after to-morrow."

"Well, Saturday be it. You will meet me here, at four in the afternoon! Good! Do not forget. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Müller."

He had no sooner uttered these words than he turned and disappeared among the crowd of merchants on 'Change.

I could not doubt, by his naming Saturday, as the day for our meeting, that he had some inkling of my intended departure. Although I had paid my passage to New York, I determined to forfeit it, and to change my course so as to evade my persecutors. I entered a shipping-office, and learned that a good steamer would leave George's Dock at ten that same night, for Glasgow. And to Glasgow for the present I made up my mind to go.

At a quarter before ten I was at the dock with my luggage. It was raining heavily, and there was a dense fog.

"This way for the Glasgow steamer—this way," cried a man in a Guernsey shirt, "this way, your honor. I'll carry your trunk!"

He took up my trunk as he spoke, and led the way down a ladder, across the decks of two or three steamers, and to the gangway of a fourth, where a man stood with dark bushy whiskers, dressed in a pea-coat, and holding a lighted lantern.

"Is this the Glasgow steamer?" I asked.

"All right!" answered the man with the lantern. "Look sharp, the bell's a-going to ring."

"Remember poor Jack, your honor," said the man in the Guernsey, who had carried my trunk. I gave him sixpence and stepped on board. A bell began to ring, and there was great confusion on board with hauling of ropes and stowing of luggage. The steamer seemed to me to be intolerably dirty and crowded with goods; and, to avoid the crush, I stepped aft to the wheel. In due time we had worked out of the dock and were steaming down the Mersey.

"How long will the run to Glasgow take, think you my man?" I asked of the man at the wheel. He stared at me as if he did not understand me, and muttered some unintelligible words. I repeated the question.

"He does not speak English," said a voice at my elbow, "nor can any soul on board this vessel, except you and I, Monsieur Müller."

I turned round, and saw to my horror the young man with the ebony cane and the downy mustache.

"I am kidnapped!" I cried. "Let me have a boat. Where is the captain?"

"Here is the captain," said the young man, as a fiercely bearded man came up the companion-ladder. "Captain Miloschvich of the Imperial Russian ship Pyroscaphe, bound to St. Petersburg, M. Müller. As Captain Miloschvich speaks no English you will permit me to act as interpreter."

Although I feared from his very presence that my case was already hopeless, I entreated him to explain to the captain that there was a mistake; that I was bound for Glasgow, and that I desired to be set on shore directly.

"Captain Miloschvich," said the young man, when he had translated my speech, and received the captain's answer, "begs you to understand that there is no mistake; that you are not bound for Glasgow, but for St. Petersburg; and that it is quite impossible for him to set you on shore here, seeing that he has positive instructions to set you on shore in Cronstadt. Furthermore, he feels it his duty to add that should you, by any words or actions, attempt to annoy or disturb the crew or passengers, he will be compelled to put you in irons, and place you in the bottom of the hold."

The captain frequently nodded during these remarks, as if he perfectly understood their purport, although unable to express them; and, to intimate his entire coincidence, he touched his wrists and ankles.

If I had not been a fool I should have resigned myself to my fate. But I was so maddened with misfortune, that I sprang on the young man, hoping to kill him, or to be killed myself, and to be thrown into the sea. But I was chained, beaten, and thrown into the hold. There, among tarred ropes, the stench of tallow-casks, and the most appalling sea-sickness, I lay for days, fed with mouldy biscuit and putrid water. At length we arrived at Cronstadt.

All I can tell you, or I know of Russia is, that somewhere in it there is a river, and on that river a fortress, and in that fortress a cell, and in that cell a knout. Seven years of my existence were passed in that cell, under the lashes of that knout, with the one horrible question dinning in my ears, "Where is the child!"

How I escaped to incur worse tortures, it is bootless to tell you. I have swept the streets of Palermo as a convict, in a hideous yellow dress. I have pined in the Inquisition at Rome. I have been caged in the madhouse at Constantinople, with the rabble to throw stones and mud at me though the bars. I have been branded in the back in the *bagnes* of Toulon and Rochefort; and every where I have been offered liberty and gold if I would answer the question, "Where is the child!" At last, having been accused of a crime I did not commit, I was condemned to death. Upon the scaffold they asked me, "Where is the child!" Of course there could be no answer, and I was—

Just then, Margery, my servant, who never will have the discrimination to deny me to importunate visitors, knocked at the door, and told me that I was wanted in the surgery. I went down stairs, and found Mrs. Walkingshaw, Johnny Walkingshaw's wife, who told me that her "master" was "took all over like," and quite "stroaken of a heap." Johnny Walkingshaw is a member of the ancient order of Sylvan Brothers; and, as I am club-doctor to the Sylvan Brothers, he has a right to my medical attendance for the sum of four shillings a year. Whenever he has taken an over-dose of rough cider he is apt to be "stroaken all of a heap," and to send for me. I was the more annoyed at being obliged to walk to Johnny Walkingshaw's cottage at two in the morning, because the wretched man had been cut short in his story just as he was about to explain the curious surgical problem of how he was resuscitated. When I returned he was gone, and I never saw him more. Whether he was mad and had hanged himself, or whether he was sane and had been hanged according to law, or whether he had ever been hanged, or never been hanged, are points I have never quite adjusted in my mind.

THE NEWCOMES.

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.*

CHAPTER I.

THE OVERTURE—AFTER WHICH THE CURTAIN RISES UPON A DRINKING CHORUS.

A CROW, who had flown away with a cheese from a dairy window, sate perched on a tree, looking down at a great big frog in a pool underneath him. The frog's hideous large eyes were goggling out of his head in a manner which appeared quite ridiculous to the old black-a-moor, who watched the splay-footed, slimy wretch with that peculiar grim humor belonging to crows. Not far from the frog was a fat ox browsing; while a few lambs frisked about the meadow, or nibbled the grass and buttercups there.

Who should come in to the farther end of the field but a wolf! He was so cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing, that the very lambs did not know master wolf; nay, one of them, whose dam the wolf had just eaten, after which he had thrown her skin over his shoulders, ran up innocently toward the devouring monster, mistaking him for her mamma.

"He-he!" says a fox, sneaking round the hedge-paling, over which the tree grew, whereupon the crow was perched, looking down on the frog who was staring with his goggle-eyes, fit to burst with envy, and croaking above at the ox. "How absurd those lambs are! Yonder silly little knock-kneed baah-ling does not know the old wolf dressed in the sheep's fleece. He is the same old rogue who gobbled up little Red Riding Hood's grandmother for lunch, and swallowed little Red Riding Hood for supper. *Tirez la bobinette et la chévillette cherra.* He-he!"

An owl that was hidden in the hollow of the tree, woke up. "O ho, master fox!" says she, "I can not see you, but I smell you. If some folks like lambs, other folks like geese," says the owl.

"And your ladyship is fond of mice," says the fox.

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"The Chinese eat them," says the owl; "and I have read that they are very fond of dogs," continued the old lady.

"I wish they would exterminate every cur of them off the face of the earth," said the fox.

"And I have also read in works of travel, that the French eat frogs," continued the owl. "Aha, my friend Crapaud! are you there? That was a very pretty concert we sang together last night!"

"If the French devour my brethren," the English eat beef," croaked out the frog—"great big, brutal, bellowing oxen."

"Ho, whoo!" says the owl, "I have heard that the English are toad-eaters, too!"

"But who ever heard of them eating an owl or a fox, madam?" says Reynard, "or their sitting down and taking a crow to pick," adds the polite rogue, with a bow to the old crow who was perched above them with the cheese in his mouth. "We are privileged animals, all of us; at least we never furnish dishes for the odious orgies of man."

"I am the bird of wisdom," says the owl; "I was the companion of Pallas Minerva: I am frequently represented in the Egyptian monuments."

"I have seen you over the British barn-doors, said the fox, with a grin. "You have a deal of scholarship, Mrs. Owl. I know a thing or two myself; but am, I confess it, no scholar—a mere man of the world—a fellow that lives by his wits—a mere country gentleman."

"You sneer at scholarship," continues the owl, with a sneer on her venerable face. "I read a good deal of a night."

"When I am engaged deciphering the cocks and hens at roost," says the fox.

"It's a pity for all that you can't read; that board nailed over my head would give you some information."

"What does it say?" says the fox.

"I can't spell in the daylight," answered the owl; and, giving a yawn, went back to sleep till evening in the hollow of her tree.

"A fig for her hieroglyphics!" said the fox, looking up at the crow in the tree. "What airs our slow neighbor gives herself! She pretends to all the wisdom; whereas, your reverences, the crows are endowed with gifts far superior to those benighted old big-wigs of owls, who blink in the darkness, and call their hooting singing. How noble it is to hear a chorus of crows! There are twenty-four brethren of the Order of St. Corvinus, who have builded themselves a convent near a wood which I frequent: what a droning and a chanting they keep up! I protest their reverences' singing is nothing to yours! You sing so deliciously in parts, do, for the love of harmony, favor me with a solo!"

While this conversation was going on, the ox was chumping the grass; the frog was eying him in such a rage at his superior proportions, that he would have spurted venom at him if he could, and that he would have burst, only that is impossible, from sheer envy; the little lambkin was lying unsuspiciously at the side of the wolf in fleecy hosiery, who did not as yet molest her, being replenished with the mutton of her mamma. But now the wolf's eyes began to glare, and his sharp white teeth to show, and he rose up with a growl, and began to think he should like lamb for supper.

"What large eyes you have got!" bleated out the lamb, with rather a timid look.

"The better to see you with, my dear."

"What large teeth you have got!"

"The better to—"

At this moment such a terrific yell filled the field, that all its inhabitants started with terror. It was from a donkey, who had somehow got a lion's skin, and came in at the hedge, pursued by some men and boys with sticks and guns.

When the wolf in sheep's clothing heard the bellow of the ass in the lion's skin, fancying that the monarch of the forest was near, he ran away as fast as his disguise would let him. When the ox heard the noise he dashed round the meadow-ditch, and with one trample of his hoof squashed the frog who had been abusing him. When the crow saw the people with guns coming, he instantly dropped the cheese out of his mouth, and took to wing. When the fox saw the cheese drop, he immediately made a jump at it (for he knew the donkey's voice, and that his asinine bray was not a bit like his royal master's roar), and making for the cheese, fell into a steel-trap, which snapped off his tail; without which he was obliged to go into the world, pretending, forsooth, that it was the fashion not to wear tails any more; and that the fox-party were better without 'em.

Meanwhile, a boy with a stick came up, and belabored master donkey, until he roared louder than ever. The wolf, with the sheep's clothing draggling about his legs, could not run fast, and was detected and shot by one of the men. The blind old owl, whirring out of the hollow tree, quite amazed at the disturbance, flounced into the face of a plow-boy, who knocked her down with a pitchfork. The butcher came and quietly led off the ox and the lamb; and the farmer, finding the fox's brush in the trap, hung it up over his mantle-piece, and always bragged that he had been in at his death.

"What a farrago of old fables is this! What a dressing up in old clothes!" says the critic. (I think I see such a one—a Solomon that sits in judgment over us authors, and chops up our children.) "As sure as I am just and wise, modest, learned, and religious, so surely I have read something very like this stuff and nonsense about jackasses and foxes before. That wolf in sheep's clothing!—do I not know him! That fox discoursing with the crow!—have I not previously heard of him! Yes, in Lafontaine's fables: let us get the Dictionary and the Fable, and the Biographie Universelle, article Lafontaine, and confound the impostor."

"Then in what a contemptuous way," may Solomon go on to remark, "does this author

speak of human nature! There is scarce one of these characters he represents but is a villain. The fox is a flatterer; the frog is an emblem of impotence and envy; the wolf in sheep's clothing, a blood-thirsty hypocrite, wearing the garb of innocence; the ass in the lion's skin, a quack trying to terrify, by assuming the appearance of a forest monarch (does the writer, writhing under merited castigation, mean to sneer at critics in this character? We laugh at the impertinent comparison); the ox, a stupid commonplace—the only innocent being in the writer's (stolen) apologue is a fool—the idiotic lamb, who does not know his own mother!" And then the critic, if in a virtuous mood, may indulge in some fine writing regarding the holy beauteousness of maternal affection.

Why not? If authors sneer, it is the critic's business to sneer at them for sneering. He must pretend to be their superior, or who would care about his opinion? And his livelihood is to find fault. Besides he is right sometimes; and the stories he reads, and the characters drawn in them, are old sure enough. What stories are new? All types of all characters march through all fables. Tramblers and beasters; victims and bullies; dupes and knaves; long-eared Neddies, giving themselves Jeonine airs; Tartuffes wearing virtuous clothing; lovers and their trials, their blindness, their folly and constancy. With the very first page of the human story do not love and lies too begin? So the tales were told ages before Æsop, and asses under lion's manes roared in Hebrew, and sly foxes flattered in Etruscan, and wolves in sheep's clothing gnashed their teeth in Sanscrit, no doubt. The sun shines to-day as he did when he first began shining; and the birds in the tree overhead, while I am writing, sing very much the same note they have sung ever since there were finches. Nay, since last he besought good-natured friends to listen once a month to his talking, the writer has seen the New World, and found the (featherless) birds there exceedingly like their brethren of Europe. There may be nothing new under and including the sun; but it looks fresh every morning, and we rise with it to toil, hope, scheme, laugh, struggle, love, suffer, until the night comes and quiet. And then will wake Morrow and the eyes that look on it; and so *da capo*.

This, then, is to be a story, may it please you, in which jackdaws will wear peacock's feathers, and awaken the just ridicule of the peacocks; in which, while every justice is done to the peacocks themselves, the splendor of their plumage, the gorgeousness of their dazzling necks, and the magnificence of their tails, exception will yet be taken to the absurdity of their rickety strut, and the foolish discord of their pert squeaking; in which lions in love will have their claws pared by sly virgins; in which rogues will sometimes triumph, and honest folks, let us hope, come by their own; in which there will be black crape and white favors; in which there will be tears under orange-flower wreaths, and jokes in mourning-coaches; in which there will be dinners of herbs with contentment and without, and banquets of stalled oxen where there is care and hatred—ay, and kindness and friendship too, along with the feast. It does not follow that all men are honest because they are poor; and I have known some who were friendly and generous, although they had plenty of money. There are some great landlords who do not grind down their tenants; there are actually bishops who are not hypocrites; there are liberal men even among the Whigs, and the Radicals themselves are not all Aristocrats at heart. But who ever heard of giving the Moral before the Fable? Children are only led to accept the one after their delectation over the other: let us take care lest our readers skip both; and so let us bring them on quickly—our wolves and lambs, our foxes and lions, our roaring donkeys, our billing ringdoves, our motherly partlets, and crowing chanticleers.

There was once a time when the sun used to shine brighter than it appears to do in this latter half of the nineteenth century; when the zest of life was certainly keener; when tavern wines seemed to be delicious, and tavern dinners the perfection of cookery; when the perusal of novels was productive of immense delight, and the monthly advent of magazine-day was hailed as an exciting holiday; when to know Thompson, who had written a magazine-article, was an honor and a privilege, and to see Brown, the author of the last romance, in the flesh, and actually walking in the Park with his umbrella and Mrs. Brown, was an event remarkable, and to the end of life to be perfectly well remembered; when the women of this world were a thousand times more beautiful than those of the present time, and the houris of the theatres especially so ravishing and angelic, that to see them was to set the heart in motion, and to see them again was to struggle for half an hour previously at the door of the pit; when tailors called at a man's lodgings to dazzle him with cards of fancy waistcoats; when it seemed necessary to purchase a grand silver dressing-case, so as to be ready for the beard which was not yet born (as yearling brides provide lace caps, and work rich clothes, for the expected darling); when to ride in the Park on a ten-shilling hack seemed to be the height of fashionable enjoyment, and to splash your college tutor as you were driving down Regent Street in a hired cab the delight and triumph of satire; when the acme of pleasure seemed to be to meet Jones of Trinity at the Bedford, and to make an arrangement with him, and with King of Corpus (who was staying at the Colonnade), and Martin of Trinity Hall (who was with his family in Bloomsbury Square) to dine at the Piazza, go to the play, and see Braham in "Fra Diavolo," and end the frolic evening by partaking of supper and a song at the Cave of Harmony. It was in the days of my own youth then that I met one or two of the characters who are to figure in this

history, and whom I must ask leave to accompany for a short while, and until, familiarized with the public, they can make their own way. As I recall them the roses bloom again, and the nightingales sing by the calm Bendemeer.

Going to the play then, and to the pit, as was the fashion in those honest days, with some young fellows of my own age, having listened delighted to the most cheerful and brilliant of operas, and laughed enthusiastically at the farce, we became naturally hungry at twelve o'clock at night, and a desire for Welsh-rabbits and good old glee-singing led us to the Cave of Harmony, then kept by the celebrated Hoskins, among whose friends we were proud to count.

We enjoyed that intimacy with Mr. Hoskins that he never failed to greet us with a kind nod; and John the waiter made room for us near the President of the convivial meeting. We knew the three admirable glee-singers, and many a time they partook of brandy-and-water at our expense. One of us gave his call dinner at Hoskins's, and a merry time we had of it. Where are you, O Hoskins, bird of the night? Do you warble your songs by Acheron, or troll your choruses by the banks of black Avernus!

The goes of stout, the Chough and Crow, the Welsh-rabbit, the Red-Cross Knight, the hot brandy-and-water (the brown the strong!) the Bloom is on the Rye (the bloom isn't on the rye any more!) the song and the cup, in a word passed round merrily, and I daresay the songs and bumpers were encored. It happened that there was a very small attendance at the Cave that night, and we were all more sociable and friendly because the company was select. The songs were chiefly of the sentimental class; such ditties were much in vogue at the time of which I speak.

There came into the Cave a gentleman with a lean brown face and long black mustache, dressed in very loose clothes, and evidently a stranger to the place. At least he had not visited it for a long time. He was pointing out changes to a lad who was in his company; and calling for sherry-and-water, he listened to the music, and twirled his mustache with great enthusiasm.

At the very first glimpse of me the boy jumped up from the table, bounded across the room, ran to me with his hands out, and blushing, said, "Don't you know me?"

It was little Newcome, my school-fellow, whom I had not seen for six years, grown a fine tall young stripling now, with the same bright blue eyes which I remembered when he was quite a little boy.

"What the deuce brings you here?" said I.

He laughed and looked roguish. "My father—that's my father—would come. He's just come back from India. He says all the wits used to come here—Mr. Sheridan, Captain Morris, Colonel Hanger, Professor Porson. I told him your name, and that you used to be very kind to me when I first went to Smithfield. I've left now; I'm to have a private tutor. I say, I've got such a jolly pony! It's better fun than old Smiffle."

Here the whiskered gentleman, Newcome's father, pointing to a waiter to follow him with his glass of sherry-and-water, strode across the room twirling his mustache, and came up to the table where we sate, making a salutation with his hat in a very stately and polite manner, so that Hoskins himself was, as it were, obliged to bow; the glee-singers murmured among themselves (their eyes rolling over their glasses toward one another as they sucked brandy-and-water), and that mischievous little wag, little Nadab the Improvisatore (who had just come in), began to mimic him, feeling his imaginary whiskers, after the manner of the stranger, and flapping about his pocket-handkerchief in the most ludicrous manner. Hoskins checked this ribaldry by sternly looking toward Nadab, and at the same time called upon the gents to give their orders, the waiter being in the room, and Mr. Bellew about to sing a song.

Newcome's father came up and held out his hand to me. I dare say I blushed, for I had been comparing him to the admirable Harley in the Critic, and had christened him Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

He spoke in a voice exceedingly soft and pleasant, and with a cordiality so simple and sincere, that my laughter shrank away ashamed: and gave place to a feeling much more respectful and friendly. In youth, you see, one is touched by kindness. A man of the world may, of course, be grateful or not as he chooses.

"I have heard of your kindness, sir," says he, "to my boy. And whoever is kind to him, is kind to me. Will you allow me to sit down by you? and may I beg you to try my cheroots?" We were friends in a minute—young Newcome snuggling by my side, his father opposite, to whom, after a minute or two of conversation, I presented my three college friends.

"You have come here, gentlemen, to see the wits," says the Colonel. "Are there any celebrated persons in the room? I have been five-and-thirty years from home, and want to see all that is to be seen."

King of Corpus (who was an incorrigible wag) was on the point of pulling some dreadful long bow, and pointing out a half dozen of people in the room, as R. and H. and L., &c., the most celebrated wits of that day; but I cut King's shins under the table, and got the fellow to hold his tongue.

"*Maxima debetur puero*," says Jones (a fellow of very kind feeling, who has gone into the Church since), and writing on his card to Hoskins hinted to him that a boy was in the room, and a gentleman, who was quite a green-horn: hence that the songs had better be carefully selected.

And so they were. A ladies' school might have come in, and but for the smell of the cigars and brandy-and-water have taken no harm by what happened. Why should it not always be so? If there are any Caves of Harmony now,

I warrant Messieurs the landlords, their interests would be better consulted by keeping their singers within bounds. The very greatest scamps like pretty songs, and are melted by them: so are honest people. It was worth a guinea to see the simple Colonel, and his delight at the music. He forgot all about the distinguished wits whom he had expected to see in his ravishment over the glees.

"I say, Clive: this is delightful. This is better than your aunt's concert with all the Squallinis, hey? I shall come here often. Landlord; may I venture to ask those gentlemen if they will take any refreshment? What are their names? (to one of his neighbors) I was scarcely allowed to hear any singing before I went out; except an oratorio, where I fell asleep; but this must be quite as fine as Incledon!" He became quite excited over his sherry and water—("I'm sorry to see you, gentlemen, drinking brandy-pawnee," says he. "It plays the deuce with our young men in India." He joined in all the choruses with an exceedingly sweet voice. He laughed at the Derby Ram so that it did you good to hear him; and when Hoskins sang (as he did admirably) the Old English Gentleman, and described, in measured cadence, the death of that venerable aristocrat, tears trickled down the honest warrior's cheek, while he held out his hand to Hoskins and said, "Thank you, sir, for that song; it is an honor to human nature." On which Hoskins began to cry too.

And now young Nadab, having been cautioned, commenced one of those surprising feats of improvisation with which he used to charm audiences. He took us all off, and had rhymes pat about all the principal persons in the room; King's pins (which he wore very splendid), Martin's red waistcoat, &c. The Colonel was charmed with each feat, and joined delighted with the chorus—Ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay, ritolderolritolderol ritolderolderay. And when coming to the Colonel himself, he burst out—

"A military gent I see—And while his face I scan,
I think you'll all agree with me—He came from Hindostan.
And by his side sits laughing free—A youth with curly head,
I think you'll all agree with me—That he was best in bed. Ritolderol," &c.

The Colonel laughed immensely at this sally, and clapped his son, young Clive, on the shoulder, "Hear what he says of you, sir? Clive, best be off to bed, my boy—ho, ho! No, no. We know a trick worth two of that. 'We won't go home till morning, till daylight does appear.' Why should we? Why shouldn't my boy have innocent pleasure? I was allowed none when I was a young chap, and the severity was nearly the ruin of me. I must go and speak with that young man—the most astonishing thing I ever heard in my life. What's his name? Mr. Nadab? Mr. Nadab; sir, you have delighted me. May I make so free as to ask you to come and dine with me to-morrow at six. Colonel Newcome, if you please, Nerot's Hotel, Clifford Street. I am always proud to make the acquaintance of men of genius, and you are one, or my name is not Newcome!"

"Sir, you do me Hhonor," says Mr. Nadab, pulling up his shirt-collars, "and perhaps the day will come when the world will do me justice—may I put down your hhonored name for my book of poems?"

"Of course, my dear sir," says the enthusiastic Colonel, "I'll send them all over India. Put me down for six copies, and do me the favor to bring them to-morrow when you come to dinner."

And now Mr. Hoskins asking if any gentleman would volunteer a song, what was our amazement when the simple Colonel offered to sing himself, at which the room applauded vociferously; while methought poor Clive Newcome hung down his head, and blushed as red as a peony. I felt for the young lad, and thought what my own sensations would have been, if, in that place, my own uncle, Major Pendennis, had suddenly proposed to exert his lyrical powers.

The Colonel selected the ditty of "Wapping Old Stairs" (a ballad so sweet and touching that surely any English poet might be proud to be the father of it), and he sang this quaint and charming old song in an exceedingly pleasant voice, with flourishes and roulades in the old Incledon manner, which has pretty nearly passed away. The singer gave his heart and soul to the simple ballad, and delivered Molly's gentle appeal so pathetically that even the professional gentlemen hummed and buzzed a sincere applause; and some wags who were inclined to jeer at the beginning of the performance, clinked their glasses and rapped their sticks with quite a respectful enthusiasm. When the song was over, Clive held up his head too; after the shock of the first verse, looked round with surprise and pleasure in his eyes; and we, I need not say, backed our friend, delighted to see him come out of his queer scrape so triumphantly. The Colonel bowed and smiled with very pleasant good-nature at our plaudits. It was like Dr. Primrose preaching his sermon in the prison. There was something touching in the naiveté and kindness of the placid and simple gentleman.

Great Hoskins, placed on high amid the tuneful choir, was pleased to signify his approbation, and gave his guest's health in his usual dignified manner. "I am much obliged to you, sir," says Mr. Hoskins; "the room ought to be much obliged to you: I drink your health and song, sir;" and he bowed to the Colonel politely over his glass of brandy-and-water, of which he absorbed a little in his customer's honor. "I have not heard that song," he was kind enough to say, "better performed since Mr. Incledon sung it. He was a great singer, sir, and I may say, in the words of our immortal Shakspeare, that, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The Colonel blushed in his turn, and turning

round to his boy with an arch smile, said, "I learnt it from Incledon. I used to slip out from Greyfriars to hear him, Heaven bless me, thirty years ago; and I used to be flogged afterward, and served me right too. Lord! Lord! how the time passes!" He drank off his sherry-and-water, and fell back in his chair; we could see he was thinking about his youth—the golden time—the happy, the bright, the unforgotten. I was myself nearly two-and-twenty years of age at that period, and felt as old, ay, older than the Colonel.

While he was singing his ballad, there had walked, or rather reeled, into the room, a gentleman in a military frock-coat and duck-trowsers of dubious hue, with whose name and person some of my readers are perhaps already acquainted. In fact, it was my friend Captain Costigan, in his usual condition at this hour of the night.

Holding on by various tables, the Captain had sidled up without accident to himself or any of the jugs and glasses round about him, to the table where we sat, and had taken his place near the writer, his old acquaintance. He warbled the refrain of the Colonel's song, not inharmoniously; and saluted its pathetic conclusion with a subdued hiccup, and a plentiful effusion of tears. "Bedad, it is a beautiful song," says he, "and many a time I heard poor Harry Incledon sing it."

"He's a great character," whispered that unlucky King of Corpus to his neighbor the Colonel; "was a Captain in the army. We call him the General. Captain Costigan, will you take something to drink?"

"Bedad, I will," says the Captain, "and I'll sing ye a song tu."

And having procured a glass of whisky-and-water from the passing waiter, the poor old man, settling his face into that horrid grin, and leering, as he was wont, when he gave what he called one of his prime songs, began his music.

The unlucky wretch, who scarcely knew what he was doing or saying, selected one of the most outrageous performances of his *répertoire*, fired off a tipsy howl by way of overture, and away he went. At the end of the second verse the Colonel started up, clapping on his hat, seizing his stick, and looking as ferocious as though he had been going to do battle with a Pindaree, "Silence!" he roared out.

"Hear, hear!" cried certain wags at a farther table. "Go on, Costigan!" said others.

"Go on!" cries the Colonel, in his high voice, trembling with anger. "Does any gentleman say 'Go on?' Does any man who has a wife and sisters, or children at home, say 'Go on' to such disgusting rihaldry as this? Do you dare, sir, to call yourself a gentleman, and to say that you hold the king's commission, and to sit down among Christians and men of honor, and defile the ears of young boys with this wicked balderdash!"

"Why do you bring young boys here, old boy!" cries a voice of the malcontents.

"Why! Because I thought I was coming to a society of gentlemen," cried out the indignant Colonel. "Because I never could have believed that Englishmen could meet together and allow a man, and an old man, so to disgrace himself. For shame, you old wretch! Go home to your bed, your hoary old sinner! And for my part, I'm not sorry that my son should see, for once in his life, to what shame and degradation and dishonor, drunkenness and whisky may bring a man. Never mind the change, sir!—curse the change!" says the Colonel, facing the amazed waiter. "Keep it till you see me in this place again; which will never be—by George, never!" And shouldering his stick, and scowling round at the company of scared bacchanalians, the indignant gentleman stalked away, his boy after him.

Clive seemed rather shamefaced; but I fear the rest of the company looked still more foolish.

"Aussi que diable venait-il faire dans cette galère!" says King of Corpus to Jones of Trinity; and Jones gave a shrug of his shoulders, which were smarting, perhaps; for that uplifted cane of the Colonel's had somehow fallen on the back of every man in the room.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINS THE HERO'S PEDIGREE.

As the young gentleman just gone to bed at such an untimely hour is the hero of the following pages, let us begin our account of him with his family history, which, luckily, is not very long.

When pig-tails still grew on the backs of the British gentry, and their wives wore cushions on their heads, over which they tied their own hair, and disguised it with powder and pomatum: when ministers went in their stars and orders to the House of Commons, and the orators of the Opposition attacked nightly the noble lord in the blue ribbon: when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause: there came up to London out of a northern county, Mr. Thomas Newcome, afterward Thomas Newcome, Esq., and Sheriff of London, afterward Mr. Alderman Newcome, the founder of the family whose name has given the title to this history. It was but in the reign of George III. that Mr. Newcome first made his appearance in Cheapside; having made his entry into London on a wagon, which landed him and some bales of cloth, all his fortune, in Bishopsgate Street: though if it could be proved that the Normans wore pig-tails under William the Conqueror, and Mr. Washington fought against the English under King Richard in Palestine, I am sure some of the present Newcomes would pay the Herald's Office handsomely, living, as they do, among the noblest of the land, and giving entertainments to none but the very highest nobility and élite of the fashionable and diplomatic world, as you may read any day in the newspapers. For though these Newcomes have got a pedigree from the Col-

lege, which is printed in Budge's "Landed Aristocracy of Great Britain," and which proves that the Newcome of Cromwell's army, the Newcome who was among the last six who were hanged by Queen Mary for Protestantism, were ancestors of this house; of which a member distinguished himself at Bosworth Field; and the founder slain by King Harold's side at Hastings had been surgeon-barber to King Edward the Confessor; yet, between ourselves, I think that Sir Brian Newcome, of Newcome, does not believe a word of the story, any more than the rest of the world does, although a number of his children bear names out of the Saxon Calendar.

Was Thomas Newcome a foundling—a workhouse-child out of that village, which has now become a great manufacturing town, and which bears his name? That was the report set about at the last election, when Sir Brian, in the Conservative interest, contested the borough; and Mr. Yapp, the out-and-out Liberal candidate, had a picture of the old workhouse placarded over the town as the birth-place of the Newcomes; with placards ironically exciting freemen to vote for Newcome and *union*—Newcome and the *parish* interests, &c. Who cares for these local scandals! It matters very little to those who have the good fortune to be invited to Lady Ann Newcome's parties whether her beautiful daughters can trace their pedigrees no higher than to the alderman their grandfather; or whether, through the mystic ancestral barber-surgeon, they hang on to the chin of Edward Confessor and King.

Thomas Newcome, who had been a weaver in his native village, brought the very best character for honesty, thrift, and ingenuity with him to London, where he was taken into the house of Hobson Brothers, cloth-factors; afterward Hobson and Newcome. This fact may suffice to indicate Thomas Newcome's story. Like Whittington and many other London apprentices, he began poor and ended by marrying his master's daughter, and becoming sheriff and alderman of the City of London.

But it was only *en secondes noces* that he espoused the wealthy, and religious, and eminent (such was the word applied to certain professing Christians in those days) Sophia Alethea Hobson—a woman who, considerably older than Mr. Newcome, had the advantage of surviving him many years. Her mansion at Clapham was long the resort of the most favored among the religious world. The most eloquent expounders, the most gifted missionaries, the most interesting converts from foreign islands, were to be found at her sumptuous table, spread with the produce of her magnificent gardens. Heaven indeed blessed those gardens with plenty, as many reverend gentlemen remarked; there were no finer grapes, peaches, or pine-apples, in all England. Mr. Whitfield himself christened her; and it was said generally in the City, and by her friends, that Miss Hobson's two christian names, Sophia and Alethea, were two Greek words, which, being interpreted, meant wisdom and truth. She, her villa and gardens, are now no more; but Sophia Terrace, Upper and Lower Alethea Road, and Hobson's Buildings, Square, &c., show, every quarter-day, that the ground sacred to her (and freehold) still bears plenteous fruit for the descendants of this eminent woman.

We are, however, advancing matters. When Thomas Newcome had been some time in London, he quitted the house of Hobson, finding an opening, though in a much smaller way, for himself. And no sooner did his business prosper, than he went down into the north, like a man, to a pretty girl whom he had left there, and whom he had promised to marry. What seemed an imprudent match (for his wife had nothing but a pale face, that had grown older and paler with long waiting), turned out a very lucky one for Newcome. The whole country side was pleased to think of the prosperous London tradesman returning to keep his promise to the penniless girl whom he had loved in the days of his own poverty; the great country clothiers, who knew his prudence and honesty, gave him much of their business when he went back to London. Susan Newcome would have lived to be a rich woman had not fate ended her career within a year after her marriage, when she died giving birth to a son.

Newcome had a nurse for the child, and a cottage at Clapham, hard by Mr. Hobson's house, where he had often walked in the garden of a Sunday, and been invited to sit down to take a glass of wine. Since he had left their service, the house had added a banking business, which was greatly helped by the Quakers and their religious connection, and Newcome keeping his account there, and gradually increasing his business, was held in very good esteem by his former employers, and invited sometimes to tea at the Hermitage; for which entertainments he did not in truth much care at first, being a City man, a good deal tired with his business during the day, and apt to go to sleep over the sermons, expoundings, and hymns, with which the gifted preachers, missionaries, &c., who were always at the Hermitage, used to wind up the evening before supper. Nor was he a supping man (in which case he would have found the parties pleasanter, for in Egypt itself there were not more savory fleshpots than at Clapham); he was very moderate in his meals, of a bilious temperament, and, besides, obliged to be in town early in the morning, always setting off to walk an hour before the first coach.

But when his poor Susan died, Miss Hobson, by her father's demise, having now become a partner in the house, as well as heiress to the pious and childless Zachariah Hobson, her uncle; Mr. Newcome, with his little boy in his hand, met Miss Hobson as she was coming out of meeting one Sunday; and the child looked so pretty (Mr. N. was a very personable, fresh-colored man, himself; he wore powder to the end, and top-boots and brass buttons, in his

later days, after he had been sheriff—indeed, one of the finest specimens of the old London merchant), Miss Hobson, I say, invited him and little Tommy into the grounds of the Hermitage; did not quarrel with the innocent child for frisking about in the hay on the lawn, which lay basking in the Sabbath sunshine, and at the end of the visit gave him a large piece of pound-cake, a quantity of the finest hot-house grapes, and a tract in one syllable. Tommy was ill the next day; but on the next Sunday his father was at meeting.

He became very soon after this an awakened man; and the tittling and tattling, and the sneering and gossiping, all over Clapham, and the talk on 'Change, and the pokes in the waistcoat administered by the wags to Newcome, "Newcome, give you joy, my boy;" "Newcome, new partner in Hobson's;" "Newcome, just take in this paper to Hobson's, they'll do it, I warrant," &c. &c.; and the groans of the Rev. Gideon Bawls, of the Rev. Athanasius O'Grady, that eminent convert from Popery, who, quarreling with each other, yea, striving one against another, had yet two sentiments in common, their love for Miss Hobson, their dread, their hatred of the worldly Newcome; all these squabbles and jokes, and pribbles and prabbles, look you, may be omitted. As gallantly as he had gone and married a woman without a penny, as gallantly as he had conquered his poverty and achieved his own independence, so bravely he went in and won the great City prize with a fortune of a quarter of a million. And every one of his old friends, and every honest-hearted fellow who likes to see shrewdness, and honesty, and courage succeed, was glad of his good fortune, and said, "Newcome, my boy (or Newcome, my buck, if they were old City cronies, and very familiar), I give you joy."

Of course Mr. Newcome might have gone into parliament: of course before the close of his life he might have been made a Baronet, but he eschewed honors senatorial or blood-red hands. "It wouldn't do," with his good sense he said: "the Quaker connection wouldn't like it." His wife never cared about being called Lady Newcome. To manage the great house of Hobson Brothers and Newcome; to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand of secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby-linen; to hear preachers daily bawling for hours, and listen untired on her knees after a long day's labor, while florid rhapsodists belabored cushions above her with wearisome benedictions; all these things had this woman to do, and for near fourscore years she fought her fight womanfully: imperious but deserving to rule, hard but doing her duty, severe but charitable, and untiring in generosity as in labor: unforgiving in one instance—in that of her husband's eldest son, Thomas Newcome; the little boy who had played on the hay, and whom at first she had loved very sternly and fondly.

Mr. Thomas Newcome, the father of his wife's twin boys, the junior partner of the house of Hobson Brothers and Co., lived several years after winning the great prize about which all his friends so congratulated him. But he was after all only the junior partner of the house. His wife was manager in Threadneedle Street and at home—when the clerical gentlemen prayed, they importuned Heaven for that sainted woman a long time before they thought of asking any favor for her husband. The gardeners touched their hats, the clerks at the bank brought him the books, but they took their orders from her, not from him. I think he grew weary of the prayer-meetings, he yawned over the sufferings of the negroes, and wished the converted Jews at Jericho. About the time the French Emperor was meeting with his Russian reverses Mr. Newcome died: his mausoleum is in Clapham church-yard, near the modest grave where his first wife reposes.

When his father married, Mr. Thomas Newcome, jun., and Sarah his nurse were transported from the cottage where they had lived in great comfort to the palace hard by, surrounded by lawns and gardens, pineries, graperies, aviaries, luxuries of all kinds. This paradise, five miles from the standard at Cornhill, was separated from the outer world by a thick hedge of tall trees, and an ivy-covered porter's-gate, through which they who traveled to London on the top of the Clapham coach could only get a glimpse of the bliss within. It was a serious paradise. As you entered at the gate, gravity fell on you, and decorum wrapped you in a garment of starch. The butcher-boy who galloped his horse and cart madly about the adjoining lanes and common, whistled wild melodies (caught up in abominable play-house galleries), and joked with a hundred cook-maids, on passing that lodge fell into an undertaker's pace, and delivered his joints and sweet-breads silently at the servants' entrance. The rooks in the elms cawed sermons at morning and evening; the peacocks walked demurely on the terraces; the guinea-fowls looked more quaker-like than those savory birds usually do. The lodge-keeper was serious, and a clerk at a neighboring chapel. The head-gardener was a Scotch Calvinist, after the strictest order, only occupying himself with the melons and pines provisionally, and until the end of the world, which event he could prove by infallible calculations was to come off in two or three years at farthest. Wherefore, he asked, should the butler brew strong ale to be drunken three years hence; or the housekeeper (a follower of Joanna Southcote) make provisions of fine linen and lay up stores of jams! On a Sunday (which good old Saxon word was scarcely known at the

Hermitage), the household marched away in separate couples or groups to at least half a dozen of religious edifices, each to sit under his or her favorite minister, the only man who went to church being Thomas Newcome, accompanied by Tommy his little son, and Sarah his nurse, who was I believe also his aunt, or at least his mother's first cousin. Tommy was taught hymns very soon after he could speak, appropriate to his tender age, pointing out to him the inevitable fate of wicked children, and giving him the earliest possible warning and description of the punishment of little sinners. He repeated these poems to his step-mother after dinner, before a great shining mahogany table, covered with grapes, pine-apples, plum-cake, port-wine, and Madeira, and surrounded by stout men in black, with baggy white neckcloths, who took the little man between their knees, and questioned him as to his right understanding of the place whither naughty boys were bound. They patted his head with their fat hands if he said well, or rebuked him if he was bold, as he often was.

Nurse Sarah or Aunt Sarah would have died had she remained many years in that stifling Garden of Eden. She could not bear to part from the child whom her mistress and kinswoman had confided to her (the women had worked in the same room at Newcome's, and loved each other always, when Susan became a merchant's lady and Sarah her servant.) She was nobody in the pompous new household but Master Tommy's nurse. The honest soul never mentioned her relationship to the boy's mother, nor indeed did Mr. Newcome acquaint his new family with that circumstance. The housekeeper called her an Erastian: Mrs. Newcome's own serious maid informed against her for telling Tommy stories of Lancashire witches, and believing in the same. The black footman (Madam's maid and the butler were of course privately united) persecuted her with his addresses, and was even encouraged by his mistress, who thought of sending him as a missionary to the Niger. No little love, and fidelity, and constancy did honest Sarah show and use during the years she passed at the Hermitage, and until Tommy went to school. Her master, with many private prayers and entreaties, in which he passionately recalled his former wife's memory and affection, implored his friend to stay with him, and Tommy's fondness for her and artless caresses, and the scrapes he got into, and the howls he uttered over the hymns and catechisms which he was bidden to learn (by Rev. T. Clack, of Highbury College, his daily tutor, who was commissioned to spare not the rod neither to spoil the child), all these causes induced Sarah to remain with her young master until such time as he was sent to school.

Meanwhile an event of prodigious importance, a wonderment, a blessing and a delight, had happened at the Hermitage. About two years after Mrs. Newcome's marriage, the lady being then forty-three years of age, no less than two little cherubs appeared in the Clapham Paradise —the twins, Hobson Newcome and Brian Newcome, called after their uncle and late grandfather, whose name and rank they were destined to perpetuate. And now there was no objection why young Newcome should go to school. Old Mr. Hobson and his brother had been educated at that school of Greyfriars, of which mention has been made in former works: and to Greyfriars Thomas Newcome was accordingly sent, exchanging—O ye Gods! with what delight—the splendor of Clapham for the rough, plentiful fare of the place, blacking his master's shoes with perfect readiness, till he rose in the school, and the time came when he should have a fag of his own: tibbing out and receiving the penalty therefor: bartering a black eye, per bearer, against a bloody nose drawn at sight, with a schoolfellow, and shaking hands the next day; playing at cricket, hockey, prisoners' base, and football, according to the season, and gorging himself and friends with tarts when he had money (and of this he had plenty) to spend. I have seen his name carved upon the Gown Boys' arch: but he was at school long before my time; his son showed me the name when we were boys together, in some year when George the Fourth was king.

The pleasures of this school-life were such to Tommy Newcome, that he did not care to go home for a holiday: and, indeed, by insubordination and boisterousness; by playing tricks and breaking windows; by marauding upon the gardener's peaches and the housekeeper's jam; by upsetting his two little brothers in a go-cart (of which wanton and careless injury the present Baronet's nose bears marks to this very day);—by going to sleep during the sermons, and treating reverend gentlemen with levity, he drew down on himself the merited wrath of his step-mother; and many punishments in this present life, besides those of a future and much more durable kind, which the good lady did not fail to point out that he must undoubtedly inherit. His father, at Mrs. Newcome's instigation, certainly whipped Tommy for upsetting his little brothers in the go-cart; but upon being pressed to repeat the whipping for some other peccadillo performed soon after, Mr. Newcome refused at once, using a wicked, worldly expression, which well might shock any serious lady; saying, in fact, that he would be damned if he beat the boy any more, and that he got flogging enough at school, in which opinion Master Tommy fully coincided.

The undaunted woman, his step-mother, was not to be made to forego her plans for the boy's reform by any such vulgar ribaldries; and Mr. Newcome being absent in the city on his business, and Tommy refractory as usual, she summoned the serious butler and the black footman (for the lashings of whose brethren she felt an unaffected pity) to operate together in the chastisement of this young criminal. But he dashed so furiously against the butler's shins as to draw blood from his comely limbs, and to cause that serious and over-fed menial to limp and suffer

for many days after; and, seizing the decanter, he swore he would demolish blackey's ugly face with it; nay, he threatened to discharge it at Mrs. Newcome's own head before he would submit to the coercion which she desired her agents to administer.

High words took place between Mr. and Mrs. Newcome that night on the gentleman's return home from the city, and on his learning the events of the morning. It is to be feared he made use of further oaths, which hasty ejaculations need not be set down in this place; at any rate he behaved with spirit and manliness as master of the house; vowed that if any servant laid a hand on the child, he would thrash him first, and then discharge him; and, I daresay, expressed himself with bitterness and regret, that he had married a wife who would not be obedient to her husband; and had entered a house of which he was not suffered to be the master. Friends were called in—the interference, the supplications, of the Clapham Clergy, some of whom dined constantly at the Hermitage, prevailed to allay this domestic quarrel, and no doubt the good sense of Mrs. Newcome, who, though imperious, was yet not unkind; and who, excellent as she was, yet could be brought to own that she was sometimes in fault, induced her to make at least a temporary submission to the man whom she had placed at the head of her house, and whom, it must be confessed, she had vowed to love and honor. When Tommy fell ill of the scarlet-fever, which afflicting event occurred presently after the above dispute, his own nurse, Sarah, could not have been more tender, watchful, and affectionate, than his step-mother showed herself to be. She nursed him through his illness; allowed his food and medicine to be administered by no other hand; sat up with the boy through a night of his fever, and uttered not one single reproach to her husband (who watched with her) when the twins took the disease (from which, we need not say, they happily recovered); and though young Tommy, in his temporary delirium, mistaking her for nurse Sarah, addressed her as his dear Fat Sally—though no whipping-post to which she ever would have tied him could have been leaner than Mrs. Newcome—and, under this feverish delusion, actually abused her to her face; calling her an old cat, an old Methodist, and jumping up in his little bed forgetful of his previous fancy, vowing that he would put on his clothes and run away to Sally. Sally was at her northern home by this time, with a liberal pension which Mr. Newcome gave her, and which his son and his son's son after him, through all their difficulties and distresses, always found means to pay.

What the boy threatened in his delirium he had thought of no doubt more than once in his solitary and unhappy holidays. A year after, he actually ran away, not from school, but from home; and appeared one morning gaunt and hungry at Sarah's cottage, two hundred miles away from Clapham, who housed the poor prodigal, and killed her calf for him—washed him, with many tears and kisses, and put him to bed and to sleep; from which slumber he was aroused by the appearance of his father, whose sure instinct, backed by Mrs. Newcome's own quick intelligence, had made him at once aware whither the young runaway had fled. The poor father came horsewhip in hand—he knew of no other law or means to maintain his authority—many and many a time had his own father, the old weaver, whose memory he loved and honored, strapped and beaten him—seeing this instrument in the parent's hand, as Mr. Newcome thrust out the weeping, trembling Sarah, and closed the door upon her, Tommy, scared out of a sweet sleep and a delightful dream of cricket, knew his fate; and, getting up out of bed, received his punishment without a word. Very likely the father suffered more than the child; for when the punishment was over, the little man, yet trembling and quivering with the pain, held out his little bleeding hand, and said, "I can—I can take it from you, sir!" saying which his face flushed, and his eyes filled, for the first time—whereupon the father burst into a passion of tears, and embraced the boy and kissed him, besought and prayed him to be rebellious no more—flung the whip away from him, and swore, come what would, he would never strike him again. The quarrel was the means of a great and happy reconciliation. The three dined together in Sarah's cottage. Perhaps the father would have liked to walk that evening in the lanes and fields where he had wandered as a young fellow; where he had first courted and first kissed the young girl he loved—poor child!—who had waited for him so faithfully and fondly; who had passed so many a day of patient want and meek expectance, to be repaid by such a scant holiday and brief fruition!

Mrs. Newcome never made the slightest allusion to Tom's absence after his return, but was quite gentle and affectionate with him, and that night read the parable of the Prodigal in a very low and quiet voice.

This, however, was only a temporary truce. War very soon broke out again between the impetuous lad and his rigid, domineering mother-in-law. It was not that he was very bad, or she perhaps more stern than other ladies, but the two could not agree. The boy sulked, and was miserable at home. He fell to drinking with the grooms in the stables. I think he went to Epsom races, and was discovered after that act of rebellion. Driving from a most interesting breakfast at Roehampton (where a delightful Hebrew convert had spoken, oh! so graciously!) Mrs. Newcome—in her state carriage, with her bay horses—met Tom, her son-in-law, in a tax-cart, excited by drink, and accompanied by all sorts of friends, male and female. John, the black man, was bidden to descend from the carriage and bring him to Mrs. Newcome. He came; his voice was thick with drink. He laughed wildly: he described a fight at which he had been present: it was not possible that

such a castaway as this should continue in a house where her two little cherubs were growing up in innocence and grace.

The boy had a great fancy for India; and Orme's History, containing the exploits of Clive and Lawrence, was his favorite book of all in his father's library. Being offered a writership, he scouted the idea of a civil appointment, and would be contented with nothing but a uniform. A cavalry cadetship was procured for Thomas Newcome; and the young man's future career being thus determined, and his step-mother's unwilling consent procured, Mr. Newcome thought fit to send his son to a tutor for military instruction, and removed him from the London school, where, in truth, he had made but very little progress in the humaner letters. The lad was placed with a professor who prepared young men for the army, and received rather a better professional education than fell to the lot of most young soldiers of his day. He cultivated the mathematics and fortification with more assiduity than he had ever bestowed on Greek and Latin, and especially made such a progress in the French tongue as was very uncommon among the British youth, his contemporaries.

In the study of this agreeable language, over which young Newcome spent a great deal of his time, he unluckily had some instructors who were destined to bring the poor lad into yet farther trouble at home. His tutor, an easy gentleman, lived at Blackheath, and, not far from thence, on the road to Woolwich, dwelt the little Chevalier de Blois, at whose house the young man much preferred to take his French lessons rather than to receive them under his tutor's own roof.

For the fact was that the little Chevalier de Blois had two pretty young daughters, with whom he had fled from his country along with thousands of French gentlemen at the period of revolution and emigration. He was a cadet of a very ancient family, and his brother, the Marquis de Blois, was a fugitive like himself, but with the army of the princes on the Rhine, or with his exiled sovereign at Mittau. The chevalier had seen the wars of the great Frederic: what man could be found better to teach young Newcome the French language, and the art military? It was surprising with what assiduity he pursued his studies. Mademoiselle Léonore the chevalier's daughter, would carry on her little industry very undisturbedly in the same parlor with her father and his pupil. She painted card-racks; labored at embroidery; was ready to employ her quick little brain or fingers in any way by which she could find means to add a few shillings to the scanty store on which this exiled family supported themselves in their day of misfortune. I suppose the chevalier was not in the least unquiet about her, because she was promised in marriage to the Comte de Florac, also of the emigration—a distinguished officer like the chevalier—than whom he was a year older, and, at the time of which we speak, engaged in London in giving private lessons on the fiddle. Sometimes on a Sunday he would walk to Blackheath with that instrument in his hand, and pay his court to his young fiancée, and talk over happier days with his old companion in arms. Tom Newcome took no French lessons on a Sunday. He passed that day at Clapham generally, where, strange to say, he never said a word about Mademoiselle de Blois.

What happens when two young folks of eighteen, handsome and ardent, generous and impetuous, alone in the world, or without strong affections to bind them elsewhere—what happens when they meet daily over French dictionaries, embroidery frames, or indeed upon any business whatever? No doubt Mademoiselle Léonore was a young lady perfectly *bien élevée*, and ready, as every well elevated young Frenchwoman should be, to accept a husband of her parents' choosing; but while the elderly M. de Florac was fiddling in London, there was that handsome young Tom Newcome ever present at Blackheath. To make a long matter short, Tom declared his passion, and was for marrying Léonore off-hand, if she would but come with him to the little Catholic chapel at Woolwich. Why should they not go out to India together, and be happy ever after!

The innocent little amour may have been several months in transaction, and was discovered by Mrs. Newcome, whose keen spectacles nothing could escape. It chanced that she drove to Blackheath to Tom's tutor's. Tom was absent, taking his French and drawing lessons of M. de Blois. Thither Tom's step-mother followed him, and found the young man sure enough with his instructor over his books and plans of fortification. Mademoiselle and her card-screens were in the room, but behind those screens she could not hide her blushes and confusion from Mrs. Newcome's sharp glances. In one moment the banker's wife saw the whole affair; the whole mystery which had been passing for months under poor M. de Blois's nose, without his having the least notion of the truth.

Mrs. Newcome said she wanted her son to return home with her upon private affairs; and before they had reached the Hermitage a fine battle had ensued between them. His mother had charged him with being a wretch and a monster, and he had replied fiercely, denying the accusation with scorn, and announcing his wish instantly to marry the most virtuous, the most beautiful of her sex. To marry a papist! This was all that was wanted to make poor Tom's cup of bitterness run over. Mr. Newcome was called in, and the two elders passed a great part of the night in an assault upon the lad. He was grown too tall for the cane; but Mrs. Newcome thonged him with the lash of her indignation for many an hour that evening.

He was forbidden to enter M. de Blois's house, a prohibition at which the spirited young fellow snapped his fingers, and laughed in scorn. Nothing, he swore, but death should part him from the young lady. On the next day his father came to him alone and plied him with entrea-

ties, but he was as obdurate as before. He would have her; nothing could part her from him. He cocked his hat and walked out of the lodge gate, as his father, quite beaten by the young man's obstinacy, with haggard face and tearful eyes, went his own way into town. He was not very angry himself: in the course of their talk overnight the boy had spoken bravely and honestly, and Newcome could remember how in his own early life, he had courted and loved a young lass. It was Mrs. Newcome the father was afraid of. Who shall depict her wrath at the idea that a child of her house was about to marry a popish girl!

So young Newcome went his way to Blackheath, bent upon falling straightway down upon his knees before Léonore, and having the chevalier's blessing. That old fiddler in London scarcely seemed to him to be an obstacle; it seemed monstrous that a young creature should be given away to a man older than her own father. He did not know the law of honor, as it obtained among French gentlemen of those days, or how religiously their daughters were bound by it.

But Mrs. Newcome had been beforehand with him, and had visited the Chevalier de Blois almost at cock-crow. She charged him insolently with being privy to the attachment between the young people; pursued him with vulgar rebukes about beggary, popery, and French adventurers. Her husband had to make a very contrite apology afterward for the language which his wife had thought fit to employ. "*You* forbid me," said the Chevalier, "you forbid Mademoiselle de Blois to marry your son, Mr. Thomas! No, Madam, she comes of a race which is not accustomed to ally itself with persons of your class; and is promised to a gentleman whose ancestors were dukes and peers when Mr. Newcome's were blacking shoes!" Instead of finding his pretty blushing girl on arriving at Woolwich, poor Tom only found his French master, livid with rage and quivering under his *ailes de pigeon*. We pass over the scenes that followed; the young man's passionate entreaties, and fury and despair. In his own defense, and to prove his honor to the world, M. de Blois determined that his daughter should instantly marry the Count. The poor girl yielded without a word, as became her; and, it was with this marriage effected almost before his eyes, and frantic with wrath and despair, that young Newcome embarked for India, and quitted the parents whom he was never more to see.

Tom's name was no more mentioned at Clapham. His letters to his father were written to the City; very pleasant they were, and comforting to the father's heart. He sent Tom liberal private remittances to India, until the boy wrote to say that he wanted no more. Mr. Newcome would have liked to leave Tom all his private fortune, for the twins were only too well cared for; but he dared not on account of his terror of Sophia Alethea, his wife; and he died, and poor Tom was only secretly forgiven.

CHAPTER III.

COLONEL NEWCOME'S LETTER-BOX.

I.

"My dear Major—I most joyfully take up my pen to announce to you the happy arrival of the Ramchunder, and the *dearest and handsomest* little boy who, I am sure, ever came from India. Little Clive is in *perfect health*. He speaks English *wonderfully* well. He cried when he parted from Mr. Sneed, the supercargo, who most kindly brought him from Southampton in a post-chaise, but these tears in childhood are *of very brief duration!* The voyage, Mr. Sneed states, was most favorable, occupying only four months and eleven days. How different from that more lengthened and dangerous passage of eight months, and almost perpetual sea sickness, in which my poor dear sister Emma went to Bengal, to become the wife of the best of husbands and the mother of the dearest of little boys, and to enjoy these inestimable blessings for so brief an interval! She has quitted this wicked and wretched world for one where all is peace. The misery and ill-treatment which she endured from Captain Clesky, her first odious husband, were, I am sure, amply repaid, my dear Colonel, by your subsequent affection. If the most sumptuous dresses which London, even Paris, could supply, jewelry the most costly, and elegant lace, and *every thing lovely and fashionable* could content a woman, these, I am sure, during the last four years of her life, the poor girl had. Of what avail are they when this scene of vanity is closed!

"Mr. Sneed announces that the passage was most favorable. They staid a week at the Cape, and three days at St. Helena, where they visited Bonaparte's tomb, and another instance of the vanity of all things; and their voyage was enlivened off Ascension by the taking of some delicious turtle!

"You may be sure that *the most liberal* sum which you have placed to my credit with the Messrs. Hobson and Co., shall be faithfully expended on my dear little charge. Mrs. Newcome can scarcely be called his grandmamma, I suppose; and I dare say her methodistical ladyship will not care to see the daughters and grandson of a clergyman of the Church of England! My brother Charles took leave to wait upon her when he presented your last *most generous* bill at the bank. She received him *most rudely*, and said a fool and his money are soon parted; and when Charles said, 'Madam, I am the brother of the late Mrs. Colonel Newcome.' 'Sir,' says she, 'I judge nobody; but from all accounts, you are the brother of a very vain, idle, thoughtless, extravagant woman; and Thomas Newcome was as foolish about his wife as about his money.' Of course, unless Mrs. N. writes to invite dear Clive, I shall not think of sending him to Clapham.

"It is such hot weather that I can not wear the *beautiful shawl* you have sent me, and shall keep it *in lavender* till next winter! My brother, who thanks you for your continuous bounty,

will write next month, and report progress as to his dear pupil. Clive will add a postscript of his own, and I am, my dear Colonel, with a thousand thanks for your kindness to me,

"Your grateful and affectionate,

"MARTHA HONEYMAN."

In a round hand and on lines ruled with pencil:

"Dearest Papa i am very well i hope you are Very Well. Mr. Sneed brought me in a postchaise i like Mr. Sneed very much. i like Aunt Martha i like Hannah. There are no ships here i am your affectionate son Clive Newcome."

II.

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germains, Paris, Nov. 15, 1820.

"Long separated from the country which was the home of my youth, I carried from her tender recollections, and bear her always a lively gratitude. The Heaven has placed me in a position very different from that in which I knew you. I have been the mother of many children. My husband has recovered a portion of the property which the Revolution tore from us; and France, in returning to its legitimate sovereign, received once more the nobility which accompanied his august house into exile. We, however, preceded his Majesty, more happy than many of our companions. Believing farther resistance to be useless; dazzled, perhaps, by the brilliancy of that genius which restored order, submitted Europe, and governed France, M. de Florac, in the first days, was reconciled to the Conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz, and held a position in his Imperial Court. This submission, at first attributed to infidelity, has subsequently been pardoned to my husband. His sufferings during the Hundred Days made to pardon his adhesion to him who was Emperor. My husband is now an old man. He was of the disastrous campaign of Moscow, as one of the chamberlains of Napoleon. Withdrawn from the world he gives his time to his feeble health—to his family—to Heaven.

"I have not forgotten a time before those days, when, according to promises given by my father, I became the wife of M. de Florac. Sometimes I have heard of your career. One of my parents, M. de F., who took service in the English India, has entertained me of you; he informed me how yet a young man you won laurels at Argom and Bhartpour; how you escaped to death at Laswari. I have followed them, sir, on the map. I have taken part in your victory and your glory. Ah! I am not so cold, but my heart has trembled for your dangers; not so aged, but I remember the young man who learned from the pupil of Frederic the first rudiments of war. Your great heart, your love of truth, your courage were your own. None had to teach you those qualities, of which a good God had endowed you. My good father is dead since many years. He, too, was permitted to see France before to die.

"I have read in the English journals not only that you are married, but that you have a son. Permit me to send to your wife, to your child, these accompanying tokens of an old friendship. I have seen that Mistress Newcombe was widow, and am not sorry of it. My friend, I hope there was not that difference of age between your wife and you that I have known in other unions. I pray the good God to bless yours. I hold you always in my memory. As I write the past comes back to me. I see a noble young man, who has a soft voice, and brown eyes. I see the Thames, and the smiling plains of Blackheath. I listen and pray at my chamber-door as my father talks to you in our little cabinet of studies. I look from my window, and see you depart.

"My sons are men: one follows the profession of arms, one has embraced the ecclesiastical state; my daughter is herself a mother. I remember this was your birthday; I have made myself a little fête in celebrating it, after how many years of absence, of silence!

"COMTESSE DE FLORAC.

"(*Née L. de Blois*)."

III.

"MY DEAR THOMAS—Mr. Sneed, supercargo of the 'Ramchunder,' East Indiaman, handed over to us yesterday your letter, and, to-day, I have purchased three thousand three hundred and twenty-three pounds 6 and 8d. three per cent. Consols, in our joint names (H. and B. Newcome), held for your little boy. Mr. S. gives a very favorable account of the little man, and left him in perfect health two days since, at the house of his aunt, Miss Honeyman. We have placed £200 to that lady's credit, at your desire.

"Lady Anne is charmed with the present which she received yesterday, and says the white shawl is a great deal too handsome. My mother is also greatly pleased with hers, and has forwarded, by the coach to Brighton, to-day, a packet of books, tracts, &c., suited for his tender age, for your little boy. She heard of you lately from the Rev. T. Sweatenham, on his return from India. He spoke of your kindness, and of the hospitable manner in which you had received him at your house, and alluded to you in a very handsome way in the course of the thanksgiving that evening. I dare say my mother will ask your little boy to the Hermitage; and when we have a house of our own, I am sure Anne and I will be very happy to see him. Yours affectionately,

"B. NEWCOME.

"Major Newcome."

IV.

"MY DEAR COLONEL—Did I not know the generosity of your heart, and the bountiful means which Heaven has put at your disposal in order to gratify that noble disposition; were I not certain that the small sum I required will permanently place me beyond the reach of the difficulties of life, and will infallibly be repaid before six months are over, believe me I never would have ventured upon that bold step which

our friendship (carried on epistolarily as it has been), our relationship, and your admirable disposition, have induced me to venture to take.

"That elegant and commodious chapel, known as Lady Whittlesea's, Denmark Street, May Fair, being for sale, I have determined on venturing my all in its acquisition, and in laying, as I hope, the foundation of a competence for myself and excellent sister. What is a lodging-house at Brighton but an uncertain maintenance? The mariner on the sea before those cliffs is no more sure of wind and wave, or of fish to his laborious net, than the Brighton houseowner (bred in affluence, she may have been, and used to unremitting plenty) to the support of the casual travelers who visit the city. On one day they come in shoals, it is true, but where are they on the next? For many months my poor sister's first floor was a desert, until occupied by your noble little boy, my nephew and pupil. Clive is every thing that a father's, an uncle's (who loves him as a father), a pastor's, a teacher's, affections could desire. He is not one of those premature geniuses whose much vaunted infantine talents disappear along with adolescence; he is not, I frankly own, more advanced in his classical and mathematical studies than some children even younger than himself, but he has acquired the rudiments of health; he has laid in a store of honesty and good-humor, which are not less likely to advance him in life than mere science and language, than the *as in præsenti*, or the *pons asinorum*.

"But I forget, in thinking of my dear little friend and pupil, that the subject of this letter —namely, the acquisition of the proprietary church to which I have alluded, and the hopes, nay, certainty of a fortune, if aught below is certain, which that acquisition hold out. What is a curacy, but a synonym for starvation? If we accuse the Eremites of old of wasting their lives in unprofitable wildernesses, what shall we say to many a hermit of protestant, and so-called civilized times, who hides his head in a solitude in Yorkshire, who buries his probably fine talents in a Lincolnshire fen? Have I genius? Am I blessed with gifts of eloquence to thrill and soothe, to arouse the sluggish, to terrify the sinful, to cheer and convince the timid, to lead the blind groping in darkness, and to trample the audacious skeptic in the dust? My own conscience, besides a hundred testimonials from places of popular, most popular worship, from reverend prelates, from distinguished clergy, tell me I have these gifts. A voice within me cries 'Go forth, Charles Honeyman, fight the good fight; wipe the tears of the repentant sinner; sing of hope to the agonized criminal; whisper courage, brother, courage, at the ghastly death-bed, and strike down the infidel with the lance of evidence and the shield of reason.' In a pecuniary point of view I am confident, nay, the calculations may be established as irresistibly as an algebraic equation, that I can realize, as incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel, the sum of *not less* than one thousand pounds per annum. Such a sum, with economy (and without it what sum were sufficient?) will enable me to provide amply for my wants, to discharge my obligations to you, to my sister, and some other creditors, very, very unlike you, and to place Miss Honeyman in a home more worthy of her than that which she now occupies, only to vacate it at the beck of every passing stranger!

"My sister does not disapprove of my plan, into which enter some modifications which I have not, as yet, submitted to her, being anxious at first that they should be sanctioned by you. From the income of the Whittlesea chapel I propose to allow Miss Honeyman the sum of two hundred pounds per annum, *paid quarterly*. This, with her private property, which she has kept more thriftily than her unfortunate and confiding brother guarded his (for whenever I had a guinea a tale of distress would melt it into half a sovereign), will enable Miss Honeyman to live in a way becoming my father's daughter.

"Comforted with this provision as my sister will be, I would suggest that our dearest young Clive should be transferred from her petticoat government, and given up to the care of his affectionate uncle and tutor. His present allowance will most liberally suffice for his expenses, board, lodging, and education while under my roof, and I shall be able to exert a paternal, a pastoral influence over his studies, his conduct, and his *highest welfare*, which I can not so conveniently exercise at Brighton, where I am but Miss Honeyman's stipendiary, and where I often have to submit in cases where I know, for dearest Clive's own welfare, it is I, and not my sister, should be paramount.

"I have given then to a friend, the Rev. Marcus Flather, a draft for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, drawn upon you at your agent's in Calcutta, which sum will go in liquidation of dear Clive's first year's board with me, or, upon my word of honor as a gentleman and clergyman, shall be paid back at three months after sight, if you will draw upon me. As I never, no, were it my last penny in the world would dishonor your draft—I implore you, my dear Colonel, not to refuse mine. My credit in this city where credit is *every thing*, and the awful future so little thought of, my engagements to Mr. Flather, my own prospects in life, and the comfort of my dear sister's declining years, all—all depend upon this bold, this *eventful* measure; my ruin or my earthly happiness lie entirely in your hands. Can I doubt which way your kind heart will lead you, and that you will come to the aid of your affectionate brother-in-law, "CHARLES HONEYMAN.

"Our little Clive has been to London on a visit to his uncle's and to the Hermitage, Clapham, to pay his duty to his step-grandmother, the wealthy Mrs. Newcome. I pass over words disparaging of myself which the child in his

artless prattle subsequently narrated. She was very gracious to *him*, and presented him with a five pound note, a copy of Kirk White's Poems, and a work called Little Henry and his Bearer, relating to India, and the excellent Catechism of our Church. Clive is full of humor, and I inclose you a rude scrap representing the bishopess of Clapham, as she is called—the other figure is a rude though entertaining sketch of some other droll personage."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

V.

"MY DEAR COLONEL—The Rev. Marcus Flather has just written me a letter at which I am greatly shocked and perplexed, informing me that my brother Charles has given him a draft upon you for two hundred and fifty pounds, when goodness knows it is not you but we who are many, many hundred pounds debtors to you. Charles has explained that he drew the bill at your desire, that you wrote to say you would be glad to serve him in any way, and that the money is wanted to make his fortune. Yet I don't know, poor Charles is always going to make his fortune and has never done it. That school which he bought, and for which you and me between us paid the purchase-money, turned out no good, and the only pupils left at the end of the first half-year was two woolly-headed poor little mulattos, whose father was in jail at St. Kitts, and whom I kept actually in my own second floor back-room while the lawyers were settling things, and Charles was away in France, and until my dearest little Clive came to live with me.

"Then as he was too small for a great school, I thought Clive could not do better than stay with his old aunt and have his uncle Charles for a tutor, who is one of the finest scholars in the world. I wish you could hear him in the pulpit. His delivery is grander and more impressive than any divine now in England. His sermons you have subscribed for, and likewise his book of elegant poems, which are pronounced to be *very fine*.

"When he returned from Calais, and those horrid lawyers had left off worritting him, I thought as his frame was much shattered and he was too weak to take a curacy, that he could not do better than become Clive's tutor, and agreed to pay him out of your handsome donation of £250 for Clive, a sum of one hundred pounds per year, so that when the board of the two and Clive's clothing are taken into consideration, I think you will see that no great profit is left to Miss Martha Honeyman.

"Charles talks to me of his new church in London, and of making me some grand allowance. The poor boy is very affectionate, and always building castles in the air, and of having Clive to live with him in London, *now this mustn't be and I won't hear of it*. Charles is too kind to be a schoolmaster, and Master Clive laughs at him. It was only the other day, after his return from his grandmamma's, regarding which I wrote you, per Burrampooter, the 23d ult., that I found a picture of Mrs. Newcome and Charles too, and of both their spectacles, quite like. I put it away, but some rogue, I suppose, has stolen it. He has done me and Hannah too. Mr. Speck, the artist, laughed and took it home, and says he is a wonder at drawing.

"Instead then of allowing Clive to go with Charles to London next month where my brother is bent on going, I shall send Clivey to Dr. Timpany's school, Marine Parade, of which I hear the best account, but I hope you will think of soon sending him to a great school. My father always said it was the best place for boys, and I have a brother to whom my poor mother spared the rod, and who, I fear, has turned out but a spoilt child.

"I am, dear Colonel, your most faithful servant, MARTHA HONEYMAN."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

VI.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—I hasten to inform you of a calamity which, though it might be looked for in the course of nature, has occasioned deep grief not only in our family but in this city. This morning, at half-past four o'clock, our beloved and respected mother, Sophia Alethea Newcome expired, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. On the night of Tuesday-Wednesday, the 12-13th, having been engaged reading and writing in her library until a late hour, and having dismissed the servants, who she never would allow to sit up for her, as well as my brother and his wife, who always are in the habit of retiring early, Mrs. Newcome extinguished the lamps, took a bedchamber candle to return to her room, and must have fallen on the landing, where she was discovered by the maids, sitting with her head reclining against the balustrades, and endeavoring to staunch a wound in her forehead, which was bleeding profusely, having struck in a fall against the stone step of the stair.

"When Mrs. Newcome was found she was speechless, but still sensible, and medical aid being sent for, she was carried to bed. Mr. Newcome and Lady Anne both hurried to her apartment, and she knew them, and took the hands of each, but paralysis had probably ensued in consequence of the shock of the fall; nor was her voice ever heard, except in inarticulate moanings, since the hour on the previous evening, when she gave them her blessing, and bade them good-night. Thus perished this good and excellent woman, the truest Christian, the most charitable friend to the poor and needful, the head of this great house of business, the best and most affectionate of mothers.

"The contents of her will have long been known to us, and that document was dated one month after our lamented father's death. Mr. Thomas Newcome's property being divided equally among his three sons, the property of his second wife naturally devolves upon her own issue, my brother Brian and myself. There

are very heavy legacies to servants and to charitable and religious institutions, of which, in life, she was the munificent patroness; and I regret, my dear brother, that no memorial to you should have been left by my mother, because she often spoke of you latterly in terms of affection, and on the very day on which she died, commenced a letter to your little boy, which was left unfinished on the library-table. My brother said that on that same day, at breakfast, she pointed to a volume of Orme's Hindostan, the book, she said, which set poor dear Tom wild to go to India. I know you will be pleased to hear of these proofs of returning good-will and affection in one who often spoke latterly of her early regard for you. I have no more time, under the weight of business which this present affliction entails, than to say that I am yours, dear brother, very sincerely,

"H. NEWCOME."

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, &c."

GHOSTS AND SORCERESSES OF INDIA.

THE superstitious fears which in Europe make the heart beat, the limbs tremble, the cheek grow pale, the brow bead with perspiration, the hair rise upon the head, are almost wholly unknown in India. The Hindoo, old or young, is not haunted by the vague, undefinable terror which makes the children of the English strangers hide their heads under the bed-clothes. He knows very well what he dreads; and that is neither sights nor sounds abhorrent to nature, but substantial and tangible inflictions—such as a sound drubbing. Colonel Sleeman tells of villages that are absolutely persecuted by the spirits of their old proprietors; and a native friend of his informed him, that in such cases he always considered it his bounden duty to his tenants to build a neat little shrine to the ghost, and have it well endowed and attended. Some go still further to propitiate the defunct proprietor: they have their leases made out in his name. The English authorities were much puzzled by this whim. On one occasion Mr. Fraser, who managed the settlement of the land-revenue of the Sauger district for twenty years, had drawn the renewal of a lease according to his own ideas, in the name of the head of the family; but this threw the party concerned into great consternation. He assured him that the spirit of the ancient proprietor was still dominant in the village; that all affairs of importance were transacted in his name; and that if the living estate-holder appeared in the lease otherwise than as the manager or bailiff of the dead one, the consequence would be the destruction of him and his.

There is, of course, no want of coincidental circumstances to confirm this belief. When Colonel Sleeman himself was in charge of a district in the Valley of the Nerbudda, a village cultivator came into disastrous collision with the spirit of the next village. This spirit was of so violent a temper, that the lands hardly fetched any thing, so difficult was it to find any body bold enough to risk his displeasure. Nevertheless, the cultivator in question, when plowing one day at the border of the two estates, was so foolhardy as to drive his plow a few yards beyond his own boundary, and thus add to his own about half an acre of the deserted land. That very night, we are told, his only son was bitten by a snake, and his two bullocks were seized with the murrain! The smitten sinner at once rushed to the village temple, confessed his crime, and promised not only to restore the stolen land, but to build a handsome shrine upon the spot to its true proprietor. The ghost was appeased: the boy and the bullocks recovered; the shrine was built, and is the boundary-mark to this day. At another time this same spirit was so tyrannical, with his whip literally of serpents, that the estate fell into a waste, although the soil was the best in the district. At length the governor, determined to shame the people out of their prejudices, took the lease himself, at the rent of 1000 rupees a year, and at the head of a procession of twelve plows, proceeded from his own residence, a dozen miles off, to superintend personally the commencement of proceedings at the perilous spot. Here Goroba Pundit—for that was his name—paused on the top of a gentle hill, crowned with a great and beautiful banyan-tree, the lands that had become his swelling in their neglected luxuriance around him. His attendants spread a carpet for him under that fine tree, and alighting from his horse, he sat down to preface operations by indulging himself with his hookah, and moralizing the while on the superstitions of men, as unsubstantial as the fragrant smoke that floated around and above him. "So beautiful an estate!" thought he; "so noble a tree!" and he raised his eyes and looked through the smoke at a branch of the banyan hanging like a canopy over his head, close almost to touching. On that branch there was coiled an enormous black snake! Goroba Pundit looked into the glittering eyes of the reptile without being able to move! But presently desperation gave him strength to break the enchantment. He started to his feet; sprang with one bound upon his horse; galloped madly down the hill; and never drew bridle till he reached home. Although afterward in office, as a native collector, nothing could induce him to revisit the beautiful estate, even after it had passed into other hands; but he was sometimes heard to execrate his folly in having neglected to propitiate, before taking possession, that awful spirit which had glared down upon him from the tree.

It might be supposed that "Christened men" are exempt from the interference of these pagan ghosts; but this is by no means the case. Mr. Lindsay, while in charge of the same district, made another attempt to overcome the prejudice of the people respecting this fine property. The lands had never been measured; and he was assured by the revenue-officers, as well as the farmers and cultivators of the neighborhood.

that the spirit of the old proprietor would never permit such a liberty to be taken with it. Mr. Lindsay, however, was a practiced surveyor, and he saw no difficulty in the case. To avoid accidents, which he knew would have a bad effect on such an occasion, he caused a new measuring-cord to be made on purpose for the adventure; and so provided, he entered the first field, his officers following in alarm and expectation. The rope was applied—and what followed! If the men of the village are to be believed, who related the circumstance some years after, it flew into a thousand pieces the moment it was stretched. At all events, it broke—that fact is certain; and Mr. Lindsay was taken ill the same morning, returned to Nursingpore, and soon after died of fever.

This superstition is not confined to the part of the country now alluded to; but in other quarters it receives different modifications. On the Malabar coast, every field of corn, every fruit-tree, is confided to the care of some spirit or other, by being dedicated to him; and from that moment the preternatural guardian feels himself responsible for the safety of the property, and punishes the smallest theft either with illness or death. One day, a man rushed up to the proprietor of a jack-tree, threw himself upon the ground before him, embraced his feet, and piteously implored his mercy.

"What is the matter," asked the proprietor in surprise—"what do you apprehend from me?"

"I was tempted," replied the man, "as I passed by at night, and took a jack from your tree. This was three days ago; and ever since I have been suffering unspeakable agony in my stomach. The spirit of the tree is upon me; and you alone can appease him." In England, we should probably have thought, "The fruit was doubtless unripe;" but in India, they reason as well as act differently. The proprietor picked up from the ground a bit of cow-dung, moistened it, made a mark with it in the name of the spirit upon the forehead of the penitent, and then put the remainder into the knot of hair on the top of his head. The thing was done; the man's pains left him instantly, and he went off, vowing to take good care never again to offend a guardian spirit.

The devils of India are quite as practical personages as the ghosts; and sometimes, indeed, it is difficult to distinguish between them. When there is no vested interest in the grave to refer the infliction to, it is tolerably safe for the victim to believe that his sufferings proceed from a devil. In like manner, when Hindoo science is at fault as to the natural origin of some disease, the doctor sees very clearly that it must have a preternatural one. Thus, in epileptic and other fits, and more especially in some obscure diseases, such as those of the liver and spleen, to which children are subject, the devils always get the blame. In Dr. Wiseman's curious and instructive *Commentary on Ancient Hindoo Medicine*, he gives a complete account of the doings of these anti-doctors, with a description of the treatment resorted to for casting them out. This treatment, in the present day, consists in great part of prayers and incantations, and when a cure is effected, it is set down as owing to the preternatural power of the doctors. The inconvenience of this is, that a man who has it in his power to cure is supposed likewise to have it in his power to kill; and when the death of the patient takes place, it is not unfrequently regarded as a murder. Numerous instances have occurred of medical practitioners on this consummation occurring being put to death by the incensed relations; and several are on record in which a father has stood over the doctor with a drawn sword by the bedside of his child, and cut him down the instant the patient died.

It frequently happens that in India, as well as in other countries, the devils do not act independently, but under the direction of some human being who has contrived to get one of them under control. Such human beings are of the female sex, and of that mature age at which they receive from the unpolite the disrespectful name of elderly or old women. There is this difference, however, between the belief of the east and that of the west: in the west, it was the spirit who bribed the woman with his services; while in the east, it is the woman who bribes the spirit with hers. She ministers to him by means of sacrifices, and pampers his unclean taste with the livers of human beings. She makes no scruple of digging young children out of their graves, and bringing them to life with the assistance of the expectant gourmand, so that the latter may feast on the part he covets.

The power thus acquired does not seem to be exercised on objects as important as one might suppose from these shocking preliminaries. Colonel Sleeman mentions the case of a trooper in the employment of Major Wardlaw, when the latter was in charge of the Sconce district. The fellow went to an old woman for some milk for his master's breakfast, and supposing her to be without any resource against his tyranny, carried it away without paying—intending, no doubt, to charge the major for it all the same. Before Major Wardlaw, however, had finished his breakfast, the dishonest trooper was down upon his back, writhing and yelling in an agony of internal pain. It was quite clear that the man was bedeviled, and that the old woman was the sorceress. She was immediately apprehended, brought to where her victim lay, and commanded to cure him. The old woman denied her guilt, but admitted that some of her household gods, without her knowledge, might have thought fit to punish the dishonesty. This would not do. The bystanders would take no denial; and, on their compulsion, she set about collecting materials for the poojah (worship). This being effected, she began the ceremonial; and before she had proceeded very far, the object was attained—the man was cured. "Had we not been resolute with her," says an eye-wit-

ness, "he must have died before the evening, so violent were his torments."

It is fortunate that the power of these sorceresses is confined as regards space; that is to say, if a man who has offended one of them escapes to a distance of ten or twelve miles, she is unable to harm him. A respectable native merchant having visited Ruttunpore on business, was one day walking through the market-place eating a piece of sugar-cane. He was so much abstracted in this pleasing employment, that he jostled unintentionally an old woman as he passed. Looking back with the intention of apologizing, he heard her mutter something; and straightway he became uneasy —for he was a man who knew a thing or two. He forced himself, however, to resume his occupation as if nothing had happened; but when raising the sugar-cane to his lips—although hardly a minute had elapsed—he saw that the juice had all turned to blood! The terrified merchant immediately collected his followers, left his agents to settle his accounts as they might, and was beyond the bounds of the sorceress's jurisdiction before dark. "Had I remained," said he, when relating the circumstance, "nothing could have saved me; I should have been a dead man before morning."

This conversion of the juice of sugar-cane to blood is not uncommon; but sometimes it is attended with more terrifying circumstances. At a fair held in the town of Raepore, there were two women, apparently not much more than of middle age, tempting the passers-by with some remarkably fine sugar-canes. A grave and reverend seignor, who afterward related the adventure, observed them. This gentleman, be it observed in passing, was the representative of a native prince, the Shahgur rajah, and described in perfect good faith what passed before his eyes. While looking at the women with the sugar-canes, there came up to them a stranger, like himself, who wanted to purchase. The price demanded, however, was exorbitant; and the man became angry, thinking they were trying to take advantage of what they supposed to be his ignorance. He took up one of the canes; the women seized the other end, and a struggle ensued. The purchaser offered a fair price; the seller demanded double; and the crowd which had collected, taking part on one side or other, a considerable quantity of the usual abuse was lavished on the female relations of each other. While this scene was going on, and the cane still grasped between the principals, a sipahee of the governor came up, armed to the teeth, and in a very imperious tone commanded the intending purchaser to let go. He refused; and old Jungbar Khan, the relater of the story, who had by this time become much interested, told the soldier that if he so unreasonably took the part of the women, they—the bystanders—would befriend the man and see fair play. Upon this the functionary, without further ceremony, drew his sword and severed the cane through the middle.

"There," said he, "you see the cause of my interference;" and sure enough the horrified crowd observed a stream of blood running from the two ends of the cane, and forming a pool upon the ground! Whence came the blood? It had deserted the body of the would-be purchaser; the sorceress had drawn the stream of life through the cane, to gratify the foul-feeding devil to whom she owed her power; and the poor man fainted from exhaustion, and fell to the ground. So little blood was left in him, that he was unable to walk for ten days. So flagrant a case, occurring in the presence of a man so high in rank as the khan, could not be allowed to pass. The bystanders went in a body to the governor of the town to demand justice, declaring that unless an example was made of the sorceresses, the fair—at which it was seen no stranger's life was safe—would be deserted. The women were accordingly sewn up in sacks, and thrown into the river. But he whose appetite they had so lately ministered to stood their friend, and they would not sink. The governor, it was thought, ought to have put them to death in some other way; but he did not relish having any thing to do with such customers; in fact, he was afraid to meddle further, and ordering them to be released from the sacks, allowed them to go about their business.

The victim of such sorceries—or, as the skeptics of Europe will say, of his own imagination—does not always escape with a fainting-fit and a ten days' illness. When Mr. Fraser was in charge of the Jubbulpore district, he sent one of his chuprassies to Mundlah one day with a message on some official business. In the course of this expedition, the man, who was as tyrannical and rapacious as the rest of his class, bargained with an old woman for a cock she had to sell, and carried off his acquisition without performing his share of the contract. In due time he became hungry; and on arriving at a fitting place, he sat down under a tree to enjoy at his leisure the dinner he had so thoughtfully provided. Kindling a fire, he broiled the cock very nicely—first one part, then another, and another, till he had devoured the whole animal. After making so egregious a meal, he doubtless sat for some time full of a vague sense of happiness, and felicitating himself dreamily on the cleverness with which he had obtained so cheap and excellent a dinner. But here he reckoned without his hostess. He had no sooner renewed his homeward journey than he felt some compunctious visitings within; and they increased as he proceeded, till he thought the cock had come alive again in his internals. By the time he reached home he was shrieking with agony, and throwing himself upon the floor, he had every appearance of being at the point of death. In such circumstances, a man stands upon no punctilios with himself. He related every thing that had taken place; and it became only too clear that he was suffering from the vengeance of a sorceress.

It is possible that some of the Europeans present—for the room was soon crowded with spectators of all sorts—may have hinted at the illness being probably an indigestion, occasioned by his gluttony. But if so, the idle notion was dispelled in a very remarkable manner, for there was speedily heard a half-articulate sound, which would have made the lank hair of the Hindoos—if such a thing had been possible—stand upright with terror. It was the crow of a cock—and in the same room. All listened breathlessly, striving to believe that what they had heard was an illusion; but out it came again, a regular barn-yard chant—a distinct and indisputable "Cocki-lilli-la-a-a-w!" Whence did it proceed? Is it i' the air or the earth? All looked at one another as if with suspicion. But a third chant removed every particle of doubt from their minds: the cock was crowing in the man's belly! As the groans of the dying wretch grew fainter, the note of unearthly triumph swelled the fuller; till at length death put a period to his sufferings, and to the crow of the phantom cock.

Such are the ghosts and witches of India; and they present, it will be seen, some remarkable contrasts with those of Europe. Here we consider it sufficient punishment for any reasonable crime, to be haunted, as we call it, by a spirit; and even the innocent frequently spend a considerable part of their lives in a vague dread of this visitation. The Hindoo, on the other hand, has no notion of a spirit at all but as something that will bite, or poison, or cudgel him, or bring illness or death among his family or cattle. The witches of Europe were accustomed to sell their souls for a modicum of transitory power; while those of India propitiate the devil by sacrifices, and hire his services with blood-offerings. But in one thing the two systems of superstition are alike—it would be hard to say whether in the East or the West the imagination plays the more extraordinary and extravagant part.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE most notable event of the month has been the publication of the correspondence between the governments of Austria and the United States in regard to the case of M. Koszta, whose arrest at Smyrna and rescue by Captain Ingraham has been already noticed. On the 29th of August M. Hulsemann, the Austrian Chargé, addressed a note to Secretary Marcy, stating that the Austrian Consul-General at Smyrna, exercising the right guaranteed by treaties, had caused Koszta, a Hungarian refugee, to be arrested, and that Mr. Brown, the United States Chargé, had demanded his release, on the ground that he had taken the preliminary steps to become an American citizen—which demand Captain Ingraham had enforced by threatening to fire into the Austrian brig of war in which he was confined, unless he should be surrendered within a given time. M. Hulsemann represents this action as a serious violation of international law—first, as it was an act of war committed without the authority of the sovereign power of the nation which alone has the right of declaring war, and second, as it was committed in a neutral port of a power friendly to both nations. On these grounds the American government is called upon to disavow the conduct of its agents, to hold them to a severe account, and to tender to Austria a satisfaction proportionate to the magnitude of the outrage.

On the 26th of September Mr. Marcy replies to this demand in a long and elaborate dispatch. After giving a full statement of the facts of the case, Mr. Marcy proceeds to say, in the first place, that Austria had no right to seize M. Koszta on Turkish soil, even if he had been an Austrian subject, inasmuch as no nation has any right to enforce its municipal laws in the territory of any other; and in support of this position he refers to the fact that, in 1849, when Kossuth and his companions took refuge in Turkey, although their surrender was demanded by Austria, sustained by Russia, it was refused, and that refusal was fully approved by the representatives of all the European Powers, and was finally acquiesced in by the Austrian government itself, which made no attempt to effect their forcible seizure. Koszta was one of these refugees, and his case, with the others, was therefore fully discussed and decided then. Regret is expressed that Austria should thus revive a claim against the United States which had been repudiated by the general judgment of Europe. Mr. Marcy, having thus shown that international law gave Austria no right to demand M. Koszta's surrender, proceeds to say that the treaties between Austria and Turkey confer no such right, and this he proves by declarations of the government made at various times, and by the conclusive fact that the Turkish government itself has protested against the act of Austria as unlawful and a violation of its sovereignty. But even if Austria had such rights by treaty, they could only extend over her own subjects:—and Mr. Marcy, therefore, proceeds to show that M. Koszta was no longer an Austrian subject, inasmuch as he had been banished from Austria by the government, and forbidden to return under penalty of death. The Emperor of Austria was a party to the expulsion of the Hungarian refugees from Turkey. Besides, a decree was issued on the 23d of March, 1832, by the Austrian government, depriving of all civil and political rights every Austrian subject who should leave the dominions of the Emperor without permission. Koszta had left Austria without permission, and was, therefore, an unlawful emigrant, and his political connection with Austria had been therefore dissolved by the act of the government itself. Mr. Marcy, therefore, arrives at the conclusion that those who acted on behalf of Austria had no right whatever to seize M. Koszta: and that in doing so they committed an outrage which, upon grounds of humanity, any person, having the power, would be in duty bound to resist:—Captain Ingraham, therefore, in doing what he did for M. Koszta's release, would be fully justified upon this principle. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, Mr. Marcy proceeds to show that when thus seized M. Koszta had the national character of an American, and that the United States had, therefore, the right

to extend its protection over him if it should see fit to do so. By the rules of international law any person who acquires a domicil in any country becomes clothed with its national character, and thus entitled to its protection: and Koszta's case falls clearly within this principle, inasmuch as he had resided in the United States nearly two years, and declared his intention to make it his future abode. He had not lost his right of domicil by leaving the country, because he had left it only temporarily and on business, with the intention of returning. There may be a reluctance to admit these principles, on the ground that under it political agitators might come to the United States with a view to acquire a right to their protection, and then return to their former scenes of action to carry on their designs:—but this apprehension is unfounded, because their intent would be fraudulent, and would defeat all they could hope to gain by a residence here. The fact, moreover, that in accordance with the usages of Turkey, M. Koszta had placed himself under the protection of the American legation at Constantinople, and had received a certificate to that effect, is also urged as another ground of justification of the action of the American representatives.—Under these circumstances Mr. Marcy reaches the conclusion that the first aggressive act was committed by the agents of Austria, in seizing M. Koszta, and in converting an Austrian ship of war to an improper use; and that Captain Ingraham had thus a right to interfere at any time to arrest the consummation of the outrage. He had received information, moreover, of a design clandestinely to remove M. Koszta into Austria, in violation of the understanding that he should remain at Smyrna until the rights of the case should be decided; and this is urged in his vindication. Upon these grounds Mr. Marcy denies that Captain Ingraham's conduct was an act of war, and asserts that it was fully justified by the circumstances in which he was placed. As to the complaint that the act was committed in a neutral port, M. Hulsemann is reminded that this is not a matter with which Austria has any concern:—and he is assured that whenever Turkey shall complain of this violation of her neutrality all explanations that may be due her shall be promptly given. The government of the United States, therefore, declines to disavow or censure the acts of its agents, to tender any satisfaction to Austria, or to authorize the surrender of M. Kosita:—on the contrary, it expresses the confident expectation that he will be immediately restored to the condition he was in before his seizure in the streets of Smyrna.—The publication of this correspondence has excited very general interest throughout the country:—and we have given this full synopsis of its arguments, as it sets forth principles of great importance in regard to the rights of protection claimed by the United States.

The preliminary movements for the fall election in New York for State officers excite a good deal of attention, mainly on account of a division in the councils of the Democratic party. Their State Convention was held at Syracuse on the 21st of September; but on account of their inability to agree upon the course of action to be pursued, the two divisions met in separate conventions, and nominated two distinct tickets. The differences between them have their origin in the dissensions of 1848; as those who then supported Gen. Cass for the Presidency are not now willing to act with the friends of Mr. Van Buren. The national Administration is desirous of aiding in the union of the party, and regards with disfavor the action which has led to the division. The Whigs held their Convention at Syracuse on the 5th of October, Ex-Governor Hunt presiding, and nominated a State ticket. The election takes place on the first Tuesday of the present month.

The U. S. squadron, under Com. Shubrick, sent to the fishing-grounds on the eastern coast of British North America, for the protection of American fishermen, has returned. The Commodore left Washington on the 15th of July, and returned on the 5th of October. Only one case of the detention of an American fisherman by the British was observed, and in that case the vessel was in flagrant violation of the treaty.

Hon. Edward Everett has written a letter to Lord John Russell, in reply to the answer of the latter to the dispatch of Mr. Everett while Secretary of State, concerning the proposed tripartite treaty, guaranteeing to Spain possession of Cuba. It is a vindication of the positions taken in the former letter, and a reply to the objections which Lord John Russell had urged against it. The remarks in which the latter had indulged concerning the duty of the United States to conform to the requirements of international law, are very effectually met, by the citation of cases in which those laws have been confessedly violated by the British government. The letter is ably written, and has attracted very general attention.

A very large meeting was held in New York on the 22d of September, in honor of Captain Ingraham's spirited conduct in the bay of Smyrna. Resolutions were adopted declaring approbation of his acts, and calling upon the government to sustain him. Among the letters of apology from persons unable to attend, was one from Mr. Everett, expressing warm admiration of Capt. Ingraham's conduct, and reserving his judgment on the important questions of law that might grow out of the case.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 1[illegible] of September. The State election, which took pla[illegible] on the 7th, resulted in the complete triumph of [illegible] Democratic ticket.—Governor Bigler was re-elect[illegible] by a majority of about a thousand, and the Legislature is largely Democratic in both branches. Lieut Beale, concerning whose safety some fears had begun to be entertained, arrived at Los Angeles on the 27th of August, having made the entire trip from Westport, Mo., in about fifty days. He reports the route traveled entirely practicable for a railroad, and in many parts abounding in wood and water. The party met with no hostility from the Indians. It is announced that the Indian difficulties on the Rogue River have ceased. Several duels, murders, and robberies are reported, but none of them present any remarkable features. The celebrated Kit Carson had reached California, with over nine thousand sheep from across the Plains. The miners were doing well, and fresh discoveries of gold in different parts of the State continued to be announced.

From the *Sandwich Islands* our advices are to the 17th of August. The small-pox continued to be prevalent. A good deal of feeling existed against part of the Ministry of the King, and public meetings had been held to urge the dismissal of the obnoxious persons.

From *New Mexico* we have intelligence to the 1st of September. The principal matter of public interest was the approaching election of a delegate to Congress, there being two candidates—Ex-Governor Lane representing the American interest, and Father Gallegos the Mexican. Governor Meriwether had arrived, and published his inaugural address, in which he assured the citizens that, so long as the chief executive power of the Territory should be wielded by him no distinction would be known between the

different classes into which the population may be divided; all were alike entitled to the protection of the laws, and would be held answerable to their behests. He promises to do all in his power toward the development of the resources of the Territory, which, with the advantages of climate and position, might soon claim her position as an equal in the sisterhood of States composing the American Confederacy. To accomplish this end, he invoked the harmonious action of the several departments of the government, and especially the support of the community at large, in his endeavor to enforce the laws.

In *Utah* serious difficulties have arisen with the Indians. In Utah County they have committed extensive and repeated ravages, and have killed several of the citizens. A party of one hundred and fifty men was organized to pursue them, and had succeeded in killing quite a number. The Governor, Brigham Young, has issued a general order, directing an abandonment of the smaller settlements, and a collection of the inhabitants and their cattle into the larger settlements, where the officers are to drill the militia, erect forts, and construct corrals for the cattle and horses. In other respects the colony seems to move on prosperously and harmoniously. Mining, especially for iron, is on the increase, and several woolen manufactories have been constructed.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 22d of September. General Tornel, Minister of War, died of apoplexy on the 10th. Señor Navarro has been appointed in his place. The President has issued a decree regulating the manner in which the Foreign Missions are to be filled: the salaries range from six to fifteen thousand dollars. Great damage has been sustained at San Carlos, in the District of Vera Cruz, from heavy rains. Telegraphic communication is to be established between Guanajuato and Guadalajara; and a railroad is to be constructed from Vera Cruz to Paso de Ovejas. The Indians on the frontier are pursuing unchecked their atrocities. An occurrence took place in July, in the neighborhood of El Paso, which rumor exaggerated into a commencement of hostilities between the Mexicans and Americans. It seems that an American named William McGee arrived at a town called Magoffinsville on the 2d of July, with several hundred cattle, on his way to California; and that while there eleven yoke of his cattle were stolen by Mexicans. Ascertaining where they were, in a herd belonging to a Mexican, he drove off the whole herd, intending to separate and retain his own, and send the others back. The Mexican owning the herd complained of him for stealing his cattle; and he was arrested, tried, and committed to prison. A party of forty-eight Americans crossed over and attempted his rescue, but were repulsed by the Mexicans, only eight in number, who defended the prison, killing two, and wounding six or eight more of the assailants. The frontier is very much exposed, and very heavy losses of cattle and property, and in some cases, of life, have been sustained by the Americans from the Indians.—A good deal of uneasiness has been created in Mexico by reports of the large number of troops sent to the frontier of the United States; and the Mexican government had taken active measures to increase the strength of its army in that direction. This step, in turn, having led to representations in the United States ascribing hostile intentions to Santa Anna, a letter has been published by the Mexican legation in Washington, designed to show that this step has been taken solely to protect the frontier of Mexico from hostilities and devastations, which the United States, by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, had agreed to prevent.—Mr. Gadsden, the newly-appointed American Minister, at Mexico, presented his credentials to the President on the 18th of August. With his address he presented a copy of the Inaugural of President Pierce, and renewed the assurances which it contains of the friendly feelings cherished toward Mexico by the government of the United States; he said it was clearly the interest of both governments to maintain those relations of good-will and association which irregularities on the frontiers of the two republics might threaten to interrupt. In reply, Santa Anna expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments advanced, and his ardent desire that the friendly relations of the two republics might be preserved. He promised to do all in his power to facilitate the efforts to promote a good understanding between the two countries.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Difficulties of a serious character have arisen between the agents of the *Peruvian* government at the Chincha islands and an American ship, the Defiance. It seems that, on the 16th of August, four men belonging to the ship were fishing near her, when they were arrested and taken on board the Peruvian guard-ship and put in irons. When the captain of the Defiance went on board to learn the cause of their detention, he was told that one of them had violated the law by shooting a pelican, for which a fine of one dollar was imposed. The captain offered to pay the fine, but they refused to release the men, and kept them in irons and chained to the deck. A deputation of American shipmasters then waited upon the commandant of the port to confer with him on the subject, but he refused to meet them, and while they were retiring to their boats they were attacked by a force of sixty men, armed with fixed bayonets, and several of them were severely injured. The next day, as the Defiance was about to leave port, she fired a salute, upon which three armed boats from a Peruvian man-of-war came along side, and the officer came on board and demanded twenty-five dollars as the fine for discharging the gun. This was paid, and as the men were leaving the ship, the captain made some remark, at which they returned, and commenced a most brutal assault upon the fifteen or twenty unarmed persons on board, several of whom were very seriously injured, and the captain was knocked down, thrown into a small boat, and put in irons. The ship was at once abandoned to the Peruvian authorities, and a representation of the case was forwarded to Mr. J. R. Clay, the American Minister in Peru.——From *Chili* we have news to Sept. 1, but it embraces nothing of special interest. Various new laws have been proposed to Congress by the Executive, among which are those for reducing the duties on silk goods, permitting the export of copper, and for granting increased privileges to foreign vessels. A canal has been commenced for the purpose of conducting the waters of the Quillota River to Valparaiso.—For some years past, the Government of Chili has devoted a good deal of attention to the progress of science. In 1833, it gave authority to Mr. Claude Gay, a French naturalist, to collect data for a political and physical history of the country: twelve volumes of which have already been published. Soon afterward, a topographical and geological survey of the country was authorized, and is now in progress. Schools for gratuitous instruction in the mechanic arts, in agriculture, painting, and music, have also been established, and are now in successful operation. Information has recently been

received that an astronomical expedition to Peru has been authorized. Chili is thus acquiring high distinction among the nations for the encouragement she extends to science.——In *Bolivia*, as far as reliable intelligence can be obtained, the revolutionary movement was making but little progress. The papers mention a victory gained by the revolutionists in Calama, but it seems to have been of trifling importance. Chili has offered her mediation between Peru and Bolivia, but the latter requires as a condition precedent the surrender of Cobija and the reimbursement of the expenses of the war.

GREAT BRITAIN.

No events of special interest have occurred during the month in Great Britain. The Queen has paid a visit to Ireland, where she was received with profuse demonstrations of loyalty and personal attachment. The Exhibition at Dublin continues to be numerously attended. Lord Palmerston on the 27th of August officiated at the laying of the corner stone of the Athenæum at Melbourne, and made a speech having reference mainly to the advances made in modern times in the means of educating the masses of the people, and to the utility and pleasure of intellectual pursuits.——An investigation into the system of prison discipline followed at Birmingham has disclosed abuses of the most atrocious character. It appears that the Governor of the prison, Lieut. Austin, has adopted the severe system of treatment, and that his favorite modes of punishment were strapping against a wall, semi-starvation, dashing buckets of cold water over his victims, and cramming their mouths with salt to stop their cries. In this he has been aided by his subordinates, and it has been pursued for a long time without the knowledge of the public, although there is a board of magistrates whose business it has been to visit the prison regularly. No decision in the case has yet been reached. ——A letter from Lord Clarendon has been published replying to the Russian manifesto upon the Turkish question issued some weeks since. In this note the Earl of Clarendon shows that the claims of Russia, so far as they were just, respecting the privileges of the Greek Christians and the custody of the Holy Places, had been conceded by Turkey; that the invasion of the Principalities was an unwarrantable violation of Turkish territory, that the pretext of making it in consequence of the advance of the combined fleets was false, and that England only took up her position by the side of Turkey as the defender of that Power, on grounds of justice and public law. ——Lieut.-General Sir Charles J. Napier died on the 29th of August, aged 71. Few officers have seen more hard service or suffered more from the casualties of war than he. He was literally covered with wounds. He entered the army in 1794, and saw a great deal of service in the wars of the Peninsula and of the East.——The cholera has made its appearance in England, but not in a very destructive form. It seems to be making the circuit of the northern countries of Europe. In Russia it is very severe. ——Mr. Disraeli delivered an address on the 14th September before the Royal Agricultural Association at Aylesbury. It was mainly an argument in favor of the system adopted by the Association of distributing small rewards to industrious agriculturists of the laboring classes. He alluded to the changes constantly going on in every department of industry, and exhorted the farmers, whatever else might occur to them, never to lose sight of the great moral principles by which their conduct had been governed.—— The Bank of England has raised its rate of discount to four and a half per cent.——The meeting of the British Association was held at Hull. From its proceedings it seems that steps have been taken to establish a telescope in the Southern hemisphere for the observation of nebulæ; and, it is understood, that a vote for the necessary funds will be included in the estimates of next session. Dr. Bache, the director of the coast survey of the United States, has proposed a joint survey of the Gulf Stream by Great Britain and the United States: and the proposal has been forwarded to the hydrographer of the Admiralty. The American Minister, Mr. Buchanan, on his arrival at Liverpool, was invited to accept the compliment of a public dinner by the Chamber of Commerce. In his letter declining the invitation, he referred to the subject of free trade, and said that mankind seem at last to have discovered that narrow and unjust restrictions upon foreign trade, defeat their own object and are always injurious. He believed that all the unsettled questions between Great Britain and the United States were not worth six months' suspension of the trade between the two countries: it was greatly to be desired, therefore, that all those questions should be amicably adjusted. The greatest revolution ever commenced among men, so far as the interests of commerce and manufactures are concerned, is that now going on in China: and if it should result in opening a free access to that vast empire, Great Britain and the United States would have a vast field presented for their energy and enterprise. The rivalry to which this would give rise, would contribute greatly to the success of civilization and Christianity.

CONTINENTAL.

There is very little news of interest from any part of the Continent, except the extreme East, to which separate notice will be given. The prospects of the harvest were engaging very general attention, and giving rise to considerable uneasiness. The Prussian and Austrian governments have published the official reports which have reached them on the subject. In Prussia, although the harvests are not abundant, there is no scarcity. In the provinces, and in Posen and Brandenburg the crop of rye is good; in Pomerania, Saxony, and Silesia, it is moderate, and it is only Lithuania and Westphalia that it is bad. Very nearly the same is true in regard to wheat. In France a great deal of dissatisfaction had been created by the attempts of the government to control the price of grain by making large purchases on its own account, and by fixing prices, at which retail dealers were required to sell it. The Emperor and Empress had been spending some weeks at Dieppe.——In Belgium the marriage of the Duke of Brabant with an Archduchess of Austria, created great interest. In Austria the Emperor was affianced on the 19th of August to the daughter of the Archduke Maximilian of Bavaria. The Hungarian regalia, which disappeared during the Hungarian revolution, have recently been found near Orsova, concealed by being buried in the earth.——In Holland the States General were opened on the 19th of September by the King, whose speech spoke of the constant and gratifying progress of agriculture, manufactures, and the great works of internal improvement which had been commenced. The spirit of enterprise among the people was developing itself more and more, and where the general interest required it, was aided by the government. Railways and telegraph lines were rapidly extending. Commerce, navigation, and ship-building were prosperous. The finances of the country were in a gratifying condition, and new propositions for the reduction of the national debt would soon be submitted.

The relations of Holland with foreign powers continued to be friendly. The frightful ravages caused by earthquakes, and the action of the sea in the Malacca Islands were deplored; but they are said to have been alleviated in their effects by the measures of the government.——In Spain, the anticipated arrival of Mr. Soulé, the newly-appointed minister from the United States, gave rise to a good deal of discussion. Mr. Barringer had his audience of leave, at which assurances of mutual friendship were interchanged with Queen Isabella. A decree has been issued prohibiting the circulation of the London Times within the Spanish dominions, on account of its attacks upon the objects dearest to Spaniards. ——Advices from Athens give details of a terrible earthquake, which had destroyed the city of Thebes, and nearly ruined several neighboring villages. Some twenty lives were lost.——From Italy there is little news. The measures adopted by the Roman government increase in vigor; arrests continue to be made on a still wider scale in all the States, and the condition of the people daily grows more intolerable. A concession has been granted by the Tuscan government to a Paris company for a railroad of eighty miles from Florence to Arezzo.

TURKEY AND RUSSIA.

Fresh complications have arisen in the dispute between Russia and Turkey. The note drawn up by the Four Powers at Vienna, and forwarded by them as the basis of agreement between the two governments, was promptly accepted by the Czar, as stated in our last; but the Sultan insisted upon certain modifications, to which the Czar will not accede. It seems that the Vienna note did not differ in its terms, in any essential respect, from the ultimatum the rejection of which led to the departure of Prince Menschikoff from Constantinople, as it secured precisely the stipulations which he required. Of course the Czar at once acquiesced in it. The Sultan, however, urged the injustice meditated by those who had claimed to be his friends and allies—and through whose advice he had refrained from regarding the occupation of the Danubian principalities as a *casus belli*—in preparing this note without consulting him, and then requiring his acceptance of it. In a letter addressed to the representatives of the Four Powers, dated August 19, the Turkish government sets forth its objections to the note thus prepared. It assumes that the privileges of the Greek Church in Turkey have been secured and maintained solely by the active solicitude of the Emperor of Russia; and the admission of this, it is urged, would encourage Russian interference in these matters hereafter. No servant of the Ottoman family would dare to place on paper words which would thus tend to weaken the glory of institutions founded by a spontaneous movement of personal generosity and innate benevolence. The next point of objection is a clause stipulating a faithful adherence to the treaty of Kainardji, which was simply a treaty between the Sultan and some of his own subjects: the acceptance of the clause relative to this treaty would be, therefore, to admit the surveillance of Russia in a matter exclusively of domestic concern. The Sultan, however, declares he has no objection to renewing that treaty in a separate note. The third point relates to the permission conceded to the Greek rite to share in the advantages conceded to other Christian rites. While this participation in privileges granted to all communions of the Christian religion will undoubtedly be granted to the Greek church, the Sultan declines to make particular conventions or stipulations in their favor. He requires the modification of the Vienna note, therefore, so as to conform to these views, before giving it his assent. If they shall be adopted, he promises to send an embassador extraordinary to St. Petersburg, on condition of the immediate evacuation of the Principalities. He expects also a guarantee from the four great Powers against any future interference, or any occupation from time to time of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia.—On the 26th of August Count Nesselrode, on behalf of the Czar, addressed to the Austrian government a reply to the Sultan's demand. He begins by saying that when the Vienna note was presented to him by Austria, after having been approved and accepted by the courts of France and England, it was described as an ultimatum, on the acceptance of which by the Sultan the continuance of Austria's friendly offices was to depend; and that the Czar, in acceding to it, did so on the assumption that he should have no further changes and fresh propositions to examine and discuss. He could not consent, therefore, to permit the Sultan to modify the terms of the note, after having expressly renounced the power to do so for himself. He recommends that the Four Powers declare to the Porte that it must withdraw its modifications, and assent simply to the Vienna note, or that their protection will be withdrawn. He declares, further, that he will not assent to such guarantees concerning the occupation of the provinces as the Porte requires, nor promise to issue orders for their evacuation as soon as the Sultan's acceptance of the Vienna note shall have been received. In a second dispatch, the Russian government enters into a criticism of the modifications made by the Sultan, for the purpose of showing that they are entirely inadmissible. This is the state of negotiations at our latest dates. In Turkey, especially in Constantinople, there is a very strong popular feeling in favor of war, and preparations continued to be made, on an extensive scale, for hostilities. The troops are actively engaged in patrolling the banks of the Danube, and large forces have been collected at various points. The Sultan is said to have prepared a manifesto, appealing in the strongest language to the warlike feeling of the nation; but it has been for a time withheld, at the urgent instance of the friendly Powers. The Emperor of Russia, accompanied by his veteran councilor, Count Nesselrode, was to hold a personal conference with the Emperor of Austria at Olmutz, on the 23d of September, to which great importance was attached. Rumors, indeed, have already obtained currency that Austria has given the Sultan notice that she can no longer act in conjunction with the Four Powers, but must side with Russia. Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian general on the Danube, lately closed an order of the day by declaring that "Russia was called to annihilate paganism, and those who would oppose her in that sacred mission would be annihilated with the pagans."

CHINA.

From China we have accounts of the continued progress of the revolution, though they are somewhat vague and probably not altogether reliable. The rebels had gained possession of Amoy and also of two or three large cities in the west and north, and were believed to be on the point of marching against Pekin. Canton and its vicinity at the latest dates were comparatively quiet, although a good deal of alarm had been felt from the proximity of large bodies of the rebel force. The capture of Nanchang, the principal city of the Kiang-si province is confirmed, and the main body of the insurgents were moving southward.

Editor's Table.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—or the movement that goes under that name, may seem to some too trifling in itself, and too much connected with ludicrous associations to be made the subject of serious argument. If nothing else, however, should give it consequence, it would demand our earnest attention from its intimate connection with all the radical and infidel movements of the day. A strange affinity seems to bind them all together. They all present the same attractions for the same class of minds. They are all so grounded on the same essential fallacy of individual right, in distinction from the organic good, or social propriety, that the careful observer could have no great difficulty in predicting the whole course of the man or woman who once sets out on the track of any one of them.

But not to dwell on this remarkable connection—the claim of "woman's rights" presents not only the common radical notion which underlies the whole class, but also a peculiar enormity of its own; in some respects more boldly infidel, or defiant both of nature and revelation, than that which characterizes any kindred measure. It is avowedly opposed to the most time-honored proprieties of social life; it is opposed to nature; it is opposed to revelation. The first charge it might perhaps meet by the plea of reform; the second it would deny; the third, it would confess, not only, but even glory in the confession. Almost every other radical movement claims the Scriptures, in some sense, as its ally, and will stand upon the platform they offer, or seem to offer, until relentless progress causes it to lose its hold. Here, however, the "woman's rights" doctrine is peculiar. We never yet heard a passage of Scripture quoted, either fairly or perversely, in its support. Abolitionists have their pet texts. Fourierism will sometimes employ the dialect of the Bible. But this unblushing female Socialism defies alike apostles and prophets. In this respect no kindred movement is so decidedly infidel, so rancorously and avowedly anti-biblical.

It is equally opposed to nature, and the established order of society founded upon it. We do not intend to go into any physiological argument. There is one broad striking fact in the constitution of the human species which ought to set the question at rest forever. This is the fact of maternity. There is claimed for woman an equal participation in all the outward life of man. Nothing short of this will carry out the "great idea." Any argument, therefore, that halts in coming fully up to it, must affect the whole consistency of the cause it is brought to support. Every such flinching must admit somewhere some physical, and hence, some social or political difference which is fatal to the abstract claim, and shuts us up again to the same distinctions in kind, if not in degree, which have long grown up in society.

Now there *is* such a physical difference, involving, as a necessary consequence, the most striking differences of social and political position. It is not simply the sexual distinction in itself—but what we have called the fact of *maternity*. It is the design of God, expressed and carried out in nature, that a moiety of the human race should have a charge—a precious charge, a most honorable charge—but one which must, in the very nature of things, unfit them for the right and regular performance of those duties which the usages of all civilized and all Christian nations have ever assigned to the opposite sex. From this there arise, in the first place, physical impediments, which, during the best part of the female life, are absolutely insurmountable, except at a sacrifice of almost every thing that distinguishes the civilized human from the animal, or beastly, and savage state. As a secondary, yet inevitably resulting consequence, there come domestic and social hindrances which still more completely draw the line between the male and female duties. Any one may carry out this argument. Its greatest force is in its bare presentment. Around the nursing mother God and nature have thrown a hallowed seclusion. Society has framed her laws and usages in obedience to the Divine and physical ordinance. Every attempt to break through them, therefore, must be pronounced as unnatural as it is irreligious and profane.

But it is not in maternity alone that we see the Divine design. The whole *dual* constitution of humanity, with all the affections and duties that grow out of it, reveals the same great intent. This is not simply the perpetuation of the species, but the highest perfection of the earthly human state in the harmony of the domestic and the outer existence. There is an inner and an outer sphere. The first is as honorable as the second; it is even more intimately connected with the essential life, while the latter stands to it more in the position of a means to a higher ultimate good. Woman was meant to be the main influence in the one; man in the other. To this all civilization tends. Its recognition and establishment is ever in proportion to the advance of a pure Christianity. Destroy this dual life, and the merely physical or sexual distinction becomes a source of immeasurable mischief. Preserve the former, and the latter, instead of a hot-bed of sensualism, is converted into a fountain of the purest and most sacred affections of which our earthly nature is capable.

To denote this inner life of which woman is the guardian angel, no term could be better adapted than the one in most common use, and which must be etymologically the same in every cultivated language. It is the *domestic* life—the *res domi* in distinction from the *res foras*. The latter is the out-door life, the life abroad, the *forensic* life, or life of the *forum*, including in that term all political as well as judicial employment. Now we know that to a superficial thinker, the former may present the idea of the narrower sphere; and hence those logomachies about personal rights, and rank, and "equality and subjugation," which such a one would present as the real issues. If, however, there be any question of rank at all, the domestic is certainly the higher sphere; because, as we have said, it is more closely connected with the essential life, or the end for which humanity exists, and to which all that is outward or *forensic*, with all its imagined importance, is but a subordinate means. Men may *act* abroad, but they *live*, if they live at all, at home. The *State* is for the *Family*, the *forum* for the *domus*. The former would have but little value except as it is found in the protection, the refinement, and the elevation of the latter. And so we may say of the reciprocal influence. The best service that woman can confer upon the State, (and thus, through it, obtain the best security for her own personal rights and dignity) is by making the home what it ought to be. In the right education of her children, she exerts a far purer and more effectual political power, than she could ever wield

through the freest admission to the ballot-box or the caucus.

But we can only briefly present this aspect of the question, and pass *on*. The most serious importance of this modern "woman's rights" doctrine is derived from its direct bearing upon the marriage institution. The blindest must see that such a change as is proposed in the relations and life of the sexes, can not leave either marriage or the family in their present state. It must vitally affect, and in time wholly sever, that oneness which has ever been at the foundation of the marriage idea, from the primitive declaration in Genesis to the latest decision of the common law. This idea gone—and it is totally at war with the modern theory of "woman's rights"—marriage is reduced to the nature of a contract simply. Where the wife and the mother are equally engaged with the husband and the father in all the employments of the same *forensic* life, they may be styled joint partners in business, but are no longer "members one of another." And then follows the inevitable consequence. That which has no higher sanction than the will of the contracting parties, must, of course, be at any time revocable by the same authority that first created it. That which makes no change in the personal relations, the personal rights, the personal duties, is not the holy marriage *union*, but the unholy *alliance* of concubinage.

Already have we gone far in this direction, and unless our legislatures retrace their steps, there is danger of the mischief becoming past all remedy. We refer not now so much to direct facilities for divorce, as to another and more plausible mode of proceeding. It is one which imposes even on the most conservative mind by its plea for the defenseless. On the one hand, it presses into its service the rank individualism of the day, and on the other, appeals to that very feeling of chivalrous regard and tender respect for woman which its perverted notion of political equality, or rather political sameness, would ultimately destroy. It is very hard that the earnings of the long-suffering wife should be in the uncontrolled power of the brutal and intemperate husband. It is very hard that her association with him should make her, in any way, the suffering victim of his cruelty and crimes. Such cases do, doubtless, often exist, although jurisprudence in its ordinary and natural channels has done much, and may yet do more, for their relief. There is, however, at the present day, a danger in the opposite quarter, and one that threatens a far sorer evil. There is danger that laws giving the right of separate property, and of course the management of separate property, to the wife, may in time vitally affect that oneness which is so essential in the marriage idea. There is danger here that the reforming knife may cut into the very quick, and actually kill what it pretends to cure. In other words, let this kind of legislation, which is now so great a favorite, only proceed a little farther, until the personal and property interests of husband and wife become as distinct as those of any outward parties, and marriage is at an end. We may call it by what name we please; it is no longer the marriage recognized by the Church; it is no longer the marriage known to that common law of England and America which, with all its alleged barbarisms and feudalisms, was more distinctly built upon the authority of Christianity, and the Christian Scriptures, than any other system of jurisprudence the world ever knew. Let families be brought up with the clear knowledge that *this* belongs to the father, and *that* to the mother—that each party has its separate rights, its separate interests, its separate dealings with the world without—let this become the predominant feeling, we say, and the family itself, with all its sacred associations, will soon be numbered among the "things that have waxed old, and are ready to vanish away."

But the most grievous hardship, as urged by some, is the denial of what they are pleased to style political rights, or, in other words, the right of voting and holding office. This is connected with a wholly false idea of the political relation; and we might meet it, therefore, with a denial of suffrage being a natural right, and prove our denial by showing the inevitable absurdities which must result from the unrestricted proposition. But it is enough in the present case, and for our present purpose, to take issue on the question of fact. Women are the subjects of law, it is said, and should therefore be represented in its enactment. Political action should be coextensive with political allegiance. Now, without at present formally refuting this egregious fallacy, which is continually contradicted, and must be contradicted, in every government, even the most ultra radical and individualizing that exists on earth, we may say that in this country, and in every other in which there is a representative system based on popular suffrage, married women *do* vote—they *are* represented—they have a part in the political action, and just the part which is most conservative of their true interests, while it is least subversive of those ideas on which the family, and through it the whole social structure, must ultimately rest. The wife does exercise the right of suffrage. Through the husband, as the family representative, she casts a vote, and the only vote which is consistent with the oneness of that elementary political organism we may call the family State.

Some might style this a cavil, and therefore, in answer, we would beg our readers to extend to us the same indulgence they have often done before—in other words, permit a slight abstraction in the argument, as conducive to an eminently practical conclusion. Let us say, then, that every *organic* whole is such in the highest sense, by being composed of organic parts—that is, parts which are themselves severally each an organic unity, or membership, presenting more or less resemblance to the greater whole. Some of these may be entirely artificial; and of such our own General and State Governments present a beautiful illustration. Beside these, there are the lesser corporations of counties, towns, cities, and villages, forming organic parts of organic parts, each having its own diversity of the inner life, and yet each acting as a unit to all without and all above. Many of these municipal unities have given way, and are giving way, to an absorbing centralization, but ever to the injury of the general body politic, as well as the individual welfare. Now these may be called artificial organisms. There is, however, one of nature's construction to which we can not attach too high a value, and that is the family. We might, in a certain sense, maintain that the individual man himself is such a natural organic existence—a community of interests—sensual, material, spiritual animal, and rational, with outward relations and inward coherences, all under a sovereign will and a judicial reason, and thus presenting, what has struck the philosophic mind in all ages, a striking resemblance to the political state. But even thus viewed, the individual does not stand next to the larger civil organization. *The family is the natural unit in the State.* In any other sense it is a mere *accident* for secondary interests—an artificial existence, created

and dissolved like a railroad company or a bank charter, instead of being an *essential* and indispensable component of the general political life.

If this view be correct, it is the Family, the household, which should be immediately represented in the State, rather than the individual. It is the family that votes, and not the individual. Whoever deposits that vote, deposits it as the agent of the whole domestic community, just as the Member of Assembly represents the town from which he is sent, and the Senator the State by which he is delegated. Since, then, such voting can only be done by one member, the husband and the father is certainly the most proper person for that purpose. In fact, if we are to preserve at all the idea of the domestic and forensic spheres, this is a matter of absolute necessity. He represents this outward life, and is, therefore, the natural embassador of the little organism in its outward relations to other and similar communities.

But the husband may cast a ballot different from that which would be acceptable to the wife. What then? Shall there be separate voting? If so, the family is at an end. The domestic community is sundered, and the organic life expires. No evils arising from separate property would be so terrible, or so completely subversive of the marriage idea, as the separate voting of the husband and wife, the father and the mother, the outward and inner representatives of the family unity.

This, in fact, is the idea of the common law. The household is the true unit in the State. Certain other considerations of property may have modified its action and applications, but have not destroyed the principle itself. We are tempted to dwell upon this idea of household or family suffrage. It would certainly be better than any tests of property merely, since it would have a natural basis, and, in its representative idea, possess that universality which our democratic age demands for suffrage, while it would be in a great measure free from the evils and inconsistencies and inequalities that meet us in every other view.

There are two antagonists whom the modern advocates of "woman's rights" find especially in their way. These are, the common law and the Apostle Paul. A lingering regard for things once deemed sacred presents some check in respect to the latter, but even the Apostle not unfrequently comes in for his share of platform vituperation from the free tongues of the emancipated. Even he, it is more than intimated, did not understand the question. As regards the law, however, there is no such restraint upon their abuse. And yet it is a position that may be most triumphantly maintained, that in real respect for woman and her real rights, no system of jurisprudence ever went beyond the gallant old common law of England. This is especially seen in the laws respecting dower. The surviving husband is entitled to an interest in the real estate of the deceased wife, but only in case of there having been offspring of the marriage, and then only on the ground of guardianship to the wife's legal heir. The widow, on the death of the husband, takes one-third of all the real estate, without any conditions whatever. This embraces not only that of which he dies possessed, but also that of which he may have been seized at any time during the coverture. From the moment of the marriage, no act of the husband without her consent, no alienation, no debt, can ever bar her favored claim. So also she is entitled to one-half of the personal effects, whatever may be the number or nearness of the husband's collateral heirs. There are other special provisions of a similar kind, fully justifying the remark of Coke, that the widow is the favorite of the English courts, and that in these respects the common law is far beyond the civil.

It is true it styles her, in her married relation, a *feme covert;* and much attempted ridicule, as well as much reproach, has been cast upon the term. But he who reads the true spirit of the common law, must discover in it the same gallant and knightly idea. She is termed a *feme covert*, not as denoting the little value in which the law holds her, but as significant of security and protection. She is a *feme covert*, shielded not only from all legal claims that might assail her in the single state, but also—and which is of far more importance—from the forensic, out-door storm of political turbulence and corruption. Instead of exposing her to such scenes as have been witnessed in our elections, and mass meetings, and political conventions, it regards her as in the sacred inclosure of the inner or domestic life. The term is significant of peace, security, retirement. It is expressive, not of ignominy, not of forgetfulness, but of the most cherished respect, the most sacred honor. The law meant that such *coverture* should be to her a shield from more harm than ever came, or could come, from marital cruelty or neglect. No creditors can assail, no legal strife can interrupt her hallowed domestic duties. Away from mobs, and caucuses, and Syracuse and Baltimore Conventions, she is in a great measure safe from the moral malaria that must ever gather around such assemblies, and to which her own presence—degraded and unfeminine as she must inevitably become by such contact—would only add a deeper and more deadly taint. It is her higher office to keep watch over the ever-burning fire of the domestic altar; and while she faithfully performs this duty, no forensic "pestilence can invade her," no political "plague come nigh her dwelling."

The Apostle, too, if we keep out of sight his claim to an inspired guidance, might seem, in some things, personally harsh and unkind to women. At least, so some might regard his frequent injunction of domestic subordination, and his express prohibition of their taking upon themselves the office of a public preacher, although they were joyfully hailed as co-laborers in other services in the Church. There is here, however, another and higher aspect of the same idea on which we have dwelt before. The Church as well as the State, is composed of families, or may be regarded as having the family for its unit. It is the "*Church in the house*" with its altar, its service, its sacred instruction. Here, as in the other case, the interior religious life is especially intrusted to woman. The outward or embassadorial relations involved in the preaching and episcopal office belong to the other sphere. Any confusion here would destroy, not only that essential idea of harmony involved in the construction of the Christian Ecclesia, but also that sacred similitude through which the Apostle traces the bridal relation of the Church herself to her Spiritual Lord and Head. But what care these platform brawlers for sacred similitudes and spiritual analogies? It is not at all, as they would make it, a question of "equality and subjugation." A true spiritual equality, as we have seen, is best promoted by the Apostle's notion of keeping each sex within its allotted sphere. It is the only way of avoiding that unnatural mixture of habits, of offices, of employments, of dress, which would soon bring on a moral degradation, and, through this, as abject a slavery of one to the other as has ever been witnessed in savage life. No fallacy could be greater than that which confounds *subordination* with in-

quality. The first exists in the co-equal and co-essential tri-unity of the Divine Persons, and there could be, strictly, no oneness without it. So also may we say of the demand for perfect uniformity, or identity of pursuit. No mathematical proposition is more certain than the seeming paradox, that *sameness* here is separation, incoherence, dissolution—*diversity* is union, attraction, strength. The doctrine we condemn is essentially inorganic. Instead of that exquisitely harmonized instrument which comes from the right temperament of the sexual relations, it would make human life, at the best, a tuneless monochord, if not, in the end, a chaos of all harsh and savage dissonance.

"I suffer not a woman to teach," says the Apostle, with a clear reference to public preaching. And yet no man was ever farther from being a misogynist, or woman-contemner, than Paul. His writings, on the contrary, every where manifest the most tender feeling of regard for women, and especially Christian women, "his sisters in the Lord." How large a space do their names occupy in the closing salutations of his fervent epistles! "I commend unto you Phœbe our sister—Receive her in the Lord as becometh saints; for she has been a succorer of many and of myself also." "Greet Mary who bestowed much labor on us." "Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa—salute the beloved Persis—salute Julia and the sister of Nereus." How admirably, too, does this feeling of Christian tenderness and respect manifest itself in his directions to Timothy? "Entreat the elder women as mothers, the younger women as sisters, in all purity." It is felt at once that this style is not in harmony with the coarse spirit which is predominant on the reforming platform. There is about it all a gentle savor of refinement, of delicacy, and Christian tenderness which we instinctively decide would be out of place in any of these hybrid conventions. How kind and manly, too, his regard for the "widows who were widows indeed"—holy and heavenly women—not scolding for "female rights" like some in our day, who, under a Quaker bonnet, can show more fight than many a brigadier-general, but "well reported of" for a very different kind of "good works"—"for having brought up children, for having lodged strangers, for having washed the saints' feet, for having relieved the afflicted, for having continued in prayer and supplications night and day."

Paul was doubtless well aware, that, as far as mere oratorical powers were concerned, some women might be able to preach better than some men. The beloved Phœbe to whom he intrusted his Epistle to the Romans, or those women of "unfeigned faith," the mother Eunice, or the grandmother Lois, who taught Timothy the Holy Scriptures, might have been more intelligent as well as more fluent evangelists than many of the male Corinthians. But had the Apostle, on this account, made them an exceptional violation of his great idea of the Church's constitution, he would have only put forth that same contemptible reasoning to which the public has been lately so abundantly treated from the platform of "woman's rights."

But with Paul there was more than the mere exercise of an ordinary sound intelligence. He possessed a power which enabled him to look down the stream of time, or, at all events, to see the operation of human nature as it would exist in all ages. Hence his graphic pictures which would almost seem to have been drawn from scenes that have been presented to our own eyes. How to the life he limns them! "Proud, knowing nothing, doting (or diseased) about questions and strifes of words—perverse disputings of corrupt minds, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmisings—from such withdraw thyself." Here him again in another strain: "I will, therefore, that women adorn themselves with *shamefacedness*"—did ever any one hear that text read or quoted in a woman's rights convention?—"with sobriety, with good works." "Let them learn in silence; for Adam was first formed, then Eve." Will any man infer from this that Paul had not as much true esteem for woman, and as high a sense of her true value in the family, the church, and the state, as Mr. Channing, or Mr. Burleigh, or Mr. Wendell Phillips—such a one has yet to learn the first rudiments of a question second to none in importance, if we may judge from its intimate connection with some of the worst forms of radicalism that infest our age?

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is still a popular dispute whether the Indian Summer belongs properly to the end of October or the beginning of November. But there is no doubt that about this season a dreamy haze veils the landscape, a summer softness touches the air, and the clouds at sunset cluster in the west with a gorgeous affluence that paints upon the sky the splendors of the tropics. The distant hills dissolve in the golden mist; the crimson maple flames with a softer fire: the tarnished golden-rods and cold blue asters steal an unhoped-for charm;—and a new Adam, lost in the luxury of reviving summer, might well dream that the year's circuit was completed, and that it would now ascend again toward St. John's Day and August. How cruelly would the winds that hurl the unhappy year down the steeps of winter shatter that dream! Scarcely is it begun ere it is over. It is the parting, hurried kiss of Nature upon the dying year. It is a rainbow arching the avenue by which it passes away. It is a moment of warm, regretful tenderness, in which, by mystic alchemy, the proud pomp of summer foliage is transmuted into beauty more brilliant, and is then hurled into the opening grave of the year, as King Cyax threw handfuls of jewels into the tomb of his daughter.

It is not easy to discover why the season is so called. Is it, perhaps, a name derived from early colonial experience? Is the brief, bright cluster of days called "Indian" Summer because they are a delusion, a vain promise, the smile of a painted savage? Is "Indian," here, synonymous with treachery, as in the case of gifts among children, where a present made, and then revoked, is called an "Indian gift?" This is, to our fancy, the reasonable explanation of the name. For you must remember, that in no other country is this season so remarkable and brilliant as with us;—and the early settlers, at first enchanted by the exquisite apparition, and then bitterly grieved at the evanescent mockery, would, surely, name it from their type of whatever was the most delusive, and call it the Indian Summer—Winter masking as Summer—the fiercest foe as the truest friend.

Yet we remember to have heard Mr. Webster give a different account of the origin of the name. According to his story, the settlers believed the haze and heat that mark these days to proceed from the prairies which the Indians were accustomed to burn at this season. The westerly winds prevailed at the same time; and thus the great mass of smoke,

and the fervor of endless reaches of fire, drifted over the plains and forests, and inoculated with June, despairing October. Perhaps the early settlers may have believed this story; but certainly we, later ones, need not give much heed to it. For in other countries where there are no Indians, and have been none within historical knowledge, there is yet the same season, although known under other names. The French call it the Summer of St. Martin; and the French novelists, who are always able to say difficult things, delicately speak of women who have reached that sadly-certain "uncertain" age, as just entering into the *été de St. Martin*—the Indian Summer of their fascination.

There is no more poetic strain in all the seasons. And it seems to have its correspondence elsewhere, in the decay of individual and of national life. After acute agony come often moments of serenity and self-consciousness, when all the mental powers are in perfect play, and mortal pains disappear. It is a brief interval—the line of clear sky between the cloud and the horizon, along which the sun blazes for an instant, illimitably glorious—then sinks forever. So, too, after years of ruin, the splendors of Imperial Rome revived, for a season, in Papal pomp. The culmination of the Roman Catholic rule in the world was the Indian Summer of the Rome of the scholar and of history. Twice that city has given laws to the world; but the decline from its second power to its present comparative imbecility was no less sudden than the fall of the year, from the warm beginnings of November, to the sharp frosts of midwinter.

In the country, the season, however splendid, is necessarily sad; for the pilgrim of the year understands that these bright days are the last green points of the pleasant summer along which he has been idly coasting, and that he must now stretch straight away into the barren winter. He gazes wistfully at the landscape; but its crimson gleam is only the hectic of disease. He steps into his boat, and floats far up into the hills, and out into the open meadows, upon an inland stream. Along its shore the maple burns, leaning far over to see itself below, until the flattered river crimsons and stops, like a loitering lover, into whose face his superb mistress gazes until he blushes. In the meadows beyond, the cranberries glisten—coarse, sour cranberries, not fulfilling the promise of their brightness; and the pickerel-weed and lily-pads move with the sluggish stream. The harvests are gathered from the fields beyond these meadows. There have been heavy wagons, overladen with the rustling dry shocks of corn, creaking along the roads under the spreading apple-boughs, and huskings in the barn, at evening, with the lantern, hung upon the pitchforks, stuck into the hay-mow. There are piles of apples heaped under the trees—good works of the summer, smelling sweet unto the Lord—and Canada crook-necks and pumpkins lie fat and yellow in the fields, precious deposits of the receding year.

But over all, like an "atmosphere of sleep," lies the dreamy haze. Nature, gazing upon the stripped fields, and the piled fruit, and the falling leaves—or hearing the creak of that wagon in the afternoon, and the rustling of the corn-husks as they pass, has fallen into a pensive reverie. We follow her; and as we gaze from the hill-top, or saunter by the river, we lose the detail of the landscape in its spirit, and seem to find in the aspect of the world a vague sadness, harmonious with that which lies deep in every heart. It is only a mirage that we behold—only the *fata morgana* of a season, sunk behind us in Time. Yet, as we gaze at the glittering phantom of summer, and recognize the form so familiar and fair, what wonder that we believe it has not deserted us, and refuse to allow that to-morrow will be winter! The air is fresh, and we rejoice. But we mistake the frosty kindliness of age for the eager sympathy of youth. Hear what Goethe says: "The year is dying away, like the sound of bells; the wind passes over the stubble, and finds nothing to move. Only the red berries of that slender tree seem as if they would remind us of something cheerful; and the measured beat of the thresher's flail calls up the thought, that in the dry and fallen ear lies so much of nourishment and life."

Yet in the city no such sadness attends the declining year. You, gentle reader, and your friends, are all returning to town, where we have been so busily working for you, while you have luxuriated in the arms of the sea or the mountains. A constant stream of fresh health, energy, youth, and beauty sets toward the metropolis, from the end of the first hot September weeks until December. You have all been renovating your minds and hearts and bodies—every thing but your purses—at the pleasant places of summer resort. We, who sit in our city chairs while you are gone, are quite ready—have indeed been long anxious, for your return; for we have no doubt that you are going to do us a great deal of good. To tell the truth, it has been so very warm, so uncommonly hot, this summer, that our tongues have taken unwonted license, and have occasionally betrayed a state of mind which your influence will be sure to correct. You were going away, we think you said in July, for your health. You needed change of air, relaxation, quiet, and regular habits; the city excitements had quite worn you down; you must breathe a bit of salt air; you must fish, and shoot, and drink a glass or two of Congress water. Well, it was a good thing to do. Now, welcome home! Of course, at Newport, and Saratoga, and Sharon, and Niagara, and wherever else you may have been, you have been quiet and temperate. You haven't been extravagant—in wine, for instance, or summer cravats. You have never, of course, sat up beyond eleven o'clock, nor smoked more than two cigars a day. You haven't—we insult you by the mere suggestion—been drinking cobblers in the morning, and brandy-bitters before dinner, or a little absinthe; nor did you order some of that "ratherish" expensive Bordeaux at dinner. Of course not; people never do so at Watering Places. Then, at evening, you have undoubtedly been admirably discreet. What a privilege it must have been to watch your career. You danced quietly until ten or eleven, and then you sauntered calmly home, escorting your favorite Fanny —— and her mamma to their hotel. You did not encounter any of the "fellows" upon the piazza of your hotel, nor did they ask you to join them in some kind of beverage, and to take it rationally over a cigar. The fellows at Watering Places never do so at night. And then, not having smoked and drank, you went betimes to bed, slept the sleep of virtuous innocence, and awoke with the lark, and arose with the sun—singing. No headaches and opaque sensations for you! Not at all! You went into the country for recreation and health, and to invigorate your constitution by care and abstinence, so as to live longer and enjoy life more. And now, as you return, and the warmth of an Indian Summer day recalls the glory of the real summer, you are conscious that it was good to have been there, and to have done as you did. Happily you can not accuse yourself of having played the part of a Zany, in spending profusely and to

no purpose, and in injuring your health, rather than strengthening it. You are glad that you at least have ceased to be a child—in every thing, that is to say, but drinking milk. You are still fond of that simple beverage. Your habits addict you to it. You like dearly to indulge in that rural luxury, and you have often said that if there was one thing you liked better than another, it is "cream fresh from the cow!" Welcome home! You come into the arid, dusty city, like a green thing wafted by the autumn wind, from the fresh woods and dewy fields. It smells of summer; and we shall all be the better for it. Just see how the city improves every year, with the increased facilities for travel and rustication! Only don't you fear we shall become too pastoral? It would be such a pity if we should transplant too much of the simplicity and *gaucherie* of the country into our society! However, you are too discriminating for that. You will bring only the best things of the country into the city, as you take to it only the best civic things. You, good friends, who enjoy all the opportunities of both city and country, and who, when the leaves fall, turn from the spectacle of Nature to that of Art and human society, will surely bring with you to the city that sympathy, toleration, and heroism which are the best fruits that the woods grow, and the sea tosses up; and which, should you bring them, would make your return more truly welcome, and the Indian Summer more golden, than the arrival of many fleets of California steamers, with gold-dust for every New-Yorker.

Last month, as on several former occasions, we spoke of the Crystal Palace. But it would hardly be possible to speak too warmly of its great success. It was natural enough that last year the enterprise should have been regarded as an imitation of the great London Exhibition. "Has it gone so far," cried the desponding theorists, who fancy that we are consumed with an unreasonable admiration of things British, "Has it gone so far, that we must even imitate their industrial ideas; and content ourselves with a cheap, imperfect, second-hand triumph?" And, to say truth, the prospect had something of that appearance. The industry of the whole world had just met in Congress in Hyde Park. A spectacle unprecedented in history had been presented to the world. Mr. Cobden, and his friends of the Peace Society, had every reason and appearance on their side for supposing that all the spears and swords in the world were to be incontinently knocked up into plow-shares and pruning-hooks. The most incredulous and impracticable old Squire Western of a Tory in England might fairly have paused between his tally-ho's! and wondered whether there might not be a greater national glory than he had ever dreamed of, and, before he slid under the table at his fox-hunting dinner, he might have sung "Britannia rules the waves" to a new tune, and with a new meaning. There was something wild in the conception, and something unique in the complete triumph, of such an undertaking. It was singular in history. Rome and Greece, and all the old civilizations, showed nothing like it. The Crystal Palace in Hyde Park was just as characteristic of the state of the highest civilization of the world at that time, as the Parthenon at Athens of an earlier epoch. And so the historian and the poet must regard it. And we ought all to understand that we have seen, in our day, another of the great monuments erected, which mark, to the outward eye, and in a palpable manner, the sublime advance of man and history.

When it was once done, it was easy enough to do it again. It was easy enough to found a periodical repetition of the Exhibition; and, from time to time, as human genius invented and elaborated still farther, to assemble the results of its skill, for public study and observation. The idea was not new; and to call another Congress of genius and industry before three, or even two, years had elapsed, seemed to be unnecessary, even if it were not a secret provocation to unhandsome comparisons. It appeared as if we were jealous of John Bull, and meant to dispute his crown in the matter, by showing that we could do as well, if not better than he. "Have we not the Fair of the American Institute?" cried indignant objectors; moved, perhaps, by a vanity more subtle than that of the proposers—the wincing fear of being behind in the race, "and what will your World's Exhibition amount to, but the American Institute, *plus* a few of the articles that have already done duty in Hyde Park?"

All this looked reasonable. But the movers in the affair were actuated, doubtless, by two convictions: first, that it would pay well; and second, that it would tell well. Let us add to these, the hope that so general a movement, and one attended with such popular prestige, would draw forth every kind of industrial result, and stimulate American enterprise by proving American ability. The matter fell into the hands of certain gentlemen, well known in business and social circles. They interested those with whom they had connection. The prospect was justly represented as in no sense a rival of the Hyde Park Exhibition. It was admitted to be suggested by that, of course. It was urged, that it would be different—that it might be superior. Gradually, after long lagging, like its London prototype, the preparations for building were commenced; and, with instinctive American speed, the speculation in Crystal Palace stock commenced. The fury of the speculation was, necessarily, no indication of any thing but our willingness to speculate. Such enthusiasms have little relation to any actual, or even supposed value in the speculation itself. A railroad to the moon, or a proposal to drain the Polar Sea through Symmes' Hole, would be fancy stocks of a very pretty character, and huge fortunes might be made out of such substantial projects, if the wheel was only made to turn. For a few weeks, Crystal Palace stock was one of the most "active fancies." No one denied that it was a very fanciful stock; but the gains of forty and fifty per cent. were equally agreeable facts. Wall-street has the precious secret of converting fancies into facts. The stock rose, at one time, to seventy or eighty per cent. above par. One gentleman, who had watched the building closely as it advanced, observed one day something he thought might injure the durability of the structure. It was only a fancy of his; but he walked quietly into Wall-street, and, selling out, pocketed a gain of fifteen thousand dollars.

There were infinite and vexatious delays. There were troubles of every kind. The Directors grumbled, and an indignant public scoffed. The English Commissioners arrived too soon, and had a hot and hard time before, and after, the opening. There were doubts about the building, doubts about the inauguration, doubts of every kind and degree. The stock tottered, and fell gradually toward par. Then came the opening, in midsummer, before the Exhibition was arranged. It did not at first "take." The saloons of refreshment in the neighborhood, the ice-creameries—the fat woman—the Lilliputians—the giants—the five-legged calves—and all the other baits set for the superfluous attention and admiration of the American people, languished. The

crowds would not bite. Those who entered the Palace were satisfied in the highest degree, but wearied. They saved their attention and their money for other and still other visits. The great heats came, and the city was deserted by all who could run away. All who remained only asked for air and water. The great results of American industry, *plus* those of the rest of the world, were of no value in comparison with a lump of ice. Had there been any self-acting fans, warranted to cool families of respectable size, or any heat-annihilator, or any object of attention due to the Genius of the Boreal Pole, there would have been a rush, even in the dog-days, to the Crystal Palace.

But the summer has passed now; and lies, lost in memory, as an impossible dream. The speculation in Crystal Palace stock has ended, and is stagnant, probably, forever. The fat women have ridden away upon the five-legged calves; and the weasel with three eyes and an elbow in his tail, beholds no admirers. But pure and beautiful, from all this wreck of fancy and live stock, arises the Palace—every day justifying itself, and outstripping expectation by the infinite and exquisite variety of the details, and the splendor of the whole. Seen at night, when it is illuminated by only thirty less than the number of burners that light the streets of New York, it is a scene more gorgeous and graceful than the imagination of Eastern story-tellers saw. An indignant public is naturally wearied with the constant duty done by Aladdin's Palace in illustrating our modern, and, especially, our American progress: but the visitor to the Crystal Palace at evening, sees something which even to his outward eye is as airy and exquisite as that structure of Arabian fiction. There is a delicious coolness in the atmosphere, and a light elegance in the lines that float before him, which are worthily surmounted and crowned by the dome. It is a dome of Oriental characteristics. But there is nothing in architecture more pleasing. It seems to have been borne in upon a zephyr, and the slightest breath would lift it away. Blown like a bubble, in some happy moment of a Jinn's inspiration, it floats over the whole, imparting an aerial grace, not to be comprehended without being seen.

Beneath, in cheerful rivalry, meet all the nations, as of old kings met upon a Field of Cloth of Gold. But this is a tournament of friendship; this is a joust of justice. Denmark sends the solemn group of Thorwaldsen; and France, her rarest and most delicate tapestries and porcelains; and England, her solid silver and earthen ware; and hydra-headed Germany, a hundred varieties in every kind; and Italy, Belgium, and Holland—each their best. While America, like a host of infinitely various hospitality, receives each with a kindred welcome—meeting the beautiful and the useful of every art and of every country upon its own ground.

But the whole is better than a part; and the true success of the Exhibition lies in its justification of the American pride. We have grown tired of hearing that we were such a great nation; but the Crystal Palace inclines us to tolerate the boast. It will teach us the high-minded humility we want, by showing us what actual and undeniable successes we have achieved. Lyons, and Manchester, and Paris, and Vienna must look to their laurels. We do not boast without reason, and the reason is here. We assure our country friends that they can not hear too much of the Crystal Palace;—or if they think they do hear too much of it, let them hurry to New York; and when they return they will sing loudest in its praise. To us, sitting in our Easy Chair, and studying the town, this great centre of interest has a myriad aspects and suggestions that we do not mean to miss.

We lately stepped down from our Chair, and ran to look at the deserted garden of the "United States," at Saratoga, and to the lovely paths of Goat Island, and the solitary Newport beaches. It is strange to come when every body has gone: it is rather mournful to pace along the roads where hundreds of carriages have just rolled by; and to lounge about piazzas where there was music a month ago, and streams of sparkling life. Every thing has a faded air. The people look, as people do the next morning. There is a "garland dead" appearance in the very fields, upon which late autumn lays a frosty finger. But it is only because there is such an unnatural rush of life for a very brief period. Quiet country nooks, where quiet city folks go to pass the heats, have no such to-morrows; they are always the same. They know no sudden rise of fashion and gayety; no melancholy ebb. They do not excite the mind and the memory with a thousand pensive thoughts. On the other hand, their uniform sobriety is, in itself, a little sad. They are like the country men and women who live among the lonely hills—taciturn and dull.

The world is not perfect without man; and the landscape craves some human sympathy. These quiet country nooks beget a grave mood. Your merry men come from cities. Ringing laughter would profane and startle these solemn echoes. Would your audacious jest pluck this reverend silence by the beard?

Or if a band of gay young people goes glancing over the hills and down the valleys on some summer morning—not as in Saratoga and Newport, with Parisian morning-dresses and delicate Cinderella slippers, but with stout shoes to defy the damp and the sharp stones—when they have passed on, and the stillness has absorbed that drop of youthful joy, the succeeding silence is even more mournful than that of the bowling-alley when the belles have gone to dress for dinner. It is not a sense of weariness and lassitude, and a consciousness that the tide will turn and rise again to-morrow. It is rather the thought that this was a momentary and evanescent gleam; that it is not in the order of the slow and silent life of the country; and a musing fancy follows that happy group, like a shadow in the sunlight, and sings a requiem for them to itself.

This is a morbid fancy, and bred of the solitude of gay places. It comes in with the autumn. Perhaps it is our revenge as we walk the paths where you have just bounded so gayly along. It is sentimental; but all reverie is apt to be so. But it is useful also, for it warns us when, as now, we are back again and seated in our Chair, to remind you when you pack your trunk for the summer, to remember that there is an autumn, and even a long, blank winter behind. It will make you more genial: it will make you enjoy your summer more: and if it should suggest—which we dare not do—that the same autumn may one day overtake your spring, and your summer prime, why, we shall think that it was not in vain we went gleaning in the fields you had already reaped, and that the corn we found was as useful as its flower had been beautiful.

We have never heard that there was any thing very exhilarating in a promenade through a hospital, nor that insane asylums were visited for relaxation and pleasure. But we might easily infer it from the character of several of the exhibitions that now claim

public attention in the city. Disease and deformity are offered as matter of recreation. We are invited to pay a shilling or two for the ineffable pleasure of seeing fellow-creatures distorted, or bloated, or fallen into conditions which it is melancholy merely to contemplate. There are descriptions in certain medical books that fairly make the reader sick. He can not endure to look at the plates. They are too much for decent nerves. But here is the same thing in living and loathsome examples, and we are called upon to pay; and huge pictures of a woman remarkable only for that which distinguishes swine; and another of a woman bearded under the chin; and others of men dwarfed and stunted in growth, or of some one who fell asleep years ago, and has never recovered consciousness for more than a half-hour since; or of an "unnatural being," with innumerable limbs and eyes—aim to cajole the interest of the idlers about town, and prey upon their purses.

There is something so disgusting in all this that it can hardly be treated in sport. No laughable joke can be made upon a woman who weighs eight hundred pounds. The idea is so repulsive that nothing ludicrous is associated with it. It is curious for scientific men, and painful for all. Do you not see that we are all insulted by such exhibitions? We are all outraged by such foul publicity given to the deformities of the human body. Have we no subtle self-respect? Why is the admiration which a man offers to a beautiful woman finer than that of the love she inspires in a brute? Is there no secret sympathy of delight in the perfection of his own human frame, in that admiration? Do we not honor in great men the altitudes of power and success which we instinctively feel lie in human capacity, in which we have a share? Now if this is so—if we do really glory in the greatness of men and the beauty of women, partly, at least, because it is human, and therefore, in some degree, ours, why have we not the corresponding grief at the opposite of these?

The truth is that we *are* pained. It is only women whose souls are fat and torpid, who can possibly delight in seeing a mountain of human flesh; and only men whose manliness has never awakened, who can enjoy the spectacle of a man who has slept for years, until he is only a breathing corpse. The thoughtful, the sensible, the humane, and the decent, pass by these frightful lures. And we should be sorry if we saw any of our country friends, who came to the city to enjoy in it the triumphant results of human genius and skill, turning aside to give their countenance to speculations upon the most deplorable accidents of human nature.

But when our friends do come to the city, we beg them not to scold if they stumble in Broadway as they climb over the Andes and Alps of building-lumber that obstruct the street. For out of all that heaping, and smoking, and mixing—out of those piles of brick, and board, and stone, a street will arise, which will well repay their children to come and see. The great superiority of foreign streets to ours in point of picturesqueness, has always been the massive front of palaces, broken into beautiful variety by the balconies and railings. In London, where palaces are comparatively rare, the club-houses take their place in street-architecture; and, with us, it is the hotels that are at once to give solidity and ornament to our thoroughfares. Broadway has changed in the last twenty years more than any similar important street in the world. And all the changes have been improvements.

"What are these splendid palaces?" a fresh emigrant might well ask, as he sauntered by the Astor, the Irving, Stewart's, the St. Nicholas, the Prescott, the Metropolitan, the Lafarge, the New York, the St. Denis, and the many marble and freestone stores that flank our great promenade. "Have you noblemen and royal people here, too?"

No, my good fresh emigrant, not in your sense. But noble men we have in profusion; and it is, in truth, for the royal people that these palaces are reared. Lately Laurino arrived from Rome, where he has lived for a dozen years. Rome is a city in which no houses have been built for a long time. We had not seen Laurino since parting with him, six years ago, in the piazza of St. Peter's. Seeing his name among the arrivals at the Prescott, we called to see him. There were the heartiest greetings exchanged, and we rattled off into busy conversation. We spoke of traveling, of Europe, and America.

"Isn't it remarkable," said Laurino, "that people throng across the water to see palaces? Why, there is not a palace in Italy so elaborately and exquisitely finished as this hall."

We made proper allowance for his patriotism, and for the newness of the house; but he was right at bottom. There is a lavish splendor in the decoration of these houses which might easily justify, to a man like our fresh emigrant, the idea that he had reached a land where the streets were paved with gold, and crops of diamonds and rubies were harvested in the back-yard. We hope that the people will keep pace with all this fine building, and that our beautiful houses will not put us to shame.

"I observe," said Laurino, "that the guests of this house treat it as no Italian ever treats his palace. They spit on the floor; they wipe their feet on the costly chairs and sofas; they nick the edges of the tables and other furniture;—I am afraid if there were portraits on the walls they would squirt tobacco-juice at the eyes, simply to try their skill. They may be very rich and very democratic, all these gentlemen; but the poorest and most aristocratic man in Europe would be more respectful of his house and furniture than they are of theirs. I hope they have not discovered a new way of telling the old story of Beauty and the Beast."

So our friend ran on in his flourishing Italian way—for he has lived so long there as to have acquired many very singular notions. But we thought, as we were going home afterward, and observed how like the stately homes of patrician pride the fronts of white marble hotels appeared in the moonlight, that there might be some reason in his warmth; and we resolved to speak to you about it, and ask your opinion.

Death has bruised the heart of our summer and autumn; not a great solitary death like that which a year ago bore off our grandest of statesmen and orators; nor yet a group of deaths like that which came with the fierce crash at Norwalk (now almost forgotten); but a multitude of deaths with a blazing sun and black pestilence for executioners. Mortality among us seems to have taken on the great strides of our growth, and its march is becoming assimilated to that of our expanding nationality. Cities die in a day, as they grow up in a day, and the graveyards take on the huge proportions of our marts of commerce.

It is late now to draw any moral from a story which is grown old, and of which the simple telling carries larger weight than any added reflections. We note it down here as a part of the subject matter which

has most dwelt upon the summer thought of the people, and which will leave a sad and sombre trail of mournful memories for a quarter of a century to come.

The great city too, which with its vast advantages of position and of commerce, was growing into the proportions of a metropolis, with its society, its fashions, its accredited habits, its municipal order, its religion will, we fear, slip back a pace or two into that unformed outpost of business, where men will stop only for their trade, and from which they will hurry away for their homes and their pleasure. Indeed it has long been a striking peculiarity of New Orleans, above even all other American cities, that it has worn no air of home; its citizens have worn the bustle and the nervous activity of men who were only *staying* a little longer; its palaces of abode have been hotels; its exchange has been in the strangers' bar-room; its churches have been like missionary stations on the edge of barbarism. Only some small portion of the city—and that portion a foreign portion, where a foreign language and foreign habits have prevailed—has shown an air of domesticity, and curtained home-like windows, and the smoke of kitchen fires. We do not doubt that this portion remains even now undisturbed in the midst of the stalking pestilence; and that the wezzen-faced old gentlemen who have for twenty years smoked their cigars around the St. Louis Exchange, or upon the esplanade by the Cathedral, puff bravely on up to this day.

Every climate must have its distinctive race; and though Yankee blood can brave very much of danger, it can never successfully combat the pestilential vapors of New Orleans.

In our own city too, where death has been doing its work fearfully, it has cut down only those who had grown up in countries where no such burning sun was known; nor do we think that a single case is recorded, which reasonable precaution might not have prevented. This effect of a burning sun is understood in the southern cities of Europe, and in the East; and even foreigners escape in those regions from a sun far more intolerant than our own. But we will not dwell upon a gloomy, and a gone-by theme.

AUSTRIA has come again upon the theatre of observation, by reason of her strange action in reference to a Hungarian refugee. The mouths of people have been full of indignation, and even the quieter world of Europe has expressed strong sympathy with the subject of Austrian seizure. It is curious indeed to observe how the little journals of Switzerland (which we happen to have just now under our eye) rally strongly to the defense of the American action, and greet with infinite good-will the disposition to protect from Austrian aggression an escaping republican. Whether the present difficulty between one of the cantons of Switzerland and the Empire of Austria has not some connection with this quick and fervent expression of feeling, is indeed quite another question.

It would seem almost as if Austrian action in this matter were about to precipitate that exercise of American influence upon the political affairs of Europe, which has so long been anticipated—half with dread, and yet with a certain measure of pride. It is quite sure that the name and action of our nation are becoming more and more a standing topic with the journals of central Europe; and where, ten years ago, you saw only mention of the United States as a kind of subsidiary province to Great Britain, spoken of in the same type and terms with which they would speak of Madras, or of the Bahamas, you now find a weekly column of American advices, and this far-away nation giving staple for editorial discourse. Even within three or four years, the change in the aspect and conduct of Continental journals is most surprising. Traveling strangers moreover, to the interior parts of Europe, who hail from the United States, and who four or five years ago were reckoned only as a kind of off-branch of Englishmen, differing from them chiefly in being less civilized and in having no queen, are now generally accredited a nationality of their own. They are supposed to have their own topics of conversation, their own individuality of thought, their own determination of character, and possibly, nowadays, their own concern in what regards the welfare of the human race, or of down-trodden nations, even upon the Continent of Europe.

It is most earnestly and seriously to be hoped, in this growing cognizance of our rank, and identity, and force, that no rash or unseemly step may be taken; and that our first expression of opinion, in reference to European politics may be such as shall carry weight by reason of its dignity, and its undisguised sympathy with the march of freedom.

In this view it is more than ever important that our ministers and agents abroad should have such share of manliness and decorum, as may kindle respect, and may create that sort of fraternization with the best deserving of Europe, as shall extend our influence, and add to the national honor.

Nor is it to be forgotten in this connection, that *manner* has a value with the most worthy of European observers, and that the audacity and *brusquerie* of the street is not considered the best proof of real humanity or of sterling Republicanism. It is not reckoned that Marat was any better a democrat by reason of his grossness, or Vergniaud the less deserving by reason of his suavity. Indeed the American who assumes a noisy disregard of such modes of society as have grown up in Europe with centuries, will find himself in nine cases in ten, at once debarred from communication with the best thinking men of the old world.

We are led into these remarks the more readily, from the fact that the old world is just now full of our countrymen, and since the Continental baths and summer resorts are becoming to us only a more distant Saratoga and Newport. Indeed we are looking forward to a day not very far off, when newspaper correspondents will give us the same piquant personalities at the foreign springs, which they now give us at home. Already the *Hôtels de New York*, and *des Etats Unis*, are multiplying in the Continental cities, and old established houses are spoken of as frequented by Americans, as in former days they were spoken of, as frequented by English.

APROPOS of this summer visiting of our countrymen, it may be mentioned that the North Star, Mr. Vanderbilt's steam yacht, has been ordered away from the harbor of Civita Vecchia, and (as the papers say) met with no better reception at Naples. The truth is, she arrived off the Roman sea-port just as the Papal powers were in great apprehension of the new Mazzini plot, and the sight of a huge steamer bearing the bodeful flag of stars and stripes was too much for the disquieted nerves of the authorities. That the same tremor should have overtaken the Neapolitan government is no way surprising, in respect of a Power which is as eminent for cowardly weakness, as it is for blundering stupidity.

In British waters it would seem that American craft have lost somewhat of the prestige which the "America" gave two years ago. An American yacht

has been beaten in Southampton waters, and to make matters worse, our steamers have met with such mishaps to machinery, as have again put the Cunarders on the front list. There is nothing to be done, but to put new zeal to the work, and to equip our hulls with the strong engines they make at Glasgow. It is to be observed, however, that while the Silvie was losing ground at Spithead, an American clipper ship, the Sovereign of the Seas, was loading in an English port, under English charter, with the most valuable cargo ever freighted upon a single merchantman, bound for the English ports of Australia.

It is not to be doubted that with the *habilité* which the French have always shown in the arrangement of all kinds of fêtes, the World's Fête which they have undertaken, will come up even to the colossal proportions of that of London, if it does not go beyond that. The Emperor is understood to have embarked his most ambitious wishes in connection with the scheme; and he will endeavor to make that year of his empire memorable which witnesses the Fête of Industry, as well as that other one (not very far off) which sees the completion of the magnificent fabric of the Louvre.

Meantime the gayeties of the French capital have become transferred to the little watering-place resort of Dieppe, where it is understood that the Empress is to make a stay of a few weeks for the benefit of her health. The Emperor accompanies her; and seems, in the quiet town of Dieppe, at a large premium. Foreigners throng the streets and lodgings of Paris, although the usual autumn season is hardly commenced. Indeed, all over the Continent of Europe, there are complaints of the plethora of travel. The hotels are crammed to their utmost (we speak of mid-September); no good quarters can be secured in either the Swiss or the Rhenish inns without the expensive precaution of an *avant courier*. The journals even speak of a party of English ladies spending the night in their *char-a-banc* at Chamouni, for want of a better shelter in the crowded town. Every exigence of out-houses and garrets is brought into requisition, and every cast-off carriage is re-vamped for the press of visitors, yet still there is lack of accommodation, both at inns and upon the road.

Among the topics of the British press of the past season, may be specially noted the Queen's progress through Ireland, to the Great Exhibition, and thence to Scotland, where she has been making her third or fourth visit. We say, it may be specially noted, since it has filled whole columns of the British papers, and offered choice subjects for the limners of the illustrated journals of all classes and degrees. It is to be hoped, if the Queen continue up to the close of life the nomad spirit which she has manifested hitherto, that the very commonness of her journeyings will forestall that languor and prolixity of description, by both pen and pencil, which now follow her up as closely as the Prince's best beagles his game.

It is understood that the Queen's move-about-ativeness (as Mr. Willis would say) has become prolific subject of talk among the quiet people of the kingdom; and there are many who stoutly condemn her apparent proclivity toward fêtes, and money-spendings of various sorts. The Queen, however, has much the best of the argument; and if a people as large and as rich as our reverend friends the British choose to keep afloat the extravagant bauble of monarchy, they must not quarrel with the "bobbings about" which the bauble may happen to display. There is surely as much reasonableness in going to Scotland and Ireland, and all about, in Victoria (who has her own surname), as in any other gallant lady who is the mother of so strong a troop of children; and if the nation that has adopted her as Sovereign, can not suffer her to go without lavishing thousands on her steps, the error lies in the system of such adoption, and not surely in any willfulness or extravagance of the Queen.

In contrast, by-the-by, with this summer journeying of Victoria, and with the noise that belonged to the English visit of the Prince of Prussia, we may be permitted to allude, without offense, to the exceedingly quiet manner in which ex-President Martin Van Buren has rubbed off his summer trip upon the Continent. It is true that he had retired from his delegated power, and it is true that he was born to no great position, but came to it in virtue of his own effort, industry, and ability. Yet he held the executive chair over a nation, whose ships could float all the kings, and nobles, and regalia of the world—whose empire shows at once greater breadth and vitality than the half of them all together; whose power, too, in the years that are speedily to come, will be a power listened to, and looked for, from China, and round to China again; and whose force lies in the energy, industry, and genius of intelligent, free-acting citizens, knowing no formulas of prerogative—acknowledging no system of castes, bowing to no accident of birth, sustained by no splendor of heirship, but dependent only and proudly (before Heaven) on *themselves*.

Yet, as we said, the late President of this nation takes a run through Europe, with scarce more than casual mention. Here and there, an enterprising hotel-keeper arranges that his name should be chronicled as ex-President; here and there a shop-keeper tells his Russian or English customer, that the President of the American Republic has purchased such and such things; and at odd intervals, a courier, or a coach-driver, with an inkling of his presence, boasts of serving him, the next day. But further than this, the trip of the late President has been as easy and pleasant as a summer's cloud.

This is well: it is well that our force should work out all its energies quietly and insensibly, by the *collective* energies of all; it is well that the *individuation*, which is the distinctive mark of monarchies, should go out with us; and it is well that the nationality should absorb individual forces and names, so that we might be kept from idols.

It would be curious to consider what might be the result of a visit to Europe from an acting American President; a thing which, in this day of nine days' crossing, is not surely beyond the pale of all probability. It would be curious to watch what attentions might overtake such a visitor, and what acceptance might be given to them.

One thing he might hope bravely to escape—to wit, the following of office-seekers; nor can we recall at the present moment another mode in which this pursuit could be evaded. It would be not only curious, but interesting, to contrast pointedly the plainness and simplicity of our executive forms, with the tinsel and trappings of even the smallest duchies of Europe.

We venture to drop here, in the drift of our Easy-Chair reflections, another fragment from our foreign friend, whose letters we have already made serviceable:

"If you come to Switzerland away from your desk, don't count on finding any Winkelrieds, or Tells, or indeed any gentlemen of that stamp—least of all among innkeepers. I don't know but I am un-

just, or prejudiced; but it seems to me that in no quarter of the world have I ever met with entertainers so resolutely bent on obtaining the largest price for the smallest quantum of comfort as in Switzerland. Nor do I say this in disparagement of the hotels themselves, which (many of them) are the neatest and best-ordered in Europe; but I speak of the *moneyed* disposition of those who have their control—measurable as they are, in the majority of instances, both soul and body, by sixpences or gold coin.

"This disposition belongs not only to the fraternity of innkeepers, but to the Cantonal governments themselves. Thus, in several quarters, I find a strange ordinance forbidding a muleteer, or a man with saddle-horses, to take a back fare; yet requiring a double fare of every person he serves. Thus, in going from Martigny to Chamouni you pay both ways—that is, for two full days' services. In returning, you can not avail yourself of a return muleteer, but must again pay a double rate to an enterprising mule-driver of Chamouni. This will serve only as a type of the progressive and aggressive spirit of this mountain people. The *diligence*, *malle-poste*, and all that comes under the control of the constituted authorities, evinces, if possible, even more of a money-getting spirit.

"Do not think from this that traveling is any way extravagant in Switzerland: with all the drawbacks it is as cheap as in any part of Europe, arising from the exceeding cheapness of *materiel*, and in spite of all the systems of petty extortion. Were Switzerland all within a vast inclosure, to enter which would require an enormous fee, no man who had once been there could hesitate, I think, to pay it a second time. But the sight and the knowledge of every-day efforts at extortion, kindle a vexation that does not accord with the view of the grand things which burst upon you at every hand. The Swiss are small; but their country is very great.

"If you have any idea that Mont Blanc (which by the way is not in Switzerland, but in Sardinia), and a few other mountain heights, make up all that is to be seen and to be remembered after six weeks within the Cantons, you are vastly mistaken. There is something more, in the presence of the glaciers, and bald precipices streaked with the paths of avalanche, and snows lasting through centuries, which grows into a man's thought, and enlarges somehow his meditative capacity, and begets in him a respect for the grandness of nature, which dwarfs and almost extinguishes whatever he may once have thought of the grandness of persons.

"It is not enough by half to say either with pen or pencil that the mountains are high hereabout: you must come and stand under them, and measure yourself by them; or you must toil up, and shudder at the thunder of a few ice-flakes, which they will fling off by a kind of insensible perspiration; you must look down from them on towns turned to child's toy-shops, and church steeples grown less than your staff; and linger through a storm gathering, and bursting with faint crashes below you.

"I have often wondered what sort of an idea a man would have of Switzerland, if he could read all the home-letters of a summer's bevy of travelers. I am sure it would not be so good as he would get by one ten minutes' look from the *Hôtel des Bergues*, at Geneva, upon the jutting lips of Mount Blanc and his chain, though the chain is sixty miles off. Snow, to be sure, is always snow, and nothing but snow: but to see it sparkle from fifty miles away, three miles aloft in the heavens, in a sharp, hard, positive peak, that has bleached there any time these last ten centuries, is a thing so unusual, that you doubt, and wonder, and are charmed—all together.

"It is the absurdest thing in the world to attempt to convey to you by description, any idea of that Swiss landscape which lies under the windows *des Bergues*: and yet with an idle half-hour on my hands, and that *cacoethes* of the pen which infects all new-come travelers, I will even try.

"First is a street, clean, well-paved; on its further side a balustrade warding off the singularly blue waters of the lake, just where the lake circling the little island of Rousseau, narrows and quickens, and becomes the Rhone. The flow is swift, but so unbroken that your eye dives straight down through its glassy surface, and sees the fish and the pebbles at the bottom. The island of Rousseau is tufted with a copse of willows and lindens, presided over by a Lombardy poplar: and when the sun is in the west, the shadow of these trees stretches across to the further quay, where the steamers are moored, and where the old Genevese city begins. There are tall houses at the first, and then all-shaped roofs, and chimney-tops, tier above tier, until the quaint twin towers of the old Calvinist Cathedral crown them, and stand in gray relief against the hazy cliffs of the nearer hills of Savoy. These hills are bold, and bound the horizon, as you look southward, with their broken line of slope and precipice. But when your eye ranges toward the east, the hills dip in an easy, flowing line that blends almost with the wooded shores of the lake; and then rise again into a conical mountain, which stands like an advance-sentry of the great white Alpine camp, whose tent-tops break into the sky beyond, and glitter in the sun.

"Thus it is between the gradual slope of the fronting hills and the conical mountain to the left, that you see the chain of Mont Blanc: the monarch himself hangs a rounded hulk of silver, just where the hills of Savoy begin to droop; then follow the fellow peaks, some rounded like the monarch, and only distinguishable by their lesser height; others sharp, and showing at this distance the bare streaks of precipice where the snow will not stay; others cleft in great gaps, where the green glaciers lie and reflect the sun more brightly than the snow; and others still in the shape of crags of irregular shape, with snow only resting on them in blotches, which, if your eye is not well taught, you will take for lingering remnants of white cloud.

"It happened to me the other day to catch this Alpine view, when all the rest of the horizon was clouded, and a light rain falling. Only there, looking eastward, was a vista open: every peak was as distinct as the trees upon the island; and every peak was lit up with the sun, streaming through openings I could not see. The effect was magical; and the mountain rampart flashing in the light of another sky, seemed like the walls and towers of some such Celestial City as Christian saw on his way toward Beulah.

"The distant views are, I should say, the more pleasing; but certainly the near views are the more startling and astonishing; your traveler who never sees any thing wonderful, can, perhaps, amuse himself with a 'pish' or a 'pshaw,' or a 'very pretty,' at a sixty-mile view; but perch him on the Rhigi, or at the foot of the Yungfrau, after a stout climb of five hours, to scale the Wengern Alp, and his conceit will be frozen out of him utterly. I think it is Kinglake who says in his book of Eothen, 'You can not mock at the Sphinx.' I should think a man could not mock at the Yungfrau!

"It seems to me that in heathen time, the people who dwelt in the valleys of Switzerland, must have worshiped the mountains: they impress one with a kind of awe that belongs to a superior presence; you look at them dreadfully. They bear the clouds in their arms like children; and fold them when they come back, truant-like, to their bosoms. Again they seem like giants, shouldering the glaciers, and jostling them, and breaking them wrathfully in avalanches.

"This you feel specially when you stand upon the heights of the Rhigi, and see the great brotherhood of the Bernese Alpine giants behind you, and yet close by you, in serried ranks, colossal, gaunt, cold, pushing their craggy foreheads into the middle heavens—with no hamlet, and no foot-place of man upon all their skirts, their valleys crowded with billows of ice, and their bald heads bared to the tempests. And turning from these (only a shifting of the eyes), you see such outspread beauty of meadow and lake—forest and sloping hill-side, as would entrance you amid the ruralities of England. Only, prepare yourself for bewilderment, by reason of the great stretch of meadow, and the multiplying of the lakes. I will not dare to tell you of the acres of green fields you will see, nor the number of the lakes. But the first, with all their wideness and their beauty, seem like the green tint of a child's toy-country; and the lakes like little dishes of polished silver; and yet they are both so nearly under you, as you stand shivering in the wind, that it seems as if you might hurl your Alpenstock straight down among the orchards, or fling a five-franc bit upon the bosom of either lake.

"I daresay every fresh traveler will tell you the same thing of the wonders which greet him hereabout; but no commonness of travel can bring tameness to the Alps, or make commonplace their grandeur. There are those at home who, in a spirit of worthy patriotism (which savors of profanity), will venture to compare the New Hampshire mountains with those of Savoy or Switzerland: just as some earnest Utican might talk of Trenton Falls in the same breath with Niagara. Pray, never listen to them. They are deluded—misguided. They should be commended to charitable societies—societies for the charge of incurable lunatics.

"Washington and Jefferson (I speak of the mountains) are great in their way; and he who climbs them on a summer's day will find it out. But to make them comparable with the heighs that shadow the valleys of Switzerland, you must double and quadruple them; and after this, you must crush them and all their outlying valleys together, until the plain-land lies as high as the mountains; you must pour ice in their crevices for at least a decade of years; you must stretch out the northern summer for months, until the glaciers feel it, and run over in bounding waterfalls upon every mountain valley."

Editor's Drawer.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us, as his "deposit" for the "Drawer," the following:

"Some two miles distant from our city, there resides a physician, somewhat noted for his penurious manner of dealing with all those who may chance to fall into his 'practice.' Let me cite one of the many incidents relating to this gentleman, which has happened during his residence here:

"Some time since, in settling an account with one of his neighbors, the following items were rendered in his bill. It should be mentioned that he had a field of buckwheat immediately adjoining his friend's house:

"'Mr. ———	To Dr. ——, *Dr.*
"'To pasturing Bees on Buckwheat, from June to September	$ 63
"'To time spent in watching said ——'s Bees.	3 00
	$3 63

"Such an account was of course refused payment; but the Doctor carried it up into 'the courts,' one after another, but, after all, had the pleasure of paying all the costs, besides bearing the odium attached to such small proceedings."

Now this, which we are assured by our correspondent is *true* in all respects, is only equaled by a like story of a somewhat similar physician, in a certain town in the region of "Down East," which shall for the present be nameless. The story is entirely authentic, and is told in the dialect of those parts by a simple-minded narrator:

"I 'xpect you've hear'n tell of Dr. A——, hain't you?"

"No, I never have."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. You see, one day I met the Doctor at Simpkin's store, a-buyin' some groceries. It was awful cold. I felt a little hoarse, and my tongue was dreadfully furred up. So says I to the Doctor, says I:

"'My head feels a little acheish, like: what do you think I had better do?'

"'Why, friend S——,' says the Doctor, says he, 'the best thing you can do is to go straight home and soak your feet, and take a sweat; 'cause if you *don't*,' says he, 'like as not you may have a fever.'

"Says I, 'Doctor, I was just a-thinkin' that a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it right away.'

"Well, I did; I went home, and took a bowl-full of tansy-tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver, 'tain't no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was.

"Well, a day or two afterward I met the Doctor; and after a little talking, says the Doctor, says he:

"'Neighbor J——, I've got a little bill ag'in you!'

"I looked at him *chas*, and says I, '*A bill*, Doctor?'

"'Yes,' says he, 'a bill for advice, you know, at Simpkin's store the other day.'

"What do you think he had gone and done? He'd act'ally charged me tew dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself.

"'Well, Doctor,' says I (for I didn't want to appear small, you know), 'it's all right; I'll bear it in mind.'

"Well, a few days after, the Doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and somehow or 'nother one of the wheels got a little loose; so says I, 'Doctor, ef you don't drive that linch-pin in an inch or so, that wheel will come off.'

"Says he, 'Thank you,' and he took a stun and driv in the pin.

"Well, I went into the house and jest made a charge of it; and when he came along the next time I presented him the bill:

"'Hello!' says the Doctor, says he: 'what on airth is *this* for?' says he.

"'Why, it's for *advice*,' says I.

"'Advice!' says he—'what edvice? I hain't had none o' *your* advice.'

"'Why, for driving in your wheel-pin, and I've

only charged you two dollars twenty-five cents; and ef I hadn't given you the advice, it might have cost you twenty times as much.'

"'Well,' says the Doctor, 'the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents.'

"'That's all you owe me,' says I.

"'Well, I'll bear it in mind,' says he.

"And I 'xpect he will: he's as tight as a candle-mould, the Doctor is, and I guess he is *able* to bear it in mind!"

We confess to a degree of pleasure in the perusal of these "diamond-cut-diamond" anecdotes. They indicate that order of "compensation in nature," by which meanness so often is "overcome of itself." And, in this connection, we will close with "one more of the same sort," which is related of a Mr. S——, an honest and highly-esteemed grocer, for many years a resident of one of the larger towns of New Hampshire:

It seems that a man had purchased some wool of him, which had been weighed and paid for, and Mr. S—— had gone to the desk to get change for a note which had been handed to him by his "customer." While standing at his desk, he happened to turn his head, and saw, in a looking-glass which was suspended near him, a stout arm reach up and take down from the shelf a heavy "white-oak" cheese and deposit it in the bag!

Instead of appearing suddenly, and rebuking the man for his theft, as many a less reflecting person would have done, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change, as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretense of lifting the bag to lay it on his horse for him, he took hold of it, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, bless me! I must have reckoned the weight wrong!"

"Oh, no," said his "customer," "that can't be so, because I counted *with* you, you know."

"Well, well," said Mr. S——, "we won't dispute about the matter, it is so easily settled by just putting the bag in the scales again," which he proceeded at once to do.

"There," said he, "I *told* you so. I *thought* I must be right. I made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds: however, if you don't want the whole, I'll take a part of it out: it don't make any odds to *me*."

"No, no!" said the victim, struggling in the wicked trap which he had set for his neighbor, and stopping the hands of Mr. S——, on the way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for his dishonesty by receiving "skim-milk" cheese at the high price of wool!

BOOK-BORROWERS, who forget to return the volumes which the kindness of friends enables them to read, should peruse the following lines, which, it is said, were written more than sixty years ago. They are as apposite, however, now as they were at that remote period:

"If I this book do lend to you,
Or you of me do borrow,
So soon as you have read it through,
Pray bring it home the morrow.

"Then after which, if you do want
To borrow yet another,
Just come to me, and you shall see
That I can lend the other."

"*A Constant Reader of Harper's Magazine*" sends us the following "*Story of an Eccentric Preacher*," which "will be known to hundreds to be authentic, in the town where the subject of it resides and officiates:

"His congregation, with few exceptions, were regularly (or rather irregularly) too late at the church. The pastor reproved, he even 'scolded,' but all in vain. At last he determined to mortify the laggards. So one Sunday morning he arose, exactly at the appointed minute, and gave out the hymn, which was a short one. The choir, and a few punctual worshipers, as once proceeded to sing it to an equally short tune. The preacher uttered a brief prayer, and then read a short chapter for the morning lesson, after which he took his seat, and waited patiently for the congregation to come in.

"After some time the house was filled, the most of the congregation wondering why the service had not commenced. The clergyman now arose, and announced the *second* hymn. While the choir were singing the last verse, the majority of the worshipers (newly arrived) began to adjust themselves for prayer. Some kneeled, others bowed their heads on the backs of the pews, while those among the congregation who happened to be the 'knowing ones' sat still.

"The preacher stood in the pulpit with his text before him, and watched his hearers as, one by one, they looked around to see why he didn't begin his prayer. After enjoying the success of his stratagem for awhile, he calmly said:

"'You may get up now, and take your seats. Our punctual friends, with your pastor, have had prayers. You will now hear the sermon!'

"That congregation," adds our "Constant Reader," "were punctual, to my own knowledge, for at least three Sundays afterward." And he continues:

"This reminds me of an entirely reliable anecdote of Washington, which I have never seen either in a newspaper or in a magazine. It was told by the late venerable Reverend Ashabel Green, of Philadelphia, in a record penned by himself.

"While Washington lived in Philadelphia, as President of the United States, he used often to ask the good Doctor to dine with him. At one of these dinner-parties, the whole diplomatic corps were invited, and the precise hour of dining very particularly and plainly named on the card of invitation.

"Punctually to the moment, Washington, with the few who had assembled, took their seats at the table. The other guests came in one by one, and finally, toward the close of the dinner, the last man arrived. When he was seated at the table, Washington, with cheerful gravity, said:

"'Gentlemen, I have a cook who never asks whether the *guests* have arrived, but whether the *hour* has come!'"

ONE of those ready "turns" which some of the London papers are gathering together, and publishing under the heading of "*American Sharp Hits and Witty Sayings*," may be considered the following, which we commend to their receptacles:

Not long since, in a car running out of a pleasant town in the State of Ohio, a lady was assiduously distributing tracts, which were always graciously and courteously received by the passengers. The tract, however, which this female *colporteur* was circulating on the present occasion happened to be entitled "*Give me thy Heart*," an excellent and popularly-written treatise upon the divine injunction.

This tract she presented to a very quiet looking gentleman, who read its title, and with a pleasant smile upon his face, said:

"I am sorry, but I really can't do it, madam. this woman sitting by me is *my wife!*"

The passengers burst out into roars of laughter, in which the tract-distributor herself could not help joining.

SINCE our acquisition of the "Golden State" of California, exciting incidents among the Rocky Mountains are much more frequent than formerly; but even now they are comparatively rare. How it will be when all the vast extent of our continent which stretches between us and the great Pacific is traveled over, we can not now conjecture. We shall doubtless know something more of this when the several surveying parties have returned home, and made their separate reports to the Government.

In the mean time, howbeit, here is a very amusing incident which happened to a traveling daguerreotype artist, who had halted for a little while, with two or three companions, his assistants, in the rear of their main company, for the purpose of taking some remarkable rocks, which had attracted their attention, and greatly excited their admiration.

They were busily engaged in transferring the strange, wild scene to their metallic plates, when a war-party of Indians suddenly sprang from behind the rocks, and, giving a frightful yell, advanced, with lances poised, ready for battle; when the artist, with a coolness and presence of mind which can not be too much commended, turned toward the advancing party his huge camera, and mystically waving over the instrument, with its apparently death-dealing tube, the black cloths in which his pictures were wrapped, held his lighted cigar in frightful proximity to the dreadful engine, whose "rude throat" threatened to blow any enemy out of existence!

The savages had heard strange stories of deadly mortars and Paixhan guns, which in one terrific burst could sweep away whole parties of red-skins; and, panic-stricken, they paused, but for a moment, then veered to the right, and with eyes intently fixed upon the dreaded instrument.

"But," says the account, "the strange mortar followed them, its dangerous muzzle ever keeping them in a straight line. Pop! pop! pop! went the revolvers from beneath the instrument. This was but the prelude of the death-waging storm that was about to burst upon them. They could no longer stand the shock, but with a simultaneous yell broke away toward the rocks. Bang!-bang! bang! went the artists' guns after them. Strange and terrific sounds reverberated through the mountain gorges, and were echoed back by the cavernous rocks—yells, shrieks, and rumbling thunders!

"The smoke cleared away, and the artists were alone. No time, of course, was lost in rejoining the caravan; and, all danger being over, it often became the subject of merriment around the camp-fire, this novel charge upon savage Indians with a daguerreotype instrument!"

A GOOD and wholesome satire is conveyed in the following, in relation to that weakest of all affectations, the affectation of using what is called "big language," instead of those simple terms which are first presented to the mind of every person of common sense:

"A learned young lady, the other evening, astonished a company by asking for the loan of 'a diminutive argenteous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.'

"She wanted *a thimble!*"

THE wretched incoherency with which a man who is intoxicated endeavors to "wreak himself upon expression," which his thick and faltering tongue refuses to yield, is well exemplified in the following. The inebriate gives his wife this confused account of his present condition, and "how he came so:"

"Mr. Smith's grocery-store invited me to go and drink Cousin Sam—and, you see, the weather was dry—and I was very sloppy—so I said I didn't mind punching *one* drink—and it's queer how my head went into the punch though! The way home was so dizzy, that I slipt upon a little dog—the corner of the street bit me—and an old gentleman with cropped ears and a brass collar on his neck said he belonged to the dog—and I was, you understand—that is, I do' know nothing about it!"

Almost as clear as a companion tippler, on another occasion, who, in describing the manner in which he had driven some pigs from a corn-field, and the trouble he had in doing it, said:

"Would you b'lieve it?—every single one o' them pumpkins catched up a pig, and run through the devil as if the fence was after him!"

The "Eliver Olsworth" "b'iling her bu'ster" was nothing to this rapid transposition.

Is it not a very strange thing how errors of fact, how alleged sayings, which never occurred, become perpetuated? "I say 'Ditto to Mr. Burke,'" is a phrase which has almost become "classic," and was attributed to Mr. C——, a gentleman well known and respectably connected in this city, while standing upon the hustings on one occasion with Mr. Burke, at an election gathering held in Bristol, England. And yet Mr. C——, it has been abundantly proved, never made use of the expression; but, on the other hand, was a man of distinguished parts, who had no occasion to say "Ditto" to any body—not even so great a man as Mr. Burke.

Now, who has not heard of the "*Cotton-bags of New Orleans*," at General Jackson's famous and astounding battle there? And yet it seems, on General Jackson's own authority, there was not a single cotton-bag on the field during the whole of that eventful contest! A writer in a Southern journal, in an exceedingly interesting account of a visit which he paid to General Jackson in 1839, says:

"I longed to hear him speak of his great battle; and one of the greatest battles, too, of modern history—the crowning exploit of his military life—the battle of the 8th of January, before New Orleans.

"He had just returned from his last visit to that city, and lamented the decease of most of his old compatriots since that battle. He graphically described the field, the '*fortifications*,' as he laughingly termed them, and *the victory*, in a manner that I can never forget.

"'Mr. Eaton,' said General Jackson, 'has greatly erred in his description of the American works. He says I had "strong breast-works of cotton-bags." *There was not a single bag of cotton in the field, sir—not one.* I had some store-boxes and sand-bags, or bags filled with sand, and these were extended along the lines; but at the close of the action, when the British surviving General-in-command came riding up on an elegant horse, to surrender his sword, I heard him exclaim, with mortified surprise:

"'*Barricades!*—why, I could leap them with my horse!'

"'I laughed heartily,' added General Jackson, 'at his astonishment, for so he could; and, besides, on *one* wing the works were not completed. I had nothing there but a corn-field fence (if the British had only known it) to turn. But by keeping my men

constantly throwing over ladders and fascines on the works, the British were deceived.

"'I never had,' continued General Jackson, 'so grand and awful an idea of the Resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat—our men were even then in hot pursuit of the flying enemy—I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible, as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action.'

"General Jackson justly regarded this action as the most glorious achievement of his life. That victory was as glorious to his country as to the 'Hero of New Orleans;' yet the *strategy* of the General in this masterly battle has never been duly appreciated."

"THEY SAY" there is a good deal of scandal always going on in small villages; that every body (he or she) doesn't mind his or her business. This may not be so; for "THEY SAY" himself is a great scandal-monger, and has done a deal of mischief in his time, by insinuating what he dared not distinctly charge or assert. But if there *be* any impertinent persons, male or female, married or single, in the thousand villages whither our Magazine finds its way, who do not find it convenient to "mind their own business," we commend to their careful attention the following lines:

"Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose,
To wait upon a lady,
If the *lady* don't refuse?
"Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?

"Is it any body's business
When that gentleman doth call,
Or when he leaves the lady,
Or if he leaves at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtains should be drawn,
To save from further trouble
The outside lookers-on?

"Is it any body's business,
But the *lady's*, if her beau
Rideth out with *other* ladies,
And doesn't let *her* know?
Is it any body's business,
But the *gentleman's*, if she
Should accept another escort,
Where he doesn't chance to be?

"If a person's on the side-walk,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it any body's business
Where that person means to call?
Or if you see a person
While he's calling *any* where,
Is it any of *your* business
What *his* business may be there?

"The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it *any* body's business
What *another's* business is?
Whether 'tis, or whether 'tisn't,
We should really like to know,
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

"If it *is*, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
Who throng the public mart:
But if *not*, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns,
It were better, in the future,
To mind his own concerns!"

The "subject-matter" of these lines will remind our readers, who may have heard the anecdote, of the old maid, in a down-eastern village, who called, in her inquisitive way, upon a young and very pretty lady, a great favorite in the town, who (as she had "wormed out" of somebody with whom she had been tattling) was about to be married to a worthy young gentleman, living in the same place. She began her questioning adroitly:

"I hear somebody is a-goin' to be married. Who do you guess 'tis, now?"

"I don't know, I am sure."

"Couldn't you *guess* now; don't you think of *somebody* that's going to be married?"

"I guess *not*."

"Well now, Susan, s'posin' any body was to ask me if you wasn't engaged, and was goin' to be married 'fore long, what should I say to 'em?"

"Tell 'em," said Susan, "that you don't *know any thing at all about it*, and that it is *none of your business!*"

The "business" of "pumping" was over for that day—in that *quarter* at least.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Boston, once administered a like rebuke to a young gentleman (who mentioned the circumstance to a friend, from whom we derive it), which is not unlike the foregoing, in some respects:

"I happened," said the narrator, "to be on board a fishing-boat, far down in Boston harbor. We had got fairly at work, and the fish were biting splendidly, when I observed an old gentleman with his hat off—for the day was cloudy—his spectacles shoved high up on his forehead, sitting almost over the bow of the boat, which rose and fell with a heavy ground-swell, which threatened, at every up-and-down movement, to precipitate the old gentleman into the water: but there he remained, sitting partly upon one foot curled up under him, and drawing up, every now and then, a rousing cod. At length, however, the boat dropped so very low, that I couldn't resist the inclination to speak to him:

"'Dr. Beecher,' said I, 'if your foot should slip, you would fall over-board.'

"'If it *don't*, I *shan't*,' said the old man, as he twitched up a 'four-pounder,' and laid him sprawling and struggling on the deck.

"My remonstrances were at an end, and my fears, too, for the remainder of the day. The Doctor "knew what *he* was about;' and I learned to 'mind my own business.'"

"WHENEVER you find a man that hates babies, you will be quite safe in hating *him*. No one that does not deserve to be shunned or disliked, ever shows an antipathy to babies. What! hate a little creature with a cotton-ball head, that can only manifest its joy by kicks and a kind of inarticulate gurgle; that, in anguish, can not tell the seat of its pain, but must endure martyrdom, while you are guessing out the source of its agonies; that has the holiest of all claims on human sympathies—utter helplessness, utter dependence! What! hate the little thing which you yourself once were, and from which you *never* would have grown to man's estate if your parents

had been, like you, a baby-hater! Fie upon you! Even dogs love babies, and will suffer them to bestride them, pull their ears, and buffet them by the hour, without responding to their annoyances with even a growl!"

We hope it may so chance that the man whom we saw in Broadway the other morning, walking behind a nursery-maid, with her little charge looking back over her shoulder, while he was making up the most horrid Chinese and other faces at the little darling, until its lip began to quiver, and its distended eyes to fill with tears, may read the above, and reflect thereupon "accordingly."

Apropos of children: here is an extract from a letter written from California some months since, which shows that where children are *scarce*, they are not regarded as nuisances, although found "crying in church." How the voice of that little baby, among those stalwart miners, and exiles from their far, far-distant homes in "the States," must have fallen upon many a heart rendered tender by distance and long absence:

"A brother, just returned from California, says he was present in the congregation of Brother Owen, when a babe, in the arms of its mother, began to cry. A thing so unusual in California attracted not a little attention, and the mother rose to retire.

"'Don't leave,' said the preacher; 'don't leave: the sound of that babe's voice is more interesting to many in this congregation than my own. It is, perhaps, the sweetest music many a man has heard since, a long time ago, he left his distant home.'

"The effect was instantaneous and powerful, and a large portion of the audience were melted to tears."

THE following scene is reported to have occurred before the Board of Examiners some time since, sitting at Washington, for the purpose of passing upon the merits of official candidates. An eccentric and venerable gentleman, Colonel D——, of Virginia, is now before the Board:

EXAMINER. "Well, sir, will you be kind enough to tell us when you were born, and from what State you were appointed to office?"

COLONEL D——. "I was *born* in Old Virginia, and I was *appointed* from Old Virginia, sir!"

EXAMINER. "What is your age, sir?"

COLONEL D——. "My *age*, sir?"

EXAMINER. "Yes, Colonel D——, *your* age?"

COLONEL D——. "My age?—my age?—why, sir, my head is *silvered* with age, sir: sixty-seven, last August, God be praised.

EXAMINER. "What was your occupation before you came here, sir?"

COLONEL D. "I was a planter, and a gentleman, sir, before I came *here!*"

EXAMINER. "I presume you are familiar with the elementary rules of geography, arithmetic, and grammar—especially the latter?"

COLONEL D——. "Evidently, sir; evidently."

EXAMINER (*facetiously*). "Can you decline your office?"

COLONEL D——. "My office, like yours, sir, is a very common noun, of doubtful gender, in the *possessive* case, agreeing with *us*, understood, and both governed by salary."

EXAMINER. "Rule, sir?"

COLONEL D——. "One noun governs another in the possessive."

"LISTENING" EXAMINER. "We are satisfied, Colonel D——, with your knowledge of general principles; and you will, no doubt, be permitted to discharge the duties of your desk!"

Speaking of the law under which this Board of Examiners sat, a Baltimore journal remarked at the time:

"No doubt the law is a good one, and would be of some service, if really practical inquiries were made as to the general intelligence of the clerk, and his qualifications for his particular duties, and also as to his character and habits; but what could be more absurd than to arraign a gray-haired officer, and require him to conjugate the Latin verb *amo*, and to recite, according to the latest authorities, the definition of 'friths,' 'firths,' and 'capes,' and give in detail the principal zoological and ichthyological productions of the north of Europe, and the west coast of Africa?"

THAT "mad wag," *Punch*, once gave the following song, as having been sung before her Majesty the Queen by a Chinese lady. It seems very hard to understand; but if the reader studies it attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese. You must speak "broken China" when you read it aloud, as it now stands:

"Ohe o meto th ete asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo fthebe at.
'Twillpr oveam ostex celentt ea,
Itaq ua lit yal lwi lla tte at.

"'Tiso nlyf our sh illi nge apo und,
Soc omet othet eama rtan dry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefou nd,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy!"

"ONE hears strange things," writes a Western editor, "at the polls at a popular election." As one is about occurring in our own Empire State about this time, we shall take the liberty to record the one cited, "on the present occasion," in the "Drawer:"

"A friend of ours, on Monday last, at one of the precincts in the Fourth District, was asked by a son of the Emerald Isle:

"'How are ye going to vote?'

"'I shall vote *straight*,' was the reply.

"Taking him for one of his own stripe, the interrogator, in that sonorous whisper so peculiar to politicians in a crowd, observed—

"'Don't vote for L——; he sends fifty of our folks every day to the penitentiary; and in less than two years he would have the whole party there!'"

ONE of the huge granite boulders on the summit of Mount Washington, we perceive by the newspapers, has been selected and set aside for the apex, or crowning-stone of the Washington Monument; and it will soon be on its way to the National Capital.

How fit a termination of that colossal structure—five hundred feet and upward in height—now rising to the name and honor of the "Father of his Country," would be that stone, now holding closest communion with the clouds of heaven, transferred to its place, hundreds of miles distant from that mountain-peak, that now uplifts his honored and beloved name!

Ay! and when the noble Herculean statue of Columbus, chiseled from the solid rock that crowns the highest western peak of the Rocky Mountains that looks upon the vast Pacific, so beautifully and eloquently alluded to by Colonel Benton, shall have been sculptured, what a spectacle will this great—this *United Nation*—present!

"*Esto perpetua!*" must be the prayer of every true American.

HERE is an extract from an "*American Dictionary of Scientific and Useful Knowledge*," which is almost

equal to a passage from the English work, which we quoted some months ago from *Punch*:

Q. "What is geology?"

A. "The science of breaking stones."

Q. "Where are its professors most numerous?"

A. "At Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing."

Q. "What is a geologist's capital?"

A. "A pocket-full of rocks."

Q. "What description of stone has been most sought after?"

A. "The Philosopher's Stone."

Q. "Has it ever been found?"

A. "Very frequently."

Q. "Where?"

A. "In a horn."

Q. "Where deposited?"

A. "In a hat."

Q. "From what does it proceed?"

A. "Quartz."

Q. "What is a petrifaction?"

A. "Rather a 'hard party.'"

Q. "Where does granite lie?"

A. "In beds."

Q. "What is a stratum?"

A. "A layer of any thing."

Q. "Will you mention one?"

A. "Yes: a hen."

Q. "Mention another."

A. "A ship: she 'lays-to.'"

Q. "What is a flint?"

A. "A miser's heart."

Q. "Can you break it?"

A. "Yes—certainly."

Q. "Will you describe *how*?"

A. "Open his chest."

Q. "What is chalk?"

A. "The *milk* of human kindness."

THE following amusing incident, which occurred in the early history of a now flourishing Western town, is worthy of being perpetuated and preserved in this receptacle of ours:

"Lawyer H—— was employed to attend a suit for a Mr. D——. The whole matter occupied the lawyer's time for the space of just fifteen minutes, for which he charged him the sum of ten dollars. As the patient (elsewhere mentioned), told the Doctor who prescribed for him, the client promised to 'make it all right' with the lawyer.

"About three months afterward, Lawyer H—— called upon Mr. D—— to sink his well one foot deeper; remarking, at the same time:

"You can't 'come it on me' *this* time, because I have an exact admeasurement of the distance from the spout of the pump to the floor of the room wherein it stands.'

"Mr. D——, in the course of a day or two, when Lawyer H—— was absent from home, went up to his house to sink the well. He raised the pump, and sawed off one foot of it, put it back (he didn't dig any of the dirt out, don't you see,) and presented his bill to the lawyer for ten dollars. Lawyer H—— cheerfully paid the bill, when he found that the spout of the pump was just one foot nearer the floor than it was before!"

Now the old adage "Look before you leap," was not worth a cent in a case like this; but if the lawyer had measured from the top to the bottom of the well, he would have realised that "the well of Truth is very deep."

Two charming women were discussing one day what it is which constitutes beauty in the hand. They differed in opinion as much as in the shape of the beautiful member they were discussing. A gentleman-friend presented himself, and by common consent, the question was referred to him:

"It was a delicate matter. He thought of Paris, and the three goddesses. Glancing from one to the other of the beautiful white hands presented to him (which, by the way, he had the address to hold for some time in his own, for purposes of examination), he replied at last:

"'I give it up. The question is too hard for me, but *ask the poor*, and *they* will tell you, that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives!"

Let our fair readers remember the "giving hand" in the bleak days of winter, which will soon be upon us, and when even the elements become the enemies of the "poor and needy."

THE following reaches us from a correspondent, who sends it to us as a good specimen of "Western Wit:"

"Some few weeks ago, while the New York Legislature was in session, a Kentuckian was dining at a hotel where many of the members were boarding. The members were employing freely at the table the terms by which they designated each other in their debates, as thus: 'Will the 'member from Oneida' have the goodness to pass the bread?' 'Will the member from St. Lawrence please hand the salt?' &c., &c. The Kentuckian was not a little disgusted, as he is apt to be with any thing that savors of affectation; and in stentorian tones, he called to one of the waiters:

"'Will '*the member from Africa*' be so good as to hand me that dish of ham?'"

The same correspondent tells a good story, although at somewhat too great length, of a Western steamboat captain who hired, "off-hand" a shiftless fellow, at one of the ports on the river, to go as a hand on board his boat to New Orleans, for "forty dollars, *and found*;" giving him, in advance, five dollars, to supply an urgent present necessity. The new hand was to be on board in the morning "before the first chickens crowed;" but he never made his appearance.

Long after, the captain discovered him at a wooding-station, jumped ashore, collared the dishonest "hand," and asked him the reason why he had not kept the engagement.

"What was the terms?" asked the fellow, with the utmost coolness and indifference.

"Forty dollars a month, and found," replied the captain; "you knew the terms well enough."

"Very well," replied the recusant, "did you *find* me?"

That was a poser! The captain hadn't found him until now, although he had looked for him at every port and stopping-place, on all the rivers he had traversed.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. TIMMINS.

"GENTLEMEN—When your Magazine for September came out, and I went into a book-store on the corner of the street in which I live to get a copy, the first thing I looked for was to see whether you had put in my piece; and I took it home before I did look at it, too: and I was very glad when I found it, and still more pleased that you liked my scribblement. I felt flattered, and *am* flattered; and I mean to try to justify your praise, if I can.

"It was a very hot night, and I had just come home from the store: and while my wife was get-

ting tea ready, and the children were playing out in the yard, I read over it again and again: it looked so different in print from what it did in my handwriting, which is far from handsome, but is very plain, I think, or your printers would have made some mistakes in it; but I don't see a single one. The man who corrects your types must know *his* business well, I am sure.

"There is a peculiar smell about some new books to me; and there is nothing that touches Memory with me like that, unless it is the scale of taste in an apple, or other kinds of fruit. I have come across some apples and pears in the city sometimes, that have taken me back forty years, when I had to live in the country, and pick the same kind up off the ground in the orchard, when there had been a high wind to blow them down.

"But the smell of the fresh leaves of your book took me back, in memory, further than almost any thing else that I remember. My father was a hard-working farmer, in the far-off 'rural districts,' and he was not a rich man; far from it; and 'we boys' had to 'earn our bread by the sweat of our brows' literally. But both my father, and 'one of the best of mothers'—as, thank God, almost *every* man says of *his* mother—were determined that we should have an education.

"And now I come to the influence of smell, in the case of your book, upon my memory:

"Old Noah Webster's Spelling-book was my first acquisition; with its coarse, blue paper, and white-yellow sheep-skin back, and the strong 'paper,' or 'new-book odor,' which pervaded its leaves, when pressed open. This, together with the 'Third Part' and the 'American Preceptor,' was our first literary treasure: and a faint, wandering smell, or *rudiment* of smell," that floated up to my nostrils as I opened your Magazine, brought back to me the manner in which we procured them: how we cut with sickles the grass, when it was ripe, that grew in the corners of the crooked, zig-zag fences; and having bound it up in bundles, put it in the barn; and when we had gained the necessary leisure, threshed it out, winnowed the seed in an old fanning-mill, and then sold it for 'grass-seed;' and how, also, we parted the fresh bark from hemlock-logs in the swamp, piled it up to dry, and then sold it to a neighboring tanner; both of which operations enabled us to 'lay in' our school-books, as aforesaid, and, likewise, to purchase a copy of 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and—strange juxtaposition—'Roderick Random.'

"All this came into my head, and it is now out of it. You can clip it out, or let it go in, exactly as you like. It is a reminiscence that interests *me*, and that is why I spoke of it.

"But there is one thing that I want to tell you about. I was thinking of it yesterday, and my wife and I have talked about it; and one of the most tender-hearted of our five children—a little girl of eight years—cried last night when I told her of the circumstance.

"When I go down to my store in the morning—and I always go early, summer and winter; for I find that if you begin the day well, you are always sure to continue and end it well—I have been for some eight months particularly struck with a faithful shoemaker, who has a few pieces of good sole-leather hanging by his door, and in a window some lasts and boot-trees, awls, and other parts of a cobbler's 'kit' of tools.

"In the summer time, when the weather was warm, his little boy) I should think he was about seven years old), when I went down, used to be riding a little wooden rocking-horse, with a pair of leather-lines that his father had evidently cut out for him; and many a time have I seen his father either come to the door to look at, and talk 'little talk' with him, or else regarding him wistfully and affectionately, as he suspended his shoe-hammer for a moment over his work in the shop inside.

"Somehow or other, seeing the little boy almost always there, in the cool shade of the early morning, in front of the little shop, and his father always so interested in his small sports, and so industrious and faithful himself, withal, that I began to take a great deal of interest in the shoemaker and his boy, myself.

"I went out of town for a week or more, on business; and when I returned, I took my usual walk in the early morning, and by the usual way, down to my store; and as I passed the shoemaker's shop, I saw that his little boy was absent from his accustomed place. The shutters of the window were partly closed, too; but hearing loud conversation within, it occurred to me that I would enter. I did so. A man, with a flushed face, and evidently excited, was holding in his hands a pair of old patent-leather boots, and as I entered finished a sentence with:

"'——And I left them with you with that promise. You said they should *be done* last night, sir; that's what you *said*—and I relied upon it. I could have *had* them done, if I had left them at the shop below.'

"'I know I *promised* them, but I have not had time. Since you were here, my little boy (you remember him, sir, when he asked you to let him see your watch, when you took it out the morning you left your boots), my poor little motherless boy—the only child, almost the only thing I had to love me—has died—and yesterday he was buried. I have not felt like work; I do not feel like work *now*. My heart is too heavy.'

"'Excuse me, my dear sir,' said his new customer (he was a father, you may depend on it), 'excuse me, I was not aware of all this; I have no fault to find with you. Do them when you can.'

"He laid down the boots, bade the shoemaker good-morning, and left the shop.

"He would have thought a good deal more of this apparently trifling incident, if he had seen what I had seen for months: the affection lavished by the poor shoemaker upon his only son, a little boy, left alone with him in the world, by his departed mother.

. . . . "'FIGURES' are good things in their way. I *like* figures myself. In the first place, they 'can't lie' (so they say), and I abominate a liar. A liar never did any good, in the 'exercise of his vocation,' under heaven, either to himself or any body else; no more than a man who utters profane oaths—the foolishest, the least excusable vice in all the world. But, speaking of figures, is there a greater bore to be found 'twixt sun and sun,' of a summer's day, than a man '*all* figures,' as I once heard an individual of this class called?

"Do you remember poor Tom Hood's Statistical Philanthropist, who, after canvassing the great metropolis of London, ascertained that there was a 'shirt and a quarter' for every man east of Temple-Bar, and 'a pair and a half of *average* breeches' for every man in London, save those *sans culottes*, who dispensed with them altogether.

"There was a remarkable specimen of these humane 'statists,' who was a member of the 'Mudfog Association.' He was not *only* a statician—he was an *economical* one, and he 'promulged' his views in the clearest possible manner. At a full meeting of the pellucid association, he stated that in a rigid and careful examination and permeation of the metrop-

olis, he had found that the total number of small carts and barrows engaged in dispensing provisions to cats and dogs in the metropolis was one thousand seven hundred and forty-three. The average number of pegs to secure the parts together (called 'skewers'—probably a corruption of *securers*), delivered daily with the provender, by coach, cart, or barrow, was thirty-six. Now, multiplying the number of skewers so delivered by the number of barrows, a total was obtained of *sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers!* Allowing that of these sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers, the odd two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight were accidentally devoured with the meat by the most voracious of the animals supplied, it followed that sixty thousand skewers per day, or the enormous number of twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers annually were wasted in the kennels and dust-holes of London; which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel-of-war, to be called '*The Royal Skewer*,' and to become, under that name, the terror of all the enemies of England!

"Another 'statist' belonging to the 'association' had paid particular attention to another branch of statistics equally important. He had ascertained, from the most authentic data, that the total number of *legs* belonging to the manufacturing population of a town in Yorkshire was, in round numbers, forty thousand, while the total number of chair and stool-legs in their houses was only a fraction over thirty thousand; which, upon the conceded and very favorable average of three legs to a seat, yielded only ten thousand seats in all.

"From this calculation it would appear—not taking wooden or cork-legs into the account, but allowing two legs to every person—that ten thousand individuals (one-half of the whole population) were either destitute of legs entirely, or passed the whole of their leisure time in sitting upon boxes!

"Now I like to see long columns of figures that 'add up' to a good round sum, when they are in favor of our government, in a 'strong leader' in a political paper; I rejoice to see such a column in my bank account; and I absolutely *gloat* over an array of contributions to benevolent objects—such as the sufferers by yellow-fever in New Orleans, for instance; but save me from all such 'statistics' as these!

. . . . "DID you ever attend a '*Golden Marriage?*' Do you know what a 'Golden Marriage' is?

"I will tell you.

"When a man and his wife have lived together for fifty years, it is the custom in some countries, as in Sweden, and, I believe, in Germany, to hold a second wedding, at which all the old friends of both parties—their children, and their children's children, to the remotest degree—are invited to be present on the occasion.

"I was present at a 'Golden-Marriage' celebration in this city only a few weeks since; and I want to try to describe it to you.

"A gentleman who had been married for fifty years, all and every part of which had been passed in uninterrupted domestic happiness, sent out, in the name of himself and his aged companion, invitations to attend their 'Golden Marriage.' (You will find this pleasant and beautiful custom admirably described in a domestic novel called 'The Neighbors.') The evening arrived, and I was privileged, as an old friend, to be present.

"Fathers, mothers, children, grand-children, great grand-children, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, and *their* children, were present. The aged couple, in excellent health, and with faces as happy as good hearts, and good deeds, and a consciousness of years well spent, could make them, imparting happiness to all around them, in the rooms, odorous with numerous flowers. Oh, it was a most beautiful sight; and I hope is a custom that may hereafter be followed by those married couples who are so fortunate as to live in perpetual peace and happiness together for half a century. How truly might that still 'happy couple' represent the lovely characters of 'John Anderson and his Jean:'

"'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
But yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms;
And so are you in mine, John,
I'm sure you'll ne'er say no,
Though the days be gone that we have seen,
John Anderson, my Jo!

"'John Anderson, my Jo, John,
Life's hill we've climb thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo!'

"I have somewhere seen a sentence in the 'Language of Flowers' like this: 'If you wish for *Heart's-Ease*, never look to *Mary-Gold*.' I rather think one 'party' that I knew, some ten years ago, have had occasion to wish they had not followed this advice. I am inclined to believe, too, that they will never celebrate a '*Golden* Marriage' again—although their first was one, literally.

The case was simply this: A good-looking, but ambitious, somewhat proud, and not over-industrious young man, paid his addresses to a 'young old girl,' whose father was a very rich and very pompous man, the magnate of the village, so far as the possession of a large property went. The girl herself was haughty, proud, and exacting; but she had 'sold' charms, and they won for her a husband.

"I can't say that I envied her, or pitied him. A friend of mine, less than eight months after their marriage, was invited to their house to dinner. Everything was very 'stylish,' but the repast was very frigid, and the 'married *woman's* eye' was playing incessantly.

"The husband, after the soup had been removed, directed the servant to hand him a piece of bread lying by a plate near where his wife sat. When it was brought to him, a glance from his wife told him that he had 'done something wrong.'

"'I beg your pardon, my dear,' he said; 'I am afraid I have taken your bread.'

"'If you have,' she replied, in a bitter, sarcastic tone, 'it's no more than you have done every day since we were married.'

"'I would not,' said my friend, 'for twice ten times ten thousand dollars, have had the feelings of that man at that moment, as he looked around, his cheeks suffused with shame, upon his guests; ending with an appealing look to the wife who had bought him with her own money!'

"I don't like *such* marriages, gentlemen. They are not *such* 'Golden Marriages' as I described a while ago.

"WILLIAM TINKER."

Literary Notices.

Homes of the New World by FREDRIKA BREMER, translated by MARY HOWITT, is published by Harper and Brothers, and will be eagerly read by all who possess the slightest curiosity to know the impression made on the celebrated Swedish novelist by the universal Yankee nation. We will say at once, that she looks at the homes of America in the most flattering light—with a few important exceptions, her descriptions are of the deepest rose-colored tint—she admires our institutions of government, education, and domestic life—and toward numerous individuals in different parts of the United States, whom she honored with her friendship, her heart appears to overflow with a perfect gush of enthusiasm. Miss Bremer arrived in New York in the autumn of 1849. After spending a few days at the Astor House, she becomes the guest of the late Mr. Downing, at his beautiful rural residence on the Hudson river. In the retirement of his family, she gains her first personal experience of American society, and becomes prepared for further observation of the character of the people. She afterward passes considerable time in Boston and its vicinity, makes the great Western tour, is domesticated in Washington, Charleston, and New Orleans, and spends part of a season on the island of Cuba. Her work consists principally of matter-of-fact details; she seldom indulges in speculation, scarcely in reflection; she advances no general views; lays no claim to the character of a political philosophress, or strong-minded woman; but with active perceptive powers and heart-warm sympathies, she contemplates the living panorama around her, and faithfully sketches such features as most readily appeal to her interest and curiosity. Her impressions of persons are given with the most transparent candor, and if she sometimes unnecessarily draws aside the veil of private life, it is certainly not in the spirit of gossip or scandal, but from excess of love. Among her portraitures are delineations of Emerson, Alcott, Theodore Parker, James Russell Lowell, William Henry Channing, and other celebrities of Massachusetts, revealing a curious development of quaint and original character among the New England Transcendentalists. Her pictures of life at the South, where she makes many warm friends, are of great interest, clearly aiming at both justice and kindness in regard to topics which few foreigners are in the habit of discussing with delicacy or moderation. We think Miss Bremer's book will, on the whole, be received among us in the same friendly spirit in which it is written. She no doubt often exposes herself to ludicrous comments by her extreme simplicity—she lays bare her heart too freely for the indifferent, mischief-loving spectator—she vainly endeavors to make lions out of very ordinary domestic animals—but she is so truly good-hearted—so child-like in her naive affectionateness—so full of sympathy with the "Homes of the New World"—so earnest and truthful both in feeling and expression—so free from the characteristic vanity of a literary woman—so reserved in the recognition of her personal claims, that it would betray an unworthy sullenness not to accept kindly her unpretending sketches, although they sometimes run into exaggeration and caricature.

History of Liberty by SAMUEL ELIOT (published by Little, Brown, and Co.), is a continuation of the elaborate work on the subject, of which two or three volumes have already been given to the public. Mr. Eliot's plan is of the most comprehensive nature, including a systematic view of the development of popular liberty in different ages of the world. He brings great learning, faithful research, and indefatigable diligence to the accomplishment of his task. His prevailing tone of thought is marked by sobriety and moderation, while a deep religious spirit tempers the sometimes uninteresting details of his narrative. Without aspiring to be a production of genius, or of marked originality, the work is in a high degree creditable to the scholarship and good sense of the author.

A welcome contribution to American historical literature, from the same publishing house, is a new edition of WINTHROP'S *History of New England*, with notes and corrections by the indefatigable antiquary, Mr. JAMES SAVAGE of Boston. His habits of thorough investigation are displayed in these volumes to singular advantage. No point, however minute, escapes his attention. We should envy him as a model of patience, if we did not know that the enthusiasm which he brings to the subject, prevents his work from ever becoming a burden. His intimacy with the quaint productions of the olden time has given a certain raciness and unction to his own style, which is in excellent keeping with his theme, and which, after a little familiarity, becomes highly agreeable. It may be said of this work that the editor is no less happy in his author, than the author in his editor. They appear predestined to form the complements of each other.

Of reprints by Little, Brown, and Co., we have the *Memoirs of Sir James Mackintosh* by his son, ROBERT JAMES MACKINTOSH, in a form of typographical elegance which does satisfactory justice to that charming piece of biography.—An important enterprise of the same house, is the publication of *The British Poets* from SPENSER to MOORE in over forty volumes, with Lives of the Authors, and historical and critical notes by the Rev. John Mitford. Of this edition the *Poems* of GRAY, GOLDSMITH, and POPE have already been issued, in a style rivaling the most finished specimens of English typography. We have rarely seen more tasteful editions with an American imprint.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, by Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This stately volume is a reprint of the recent collection of Sir William Hamilton's writings, comprising his contributions to the Edinburgh Review on philosophy, education, and literature, together with important additions of new matter, and copious appendices supplementary to the discussions in the body of the work. An appropriate Introductory Essay by ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D., presents a luminous view of the progress of philosophical speculation from the dawn of philosophy among the nations of the East, to its latest developments in Continental Europe. The perusal of this essay will serve as a necessary preparation for the study of Sir William Hamilton, whose writings are rather critical than systematic—more remarkable for erudition than method—assuming a general acquaintance with the progress of philosophy on the part of the reader, and little indebted to the graces of style for facility of comprehension. Dr. Turnbull gives a rapid exposition of the leading views of his author, accompanied with critical and analytical remarks, showing considerable acuteness and familiarity with metaphysical studies. The portion of this volume relating to education possesses the greatest interest

for the general reader, while the student of the history of philosophy will find in the papers devoted to that subject an overflowing treasury of learning, ample quotations from writers eminent in their day, but now little read, and a store of critical suggestions, to which the merit of sagacity and subtle discrimination can not be denied, whatever may be thought of their value as contributions to positive doctrine. In the present state of metaphysical inquiry, the writings of Sir William Hamilton are indispensable for reference, if not for authority, and the American edition accordingly forms a welcome addition to the resources of the student.

A new edition of Professor DRAPER'S *Text Book of Chemistry* is issued by Harper and Brothers, after a thorough revision by the author, and extensive changes in certain parts of the work, especially those which treat of the imponderable principles. As a text-book for schools and colleges, this treatise is recommended by the clearness with which it sets forth the main features of the science, the simplicity of its method, and its freedom from superfluous details. Its practical utility is much enhanced by the number of woodcuts with which it is illustrated. The favor with which the previous editions of this work have been received is a guarantee for the success of the present.

Salad for the Solitary, by an EPICURE. (Published by Lamport, Blakeman, and Law.) A flavorous bowl of salad this, as was ever concocted by the amateur of intellectual dainties. Here are mingled in artistic proportions, all sorts of fragrant herbs, aromatic grasses, and bewitching condiments, affording a piquant afterpiece to the more substantial banquets in which the reader is supposed to have indulged. The author is a genuine lover of old books —the ancient smell of a black-letter folio hugely delighteth his nostrils—he inhales the atmosphere of a library as an odorous balsam—he lingers as an enchanted guest around the abundant board set forth in the writings of his quaint and venerable favorites —and from his liberal tastings and snatchings has produced a goodly collection of tempting viands, which show that his title of "Epicure" is no misnomer. The only exception to our praise of this unique volume is an ugly trick which the author has caught from plebeian scribblers, of putting the cart before the horse in the introduction of a quotation. "Says Snooks," "Says Scroggins," at the commencement of a sentence, is an odious Yankeeism, and the man who uses it should be indicted for an outrage on honest English.

Among the editions of classical authors which have proceeded from the pen of Professor ANTHON, we welcome the publication of *Selections from Tacitus*, comprising the "Germania" and "Agricola," and also extracts from the "Annals," with critical and explanatory English notes. The work is founded on the English edition of Dr. Smith, with a free use of the notes of Ruperti, Passow, Walch, Ritter, Wex, and Nipperdey. The notes are so copious and appropriate, as to supply the place of a dictionary to the advanced student. An essay on "The Style of Tacitus," translated from Bötticher, is prefixed to the volume, forming a curious and instructive study in philology. We rejoice in the increased facilities which this edition affords for the comprehension and intelligent enjoyment of the most vigorous and condensed, and at the same time, the most difficult of the Roman historians.

Leaves from the Diary of a Dreamer—published in London by Pickering—is evidently the production of an American author, although we are not aware that it has previously made its appearance in this country. As its title imports, it is a collection of fragments, descriptive of personal experience, and embracing a rich variety of attractive topics. The scene of action is in Italy, where an invalid tourist records his impressions, and indulges in pensive contemplations and reflections on the mystery of life, on love, on books, on phases of character, and revelations of human nature. In delicacy and sweetness of expression, and in a pervading air of refined literary taste, the work compares favorably with the writings of TUCKERMAN—to which it bears a strong family-likeness—although it exhibits traces of greater depth of thought and feeling than is usual in the compositions to which that author has given his name. But whoever is responsible for the paternity of the volume, it is a graceful and pleasing production, and impresses the reader with a high sense of the author's cultivation and goodness of heart.

The Fawn of the Pale Faces, by J. P. BRACE, is a historical novel founded on the early annals of Connecticut, in connection with certain romantic Indian traditions. The plot exhibits very creditable powers of invention; and the style, without aiming at undue excitement, is generally chaste and pleasing. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a new work on social etiquette, entitled, *The Rhetoric of Conversation*, by GEORGE WINFRED HERVEY, being a sequel to the previous production of the author on "The Principles of Courtesy." It presents an abundant variety of "bridles and spurs" for the management of the tongue, aiming to give "all the instruction as to the art and ethics of talking that the most ambitious aspirant after colloquial excellence could reasonably desire." The canons of good taste, as applied to conversation, are laid down with great explicitness, and enlivened with a variety of attractive and piquant illustrations.

The author of "The Wide, Wide World" has recently given to the religious public a Scriptural synopsis, entitled *The Law and the Testimony*, comprising a copious selection of passages from the Bible, in proof or illustration of the leading doctrines of revelation, as currently understood by evangelical Christians. It is the fruit of great Biblical research, and can not fail to prove an important aid in studying the Sacred Record. (Published by Robert Carter and Brothers.)

The Rational History of Hallucinations, translated from the French of BRIERRE DE BOISMONT, and published by Lindsay and Blakiston, is an opportune work, showing the effects of mental disease in producing or modifying the abnormal states, which are classed together under the generic term of hallucinations. According to the author, the existence of hallucination does not always imply insanity, but in certain cases may be regarded as a purely physiological phenomenon. He treats the subject in various points of view, as connected with philosophy, medicine, religion, history, morality, and jurisprudence. The translator has suffered too many French expressions to escape his notice.

Blanchard and Lea have published *The Book of Nature*, translated from the German of FRIEDRICH SCHOEDLER, by HENRY MEDLOCK, consisting of a collection of treatises on the different branches of natural science. The original work sustains the highest reputation in Germany—it has gone through numerous editions in England—and, with the corrections and additions of the American editor, forms a valuable manual either for academic classes or private study.

From Newman and Ivison we have several valuable works in the department of education, including WOODBURY'S *Elementary German Reader*, the most complete work of the kind ever yet presented to the American public; FASQUELLE'S *Colloquial French Reader*, composed of easy selections in prose and verse, and intended as a first book for translation; and OLIVER OLDHAM'S *Humorous Speaker*, consisting of a judicious collection of lively and fun-inspiring pieces for declamation.

D. Appleton and Co. have issued new editions, entirely revised by the author, of Sir CHARLES LYELL'S *Principles of Geology* and *Manual of Elementary Geology*. These two volumes, which in their original form constituted a single work, have now been remoulded into two independent treatises. The *Principles* opens with a comprehensive sketch of the progress of the science, and a series of essays, arguing that the forces now operating upon and within the earth are similar, both in kind and degree, to those which have effected the changes which have taken place in remote epochs. It then proceeds to treat in detail of the changes now in progress, occasioned by aqueous and igneous action, and of those that are taking place in the organic world; in a word, of the whole existing economy of nature, as far as it illustrates geology. The *Manual* treats of the component materials of the earth's crust, of their arrangement and relative position, and of the fossil remains embedded therein; and applying to the observed facts the principles deduced in the previous treatise from the existing course of nature, it brings to light the series of revolutions which the crust of the earth and its living inhabitants have undergone previous to the introduction of human beings. These two treatises, studied in the order recommended by the author, cover the whole field of geological research. Their value as scientific text-books is too highly appreciated by intelligent students to require any comment upon their merits.

Charles Scribner has published a new work, by J. T. HEADLEY, entitled, *The Second War with England*, comprising a succinct and lively sketch of the events of that contest, with appropriate political reflections. In its tone it is highly patriotic—glowing with attachment to the Federal Union, and warmly opposed to the advocates of British interests, whom it criticises severely, though without asperity. The chapters devoted to the barbarous practice of privateering, which is viewed with a too lenient eye, and to the shameful atrocities committed on the Dartmoor prisoners, contain a good deal of novel matter, and will be read with interest. Mr. Headley's style in this work is more chaste and simple than in his former productions which treat of military affairs, though it has lost none of its animation and vigor. In spite of the abundance of books and pamphlets which have been written on the war of 1812, these volumes present a better connected narrative than any which have preceded it, and worthily fill a vacant place in our historical literature.

Charles Scribner publishes an important work on *Venice*, by EDMUND FLAGG, giving a historical sketch of the City of the Sea, from the invasion by Napoleon in 1797, to the capitulation to Radetsky in 1849; with notices of its present condition, and contemporaneous views of the Peninsula. The events of the late revolution are described with great vividness, though often with a carelessness of diction that must call down the censure of fastidious critics. This, however, is in part atoned for by the glowing vitality, and the humane and liberal principles which inspire the work throughout.

Genius and Faith, by WM. C. SCOTT (from the same publisher), is the title of a neat volume, treating of poetry and religion in their mutual relations. It aims to exhibit the harmony of the prominent features of the Christian system with all the higher exercises of human genius. In the opinion of the author, a disguised practical infidelity pervades a large portion of our current literature; and although its arguments have been exploded, its spirit still lives, and lurks unperceived in the shadowy regions of poetry and romance. This element is combated in the volume before us, with earnestness, and not without effect. Many of the author's views will fail of commanding general assent, but no one will call in question the air of deep and sincere conviction which breathes through his work.

Egeria is the suggestive title of a new work by W. GILMORE SIMMS (published by E. H. Butler and Co.), consisting of a collection of original aphorisms on various topics of morals and literature. The fruit of a long and familiar intimacy with society and letters, it presents many striking, pregnant thoughts, clothed in a transparent and attractive garb.

A new selection from the humorous writings of N. P. WILLIS, with the fantastic title of *Fun-Jottings, or Laughs, I have taken a Pen to*, has been been brought out by Charles Scribner. It contains a variety of fluent narratives, sparkling with the characteristic brilliancy of the author.

Harper and Brothers have issued BEAUCHESNE'S *Louis the Seventeenth*, in a complete English translation, presenting a full history of the unfortunate Dauphin from his birth to his imprisonment in the Temple, and his subsequent death. The author is an earnest partisan of the old French monarchy; the horrors of the Revolution have acted powerfully upon his imagination; he is alive to every romantic element in the fortunes of the falling dynasty; but he has evidently investigated his subject with discrimination and good faith; no circumstance, however trivial, is permitted to escape his attention, and writing with united judgment and enthusiasm, he has produced a narrative of rare beauty, as well as touching pathos. The popular character of this work can not fail to insure its wide circulation among the reading millions of this country.

The Powers of the World to Come, by GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. (published by Robert Carter and Brothers), is a new volume by that celebrated divine, giving a practical survey of what has been termed the Eschatology of the Scriptures, or the realities which, according to Divine Revelation, we are to meet beyond the grave. It presents the more solemn and appalling aspects of Christianity, which are illustrated with the glowing rhetoric and exuberant imagery for which Dr. Cheever is justly famed.

The Mud Cabin, by WARREN ISHAM (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a discussion of the character and tendency of British Institutions as illustrated in their effect upon human character and destiny. It is composed of facts and reflections derived from careful investigation and research, and for which the severest scrutiny is challenged. The observations of the author in his excursions among the rural villages and mud hovels of England, the statements which he advances in regard to the educational and intellectual condition of the rural population, and the vivid pictures of oppression and suffering which he draws, are adapted to win attention from every thoughtful mind, and can not be pondered without a wholesome effect.

The Romance of Abelard and Heloise, by O. W. WIGHT (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a

modern version of an old story of love, crime, and wretchedness. Though frequently handled, it is by no means worn out, and in the present rendering, is not without a certain interest, in spite of numerous affectations and puerilities of thought and style.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have published a treatise on *Civil Liberty and Government*, by FRANCIS LIEBER, intended as a completion of the author's previous work on "Political Ethics," especially of that part which relates to liberty. It is a profound, elaborate, and comprehensive discussion of the subject, and needs a larger space to do justice to its merits than we can now command.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields are the publishers of a new juvenile work by HAWTHORNE, entitled *Tanglewood Tales*, and intended as a sequel to "The Wonder Book," which has made so many children open their eyes wide in an ecstasy of delight. These stories are founded on ancient classical legends, and are metamorphosed to suit the tastes of modern times, with the inventive skill and tact which gives them the character of original creations.

The Roman Traitor, by WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT (published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia), is a successful specimen of perhaps the most difficult species of fictitious composition—that of a romance founded on fact in the annals of classical antiquity. For accuracy of delineation, splendor of diction, and the dramatic use of historical personages, this novel is not surpassed by any modern production of its kind. It establishes the shining fame of the author in the sphere of imaginative creation, as it has been already signalized in the composition of historical sketches and descriptive narrative.

The same publisher has issued a novel entitled, *The Forged Will*, by EMERSON BENNETT, containing many elements of popular success. The scene is laid among the haunts of crime, poverty, and wretchedness in New York, describing situations which always challenge the interest of the reader, and almost supply the place of genius and artistic skill in the construction of the narrative.

An important and seasonable work has just been published by Harper and Brothers, entitled, *History of the Insurrection in China*, translated from the French of CALLERY and YVAN, with a supplementary chapter on the most recent events, by JOHN OXENFORD. One of the authors, M. Callery, was once a missionary, and afterward interpreter to the French embassy in China, and has written several works connected with the history of the Chinese language. M. Yvan is the physician to the French embassy in China, and the author of an interesting book of travels in various parts of the globe. In preparing this volume, they have not only embodied a quantity of fragmentary information, obtained by consulting the archives of their embassies, into a continuous narrative, but have introduced so many lively descriptions of locality and events, as to give it the fascinations of a romance, while it faithfully portrays the history of the rebellion, and presents many graphic and humorous pictures of Chinese manners. Whoever wishes to obtain a correct view of the present anomalous condition of the Chinese Empire, should not neglect to make acquaintance with this interesting volume.

Charles Auchester is the title of a late English novel (reprinted by Harper and Brothers), illustrative of a life devoted to the enthusiastic cultivation of musical art. The characters are supposed to have been taken from real life, and to represent the romance in the history of several eminent composers and artists. Among those who are brought upon the scene is the celebrated Mendelssohn, whose rare, enthusiastic qualities are set forth in a brilliant and impressive light. The novel contains many admirable specimens of character-drawing. Its narrative portions, although unequal, are for the most part of a superior order of composition, and exercise a certain strange, weird charm over the imagination of the reader.

At a meeting of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, held June 17, 1853, on motion of the Secretary of State, it was resolved unanimously, that BRODHEAD'S *History of the State of New York* be placed on the list of books recommended for purchase by Academies.

Of Miss BREMER'S *Homes of the New World*, which we have noticed above, the *London Examiner* remarks:

"The worst part of Miss Bremer as an authoress is her sentiment, which is not in the least unwholesome, but which is extremely weak. She has a warm, true heart; has acute perceptions of every thing that lies within a certain (not very wide) circle; is quick to observe the pleasant oddities and humors of the things and people that surround her, and observes all things in a genial, kindly way. She is herself also very individual, very delightful, and, we can hardly doubt, one of the honestest and best women that ever used a pen. With such merits, what a pity to have to set about finding fault! She might be not only popular, but really great among authors, if it were not for the heavy drawback of her sentiment.

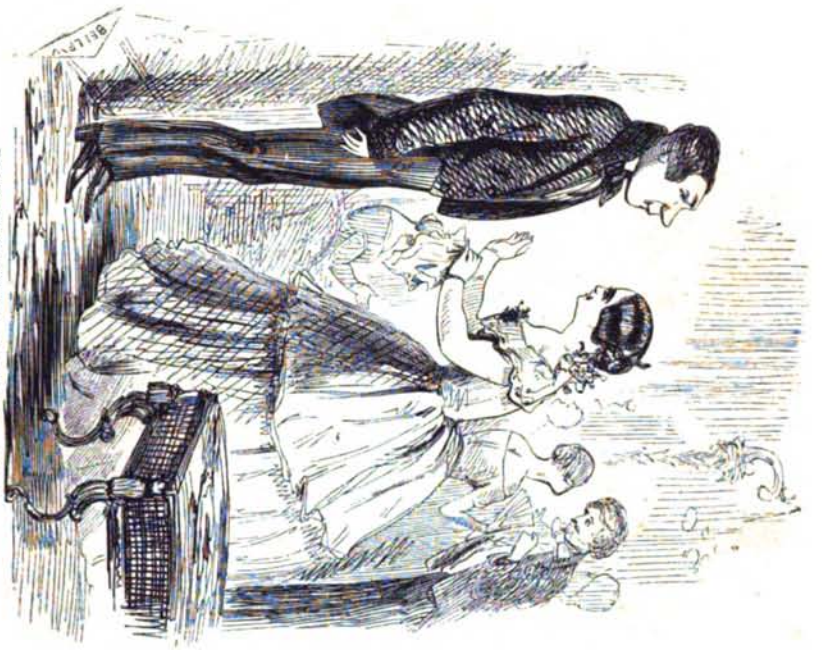
"We should have misled our readers if we had not pointed out very distinctly a defect which goes far to render the book before us indigestible; the defect, however, is entirely in the sauce that has been poured over the meat, and not in the meat—not in the reality and substance of the book itself. They who, in spite of the oil can eat the fish, will find it choice and delicate. If this work displays largely Miss Bremer's single fault, it displays yet a great deal more largely all her merits. It raises our admiration of her character, and supports our faith in her substantial good sense and shrewdness. Expunge the sentiment, and here there remain still two thick volumes of impressions of America which are among the very best that have been published. Miss Bremer visited the North and South, the Negroes, the Indians, and the Cubans. She is amiable to a fault, yet quick-witted—the very woman to make an honest, useful, and effective chronicler."

We find the subjoined notice of a recent American book in the same journal: "A volume of great variety and originality is *The Old House by the River*, by the author of 'The Owl-Creek Letters,' containing a series of stories and sketches of real life in America, by a writer who is evidently an admirer of Washington Irving, and has caught some of the genial spirit and pleasing style of that delightful author."

The *Edinburgh Review* has now for editor, Mr. CORNEWALL LEWIS; the *North British*, Professor FRASER; the *British Quarterly*, Doctor VAUGHAN; the *Westminster*, the *res jancti* is one of CHAPMAN in the Strand, BRAY of Coventry; and Miss EVANS, translatress of STRAUSS'S *Life of Christ*.

A new work by M. PROUDHON, entitled, *Philosophy of Progress, or the Program*, is announced to appear.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. I.

Mrs. H.—Do you dance, Mr. Green? Shall I introduce you to a partner?
Mr. Green.—I thank you, Madam. But I don't dance. I'm a talking man.

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. II.

Mrs. H. introduces Mr. Green to two famous talkers, Miss Snooks, the charming Poetess, and Miss Fusby the Conchologist.—Mr. Green wishes he could dance

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. III.

Mrs. H.—Shall I introduce you, Mr. Smythe, to a most delightful Young Lady? She dances beautifully.
Mr. S.—Aw thank you. But Aw don't dance
Mrs. H.—She converses charmingly.
Mr. S.—Aw don't converse. Aw don't do any thing

PICTURES FROM PARTIES.—No. IV.

Mr. Sawbones.—Oh, Miss Jones, I wish you had been at the Hospital to-day. A most beautiful operation. Dr. Mott cut out a lovely tumor, half as large as your head. I wish you could have seen it.
Miss Jones.—Oh, Mr. Sawbones, that would have been so nice.

Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt, *from actual articles of Costume.*

Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade and Negligee Costumes.

COSTUMES for the Promenade furnish at this season more of interest than any other. We therefore present another style of Cloak, the Saragossa, the beauty and convenience of which will probably secure for it a prominent place in public favor. Like those which we described last month, this cloak is fabricated in both cloths and velvets of all the prevalent colors. Cloths, however, take the precedence; and various shades of browns are in favor. The yoke is fitted smoothly to the figure, and sweeps from the decided fullness of the shoulders to a point in front 13 inches deep. At the back it is 10½ inches from the back to the lower edge. The collar is 3½ inches in width. The skirt droops slightly, forming a trifling peak on back and front; its average depth is 22 inches. It is box-plaited at the back, but in front is only fulled. One plait behind and one in front of the shoulders give almost the appearance of a sleeve, when the arm is raised. The arm-holes are only a quarter circle curve slit in the cloth. At the arm-holes and upon the back of the yoke are placed bows of galoon. The yoke, the collar, and the bottom and front edges of the skirt are ornamented with a graduated trimming of the same material. The lining is of quilted taffeta. The dress is composed of rich plaided poplin, with very full skirts. The corsage and sleeves are similar to those described in our report of last month.

We present in the same illustration a MORNING ROBE, the elaborate embroidery of which fits it admirably for a bride's negligée. It is composed of Cashmere of a faint corn-color, faced with white satin, the outer edge of which is cut in Norman scallops. This portion lies smoothly upon the figure; the remainder being full, and when confined by the girdle, forming several folds. The girdle is a heavy silk cord with tassels. The back is shirred, and furnished with drawing strings to adapt it to the figure. The sleeves are slashed at the wrist, and cross-laced; they are ornamented with white satin, which, as also the front of the robe, is embroidered with groups of roses and lilies, in corn-colored silk. The robe is fastened with loops and buttons. Underskirts of cambric embroidered; the sleeves of Honiton point-lace.

As a pendant to this negligée toilet, we give an illustration of a coiffure, which is extremely graceful. The hair may be arranged either in double bandeaux, as in the full-length figure on the previous page, or as in the accompanying head, in three curls, confined under the hair back of the ears, and partially covered with a lace coif, like that which we

FIGURE 3.—COIFFURE.

illustrate at the foot of this page. This coif, as will be seen, is of point lace; but there are some patterns of Mechlin lace which are scarcely less beautiful.

Want of space precludes us from furnishing an illustration of BONNETS. We observe in general that they are worn with open fronts, sitting far back upon the head. Those which are most admired are somewhat smaller in the brim than heretofore. Feathers and flowers intertwined with blonde form the ornaments.

Several beautiful styles of Opera Cloaks have been received by Mr. BRODIE, some of which he purposes illustrating in future issues. One of these is peculiarly elegant. It is of white Cashmere, circular, lined with taffeta, and quilted. This is prettily shown by its being turned back where the cloak passes over the arm. The trimming is of satin quilling, or white crochet gimp, of the richest description. An appendage, which may be at pleasure worn as cape or hood, forms its characteristic feature; when as the latter, it produces a dignified appearance, somewhat resembling the stately effect of the Spanish hood. This is finely terminated by a tassel depending from the point of the hood, which falls upon the breast.

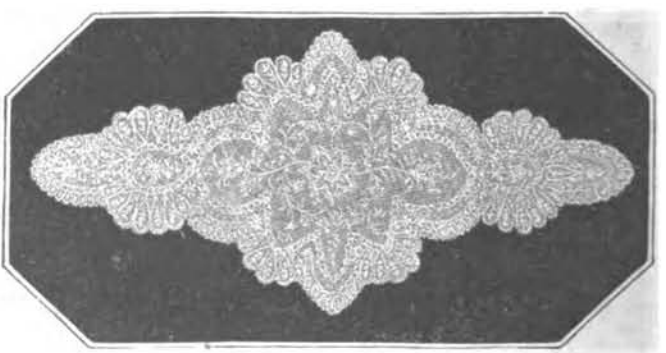


FIGURE 4.—COIF OF POINT LACE.