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A MOOSEHEAD JOURNAL,

ADDRESSED TO THE EDELMANN STORG AT THE BAGNI DI LUCCA.

THURSDAY, 11th August.—I knew as little yesterday of the interior of Maine as the least penetrating person knows of the inside of that great social millstone, which, driven by the river Time, sets imperatively agoing the several wheels of our individual activities. Born while Maine was still a province of native Massachusetts, I was as much a foreigner to it as yourself, my dear Storg. I had seen many lakes, ranging from that of Virgil's Cumæan, to that of Scott's Caledonian Lady, but Moosehead, within two days of me, had never enjoyed the profit of being mirrored in my retina. At the sound of the name, no reminiscential atoms (according to Kenelm Digby's Theory of Association—as good as any), stirred and marshalled themselves in my brain. The truth is, we think lightly of Nature's penny shows, and estimate what we see by the cost of the ticket. Empedocles gave his life for a pit-entrance to Ætna, and no doubt found his account in it. Accordingly, the clean face of cousin Bull is imaged patronizingly in Lake George, and Loch Lomond glasses the hurried countenance of Jonathan, diving deeper in the streams of European association (and coming up drier) than any other man. Or is the cause of our not caring to see what is equally within the reach of all our neighbors to be sought in that aristocratic principle so deeply implanted in human nature? I knew a pauper graduate who always borrowed a black coat, and came to eat the Commencement dinner—not that it was better than the one which daily graced the beard of the Public Institution in which he hibernated (so to speak), during the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, save in this one

particular, that none of his eleemosynary fellow-commoners could eat it. If there are unhappy men who wish that they were as the Babe Unborn, there are more who would aspire to the lonely distinction of being that other figurative personage, the Oldest Inhabitant. You remember the charming irresolution of our dear Esthwaite (like Macheath between his two doxies), divided between his theory that he is under thirty, and his pride at being the only one of us who witnessed the September gale and the rejoicings at the Peace? Nineteen years ago I was walking through the Franconia Notch, and stopped to chat with a hermit, who fed with gradual logs the unwearied teeth of a saw-mill. As the panting steel slit off the *slabs* of the log, so did the less willing machine of talk, acquiring a steadier up-and-down motion, pare away that outward bark of conversation which protects the core, and which, like other bark, has naturally most to do with the weather, the season, and the heat of the day. At length I asked him the best point of view for the Old Man of the Mountain.

"Dunno—never see it."

Too young and too happy either to feel or affect the Juvenalian indifference, I was sincerely astonished, and I expressed it. The log-compelling man attempted no justification, but after a little asked,—

"Come from Boston?"

"Yes" (with peninsular pride.)

"Goodle to see in the vycinty o' Boston."

"Oh, yes!" I said, and I thought—see Boston and die! see the state-houses, old and new, the caterpillar wooden bridges crawling with unnumerable legs across the flats of Charles; see the common—largest

park, doubtless, in the world—with its files of trees planted as if by a drill-sergeant, and then for your *nunc dimittis*!

"I should like, 'awl, I should like to stan' on Bunker Hill. You've ben there often, likely?"

"No-o-o," unwillingly, seeing the little end of the horn in clear vision at the terminus of this Socratic perspective.

"'Awl, my young friend, you've larned neww thet wut a man kin see any day for nawthin', children haalf-price, he never doos see. Nawthin pay, nawthin vally."

With this modern instance of a wise saw, I departed, deeply revolving these things with myself, and convinced that, whatever the ratio of population, the average amount of human nature to the square mile is the same, the world over. I thought of it when I saw people upon the Pincian wondering at the Alchemist sun as if he never burned the leaden clouds to gold in sight of Charles-street. I thought of it when I found eyes first discovering at Mont Blanc how beautiful snow was. As I walked on I said to myself, there is one exception, wise hermit,—it is just these *gratis* pictures which the poet puts in his show-box, and which we all gladly pay Wordsworth and the rest for a peep at. The divine faculty is to see what every-body can look at.

While every well-informed man in Europe, from the barber down to the diplomatist, has his view of the Eastern Question, why should I not go personally down East and see for myself? Why not, like Tancréd, attempt my own solution of the Mystery of the Orient—doubly mysterious when you begin the two words with capitals? You know my way of doing things, to let them simmer in my mind gently for months, and at last do them *impromptu* in a kind of desperation, driven by the Eumenides of unfulfilled purpose. So, after talking about Moosehead till nobody believed me capable of going thither, I found myself at the Eastern Railway station. The only event of the journey hither (I am now at Waterville) was a boy hawking exhilaratingly the last great railroad smash, thirteen lives lost, and no doubt devoutly wishing there had been fifty. This having a mercantile interest in horrors, holding stock, as it were, in murder, misfortune, and pestilence, must have an odd effect on the human mind. The birds of ill-omen, at whose sombre flight the rest of the world turns pale, are the ravens which bring food to this little outcast in the wilderness. If this lad give thanks for daily bread, it would be curious to inquire what that phrase represents to his understanding. If there ever be a plum in it, it is

Sin or Death that puts it in. Other details of my dreadful ride I will spare you. Suffice it that I arrived here in safety, in complexion like an Ethiopian serenade half got-up, and so broiled and peppered that I was more like a devilled kidney than any thing else I can think of.

10 P. M.—The civil landlord and neat chamber at the "Elmwood House" were very grateful, and after tea, I set forth to explore the town. It has a good chance of being pretty, but, like most American towns, it is in a hobbledehoy age, growing yet, and one cannot tell what may happen. A child with great promise of beauty is often spoiled by its second teeth. There is something agreeable in the sense of completeness which a walled town gives one. It is entire like a crystal—a work which man has succeeded in finishing. I think the human mind pines more or less where every thing is new, and is better for a diet of stale bread. The number of Americans who visit the old world is beginning to afford matter of speculation to observant Europeans, and the deep inspirations with which they breathe the air of antiquity, as if their mental lungs had been starved with too thin an atmosphere. For my own part I never saw a house which I thought old enough to be torn down. It is too like that Scythian fashion of knocking old people on the head. I cannot help thinking that the indefinable something which we call *character* is cumulative, that the influence of the same climate, scenery, and associations for several generations is necessary to its gathering head, and that the process is disturbed by continual change of place. The American is nomadic in religion, in ideas, in morals, and leaves his faith and opinions with as much indifference as the house in which he was born. However, we need not bother; nature takes care not to leave out of the ~~great~~ heart of society either of its two ventricles of hold-back and go-ahead.

There is a college in Waterville, the buildings of which are three in number, of brick, and quite up to the average ugliness which seems essential in edifices of this description. Unhappily they do not reach that extreme of ugliness where it and beauty come together in the clasp of fascination. We erect handsomer factories for cottons, woollens, and steam-engines than for doctors, lawyers, and parsons. The truth is that, till our struggle with nature is over, till this shaggy hemisphere is tamed and subjugated, the workshop will be the college whose degrees will be most valued. Moreover, steam has made travel so easy that the great university of the world is open to all comers, and the old

cloister system is falling astern. Perhaps it is only the more needed, and, were I rich, I should like to found a few lary-ships in my Alma Mater as a kind of counterpoise. The Anglo-Saxon race has accepted the primal curse as a blessing, has deified work, and would not have thanked Adam for abstaining from the apple. It would have dammed the four rivers of paradise, substituted cotton for figleaves among the antediluvian populations, and commended man's first disobedience as a wise measure of political economy. But to return to our college. We cannot have fine buildings till we are in less of a hurry. We snatch an education like a meal at a railroad-station. Just in time to make us dyspeptic, the whistle shrieks, and we must rush, or lose our places in the great train of life. Yet noble architecture is one element of patriotism, and an eminent one of culture, the finer portions of which are taken in by unconscious absorption through the pores of the mind from the surrounding atmosphere. I suppose we must wait, for we are a great bivouac as yet rather than a nation—on the march from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and pitch tents instead of building houses. Our very villages seem to be in motion, following westward the bewitching music of some Pied Piper of Hamelin. We still feel the great push toward sundown given to the peoples somewhere in the gray dawn of history. The cliff-swallow alone of all animated nature emigrates eastward.

Friday, 12th.—The coach leaves Waterville at five o'clock in the morning, and one must breakfast in the dark at a quarter past four, because a train starts at twenty minutes before five—the passengers by both conveyances being pastured gregariously. So one must be up at half-past three. The primary geological formations contain no trace of man, and it seems to me that these eocene periods of the day are not fitted for sustaining the human forms of life. One of the Fathers held that the sun was created to be worshipped at his rising by the Gentiles. The more reason for a Christian (especially an early Christian) to abstain from these heathenish ceremonials. As one arriving by an early train is welcomed by a drowsy maid with the sleep scarce brushed out of her hair, and finds empty grates and polished mahogany on whose arid plains the pioneers of breakfast have not yet encamped, so a person waked thus unreasonably is sent into the world before his faculties are up and dressed to serve him. It might have been for this reason that my stomach resented for several hours a piece of fried beefsteak which I forced upon it, or, more properly speaking,

a piece of that leathern conveniency which in these regions assumes the name. You will find it as hard to believe, my dear Storg, as that quarrel of the Sorbonists whether one should say *ego amat* or no, that the use of the gridiron is unknown hereabout, and so near a river named after St. Lawrence, too!

To-day has been the hottest day of the season, yet our drive has not been unpleasant. For a considerable distance we followed the course of the Sebasticook River, a pretty stream with alternations of dark brown pools and wine-colored rapids. On each side of the road the land had been cleared, and little one-story farm-houses were scattered at intervals. But the stumps still held out in most of the fields, and the tangled wilderness closed in behind, striped here and there with the slim white trunks of the elm. As yet only the edges of the great forest have been nibbled away. Sometimes a root-fence stretched up its bleaching antlers like the trophies of a giant hunter. Now and then the houses thickened into an unsocial-looking village, and we drove up to the grocery to leave and take a mail-bag, stopping again presently to water the horses at some pallid little tavern, whose one red-curtained eye (the bar-room) had been put out by the inexorable thrust of the Maine Law. Had Shensstone travelled this road, he would never have written that famous stanza of his; had Johnson, he never would have quoted it. They are to real inns as the skull of Yorick to his face. Where these villages occurred at a distance from the river, it was difficult to account for them. On the river-bank, a saw-mill or a tannery served as a logical premise, and saved them from total inconsequentiality.

As we trailed along, at the rate of about four miles an hour, it was discovered that one of our mail-bags was missing. "Guess somebody 'll pick it up," said the driver, coolly, "tany rate, likely there's nothing in it." Who knows how long it took some Elam D. or Zebulon K. to compose the missive intrusted to that vagrant bag, and how much longer to persuade Pamela Grace or Sophronia Melissa that it had really and truly been written? The discovery of our loss was made by a tall man who sat next to me on the top of the coach, every one of whose senses seemed to be prosecuting its several investigation as we went along. Presently, sniffing gently, he remarked, "'Pears to me's though I smelt sunthin.' Aint the air hot, think?" The driver pulled up, and sure enough the off fore-wheel was found to be smoking. In three minutes he had snatched a rail from the fence, made a

lever, raised the coach and taken off the wheel, bathing the hot axle and box with water from the river. It was a pretty spot, and I was not sorry to lie under a beech-tree (Tityrus-like, meditating over my pipe) and watch the operations of the fire-annihilator. I could not help contrasting the ready helpfulness of our driver, all of whose wits were about him, current, and redeemable in the specie of action on emergency, with an incident of Italian travel.

There being four passengers for the lake, a vehicle called a mud-wagon was detailed at Newport for our accommodation. In this we jolted and rattled along at a livelier pace than in the coach. As we got farther north the country (especially the hills) gave evidence of longer cultivation. About the thriving town of Dexter we saw fine farms and crops. The houses, too, became prettier, hop-vines were trained about the doors and hung their clustering thyrsi over the open windows. A kind of wild rose (called by the country folk the primrose) and asters were planted about the dooryards, and orchards, commonly of natural fruit, added to the pleasant home-look. But every where we could see that the war between the white man and the forest was still fierce, and that it would be a long while yet before the axe was buried. The haying being over, fires blazed or smouldered against the stumps in the fields, and the blue smoke widened slowly upward through the quiet August atmosphere. It seemed to me that I could hear a sigh now and then from the immemorial pines as they stood watching these camp-fires of the inexorable invaders. Evening set in, and, as we crunched and crawled up the long gravelly hills, I sometimes began to fancy that nature had forgotten to make the corresponding descent on the other side. But ere long we were rushing down at full speed, and inspired by the dactylic boat of the horses' hoofs, I essayed to repeat the opening lines of Evangeline. At the moment I was beginning, we plunged into a hollow where the soft clay had been overcome by a road of unhewn logs. I got through one line to this corduroy accompaniment, somewhat as a country choir stretches a short metre to the Procrustean bed of a long-drawn tune. The result was like this—

*This is the the foreest priihime-
heval; the the murkurmring pihines ha-
band the hehemohocks!*

At a quarter past eleven P.M., we reached Greenville (a little village which looks as if it had dripped down from the hills and settled in the hollow at the foot of the lake), having accomplished seventy-two

miles in eighteen hours. The tavern was totally extinguished. The driver rapped upon the bar-room window, and after a while we saw heat-lightnings of unsuccessful matches followed by a low grumble of vocal thunder, which I am afraid took the form of imprecation. Presently there was a great success, and the steady blur of lighted tallow succeeded the fugitive brilliance of the pine. A hostler fumbled the door open and stood staring at, but not seeing us, with the sleep sticking out all over him. We at last contrived to launch him, more like an insensible missile than an intelligent or intelligible being, at the slumbering landlord, who came out wide-awake and welcomed us as so many half-dollars—twenty-five cents each for bed, *ditto* breakfast. Oh, Shenstone, Shenstone! The only roost was in the garret which had been made into a single room, and contained eleven double-beds, ranged along the walls. It was like sleeping in a hospital. However, nice customs curtesy to eighteen-hour rides, and we slept.

Saturday, 13th.—This morning I performed my toilet in the bar-room, where there was an abundant supply of water, and a halo of interested spectators. After a sufficient breakfast, we embarked on the little steamer Moosehead, and were soon throbbing up the lake. The boat, it appeared, had been chartered by a party, this not being one of her regular trips. Accordingly we were mulcted in twice the usual fee, the philosophy of which I could not understand. However, it always comes easier to us to comprehend why we receive than why we pay. I dare say it was quite clear to the captain. There were three or four clearings on the western shore, but, after passing these, the lake became wholly primeval and looked to us as it did to the first adventurous Frenchman who paddled across it. Sometimes a cleared point would be pink with the blossoming willow-herb, "a cheap and excellent substitute" for heather, and, like all such, not quite so good as the real thing. On all sides rose deep-blue mountains, of remarkably graceful outline, and more fortunate than common in their names. There were the Big and Little Squaw, the Spencer and Lily-bay Mountains. It was debated whether we saw Katahdin or not (perhaps more useful as an intellectual exercise than the assured vision would have been), and presently Mount Kineo rose abruptly before us, in shape not unlike the island of Capri. Mountains are called great natural features, and why they should not retain their names long enough for them also to become naturalized it is hard

to say. Why should every new surveyor rechristen them with the gubernatorial patronymics of the current year? They are geological noses, and, as they are aquiline or pug, indicate terrestrial idiosyncrasies. A cosmical physiognomist, after a glance at them, will draw no vague inference as to the character of the country. The word *nose* is no better than any other word, but since the organ has got that name, it is convenient to keep it. Suppose we had to label our facial prominences every season with the name of our provincial governor; how should we like it? If the old names have no other meaning, they have that of age; and, after all, meaning is a plant of slow growth, as every reader of Shakespeare knows. It is well enough to call mountains after their discoverers, for nature has a knack of throwing doublets, and somehow contrives it that discoverers have good names. Pike's Peak is an instance of a curious bit in this way. But these surveyors' names have no natural stick in them. They remind one of the epithets of poetsasters, which peel off like a badly gummed postage-stamp. The early settlers did better, and there is something pleasant in the sound of Graylock, Saddleback, and Great Haystack.

"I love those names
Wherewith the exiled farmer takes
Nature down to companionship
With his old world's more homely mood,
And strives the shaggy wild to elude
With arms of familiar habitude."

It is possible that Mount Marcy and Mount Hitchcock may sound as well hereafter as Hellespont and Peloponnesus, when the heroes their namesakes have become mythic with antiquity. But that is to look forward a great way. I am no fanatic for Indian nomenclature—the name of my native district having been Pigsgusset—but let us at least agree on names for ten years.

There were a couple of loggers on board, in red flannel shirts, and with rifles. They were the first I had seen, and I was interested in their appearance. They were tall, well-knit men, straight as Robin Hood, and with a quiet, self-contained look that pleased me. I fell into talk with one of them.

"Is there a good market for the farmers here in the woods?" I asked.

"None better. They can sell what they raise at their doors, and for the best of prices. The lumberers want it all, and more."

"It must be a lonely life. But then we all have to pay more or less life for a living."

"Well, it is lonesome. Shouldn't like it. After all, the best crop a man can

raise is a good crop of society. We don't live none too long any how, and, without society, a fellow couldn't tell more'n half the time whether he was alive or not."

This speech gave me a glimpse into the life of the lumberers' camp. It was plain that there a man would soon find out how much alive he was—there he could learn to estimate his quality, weighed in the nicest self-adjusting balance. The best arm at the axe or the paddle, the surest eye for a road, or for the weak point of a jam, the steadiest foot upon the floating log, the most persuasive voice to the tugging oxen—all these things are rapidly settled, and so an aristocracy is evolved from this democracy of the woods, for good old mother nature speaks Saxon still, and with her either Canning or Kenning means King.

A string of five loons was flying back and forth in long irregular zigzags, uttering at intervals their wild, tremulous cry, which always seems far away like the last faint pulse of echo dying among the hills, and which is one of those few sounds that, instead of disturbing solitude, only deepen and confirm it. On our inland ponds they usually are seen in pairs, and I asked if it were common to meet five together. My question was answered by a queer-looking old man, chiefly remarkable for a pair of enormous cowhide boots, over which large blue trowsers of frocking strove in vain to crowd themselves.

"Wahl, 'taint ushil," said he, "and it's called a sign o' rain comin', that is."

"Do you think it will rain?"

With the caution of a veteran *auspex*, he evaded a direct reply. "Wahl, they do say its a sign o' rain comin'," said he.

I discovered afterward that my interlocutor was Uncle Zeb. Formerly every New England town had its representative uncle. He was not a pawnbroker, but some elderly man who, for want of more defined family ties, had gradually assumed this avuncular relation to the community, inhabiting the borderland between respectability and the almshouse, with no regular calling, but working at haying, wood-sawing, whitewashing, associated with the demise of pigs and the ailments of cattle, and possessing as much patriotism as might be implied in a devoted attachment to "New England"—with a good deal of sugar and very little water in it. Uncle Zeb was a good specimen of this palæozoic class, extinct among us for the most part, or surviving, like the Dodo, in the Botany Bays of society. He was ready to contribute (somewhat muddily) to all general conversation, but his chief topics were his boots and the 'Hoostick war. Upon the lowlands and levels of ordinary palæ-

ver he would make rapid and unlooked-for incursions, but, provision failing, he would retreat to these two fastnesses, whence it was impossible to dislodge him, and to which he knew innumerable passes and short cuts quite beyond the conjecture of common woodcraft. His mind opened naturally at these two subjects like a book at some favorite passage. As the ear accustoms itself to any sound recurring regularly, such as the ticking of a clock, and, without a conscious effort of attention, takes no impression from it whatever, so does the mind find a natural safeguard against this pendulum species of discourse, and performs its duties in the parliament by an unconscious reflex action, like the beating of the heart or the movement of the lungs. If talk seemed to be flagging, our Uncle would put the heel of one boot upon the toe of the other, to bring it within point-blank range, and say, "Wahl, I stump the devil himself to make that ere boot hurt my foot," leaving us in doubt, whether it were the virtue of the foot or its case which set at naught the wiles of the adversary; or, looking up suddenly, he would exclaim, "Wahl, we eat some beans to the Roostick war, I tell you!" When his poor old clay was wet with gin, his thoughts and words acquired a rank flavor from it, as from too strong a fertilizer. At such times, too, his fancy commonly reverted to a prehistoric period of his life, when he singly had settled all the surrounding country, subdued the Injuns and other wild animals, and named all the towns.

We talked of the winter-camps and the life there. "The best thing is," said our Uncle, "to hear a log squeal through the snow. Git a good, oole, frosty mornin', in February say, and take and hitch the critters onto a log that'll scale seven thousand, and it'll squeal as pooty as an'thin' ever you hearn, I tell you."

A pause.

"Lessee—seen Cal Hutchins lately?"

"No."

"Seems to me 's though I hedn't seen Cal sence the Roostick war. Wahl," &c., &c.

Another pause.

"To look at them boots you'd think they was too large; but kind o' git your foot into 'em, and they're as easy 's a glove." (I observed that he never seemed really to get his foot in—there was always a qualifying *kind o'*.) "Wahl, my foot can play in 'em like a young hedgehog."

By this time we had arrived at Kineo—a flourishing village of one house, the tavern kept by 'Squire Barrows. The 'Squire is a large, hearty man, with a voice as clear and strong as a northwest wind, and a

great laugh suitable to it. His table is neat and well supplied, and he waits upon it himself in the good old landlordly fashion. One may be much better off here, to my thinking, than in one of those gigantic Columbaria which are foisted upon us patient Americans for hotels, and where one is packed away in a pigeon hole so near the heavens that if the comet should flit his tail (no unlikely thing in the month of flies) one would be in danger of being brushed away. Here one does not pay his diurnal three dollars for an undivided five-hundredth part of the pleasure of looking at gilt gingerbread. Here one's relations are with the monarch himself, and one is not obliged to wait the slow leisure of those "attentive clerks" whose praises are sung by thankful deadheads, and to whom the slave who pays may feel as much gratitude as might thrill the heart of a brown-paper parcel toward the express-man who labels it and chucks it under his counter.

Sunday 14th.—The loons were right. About midnight it began to rain in earnest, and did not hold up till about ten o'clock this morning. "This is a Maine dew," said a shaggy woodman cheerily, as he shook the water out of his wide-awake, "if it don't look out sharp, it'll begin to rain afore it thinks on't." The day was mostly spent within doors, but I found good and intelligent society. We should have to be shipwrecked on Juan Fernandez not to find men who knew more than we. In these travelling encounters one is thrown upon his own resources, and is worth just what he carries about him. The social currency of home, the smooth-worn coin which passes freely among friends and neighbors, is of no account. We are thrown back upon the old system of barter, and, even with savages, we bring away only as much of the wild wealth of the woods as we carry beads of thought and experience, strung one by one in painful years, to pay for them with. A useful old jack-knife will buy more than the daintiest Louis Quinze paper-folder fresh from Paris. Perhaps the kind of intelligence one gets in these out-of-the-way places is the best,—where one takes a fresh man after breakfast instead of the damp morning-paper, and where the magnetic telegraph of human sympathy flashes swift news from brain to brain.

Meanwhile, at a pinch, to-morrow's weather can be discussed. The augury from the flight of birds is favorable, the loons no longer prophesying rain. The wind also is hauling round to the right quarter, according to some, to the wrong, if we are to believe others. Each man has his private barometer of hope, the

mercury in which is more or less sensitive, and the opinion vibrant with its rise or fall. Mine has an index which can be moved mechanically. I fixed it at *set fair*, and resigned myself. I read an odd volume of the patent-office report on agriculture, and stored away a beautiful pile of facts and observations for future use which the current of occupation, at its next freshet, would sweep quietly off to blank oblivion. Practical application is the only mordant which will set things in the memory. Study, without it, is gymnastics, and not work, which alone will get intellectual bread. One learns more metaphysics from a single temptation than from all the philosophers. It is curious, though, how tyrannical the habit of reading is, and what shifts we make to escape thinking. There is no bore we dread being left alone with so much as our own minds. I have seen a sensible man study a stale newspaper in a country tavern, and husband it as he would an old shoe on a raft after shipwreck. Why not try a bit of hibernation? There are few brains that would not be the better for living on their own fat a little while. With these reflections, I, notwithstanding, spent the afternoon over my report. If our own experience is of so little use to us, what a dolt is he who recommends to man or nation the experience of others! Like the mantle in the old ballad, it is always too short or too long, and exposes or trips us up. "Keep out of that candle," says old father Miller, "or you'll get a singing." "Pooh, pooh, father, I've been dipped in the new patent asbestos preparation," and *frozz!* it is all over with young Hopeful. How many warnings have been drawn from Prætorian bands, and janissaries, and mamelukes to make Napoleon III. impossible in 1851! I found myself thinking the same thoughts over again, when we walked later on the beach and picked up pebbles. The old time-ocean throws upon its shores just such rounded and polished results of the eternal turmoil, but we only see the beauty of those which we have got the headache in stooping for ourselves, and wonder at the dull brown bits of common stone with which our comrades have stuffed their pockets. Afterwards this little fable came of it.

DOCTOR LOBSTER.

A perch who had the toothache, once
Thus moaned, like any human duncie:
"Why must great souls exhaust so soon
Life's bits and unsubstantial boon?
Existence on such sculpin terms—
Their vulgar loves and hard-won worms—
What is it all but dross to me,
Whose nature craves a larger sea;
Whose lachry, six from head to tail,
Incloses the spirit of a whale?
Who, if great baits were still to win,
By watchful eye and fearless fin,

Might with the Zodiac's awful twain
Room for a third immortal gun?
Better the crowd's unthinking plan—
The hook, the jerk, the frying-pan!
O, Death, thou ever roaming shark,
Ingulf me in eternal dark!"

The speech was cut in two by flight;
A real shark had come in sight;
No metaphoric monster, one
It scolded despair to call upon,
But stealthy, sidelong, grim, I wis,
A downright bit of Nemesis;
While it recovered from the shock,
Our fish took shelter 'neath a rock:
This was an ancient lobster's house,
A lobster of prodigious now,
So old that barnacles had spread
Their white encampments o'er his head,—
And of experience so stupend,
His claws were blunted at the end,
Turning life's iron pages o'er,
That shut and can be opened no more.

Stretching a hospitable claw,
"At once," said he, "the point I saw;
My dear young friend, your case I rue,
Your great-great-grandfather I knew;
He was a tried and tender friend
I knew—I ate him in the end;
In this vile sea a pilgrim long,
Still my sight's good, my memory strong;
The only sign that age is near,
Is a slight deafness in this ear,
I understand your case as well
As this my old familiar shell;
This sorrow's a new-fangled notion,
Come in since first I knew the ocean;
We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times;
Your traps, and nets, and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co.;
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters;
No lobster ever cast his lot
Among the reds, but went to pot;
Your trouble's in the jaw, you said?
Come, let me just nip off your head,
And, when a new one comes, the pain
Will never trouble you again;
Nay, nay, fear naught; 'tis nature's law,
Four times I've lost this starboard claw;
And still, ere long, another grew,
Good as the old,—and better too!"

The perch consented, and next day
An osprey marketing that way,
Picked up a fish without a head,
Floating with belly up, stone dead.

MORAL.

Sharp are the teeth of ancient saws,
And sauce for goose is gander's sauce;
But perch's heads aren't lobsters' claws.

Monday, 15th.—The morning was fine, and we were called at four o'clock. At the moment my door was knocked at, I was mounting a giraffe with that charming *nil admirari* which characterizes dreams, to visit Prester John. *Rat-tat-tat!* upon my door and upon the horn gate of dreams also. I remarked to my skowhegan (the Tatar for giraffe-driver), that I was quite sure the animal had the *raps*, a common disease among them, for I heard a queer knocking noise inside him. It is the sound of his joints, O, Tambourgi! (an Oriental term of reverence) and proves him to be of the race of El Keirat. *Rat-tat-tat-too!* and I lost my dinner at the Prester's, embarking for a voyage to the Northwest Carry, instead. Never use the word *canoe*, my dear Storg, if you wish to

retain your self-respect. *Birch* is the term among us backwoodsmen. I never knew it till yesterday, but, like a true philosopher, I made it appear as if I had been intimate with it from childhood. The rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it, gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep. It is as hard for most characters to stay at their own average point in all companies, as for a thermometer to say 65° for twenty-four hours together. I like this in our friend Johannes Taurus, that he carries every where and maintains his insular temperature, and will have every thing accommodate itself to that. Shall I confess that this morning I would rather have broken the moral law than have endangered the equipoise of the birch by my awkwardness? that I should have been prouder of a compliment to my paddling, than to have had both my guides suppose me the author of Hamlet? Well, Cardinal Richelieu used to jump over chairs.

We were to paddle about twenty miles, but we made it rather more, by crossing and recrossing the lake. Twice we landed, once at a camp, where we found the cook alone, baking bread and gingerbread. Monsieur Soyer would have been startled a little by this shaggy professor—this *Præ-Raphaelite* of cookery. He represented the *sal-aeratus* period of the art, and his bread was of a brilliant yellow, like those cakes tinged with saffron, which hold out so long against time and the flies, in little waterside shops of seaport towns, dingy extremities of trade fit to stand on Lethe wharf. His water was better, squeezed out of ice-cold granite in the neighboring mountains, and sent through subterranean ducts to sparkle up by the door of the camp.

"There's nothin' so sweet and hulsome, as your *real* spring water," said Uncle Zeb, "git it pure. But it's dreffle hard to git it that ain't got sunthin' the matter of it. Snow-water 'll burn a man's inside out—I larned that to the Roostick war—and the snow lays terrible long on some o' thesere hills. Me and Eh. Stiles was up old Kalahdn once jest about this time o' year, and we come across a kind o' boller like, as full o' snow as your stockin's full o' your foot. I see it fust, and took and rammed a settin'-pole; wahl, it was all o' twenty foot into't, and couldn't fine no bottom. I dunno as there's snow-water enough in this to do no hurt. I don't somehow seem to think that *real* spring-water's so plenty as it used to be." And Uncle Zeb, with perhaps a little over-refinement of scrupulosity, applied his lips to the Ethiop ones of a bottle of raw gin, with a kiss

that drew out its very soul, a *basia* that Secundus might have sung. He must have been a wonderful judge of water, for he analyzed this, and detected its latent snow simply by his eye, and without the clumsy process of tasting. I could not help thinking that he had made the desert his dwelling-place chiefly in order to enjoy the ministrations of this one fair spirit unmolested.

We pushed on. Little islands loomed trembling between sky and water, like hanging gardens. Gradually the filmy trees defined themselves, the aerial enchantment lost its potency, and we came up with common prose islands that had so late been magical and poetic. The old story of the attained and unattained. About noon we reached the head of the lake, and took possession of a deserted *wongen* in which to cook and eat our dinner. No Jew, I am sure, can have a more thorough dislike of salt pork than I have in a normal state, yet I had already eaten it raw with hard bread for lunch, and relished it keenly. We soon had our tea-kettle over the fire, and before long the cover was chattering with the escaping steam, which had thus vainly begged of all men to be saddled and bridled, till James Watt one day happened to overhear it. One of our guides shot three Canada grouse, and these were turned slowly between the fire and a hit of salt pork, which dropt fatness upon them as it fried. Although my fingers were certainly not made before knives and forks, yet they served as a convenient substitute for those more ancient inventions. We sat round, Turk-fashion, and ate thankfully, while a party of aborigines of the Mosquito tribe, who had camped in the Wongen before we arrived, dined upon us. I do not know what the British Protectorate of the Mosquitoes amounts to, but, as I squatted there at the mercy of these blood-thirsty savages, I no longer wondered that even the classic Everett had been stung into a willingness for war on the question.

"Thiisere'd be about a complete place for a camp, ef there was only a spring o' sweet water handy. Frizzled pork goes wal, don't it? Yes, and sets wal, too," said Uncle Zeb, and he again tilted his bottle, which rose nearer and nearer to an angle of forty-five at every gurgle.

He then broached a curious dietetic theory—"The reason we take salt pork along is cos it packs handy: you git the greatest amount o' board in the smallest compass,—let alone that it's more nourishin' than an'thin' else. It kind o' don't digest so quick, but stays by ye, anourishin' ye all the while.

"A feller can live wal on frizzled pork,

and good spring-water, git it good. To the Roostick war we didn't ask for nothin' better—only beans." (*Tilt, tilt, gurgle, gurgle.*) Then with an apparent feeling of inconsistency—"But then, come to git used to a particular kine o' spring-water, and it makes a feller hard to suit. Most all sorts o' water taste kind o' insipid away from home. Neow, I've gut a spring to my place that's as sweet—wahl, it's as sweet as maple-sap. A feller acts about water jest as he does about a pair o' boots. It's all on it in gittin' wonted. Now, them boots, &c., &c." (*Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle, smack*.)

All this while he was packing away the remains of the pork and hard-bread in two large firkins. This accomplished, we re-embarked, our uncle on his way to the birch essaying a kind of song in four or five parts, of which the words were hilarious and the tune profoundly melancholy, and which was finished, and the rest of his voice apparently jerked out of him in one sharp falsetto note, by his tripping over the root of a tree. We paddled a short distance up a brook which came into the lake smoothly through a little meadow not far off. We soon reached the Northwest Carry, and our guide, pointing through the woods, said, "That's the Cannydy road. You can travel that clear to Kebeck, a hundred and twenty miles," a privilege which I respectfully declined to avail myself of. The offer, however, remains open to the public. The Carry is called two miles, but this is the estimate of somebody who had nothing to lug. I had a headache and all my baggage which, with a traveller's instinct, I had brought with me. (*P. S.*—I did not even take the keys out of my pocket, and both my bags were wet through before I came back.) My estimate of the distance is eighteen thousand six hundred and seventy-four miles and three-quarters—the fraction being the part left to be travelled after one of my companions most kindly insisted on relieving me of my heaviest bag. I know very well that the ancient Roman soldiers used to carry sixty pounds weight, and all that; but I am not, and never shall be, an ancient Roman soldier; no, not even in the miraculous Thundering Legion. Uncle Zeb along the two provender firkins across his shoulder, and trudged along, grumbling that "he never see sech a contrairy pair as them." He had begun upon a second bottle of his "particular kind o' spring water," and, at every rest, the gurgle of this peripatetic fountain might be heard, followed by a smack, a fragment of mosaic song, or a confused clatter with the cow-hide boots, being an arbitrary symbol,

intended to represent the festive dance. Christian's pack gave him not half so much trouble as the firkins gave Uncle Zeb. It grew harder and harder to sling them, and, with every fresh gulp of the Batavian Elixir, they got heavier. Or rather, the truth was, that his hat grew heavier, in which he was carrying on an extensive manufacture of bricks without straw. At last affairs reached a crisis, and a particularly favorable pitch offering, with a puddle at the foot of it, even the boots afforded no sufficient ballast, and away went our uncle, the satellite firkins accompanying faithfully his headlong flight. Did ever exiled monarch or disgraced minister find the cause of his fall in himself? Is there not always a straw-berry at the bottom of our cup of life, on which we can lay all the blame of our deviations from the straight path? Till now, Uncle Zeb had contrived to give a gloss of volition to smaller stumblings and gyrations by exaggerating them into an appearance of playful burlesque. But the present case was beyond any such subterfuges. He held a bed of justice where he sat, and then arose slowly, with a stern determination of vengeance stiffening every muscle of his face. But what would he select as the culprit? "It's that cussed firkin," he mumbled to himself, "I never knowed a firkin cair on so—no, not in the Roostehick war. There, go long, will ye? and don't come back till you've larned how to walk with a genelman!" And, seizing the unhappy scapegoat by the bail, he hurled it into the forest. It was a curious circumstance, that it was *not* the firkin containing the bottle which was thus condemned to exile.

The end of the Carry was reached at last, and, as we drew near it, we heard a sound of shouting and laughter. It came from a party of men, making hay of the wild grass in Seboomok meadows, which lie around Seboomok pond, into which the Carry empties itself. Their camp was near, and our two hunters set out for it, leaving us seated in the birch on the plashy border of the pond. The repose was perfect. Another heaven hallowed and deepened the polished lake, and through that nether world the fish-hawk's double floated with balanced wings, or, wheeling suddenly, flashed his whitened breast against the sun. As the clattering kingfisher flew unsteadily across, and seemed to push his heavy head along with ever-renewing effort, a visionary mate flitted from downward tree to tree below. Some tall alders shaded us from the sun, in whose yellowing afternoon light the drowsy forest was steeped, giving out that

wholesome resinous perfume, almost the only warm odor which it is refreshing to breathe. The tame hay-cocks in the midst of the wildness gave one a pleasant reminiscence of home, like bearing one's native tongue in a strange country.

Presently our hunters came back, bringing with them a tall, thin, active-looking man with black eyes, that glanced unconsciously on all sides, like one of those spots of sunlight which a child dances up and down the street with a bit of looking-glass. This was M., the captain of the haymakers, a famous river-driver, and who was to have fifty men under him next winter. I could now understand that sleepless vigilance of eye. He had consented to take two of our party in his birch to search for moose. A quick, nervous, decided man, he got them into the birch, and was off instantly, without a superfluous word. He evidently looked upon them as he would upon a couple of logs which he was to deliver at a certain place. Indeed, I doubt if life and the world presented themselves to Napier himself in a more *log-arithmetic* way. His only thought was to do the immediate duty well, and to pilot his particular raft down the crooked stream of life to the ocean beyond. The birch seemed to feel him as an inspiring soul, and slid away straight and swift for the outlet of the pond. As he disappeared under the over-arching alders of the brook, our two hunters could not repress a grave and measured applause. There is never any extravagance among these woodmen, their eye, accustomed to reckoning the number of feet which a tree will *scale*, is rapid and close in its guess of the amount of stuff in a man. It was *laudari a laudato*, however, for they themselves were accounted good men in a birch. I was amused, in talking with them about him, to meet with an instance of that tendency of the human mind to assign some utterly improbable reason for gifts which seem unaccountable. After due praise, one of them said, "I guess he's got some Indian in him," although I knew very well that the speaker had a thorough contempt for the red-man, mentally and physically. Here was mythology in a small way, the same that under more favorable auspices hatched Helen out of an egg and gave Merlin an Incubus for father. I was pleased with all I saw of M. He was in his narrow sphere a true *ἀνὰς ἀνθρώπων*, and the ragged edges of his old hat seemed to become coronated as I looked at him. He impressed me as a man really educated, that is, with his aptitudes *drawn out* and ready for use. He was A.M. and L.L.D. in Woods College—Axe-master and

Doctor of Logs. Are not our educations commonly like a pile of books laid over a plant in a pot? The compressed nature struggles through at every crevice, but can never get the cramp and stunt out of it. We spend all our youth in building a vessel for our voyage of life, and set forth with streamers flying, but the moment we come nigh the great loadstone mountain of our proper destiny, out leap all our carefully-driven bolts and nails, and we get many a mouthful of good salt brine, and many a buffet of the rough water of experience before we secure the bare right to live.

We now entered the outlet, a long-drawn aisle of alder, on each side of which spired tall firs, spruces, and white cedars. The motion of the birch reminded me of the gondola, and they represent among water-craft the *felidae*, the cat-tribe, stealthy, silent, treacherous, and preying by night. I closed my eyes and strove to fancy myself in the dumb city, whose only horses are the bronze ones of St. Mark. But Nature would allow no rival, and bent down an alder bough to brush my cheek and recall me. Only the robin sings in the emerald chambers of these tall sylvan palaces, and the squirrel leaps from hanging balcony to balcony.

The rain, which the loons foreboded, had raised the west branch of the Penobscot so much that a strong current was setting back into the pond; and, when at last we brushed through into the river, it was full to the brim. Too full for moose, the hunters said. Rivers with low banks have always the compensation of giving a sense of entire fullness. The sun sank behind its horizon of pines, whose pointed summits notched the rosy west in an endless black *sierra*. At the same moment the golden moon swung slowly up in the east, like the other scale of that Homeric balance in which Zeus weighed the deeds of men. Sunset and moonrise at once! Adam had no more in Eden—except the head of Eve upon his shoulder. The stream was so smooth that the floating logs we met seemed hung in a glowing atmosphere, the shadow-half being as real as the solid. And gradually the mind was etherized to a like dreamy placidity, till fact and fancy, the substance and the image, floating on the current of reverie, became but as the upper and under halves of one unreal reality.

In the west still lingered a pale-green light. I do not know whether it be from greater unfamiliarity, but it always seems to me that the pinnacles of pine-trees make an edge to the landscape which tells better against the twilight or the fainter dawn before the rising moon, than the

rounded and cloud-cumulous outlines of hard-wood trees.

After paddling a couple of miles, we found the arbores mouth of the little Malahoodus river, famous for moose. We had been on the look out for it, and I was amused to hear one of our hunters say to the other, to assure himself of his familiarity with the spot, "you *drote* the west branch last spring, didn't you?" as one of us might ask about a horse. We did not explore the Malahoodus far, but left the other birch to thread its cedared solitudes, while we turned back to try our fortunes in the larger stream. We paddled on about four miles farther, lingering now and then opposite the black mouth of a moose-path. The incidents of our voyage were few, but quite as exciting and profitable as the *items* of the newspapers. A stray log compensated very well for the ordinary run of accidents, and the floating *carkiss* of a moose which we met, could pass muster instead of a singular discovery of human remains by workmen in digging a cellar. Once or twice we saw what seemed ghosts of trees, but they turned out to be dead cedars, in winding-sheets of long gray moss, made spectral by the moonlight. Just as we were turning to drift back down-stream, we heard a loud, gnawing sound close by us on the bank. One of our guides thought it a hedgehog, the other a bear. I inclined to the bear, as making the adventure more imposing. A rifle was fired at the sound, which began again with the most provoking indifference, ere the echo, flaring madly at first from shore to shore, died far away in a hoarse sigh.

Half-past Eleven, p.m.—No sign of a moose yet. The birch, it seems was strained at the Carry, or the pitch was softened as she lay on the shore during dinner, and she leaks a little. If there be any virtue in the *sitzbad*, I shall discover it. If I cannot extract green cucumbers from the moon's rays, I get something quite as cool. One of the guides shivers so as to shake the birch.

Quarter to Twelve.—*Later from the freshet!*—The water in the birch is about three inches deep, but the dampness reaches already nearly to the waist. I am obliged to remove the matches from the ground-floor of my trowsers, into the upper-story of a breast-pocket. Meanwhile, we are to sit immovable, for fear of frightening the moose—which induces cramps.

Half-past Twelve.—A crashing is heard on the left bank. This is a moose in good earnest. We are besought to hold our breaths if possible. My fingers so numb, I could not if I tried. *Crash!*

crash! again, and then a plunge, followed by dead stillness. "Swimmin' crik," whispers guide, suppressing all unnecessary parts of speech, "don't stir;" I, for one, am not likely to. A cold fog which has been gathering for the last hour has finished me. I fancy myself one of those naked pigs that seem rusbing out of market-doors in winter, frozen in a ghastly attitude of gallop. If I were to be shot myself I should feel no interest in it. As it is, I am only a spectator, having declined a gun. *Splash!* again; this time the moose is in sight, and *click! click!* one rifle misses fire after the other. The fog has quietly spiked our batteries. The moose goes crashing up the bank, and presently we can hear it chewing its cud close by. So we lie in wait, freezing.

At one o'clock, I propose to land at a deserted *wongen*. I had noticed on the way up, where I will make a fire, and leave them to refrigerate as much longer as they please. Axe in hand, I go plunging through waist-deep woods damp with dew, haunted by an intense conviction that the gnawing sound we had heard was a bear, and a bear at least eighteen hands high. There is something pokerish about a deserted dwelling, even in broad daylight, but here in the obscure wood, and the moon sunk already behind the trees! Well, I made the door at last, and found the place packed fuller with darkness than it ever had been with day. Gradually I was able to make things out a little, and began to hack frozenly at a log which I groped out. I was relieved by one of the guides. He cut at once into one of the uprights of the building till he got some dry splinters, and we soon had a fire like the burning of a whole wood-wharf in our part of the country. My companion went back to the birch, and left me to keep house. First I knocked a hole in the roof (which the fire began to lick in a relishing way) for a chimney, and then cleared away a damp growth of "pison-elder" to make a sleeping place. When the unsuccessful hunters returned, I had every thing quite comfortable, and was steaming at the rate of about ten horse-power a minute. Young Telemachus was sorry to give up the moose so soon, and with the teeth chattering almost out of his head, declared that he should like to stick it out all night. However he reconciled himself to the fire, and, making our beds of some "splints" which we poked from the roof, we lay down at half-past two. I, who have inherited a habit of looking into every closet before I go to bed, for fear of fire, had become in two days such a stoic of the woods, that I went to sleep tranquilly, certain that my bedroom would be in a

blaze before morning. And so, indeed, it was; and the withes that bound it together being burned off, one of the sides fell in without waking me.

Tuesday, 16th.—After a sleep of two hours and a half, so sound that it was as good as eight, we started at half-past four for the haymakers' camp again. We found them just getting breakfast. We sat down upon the *Deacon seat* before the fire blazing between the bed-room and the *salle à manger*, which were simply two roofs of spruce-bark sloping to the ground on one side, the other three being left open. We found that we had, at least, been luckier than the other party, for M. had brought back his convoy without even seeing a moose. As there was not room at the table for all of us to breakfast together, these hospitable woodmen forced us to sit down first, although we resisted stoutly. Our breakfast consisted of fresh bread, fried salt-pork, stewed whortleberries, and tea. Our kind hosts refused to take money for it, nor would M. accept any thing for his trouble. This seemed even more open-handed when I remembered that they had brought all their stores over the Carry upon their shoulders, paying an ache *extra* for every pound. If their hospitality lacked any thing of hard external polish, it had all that deeper grace which springs only from sincere manliness. I have rarely sat at a *table d'hôte* which might not have taken a lesson from them in essential courtesy. I have never seen a finer race of men. They have all the virtues of the sailor, without that unsteady roll in the gait with which the ocean proclaims itself quite as much in the moral as in the physical habit of the man. They appeared to me to have hewn out a short north-west passage through wintry woods, to those spice-lands of character which we dwellers in cities must reach, if at all, by weary voyages in the monotonous track of the trades.

By the way, as we were embirching last evening for our moose-chase, I asked what I was to do with my baggage. "Leave it here," said our guide, and he laid the bags upon a platform of alders, which he bent down to keep them beyond reach of the rising water.

"Will they be safe here?"

"As safe as they would be locked up in your house at home."

And so I found them at my return, only the haymakers had carried them to their camp for greater security against the chances of weather.

We got back to Kineo in time for dinner, and in the afternoon, the weather being fine, went up the mountain. As we

landed at the foot, our guide pointed to the remains of a red shirt and a pair of blanket trowsers. "That," said he, "is the reason there's such a trade in ready-made clo'es. A suit gits pooty well wore out by the time a camp breaks up in the spring, and the lumberers want to look about right when they come back into the settlements, so they buy somethin' ready-made, and heave ole bust-up into the bush." True enough, thought I, this is the Ready-made Age. It is quicker being covered than fitted, so we all go to the slop-shop and come out uniformed, every mother's son with habits of thinking and doing cut on one pattern, with no special reference to his peculiar build.

Kineo rises 1750 feet above the sea, and 750 above the lake. The climb is very easy, with fine outlooks at every turn, over lake and forest. Near the top is a spring of water, which even Uncle Zeb might have allowed to be wholesome. The little tin-dipper was scratched all over with names, showing that vanity, at least, is not put out of breath by the ascent. O, Ozymandias, King of kings! We are all scrawling on something of the kind. "My name is engraved on the institutions of my country," thinks the statesman. But alas! institutions are as changeable as tin-dippers; men are content to drink the same old water, if the shape of the cup only be new, and our friend gets two lines in the Biographical Dictionary. After all, these inscriptions which make us smile up here, are about as valuable as the Assyrian ones which Hincks and Rawlinson read at cross-purposes. Near the spring we met a Bloomer! It was the first chronic one I had ever seen. It struck me as a sensible costume for the occasion, and it will be the only wear in the Greek Kalends when women believe that sense is an equivalent for grace.

The forest primeval is best seen from the top of a mountain. It then impresses one by its extent, like an oriental epic. To be in it is nothing, for then an acre is as good as a thousand square miles. You cannot see five rods in any direction, and the ferns, mosses, and tree-trunks just around you are the best of it. As for solitude, night will make a better one with ten feet square of pitch-dark, and mere size is hardly an element of grandeur, except in works of man—as the Colosseum. It is through one or the other pole of vanity that men feel the sublime in mountains. It is either—How small great I am beside it! or—Big as you are, little I a soul will hold a dozen of you. The true idea of a forest is not a *selva selaggia*, but something humanized a little, as we imagine the Forest of Arden, with trees

standing at royal intervals—a common-wealth and not a communism. To some moods, however, it is congenial to look over endless leagues of unbroken savagery without a hint of man.

Wednesday.—This morning fished. Telemachus caught a *laker* of thirteen pounds and a-half, and I an overgrown cusk, which we threw away, but which I found afterwards Agassiz would have been glad of, for all is fish that comes to his net, from the fossil down. The fish when caught are straightway knocked on the head. A lad who went with us seeming to show an over zeal in this operation, we remonstrated. But he gave a good, human reason for it—"he no need to be gone and been a fish if he didn't like it"—an excuse which superior strength or cunning has always found sufficient. It was some comfort, in this case, to think

that St. Jerome believed in a limitation of God's providence, and that it did not extend to inanimate things or creatures devoid of reason.

Thus, my dear Storg, I have finished my Oriental adventures, and somewhat, it must be owned, in the diffuse Oriental manner. There is very little about Moose-head Lake in it, and not even the Latin name for moose, which I might have obtained by sufficient research. If I had killed one, I would have given you his name in that dead language. I did not profess to give you an account of the Lake, but a journal, and moreover *my* journal, with a little nature, a little human nature, and a great deal of I in it, which last ingredient I take to be the true spirit of this species of writing; all the rest being so much water for tender throats which cannot take it *neat*.

ODENSEE.

THE man, whose heart is true and tried,
He may wander fearlessly;
Yet beware of the island of Funen,
And the valley of Odensee.

We stood on the bridge together
As the sunset faded wild,
And I heard the seaman's story
Of a wanderer beguiled.

As the stranger paced down the valley,
The mill-stream his footsteps laved,
The robin sang by the pathway,
And the green grass glittered and waved.

All murmured, "Though storm and destruction
In the whole wide world may be,
There is rest in this one low valley,
In the valley of Odensee."

How swiftly the hour of slumber
In the faint noontide was gone!
The robin sang o'er him in locust-boughs,
And the mill-stream murmured on.

The dreams of a thousand years stole back
On his dreaming soul that day,
And dim, fair forms through the brookside woods,
Went glimmering and waning away.

Ah! how his footsteps faltered,
When he rose from the wayside spell:
Ah! how the world seemed altered,
And how hushed the quiet dell!

As the wanderer went up the valley,
There were sad thoughts clung round his mind,
As the poplars clung on his pathway,
While their bright leaves sighed in the wind;

And he knew, ere he reached the hill-top,
He had left his soul behind.

It waved in the locust-blossom,
It gleamed in the poplar spray,
It sang in the robin's singing,
And it murmured, "Stay, oh, stay!"

"The bees suck honey from the flower,
And the soft winds steal it from the bee,
And the honey of thy soul is drained away
By this sweet air's luxury."

And as he went wandering onward,
His heart beat, ah! wearily,
And he looked, and looked, to the westward—
To the valley of Odensee.

His cheek grew whiter and thinner,
And his pulse ebb'd day by day,
But he only looked to the westward,
Where the dream of his sick heart lay.

Like the mill-stream depths where the dark fish glance,
His dying eyes did seem,
But still they gazed to the westward,
And closed upon the dream.

Ah! sadly I heard the story,
For my full heart answered me,
There were spells in Merrimack valleys
As strong as in Odensee.

WORKS OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

I.—*The Works of Thomas Reid, D. D., now fully collected, with Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations.* By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Third Edition. Edinburgh, 1832.

II.—*Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, etc., etc.* Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. Edinburgh, 1832.

III.—*Philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, Bart.* Arranged and Edited by O. W. WIGHT. For the use of schools and colleges. New-York. D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON has been chiefly known hitherto by a couple of remarkable articles in *The Edinburgh Review*—one on the Philosophy of Cousin, and the other on the current Theories of Perception. Nothing can exceed the evidence of logical ability in these papers, nor the easy mastery they exhibit over all the erudition pertaining to their respective subjects. Yet we are inclined to think that these admirable qualities have passed with hasty or inconsiderate readers for more than their worth, serving, indeed, popularly to accredit Sir William with a philosophic prestige to which, as it ap-

pears to us, he is by no means indisputably entitled. Let us proceed to vindicate this judgment by a careful examination of these celebrated disputations.

The drift of the article on Cousin was simply negatory of the pretension which modern Philosophy has put forth, to construct a science of the Absolute. And the method which Sir William pursues in order to lay this phantom pretension, is to prove that inasmuch as our knowledge is of the finite and conditioned, it is impossible that we should also know the infinite and the unconditioned. He reasons substantially after this manner: "All our knowledge is relative; that is to say, we know unity only as defined by plurality. Now if it be true that we know the one as defined by the many, it is contradictory and therefore false to say, according to the doctrine of the Absolute, that we know it as undefined by the many; that is as universal. And hence I insist that the Absolute represents no substantive cognition, but only our ignorance of the irrelative. When we wish to indicate

something beyond the sphere of our knowledge, we call up the Absolute to represent that unknown something. For example, we have a relative knowledge of man, that is, of the good man as defined by the bad man, and *vice versa*, or of John as defined by Joseph, by Charles, by all the not-Johns. When, then, we wish to deny that we are speaking of the good man, or the bad man, or the John, we say we are speaking of man *absolutely*; that is, not any man specifically defined, but man 'freed from' definition, that is, the man universal. Our language has no positive force. We do not mean to say that we *know* this undefined or universal man, because in that case our knowledge would be contradictory. For, if it be true that we know the specific man, or the man limited by other men, it necessarily follows that the absolute man, or the man unlimited by other men, is the man we do *not* know. I say necessarily, because knowledge is one, and cannot contradict itself. If we know the specific man, the John, Joseph, and Charles, then the absolute man being negative of these, would require in order to his positive cognition by us, that we should *unknow* the specific man—would require us, in fact, not only to extinguish every principle of our knowledge, and start afresh from the conceived identity of finite and infinite, specific and universal, but also to deny our own consciousness and to be the absolute or universal man himself. For the universal man denying all specific manhood, monopolizes all man's knowledge. He must be the only *knowing*, because he is the only *being*.¹⁷

Such, fairly stated, is the construction according to Sir William Hamilton, of the Absolute, and such the impossibility of knowing it without being it. We first conceive the absence of all our knowledge, or the destruction of the relative and finite, and represent the conception by the term infinite or absolute; and then we proclaim this term a positive cognition, forgetting that it was only by postulating the destruction of the cognitive power, or the being of the relative, that the term was fabricated.

It is clear that the force of this criticism turns wholly upon the quiet assumption that the Infinite or Absolute must be known precisely in the same way that we know the finite or relative; or what is equivalent, that the Infinite differs from the finite, not in kind but only in degree. Sir William Hamilton exhibits no positive conception of the Infinite. He regards it in fact as a mere negative conception to the finite, and does not hesitate to outrage every philosophic instinct by calling "the

Infinite and Absolute merely the names of two *imbecilities* of the human mind." Like the child who in a moment of summary rage and despair, demolishes the watch which he has taken apart but cannot reconstruct, this irascible critic boldly denies the reality of ideas which he cannot readily interpret to his sensuous perception.

The Infinite, then, according to Sir William Hamilton, is merely the logical negation of the finite. It has no existence in *se*, but only as the symbol of a certain imbecility, or infirmity of the human understanding, as the expression of man's ignorance. Knowing the finite, of course he must *un-know*, or ignore, the infinite. Thus, the Infinite is merely the logical contradiction of the finite. Now, finite existence means conditioned existence. Every finite existence is conditioned in space and time. The Infinite, therefore, considered as the logical opposite of the finite, must be unconditioned in space and time. One would therefore say that the apprehension of the Infinite demanded higher faculties in man than his senses, or those faculties whereby he apprehends the finite. And if Sir William had been content to say this, every one must have concurred, even his antagonists, who had said it over and over again previously. But he is not content to say this. Having disproved what no one ever claimed, that the Infinite has any sensible existence, he determines, with a singular incapacity of transcending the rôle of a critic or commentator, to deny it, also, any rational existence, and stamp it as a mere phantom and imbecility of the human mind. Having shown the infinite to be the "unconditioned in space and time," one would say there was no possibility of going any further. The very definition of it excluded it from the category of sensible knowledge, and all that remained to be done was to relegate it to the exclusive cognizance of our super-sensuous faculties, say our belief. But this does not satisfy Sir William. Having brought the Infinite into the condition of a mere negation, having defined it to mean "existence *unconditioned* in time and space," he determines forthwith to exalt it into a positive, and try it by the rules of time and space. For this purpose, the purpose of stifling this poor bloodless ghost of an Infinite, what does he do? Why, he cogitates the "*unconditioned* in time and space" as implying the *totality* of time and space, and denies the existence of the Infinite therefore because you can never get enough of finites to make it up! The Infinite, instead of being what be just defined it, "the unconditioned in

space and time," is suddenly converted into "the endless regress and progress" of both. That is to say, Sir William Hamilton, while defining the Infinite as the wholly unconditioned in space and time, treats it as identical with both, and while affirming it in words to be the logical opposite of the finite, makes it in fact the greatest possible potentialization of the finite. For if the finite be construed as "the conditioned in time and space," then clearly whatsoever least largely involves this construction, whatsoever involves the least of time and space, is the least finite existence, and whatsoever most largely involves this construction, or involves the most of time and space, is the most finite existence. Hence Sir William Hamilton's Infinite, being the endless regress and endless progress of time and space, that is to say, being the totality of both, stultifies its own pretension, and confesses itself a very transparent mask of the Finite.

Thus, in our estimation, Sir William Hamilton's criticism upon modern philosophic tendencies, turns out to be simply declamatory, and falls to the ground. Sir William is a philosophic Materialist, or as he styles himself in more holiday phrase, a Natural Realist, who maintains that time and space are essential verities upon which all being is conditioned. Time and space, in his view, are not purely logical facts, inseparable from the constitution of the human understanding: they are ontological facts, which forbid, therefore, the possibility of a logical denial, or attempt to transcend them. Hence his effort to disprove the doctrine of the Infinite by the method of contradiction, or by showing that inasmuch as the Infinite is only a negation of the finite, and the finite is the conditioned in time and space, so consequently the Infinite can only be "the unconditioned in time and space;" which being contradictory of the finite is absurd, when postulated as knowledge. Regarding space and time ontologically instead of logically, viewing them as conditions of *being* instead of conditions of *thought*, he is bound to construe infinitude as the literal intumescence of *limited* times and spaces into *unlimited* ones, as the *endless* imaginative prorogation of an *end*—in short, as the *consummate* accumulation of the Finite.

It is doubtless very true that man has no sensible acquaintance with the Infinite, because the sphere of the Infinite is that of supersensuous Goodness and Truth, and if these writers had unwittingly confounded the two spheres, it appears to us that it behooved a critic of Sir William Hamilton's penetration not merely to de-

nounce their error, but to correct it. So far, however, is he from contemplating this office, that he evinces no suspicion even of its practicability. His function with respect to Philosophy, appears to be wholly and contentedly negative. He is a subtle critic, a keen analyst of thought and language, a disputant of egregious stomach and skill, a plethoric and most exact vocabulary of logical and metaphysic wit, but he has not the slightest power of origination or suggestion. It is startling to find so prodigious an intellectual discipline reared upon so shallow a basis of ideas, representing so meagre a stock of spontaneous force. He seems to have careered over the whole field of metaphysics, for the sole purpose of letting you know that it contains no hidden treasures, and that its wealth lies patent to the eye upon the surface. Thus, he strikes you as being wholly devoid of love for his vocation, being mainly moved to it by intellectual curiosity, and mainly qualified for it by an enormous faculty of memory. And the personal feeling you soon come to conceive for him, consequently, is very similar to that you would get to entertain for an accomplished and conscientious sheriff's officer.

It is doubtless very wrong, we repeat, to postulate for a man a *knowledge* of the Infinite, in any strict sense of the word knowledge: because knowledge is properly conversant only with *things*, and the sphere of infinitude is identical with Life, or Personality. Knowledge relates us exclusively to the finite: it is only belief which relates us to the Infinite. We *know* good only as limited by evil, that is, finite good. We *know* truth only as limited by falsity, that is, finite truth. We *believe* in good unlimited by evil, in truth unlimited by falsity, that is, in infinite goodness and truth. The just or perfect man lives by faith not by knowledge. In our infancy or immaturity, whether as a race or as individuals, we live from knowledge, and the result is misery. Instructed by our senses only, as Eve by the serpent, we pluck freely of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and fondly deem its fruit capable of making us wise, and elevating us indeed to God. But in vain. Nature does not contain her own secret, and we may ransack her stores to all eternity before we shall master the spell whereby to conjure her allegiance.

But when infancy is past, and the manhood whether of the race or the individual becomes developed, we live by faith. Our judgments are no longer dictated by the senses, or an appreciation of things according to their appearance, but by reason, or an appreciation of things accord-

ing to their substance. We have the idea of an infinite or perfect good, truth and beauty, as constituting the Divine nature, and to realize that infinitude or perfection in all our life and converse, becomes henceforth our aspiration. The savage man, and the uneducated child, still acknowledge only a sensuous or finite good—the good which exists by the antagonism of evil; and they persist therefore in craving from nature satisfactions which she is all incompetent to bestow. But the cultivated or regenerate man, he who is born from within or above, is weaned from this base and perishable nutriment, and feeds upon invisible manna, or a goodness and beauty and truth which are infinite, as being wholly unconditioned upon evil and falsity and deformity. Whether he eats or drinks, or whatsoever he does, he does all to the glory of that infinitude. He does not do good to his brother, he does not show mercy, deal justly, or walk humbly, because he is thereby to procure reward; nor does he refrain from theft, adultery, lying, covetousness, because he dreads any outward punishment. But he does good and avoids evil from simple love to the one and hatred to the other, and this love and hatred make outward reward and punishment puerile and inappropriate. He has no fear that if he should defraud his neighbor of his property, or betray his conjugal honor, he would incur any other outward penalty for those offences than those which society imposes. Yet never was his neighbor's property so secure, nor his neighbor's conjugal happiness so inviolable. For the simple reason that this man is enlightened from within, or above, and in all his relations, whether to nature or society, to his own body or his fellow-man, aspires to fulfil that spirit of infinite and eternal love which constitutes God's living presence in his soul. It is the fear of injury to his own imperishable soul which emancipates him from all lower fear, and guarantees his complete obedience to all the obligations of fellowship.

But however it may fare with Sir Wm. Hamilton's criticism of the Transcendentalists, one thing becomes abundantly clear, which is the exact philosophic regimen of Sir William himself. For this we cannot be too grateful. For Sir William *resumes*, as the French say, the entire history of philosophical Materialism in himself, purged of all latent spiritual dross; and if we wish to know accordingly what orthodox Philosophy has achieved, up to the time of Kant, we have only to examine its net evolution and product in Sir William. Thus, if you would know the exact contents of the orthodox or Materialistic theory of Perception, he will show you how,

starting from the premiss of the entire relativity of our knowledge, it immediately proceeds to betray that premiss by affirming the duality or antagonism of man and nature, thus rendering both parties absolute or independent, instead of reciprocally relative existences. No man has ever, in words, asserted more loudly than Sir William the utter and inextinguishable relativity of all our experience, and yet, whenever he is called upon to define any specific fact of this experience, he invariably impeaches his assertion, by proving the experience to involve the irreconcilable antagonism of *subject* and *object*, or *me* and *not-me*.

Thus, I see a rose. Here is fact of knowledge or perception. And the fact is doubtless purely relative; that is to say, it would be impossible were it not for the relationship existing between my organs of sense and the various realms of nature. The color, the dimensions, the fragrance, etc., of the rose relate it, or make it akin, to my organs of sight, smell, etc., so that without the rose my senses would be destitute of power, and without these senses the rose would be destitute of color, fragrance, form, etc. Such is the case with all our knowledge. Every fact of knowledge or perception proceeds upon an affinity or relationship so intimate between our sensitive organization and nature, as completely to exclude the conception of antagonism or discrimination—as in fact to suspend consciousness upon their equal coalition. Knowledge, perception, is always specific. We know or perceive *things*, the horse, the tree, the stone, the cloud, the fountain. Take these things away, and we should know or perceive no-thing: that is, we should not perceive or know at all. Knowledge or perception does not inhere in me, considered apart from nature. I know or perceive only by virtue of my solidarity with nature. We have no faculty of sensation or perception apart from the contents of our sensitive organization, apart from the various things included in the realm of sense. We are, indeed, *self-conscious* only by virtue of our natural organization, which organization again is valid or efficient only by virtue of its involving or enfolding within itself the universe of nature. Thus, the eye is empowered only by the realm of colors, the nose by that of odors, the ear by that of sounds. Suppose you apply the ear to the discrimination of colors, or the nose to the criticism of sounds: they would confess themselves instantly invalidated. Why? Simply because they are not related to the phenomena in question—because the phenomena of light bear an exclusive relationship to the eye, and those

of sound to the ear. Hence in knowing, say in knowing a rose for example, the rose is just as vital and essential a constituent of the knowledge or perception as I myself am. In knowing or perceiving the rose I put forth no power—I am completely passive in the process. I cannot help knowing or perceiving it. It is a fact of my senses, deriving all its subsistence from them, as they derive all their life from it, and hence so long as I am in my senses I must know or perceive it. It is a fact of my organization, wholly inconceivable apart from my organization, and hence I know it in knowing my organization. I do not indeed identify my sensitive organization with the rose, or any specific fact of nature, because this would be to exclude from knowledge other facts, such as the tree, the fountain, the horse, the fish, the bird, etc. But I identify it with the sum of my sensible experience, or with the total contents of my senses, and hence know myself as organically defined only by my various relationship to the universe of nature.

In knowledge, therefore, or perception, the relation between me and nature is one of complete fusion, indistinction, or identification. The discrimination made by the reflective understanding between us disappears, and life unites what the senses divide. Knowledge does not indeed deny the sensible distinction, the distinction to our senses, between me and the rose, any more than water denies the sensible distinction of oxygen and hydrogen. But knowledge denies our distinction within its own limits, or in so far forth as our fusion constitutes knowledge, just as water denies the distinction of oxygen and hydrogen within its own limits, or so far forth as their fusion constitutes water.

Now, how does Sir William Hamilton, resuming the orthodox theory of Perception, proceed to explicate this fact of knowledge? It involves, he says, two distinct elements, an *active* and a *passive* one; a *me* and a *not-me*; a *subject* and an *object*. And yet he pronounces the fact purely relative. But what sort of a relationship stands disclosed in this discrimination? It is clearly no intrinsic or constitutional relation, but on the contrary a purely arbitrary and accidental one, growing out of the occasional determination of one party to the other, instead of their due and reciprocal proportion. On this hypothesis the relativity of our knowledge is a purely circumstantial fact, instead of a constitutional one. Man, being absolute in knowledge—that is to say, possessing in himself a *faculty* of knowledge, undetermined by the thing known—of course his ignorance of the Infinite implies no lack

of faculty in himself, but only the lack of an Infinite to know. The limitation of his knowledge is mechanical, not dynamic. He fails to cognize the Infinite, only because the Infinite previously fails to be.

I perceive the rose. "This perception," says Sir William Hamilton, "involves an active or perceptive subject, and a passive or perceived object." But in this state of things what becomes of the perception itself? Evidently it evaporates or goes into dissolution, leaving behind it the skeleton and dislocated *residua* of an agent here, and a patient there. It is literally swallowed up of its own constituents. It is in the same condition precisely with water, which has been resolved into its constituent gases. As water ceases to exist when resolved into its constituent elements, so perception ceases to exist when resolved into its constituent elements. Man is not perception, and nature is not perception; just as oxygen is not water, and hydrogen is not water. Perception is the *fusion* of man and nature, just as water is the *fusion* of oxygen and hydrogen, and when, consequently, you omit this fact of fusion from your definition of either phenomenon, and present instead its dissected simples, you omit the whole reality of the phenomenon. Of course we do not object to Sir William Hamilton's saying that every fact of perception is, like water, composite, nor to his making a mental discrimination of its simples. But we utterly object to his making these simples *discernible in composition*, any more than oxygen and hydrogen are discernible in water. It constitutes the very definition of knowledge and perception, that it *fuses* man and nature, or that which knows and that which is known: just as it constitutes the definition of water, that it is the fusion of oxygen and hydrogen. In both cases alike, no doubt, the fusion is operated in definite proportions; but this fact only guarantees the perfection of the fusion. As the fact of fusion thus constitutes the integrity of both phenomena, it is at once obvious that when we simplify or decompose either water or perception, we really destroy it. As in the one case we have no longer water but only hydrogen and oxygen, so in the other we have no longer perception, but only man and nature.

The theory of Perception maintained by Sir William Hamilton is stifled, therefore, by its own genesis. Its earliest and latest breath is expended in the defeat of its own parturition. It is not a case of suicide, but of simple miscarriage, or failure to come to the birth. Nor is the sophism which underlies the theory at all difficult to discover. It consists in confounding the realm of life or consciousness, with

that of nature or simple existence. Man exists sensibly as well as consciously, physically as well as metaphysically. On his physical or organic side he is as much a fact of sense as the rose and the strawberry, and of course, like every fact of sense, becomes cognizable only under conditions of difference with every other fact. But on his metaphysic or spiritual and functional side, he has no existence to sense but only to consciousness. In so far forth as he feels, and knows, and loves, and chooses—in so far forth, in short, as he strictly lives or is conscious—he is invisible, and no visible difference is predicable accordingly between him and other existence. We cannot apply any measure of time to his feeling or knowledge, nor can we estimate his loves and preferences by the dimensions of space. Difference indeed, or separation in time and space, becomes denied throughout the realm of consciousness or life, and indistinction or fusion to that extent affirmed. Life fuses or marries what the senses disunite.

Now the sophism in question consists in confounding these two realms, the physical with the metaphysical, or that of simple existence with that of life, and in consequently resolving a fact of pure consciousness and therefore of relation, into one of pure sense and therefore of difference. Perception or love or choice is not a fact of sense, is not a fact of simple existence like the rose or strawberry; it is a fact exclusively of life or consciousness, and therefore of relation. It exhibits the fusion or indistinction of man and rose, or man and strawberry, and of course therefore pre-supposes their sensible diversity, or their discrimination as given in sense. But Sir William Hamilton carelessly converts this pre-supposition into a supposition, so resolving a fact of relation as given only in consciousness, into the sensible discrepancy of which it is the express obliteration. In other words, when asked to define a living child, he resolves it back into the disunited loins of its father and mother. Consciousness or life gives you only an associate, mixed or relative existence. To live is not to have a bodily organization merely. It is by means of this bodily organization to know, perceive, love, believe, and choose; that is to say, to become consciously fused with other existence. Hence every fact of life or consciousness is strictly a relation between two or more things—a relation, of course, which pre-supposes the sensible difference of its elements, but which for that very reason *supposes* their conscious, vital, or supersensuous indifferences. Take a fact of perception—say the perception of a rose. Can you tell what *your* part of the fact

is, and what the rose's part? The question is preposterous. Discrimination is utterly impossible. The house in which we write doubtless pre-supposed for its construction, a very nice discrimination of bricks and mortar, timber and nails. But if asked to define the house, no one would think of saying, "So many bricks and so much mortar; so much timber and so many nails." Because, however much the house *presupposed* the distinction of these materials, it decidedly *supposes* their indistinction; that is to say, fuses them in a manner not to be discriminated in itself. To re-solve the materials of the house into their primal sensible differences, would be equivalent, of course, to the disintegration and consequent destruction of the house itself.

But let us signalize our difference from Sir William Hamilton in a manner more fundamental. It will be perceived by every one who attends to the definition of experience given by Sir William, that he assigns the active, personal, or subjective element in every transaction, a prior, interior, or superior place to the passive, impersonal, or objective element. He holds the *not-me*, or object, to be in every case subordinate or posterior to the *me*, or subject. Thus, "I see a rose." Here "I," the reputed subject, occupies the first place, and the "rose," or reputed object, occupies the second place. Or, "I love strawberries." Here "I," the reputed agent, holds a superior rank, and "strawberries," the reputed patient, a secondary one. Hence, according to this doctrine, in every fact of experience, whether physical or moral, it is the subject which determines the object, the agent which determines the patient, the *me* which determines the *not-me*: and never the contrary.

It is abundantly clear from this bare statement of Sir William's theory of human experience, that it affirms the *absoluteness* of man. No stronger affirmation of it is possible in fact. To say that the subject determines or governs the object, that the agent determines or governs the patient, that the *me* determines or governs the *not-me*, is to affirm as effectually as words can affirm any thing, the absoluteness of the subject, the agent and the *me*. How will Sir William then reconcile the absoluteness of man, as involved in this distribution of subject and object, with his theory of the relativity of all man's experience? If all our knowledge be relative, if in knowing the rose for example a close organic relation be implied between me and it, how is it possible that I should exert any determining or governing power over the rose? How is it possible that I should be under any thing but

a strictly unitary relation with it, or a relation of strict association and accord? Sir William is bound by the interests of his own logical consistency, to look into these questions, for they indicate a prodigious disproportion between his creed and its philosophical formulæ. For our own part, we protest against Sir William's entire position in the premises. We protest in the first place, against his distribution of object and subject, or against that fallacy of observation which makes the *me*, or subject, prior to the *not-me*, or object: and we protest in the second place against the inferential fallacy consequent upon this, namely, that the subject determines the object, or the *me* the *not-me*. We have long been convinced, indeed, that it is this preposterous distribution of object and subject, which fatally vitiates all existing Philosophy.

The obvious disqualification of the distribution in question is, that it makes the line of demarcation between subject and object, or between the *me* and the *not-me*, to fall within the plane of nature, or between finite and finite, instead of without that plane, or between infinite and finite. We say the obvious disqualification, for it is evident to the least reflection that the plane of the *me*, and the plane of the finite are identical. We take for granted, of course, that in construing any fact of consciousness, Sir William Hamilton would not be understood as giving it an historical application, or making it represent a merely private experience. In the case, for example, we have already cited, he would not be understood to describe any private transaction, any special and peculiar experience of a rose, but only a universal fact of life or consciousness. Because otherwise of course the experience would drop out of the domain of life, or metaphysics, into that of fact, or pure physics. With this understanding, then, let us repeat that the plane of the *me* and that of the finite are identical. Self-consciousness, or the experience of the *me*, is a process of the strictest definition. I do not know myself, *a priori*, that is intuitively, but *a posteriori*, or experimentally. That is to say, I know myself only by means of my organic relations to other selves. I say *me*, and think *me*, only by virtue of this sensible organization which acts as a hyphen to separate and yet unite me with all other existence. And this fact is universal. It does not pertain to me, A B, peculiarly, but to all existences precisely in the measure of its external

organization, that is to say, of its grasp upon nature. Consciousness, life, the sentiment of the *me*, pertains to every thing in nature according to the relative perfection of its organization, that is to say, according to the comparative hold it has upon other existence. Thus the mineral, inasmuch as it is the basis of all specific forms, inasmuch as it gives body, so to speak, to all individual organizations, must needs itself be almost wholly inorganic or formless, and hence exhibits the most diffuse, and therefore lowest possible form of consciousness or life, that of simple gravity, implying inertia or complete subserviency to other existence. The plant being a higher form of organization—that is to say, involving the mineral in itself—boasts of course a higher form of life or consciousness, namely, growth, implying sensation. The plant feels the mineral sustenance and appropriates it to itself, and thereby grows. The animal being a still higher organization, as involving in itself both mineral and vegetable, claims, of course, a still higher form of consciousness, that of volition or voluntary motion, implying knowledge. The animal knows the difference between vegetable and mineral, and thereby selects the nourishment suitable to him, or goes in search of it. But man, being the highest form of organization (that is to say, involving in himself all other existences, mineral, vegetable, and animal), exhibits the highest form of life or consciousness, that of action, implying spontaneity or spiritual force. Thus the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal are so many germs of the *me*, so many rudimental progressions of the finite experience, so many preparatory gymnasia of the consciousness, all destined finally to culminate and acquire a sovereign evolution in man. The mineral involves no other existence but is involved by all, and hence it is characterized by pure inertia, or a disposition to stay where it is put. The *me* is here exhibited in so universal a form, or one of so little concentration, as to be almost formless *ab extra*, and so almost wholly unconscious. The vegetable subordinates the mineral, and hence modifies the latter's inertia, or subserviency to other existence, into sensibility, which is a rude assertion of seclusion, or limited claim of sovereignty. Here the *me* is exhibited taking form, becoming pronounced, and aspiring to the dominion of the outward. The animal subordinates the vegetable to himself, and

* It is the distance of the mineral from man in the scale of existence, or the total disagreement between inertia and action, which makes man's mineral experience or his experience of pure inertia, say in falling from a building or other height, the most odiously repulsive experience known to him.

hence elevates the sensibility of the latter into knowledge, which is a more pregnant assertion of self-hood. For the knowledge of what is pleasurable and painfully related to it in outward existence begets will in the animal, and will being always specific begets motion. Here the *me* is exhibited in greater concentration, or in a form to *compel* from the outward the homage which it claims. Finally, man appears upon the scene, resuming in himself all these lower existences, and hence elevating the animal will into spontaneity, or the power of spiritual action. Linked by so many ties to the finite, deriving inertia from the mineral, sensibility from the vegetable, volition from the animal, man yet transcends these ties, and becomes linked to God or the infinite, by spontaneity or the power of an inward life. It is this alone which constitutes the glory of man, and gives him the lordship of nature, that he lives from within, or acts from a purely spiritual and supernatural inspiration. Hence the *me* is exhibited in a man under a culminating aspect, or as imaging the Divine style of life. But man's supremacy here does not disfranchise the lower existences. The perfection of the *me* in him does not invalidate its imperfection in the lower natures. It manifestly necessitates them as the embryonic conditions of its own development.

We utterly deny, therefore, Sir William Hamilton's claim to find the *not-me* within time and space, or the realm of the finite. He may find the not-John, the not-Charles, the not-Joseph, there; or the not-horse, the not-elephant, the not-tiger: because all these facts are facts of sense, and therefore of diversity. Not one of them is a fact of consciousness. No John is conscious of his Johnship, no Joseph of his Josephship: nor is any lion conscious of his lionship, nor any elephant of his elephantship. These are all differential names imposed upon these animals and persons, by the necessities of our intelligence exclusively, which they themselves must always remain strictly *unconscious* of, therefore, however accurately informed they may have been upon the subject. But if you proceed thereupon to affirm the *not-me* as well as the not-John of the Joseph, by taking away his property for example; or if you proceed to affirm the *not-me* as well as the not-elephant of the tiger or lion, by taking away his food for example; or giving him a sharp punch in the ribs; they will very promptly discharge you of your hallucination according to their various instincts of the *me*, as higher or lower. For, as we have said before, the sentiment of the *me*

in some form or other belongs to all organization, so that you shall nowhere find a fact of organization without also finding some, however low, form of life or consciousness, were it that only of simple inertia.

It is useless, therefore, to look into the realm of the finite, or the sphere of visible existence, for the abode of the not-me. Organization utterly disclaims it, confessing only the *me*. But allowing the contrary pretension for a moment; allowing that the object, the patient, the not-me is formally exterior to the subject, the agent, or the *me*, and that when I eat a peach accordingly, the object of the transaction is not the gratification of my nature, but, as Sir William Hamilton holds, the *peach* itself, while I myself again am the subject of that object: allowing all this, we say, for the sake of the argument, then evidently it results that the logical reciprocity which Sir William affirms between subject and object, is by no means a practical reciprocity, but exactly the contrary; for the subject or *me* is here exhibited in a purely consumptive or exterminating attitude toward the object or not-me, while the latter again is arrayed in a purely nutrimental or succulent attitude toward it. If, then, the function of the subject is to consume the object, of the agent to absorb the patient, of the *me* to exterminate the not-me, will Sir William Hamilton be good enough to reveal to us the "correlation" he finds in that most unequal and inequitable connection? Any relationship even is inconceivable, without the imputation of cannibalism to one of the parties; and a co-relationship therefore becomes especially preposterous. Relatives in any transaction or experience mean, if words mean any thing, partners, and they divide the transaction between themselves according to the measure of their respective interests. Correlatives, consequently, in any phenomenon, are copartners, dividing the phenomenon equally between themselves. Sir William Hamilton might, therefore, with exactly the same propriety, talk of the correlation between the cat and the mouse, the lion and the kid, the slave-trader and the slave, as between subject and object under this distribution. In fact, the entire doctrine of the old Philosophy on this subject is an egregious blunder, which an intellect so acute as Sir William Hamilton's could have failed to penetrate only through an excessive reverence for learned tradition.

But if the whole realm of organization repugns the allegation of the not-me, if every form of sensible existence witnesses in some degree or other only to the *me*,

where shall we find the residence of the not-me? Where shall we discover the true abode of the object? Evidently we find it only *within* the me, or as an *interior* fact to the subject. What constitutes selfhood? What constitutes that experience which we denominate *the me*? In other words, what is universally involved in the fact of organization? The accord of an object and a subject. Every fact of organization supposes, first, what we call a *nature*, and, second, a subject of that nature. Take, for instance, the organization called a horse. This organization involves, first, the nature of the animal, or that thing which he partakes in common with all horses, and which furnishes the object, end, or inspiration of all his motion; and second, an individual or differential form, freely obedient to all the impulses of that nature. Or, take the organization called a pear-tree. This organization involves, first, the nature of the tree, or that thing which the tree possesses in common with all pear-trees, and which furnishes the object, end, or source of all its growth and fructification; and, second, a specific or differential form, obedient, when not constrained *ab extra*, to all the impulses of that nature. Or, take the organization called a man. It involves, in the first place, what we call the human nature, or that thing which the man possesses in common with all men, and which furnishes the object, end or source of all his action; and, second, a specific or individual form, obedient, when unconstrained, to all the impulses of that nature. This is exactly what is involved in all organization, the alliance of an objective and governing nature with a subjective and obedient form. This is precisely what is involved in every conception of the selfhood, or in every experience of the *me*, the accord of a dominant object with a freely submissive subject. Thus, when the plant grows by appropriating the nutriment of the soil and the atmosphere, it derives its power to do so wholly from within, or from what we call its nature. And when the animal moves about seeking his proper nourishment, or the satisfaction of his natural appetites, his impulse, as the very phraseology of the statement proves, comes from within or from his nature. The object—the aim—the source—of his motion is purely the satisfaction of his nature, the gratification of a natural appetite. His motion is not determined by any thing in the field of his senses, by any thing without the limits of his organization, but solely by a feeling *within* those limits which craves to be satisfied. And so notoriously when man acts most freely or

purely, he acts most spontaneously, that is to say, least from outward constraint, the constraint of hope or fear, and most from inward relish or taste.

Here accordingly, and here alone, do we find the true objective, or sphere of the *not-me*, not in the realm of time and space, but exclusively within the subject, or in the realm of affection and thought. The *not-me* has no physical existence, but only a spiritual one. But if this be the case, if the *not-me* or object be thus interior to the *me* or subject, it becomes immediately obvious that it is also superior to the latter, and exerts in fact a determining influence over it. For the progress of life is always from within outwards, or from the centre to the circumference. It is the nature of the subject which governs his activity, which constitutes the true object of his action, and the nature of the subject is always interior to the subject's self. Take, for example, an instance of choice. I choose black tea, instead of green, or, I take it without really choosing it, from a good-natured desire not to give my hostess trouble. Now the action—which in one of these cases is an action of choice, and in the other, of simple acquiescence, but which in either case is wholly identical with the fact of choice or acquiescence—involves like all action a subject and an object. I, who am differentially known to you as A B, am the subject of the action: the gratification of my palate, the necessities of my nervous system, the desire to conciliate my friend and hostess, or what not, is the object of it. The object of the action is not black tea, as Sir William Hamilton would allege; for black tea is incorporate or consubstantiate with the action itself—is *given* in the action—and clearly no action incorporates or supplies its own object, any more than it does its own subject. To say that the action supplies its own object, would be to make itself its object, that is, would be to make it deny itself. Besides in that case—in case you confound the action of taking black tea with the object of taking it—you bind yourself also to admit the ludicrous inference from that confusion, namely, that I, bearing as subject an inseparable correlation or proportion to the object, am the inseparable subject of black tea, that is to say a subject of that which I nevertheless habitually and remorselessly consume! Was ever any thing so preposterous, as to conceive of a subject consuming its own object? The conception is contradictory and outrages the truth of things. The subject, on the contrary, derives its life from the object; it is the object alone which animates the subject, and empowers him to subject again to himself all that

outlying universe of black tea with its associated delights, which affords him the materials of action, or a free stage of development.

Surely all this is too plain for denial. No one can help perceiving that it is the object in every case which determines the subject, the patient which determines the agent, the not-me which determines the me. And perceiving this, it is of course inevitable to perceive also that the objective realm is necessarily interior and prior to the subjective.

Whence then the contrary persuasion under which Philosophy has so long labored? Whence befalls it that a person of Sir William Hamilton's signal ability should have so long overlooked a fallacy so momentous? We doubt not that we shall be able to give a perfectly satisfactory answer to these questions, without unduly tasking the attention of our readers. The mistake originates in a purely sensuous or unscientific judgment in regard to the *me*. All the existing schools of Philosophy, whatever be their minor differences, whether orthodox or sceptical, materialist, or idealist, practically concur in making the *me* absolute. They all agree in mistaking conscious or composite existence for absolute or simple existence. Sir William Hamilton, for example, manifestly regards the *me* as having an existence *in se*, and apart from consciousness. He manifestly regards it as an independent entity, manifested indeed through organization or experience, but by no means wholly contained in it. Of course we do not complain that he regards the selfhood or *me* as *uncreated* by the sensible organization or experience, since the contrary judgment would be childish and contradictory. We only complain that in common with all philosophers he denies it to be *wholly constituted* by such organization or experience, practically allowing it a prior and superior constitution, a constitution *in se*. There blooms the rose. This rose is an absolute or simple existence; that is to say it is given by my senses, and pronounced therefore to be quite independent of my consciousness. The senses declare it to exist *in se* or absolutely, and so free from all dependence upon myself. Its existence does not involve or necessitate mine. Now the *me* does not exist like the rose. It has no absolute or simple existence. It has no existence to sense. No fact of consciousness is appreciable to sense. We cannot say, except to very young children, that we love a bushel-full, and to talk of a perception six feet high with octagonal sides, or of a belief which is a mile long and very impenetrable, or of a choice which is

fat and sonorous, is to talk nonsense, that is, what the senses do not recognize. Consciousness involves in itself the whole universe of sense. It *pre-supposes* sense, and consequently if you attempt to re-solve it into sense, you destroy it. And so, on the other hand, no fact of sense is appreciable to consciousness. We are utterly unconscious, for example, of sounds and colors, and odors and savors; we are wholly unconscious of boiled and roast, of sunset and sunrise, of sloping lawns and flowing waters, of all in short that is in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth, because all these are things, or absolute and simple existences, as given in sense. But the *me* is not given in sense. It is not a simple or absolute existence, but a purely conscious and therefore composite one. It does not exist out of its own knowledge or experience. It exists only in its own knowledge or experience. In self-consciousness, for example, I know myself not as a sensible and therefore absolute or simple existence—not *in se*, as I know the horse, the rose, and the mountain—but only as suffering pleasure and pain from outward things, that is to say as a purely relative existence. I do not know myself at first as an independent and uncommitted existence, as a bundle of faculties and potencies, and then as putting forth these faculties to take hold of outlying things. Quite the contrary. I know myself first rather as a pure passivity than as a potency, rather as apprehended of external things than as apprehending them. In short, I know myself only as seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, touching, knowing, remembering, perceiving, reflecting—that is, as intimately blent with earth and sky and the various things they embosom. Destroy these experiences, destroy these relations I am under to mountain and valley, to garden and vineyard, to river and sky, to man and horse, and you destroy my self-consciousness. Of course I do not mean to say that the universe of nature creates me or gives me *being*, but only that it constitutes me or gives me *body*. Whatsoever creates a thing, or gives it being, involves the thing, not the thing it. The Creator involves the creature; the creature evolves the Creator, on the contrary. Thus what we are talking of is not the creation of the *me* but only its constitution. The rose is constituted of various properties appreciable to a sensible analysis; but no one supposes that these properties give it being. They give it simply form or body. So my house is constituted of stone and lime, timber and iron; but no one deems that these materials *create* the house. They

merely give it body or form. Both the rose and the house involve their several constituents; these constituents only evolve them. In like manner the *me* as given in consciousness involves the sensible universe, or claims it as its inseparable constitution. And therefore we repeat that if you destroy the sensible universe, and so destroy my relations to it, or what is the same thing, destroy me as a seeing, smelling, tasting, touching, knowing, reflecting, remembering subject, you destroy me as defined by consciousness, and so resolve me into my creative source. Consciousness, or the knowledge of myself as a relative existence, alone separates me from my creative source. Take away my *consciousness*, or my knowledge of myself as related to the sensible universe, or the realm of the finite, and at the same time let *me* survive, and you make me God. For it constitutes the very infinitude of God that He knows Himself *ab-intra* exclusively and not *ab-extra*, or that He is unconscious of Himself in relation to others. Thus it is consciousness which allies *me* inseparably to the finite, and consequently stamps God or the Infinite to my apprehension as the exclusive *not-me*.

Now Sir William Hamilton practically disregards this constitution of the *me*. His thought allows it an absolute or simple existence, instead of a purely conscious or composite one. He holds indeed that the *me* is *manifested* under relations or in consciousness, but it never occurs to him that it is exhausted or wholly contained in these relations. He evidently views these relations only as so many affections or accidents of the *me*, not as its inalienable constitution, and accordingly posits the *me* as an absolute or independent entity *spatially* within the body. Hence his ineffectual pains to exorcise the problem of Perception of its difficulties, and hence moreover the questionable humility with which he so often seeks to convert the accidental fatuity of the private philosopher, into the essential infirmity of universal man. How the whole heart sickens, and the whole head faints, to think of the weary and delirious books that are written to show how the mind that dwells *spatially* within the body, manages to get a knowledge of the things that dwell *spatially* without the body. Some of these authors bridge the chasm, or rather deny the chasm and so dodge the demand of a bridge, by denying the reality of the external world, and resolving its phenomena into products of the senses. Others attempt the same dodge by admitting the reality of the external world, but at the same time denying the mind's knowledge of it, substituting in place of that the

knowledge of a representative or vicarious world. Others again—among whom our author claims the first place—insist both upon the reality of the external world, and upon the directness or immediateness of our knowledge of it. Whoever wishes to see the entire controversy elucidated, not indeed as to the true issue involved but as to the rank and importance of the various combatants, will find a boundless satisfaction in Sir William Hamilton's additions to Reid, and in the Edinburgh Review article on *Perception*, reprinted in the *Discussions*. He will there discover if he brings an unprejudiced understanding to the encounter, that the controversy has always been and always will be a discreditable one to all the parties concerned, simply because there is literally nothing to contend about, literally no *corpus delicti* concerning which there exists any ground for dispute. The phenomenon they are trying to account for—which is the intercourse of the soul or mind or *me*, regarded as spatially included in the body, with nature or what is spatially without the body—has no existence in *rerum natura*. There is no such entity or thing as the mind, the soul, the *me*, having the dimensions of space and time, and capable either of physical inclusion or exclusion. There is in the universe no entity or thing—that is, simple or absolute existence—which is not material, which does not fall within the cognizance of the senses. What is not entity or thing is Life, is Personality, and this is exclusively spiritual, being an organic form of Love and Wisdom, or Goodness and Truth. Consequently the *me*, the mind, does not exist *spatially* within the body, nor in spatial separation therefore from man and horse, from river and plain, from sky and valley. It exists only in intimate and indissoluble union with these things, a union which is strictly constitutional, and hence utterly negatory of the objective and subjective discrimination which Sir William Hamilton alleges between them.

Here then lies the fundamental fallacy of the old Philosophy of Perception as reproduced and reintegrated by Sir William Hamilton, namely, in confounding existence with life, or in making that which constitutes a thing external to the thing itself; which is tantamount to the sowing irreconcilable diversity where perfect fusion or identification only should obtain. The realm of Perception, the whole realm of emotion strictly so called, excludes the discrimination of object and subject, because this realm gives you *the me* alone, the *me* as organically involving indeed the sensible universe, but by no means as subject also to the *not-me*. This

subjection stands disclosed only in the realm of Life or Action. The distinction of object and subject, of the not-me and the me, *post-dates* sensibility and intelligence, and accrues only when the me as thus constituted goes forth into action, or proceeds to modify external nature. To affirm the me without the implication of sensible nature, is as absurd as to affirm an egg without the implication of the yolk and the albumen; and to affirm the distinction of object and subject, within these constitutional limits, would be as utterly inadmissible in the one case as in the other. Perception and emotion of whatever sort express the constitution of the me, and are thus simply *pre-supposed* in its subsequent life or action. Hence they totally ignore and exclude from their own area that ineffaceable antagonism of prior and posterior, superior and inferior, which is implied in the logical contrast of

object and subject, or not-me and me. Perception uniformly supposes a seeing thing, (as an eye,) and a seen thing, (as a rose.) It is made up of these things *equally*, so that if you take either of them away you utterly destroy Perception. Hence, of course, all priority or superiority as attaching to either element in the transaction, is impossible. In fact all contrast between the elements is impossible, and only fusion or indistinction to be affirmed. Simple as all this is, it yet reveals the fundamental vice which vivifies the old theory of Perception, and utterly disqualifies it as the basis of a rational philosophy. We should like to pursue the theme, but our space warns us to forbear. Especially we should like to examine Sir William Hamilton's speculations on *Causation*; but we must also postpone this pleasure to a future opportunity.

THE CRUCIFIX.

SHE stood beneath a spreading tree,
 Against its mottled trunk reclin'd,
 Around the tremulous sunshine play'd,
 Above her went the summer wind,
 With freight of sweetbriar from the hill,
 And scent of meadow violet,
 Immingled with the hum of bees,
 And clank of swift-winged martinet.

Her bonnet lay upon the ground,
 With pale arbutus intertwined;
 And her fair tresses all unbound,
 By the soft fingers of the wind,
 Fell in brown floods upon her breast,
 And o'er her meekly folded hands,
 Like half hurled waves, that through the night
 Glean up the white unanswering sands.

The river sparkled in the sun,
 Or whispered to the pebbly marge,
 And many a swelling sail went on,
 And many a merry freighted barge.
 A wild bird moaned within the dell,
 The wind blow up the dancing leaves,
 The shimmering sunlight glided down
 The shifting clefts of trembling trees.

Up to the soft unmeasured skies,
 Filled with their deep celestial blue,
 She turned her tender fearful eyes
 As she might breathe a prayer anow;
 And as she gazed, unto her lips
 Her buoyant spirit seemed to rise,
 And beamed upon her radiant face
 Reflected lights from Paradise.

She sang of one who years ago,
 Went o'er the wide unquiet sea,
 At times her song was prayer for him,
 Again she deemed it might not be.
 O! many a fair hope started up,
 And many a smile of faith was there,
 But faith and hope, long fled her heart,
 Were flowers too frail for her despair.

Then turned and carved upon the tree,
 A simple cross above his name,
 And blessed it with unspoken words,
 And kneeled, and rose, and kneeled again.
 She deemed in that sequestered spot,
 No eye looked in upon her love,
 And trustingly unveiled her heart
 To the great vision from above.

The wind blew up the dancing leaves,
 Another summer shone upon
 The faded name; the cross remained,
 The brown-haired, blue-eyed maid was gone.
 She went beyond the twinkling lights,
 She floated up the deep blue sky;
 The moss grew o'er the Crucifix,
 And still the winds went laughingly—

Went laughingly above the sea,
 Above its green halls high and wide,
 Where flaunting sea-grass bound his head,
 And swept his bones the rocking tide,
 Her brown locks bound like ripened grain;
 Her still hands folded on her breast,
 Through nights of stars and summer rain
 And happy sunshine ever rest.

THE POTIPHARS IN PARIS.

A LETTER FROM MISS CAROLINE PETTICOES TO MRS SETTUM DOWNE.

PARIS, October.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNE.—Here we are at last! I can hardly believe it. Our coming was so sudden that it seems like a delightful dream. You know at Mrs. Potiphar's supper last August in Newport, she was piqued by Gauche Boosey's saying, in his smiling, sarcastic way:

"What! do you really think this is a pretty supper? Dear me! Mrs. Potiphar you ought to see one of our *petits soupers* in Paris—hey Croesus?" and then he and Mr. Timon Croesus lifted their brows knowingly, and smiled, and glanced compassionately around the table.

"Paris, Paris!" cried Mrs. Potiphar; "you young men are always talking about Paris, as if it were heaven. Oh! Mr. P., do take me to Paris. Let's make up a party, and slip over. It's so easy now, you know. Come, come, Pot.; I know

you won't deny me. Just for two or three months. The truth is," said she, turning to D'Orsay Firkin, who wore that evening the loveliest shirt bosom I ever saw, "I want to send home some patterns of new dresses to Minerva Tattle."

They all laughed, and in the midst Kura Pacha, who was sitting at the side of Mrs. Potiphar, inquired:

"What colors suit the Indian summer best, Mrs. Potiphar?"

"Well, a kind of misty color," said Boosey, laughingly, and emphasizing *missed*, as if he meant some pun upon the word.

"Which conceals the outline of the landscape," interrupted Mrs. Gnu.

"Cajoling you with a sense of warmth on the very edge of winter, eh?" asked the Sennar minister.

Another loud laugh rang round the table.

"I thought Minerva Tattle was a friend of yours, Kurz Pacha," said Mrs. Gnu, smiling mischievously, and playing with her beautiful bouquet, which Mrs. Potiphar told me Timon Crassus had sent her.

"Certainly, so she is," replied he. "Miss Minerva and I understand each other perfectly. I like her society immensely. The truth is, I am always better in autumn; the air is both cool and bright."

As he said this he looked fixedly at Mrs. Gnu, and there was not quite so much laughing. I am sure I don't know what they meant by talking about autumn. I was busy talking with Mr. Firkin about Daisy Clover's pretty morning dress at the Bowling Alley, and admiring his shirt bosom. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and an exquisite bouquet was handed in for Kurz Pacha.

"Why didn't you wait until to-morrow?" said he, sharply.

The man stammered some excuse, and the ambassador took the flowers. Mrs. Gnu looked at them closely, and praised them very much, and quietly glanced at her own, which were really splendid. Kurz Pacha showed them to all the ladies at table, and then handed them to Mrs. Potiphar, saying to her, as he half looked at Mrs. Gnu:

"There is nothing autumnal here."

Mrs. Potiphar thanked him with real delight, and he turned toward Mrs. Gnu, at whom he had been constantly looking, and who was playing placidly with her bouquet, and said with the air of paying a great compliment:

"To offer you a bouquet, madame, would be to throw pearls before swine."

We were all silent a moment, and then the young men sprang up together, while we women laughed, half afraid.

"Good Heavens! Kurz Pacha, what do you mean?" cried Mrs. Potiphar.

"Mean?" answered he, evidently confused, and blushing; why, I'm afraid I have made some mistake. I meant to say something very polite, but my English sometimes gives way."

"Your impudence never does," muttered Mrs. Gnu, who was unbecomingly red in the face.

"My dear madame," said the Minister to her; "I assure you I meant only to use a proverb in a complimentary way; but somehow I have got the wrong pig by the ear."

There was another burst of laughter. The young men fairly lay down and screamed. Mr. Potiphar exploded in great ha, ha's, and ho, ho's, from the end of the table.

"Mrs. Potiphar," said Mrs. Gnu, with

dignity, "I didn't suppose I was to be insulted at your table."

And she went toward the door.

"Mrs. Gnu, Mrs. Gnu," said Polly, smothering her laughter as well as she could, "don't go. Kurz Pacha will explain. I'm sure he means no insult."

Here she burst out laughing again; while the poor Sennaar ambassador stood erect, and utterly confounded by what was going on.

"I'm sure—I don't know—I didn't—I wouldn't—Mrs. Gnu knows," said he, in the greatest embarrassment. "I beg your pardon sincerely, madame." And he looked so humble and repentant that I was really sorry for him; but I saw Mr. Firkin laughing afresh every time he looked at the Ambassador, as if he saw something sly behind his penitence.

"Perhaps," said Firkin at last, "Kurz Pacha means to say that to offer flowers to a lady who has already so beautiful a bouquet, would be to carry coals to Newcastle."

"That is it," cried the Pacha; "to Newcastle,"—and he bowed to Mrs. Gnu.

"Come, Mrs. Gnu, it's only a mistake," said Mrs. Potiphar.

But Mrs. Gnu looked rather angry still, although Gauche Boosey tried very hard to console her, saying as many *bon mots* as he could think of—and you know how witty he is. He said at last:

"Why is Mrs. Gnu like Rachel?"

"Rachel who?" asked I.

I'm sure it was an innocent question; but they all fell to laughing again, and Mr. Firkin positively cried with fun.

"D'ye give it up?" asked Mr. Boosey.

"Yes," said Mrs. Potiphar.

"Why, because she will not be comforted."

There wasn't half so much laughing at this as at my question—although Mrs. Potiphar said it was capital, and I thought so too, when I found out who Rachel was.

But Mrs. Gnu continued to be like Rachel, and Mr. Boosey continued to try to amuse her. I think it was very hard she wouldn't be amused by such a funny man; and he said at last aloud to her, meaning all of us to hear:

"Well, Mrs. Gnu, upon my honor, it is no epicure to try to console you."

She did laugh at this, however, and so did the others.

"Have you ever been in Sennaar, Mr. Boosey?" said Kurz Pacha.

"No; why?"

"Why, I thought we might have learned English at the same school."

Mr. Boosey looked puzzled; but Mr. Potiphar broke in:

"Well, Mrs. Gnu, I'm glad to see you

smile at last. After all, the remark of the ambassador's was only what they would call in France, 'a perfect bougie of a joke.'

"Good evening, Mrs. Potiphar," cried the Sennaar minister, rising suddenly, and running toward the door. We heard him next under the window going off in great shouts of laughter, and whistling in the intervals, "Hail Columbia!" What shocking habits he has for a minister!

I don't know how it was that Mr. Potiphar was in such good humor; but he promised his wife she should go to Paris, and that she might select her party. So she invited us all who were at the table. Mrs. Gnu declined; but I knew mamma would let me go with the Potiphars.

"Dear Pot," said Mrs. P., "we shall be gone so short a time, and shall be so busy, and hurrying from one place to another, that we had better leave little Freddy behind. Poor dear little fellow, it will be much better for him to stay."

Mr. P. looked a little sober at this; but he said nothing, except to ask:

"Shall you all be ready to sail in a fortnight?"

"Certainly, in a week," we all answered.

"Well, then, we must hurry home to prepare," said he. "I shall write for state-rooms for us in Monday's boat, Polly."

"Very well; that's a dear Pot," said she; and as we all rose she went up to him, and took his arm tenderly. It was an unusual sight: I never saw her do it before. Mrs. Gnu said to me:

"Well, really, that's rather peculiar. I think people had better make love in private."

"No, hy Jova," whispered Mr. Boosey to me; and I am afraid he had drunk freely, as I have once or twice before heard that he did; but the world is such a gossip. "No, she doesn't let her good works of that kind shine before men."

"Why, Mr. Boosey," said I, "how can you?"

Will you believe, darling Mrs. Downe, that instead of answering, he sort of winked at me, and said, under his voice, "Good night, Caroline." I drew myself up, you may depend, and said coldly:

"Good evening, Mr. Boosey."

He drew himself up too, and said:

"I called you Caroline, you called me Mr. Boosey."

And then looking straight and severely at me, he actually winked again.

Then, of course, I knew he was not responsible for his actions.

Ah me, what things we are! Just as I was leaving the room with Mrs. Gnu, who

had matronized me, Mr. Boosey came up with such a soft, pleading look in his eyes, that seemed to say, "please forgive me," and put out his hand so humbly, and appeared so sorry and so afraid that I would not speak to him, that I really pitied him: but when, in his low, rich voice, he said:

"Nymph, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered!"

I couldn't hold out; wasn't it pretty? So I put out my hand, and he shook it tenderly, and said "to-morrow" in a way—well, dear Mrs. Downe, I will be frank with you—that made me happy all night.

At this rate I shall never get to Paris. But the next day it was known every where we were going, and every body congratulated us. Our party met at the Bowling Alley, and we began to make all kinds of plans.

"Oh! we'll take care of all the arrangements," said Mr. Boosey, nodding toward Mr. Cressus and Mr. Firkin.

"Mr. Boosey, were you presented to the Emperor?" inquired Kurz Pacha.

"Certainly I was," replied he; "I have a great respect for Louis Napoleon. Those Frenchmen didn't know what they wanted; but he knew well enough what he wanted: they didn't want him, perhaps, but he did want them, and now he has them. A true nephew of his uncle, Kurz Pacha; and you can see what a man the great Napoleon must have been, when the little Napoleon succeeds so well upon the strength of the name."

"Why, you are really enthusiastic about the Emperors," said the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Boosey, "I have always been a great Neapolitan."

Kurz Pacha stared at him a moment, and then took a huge pinch of snuff solemnly. I think it's very ill bred to stare as he does sometimes, when somebody has made a remark. I saw nothing particular in that speech of Mr. Boosey's; and yet D'Orsay Firkin smiled to himself as he told Mrs. Gnu it was her turn.

"I wonder, my dear Mrs. Potiphar," said the Sennaar minister, seating himself by her side, as the game went on, "that Europeans should have so poor an idea of America and Americans, when such crowds of the very best society are constantly crossing the ocean. Now, you and your friends are going to Paris, perhaps to other parts of Europe, and I should certainly suppose that, without flattery (taking another pinch of snuff), the foreigners whom you meet might get rid of some of their prejudices against the Americans. You will go, you know, as the representatives of a republic where social ranks are not organized to the exclusion of any; but where talent and character always secure

social consideration. The simplicity of the republican idea and system will appear in your manners and modes of life. Leaving to the children of a society based upon antique and aristocratic principles, to squander their lives in an aimless luxury, you will carry about with you, as it were, the fresh airs and virgin character of a new country and civilization. When you go to Paris, it will be like a sweet country breeze blowing into a perfumer's shop. The customers will scent something finer than the most exquisite essence, and will prefer the fresh fragrance of the flower to the most elaborate distillation. Roses smell sweeter than attar of roses. You and your party, estimable lady, will be the roses. You will not (am I right this time?) carry coals to Newcastle; for if any of your companions think that the sharp eye of Paris will not pierce their pretensions, or the satiric tongue of Paris fail to immortalize it, they mistake greatly. You cannot beat Paris with its own weapons; and Paris will immensely respect you if you use your own. Poor little Mrs. Vite thinks she passes for a *Parisienne* in Paris. Why, there is not a *chiffonier* in the street at midnight that couldn't see straight through the little woman, and nothing would better please the *Jardin Mabille* than to have her for a butt. My dear madame, the ape is a very ingenious animal, and his form much resembles the human. Moles, probably, and the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, do not discern the difference; but I rather think we do. A ten-strike, by Venus! well done, Mrs. Gnu," cried the ambassador. "Now, Mrs. Potiphar!"

The Pacha didn't play; but he asked Mr. Firkin what was a good average for a man in the game.

"Well, a spare every time," said he.

"Mr. Firkin," asked Mrs. Gnu, "what is a good woman's average?"

"Does any lady here know that?" inquired the Pacha, looking round.

"No," said Mr. Boosey; "we must send and inquire of Miss Tattle."

"How pleasantly the game goes on, dear Mrs. Gnu," said the Pacha; "but Miss Minerva ought to be here, she always holds such a good hand at every game."

"I think," said Mrs. Gnu, "that if she once got a good hold of any hand, she wouldn't let it go immediately."

"Good!" shouted Mr. Boosey.

"Hi, hi!" roared Mr. Potiphar.

The Pacha took snuff placidly, and said quietly:

"You've fairly trumped my trick, and taken it, Mrs. Gnu."

"I should say the trick has taken her,"

whispered Mr. Firkin at my elbow to Kurz Pacha.

The Sennaar ambassador opened his eyes wide, and offered Mr. Firkin his snuff-box.

Monday came at length. It was well known that we were all going—the Potiphars and the rest of us. Every body had spoken of the difficulty of getting state-rooms on the steamer to town, and hoped we had spoken in time.

"I have written and secured my rooms," said Mr. Potiphar to every body he met; "I am not to be left in the lurch, my dear sir, it isn't my way." And then he marched on, Glauche Boosey said, as if at least both sides of the street were his way. He's changed a great deal lately.

The De Families were going the same day. "Hope you've secured rooms, De Famille," said Mr. Potiphar blandly to him.

"No," answered he shortly; "no, not yet; it isn't my way; I don't mean to give myself trouble about things. I don't bother; it isn't my way."

And each went his own way up and down the street. But early on Monday afternoon Mr. De Famille and his family drove toward Fall River.

Monday evening the Potiphars and the rest of us went to the wharf, and presently the boat came up. We bundled on board, and as soon as he could get to the office Mr. Potiphar asked for the keys of his rooms.

"Why, sir," said the clerk, "Mr. De Famille has them. He came on board at Fall River and asked for your keys, as if the rooms had been secured for him."

"What does that mean?" demanded Mr. Potiphar.

"Oh! ah! I remember now," said Mr. Boosey, "I saw the De Families all getting into a carriage for a little drive, as Mr. De F. said, about two o'clock this afternoon."

Mr. Potiphar looked like a thunder-storm. "What the devil does it mean?" asked he of the clerk, while the passengers hustled him, and punched him, and the hook of an umbrella-stick caught in his cravat-knot and untied it.

"Send up immediately, and say that Mr. Potiphar wants his state-rooms," said he to the clerk.

In a few minutes the messenger returned and said—

"Mr. De Famille's compliments to Mr. Potiphar. Mr. De Famille and his family have retired for the night, but upon arriving in the morning he will explain every thing to Mr. Potiphar's satisfaction."

"Jolly!" whispered Mr. Boosey, rubbing his hands, to Mr. Firkin, on whose arm I was leaning.

"Are you fond of the Italian Opera, Mr. Potiphar?" inquired Kurz Pacha, blandly. Mrs. P. sat down upon a settee and looked at nothing.

"O Patience! do verify the quotation and smile," said the ambassador to her.

"It's a mean swindle," said Mr. Potiphar. "I'll have satisfaction. I'll go break open the door," and he started.

"My dear, don't be in a passion," said Mrs. Potiphar, "and don't be a fool. Remember that the De Familles are not people to be insulted. It won't do to quarrel with the De Familles."

"Splendid!" ejaculated Kurz Pacha.

"I've no doubt he'll explain it all in the morning," continued Mrs. Potiphar, there's some mistake; why not be cool about it? Beside, Mr. De Famille is an elderly gentleman and requires his rest. I do think you're positively unchristian, Mr. Potiphar. The idea of insulting the De Familles!"

And Mrs. Potiphar patted her little feet upon the floor in front of the ladies' cabin, where we were all collected.

"Where are you going to sleep?" asked Mr. Potiphar mildly.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered she.

We had an awful night. It was worse than any night at sea. Mrs. P. was propped up in one corner of a settee and I in the other, and when I was fixed comfortably there would come a great sea, and the boat would lurch, and I had to disarrange my position. It was horrid. But Mr. Potiphar was very good all night. He kept coming to see if Polly wanted any thing, and if she were warm enough, and if she were well. Gauche Boosey, who was on the floor in the saloon, said he saw Mr. P. crawl up softly and try his state-room door. But it was locked, "and the snoring of old De Famille, who was enjoying his required rest," said he, "came in regular broadsides through the blinds."

I don't know how Mr. De Famille explained. I only know Mrs. P. charged old Pot. to be satisfied with any thing.

"There are some people, my darling Caroline," she said to me, "with whom it does not do to quarrel. It isn't christian to quarrel. I can't afford to be on bad terms with the De Familles."

"It is odd, isn't it?" said Kurz Pacha to Mrs. P., as we were sailing down the harbor on our way to Europe, and talking of the circumstance of the state-rooms, "it is so odd that in Sennaar, where, to be sure, civilization has scarcely a foothold—I mean such civilization as you enjoy—that this proceeding would have been called dishonest. They do have the oddest use of terms in Sennaar! Why, I

remember that I once bought a sheep, and as it was coming to my fold in charge of my shepherd, a man in a mask came out of a wood and walked away with the sheep, and appropriated the mutton chops to his own family uses. And those singular people in Sennaar called it stealing! Shall I ever get through laughing at them when I return? There ought to be missionaries sent to Sennaar. Do you think the Rev. Cream Cheese would go? How gracefully he would say: 'Bewitched brethren, in my country when a man buys a sheep or a state-room, and pays money for it, and another man appropriates it, depriving the rightful buyer of his chops and sleep, what does the buyer do? Does he swear? Does he rail? Does he complain? Does he even ask for the cold pickings? Not at all, brethren; he does none of these things. He sends Worcestershire sauce to the thief, or a pillow of poppies, and says to him—Friend, all of mine is thine, and all of thine is thy own. This, benighted people of Sennaar, is the practice of a Christian people. As one of our great poets says—it is more blessed to give than to receive.' Think how delicately the Rev. Cream would pat his mouth with the fine cambric handkerchief, after rounding off such a homily! He might ask you and Mrs. Potiphar to accompany him as examples of this Christian pitch of self-sacrifice. On the whole, I wouldn't advise you to go. The rude races of Sennaar might put that beautiful forgiveness of yours to extraordinary proofs. Holloa! there's a sea!"

We were dismally sea-sick. And I cared for nothing but arriving. Oh! dear, I think I would even have given up Paris, at least I thought so. But, oh! how could I think so! Just fancy a place where not only your own maid speaks French, but where every body, the porters, the coachmen, the chambermaids, can't speak any thing else! Where the very beggars beg, and the commonest people swear, in French! Oh! it's inexpressibly delightful. Why, the dogs understand it, and the horses—"every body," as Kurz Pacha said to me, the morning after our arrival, (for he insisted upon coming, 'it was such a freak,' he said,) "every body rolls in a luxury of French, and, according to the boarding-school standard, is happy."

Every body—but poor Mr. Potiphar!

He has a terrible time of it.

When we arrived we alighted at Meurice's,—all the fashionable people do, at least Gauche Boosey said Lord Brougham did, for he used to read it in Galignani, and I suppose it is fashionable to do as Lord Brougham does. D'Orsay Firkin

said that the Hotel Bristol was more *récherché*.

"Does that mean cheaper?" inquired Mr. Potiphar.

Mr. Firkin looked at him compassionately.

"I only want," said Mr. Potiphar, in a kind of gasping way, for it was in the cars on the way from Boulogne to Paris that we held this consultation, "I only want to go where there is somebody who can speak English."

"My dear sir, there are commissionaires at all the hotels who are perfect linguists," said Mr. Firkin in a gentlemanly manner.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. P. wiping his forehead with the red bandanna that he always carries, despite Mrs. P., "what is a commissionaire?"

"An interpreter, a *cicérone*," said Mr. Firkin.

"A guide, philosopher, and friend," said Kurz Pacha.

"Kurz Pacha, do you speak French?" inquired Mr. P., nervously, as we rolled along.

"Oh! yes," replied he.

"Oh! dear me!" said Mr. Potiphar, looking disconsolately out of the window.

We arrived soon after.

"We are now at the *Barrière*," said Mr. Firkin.

"What do we do there?" asked Mr. Potiphar.

"We are inspected," said Mr. Firkin.

Mr. Potiphar drew himself up with a military air.

We alighted and walked into the room where all the baggage was arranged.

"*Eat-ce qu'il y a quelque chose à déclarer?*" asked an officer, addressing Mr. Potiphar.

"Good Heavens! what did you say?" said Mr. P., looking at him.

The officer smiled, and Kurz Pacha said something, upon which he bowed and passed on. We stepped outside upon the pavement, and I confess that even I could not understand every thing that was said by the crowd and the coachmen. But Kurz Pacha led the way to a carriage, and we drove off to Maurice's.

"It's awful, isn't it?" said Mr. Potiphar, panting.

When we reached the hotel, a gentleman (Mr. Potiphar said he was sure he was a gentleman, from a remark he made—in English) came bowing out. But before the door of the carriage was opened, Mr. P. thrust his head out of the window, and holding the door shut, cried out, "Do you speak English here?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the clerk; and that was the remark that so pleased Mr. Potiphar.

My room was next to the Potiphars, and I heard a great deal, you may be sure. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. The next morning, when they were about coming down I heard Polly say—

"Now, Mr. Potiphar, remember if you want to speak of your room it is *numéro quatre-vingt cinq*," and she pronounced it very slowly. "Now try, Mr. P."

"Oh! dear me. Kattery vang sank," said he.

"Very good," answered she; "*autrot-sième*; that means, on the third floor. Now try."

"O tror—O trorsy—O trorsy—Oh! dear me!" muttered he in a tone of despair.

"*Ème*," said Mrs. P.

"Aim," said he.

"Well!" said Mrs. P.

"O trorsyain," said he.

"That's very well, indeed!" said Mrs. Potiphar, and they went out of the room. I joined them in the hall, and we ran on before Mr. P., but we soon heard some one speaking, and stopped.

"*Monsieur, veut il prendre un commissionaire?*"

"Kattery—vang—sank," replied Mr. Potiphar, with great emphasis.

"*Comment?*" said the other.

"O tror—O tror—Oh! Polly—seeaim—seeaim!" returned Mr. P.

"You speak English?" said the commissionaire.

"Why! good God! do you?" asked Mr. P., with astonishment.

"I speaks every languages, sare," replied the other, "and we will use the English, if you please. But *Monsieur* speaks *très bien* the French language."

"Are you speaking English now?" asked Mr. Potiphar.

The commissionaire answered him that he was,—and Mr. P. thrust his arm through that of the commissionaire and said—

"My dear sir, if you are disengaged I should be very glad if you would accompany me in my walks through the town."

"Mr. Potiphar!" said Polly, "come!"

"Coming, my dear," answered he, as he approached with the commissionaire. It was in vain that Mrs. P. winked and frowned. Her husband would not take hints. So taking his other arm, and wishing the commissionaire good morning, she tried to draw him away. But he clung to his companion and said,

"Polly, this gentleman speaks English."

"Don't keep his arm," whispered she; "he is only a servant."

"Servant, indeed!" said he; "you should have heard him speak French, and you see how gentlemanly he is."

It was some time before Polly was able to make her husband comprehend the case.

"Ah!" said he, at length; "Oh! I understand."

All our first days were full of such little mistakes. Kurz Pacha came regularly to see us, and laughed more than I ever saw him laugh before. The young men were away a great deal, which was hardly kind. But they said they must call upon their old acquaintances; and Polly and I expected every day to be called upon by their lady friends."

"It's very odd that the friends of these young men don't call upon us," said Mrs. Potiphar to Kurz Pacha; "it would be only civil."

The ambassador laughed a good deal to himself, and then answered,

"But they are not visiting ladies."

"What do you mean?" said she.

"Ask Mr. Firkin," replied he.

So, when we saw them next, Mrs. P. said,

"Mr. Firkin, I remember you used to tell me of the pleasant circles in which you visited in Paris, and how much superior French society is to American."

"Infinitely superior," replied Mr. Firkin.

"Much more *spirituel*," said Mr. Boosey.

"Well," said Mrs. Potiphar, "we are going to stay only a short time to be sure, but we should like very much to see a little good society."

"Ah!" said Mr. Firkin.

"Oh! yes, certainly," said Mr. Boosey; and the corners of his eyelids twitched.

"Perhaps you might suggest that you have some friends staying in town," said Mrs. P. "You know we're all intimate enough for that."

"Yes—oh, yes," said Mr. Firkin, slowly; "but the truth is, it's a little awkward. These ladies are kind enough to receive us; but to ask favors of them, is, you see, different."

"Oh! yes," interrupted Mr. Boosey; "to ask favors of them is a very different thing," and his eyes really glistened.

"These are ladies you see, dear Mrs. Potiphar," said Kurz Pacha, "who don't grant favors."

"But still," continued Mr. Firkin, "if you only wanted to see them, you know, and be able to say at home that you know *Madame la Marquise So-and-so*, and *Madame la Comtesse So-and-so*, and describe their dresses, why we can manage it well enough; for we are engaged to a little party at the opera this evening with the Countess de Papillon and Madame Casta Diva, two of the best known ladies in Paris. But they never visit."

"How superbly exclusive!" said Mrs. Potiphar; "I wonder how that would do at home! However, I should be glad to see the general air and the toilette, you know. If we were going to pass the whole winter I would know them of course. But things are different where you stay so short a time. Eh, Kurz Pacha?"

"Very different, madame. But you are quite right. Make hay while the sun shines; use your eyes if you can't use your tongue. Eyes are great auxiliaries, you can use the tongue afterward. You've no idea how well you can talk about French society if you only go to the opera with a friend who knows people, and to your banker's soirées. If you choose to read a little of Balzac, beside, your knowledge will be complete."

So we agreed to go to the opera. We passed the days shopping, and driving in the *Bois de Boulogne*. Sometimes the young men went with us, and D'Orsay Firkin confided to me one of his adventures, which was very romantic. You know how handsome he is, and how excessively gentlemanly, and how the girls were all in love with him last winter at home. Now you needn't say that I was, for you know better. I liked him as a friend. But he told me that he had often seen a girl in one of the shops on the Boulevards watching him very closely. He never passed by, but she always saw him, and looked so earnestly at him, that at length he thought he would saunter carelessly into the shop, and ask for some trifle. The moment he entered she fixed her eyes full upon him, and he says they were large and lustrous, and a little mournful in expression. But he scarcely looked at her, and asked at the opposite counter for a pair of gloves. He tried them on, and in the mirror behind the counter, he saw the girl still watching him. After lingering for some time, and looking at every thing but the girl, he sauntered slowly out again, while her eyes, he said, grew evidently more mournful as she saw him leave without looking at her. Daily, for a week afterward, he walked by the door, and she was always watching and looking after him with the most eager interest. Mr. Firkin did not say he was sorry for the little French girl, but I know that he really felt so. These men, that every woman falls in love with, are generous, I have always found. And I am sure he would never have confided this little affair to me, except for the very intimate terms upon which we are; for I have heard him say (speaking of other men), that nothing was meaner than for a man to tell of his conquests.

"Well, the affair went on, he says, for

some days longer. He was, at the time, constantly in attendance upon the Countess de Papillon, but often from the window of her carriage he has remarked the young girl pensively watching him, as she stretched gloves or tied cravats around the necks of customers. At length he determined to follow the matter up, as he called it, and so marched into the shop one day, and going straight toward the mournful eyes, he asked for a pair of gloves. Mr. Firkin says the French women are so perfectly trained to conceal their emotions, that she did not betray, by any trembling, or turning pale, or stammering, the profound interest she felt for him, but quietly looked in his eyes, and in what Mr. Firkin called "a strain of siren sweetness," asked what number he wore. He replied with his French *esprit*, as Kurz Pacha calls it, that he thought the size of her hand was about right for him; upon which she smiled in the most bewitching manner, and bringing out a large box of gloves, selected a pair of an exquisite *nuance* as the French say, you know, and asking him to put out his hand, she proceeded to fit the glove to it, herself. Mr. Firkin remarked that as she did so, she would raise her eyes to his whenever she found it necessary to press his fingers harder than usual, and when he thought the glove was fairly on, she kept pulling it down, and smoothing it; and finally taking his hand between both of hers, she brought the glove together, buttoned it, and said, 'Monsieur has such a delicate hand,' and smiled sweetly.

Mr. Firkin said he bought an astonishing number of gloves that morning, and suddenly remembered that he wanted cravats. Fortunately the new styles had just come in, Marie said (for he had discovered her name), and she opened a dazzling array of silks and satins, and asking him to remove his neckcloth, she wound her hand in a beautiful silk, and throwing her arms, for a little moment, quite around his neck, she tied it in front; her little hands sometimes hitting his chin. Then taking him by the hand she led him to a mirror, in which he might survey the effect, while she stood behind him looking into the mirror over his shoulder, her head really quite close to his, and in her enthusiasm about the set of the cravat, having forgotten to take her hand out of his. He stood a great while before that mirror, trying to discover if it really was a becoming tie. He said he never found so much difficulty in deciding. But Marie decided every thing for him, and laid aside piles of cravats, and gloves, and fancy buttons, and charms, until he was quite dizzy, and

found he hadn't money enough in his pocket to pay.

'It is nothing,' said the trustful Marie, 'Monsieur will call again.' Touched by her confidence he has called several times since, and never escapes without paying fifty francs or so. Marie says the '*Messieurs Americains* are princes. They never have smaller change than a Napoleon, and they are not only the most regal of customers but the most polite of gentlemen.' Mr. Firkin says he has often seen Frenchmen watching him, as he stood in the shop, with the most quizzical expression, and once or twice he has thought he heard suppressed laughter from a group of the other girls and the French gentlemen. But it was a mistake, for when he turned, the Frenchmen had the politest expression, and the girls were very busy with the goods. Poor French gentlemen! how they must be annoyed to see foreigners carrying off not only all the gloves, but all the smiles of the beautiful Maries. It is really pleasant to see Gauche Boosey and D'Orsay Firkin promenade on the Boulevards. They are more superbly dressed than any body else. They have such coats, and trousers, and waistcoats, and boots,—“always looking,” says Kurz Pacha, “as if they came into a large fortune last evening, and were anxious to advertise the fact this morning.” Even the boys in the streets turn to look at them.

Mr. Boosey always buys the pattern shirts, and woollen morning dresses, and fancy coats that hang in the shop windows. “Then,” he says, “I am sure of being at the height of the fashion.” Mr. Firkin is more quiet. The true gentleman, he says, is known by the absence of every thing *prononcé*. “He is a very true gentleman, then,” even Kurz Pacha says, “for I have never found any thing *prononcé* in Mr. D'Orsay Firkin.” The Pacha tells a good story of them. “The week after their arrival Mr. B. appeared in a suit of great splendor. It was a very remarkable coat, and waistcoat covered with gilt sprigs, and an embroidered shirt bosom, altogether a fine coronation suit for the king of the Cannibal islands. Mr. Firkin, as usual, was rigorously gentlemanly, in the quiet way. They walked together up the Boulevards, Mr. B. flashing in the sun, and Mr. F. sombre as a shadow. The whole world turned to remark the extreme gorgeousness of Mr. Boosey's attire, which was peculiar even in Paris. At first that ornament of society rather enjoyed it, but such universal attention became a little wearisome, and at length annoying. Finally Mr. Boosey could endure it no longer, and turning round he

stopped Mr. Firkin, and looking at him from top to toe, remarked, "Really I see nothing so peculiar in your dress that the whole town should stop to stare at you." Mr. Boosey is a man of great discrimination," concluded the ambassador.

He went with us to the opera, where we were to see the Countess de Papillon and Madame Casta Diva. The house was full, and the young gentlemen had told us where to look for their box. Mrs. Potiphar had made Mr. P. as presentable as possible, and begged the Sennar minister to see that Mr. P. did not talk too loud, nor go to sleep, nor offend the proprietors in any way; especially to cut off all his attempts at speaking French. She had hired the most expensive box.

"People respect money, my dear," said Mrs. Potiphar to me.

"But not always its owners, my dear," whispered Kurz Pacha in my other ear.

When we entered the box all the glasses in the house were levelled at us. Mrs. Potiphar gayly seated herself in the best seat, nodding and chatting with the ambassador; her diamonds glittering, her brocade glistening, her fan waving, while I slipped into the seat opposite, and Mr. Potiphar stood behind me in a dazzling expanse of white waistcoat, and his glass in his eye as Mrs. P. had taught him.

"A very successful *entree*," whispered the Pacha to Mrs. P. "I shall give out to my friends that it is the heiress presumptive of the Camanchees."

"No, really; what is the Camanchees?" said Polly, levelling her glass all around the house, and laughing, and talking, and rustling, as if she were very, very happy.

Suddenly there was a fresh volley of glasses toward our box, and, to our perfect dismay, we turned and saw that Mr. Potiphar had advanced to the front, and having put down his eye-glass, had taken out his old, round, silver-barred spectacles, and was deliberately wiping them with that great sheet of a hideous red bandanna, "preparatory to an exhaustive survey of the house," whispered Kurz Pacha to me.

Mrs. P. wouldn't betray any emotion, but still smiling, she hissed to him, under her breath:

"Mr. P. get back this minute. Don't make a fool of yourself. *Mais, monsieur, c'est vraiment charmant.*"

The latter sentence was addressed with smiles to the ambassador, as she saw that the neighbor in the next box was listening.

"It's uncommonly warm," said Mr. Potiphar in a loud tone, as he wiped his forehead with the bandanna.

"Yes, I observe that Mrs. Potiphar be-

trays the heat in her face," said the Pacha, "which, however, is merely a becoming carnation, madame," concluded he, sinking his voice, and rubbing his hands.

At that moment in the box opposite I saw our friends, Mr. Boosey and Mr. Firkin. By their sides sat two such handsome women! They wore a great quantity of jewelry, and had the easiest, most smiling faces you ever saw. They entered making a great noise, and I could see that the modesty of our friends kept them in the rear. For they seemed almost afraid of being seen.

"I like that," said Kurz Pacha; "it shows that such stern republicans don't intend ever to appear delighted with the smiles of nobility."

"The largest one is Madame la Marquise Casta Diva," said Mrs. Potiphar, scanning them carefully, "I know her by her patrician air. What a splendid thing blood is, to be sure!"

She gave herself several minutes to study the toilette of the lady, while I looked at the younger lady, Countess de Papillon, who had all kinds of little fluttering ends of ribbons, and laces, and scallops, and ruffles, and was altogether so stylish!

"I see now where Mr. Firkin gets his elegant manners," said Mrs. Potiphar; "it is a great privilege for young Americans to be admitted familiarly into such society. I now understand better the tone of their conversation when they refer to the French salons."

"Yes, my dear madame," answered the Pacha, "this is indeed making the best of one's opportunities. This is well worth coming to Europe for. It is, in fact, for this that Europe is chiefly valuable to an American, as the experience of an observer shows. Paris is, notoriously, the great centre of historical and romantic interest. To be sure Italy, Rome, Switzerland, and Germany,—yes, and even England, have some few objects of interest and attention. But the really great things of Europe, the superior interests, are all in Paris. Why, just reflect. Here is the *Café de Paris*, the *Trois Frères* and the *Maison Dorte*. I don't think you can get such dinners elsewhere. Then, there is the Grand Opera, the Comic Opera, and now and then the Italian—I rather think that is good music. Are there any such theatres as the *Vaudeville*, the *Variétés*, and the *Montansier*, where there is the most dexterous balancing on the edge of decency, that ever you saw; and when the balance is lost, as it always is, at least a dozen times every evening, the applause is tremendous, showing that the audience have such a subtle sense of propriety that

they can detect the slightest deviation from the right line. Is there not the *Louvre*, where, if there is not the best picture of a single great artist, there are good specimens of all? Will you please to show me such a promenade as the Boulevards, such fêtes as those of the *Champs Elysées*, such shops as those of the *Passages*, and the *Palais Royal*? Above all, will you indicate to such students of mankind as Mr. Boosey, Mr. Firkin, and I—a city more abounding in piquant little women, with eyes, and coiffures, and toilettes, and *je ne sais quoi*, enough to make Diogenes a dandy, to obtain their favor? I think, dear madame, you would be troubled to do it. And while these things are Paris, while we are sure of an illimitable allowance of all this in the gay capital, we do right to remain here. Let who will, sadden in monldy old Rome, or luxuriate in the orange-groves of Sorrento and the south, or wander among the ruins of the most marvellous of empires, and the monuments of art of the highest human genius, or float about the canals of Venice, or woo the Venus and the Apollo; and learn from the silent lips of those teachers a lore sweeter than the French novelists impart;—let who will, climb the tremendous Alps, and feel the sublimity of Switzerland as he rises from the summer of Italian lakes and vineyards to the winter of the glaciers, or makes the tour of all climates in a day by descending those mountains toward the south;—let those who care for it, explore in Germany the sources of modern history, and the remote beginnings of the American spirit; ours be the Boulevards, the demoiselles, the operas, and the unequalled dinners. Decency requires that we should see Rome, and climb an Alp. We will devote a summer week to the one, and a winter month to the other. They will restore us renewed and refreshed for the manly, generous, noble, and useful life we lead in Paris."

"Admirably said," returned Mrs. Potiphar, who had been studying the ladies opposite while the Pacha was speaking, "but a little bit prosy," she whispered to me.

It would charm you to hear how intelligently Mrs. P. speaks about French society, since that evening at the opera. When we return, you will find how accomplished she is. We've been here only a few weeks, and we already know all the fashionable shops, and a little more French, and we go to the confectioners, and eat *sarathis* every morning at 12, and we drive in the *Bois de Boulogne* in the afternoon, and we dine splendidly, and in the evening we go to the opera or a theatre.

To be sure we don't have much society beside our own party. But then the shop-girls point out the distinguished women to Mrs. Potiphar, so that she can point them out when we drive,—and our banker calls and keeps us up in gossip; and Mrs. Potiphar's maid, Adèle, is inestimable in furnishing information, and Mr. Potiphar gets a great deal out of his commissionaire, and goes about studying his Galignani's Guide, and frequents the English Reading Room, where, I am told, he makes himself a little conspicuous when he finds that Englishmen won't talk, by saying "Oh! dear me!" and wiping his face with a bandanna. He usually opens his advances by making sure of an Englishman, and saying, "*Bon matin*,"—but, perhaps, sir, you don't speak French."

"You evidently do not, sir," replied one gentleman.

"No sir; you're right there," answered Mr. P. But he couldn't get another word from his companion.

In this delightful round the weeks glide by.

"You must be enjoying yourselves immensely," says the Pacha. "You understand life, my dear Mrs. Potiphar. Here you are, speaking very little French, in a city where the language is an atmosphere, and where you are in no sense acclimated until you can speak it fluently,—with all French life shut out from you—living in a hotel—cheated by butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker—going to hear plays that you imperfectly understand—to an opera where you know nobody, and where your box is filled with your own countrymen, who are delightful, indeed, but whom you didn't come to Paris to see,—constantly buying a hundred things because they are pretty, and because you are in Paris—entirely ignorant, and quite as careless, of the historical interests of the city, of the pictures, of the statues, and buildings—surrounded by celebrities of all kinds, of whom you never heard, and therefore lose the opportunity of seeing them,—in fact, paying the most extravagant price for every thing, and purchasing only the consciousness of being in Paris—why, who ought to be happy, and considered to be having a fine time of it, if you are not? How naturally you will sigh for all this when you return, and recur to Paris as the culmination of human bliss! Here's my honored Potiphar, who has this morning been taken to a darkened room in a grand old house, in a lonely, aristocratic street; and there a picture-agent has shown him a splendid *Nicolas Poussin*, painted in his prime for the family, whose heir in reduced circumstances must now

part with it at a tearful sacrifice. Honored P.'s friend, the commissionaire, interprets this story, while the agent stands sadly meditating the sacrifice with which his duty acquaints him. He informs the good P. through the friendly commissionaire, that he has been induced to offer him the picture, not only because all Americans have so fine a taste (as his experience has proved to him) in paintings, nor because they are so much more truly munificent than the nobility of other nations, but because the heir in reduced circumstances wishes to think of the picture as entirely removed from the possibility of being seen in France. Family pride, which is almost crushed in disposing of so great and valued a work, would be entirely quenched, if the sale were to be known, and the picture recognized elsewhere. Monsieur is a gentleman, and he will understand the feelings of a gentleman under such circumstances. The commissionaire and the picture-agent therefore preserve a profound silence, and my honored friend feels for his red bandanna, and is not comfortable in the lonely old house, with the picture and the people. The agent says that it is not unusual for the owner to visit the picture about that very hour, to hear what chance there is for its sale. If this knock should be he, it would not be very remarkable. The heir enters. He has a very heavy moustache, dark hair, and a slightly Hebrew cast of countenance.

"Mr. Potiphar is introduced. The heir contemplates the picture sadly, and he and the agent point out its beauties to each other. In fine, my honored Potiphar buys the work of art. To any one else, of course, in France, for instance, the price should be ten thousand francs. But the French and the Americans have fraternized; a thousand francs shall be deducted.

"You see clearly it's quite worth while coming to Paris to do this, because, I suppose, there are not more than ten or twenty artists at home who could paint ten or twenty times as good a picture for a quarter of the price. But you, dearest Mrs. P., who know all about pictures, naturally don't want American pictures in your house, any more than you want any thing else American there.

"My young friends and allies, Messrs. Boosey, Firkin, and Croesus, say that they come to Paris to see the world. They get the words wrong, you know. They come that the world (that is, *their* world at home,) may not see them. To accompany Mesdames de Papillon and Casta Diva to the opera, then to return to beautifully furnished apartments to sup, and to prolong the entertainment until morning, is

what those charming youths mean when they say 'see the world.' To attend at that *r union* of the *Haut Ton*, Monsieur Celarius' dancing academy, is to see good society in Paris, after the manner of those dashing men of the world.—It's amusing enough, and it's innocent enough, in its way. They won't go very far. They'll spend a good deal of money for nothing. They'll be plucked at gaming-houses. They'll be quietly laughed at by Mesdames de Papillon and Casta Diva, and the male friends of those ladies who enjoy the benefit of the lavish bounty of our young Croesuses and Firkins. They'll swagger a good deal, and take airs, and come home and indulge in foreign habits, now grown indispensable. They will pronounce upon the female toilette, and upon the *gantier le plus comme il faut*, in Paris. They will beg your pardon for expressing a little phrase in French—to which, really, the English is inadequate. They will have, necessarily, the foreign air. Some of them will settle away into business men, and be very exemplary. Others will return to Paris, as moths to the light, asserting that the only place for a gentleman to live agreeably, to indulge his tastes, and get the most for his money, is Paris—which is strictly true of such gentlemen as they. A view of life that starts from the dinner-table, inevitably selects Paris for its career. For, obviously, if you have to dine well you must live where there is good cooking.

"You are rather worse off than the young men, Mrs. P.; because you are necessarily so much more confined to the house. Unless, indeed, you imitate Mrs. Vite, who goes wherever the gentlemen go, and who is famous as *L'Am ricaine*. If you like that sort of thing, you can do as much of it as you please. It will always surround you with a certain kind of man,—and withdraw from your society a certain kind of woman, and a certain kind of respect.

"To conclude my sermon, ladies, Europe is a charmed name to Americans, because in Europe are the fountains of all our education and training. History is the story of the other hemisphere; the ruins of empires, arts, and civilizations are there. Now, if there is any use in living at all, which I am far from asserting, is it worth while to get nothing out of Europe but a prolonged supper with Madame Casta Diva, or a wardrobe of all the charming dresses in Paris, and a facility of scandal, which has all the wickedness and none of the wit, of the finest Frenchwoman? I beg a thousand pardons for preaching, but the text was altogether too pregnant."

And so Kurz Pacha whirled out of the

room, humming a waltz of Strauss. He has heard of his recall to Sennaar since he has been here—and we shall hear nothing more of him. We, too, leave Paris in a few days for home, and you will not hear from us again. Mrs. Potiphar has been as busy as possible getting up the greatest variety of dresses. You will see that she has not been to Paris for nothing. Kurz Pacha asked us if we had been to the Louvre where the great pictures are. But when I inquired if there were any of Mr. Dusseldorf's there, and he said no, why, of course, as he is my favorite, and I know more of his works than I do of any others, I didn't go. There are some very pretty things there, Mr. Boosey says. But ladies have no time for such matters. Do you know, the other evening we went to the ball at the Tuileries, and oh, it was splendid. There were one duke, and three marquesses, and a great many counts, presented to me. They all said, "It's charming, this evening;" and I said, "Very charming indeed." Wasn't it nice?

But you should have seen Mrs. Potiphar when the Emperor Napoleon III. spoke to her. You know what a great man he is, and what a benefactor to his country, and how pure, and noble, and upright his private character and career have been; and how, as Kurz Pacha said, he is radiant with royalty, and honors every body to whom he speaks. Well, Mrs. P. was presented, and sank almost to the ground in her reverence. But she actually trembled with delight when the Emperor said:

"Madame, I remember with the greatest pleasure the beautiful city of New-York."

I am sure the Empress Eugenie would have been jealous, could she have heard the tone in which it was said. Wasn't it

affable in such a great monarch towards a mere republican? I wonder how people can slander him so, and tell such stories about him. I never saw a nicer man; only he looks sleepy. I suppose the cares of state oppress him, poor man! But one thing you may be sure of, dear Mrs. Downe, if people at home laugh at the Emperor and condemn him, just find out *if they have ever been invited to the Tuileries*. If not, you will understand the reason of their hatred. Mrs. Potiphar says to the Americans here that she can't hear the Emperor spoken against, for they are on the best of terms.

"Of course the French dislike him," says Mr. Firkin, who has a turn for politics, "for they want a republic before they are ready for it."

How you would enjoy all this, dear, and how sorry I am you are not here. I think Mr. Potiphar is rather disconsolate. He whistles and looks out of the window down into the garden of the Tuileries, where the children play under the trees; and as he looks he stops whistling, and gazes sometimes for half an hour; and whenever he goes out afterward, he is sure to buy something for Freddy. When the shopkeeper asks where it shall be sent, Mr. P. says in a loud, slow voice—

"Hotel Murence, Kattery-vang-sank-otrorayaim."

It is astonishing, as Kurz Pacha said, that we are not more respected abroad. "Foreigners will never know what you really are," said he to Mr. P., "until they come to you. Your going to them has failed."

Good-bye, dearest Mrs. Downe. We are so sorry to come home! You won't hear from us again.

Your ever affectionate

CAROLINE.

CASSITEROLOGY.*

A CHAPTER ON MONEY.

"**M**ONEY, Money!" as the venerable bottle-man says or sings. What magic there is in that word, what a combination of fantasies floats upon the brain at the mere mention! How much of misery and unhappiness, of crime and virtue, of grovelling avarice and nobleness of soul, lies crowded within the shadow of this dissyllable! Locke, Sir James Stuart, and others have represented the science

of Money to be in itself extremely simple. Simple indeed! The proposition, as a rule, is by me denied; the man borrows, according to the old adage, with a silver spoon in his mouth, is *not* an illustration of its truth; unless by deep study he has acquired that portion of the science which teaches him the indiscretion of putting his silver spoon "up the spout."

Panurge, when made Castellan of Sal-

* A discourse on *Tia*—a coinage from the Greek.

migondin, showed his contempt for such theories as those propounded by our modern philosophers. His Castellany involving a formidable rent-roll of "*cacquerolles et hannelons*," besides an immense income in "*deniers certains*," how did he exhibit his acquaintance with the science deemed so simple? Let the immortal author tell it. "*Se gouverna si bien et prudemment, Monsieur le nouveau Chastellain, que en moins de quatorze iours, il dilapida le revenue certain et incertain de sa Chastellayne pour trois ans. Non proprement dilapida comme vous pourriez dire, en fondations de Monastères, erections de temples, bastimens de Collieges, hospitalux, ou iectant son lard aux chiens. Mais despendit en mille petitz banquetz et festins ioyeux ouuers à tous venans, mesmement à tous bons compaignons, seunes filletes, et mignonnes jaloyses. Abastant boys, bruslant les grosses souches pour la vente des cendres, prenant argent dauance, achaptant chier, vendant à bon marché et mangeant, son bled en herbe.*" And how many a Panurge exists to the present hour, when no science could teach the folly of "*mangeant son bled en herbe*!" For myself, albeit not blessed with the silver spoon, or a revenue of *cacquerolles et hannelons*, I have found the science of all others the most difficult of attainment. It has been the *pons asinorum* over which I have stumbled, ever since money itself, and the fifth proposition of Euclid, that is to say, the need of the one, and the solution of the other, first thrust themselves (and it was about the same period) upon my juvenile attention. I never attempted to pass that bridge but my sorry jade suddenly became lame.

It is an admirable illustration of man's nature that we find it recorded in the works of ancient sages, that money had no existence until the third age of man. The gold and silver ages had passed away (unless California and South Australia are deemed a return of the former), and man sought not to barter his soul for dross. The iron age arrived; and lo! "*effodiuntur opes*." How like human perverseness and discontent! The iron age is present to the majority of us, and we sigh in vain for the gold and the silver. The philosopher's stone which was to change this base metal once again into gold, was not dreamt of until man, ever active in devising schemes for his own misery, had assigned, in the words of a deceased statesman* of Great Britain, "an arbitrary and conventional value to

money," as a medium of that barter and exchange which had alone previously and primitively existed.

Man has been represented as essentially a cooking animal; he might, with at least equal truth, be described as a coining one. Immortal Shakspeare makes Shylock ask—

"Hath a dog money? Can a cur
Lend thee three thousand ducats?"

The same unanswerable question might be propounded of every other creature in creation, except man. Traverse the globe in its length and breadth, and in its most savage wilds, we find money in some shape or other in use as a means of barter and trade. If we believe Captain Hall, indeed, there is one blissful spot on earth, from which the golden age has not passed away. The inhabitants of the Loo-choo Islands, according to this traveller, are the only people on the earth who retain the primitive custom of barter and exchange. "They appear," says he, "to have no money, and from all we could see or hear, they are even ignorant of its use,—they set no value on Spanish dollars!" and to carry out in its perfection the simplicity of the "*Aurea ætas*," they had no arms or weapons of any kind.

* *Fortunatus nimium aus et bona moris!*

How soon will communication with the civilized portion of creation teach these peaceful islanders the value of Spanish dollars, and place a pistol in the hands of the covetous wherewith to revel in the spoils of assassination.

Apropos of the Loo-choo Islanders, the following anecdote, which I have met with, will not here be out of place. When this Loo-choo policy was mentioned to Bonaparte, he broke forth, "No arms! sacre! how do they carry on war then?" A "Chancellor of the Exchequer," is said to have exclaimed, "No money! bless me! how do they carry on the government?"

But the Loo-choo Islanders long ere this present day have, if I mistake not, acquired a knowledge of both money and fire-arms. I have not however any work in my possession that contradicts Captain Hall.

I have said that man is a coining as well as a cooking animal, and I would add, that in the greater portion of the civilized world at least, these two operations so peculiarly human, bear a striking connection the one with the other.

"*Tis money makes the pot boil,*"

saith the old adage, more ingeniously than classically rendered by the Roman ideal

ism of "Aurum potabile" (*pot-a-bile*)—the pun is execrable, but the idea is perfect. The fable of Cleopatra's expensive draught is realized daily, and gold is held in solution by a process, unknown at least to chemistry.

"Potable gold in golden cup."

is gulped down in rivers of *golden sherry*, and *siller-y champagne*, whose peculiar excellence consists in the extreme costliness, which has banished them from all tables, save those of our modern Luculli. Writing of wine and its costly excellence reminds me of Horace's invitation to his friend and patron, Mœcenas, and of the expressive terms in which the invitation is couched. Horace was no Lucullus. His Sabine villa possessed but a Sabine cellar; he could offer his friend no ancient Falernian,—the centenary crust of port, and golden solution from Xeres; he bid him taste his Sabine wine—Sicily, Madeira, or Teneriffe—and showed the discrimination of a man of taste, unable to indulge his patron according to his station, by promising to render his punishment as light as possible, by the aid of small glasses;

"Vile potatils mortuus Sabinum
CANTHARIS."

He was right; if one must condescend to Teneriffe, the smaller the glasses the better! Would that some friends I wot of would think so. But I wander. Man, as I have said, is a coining animal. I do not allude to that portion of the *genus humanum*, known in slang language as "Smashers,"—unlicensed coiners, blind enthusiasts,—whose passion for the profile of the fabled "Goddess of Liberty" oft leads to a place where they are deprived of "Liberty" itself,—I speak of man as a social animal, distinguished from the other beasts of the creation, and he, I repeat, is solely and essentially a coining animal. By the way, they must have had "Smashers" even in the days of Plautus, who puts the following accusation in the mouth of one of his characters: "Tace sis faber, quicuderesoles plumbeos nummos." What discovery, I will ask, of modern times, can compare with that which first introduced into the world *money* as an abstract entity, possessing weight, face, form, and solid being? Printing, Steam Railroads, Photography, the Electric Telegraph, nay, Phonography itself! Faugh! what were all these, or any of them, without Money? The world would have existed in primitive barbarity, were it not for this god to wealth, and rank, and distinction above our fellows; and if we believe the historians of the day, or some of them, this primitive barbarity, being primitive inno-

cence, *arts* could not have existed, and sciences must have been wanting, in the want of means.

The scientific resources of man's mind are, as yet, not one-half developed for want of the money necessary to test them. I firmly believe, the philosopher's stone and perpetual motion only lie undiscovered because there has not been money enough in the world to bring to perfection the experiments,—what will be effected, when *all* the gold of California is *coined*, remains, in all probability, for future generations to witness.

It is to Croesus, the golden crucible of Lydia, whose wealth is handed down to us in a proverb, that the world is indebted for coined metals.

Let the "fast young men" of the present day set down in their *memoria technica*, that about the year 8400 of the world, Croesus coined his *cræsi*, which I imagine must have been gold or silver.

I do not profess to have authority for my etymology, but may not the vernacular, which stands proxy for "a bribe,"—"to grease the palm," be a corruption from a Lydian saying—

Κρησει την παλαμν.

I do not know that such saying existed, but it is at least possible; besides, Croesus made *Greece* pay tribute to Lydia, whose palm was thus *Greece'd* somewhat after the "Black Mail" system, which modern genius has made so popular. The ancients were not averse to a pun, now and then, and we have at least two instances of so solemn a matter being made the subject of their *jeux de mots*. The Athenians, for example, stamped some of their coins with an ox (*Bos*), and from them derived a proverb on a lawyer whose eloquence kept pace with the amount of his fee, that he had "*Bos* in lingua" (an ox on his tongue). Again, the people of Ægina impressed a tortoise (*Testudo*) on their coins, which gave rise to the saying, "Virtutem et sapientiam vincunt testudines." The Lydians may have made a similar joke on their *Cræsi*—but this *par parenthèse*: but as I said before, I think the *Cræsi* must have been either gold or silver,—or both. Copper money was, beyond doubt, the invention of Darius the Mede, who, about the same time, coined his *Daries* or *Dark-mons*, and they are called *Darkies*, or *Brownies*, by those elegant scions of the human stock, for whose especial purposes they must have been invented, to this day. But to return to the spot from whence we started. Man is a coining as well as a cooking animal—by the way, cooking—that is, good cooking; none of your queer, greasy stews of

a boarding-house cuisine, but your real French *gout*, small but *piquant*—good cooking is the very perfection of human enjoyment, *if*—and the “*if*” shows the connection between cooking and coining—*if* you have the coin to meet the exigencies of Soyer, and his book, more precious than the Sanscrit Mythology. Indeed, perfection of cooking is in itself divine—

“Gods are immortal only for their food.”

I hope I shall not be considered discursive; but my discourse would be imperfect did I not show the influence of money in all the phases of life. Man, however, is a coining animal, and when the precious metals have not been attainable, man has indulged this innate propensity, by the substitution of any thing which would bear the impress of that cabalistic *effigies* necessary to invest it with the dignity of coinage. Seneca observes, that there was anciently stamped money of *leather* (*Corium formâ publicâ impressum*), and the Hollanders, in 1574, coined great quantities of pasteboard, about the first instance we have on record of the use of “*paper money*.” The ancient Britons, says Sir John Sinclair in his “Remarks, etc., respecting the proceedings of the Bullion Committee,” used iron rings or plates as money; and the Spartans preferred iron bars quenched in vinegar, that they might not serve for any other purpose.”

Previously to the grand discovery of King Croesus, money was *weighed*, not *coined*. Abraham, we read, weighed the four hundred shekels which he gave for his burying-place. Joseph was sold for twenty shekels *weight* of silver. Jeremiah weighed the seventeen shekels of silver, which he gave for his cousin's field. The Jews are not found coining money until about the year 3860, when Antiochus Sidetes gave Simon the Maccabee a “*privilege*” for that purpose, an early instance of a “*Moneyed Monopoly*.” The Romans are said to have begun to coin silver about A. M. 3735, and gold in 3797. The states of Europe did not so far progress in civilization until the time of Edward Third, who coined his florences, nobles, rose nobles, and a small gold coin, valued at twenty pence, called “*farthings of gold*.”

Simple as our modern philosophers describe money to be, we still find them differing even in their definition of the term. The celebrated Adam Smith, in his “*Wealth of Nations*,” calls money “*the great wheel of circulation*,” and paper money, “*a new and less expensive wheel*,” but Hume, in his “*Political Discourse*,” says, “*money is none of the wheels of*

Trade; it is the *oil* which renders the motion of the wheels more smooth and easy.” Were I asked to which of these definitions I would subscribe, I reply unhesitatingly, the latter; but I would add, at the same time, that it falls infinitely short of the subject. It is the *grease* by which men glide to honors—it is a cosmetic more powerful than all the efforts of the most famed perfumer could accomplish, giving beauty to the most hideous, and rendering graceful the most deformed. Like the elixir of Dulcamara, it transfers to the widow of matured years, the attraction of the maiden of eighteen:

“Per questo tocca a sena
In breve settimana
Più d'una afflitta vedova
Di plangere casso.”

“Put money in thy purse,” says Iago. “Rem quocunque modo rem,” says Horace. Money, to use a modern phraseology, is the “*great fact*” of life. It is the touchstone of friendship, the test of virtue, the standard of *gentility*, and the hinge of society. It is the bane of mortality, and at the same time a universal specific for all mortal bills.

“It will make a man,” says Burton, in his charming “*Anatomy of Melancholy*,” “run to the Antipodes, or tarry at home and turn Parasite, *lye*, flatter, prostitute himself, swear, and bear false witness; he will venture his body, kill a king, murder his father, and damn his soul to come at it,”—and he gives an illustration. “Lucian's Timon,” says he, “when he lived in prosperity, was the sole spectacle of Greece, only admired; who but Timon? every body loved, honored, applauded him; each man offered him his advice, and sought to be kin to him; but when his gold was spent, his possessions gone, farewell, Timon; none so ugly, none so deformed, so odious an object as Timon; no man so ridiculous on a sudden; they gave him a penny to buy a rope; no man would know him.”

We see Timons daily. Like Panurge, they have consumed their “*revenue certain et incertain*,” in a thousand “*petits banquetz*,” and eaten the “*bled en herbe*,” and, like Timon, “*a penny to buy a rope*,” is all they can hope from the hand of friendship, in their impoverished condition.

Fielding starts an hypothesis, somewhere in his writings, that if a certain number of boys were brought up, from their infancy, in the belief that the “*Royal Exchange*” were the Kingdom of Heaven, and were constantly inspired with a suitable awe of it, and instructed that it would be glorious and godlike to defend it, the great majority of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives in its

defence, or at any rate, be induced for a trifle to set it on fire. The idea is a singular one, but it is founded on reason. It is a common mode of expression, to say of a grasping and avaricious man, "that his money is his god;" and in what earthly Olympus could that god be more appropriately seated, than the spot suggested by Mr. Fielding. To suppose that he (one of the boys) would be a party to another conflagration of the dwelling-place of his deity, would be a stretch of imagination, unwarranted by any human experience. To carry out the hypothesis, then, it is only necessary to bring up youth in the thorough knowledge of "the science of money."

By nature "all men are equal;" money first made man above his fellows. It was well said by a witty French lady, who had remarked the ingenuity of a footman, who belonged to a man of high quality, who was as ugly and stupid as his servant was the reverse, "Il faut avouer que la nature n'est pas aristocrate." Man was not created an Astor, with a yard of rent-roll in his breeches pocket.

It is not to be wondered at, that so prominent a subject in this world's pilgrimage, should have acquired for itself, in all languages, so extensive and varied nomenclature. In the Latin we find it called *nummus*, *pecunia*, *res*, and I know not how many words beside are used to express this mysterious agent of human happiness; not, however, to pursue our inquiries into the too generally "unknown tongues," our own vernacular surpasses most other languages with which I am acquainted, in the variety of terms in which to recognize the great cause of all national greatness and much of our individual misery.

Mrs. Piozzi, in her most amusing work on English Synonymes, gives many of the titles with which this pluralizer of human dignity is invested in the English tongue, "Money, cash, assets, ready rhino, chink, corianders!" but she has omitted "Rocks," "Dust, Mopusses," and I know not what others; and she has failed to record that most expressive idiom contained in the demand to "Shell out." Neither has Mrs. Piozzi gone to the depth of etymology of which these numerous terms are susceptible. "Cash," she would have us to understand to be derived from the French "*casse*," the strong box in which it is kept—a sort of *metonymy* which substitutes the thing containing for the thing contained; but Mrs. Piozzi is fond of tropes and uses another to derive the meaning of the word "assets." "When a man dies," says she, "his executors and their attorney begin to inquire if he has

assets?" (meaning *assez*—enough) sufficient for the payment of debts, legacies, &c. Mrs. Piozzi did not live in a certain country I wot of, or she would not have used so profound a *synecdoche* to describe the meaning of that term, which, to be there realized, would be a miracle worthy of record, and which it never entered into the mind of one executor to inquire. As well might the executors of Marryatt's "Lying Captain," have sought for *assets*, according to our synonymist's "*derivatur*," in the *foolscap* which comprised his will. We will take it then as explained by the *trope*—a part for the whole: but here Mrs. Piozzi stands still. Be it my task to search the regions of etymology for some traces of origin to terms which enter so largely into the communication of human existence; but which she has treated as a "mere jargon of schoolboys and apprentices," undervived and undervivable. "*Cole*," for example, what can be more easy? Sovereigns we know were wont to perpetuate their names in the coins of their empires, thus we have *nummus* from Numa, and not to go further back, the *Louis d'ors* and Napoleons. *Cole*, then, was obviously derived from the sovereign of that name, and although my acquaintance with the history of King Cole is imperfect, being confined to the rhymes commencing with the couplet—

"Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,"

his kingly dignities are nevertheless associated with my early recollections, and it is impossible to suppose that so convivial a monarch did not pay for his pleasures and his luxuries with right royal coin. He too coined his "*Coles*."

Rhino, is still more clear. The term was the obvious coinage of some classic victim, who with the ignorance of "men and manners" peculiar to the bookworm, had been made to pay "through the nose," until his patrimony was swamped and his substance had evaporated through his nasal conduit. *Piv, pivos* (Rin, Rinos)—the derivation is as obvious as, and far more happy than, many of the elaborate specimens which modern etymologists have furnished to the world.

"To down with the dust" would manifestly appear to be derived from California, although the discovery of the auriferous deposits are of so recent an origin; yet from where else could it have come, than from a land where, before the existence of a "mint" or "assay office," payments were compelled to be made in that very palpable powder, known by the rather enticing appellation of "*gold dust*." "To

shell out," has certainly had its origin in those blessed countries in the Asiatic continent, in which mankind finds the one thing needful, the *rem* of which Horace speaks, in the form of small white shells, called *cowries*. We might go further in our etymological inquiries, but I fear to tire the reader. There are, however, one or two other specimens of the vernacular to which I cannot avoid allusion,—the first out of respect to the great political name of a deceased man to whose glory it is dedicated. A shilling is commonly designated, by the lower classes of "cockneys," as a "*Bob*," so called, beyond all question, in honor of the great terrestrial deity, who presided over a "metallic currency," the renowned SIR ROBERT PEEL. To come now to our own glorious land: our "*Eagles*," the term was doubtless derived from the splendid bird who figures so largely upon our national escutcheon, because he enjoys the "largest liberty," and because he rules supreme over all the inhabitants of the air—as the "manifest destiny" of the *Union* is to embrace in her motherly arms every acre of land, and every fathom of water between the two great oceans.

"Truth," says the moralist, "is strange—stranger than fiction." Somewhat the same may be said of *Money*; at least I have found it so. To derive its fictitious representatives is easy enough, but in my researches for the *thing* itself, I have failed—utterly failed. There are some, who seem by nature to have been gifted with that peculiar species of alchemy, which enables them, Midas-like, to turn all they touch into gold. Whether these, like their great prototype, are, in the generality of cases, calculated still further to illustrate the same fable, may be rather a matter of opinion, but it must be confessed that the "ass's ears," which in his case accompanied the gift, are not necessarily separated from the possession of the same talent, even in the every-day life of our own era.

"Sir," said a communicative gentleman whom I chanced recently to meet in an evening stroll in the "village" where I reside—"Sir," said he, in reply to a question of mine as to the name and occupation of a person of singular appearance, who saluted my companion in our walk, as we passed the "stranger"—"Sir, that man is an extraordinary illustration of 'the silver spoon' philosophy. He is one of those curiosities, which are only met with once in an age—he is a man of immense wealth, sir, for which he never labored for a single hour. Had he been left to his wits to gain his bread, the probability is, he would have been as poor as you or I—I beg your par-

don, sir, I ought only to speak of myself—" "Sir," I observed, "you may join me in the category." "Sir," resumed my companion, "if that man walks on the New-York Exchange, with the view to invest a few spare thousands in some stock or other, it is sure to fall at least five per cent.; and if in the next week he fancies to sell out, he is certain to find it increased full twenty per cent. above par! His patrimony consisted of some hundred acres of miserable land in the State of — with a hut on it, unfit for a Christian dwelling. Those hundred acres, sir, are now the celebrated "copper mines," which he *spared* on coming of age to the — Mining Association, for the trifling consideration of \$500,000. He is now here to take possession of that splendid property on the other side of the river, within our view, which has become his as the heir of some relative whom he never saw, and of whom perhaps he had never heard. Wealth comes to him by nature, and I have been assured, by a very sage and discreet female relative of his, that his luck has been entirely owing to the mystical fact of her having presented to him a battered "*old silver teaspoon*" at the moment of his birth." "But he is not utterly ignorant," I observed. "Ignorant, sir—he's the greatest fool and dunce under heaven—he can read, but barely manages to sign his name, and still is worth his millions!"

"Would that I had had that silver spoon," ejaculated I, half mentally. "Sir," replied my companion, emphatically, "Nine men out of ten would have pawned it."

I was silent.

I know not why, but that silver spoon haunted my dreams, both day and night, for some definite period within the bounds of reason. Shades of aunts maternal! To Deborahs and Dorothys, who with all the modesty which appertained to your ancient spinsterhood, administered caudle at the hour of my nativity, and lent your greetings to a doting parent on my primogeniture, could ye not have raked from the depths of your tea-caddy some mysterious relic to sanctify my horoscope—was there not a "battered teaspoon" in the family to bless me with its alchemy? But it is passed. I believe the moment of my entrance into life was recorded in the family Bible with a *plummet*, and I have felt the influence of its metal ever since. My moneys are too frequently "*plumbeos nummos*"—a load in my breeches pocket, which, whenever I strive to rise, drags me to the bottom.

Reader! I do not entertain a contemptuous disregard of money. It is a fashionable style of philosophy, to possess

a thorough contempt for wealth, and this is especially found amongst authors, poets, painters and the numerous herd of mortals who *possess none of it!* With such all money is as spurious as the grapes were sour to the fox. The comparison, I confess, is somewhat hackneyed, yet, for the life of me, I cannot conceive, why a rich man should not be happy in spite of all that poets and pauper *literati* have said to the contrary. The man who invented the fable of "Gyges and Aglaus" was some disappointed "penny a liner," who starved upon his "*as*" per diem—and "*asses*" were his fitting prey—that fellow could never hope to pass the *pons asinorum* which connects those banks between which the "science of money" is deposited. Gyges, a wealthy moorarch of Lydia, whose *cræci* were as plentiful as "leaves in Vallombrosa," consulted an oracle—some poor DEVIL—in order to learn who was "the happiest man." Now I pause a moment at this stage of the fable to criticize its moral. The object of Gyges, we see, was to learn if there were a happier man than he. Then Gyges was happy—what! a rich man happy? A man who stood so well at his

banker's imagine that no one else could be so happy! Impossible! But it is so reader; and now for the sequel. Gyges asked the oracle for a happier man; and the oracle, to the surprise of Gyges, who fully expected to hear himself named, replied "Aglaus." This Aglaus turned out, upon inquiry, to be a rustic, who grew a few greens for the Lydian market. I have a most complete contempt for all such oracular fallacies. Imagine, reader, some one of our merchant princes, or other millionaire, searching the sibylline leaves of last year's almanac! or extending his palm to the fortune-teller at Barnum's, in order to find a happier fellow than himself, and imagine him referred to Terence McShane, who cultivates "upon shares" a beautiful "potato patch" in some almost unknown locality at the Far West. No! no! I am no disciple of that school; "enough" they will tell us, "is as good as a feast." True—but "the greater contains the less," and I should like to see the principles upon which this well-known axiom may be inverted, in the case of money. If to possess enough be happiness, by what reasoning is more than enough the reverse?

ROUEN.

PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

HERE blooms the legend fed with time and chance,
Fresh as the morning, though in centuries old;
The whitest lily in the shield of France,
With heart of virgin gold.

Along this square she moved, sweet Joan of Arc,
With face more pallid than a day-lit star,
Half seen, half doubted, while before her dark
Stretched the array of war.

Swift furled the battle-smoke of lying breath
From off her path, as if a wind had blown,
And showed no faithless king, but righteous death
On the low, wooden throne.

He would reward her; she who meekly wore
Alike her gilded mail and peasant gown,
Meekly received one earthly honor more,—
The formless, fiery crown.

A white dove trembled up the heated air,
And in the opening zenith found its goal;
Soft as a downward feather fell a prayer
For each repentant soul.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD AND HOW IT IS TO BE BUILT.

A RAILROAD from the Mississippi to California or Oregon is a foregone conclusion! Stupendous as the enterprise seems, rivalling in grandeur and surpassing in usefulness any work that the genius of man has hitherto undertaken,—the Pyramids of Egypt, the great Roman Military Roads, the Simplon of Napoleon,—it has been decided that it must be built. Mr. Whitney, the pioneer of the scheme, said long since that it should be built; Colonel Benton has said that it should be; the Memphis and St. Louis conventions have said it should be; and the newspapers have said it must be, which settles the question. Surveying parties, appointed by the Government to explore the routes, are already on the ground; a company for the purpose has been chartered by the State of New-York, whose books are opened with a subscription of nearly fifty millions of dollars, and the Congress which assembles this month will be called upon to end all doubts about the colossus of roads, by giving it some national sanction.

It is needless, then, for us to say any thing either of the advantages or the practicability of the undertaking, as both subjects appear to have been finally exhausted; and yet, a glance at them, in the outset of what we may have to urge, will not be inappropriate.

The primary object of a road to the Pacific is to facilitate access to the opulent commerce of the East, which has been the golden vision of all ages and nations, and the inseparable accompaniment in its growth and decay, of their rise and fall in civilization, power and splendor. From earliest times the wild Arab of the desert has followed his trackless and burning path in pursuit of it; the hardy Indian mariner has braved the terrors of the unknown Indian seas; the laboring caravans of Egypt have made their slow and perilous journeys; and the semi-robber bands of Turkey have encountered the storms and currents of the Caspian, and surmounted the spurs of the Himalayabs in the midst of savage and plundering enemies. It was the trade with the East which reared the solid walls and magnificent temples of Petraea, Baalbec, Palmyra, Tyre, Alexandria and Byzantium; which gave dominion and glory successively to the Assyrian, the Persian, the Tyrian, the Greek, the Roman, the Venetian, the Portuguese, the Dutch, and the English; which winged the light hawk of the Northman, in his desperate northern cruises; which enticed the bold maritime expeditions to the southern cape; which impelled the spirit of adventure to

the discovery of the Americas; which prompted Columbus to his daring voyages; which fired the ambition and ferocity of Cortez; which led the chivalric but ruthless De Soto to the shores of the Mississippi; which guided Cartier and Marquette and La Salle into the depths of the western wilderness; which drew Carver, and Hearne, and McKenzie across the Rocky Mountains, and which, in still later times, has sent the intrepid Franklin to perish among the Arctic snows.

All the powers that have ever gained a foothold upon the American continent have endeavored to open a highway of communication to its western slopes. When the Spaniards possessed Louisiana, the Baron de Carondelet, Governor General of the Province, under the sanction of Charles IV., undertook the discovery of it by way of the Missouri River; the British sought it, at much cost and hazard, in the higher latitudes which bound the Columbia; the Mexicans and their allies have endeavored to find it in the isthmus of Panama, and the Americans, at the instigation of Mr. Jefferson, made the same attempt when they commissioned the indomitable bands of Lewis and Clarke. Science, energy, money, time, courage, and life have all been expended in the search; Humboldt has devoted his miraculous knowledge to it, and Fremont his no less miraculous practical energy; and now, as the result of all, the judgment of the world has settled into a conviction that the only means of an easier, cheaper, and speedier intercourse with the teeming millions of Asia, is by an iron road from the Valley of the Mississippi to the bays of the Pacific.

The passages to the East, as every body probably knows, are now made, 1st, by the Mediterranean Sea to Cairo, through Suez, the gulf of Aden, and Bombay to Canton; 2d, around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta and thence to Canton; and 3d, by the Isthmus of Panama, and thence to Shanghai. The nearest of these, which is partly by steamer and partly overland, is 9,658 miles from London, or about 120 days; the longest, which is by the Cape, is 18,500 miles from Liverpool, or 170 days' sail; while the route by the Isthmus from Liverpool is 12,900 miles, or 63 days for steamers and 130 for sailing vessels. From New-York to Canton, by the Cape route, is 20,000 miles, and by the Isthmus 10,400, or 51 days' steaming and 125 days' sail. Now, compared with these, a route across this continent would place Liverpool within 37 days

of Shanghai, and New-York within 25 days, which would be a saving of more than half the time by the shortest of the other routes, and more than two-thirds of it by the longest. While, according to the calculations of the most experienced men, there would be an equivalent reduction in the expenses of transportation, and more than an equivalent increase of profit, in the new markets, both along our western coast and among the islands of the South Pacific, which the additional facilities of intercourse would open. Thus, we see at a glance, that a railroad, such as is now proposed, would render the people of the United States the masters of the inconceivable wealth of the 300,000,000 of China, of the 50,000,000 of Japan, and of the other growing millions that are soon destined to fill the gold-bearing fields of Australia. Europe would be compelled to make her trade tributary to ours, and the young Republic, which the Despotisms have affected so often to despise, bound yet stronger to internal unity by the cords of sympathy and interest, would give the law of freedom to the world. A new Rome, in the extent of her grandeur and strength, she would be better than Rome, in the display of the one and the exercise of the other; for she would spread her arts, not by the force of her arms, but by the gentler policy of commerce, united to the more glorious persuasions of Christianity.

As to the practicability of the Pacific road, there is room perhaps for some doubt, but not, we think, on a mature consideration, for any durable scepticism. The way is long, it is true; the most of it through a wilderness; the difficulties of streams and mountains are formidable, for the streams are among the largest on the globe, and the mountains among the highest; the prospects of immediate gain from regions where there are no settlements, are not the most flattering; and the expenditure, both of money and life, which would be required, prodigious. One hundred millions of dollars, and ten years at least of the severest labor, on the part of an immense army of workmen, are outlays that fill the imagination with feelings akin to awe. It would seem as if human muscles and the human brain were unequal to the task. The vast works of the oriental despots, whose ruins, as they now lie scattered among the sands, fill us with wonder and admiration, dwindle in the comparison with this work, and we should be utterly staggered by the thought of it were we not sustained by the consciousness of a power greater than that of any monarch who ever flourished—the power of the People, working with implements which modern genius has dis-

covered, and with an energy which American freedom could alone inspire. What, indeed, has not the enterprise of our countrymen of itself, without regarding that of other nations, accomplished within the last twenty years? It has constructed 13,000 miles of railroad; it has built 5,000 miles of canal; it has twined around them 16,000 miles of telegraphs; it has sent forth 12,000 ships; it has covered the lakes and the oceans with gigantic steamers; it has brought into cultivation millions of acres; it has erected innumerable factories; it has reared a multiplicity of villages and cities; it has published myriads of newspapers; and it has scattered its charities broadcast to all nations. Surely, then, two thousand miles of railroad more is not an impossibility! Who that stands on the wharves of New-York and sees the shiploads of emigrants that are landed every day—who that watches a township of farmers and mechanics leaving Buffalo every week for the Far-West; who that sees a city like Chicago, for instance, rising from the bosom of a prairie on which the solitary traveller heard the wolves howl not long since; who that beholds the countless and populous caravans that yearly cross the great desert towards the Rocky Mountains, can distrust the resources or the determination of his country? Ah no! if statistics, calculations, the readiness of companies to embark in it, did not prove it, we should still exclaim—the Pacific Railroad is a foregone conclusion! It may not be finished as speedily as its sanguine friends anticipate, but it must and will be built.

A railroad to the Pacific, considering the present resources of the United States, and the state of opinion among us, is not so impracticable an undertaking, either in the appearance or the reality, as the Erie Canal was, for the State of New-York, under the circumstances in which it was first agitated and begun. Any body who can recall the condition of things some forty years ago, when Clinton and his compeers suggested the feasibility of connecting our vast inland seas with the ocean, by a "big ditch," which was to be dug for several hundred miles through an inhospitable wilderness, will remember the moral obstacles as well as the material difficulties which they had to encounter—the quickset hedges of hostile and incredulous opinion, quite as impenetrable as the broad acres of rock, and the long miles of forest. Even Mr. Jefferson, whose hopeful and springing confidence in the future, led his genius to anticipate and predict nearly every step in advance that his country has since made, pronounced the scheme to be one

which was just a century ahead of the day. Yet the Erie Canal was built,—under all the disadvantages of being a State work, at a period when private opinion had not been thoroughly aroused to the importance of such internal communications,—and justified the hopes of its early friends, by pouring into the pockets of the farmers and merchants of the State, a profusion of wealth, and cementing for ever the bonds of political and social union.

Now, since that day, our people have acquired a large fund of experience and conviction as to the need of these internal ties; they have vastly more knowledge as to the best methods of constructing both canals and railroads; they are richer in capital, and possess larger quantities of disposable labor; they enjoy a wider and more stable credit, both as individuals and as a community; and, what is perhaps more potent and pertinent just now than all these other circumstances, their opinions are so developed and directed that they hail, with an eagerness amounting to enthusiasm, every project of railroad enterprise that commends itself to their judgments. Indeed, the single question now, in regard to any scheme—the Pacific Railroad among the rest—is whether it will pay. The probable profit of it is the measure of its feasibility, and not the physical difficulties of the route, the cost of construction, or the unparalleled length. Prove to our capitalists that it will yield the ordinary return upon similar investments, and their reply will be at once—glorious Davy Crockett's much-abused motto—GO AHEAD!

How the road is to be built, then, is the main matter! Mr. Whitney says that he will do it alone, if the Government will give him only sixty miles wide, all along, of the public lands—modest request! Mr. Benton urges that the Government ought to take hold of the work itself; the Boston convention resolved that the Government ought to give to a private company some ninety millions of federal stock; and others argue that the United States, the States, and municipal and private corporations, should club together to construct it, as a common highway, for the gratuitous service of each and all. But we say, in opposition to all of these, let it be built, as every thing else of permanent value and utility in this country is now built, by the private enterprise of its citizens!

We are, therefore, distinctly and entirely opposed to all schemes which seek to connect the Government with it, as a principal or efficient agent. If it cannot be executed, important as it is, and vast as its advantages are likely to be, without converting the federal authority into a gigantic railroad monopolist, then let it

wait until it can be executed properly. It is because its advantages are so great, and the need of it so pressing, that individuals will be brought to do it, as soon as it becomes feasible, giving no occasion for the interference of the Government, which will only delay the completion of it in the end, and lead to manifold disastrous consequences in the interim. At least, so we think and shall give the reasons which have led to this conviction.

We will leave it to the Washington politicians, who are so abundantly able, to show that the Federal Government has no constitutional authority to undertake a labor of this kind,—because it is a government of limited and delegated powers, among which the power to build railroads for the assistance of commerce is not to be found. We will leave it to them also, to deal with that wonderful and astute distinction of Mr. Secretary Davis and the *Washington Union*, which deduces the right to make a common carrier of the Government, from the clause granting a right to make military roads. For our part, we have no taste for this small attorney practice; we are not skilled in constitutional casuistry and legerdemain, and have no great confidence in the validity of constitutional objections, as a general thing. There was no constitutional sanction for a National Bank, for instance, yet a bank was made under Madison; there was no constitutional sanction for the acquisition of Louisiana, yet Louisiana was purchased by Jefferson; and there is no constitutional sanction for removing men for opinion's sake from office, yet thousands are removed every year. When the interests of strong parties, therefore, look one way, and the constitution another, the former are apt to prevail,—and the restraints imposed by the latter are about as obstructive as the cobwebs spun across the track of a locomotive. Let those, however, who have faith in constitutional restrictions, urge them, if they can thereby do any good!

Our hostility to all plans for imposing this enterprise upon the Government reaches behind and beyond the constitution. We do not believe that it is one of the functions of any government, to engage in railroad adventures, whether the work be constitutional or not. Men institute governments to protect them in the enjoyment of their equal rights, to establish absolute equity between individuals, to repel foreign aggression and prevent domestic violence and fraud; but not to lend the vast powers of its machinery to religious, moral, scientific, commercial, or other uses. It may accept and promote these indirectly, when they fall in the way of its primary purposes, but they must

never be made its chief end, for the moment they become so, there will be no let to the vagaries and usurpations of those who control its workings.

We hold politics to be a science, which, like all other sciences, has its well-defined object, its rightful method of procedure, and its precise and easily recognized limitations. Its object is justice between man and man as members of a society,—its method, legislation in free, primary, or representative assemblies,—and its sphere, beyond which it cannot step without injury to its own objects, and intrusion into other spheres, the protection of the persons and properties of men—of their rights as individuals, and their integrity as organized nations. Further than that, every move that a government makes is a usurpation and an outrage. It is a wrong in principle—a fundamental departure from the vital truth. For religion, morals, wealth, or utility are no more the objects of government, than quantities are of geometry, or dimensions of arithmetic, or molecular attraction of vegetable physiology. Each of the sciences has its distinct object, and so has politics. The object of arithmetic is number; of statics, the equilibrium of force; of astronomy, the movement of the heavenly bodies; of political economy, wealth, or utility; of sociology, the laws of voluntary association; of theology, God and duty; but of politics the object is justice; and, as all experience has proved, it is only by keeping these objects separate, that either can be made to advance, or become to the community a source of knowledge, power, wealth, and happiness. When the schoolmen, for example, losing sight of the proper aims of scientific research, sought to spin knowledge, as the spider does his web, out of their own brains, they were smitten, as by a judicial stroke of God, with barrenness, yielding for all their intense and painful travail, only the Dead Sea's fruit of ashes. But, when Bacon, with his profound and consummate genius, indicated the proper method of scientific study, a whole circle of beautiful and exact sciences sprang into being to revolve for ever around the Sun of truth, as the lovely and splendid forms of the Hours, in Guido's brilliant picture, circulate around the effulgent chariot of Apollo. Thus, too, when the leaders of Rome made the strength of the state itself the supreme end of the state, they crushed the people of Rome into one vast mass of misery and servitude, and were easily overwhelmed by the invading savages; and when Napoleon, losing sight of those original inspirations which had led him to a series of unparalleled and stupendous victories, set

the meteor of glory in the sky of French ambition, he was routed and overthrown with as gigantic and awful a ruin as that which hurled Lucifer and his hosts from heaven. But when, on the other hand, the American patriots of 1776, in laying the foundations of empire, fixed the laws of eternal justice as the corner-stone, they began a structure of society which has grown in strength with years, and will flourish through the ages, until the equity, the truth, and the beneficence which are the deathless informing spirit of it, shall have spread over the whole earth.

In alleging, then, that government has a single and exclusive sphere, we assert no mere scholastic or abstract distinction; but a vivid and pertinent one, penetrating to the very marrow of all our political discussions, and controlling the most momentous practical issues. It is a distinction that never has been, and never will be disregarded, without bringing with it disaster and error; for it is founded in the laws of nature, which cannot be violated, save at the expense of suffering, wrong, and confusion. In the ignorance and superstition incident to the infancy of society, men very often invest their governments with enormous powers,—allowing them, in addition to the ordinary functions of making war, and maintaining internal stability, to establish religion and a class to administer it, to erect a nobility with special rights and privileges, to regulate the cultivation of the earth and the exchanges of commerce, to decree the prices of food, to prohibit printing-presses, to construct roads, and to do a thousand other things that are supposed to be necessary or useful; but every hour of their subsequent experience convinces them that the exercise of these powers by the government is an infringement of their own liberties, an obstacle to prosperous advancement, and a source of conservative stagnation and corruption to large classes, who profit by their one-sided benefits. They, then, begin the labor of reform; but, finding the powers which they had relinquished—apparently so innocuous at the time—firmly entrenched behind the prejudices, the interests, the muniments and the bayonets of large and powerful bodies, they discover no alternative for the rescue and restoration of their rights, but a ferocious and bloody revolution. The entire history of Europe for the last three centuries has been an incessant struggle, on the part of the people, against oppressions, cruelties, and frauds, which have sprung from the first simple departure of government, which their fathers permitted, from its only and legitimate function of protection. This was the egg that hatched the

broods of the despotisms, more ugly than the image of sin, which sat at the celestial gates after the fall, and terrible as night. The ignorance, degradation, and poverty of the European millions—the protracted martyrdom of all men of liberal principles, who in dungeons or exile pay the penalty of honesty and courage—the inquisition of Spain, the slow starvation of Ireland, the slavery of the African, the torture of India, are but the more monstrous misgrowths of one common system of error, whose germ is contained in the slightest defection of government from its proper sphere.

We impugn the prevailing schemes for the construction of a Pacific Railroad, then, as a part of this general system of forcing political action out of its true channels—a system which, if science did not disapprove it, and the entire experience of mankind condemn it, would still be, upon the face of it, a bungling, awkward, indirect, and inefficient contrivance. Granting, what nearly every body will grant in this country, that the primary end of government is the protection of the persons and property of the members of the society which it represents, does it not inevitably follow, that like every other human expedient, like every other adaptation of a means to an end, it is likely to subserve its main purpose best, when it is exclusively constructed and directed with a view to that end. "A blade," says Mr. Macaulay, in a very homely but forcible series of illustration, "which is designed both to shave and to carve, will certainly not shave so well as a razor, nor carve so well as a carving knife. A gas company, which should also be an infant school society, would, we apprehend, light the streets ill, and teach the children ill. An academy of painting, which should also be a bank, would in all probability exhibit very bad pictures, and discount very bad bills. On the same principle, a government should be organized, solely with a view to its main end, and no part of its efficiency for that end should be sacrificed in order to promote any other end, however excellent." Let the United States, then, undertake to construct the Pacific Railroad, and we believe, that if it were constructed at all, it would be badly constructed, while, at the same time, the foreign relations of the country, and the complicated series of its domestic affairs, would be much less wisely administered, if wisely administered at all.

The slowest of all slow coaches is the coach in which government functionaries travel. Enjoying their salaries whether they are idle or at work, and without the stimulus of an immediate interest in the result of their labors, they are dilatory be-

yond all patience, and the public possesses no remedy for their delays, as it does in the case of private bodies, by the prompt discipline of stopping their employment. The public post is always behind the private express, the mail steamers always in the rear of their rivals. Congress has engaged men to print the census of 1850, but after three years the census is not yet printed. In private hands, given to any one of the New-York publishers as a private job—the whole document would have been long since before the world. Mr. Greenough, the artist, expended more than a year in trying to get the Government to remove his fine statues from Leghorn, where they were exposed on the wharves. And the same thing occurs all over the world, where officialism is charged with a duty. In England, for instance, whilst by private persons the debates of Parliament are printed and dispersed over the whole kingdom within a few hours of their utterance, the Board of Trade reports are regularly published a month, and sometimes more than a month, after date. "There is a Board of Health," says a late writer, "which since 1849 has been about to close the metropolitan grave-yards, but has not done it yet, and which has so long dawdled over projects for cemeteries, that the London Necropolis Company has taken the matter out of its hands. Here is a patentee who has had fourteen years' correspondence with the Horse Guards, before getting a definite answer respecting the use of his improved boot for the army. There is a Plymouth Port Admiral who delays sending out to look for the missing boats of the lost Amazon, until ten days after the event." Yankee activity in office is, perhaps, greater than British, because of the greater simplicity of official routine; but who that has ever had business to transact with the Government, has not been compelled, in spite of this advantage, to dance attendance day after day, until his patience was worn down with repeated postponements and neglects? If, then, we trust the execution of so laborious and difficult a work as the Pacific Railroad to Government agents, how long must it be before it will be accomplished? How many years before the surveys will be made? how many more before the working force will be organized? how many more before the materials be purchased and sent to their destination? and how many more before they are put together? In short, will the road ever be built?

Again, the agents of the Government, as a general thing, are as stupid as they are slow; for, not being selected with special reference to the functions which they are

expected to discharge, and not being impelled to a choice of the best means by the inducements of personal responsibility, they are apt to prove either incompetent or inefficient. Our Government, for example, has been for many years engaged in constructing steam propellers for the navy, and yet, of the half dozen only, that it has built within that time, there is scarcely one that is fit for use. Mr. Walker was obliged to decline the mission to China, because there was no vessel in the service sound enough or fleet enough to carry him across the ocean in time. The *Princeton*, when dispatched to the Fishing Grounds, where important duties were expected of her, got over the water as a blind worm gets over the earth. The *Fulton*, on the same track, must stop for repairs at almost every convenient port. The *San Jacinto* had a chronic malady in her boilers or in her propeller, or somewhere else, and the other tugs of the same class, were laid up in ordinary, which means that they could be put to no ordinary or extraordinary use. The other day, too, six revenue cutters were built for the government in Maine, and when they reached the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, every one of them had to be repaired! Meanwhile, the private enterprise of our merchants has sent a fleet of steamers—the boasts of the harbors in which they were built, and the ornaments of the sea—to every point of the compass; and Captain Vanderbilt has almost circumnavigated Europe in his private yacht, and excited the admiration of foreign nations. Well; adding now to this known incapacity of state officials, their proverbial recklessness of expense, their waste and prodigality, which causes every work that the treasury pays for to cost at least double the amount of what it would cost in private hands,—and, may we not ask, what kind of a railroad would the Pacific Railroad be, if made by the Government? Who will pretend to calculate the cost of it, and what untold treasures it would require to keep it in repair? The later sections of it, we are sure, would not be finished before the earlier sections would be dilapidated, or rotten, or torn up by the Indians or the buffaloes. No man who saw the beginning of it would live to see the end, and no man who saw the end would remember either the place or the time of the beginning. Yet, were the same work put in private hands, we should ourselves—though no chickens—expect, like the veteran Ulysses,

"To ride beyond the sunset, add the path
Of all the western stars,"

upon it. But, if it were perfectly
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constitutional, as it clearly is not, for the Government to undertake the construction of this road,—supposing that such a work were legitimately one of the functions of government, as it clearly is not,—supposing that official agents were the most suitable agents for its execution—the most safe, expeditious, and economical, as they certainly are not,—supposing all this, we say, we should still be unalterably averse to the interference of the Government, on the ground of the unavoidable and enormous corruption that it would engender in both its legislative and executive departments.

A bill for the construction of such a road would be a prize of one or two hundred millions of dollars, tossed in among the restless spirits of Congress, to be struggled for with all the vehemence and greed of sectional, party, and personal interest. We know what deep and absorbing excitement the controversy as to the best route for the road has already created in different localities. There are strong north-western interests, strong central interests, and strong southern interests arrayed in the combat; Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Natchez,—in short, as many cities as contended for the honor of Homer's paternity, are engaged in active rivalry in respect to the termination of the road; and vast and powerful States—Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin; Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee; Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—enter the lists in an eager strife for the immense prospective benefits of its location.

Now, knowing this, we can easily imagine the violent jealousies that it must awaken among the representatives of the several sections, the painful animosities to which it must give rise, and the pernicious plans of log-rolling, as well as of individual corruption, that will grow out of it, inevitably, in any protracted course of legislation. It is no uncommon thing, as we are all aware, even in respect to less important objects, that excite the desires of particular localities, to barter away the most important principles and interests in their accomplishment. The man of the West will trade off a vital concession on the subject of the Tariff to the protectionist of Pennsylvania, for the sake of a harbor improvement; and the man of the South will relinquish unlimited quantities of the public lands to a private corporation at the North for some new guaranty of slavery, and thus by a reciprocal exchange of services; burden the statute book with bad laws, and deplete the treasury by prodigal appropriations. Who, then, will pretend to measure the magnitude and extent, or to fathom the sinuous depths, of

this secret barter and truck system, when the booty to be won is the most stupendous expenditure that was ever projected by a popular government? Or, more difficult still, who can estimate the dangerous aggravation which this new element of dispute will impart to the existing differences between the North and South? For no one, in contemplating the probable influence of this scheme at Washington, can shut out of view the solemn fact that an intense, exacerbating, and truculent battle will be fought on the point as to whether the Pacific Road shall pour its golden harvests into the lap of a free or a slave territory. But is not the hostility, in this regard, already sufficiently inflamed, without the incitement of strong additional motives?

Yet, these legislative difficulties are scarcely more than an inkling of the troubles that will open upon us when the question is removed to the executive branch of the government. If Congress, which will be empowered simply to determine the route, is likely to be beset by hordes of interested lobby-members, each eager for his own locality; what swarms and shoals of busy solicitors will throng the executive mansion when the prodigious patronage, inflicted upon the President by the scheme, is to be actually dispensed? An expenditure of money to the amount of one hundred millions of dollars; the appointment of officials—surveyors, engineers, contractors, and disbursing agents, to a number equal at least to that now in the employ of the Government—the political control, through these, of the hordes of workmen that must be set in motion—put in the hands of a magistrate whose prerogatives are already swollen to an alarming magnitude—must bring upon us a despotic concentration of power, and a plague of official corruption compared to which a Louis Napoleon and the plagues of Egypt were gentle and benignant windfalls. Indeed, it is impossible to exaggerate the dangers to be apprehended from this sudden and exorbitant increase of the executive influence. It is already expanded, as our wisest statesmen deplore, to an overshadowing supremacy, and, with that miserable and debasing maxim, "to the victor belong the spoils," reduced to a principle in the conduct of nearly all political parties; it becomes the most malign and threatening danger of our national union.

We confess that this aspect of the case strikes us with criminal force. It impresses us the more because, while the tendency of nearly all political theory, in these latter days, is towards a disuse of the activity of government, in carrying

forward the great interests of society, the practical working of our federative system has been towards its own accretion and enlargement. Our truest policy is to deplete and disperse the great central tumor of authority, yet our practice has tended to its congestion. Instead of improving the quality of our government; instead of converging the whole force and stress of it upon its legitimate business of protection; instead of giving greater efficiency and precision to the powers it really possesses, whereby the whole community, and every man in it, would have been benefited, we have gone on increasing the quantity of it, wresting its functions from their true relations, and allowing it to absorb one foreign element after another, until, in the end, it has come to be looked upon as the great fountain and regulator of all the system. The federal power is scarcely derivative any more, but directive; it dictates the politics of the whole nation, determining even local and municipal issues. Supervisors and pound-keepers are elected not for their fitness, but accordingly as they prefer this or that man for the presidency, or vote with the whigs or the democrats. One might think that a man of a very poor opinion of General Pierce might yet make an excellent justice of the peace, or a late enemy of General Scott be still a most competent constable. One would suppose, too, that his opinions on a Protective Tariff, or the Fugitive Slave Law, ought not to disqualify him as an inspector of flour, or render him ineligible as clerk to a board of school trustees. But the politicians think otherwise; they determine your fitness for any place by your position in federal controversies, and they will not make you an alderman, a judge, a sheriff, or the smallest collector of taxes, unless you can show "a clean record" on the subject of a national bank or the question of river and harbor improvement.

This all arises from the absorption of both the principle and spirit of local self-government, which is the very life and conservation, the *tutamen et decus* of republics, in a tumid centrality, getting every day, by natural growth as well as by artificial inflation, more and more egregious and putrid. Yet, it is now proposed to vest in this bloated and oppressive centre, the control of the most prodigious industrial movement that was ever undertaken by any nation, to confer upon Congress a mass of new and irregular powers, and to add to the titles of the President, who already wields the more than imperial influence of a commander-in-chief of the army and navy, of the head of the diplomatic corps, of the leader

and prime mover of political organizations, of the dispenser of nearly all patronage, and of the giver of nearly all offices, the knavish Hudson's royal prerogative of King of Railroads. There may be a necessity for this measureless addition to his powers—and there may be wisdom and forethought in abandoning all the earlier tendencies and opinions of the Fathers of the Republic, but, as for ourselves, we can see in it neither the one thing nor the other; on the contrary, we see in it only baleful disasters and wrongs.

Besides, there are none of these schemes for foisting the road upon the federal treasury, which does not contemplate a vast increase of the public debt. It is impossible that the road should be built out of the ordinary revenues of the country—particularly as these revenues, for the moment in surplus, are most likely to be reduced during the present winter—and the assumption of it, therefore, would compel a resort either to new tariffs or to borrowings. But no one can doubt whether of the two it would be. Legislators who have new plans to introduce will be careful not to couple them in the minds of the people with higher rates of taxes. They invariably borrow, if they can, and as nobody feels a debt, until it has to be paid, they go on borrowing till the nation is bankrupt. This has been the universal experience of Europe, where there is not a government, with the single exception of Russia, that is not hopelessly involved in debt; it has been the experience of those of the United States which disgraced their name by repudiation; and would have been the experience of others, but for the sagacious and timely interposition of men of sound political views, to arrest them in their road to debt and ruin. The Government of the United States should be warned by their examples: for, though it has now an excess of money in its vaults, it would not have if its outstanding stocks were redeemed; it would still be in debt to an amount which we see no occasion to increase. Our true policy, the most consistent and safe in itself, and best supported by the conviction of our most venerated statesmen, is to keep out of debt. We are rich and prosperous, and do not need it; whereas, on the other hand, if we recur to it, we shall only open the sluices of corruption and profligacy. The beasts of prey, who hang round the treasury, grow fiercer with every taste of its blood.

We are perfectly aware how all this reasoning will be met—with what clamor it will be asserted, that unless the Nation undertake the Pacific Railroad, it will never be built: but we have already

indicated two sufficient answers to this argument. We have stated, firstly, that private enterprise is always more prompt, more intelligent, more economical, and more energetic than officialism; and that the road, if it can be executed at all, will be the most wisely and expeditiously executed by private means. If, however, it turns out that it cannot be executed by private agencies, then we say, secondly, that the reason of the impossibility will be in the want of proper inducements—in the insurmountable difficulties of it, or in its probable unprofitableness—which ought to operate upon the mind of the Government with as much force as upon the minds of private capitalists. If the profits likely to accrue from it will not compensate the constructors of it, for its cost of time and money—that fact is as good a rule for the Government as it is for individuals. No statesman or executive officer is justified in undertakings from which private enterprise is repelled. Much less are they justified in stretching the functions of government altogether beyond their legitimate sphere, to engage in works which the sagacity and prudence of society condemns, either as unfeasible, or probably unprofitable. The general feeling of the commercial community is an admirable barometer of the commercial future—a good pilot fish to the great shark of government—and no one who is intrusted with the disposal of the people's money ought to feel warranted in wasting it on schemes which are avoided by keen-sighted, practical men.

There may be conditions of the public mind, in the earlier stages of the physical advancement of a nation when—as in the case of the Erie Canal—a general indifference to great industrial enterprises is quickened into activity by the impulse of governmental interposition,—when the initiation by the State of some leading public work, is useful in arousing the attention and developing the energies of individuals; but, however we may settle that question, it is clear now, that the American people are in no need of such stimulus. They are completely alive to the importance of all industrial movements, and, in regard to the Pacific Railroad in particular, are excited to an earnestness but little short of frenzy. If, consequently, they will not take it up as individuals, spend their money and credit upon it, and carry it into effect, it is a pretty good sign for the Government, that the time for the work has not yet arrived, and that we must await its coming; until the desolate territories through which it is to pass have been more thickly strewn with villages and cities, and the scruples

of wealth vanquished by earnestness of more speedy and larger profits. In this view, the question becomes one simply of time, and we ought not, for the sake of a few years' gain, to sacrifice or to put at hazard the integrity of our legislation, or, perhaps, the stability of the Union.

Meanwhile, let us not be understood as urging that the Government should abstain from proffering such encouragement to the enterprise, if undertaken by individuals, as it may properly give. It is right for it to manifest a deep interest in a work of such vast public concern; and, there are two modes, fortunately, by which it may not only materially assist the project, but at the same time help in introducing important principles of legislation. As the proprietor of all the public lands, in the first place, it may take

measures to relinquish that proprietorship, by agreeing to a surrender of certain parcels of them to the companies who shall undertake the Railroad, on the condition that they be not sold, but given in part payment to their workmen; and, as the monopolist of the Post Office, in the second place, it may open the way to a system of free postage, by contracting for the carriage of the mails, for certain maximum rates of postage, which is to be wholly yielded to the companies performing the service. Thus, two objects of reform, which have long been desired by large masses of the people, might be initiated without doing violence to any vested interest, or conservative prejudice, and in efficient furtherance of a noble work of internal improvement.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-JESUIT.

NUMBER FOUR—MY MEMOIRS.

SHOULD it seem strange that an American, born and nursed in thoughts and soul-work, amid associations and manners, as different from those of southern Europe as day from night, should be found in a Jesuit college in Italy or its borders, some episodes of my life may explain it; and yet, every group of men of that celebrated society will furnish many with romantic lives, men of different climes, whose antecedents have been as varied as their manners and thoughts are now apparently in unison, almost identical.

Take this circle that I met but a few years since in France,—they had no colleges then. You see that tall father, with a head now well sprinkled with gray, a fine manly face, a commanding eye. He served many years in the armies of the first Napoleon. The powerful frame and almost herculean strength of Colonel Langrené were known to the whole army, and many a tale of his prowess circulated around the bivouac in Italy, or Spain, or Russia. As you perceive, his left arm seems palsied, but that was not an injury received on the battle-field. Journeying, as a Jesuit, through a forest in Portugal with no companion but a little novice, a man sprang forward and seized his rein. Langrené at once recognized him as a bandit, the terror of the surrounding country, and leaped to the ground. "Father! father!" cried the little novice. "give him what we have got or he will kill us." Unheeding the cowardly advice of his

little squire, the Jesuit rushed on the bandit, unarmed as he was, in order to give him no time to draw his weapons. A club, that might be called a quarter-staff, was the robber's usual instrument; raising his left arm as a shield against this, Langrené received several terrible blows before his iron arm grasped his antagonist's throat and bore him to the ground. "Kill him, father, kill him," cried the little novice, now grown quite valiant and courageous. "Silence," said Langrené; "take the rope from around the waist, lay it by me, and while I hold him here, secure his pistols and present one to his head." In a few moments he was secured, and the Jesuit led him into the next village. He interceded for his life, but the law took its course. Langrené always deemed him the strongest man he ever met; his left arm shows that he never recovered from the effect of his blows.

Talking of robbers and Jesuits, there is an amusing story of a Capuchin. Of course the hero is a Capuchin, for he takes the same part that Scholastics does in Greek stories or Paddy in our own. Well, the Capuchin had been begging and coming through a wood was met by a small but well armed robber, who demanded all he had. Prayer, entreaties, protestations of poverty were all in vain; he was compelled to give up all. As the robber was going, the friar called to him with a look of most dismal foreboding. "Good sir, you know that priors

don't overtrust us that go to beg. Mine will not believe my story; so do, I beg you, just send a couple of balls through the skirt of my habit, that I may show that I was really attacked." The robber laughed and fired, but was in a moment felled by a blow from a club, on which the friar had fixed his eye. Securing his property he trotted off, leaving the outwitted footpad to recover his senses at leisure.

To return to our group of Jesuits. Here is another, who is a splendid musician and composer. Years ago his name figured in concerts, as leader and composer at London and Paris, at Vienna and Milan. A change came over him; his wife entered a convent; he is a zealous, retired, unobtrusive priest, and will die ere long of a pestilential disorder caught in attendance on the suffering poor.

This other that is talking now of St. Theresa with all the animation of a mystic, whose life had been spent in a Carthusian cloister amid its dreamy-looking, meditative inmates, is a graduate of the Polytechnic school, an ex-captain in the French army. Being a dashing, impulsive fellow, he took such an interest in Don Carlos, that during the civil war in Spain, he left the French army without leave or license, and joined that of Don Carlos. When the convention of Bergara annihilated the hopes of the pretender, he returned to France, and soon after became a Jesuit. His success as a teacher of mathematics led to his discovery; and he once escaped from the gendarmes, who were in pursuit of him as a deserter, only by leaping from a window and flying in disguise to the Belgian frontier. He is not troubled now, though known.

This little father was born in a prison, during the French revolution, the day before his father was led out to the guillotine. He himself was once a lawyer, and has been through a host of strange adventures in all countries.

Another was once a dissenting minister in England, who came to Mont-rouge expressly to convert the Jesuits, certain that if they were honest men he could convince them. He has never been to England since.

Such is a sample of the antecedents of many members. Some are indeed trained up from boyhood in their colleges, and pass to the novitiate on completing their studies, but of these the number is not great, and many colleges do not for years send a single postulant to the novitiate.

Would you know my previous history? It is not passing strange: it hath no hair-

breadth escapes, no feats by field or flood, and yet it may not be uninteresting. Born in Philadelphia of a family nominally and traditionally Catholic, though of a free-thinking father, brought up in the best city schools of the day, and a graduate of Harvard, my early education was deeply imbued with rationalistic ideas, and manhood found me without any religious creed; sceptical and antagonistical, yet feeling withal a gnawing want within of something certain.

"The fount that man carries,
Is love of the best:"—

sings Emerson, and harsh as the term may seem, the torment inflicted by this seeking and craving for the ideal good, almost justifies the term he gives it. In my mind, God, an abstract logical truth, was not invested with personality. I could not individualize the great being or address him as some one real. He was all ideal. Faith had sunk before my reason, misled as my reason was; yet I was supremely unhappy. Deeply religious by nature, or rather extremely just, I was desirous of rendering to the great Unknown the homage due him, even more than I was of doing what was my duty to myself and my fellow-creatures. I could not rest in unbelief. Like Joffroy—"Unbeliever, I loathed unbelief."

The loss of a mother broke all family ties and left me a lonely being on earth. My wonted studies became irksome, and I became a burden to myself. Self-destruction soon rose to my mind; in my solitary walks, when looking from some overhanging rock on the smooth, clear lake or river below me, in all the witchery of moonlight, voices seemed to invite me to seek rest in its bosom with no mourner, but the ripples that circling from me as I sank would sigh my requiem on the shore. But this was too cowardly. I resolved to enjoy life, not rushing like a madman into low and vile pleasures, but seeking something worthy of me to occupy my mind. Vain was the effort.

"Au fond des vaines plaisirs que j'appelle à mon aide,
Je trouve un tel dégoût que je ne sens mourir—
Quand je posséderais tout ce qu'en cette vie
Il y a de vastes devoirs l'homme peut convoiter
Quand

Je leur dirais à tous: Quelque nous pulsions faire,
Je souffre—il est trop tard."

It was indeed too late; my mind, pre-occupied, required some magician to beguile me. Amid the vortex of fashion and pleasure I was alone; there was not one that could for a moment exercise any influence over me. Tired at last of this,

my next idea was to seek the society of a few friends and in their unstudied converse live a new life. Among the families connected with mine by old association and former intimacy, was one where I soon renewed visits interrupted for years. George Melville had been the companion of my boyhood, and my fellow-student at law. While I had never really entered on the practice of my profession, he emigrating to Ohio had risen to a high position, to which his industry, talents, and integrity had well entitled him. Our friendship had ever been warm and cordial, and he never visited his native city without spending a few days with me; yet, since his departure I had rarely visited his mother's dwelling, so often entered in other days. Warmly welcomed by all, I gazed, like one awakened from a trance, on Lucy, the sister of my friend, remembered only as a child, but now a slight, sylphlike girl, with a quick black eye that spoke volumes in a glance, and yet soft, and expressive of a kind and loving heart. Her conversation surprised me more. Educated with anxious care, her mind well stored with correct ideas, a knowledge of the world and its history, with a pure taste for music and the fine arts, she was, moreover, acquainted with the literature of our own language, as well as that of France and Italy, in a degree seldom met even now. Her silvery voice charmed me, and a new world began to open. We became constant companions. At her suggestion I again resumed the study of the law, to give me some occupation rather than from any view of its necessity. Months rolled by; riding side by side through the country around; or seated together enjoying the perusal of some favorite author, my loneliness was forgotten. I loved; and was loved in return. This delirium was too delightful not to influence my being. My friends were amazed at the change.

Our marriage was now agreed upon: but Lucy and her mother wished George's approval, having always regarded him as the head of the family. Mrs. Melville wrote: conscious of his friendship, I felt certain of his acquiescence: but, in a few days, I perceived a change in Lucy. She seemed to shrink at my approach. At last I wrang out the secret, George would not listen to our union. My letters to him were unanswered. In a few months he arrived. They had been to me days of agony and pain, and Lucy sunk under them. She would no longer appear abroad with me, nor remain more than a few moments with me at home. Infatuated as I was, absence and presence alike

tormented me. George met me with cold civility. Demanding the grounds of his objection, he told me that he had none: that I had mistaken his sister's feelings, that she absolutely declined to marry me. Amazed at this, I wrote to her, stating all that George had said, and begging her to contradict it. My note was unanswered. At last I obtained an interview: she confirmed his statement. "But, Lucy! may I expect no renewal of our former intimacy?" "No!" was the decided answer, though her whole frame thrilled with emotion. "Not even friendship?" "No!" was again the emphatic answer.

Stunned and overwhelmed, I left her for ever. A mystery hung over the whole affair, and despite all my efforts, I have never to this day found the clew to the sudden change. That Lucy really loved me, there is no doubt: some dark charge was doubtless brought against me and believed. All except her are long since in their quiet graves, and never, probably, shall I learn the secret.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off, and love is left alone.

With me, these words of Tennyson were not true. The dream was but a dream.

More lonely now than ever, I proceeded to Europe, and for several years rambled from state to state. One summer I fell sick at a little Swiss town, in the Forest cantons, and as my malady was serious, they removed me to a neighboring hospital. Here I was kindly visited by a Jesuit, from a residence in the place. When convalescent, his conversation pleased me. He had long mixed in the busy scenes of life, before donning the habit of Loyola, and was possessed of varied and extensive knowledge of men and things.

"Father Loriot," said I one day, "how is it that there is so little wit in the attacks on the Jesuits?"

"There is surely enough in the Provincial letters." "No, there is not: the wit is founded on citations from theologians and casuists, and, as I could not verify some, the wit never seemed to me pure. Is there no pure satire, which cuts you keenly, without any pretension to facts?" "None that I know, but when you are well, I can get you a sight of a portfolio of caricatures on our order, some of which will, I think, please you." "Indeed, then my recovery must advance; but meanwhile, describe some at least, that I may judge."

"You know, of course, for you seem to be pretty well versed in our history, that

obedience is the great virtue inculcated by our founder, obedience in all that is not sin, not only to superiors, but to nurses, physicians, and all who have any incidental authority. You know, too, what difficulty a physician has in inducing a pious patient to take broth or chicken on a day of abstinence. In such a case, Ignatius would have implicit obedience, and to show it, being sick one Good Friday, he ate a chicken, when ordered by the attending physician, without making the least demur.

"An action so counter to common ideas afforded scope to the wits, and there is a well-executed caricature, in which Ignatius is represented with a chicken in his hand, a procession in the background to show the day, and the motto, 'To God's greater glory,' the device of the order."

"Good, indeed! but your saint was in advance of his age, he saw fully the proper value to be given to fasting, chants, and other matters of mere discipline, and, had he lived a little later, would doubtless have effected great changes."

"I perfectly agree with you: but to proceed with the caricatures. That of the canonization of St. Ignatius and Xavier is well done. No order ever had such work to get a member canonized as ours, so that the saying at Rome is, the beatification counts for one miracle. The first canonization was, perhaps, the hardest of all, and the efforts of the society were a fair mark. The caricature represents a pulley in the heavens, by which the whole society, with tug and force, and pull and drag, are endeavoring to raise aloft a basket containing the two candidates for sainthood. The device is a hurlesque on Virgil:

"Tante mollis erat Jesulius intrudere calo."

"All the world has heard of Père la Chaise. Now this cemetery is so called from Father la Chaise, the confessor of Louis XIV., who gave him the grounds. He gave him also a splendid carriage, did Louis le Grand: deeming that it was unbecoming Louis le Grand that his confessor should come to the palace 'more apostolico' on foot. The wits did not spare the Jesuit, whose vows of poverty and carriage and four were a direct antithesis. A caricature displayed the equipage, greater even than it was, and the little Father scarce discernible in a corner of his magnificent coach. 'Jesuita, non Jesus ita,' was the piquant legend.

"By the way, do you know that this title Jesuit is not of our coining or recognized by us? No, indeed—who gave it? Calvin was, I believe, the first to use it as a name for us, but a very old ascetic

writer has the word in a queer treatise, where he affirms that, as Jesus was the heavenly, and Christ the human name, so we are Christians on earth, but will all be Jesuits in heaven! I hardly think our contemporaries would relish the compliment, or rather the prospect."

Such were often our themes. Recovered, I visited the college of Friburg, to which he had been recalled. Having found a kindred spirit, a new feeling came over me. One day he said, abruptly: "My friend, how do you justify the useless life you lead?" I attempted to justify it, but, while I parried his arguments, I did not convince myself, and as I journeyed on to Rome, where I proposed wintering, the whole religious question assumed a new aspect in my mind. There I examined religion as a practical system, and became a Christian: my life, it was now my resolve, should become useful, and believing that in the Society of Jesus this would be attained, I returned to Switzerland, wrote to my friends, made the necessary arrangements as to my property, so as not to be troubled with it during my novitiate, or subsequently, until such time as the rules of the order fix for a final disposal of it, and then donned the habit of Regular Clerk of the Society of Jesus, for such is their real title.

The reader knows the life led by novices in general; mine in particular had nothing to distinguish it, albeit, did I wish you to laugh at my expense, I might tell some things—how the admonitor, on a discipline night, said ten Hail Mary's instead of five, whereby our infliction was doubled—how I got penances for running up or down stairs—breaking silence, and so forth; but as the reader knows something of novice life, he can draw on his imagination.

Novitiate ended, I was sent to Genoa; for I had entered an Italian province, and had been allowed to make my novitiate in Switzerland at my own request. Here, as my knowledge of the language and literature of the Transalps was not deemed classic enough to be at once set to teach, I was placed in a sort of second novitiate, in which the beauty and style of composition are chiefly cultivated. My stay was limited to a few months; and, owing to my age and general acquaintance with literature, considerable liberty was allowed. Even *Hall* was in a manner thrown open to me; not the infernal regions, but a portion of the library so-called, kept under lock and key, as containing books on the Index which is binding in Italy, though not in all Catholic countries. Here, Milton and Gibbon, Hume and Smollett, and a goodly host of English au-

thors lay with Voltaire and his school, and many a work against the order.

When here but a few months, a teacher fell sick at Alessandria, and an order came for me to take his place. In less than an hour I had procured from the wardrobe my linen and clothes, and had put up my book and rules, Imitation of Christ, and Crucifix, all that I was allowed to carry, and proceeded with my companion to take a conveyance to my new abode. The next morning I entered my class-room. They were a hard set, and under the weak reign of my predecessor, discipline had become sadly lax. Aware of the arrival of the new teacher, they had determined by a bold stroke to destroy my authority. Noises of all sorts began and lasted several minutes, during which I remained unmoved in my desk, satisfying myself that three only in the whole class took no part in the disturbance. Rapping solemnly on the desk, I said in a low clear tone: "Silence." They stopped, overawed: so far I had won. I then sat down and called off the roll, marking each as he answered, and noting especially the three quiet boys. I then said, "Young men, you have all, with the exception of —, —, —, been guilty of great disrespect to your teacher, contempt of rules, and disorderly conduct. Your punishment shall be as severe as the rules allow, and such will always be the case in this room, and on no account will a punishment be ever remitted. As the number of offenders are considerable, I shall to-day punish but five." These I named, and appointed each a terrible array of lines to learn by heart or translate. Then turning to the three, whose good conduct had been maintained amid the turmoil, I said, "You, gentlemen, amid this factious crowd, were like wise and venerable men. Continue, and you will be worthy to rank with the founders of the Roman Republic, or that of your own Genoa." A deep republican feeling pervades the Genoese: known to be an American and a republican, my taunt on the class generally cut them keenly, but it had its effect. I was soon a favorite teacher, and never but twice had occasion to punish during the year.

On that first day, after appointing the punishment, I proceeded with my lessons in regular order. As to the mode of teaching among the Jesuits, it differs greatly from ours. The pupils write an immensity, they commit a great deal to memory; yet, though Latin bears a lion's share in the scheme of education, they learn words and phrases with the intention of writing: they seldom read a classical author entire, so as to form a judgment upon it as a whole; to realize its plan,

conception, and execution; for most cases they read but fragments. Disliking this, though I had to follow it, I encouraged the best scholars to read the whole work which we had in hand.

During the four years that I taught in Genoa and its ancient territory, my class was always noted for its republicanism; to check it was impossible, so I sought to guide and control it. My efforts were not vain. In the recent affairs in Italy, several of my pupils have distinguished themselves by a calm, manly, dignified action in favor of freedom.

At the close of the fourth year, I was exchanged to the province of France, and sent to Madrid to study philosophy and theology. A pleasant voyage brought me to the coast of Spain, and I soon drew up in front of the Imperial College, one of the finest buildings in Spain.

It was nearly noon, the bell sounded for examen as I was led to a room; in a quarter of an hour more I was in the refectory. The reader began. "Thank heaven!" I mentally exclaimed, "I have an aptitude for any thing; my Latin pronunciation has varied in America, Switzerland, Italy, and now for a change here!" On the whole, I liked the Spanish pronunciation best, and soon gave it fully. The French scholastics got quizzed pretty often, and sooth to say, their way of reading Latin is unbearable. Think of a man saying "Beatus vir qui odet me!" instead of *qui audit me!*

Here I soon plunged in the Aristotelian philosophy, but studied full as much my companions in the scholasticate. A life of study, and a class, will afford few incidents worth noting here: our disputes in class, worthy of the schools of Salerno, as portrayed by Longfellow; my own new and startling theories and objections, excited wonder amid the professors, to whom the mental world of an American is something totally unknown, might furnish a learned treatise, but not a very amusing article.

In studying my companions here and in Italy, I convinced myself of one thing that had always puzzled me. We often meet in history characters of Southern countries, in whom violation of the moral law is blended strangely with a practice of religious duties. "Is this hypocrisy?" was a question which many doubtless asked. Among the young religious were some who professed a strict observance of the rule in all its little niceties, and yet they often did what I would have scrupled to do, from my general respect for the rules. Study convinced me of their sincerity, and since mixing with the natives of the south generally, my mind gradually realized

their state, so different from our own. With us, deviation from the moral law almost always diminishes in the same degree the religious feeling, but not so with them. Religion really exists amid vice, and often in the end shows by its influence its great, but long dormant power.

Joseph Lopez was a study of another sort. We often read in hagiologists of unreflecting obedience, which seems almost absurd in one not bereft of reason; to myself it had ever been a problem; yet, here was a young man, a fine scholar, of refined taste, nice judgment, one of the best Hellenists in Spain, and yet one who seemed on some points never to reflect. The doctor once after a fit of sickness, told him that he must eat heartily, to fill himself up to the throat, and though habitually as abstemious as a hermit, he took the physician at his word, and ate so much, that although fortunately stopped by a counter order, he nearly died of the effects of his unreasoning obedience.

Another case occurred under my own eyes. As some of the scholastics stood talking one Thursday, by a window of the dormitory, they saw a heap of hoops, poles, and brush, by the door. One, who had played off practical jokes on Lopez, cried out: "We must put some of those in Brother Joseph's bed;" and hastening down, he twice brought up a good armful. These he arranged under the mattress carefully, so that no ends appeared. Lopez was out. That night, as he lay down, he felt the hard objects beneath him, and well he might, for the mattress was scarcely two inches thick. Still he was in bed, and there he lay till morning. Then he did examine, and having discovered the nature of the articles, came to the conclusion

that they had been put there by the infirmarian for the sake of improving his health, as a means of improving his chest, or they had been placed there by the minister for the mortification of his body. In either case, no remark need be made by him, and to our great amazement he left them there for full three months. Day by day he arranged so that they should not be seen, and as we made our own beds, no one ever knew it. One day a lay brother who had a general charge over the dormitory saw an end of a hoop sticking out, he took hold of it and drew it forth. It did not come alone. Full of curiosity he rolled up the mattress, and as Lopez just then entered, he called out, "Are you crazy, Brother Lopez? Do you mean to kill yourself? What possessed you to put all this into your bed?" "I put it?" said Lopez: "you put it there yourself!" While the two were trying to settle this matter, who should come up but the minister. "Father!" said the infirmarian, "Brother Lopez says that you put all this in his bed!" But as the infirmarian denied it, he said the minister must have done it. He gave one look, and as he passed us on his way out, we heard him exclaim: "The man is surely crazy—I put such things in his bed!" Even then Lopez never suspected a trick. He came to us, and found a new explanation, nor was it till sometime after that he saw how the case really stood. Poor Lopez! simple-hearted as a child, I have often envied your happy state, so different from my own. Borne through life in the arms of Providence, like a child in its mother's arms, he passed through life without a care, and death without a groan.

WENSLEY.

(Continued from page 414.)

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH THE CALDRON BEGINS TO SUMMER.

I SPENT the morning with Markham, as the minister had supposed I should, and we made such a *reconnaissance* of the country as the good grace of Black Sally accorded to us. She performed her part of the contract safely and surely, if not with inordinate velocity, and enabled us to respond to the almost parental pride with which the Major seemed to boast of his horses, without more than a simple fracture of the truth. The Major was, of course, a new study to Markham, who had only known the obsequious and de-

ferential landlords of Merry England; but he was of a temperament to adapt himself to any concatenation of circumstances which might involve him, and he was by no means slack in accepting the platform of social equality which placed the old-fashioned New England host on a level with his guest. Markham was singularly free from the John Bullism which makes so many of the progeny of that respectable sire appear so very much like *calves*, when they find themselves in a new pasture. To be sure, he was a parcel Yankee, and his mother's milk might yet qualify the elements of which he was

kindly mixed. But, as a general thing, your half-breed Englishman is more unpleasantly national than the full-blooded animals themselves,—*Anglis ipsis Anglor*,—and appears to take more than an Englishman's delight in making himself disagreeable. But Markham was none of this sort. He was a cosmopolitan gentleman, and carried with him all over the world, that sweetness of temper and sincere wish to make those with whom he found himself happy, and on good terms with themselves, which was sure to extract what good there was from whatever men or manners he lighted on, and at the same time, to make friends and well-wishers every where. Being such as he was, what could have been the reason of the cold and severely civil treatment he had met with at Woodside, from persons whose characters and manners seemed to be so eminently like his own! I could not make it out at all to my satisfaction. Nor could I well seek satisfaction from Markham himself, unless he led to the subject, and volunteered the explanation I desiderated. Neither of which things he did during this morning's drive. He was not quite as chatty as he used to be in our rides around Boston, and there was a little shade over his features, at first, such as even a passing grief leaves behind it for a season; but it gradually rose from his countenance and dispersed itself, as the shadow of a cloud passes away from the landscape, and he became cheerful, if not mercurial as usual, long before we betook ourselves to the parsonage, in accordance with Mr. Bulkley's invitation.

My account of that excellent man had made Markham intelligently curious to see him; and they came at once into friendly relations with each other. Their points of resemblance and of difference equally fitted them for a close adaptation to one another. Mr. Bulkley was an old man, and Markham a young one. The former had lived for near forty years in the almost eremitic seclusion of Wensley; the latter had spent in the crowds and turmoil of London, all the years of his life that had not been passed in the suffering, but not diverse, excitation of a great university. Both were lovers of learning (Markham had graduated with high honors), and of queer books. Markham was vastly more exact in his knowledge of the mechanism of the ancient languages, and more critical in all their ornamentation of metres and quantities, than the imperfect instruction of Mr. Bulkley's youth had made him. But the latter was quite as fully master of the spirit of the greater classics as his younger friend, and he was familiar with a

much wider range of authors, more talker of than reader, including the later Platonists and the mediæval Latinists. Markham, however, was much better versed in contemporary literature, than Mr. Bulkley pretended, or cared to be,—much better, indeed, than English university men, wranglers and medalists, who take high honors at Oxford or Cambridge, are apt to be even at this day. Neither of them were men of surpassing abilities, but they had, both of them, made the most of what they had, and had them always in order for use. And for "human nature's daily food," I preferred them to most of the great geniuses I have encountered in my walk through Vanity Fair,—and I have stumbled, at one time or another, on almost all of special note within the last quarter of a century.

When we were fairly seated at the table, which Jasper had done his best to set out in honor of the occasion, though he cast rather an evil eye at Markham at first, as "the spawn of an old Tory," as he phrased it, with more of emphasis than elegance, I asked Mr. Bulkley as to the success of his campaign against Jericho.

"Why, I found it shut up almost as as strait as Jericho of old," said he, "but I think the walls will fall down by the time I have compassed it once or twice more, and blown a blast or two on my ram's-horn."

"Well, sir," I put in, "and Jasper and I will shout in your cause, for we are all the people you have to help you, I suppose."

"Pray, make me free of your tribe," said Markham, whom I had possessed of the facts of the case.

"With all my heart," answered the parson, "but I hope you will only have to shout for my victory, and not in my help. I think I have nearly arranged it."

"And how does it stand, sir?" I inquired.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "I found it all as Jasper told us. Squire Adams and Captain Hunt were in high feud, and poor Sue in great affliction, and Jeremia in a towering passion, and all about a right of way, over nothing to nowhere,—for that is about the exact value of the matters in dispute."

"Did you tell them so, sir?" I asked.

"Bless you, no, indeed!" he answered, "I made much of it, you may be sure. To make short work of the story, I at last prevailed on Hunt to postpone his visit to lawyer Pratt, agreeing to get the opinion of Boston counsel as to the right of way over Hog's Neck. And I afterwards got Adams to agree, that if the

opinion were against himself, he would give the Rocky Valley pastures to Jeremiah on his marriage to Sukey, if Hunt would concede the right of way to him. So I imagine I shall settle the quarrel without promoting a law-suit, and without damaging a love-suit. And I am now quite ready for my dinner."

"I am sure you have deserved it, sir," said Markham; "but if there were many such clergymen as you, I am afraid it would go hard with us lawyers."

"Fear nothing, my young friend," returned the parson, "there is little danger of the Gospel prevailing against the Law in your day. The juice of Mother Eve's apple is not worked out of the veins of her children quite yet. And that puts me in mind, Jasper, that you have not brought up the bottled cider."

This oversight was speedily remedied, and frothing cups, such as Phillips, the bard of Cider, might have sung, crowned the board. This beverage, of which both the parson and Jasper were justly proud as the production of their own orchard and mill, was made from a receipt given to Lieutenant Bulkley, by Major Sir John Knatchbull, a baronet of the cider county of Somersetshire, when he was a prisoner under his charge, after Burgoyne's surrender. It was produced only on rare occasions, such as a visit from an Oxonian, who was also the son of an old-world friend, from whom he had been separated for such long years by politics and the ocean. A moderate glass of very excellent Madeira, the gift of Lieutenant Governor Fillebrown, years ago, concluded the repast. The parson then lighted his pipe and Markham and I our cigars, and a fine afternoon of talk we had of it. But that must be passed by in silence as there is a limit at which a story, like patience, ceases to be a virtue. Before we separated, which was not till after tea and well into the evening, Mr. Bulkley informed us that he should go to Boston the next morning.

"I meant to go the next day," said he, "to see about Dr. Felch's council of dismission; but I prefer putting myself out of my way a little, to break this Hog's Neck, inasmuch as they both are a trifle ashamed of giving me the trouble I am to have, and I am confident it will clench the matter. I think Mr. Hayley must give an opinion which will answer my purpose and, which is better, he'll ask nothing for it."

Markham, hearing this declared that he would avail himself of the chance of his company back to town, as he had accomplished his visit to me. I remonstrated against this determination, in which the minister joined me, though, as he

said, he was arguing against himself. Markham was firm, however, and the next morning, accordingly, he was in the coach when it came round to the parsonage; and it whirled them both off together, after brief time for leave-taking, Parson Bulkley declaring, that, if the proverb were true that "good company was as good as a coach," certainly good company and a coach, too, was better still.

Left thus alone, with only the company of Tacitus and Euripides (I do not mention Jasper, as he was engaged in composing some practical Bucolic or Georgic in the fields) to console me, the judicious reader will not be surprised to hear that, after wrestling for a season with these ancient worthies, I closed their "ponderous and marble (covered) jaws" which they had expanded for my torment, and thought that a walk to Woodside would be no more than a proper reward of my diligence. As I passed directly by the post-office, in my way thither, I, of course, looked in to see what was the state of my correspondence. The cross old postmaster, who had held the office since its erection under Washington, handed me a thick letter, telling me gruffly that there was only a cent to pay as it was a drop letter, or one put into the office at the town, "the only one," he went on to say, in a tone of injured innocence, "that had been put in for more than a year. He guessed it was a love-letter." As I had no reason, that I knew of, for sharing in this conjecture, I opened the envelope as I went along and, to my surprise, found that it contained a letter addressed to Ann Petchell, my cousin Eleanor's *femme de chambre*. A few lines were written inside the envelope, asking me to do the writer the favor to deliver the inclosure to Ann Petchell herself, as it was a matter of importance to her, but without signature and in a hand I did not know. I could not imagine what it meant, and concluded, at last, that old Kimball, the postmaster, was probably not far wrong, and that the document must be neither more nor less than a love-letter. I was not over well pleased with being made thus the go-between of a waiting-maid, and marvelled at the impudence of her correspondent. And it occurred to me, further, that if Miss Petchell were involved in an amorous correspondence, such as I supposed this to be, she was not altogether what Eleanor took her for, and perhaps not precisely the person she would choose to have about her, if she knew the fact. So I determined that I would let her or her father know the circumstance before I performed my part of Mercury to Petchell.

I had an opportunity speedily afforded me, for, as I was approaching the gate which admitted you into the grounds from the high-road, I met Colonel Allerton, who was coming down the road from the opposite direction. We turned into the sweep together, and as we walked along the hard gravel, he said to me,

"I see you have an unopened letter in your hand. Do not refrain from reading it on my account. You are at the happy age when a letter is a pleasure. Don't delay yours."

"I am much obliged to you, sir," I answered, laughing, "and I should like particularly well to read this particular letter. But, unluckily, it does not belong to me."

"Indeed," he replied, "is it for me, or Eleanor?" holding out his hand for it.

"It is for one of your family, sir," said I, "but for neither you nor my cousin Eleanor. It is for Miss Ann Petchell." And I told him the odd way in which it came into my possession.

"Let me see it if you please," said he, "I see no reason why you should be troubled with her letters. This is odd," he went on, to himself, closely scrutinizing the handwriting, "this is very odd, indeed. What can it mean?"

We were now at the door and we forthwith proceeded to his library, where we found Eleanor seated by her father's fire, which a little chilliness and dampness, incident to our hottest summers, made by no means unsatisfactory. While we were exchanging salutations and inquiries, the Colonel rang the bell, which was answered by Mrs. Warner, the housekeeper.

"Send Petchell here, directly," said he, "I wish to soo her."

"Petchell!" said Eleanor, looking at him and then at me in surprise, "Petchell!"

But there was no time for explanation, for the door opened and that handmaiden entered, courtesyingly and simperingly; but, still, with a look of some alarm on her features, at being so suddenly sent for by the Colonel, who, though a kind and considerate master, was a strict martinet in his family, and the whole *corps domestique* held him in reverential awe.

"Petchell, here's a letter for you," said he, abruptly, holding it out to her.

She courtesied as she took it, with a glance first at the letter and then at her young lady, and was about to leave the room.

"Stop, if you please," said the Colonel, in an authoritative tone; "if you have no objection, I wish you to open and read the letter here. I wish to know, if it be a secret, how you come to be receiv-

ing letters from Mr. Ferguson, and why they should come under cover to Mr. Osbourne."

Eleanor, on hearing this, gave me a half-reproachful glance, which made me fear that I had made some terrible blunder, though I could not divine what, and Petchell looked as if she should like to tear my eyes out. However, there was no help for her, so she hastened to open the letter with what show of indifference she could muster. Her fingers trembled, however, in the agitation she obviously felt, and before she could prevent it, a letter dropped out of her inclosure and fell on the floor. Colonel Allerton, with the activity of six-and-twenty, instantly picked it up, and, after glancing at the direction, said to Petchell,

"This is enough. It is all I want of you, at present. You may go now."

And she went, apparently nothing loth.

Turning then to Eleanor, he said, handing her the letter, "I did not expect to find you in correspondence with Ferguson, I must confess. And I am still more at a loss to conceive why it should be carried on clandestinely. You did not use to be on such terms with him."

"It is all on his side, papa, now," said Eleanor, paler than ever, but evidently in some perturbation, "I assure you it is. I have no wish to be on any terms at all with him. Whatever communications he has had with me he has intruded upon me against my will."

"I am sorry," he replied, "that you will still persist in thinking so ill of him. But I cannot imagine why he should annoy you, after what has passed, as you say he has, and still less why he should take this indirect way of doing it. It is not like him."

"Not like him! Oh papa!" exclaimed Eleanor, lifting up her hands with an expression of impatience and vexation.

"Certainly not," replied her father, "he was always open and candid in his intercourse with us at home. And we are certainly under great obligations to him."

Eleanor made a deprecating gesture of dissent.

"Why," he went on, "you know he told us of the blundering folly of——" he stopped, with a glance at me, and then went on without mentioning any name, "and did his best to counteract it."

I thought that it was about time for me to make a move to retire, as this seemed to be a scene, however interesting, which had better have only the actors for audience. But Eleanor went on without minding me.

"Perhaps we were too hasty in believing him. I thought better, or not so ill,

of him at that time; but I would not have believed his story then, had it not been made likely by the circumstances. he brought to our knowledge."

"Perhaps, my dear," said the Colonel, very politely, but a trifle provokingly, "you would have been less incredulous had the offender been any one besides Mr. Markham."

If blood was ever eloquent, as we are told it sometimes is, that in Eleanor's cheeks made a very fine speech on this occasion, and one that gave me an odd sensation, which I had never felt before or since, at least in the same degree. She paused a moment, and then said, very quietly,

"I think, papa, it would have made no difference. You certainly know that it did not, as it was."

"I beg your pardon, my love," replied her father, caressing her head with his hand. "I was wrong in saying what I did. But you know it provokes me to have you so unjust to Ferguson. He could have none but friendly motives in coming to this country at this time, for his own affairs might have waited a year or two. But he came now that he might be of service, possibly, to us. And this, after what had passed between you."

Eleanor shook her head, as if she received none of this doctrine. The Colonel went on,

"But how long have you known that he was in America? Knowing your feelings towards him, I did not think it necessary to say any thing about it to you."

"I imagine," she replied, "that I knew of it nearly as soon as you, if not sooner. I have known it these six months."

"These six months!" exclaimed her father, "and never mentioned it to me! That is strange. But have you ever seen him?"

"Only once," she answered, looking at me, "it was the day that I sent you word of my getting into the river. I meant that it should bring you home, and I did intend to tell you that it was he that helped me out. But I changed my mind, and cousin Frank here had to bear all the credit of it."

"I cannot conceive why you should have concealed this from me," he replied, in a tone of some displeasure; "I am not too proud to be grateful for a good office, if you are."

"I could well have dispensed with the service," she replied, "for cousin Frank here can tell you that the danger was nothing, and that if it had been any thing he was sufficient to the emergency."

I cordially confirmed her statement in its entirety, for I well remembered wish-

ing the fishing-boots at a considerable distance, and in a much warmer place than the Quasheen,—though that was not very cold that afternoon.

"You see, sir," she proceeded, "that there was no great call for gratitude in the case, and I certainly felt none whatever."

"Eleanor, Eleanor," he repeated, "I do not understand you. You are a changed creature. I cannot make you out this morning."

He rose from the sofa where he was sitting and took a turn or two up and down the room; then, stopping short before her chair, he said, somewhat sternly,

"And perhaps you intend to keep me equally in the dark as to the nature of your communications. I suppose they must have related to my affairs. They were not likely to have been any thing improper for me to know," with a suspicion of a frown on his brow; "but I do not wish to intrude myself into your confidence, nor into that of Mr. Ferguson."

"Dear papa," said Eleanor, earnestly, "do not reproach me so! What real secret can I ever have from you? I may have done wrong in not telling you all about it at once; but I thought I was sparing you from pain, perhaps from danger, by saying nothing for the present. Indeed, I meant to tell you all in time."

"Well, well, my dear," he answered kindly, for though quick of temper he was the most placable of men, "I dare say you can explain it all. I have never thought you wrong yet."

The explanation I understood to be adjourned only till I was out of the way, and I was, accordingly, about to make another demonstration of departure, when Colonel Allerton said, before I could rise,

"But, Eleanor, you have not read yet the letter of which Osborne here was the courier. I dare say it has nothing in it which he may not see. He ought, certainly, to be paid postman's wages, and perhaps he will be content to take it out in kind. Had you not better see what it says?"

Eleanor looked up suddenly from the carpet at which she had been gazing, and glancing first at her father, and next at me, and last of all at the letter, which had lain in her lap all this while, she took it up and opened it. After running her eye over it, she handed it to her father, who read it out, to this effect—

"It is essential that I should have the interview with you I have so long solicited. It cannot be delayed and it must be had. I have that to say to you which is of vital importance to you, and, if it be of greater

weight with you, to your father. Time presses with me, and the interview I solicit must be at noon this day, or not at all. I will be at the Sachem's Seat, at precisely twelve. If you object to coming alone, you can bring your maid with you, or the lad" (*ad*, indeed!) "I saw with you when we met, who I understand is your cousin, if he be discreet."

"I cannot conceive," said the Colonel, studying the note closely, as if to extract its hidden meaning, "what Ferguson can have to say to you about me, or yourself, that he might not just as well, certainly, say to me, in person. However, my dear, I should not be afraid to make you my plenipotentiary and I think he would not make this request without some reasonable motive. So you had better get your bonnet and take Frank's arm, since he is permitted to share in this mystery, and make haste," for, he added, looking at his watch, "it wants but a quarter to the trying hour."

While Eleanor was gone for this purpose, he went on to me, "So you have seen Mr. Ferguson, it seems?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "I saw him for a moment on the afternoon when he drew my cousin out of the water, as she has told you. Indeed," I added, recollecting myself, "I did see him for a literal moment, when I was in Boston, on the top of the New-York coach."

"Ah, yes," he replied, "I know he had been at the South. I did not know he had returned, until this morning. Did not you think him a handsome young fellow?"

Handsome! I thought him as ugly a monster as I had ever seen. And young! why, the wretch could not have been less than five and thirty! But seventy and eighteen have different eyes for such things. I did not trust myself to speak and only made a bow oracularly enigmatical. He went on without waiting for further answer:

"You may have inferred from what has passed this morning, that there have been some former dealings between him and us. Indeed, I may say to you in confidence, as one of the family," I made a bow here of unequivocal gratitude, "that he was an old admirer of hers" (old enough! I parenthesized to myself), "in England. Had she liked him, I should have been well pleased, for I did. But as she did not, there was nothing to be said. She has a rooted dislike to him, apparently, which I cannot understand; but, right or wrong, it is something to be considered in the matter of marriage."

"I must say, sir," I put in, "that it seems to me that my cousin Eleanor is

the last person in the world to form an unreasonable prejudice. She is candor and sweetness personified."

"She is a good girl, sir, a good girl," he resumed, "but the best of them take the bit between their teeth, sometimes. And then there's nothing to be done but to give them their head. If they're good blood they'll bring up safe enough when they've had their fling. But here she comes, and it is high time you were off."

We accordingly passed out at what Lord Castlereagh might have called "the back front" door, which let us out in the direction of the avenue celebrated in the last chapter. We paced again down the length of the walk, and then left it by a path through a belt of trees, skirting round the clearing, which connected it with the aboriginal forest,—or what remained of it. At no great distance within the wood, but still far enough to be out of the reach of interruption or eavesdropping, was a small opening of less than a quarter of an acre in extent, either natural or of a very old formation, as there was no trace of stumps or roots among the short soft grass. It was believed to have been made by the Indians, and a large stone which had something the look of having been rudely shaped into a sort of chair, was called the Sachem's Seat. Tradition said that this was the sacred stone on which the great king Miantowusett, so formidable to the Puritans before King Philip's days, used to sit and rule his tribe. I can only say that, if he were of like passions with other men, his majesty must, like many another sovereign, have sat uneasily upon his throne. Eleanor said nothing to me during our walk. To be sure it was soon over, for we walked fast. But she seemed to be absorbed in the anticipation of what was before her, and the only sign she gave of being conscious of my presence was the way in which she rather clutched than leant on my arm, as if it were done rather to steady her mind than to support her steps.

When we entered the cleared space we found Ferguson, walking up and down its narrow diameter, holding his watch in his hand. When he saw us he returned it to his pocket and saluted us, or rather Eleanor, with a politeness which was rather punctilious than easy. She made as slight an acknowledgment of his bow as could be and be any at all, while I unglued my hat from my head, just as much as I thought my share of his courtesy demanded. Eleanor dropped my arm and, advancing by herself, sat down upon the Seat of the Sachem as Portia might have assumed the judgment seat, had it

been hers of right. I admired the spirit and grace of the movement, while I thought I understood its motive. She was resolved, at all events, to have the firm support of this seat, before she suffered herself to be subjected to the agitation or provocation of what this man had to say. I dropped modestly back towards the alley by which we had come in and left the stage to the two performers. Ferguson took a stride or two more on the green sward, while Eleanor said, as calmly and coldly as if a statue had spoken,

"I am here, sir,—what may your pleasure be with me."

"My pleasure is," said he, pausing in his walk and turning towards her, "my pleasure is to do you good, if you will let me."

She answered only by the haughtiest inclination of her head, which spoke more of scorn than of gratitude.

"You think, perhaps," he went on, eyeing her with no amiable expression of face, "you think perhaps, madam, that I offer more than I can perform when I say I wish to do you good."

"If I can put any faith in the letters with which you have annoyed me for so long," she replied, "I must suppose that you can do me some hurt, though you have not been pleased as yet to indicate how or why."

"And if that be true," he returned, "even to the offensive sense in which you choose to take my wish to serve you, is not the refraining from doing a hurt sometimes a positive good?"

"I did not come here, sir," she replied, "to enter into any discussion with you, or to hold any conversation not essential to the business, whatever it may be, which has made you call me to this place. If you have any thing to say to any purpose, I will listen to you; otherwise, I will return as I came."

"Eleanor—Miss Allerton," he went on, after a pause, in a softened tone, "you know that I have had but one motive in following you to America,—but one in seeking you here. I do not pretend to the romantic folly of seeking your happiness apart from mine. I hope to deserve my own by securing yours. Is there no service that can purchase hope? I ask no more, as yet."

"I thought, sir," she replied with a coldness which might have frozen quicksilver, "I thought, sir, that all this was at an end long ago. If I have ever done any thing to make you think that fresh importunity would make me think better of what I said when we parted in England, it has been my misfortune and not my design. I never give hopes, sir, which I do not mean to fulfil."

She made a motion as if about to rise and retire, but Ferguson made a restraining gesture and said,

"You have, indeed, done nothing to give me heart, but perhaps others have. Circumstances may have happened which may alter even your resolution. Your father—"

"My father!" she interrupted, "you do not presume to say that you sought this interview with his knowledge."

"O, no, indeed," he replied, "he knows nothing of it. I did not choose he should, at present, or I should not have communicated secretly with you, as I have. You know he would have made me welcome to his house, if I had seen fit to come openly."

She bowed an unwilling sort of assent and said, "What of him, then, sir?"

"He is a gentleman of a distinguished position, of an honorable name, of unblemished honor, of a large estate."

"Well, sir," said Eleanor, somewhat anxiously, "what of it? I believe none of these things have ever been disputed."

"Perhaps not," he answered, fixing his eye, which was generally looking down, on hers, as if by an effort. "Certainly not. But you know that there have been men as happy as he in all these particulars, who have lost them all."

"No doubt, there have been many," said Eleanor, suppressing an intense interest as well as she might, "but what is that to me or to my father?"

"Suppose his entire estate in England were lost and confiscated?"

"Well!" said Eleanor, growing almost breathless, as he proceeded.

"Suppose his honor were blasted, his place among men obliterated, and his name infamous?"

"Well!"

"Suppose him condemned to drag out his life in poverty and disgrace, an exile from his country, from which he is shut out by the absolute certainty, if he returned, of dying the death of a *forger*!"

"Well!" in a low voice, and pale as ashes.

"And then suppose one, who can bring all this down upon the father, lays his power at the daughter's feet and seeks, as his chiefest good, to identify himself with the life, honor, and prosperity of the one, and to devote himself to the happiness of the other."

"And this was what you have been hinting to me through the letters you have forced upon me," said Eleanor, her color returning, and her eyes kindling with some strong emotion or other.

"Precisely this," he answered, "though I was not prepared till now—I did not see fit—to tell you the exact truth."

"The exact truth!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the most derisive unbelief; "had you told me all this at first, you would have spared me some anxious fears which your black suggestions conjured up. I thank you for relieving me of them all."

And she rose with a deal of scorn, looking beautiful "in the contempt and anger of her lip," and was moving towards me, when Ferguson laid a detaining hand upon her arm, which she shook off as if it had been a viper.

"Stay a moment," said he; "I do not blame you for rejecting what I say, at the first hearing. It would be strange indeed if you did not. But do you suppose I would commit myself in this way, if I had not facts and evidence behind me? I do not ask for my reward till I have established my claim by indisputable proof of the service."

"Service! reward! facts!" ejaculated Eleanor, as if she could not quite put her thoughts in order; but, presently, she said very collectedly, "and I can purchase exemption for myself and for my father from all this misery by taking you as my—husband?"

"Not purchase exemption," he replied, "but reward fidelity and devoted service."

"Fidelity!" she exclaimed, starting up from the stone on which she had seated herself again, "and if I reject your offer, you will let it loose upon our heads? Am I to understand that to be the alternative?"

"I believe it to be inevitable as death," said he in reply. "The thread of your destiny, Eleanor Allerton, is in your own hand. It is for you to decide whether it shall take the hue of life or death, of honor or of infamy. And you must decide at once."

"It will not take me long," said she, her eyes flashing, and her voice tremulous with anger. "I give no credence to what you say. I believe you capable of any villany, of contriving any plot to compass any end you have in view. But do you suppose I will believe my father capable of what you charge him with? And even were he —"

"Had you not better wait," interrupted Ferguson, "until you know, whether capable of it or not, what the case against him is?"

"The case!" she exclaimed, stamping her little foot, "I care nothing for your case! You have proved yourself a villain by the proposal you have made me, and I am sure my father would sooner die on — as you say, than suffer me to purchase his life so infamously."

He looked as black as midnight and

scowled at her as he said, between his teeth, "You reject my offer, then!"

"Reject it!" she said with a look of utter loathing, "I spurn it! I trample on it! I spit upon it!"

"Then take the consequences!" he said, struggling against a furious passion, "the ruin of your father, which you might have prevented, be on your head! And, perhaps," he added, after a pause, in a quieter tone, but one steeped in malignity — "perhaps the world will believe other rumors touching other persons. I have helped suppress them. Perhaps it will be impossible, any longer. Mr. Markham has been seen in this neighborhood, I believe!"

Eleanor blushed deeply with just anger at this insolence, and I stepped forward and said,

"Sir, I accompanied this young lady hither, by her request, and for her protection. You will repeat your impertinence at your peril!"

"At my peril, you monkey!" he thundered out in a towering passion, which he was glad to vent upon somebody, and he advanced upon me with uplifted hand. I was but a mouthful to him, but I happened to take up mechanically as I came out with Eleanor, the cane which I usually carried. It had a blade in it, as college canes were very apt, foolishly enough, to have in those days. I drew it in an instant, and, shortening it as he approached, exclaimed,

"Lay a finger upon me, sir, and by —, it will be the last mischief you will do!"

Perhaps my eye was a little wicked; but, at all events, he stayed his hand a moment, while Eleanor screamed aloud and was rushing between us, when we were all brought to our bearings by a quick rustling among the branches behind me, instantly followed by Colonel Allerton's voice of command,

"What's this?" he said sternly to me, "put up that gimcrack, sir. What in God's name is the meaning of this disturbance?" looking first at one and then the other.

"It means, sir," said I, "as far as I am concerned, that that rascal there" (perhaps the noun was qualified by an expletive "now better far removed") "insulted Miss Allerton, and when I interfered he offered to strike me, and I was only giving him to understand that he wouldn't do it more than once."

"Ferguson! Eleanor!" he said, in a great amazement, "what is the meaning of this? Eleanor, is it true that he insulted you? Frank must be beside himself."

"Insulted me! yes, indeed, sir," said she, "and you too."

"Me! impossible!" cried the father. "In what way, pray?"

"Miss Eleanor," Ferguson put in, as if to give her time to reflect and withhold her communication, "regards the renewal of my unfortunate addresses as an insult to her and you. But I hope, sir, you may not regard it so seriously when you know my motives for my presumption."

"Don't believe him, papa!" cried Eleanor, "he is a liar, and the truth is not in him. What do you think," she continued, going up to him, and resting her hand on his shoulder and looking up into his face, "what do you think this wretch has been saying about you? That you had committed some horrid crime,—forgery, I believe,—and that it depends on him to save you or to ——" and she burst into tears on his shoulder.

"Yes," said I, "and the price of his silence, of your life, I believe, was to be Eleanor's hand in marriage!"

"Ferguson, are you mad?" said Colonel Allerton to him, "can you have said these things?"

"Mad!" cried Ferguson, who did seem nearly beside himself with rage and disappointment—"mad, indeed! Well for you if I were! Can I have said these things? I have said them, and they are true!"

"True!" exclaimed the colonel. "Mr. Ferguson, you know such charges as these must be brought to a strict account."

"Strict enough, sir," replied Ferguson, with a devilish sneer, "you may be assured of that. But it must be by twelve men and not by twelve paces. Satisfaction, sir, is the due of a *gentleman* and not a *FELON*."

"Scoundrel!" cried the colonel, and shaking off Eleanor, he snatched my blade, still unsheathed, and made a step towards the other. Eleanor clung again to his arm, and I stepped between them, while Ferguson said, laughing loudly,

"Come on, by all means, sir. Add murder to your other crimes. A man can be hanged but once!"

"Tush," cried Colonel Allerton, tossing down his weapon, "I meant nothing, Eleanor, my girl. It was an involuntary movement. Let the rascal go. I wouldn't touch him."

"I humbly thank you, sir," cried Ferguson, taking off his hat and making a mock bow to the party, with eyes full of hatred and malice, "and since I have your gracious permission, I *will* go, as I have business elsewhere. Good morning!"

And turning round, he stooped under the branches of the trees in the side oppo-

site to the entrance on our side, and disappeared. As we stood looking after him, we could hear him crashing his way through the underbrush and the interlacing boughs of the forest.

CHAPTER XL

WE stood in silence for a moment after Ferguson disappeared under the branches. I scarcely knew which way to look; but, without knowing it, I found myself glancing out of the corner of my eye at Eleanor, who had remained standing during all the last part of this singular scene. She stood gazing earnestly at her father, whose eyes were not yet withdrawn from the place where Ferguson had vanished, with an expression upon his face in which a towering passion seemed to contend with an extreme astonishment. Presently, however, as if controlling himself by a strong effort, he turned to Eleanor, and taking her arm under his, without saying any thing, hastily proceeded to the avenue and thus on to the house. I followed at a proper distance, so that they might have spoken together had they chosen to do so, without fear of being overheard by me. But they made no use of the opportunity, both appearing to be absorbed in their own thoughts. Or, rather, the father seemed plunged in a moody cloud of meditation, while the daughter was anxiously considering him and his condition. Though she stepped firmly and kept pace with her father in his hurried walk, I could see that her arm trembled upon his, and that she was trying, as she had opportunity, to get an unsuspected glance at his face.

That I felt a profound curiosity, as well as interest, about what I had seen, need not be said, though I could not help feeling that my presence, although fairly and honestly brought about, might be intrusive and unwelcome. So I was meditating a sudden and secret retreat as soon as we approached the house, thinking that, as my room might be better than my company, so it was very likely my companions would not notice my sudden substitution of the one for the other. Just as they entered the house, however, through which it was necessary for me to pass to make a dignified retreat, Eleanor said a few words to her father, with a glance at me over her shoulder. I pretended to drop my cane and lingered behind so as to leave them free to say what they liked about me, when Colonel Allerton stopped, and turning round to me, said,

"Frank, step into my room, if you can spare the time. I should like to have your advice in a matter of importance."

I felt greatly flattered of course, and looked on myself as promoted to be a middle-aged man, at a jump; or, at least, as having received the brevet rank of Five-and-Twenty. I passed on through the hall and went into the library, the father and daughter remaining in conference near the hall door, while I seated myself before the fire that was never quenched, and gazed up at the white wig, rubicund face, and wild, protuberant eyes of his late Majesty, who returned my look with a half-frantic expression not out of keeping with the queer doings of the last hour. Presently, I heard Eleanor's light footstep ascending the stairs and immediately afterwards that of her father approaching the door of the library. I rose as he entered; but he made me a sign to take my seat again, and then walked two or three times up and down the room in silent thought. Then, seating himself on the sofa, which made an angle of some sort (I never was much of a mathematician,) with the fireplace, he turned to me with the cordial, confident air which marked his manner, whatever might have been the reserve it covered, if Mr. Bulkley's theory was right, and began—

"Well, Frank, you will have a lively scene to describe in your next letter to the *Deipnosophoi*? Quite a God-send to your journal, by Jove! You could hardly have hoped for any thing so animating in such an out-of-the-way corner of the world as this."

"I will not deny, sir," I replied, "that I have been deeply interested in what I have seen this morning, and in what has come under my notice before as to this Mr. Ferguson, if that be his name; but I beg to assure you that nothing I have seen or heard will ever be told to any living soul, unless it be the wish of my cousin Eleanor and yourself that the facts I have been witness to should be truly stated at some future time."

"Thank you, thank you," he answered, "I believe you to be a discreet lad, and perhaps it may be as well not to make this adventure a topic of gossip, just yet. It is quite likely it may become such, however; and in such case, I am quite willing to leave your testimony in your own keeping, to be used or withheld at your own discretion. And I am sure Eleanor would feel the same. She has a high opinion of you, Frank, my boy, though the little accident by which you were brought into Parson Bulkley's keeping did not argue vehemently in favor of your prudence and steadiness of character, at first."

I blushed to the very soles of my boots to hear this opinion of Eleanor in my fa-

vor; though had I known as much as I do now (the more's the pity!) I should have known that prudence and discretion are not always the best recommendations of a man to a woman. Luckily for me, however, these virtues have not always been so inconveniently preponderant as to stand in my way materially.

"I am much obliged to my cousin Eleanor, and to you, sir," I said, half laughing at the conclusion of his speech, "for your good opinion of me. I am sure that I shall always look on the accident you speak of as one of the luckiest things that ever could happen to me; as without it I should have never known you, and my cousin, and Mr. Bulkley. I do not pretend to be wise above my fellows, but I have sense enough to know the value of such friends as you all have shown yourselves."

"I thank you for our share of the compliment," said the Colonel; "and the rather, considering the character which you have just heard an older acquaintance than yourself, even, bestow upon me, and the fate he was obliging enough to suggest as my due."

"His may be an older acquaintanceship than mine, sir," I replied, "but I know that mine is the better of the two; for it is enough to make me laugh at any such ebullition of spleen as that."

"I was taken by surprise this morning myself," he resumed; "and was nearly as much astonished as you could have been at what Ferguson said. I have always thought well of him, and had Eleanor fancied him, I should have been very well content to have had it a match. But she seems to have known him better than I did. By Jove! these women have an instinct which is a surer protection to them than the knowledge of the world we men brag so much of."

"She certainly had an escape, sir," I interpolated, as he paused, "for he must be a precious scoundrel, besides having a devil of a temper."

"You are right, undoubtedly," he went on, "though I was not clear-sighted enough to read him so. I thought him a sincere friend in the vexation in which I was involved through your friend Markham's *étourderie*, and I liked him all the better for it, because he was a rejected admirer of Eleanor's. But, no doubt, as I always supposed indeed, he hoped thus to recommend himself to her."

He paused, and as I knew nothing of the circumstances of which he spoke, I had nothing to say excepting a confused observation to the effect that he would have been a fool, as well as a rogue, if he had failed to do his endeavor in such a cause.

But the Colonel did not heed what I stammered out, but went on as if no break had taken place in the chain of his ideas.

"However that may be," he continued, "there is no doubt now as to his villainy, and I only wish that I knew the extent of it. Angry as he was, and carried by his passion beyond his self-control, he had some meaning in what he said. It was *micbing malioa*, as Hamlet says, and meant mischief. I dare say he would give his ears (I wish to God they were nailed to the pillory, as they deserve to be!) that he had kept his tongue between his teeth. But as he was surprised out of what he did not mean to say, I must make my advantage of it. And the first thing I must do is to get back to England as soon as I can, to confront his charges,—for I have no doubt that he is already on his way thither to make them, whatever they may be."

"To England, dear papa!" said Eleanor, who entered by the door behind him, as he was uttering the last sentence, and she laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder, "to England! And why to England?"

"Because, my love," he replied, taking her hand in his as he spoke, "because it is there that I must be hanged, if Mr. Ferguson be a true prophet. I really don't recollect having done any thing worthy of death since I came to America. Ferguson is not a fool, and he did not talk in the way he did, though he was in a passion, without some vicious meaning or other. He has some design, and it must be put into execution in England, and there I must be to counteract it."

She passed round the corner of the sofa where he sat, still holding his hand, and seated herself by his side.

"No, no, dear papa," she said, in a voice full of tender emotion, "do not put yourself within the reach of that villain. You do not know his ability in wickedness. You will find it more than a match for your innocence and the simple honesty of your way of dealing. Pray, do not go! Stay here with me!"

"What, my dear!" he said to her, half reproachfully, but all tenderly, "you surely would not have me stay here and admit by default whatever slanders he may have concocted? That is not like my Eleanor. For my own part, I had rather mount the drop at Newgate, next Monday morning, than live under such an imputation. I will at least show my own confidence in my innocence, whatever happens. But you shall remain here until the whole thing is settled."

"I remain here!" she exclaimed, her eyes filling with tears, which she hastily brushed off her long lashes before they

fell—"I remain here, papa, while you go to difficulty, if not to danger? That would be like me, indeed! You know that I was not thinking of myself; but I have a dread of this man's power of mischief, which I cannot help. He has haunted me for more than two years, and I am afraid of him, I confess. If we are beyond his reach here, for God's sake, sir, let us stay here, till he is out of our way."

"For more than two years, Eleanor!" said her father, in a tone of surprise; "what do you mean, my dear? how comes it that I have never heard of this before?"

Eleanor blushed deeply, and, looking demurely downwards, said, after a moment's pause, "I could not tell you, papa—indeed I could not; I could not trust you; for the man,"—she paused a moment and then added, as if with pain and difficulty—"the man insulted me. And —"

"Insulted you!" exclaimed her father, starting up, with a deeper imprecation than I had ever heard come from his polished lips; "why did you not tell me of this on the instant? But it is not too late to overtake him yet." And he had his hand upon the bell-pull, when Eleanor seized his arm, exclaiming—

"Dearest papa, this man is not worth your anger; he is beneath your resentment. What, what are you going to do?"

"Do!" he exclaimed, "I am going to order my horse and be after him,—I can be in Boston as soon as he."

"And what, then, papa?" Eleanor persisted, still holding on to his arm.

"Leave that to me, my dear; I will find a way to chastise him for his insolence. Have no fears on that score," said the veteran, and he glanced significantly at me.

"Ah, dear papa!" expostulated Eleanor, in a tone that might have disarmed Sir Lucius O'Trigger himself, "surely you would not put your life on a level with that wretch's, if that is what you mean. For you can hardly hope to inflict any corporal chastisement in any other way. And now you wonder that I did not tell you all this two years ago! You have a pretty way, haven't you, of coaxing my confidence? Come, now, sit down by me again, and ask cousin Frank there if he does not think you a choleric, testy, foolish old gentleman."

Bluebeard could not have withstood such entreaties, and the blandishments that accompanied them, and Colonel Allerton did sit down again, evidently growing cooler and cooler, and said—"Well, and what does cousin Frank think on the subject?"

"I think, sir," I replied, "that you do well to be angry for such a cause, and I

can find no fault with your wish for satisfaction, if it were a case in which it could be had. But, putting aside the question of whether this man is entitled to be treated like a gentleman, I suppose he could use this accusation, whatever it is, as he has already suggested this morning, as a reason for refusing to meet you, if he chose. And besides, sir, you will remember this is not Old England, and the ordeal by combat is not one of our puritan notions accord with."

"Very true, very true, Frank," he said, quite calmed down again, "I was an old fool to have thought of such a thing. And then he might say that I wanted to rid myself of my accuser in this extra-judicial way. So go on, my love, and tell me how he has continued to annoy you since——" and his eyes flashed again, and his hand clenched, at the thought he did not utter.

"He hinted to me before we left England," she resumed, "substantially what he said to-day—that he had your honour, if not your life, in his hands. And he made me believe that he actually prevented your arrest, when we were on the eve of sailing, by putting the officers on a wrong scent."

"And why did you not tell me all this, my child?" said her father.

"Perhaps I was wrong, papa," she answered; "but I did what seemed to me for the best. I knew you well enough to know that nothing would prevent you from staying and facing any hazard, and I was weak enough to wish you safe on this side the water. I knew that the perplexity into which Mr. Markham's imprudence had thrown you was capable of being put into a bad shape, and I was sure that this man was capable of twisting it into any shape that suited him best. So I let things take their course. But if I have done wrong, I have been fully punished, for I have suffered tortures of mind the last two years." And she closed her eyes and pressed her hand to her forehead, as if in severe bodily pain.

"My poor Eleanor," said her father, tenderly taking her hand, "you would have done better to have told me all this. I could have convinced you that his assertion about the arrest must have been a lie, and that so his others most likely were."

"Could you indeed, sir?" said Eleanor, "he told it to me, connected with so many circumstances which I knew to be true, and actually pointing out the officer, that I thought that was certain, if nothing else."

"Had you been acquainted with affairs, my dear," he returned, "you would have known that an arrest of such a character

could not be initiated without a degree of notoriety which would have followed us here, and that the subsequent legal measures could not be done in a corner. But no matter for that now; let me know what you have had to do with Ferguson since then."

"He wrote to me several times from England, proposing to renew his addresses to me, and, on that condition, to hush up the 'ugly business,' as he called it. The next time I knew any thing of him, was when we saw him together at the river," she said, addressing herself to me; and then, after briefly recalling the adventure to her father, she proceeded. "One other letter, under cover to Petchell (as indeed all his letters were sent), came while cousin Frank was in Boston. It was post-marked 'Washington;' but I was on the look-out for this, and as soon as it arrived, without opening the outer sheet, I sent it back to him at Boston, where I knew he would be before leaving the country."

"And that was the reason, no doubt," said her father, "why he enclosed the letter of this morning to Frank here. He thought it would be more sure of being opened, if it came through him; though, to be sure, it might have met with no better luck than its precursors had it not been for Frank and me."

"It certainly would not," she replied; "but I am greatly relieved now it has happened, though I was not very well pleased with it at first, as you may have surmised," turning to me (she was quite right—I had so), "for I am now rid of the first secret I ever kept from you, papa, and it shall be the last, I promise you." And she put her arms round his neck and kissed him twice. Great Heavens! why was not I sixty-five years old and a papa. Sir Walter Scott somewhere feelingly complains of the affliction caused "to us male creatures," by the sight of the caresses which the ladies are so fond of wasting in such unnecessary profusion upon one another. I am not sure that it is any better to see them thrown away upon heavy fathers and stupid brothers. However, it is a part of the discipline of this mortal life, and I had to submit to it in this instance, as in a many since. Colonel Allerton presently resumed:

"But still, darling, I am not clear that I ought not to return to England, to show that I am not keeping out of the way of his accusations. What think you, Frank?"

Eleanor gave me an imploring look, and, as I certainly had no wish to give an answer that should send them out of the country, I replied:

"I cannot give you any opinion, sir, on

the subject. I do not know enough about it to have formed one."

"Is that so?" he replied; "I have been talking to you all this while under the belief that Eleanor had made you her confidant, and told you all about our affairs."

I assured him that I had not been thus happy, and Eleanor, while she confirmed my statement, was good enough to say, that she had determined to do so at the very first opportunity that offered itself.

"I did so long for a friend to talk with about these things, which I could not tell whether I ought to keep to myself or not. I was so in want of advice and comfort!"

O why had she not yielded to this impulse! I do not know how I might have answered as a friend and comforter; but I am sure I should have done my best, and at any rate it would certainly have been a very great comfort to me.

"You would have done right," replied her father. "Frank is entitled to our thanks and our confidence, for he has shown himself truly discreet and friendly, as I understand it, and he shall have both." I bowed, and he continued: "In fact, there is not much to tell you. Just as I retired from the army, now more than twenty years since, old Vinal Grayson, who had been the agent for the loyalists ever since the year eighty, died, and, as it was important that there should be some person having some knowledge of the colonies and the people claiming relief from time to time, I was persuaded by Lord Hobart, then colonial secretary, to act in that capacity, though much against my will. For, though a limitation of time was prescribed in Pitt's bill for the compensation of the loyalists, still the Government was very liberal and considerate in the admission of claims, in cases of special hardship, which might be strictly barred by lapsed time."

"The British Government stood handsomely by those who stood by them, I have always heard," said I.

"You have heard the truth," he replied. "Of course it was impossible to satisfy the demands of all that made them, nor could the real losses we sustained be made good. But the successive ministries all behaved as well as they could, I believe. But this liberality exposed the Government to the danger—which indeed is incident to all systems of compensations and pensions—of fictitious and forged claims. This could hardly be avoided, with the greatest diligence, especially as many of the pensioners had returned to this country, and the distances over which they were scattered made it very hard to keep a strict eye upon them all."

"That is plain enough," said I. "I

should think it must have been out of the question."

"We did our best," he went on, "but it was hard to guard against all the devices of the enemy. Some three years or thereabouts, ago, I was strongly suspicious that an extensive fraud had been carried on for some time. In the course of my investigations I had consulted with this Ferguson, as I had done frequently before,—regarding him as a shrewd legal adviser, and as one particularly well qualified to act as such, from his own connection with the loyalists. Young Markham too, who was frequently about my offices in London with his father, and who was just then entered at the Inner Temple, was also taken into confidence and employed in a subordinate capacity, from time to time."

"What was the nature of the fraud you suspected?" I asked.

"It was a claim purporting to be of Michael St. John," he replied, "for a large seizure of specie and goods which he was transferring from New Jersey to New-York, at the beginning of the Revolution, for protection from the British troops, and taken by the rebels. With interest upon interest, it was made to amount to near £50,000. It seemed so well supported by vouchers and affidavits, and the case as stated appeared so hard a one, that Mr. Perceval (for it happened during his short rule) consented to allow the man a pension of £500 a year for his life, provided Mr. Jackson, then minister at Washington, should certify to the necessary facts. This was done, and as soon as the certificate arrived in due form, it was all settled, as I supposed, and all I had to do was to remit the money to New-York every year, on receiving the regular evidence that the man was alive."

"And how long did this go on, sir?" I inquired.

"For eight or nine years," he answered; "and it would never have been suspected that there was any thing amiss, had I not had occasion to look into some American dispatches in the Foreign Office on another matter relating to my department, and, to my surprise, I found no record at the time the certificate of the identity of St. John was sent over, of any such transaction. Mr. Jackson was dead, and his secretary at one of the northern courts, and there was no immediate way of sifting it. I looked farther back, and found several other cases of like nature, of less amount, but very considerable in the aggregate, all of which were payable to the same agent in New-York who held St. John's power of attorney."

"And what did you do then, sir?" I asked, naturally interested in the story.

"I at once sent for Ferguson," he answered, "who seemed as much perplexed and amazed as I was, and he advised me to say nothing for the present to the Colonial Secretary, but to lay a trap for the rogue at New-York, so as to get his testimony as to the origin of the business."

"And you did so, I suppose?" I suggested.

"Yes, I am sorry to say I did. It was the grand mistake I made. I ought to have reported the whole thing at once, for when it transpired in that quarter—as it very soon did, through Markham's imprudence or ill luck—it had an ugly look."

"And how was that, sir?" I inquired of him.

"Why," said he, "Markham had a brother who was a clerk in the Colonial Office, and he happened to be there one morning when the Secretary came through the room. He remembered that Markham had been sent to him by me on business once or twice, and called him into his room to ask him some questions on a matter to come before Parliament that day, that he supposed he might know about. I can't tell you how the cross-purposes occurred, but Markham supposing he was speaking of this matter, of which his own thoughts were full, made answers which aroused the curiosity of the minister, and he did not release him till he had learned all he had to tell."

"That was unlucky, certainly," said I; "but it was rather poor Markham's misfortune than his fault."

"So I have tried to persuade papa," Eleanor put in, blushing and looking down; "but he —"

"Ah, but you forget, my dear, that although he was taken by surprise at first, he admitted that he went on deliberately afterwards in his account of the matter, thinking, forsooth, that it was best for all parties! He thinks, indeed!"

"But, perhaps he was right, papa," said Eleanor, growing a little warmer as she went on. "You say that you were mistaken in not doing this very thing at first; why, then, are you so very severe on poor Mr. Markham?"

"He and I were very different people, my dear," he replied, "and the conduct which might have been wise in me, was uncalled for and impertinent in him. And that is harder to forgive than an intentional injury,—of which I have never suspected him. Had he held his tongue, we should have been at Walford to-day, instead of Wensley."

I really could not find it in my heart

to bear him malice for that, though I did not think Miss Eleanor had any occasion to blush so when she named him. I only said, however, "And what was the upshot, sir?"

"Why, the upshot was, as you might suppose, that the minister was high, and so was I. He spoke of the whole business in a way that I could not stand, sir, and I threw up the office on the spot. His lordship made no objections to receiving my resignation, and soon afterwards appointed this very Ferguson my successor."

"Ferguson!" I exclaimed.

"O, yes," he replied, "and a very proper appointment it seemed to me then." Eleanor lifted up her eyes and hands as a slight protest. "Well, there was no reason I knew of why it was not, my dear, and I made no quarrel with Ferguson on that score."

"But how was this connected with your coming to America, sir, if I may ask?" said I.

"Very naturally," he answered; "as these frauds had occurred during my incumbency, I felt myself bound to do my best to get to the bottom of them, and to bring the perpetrators to justice. It was due to the government, and to my character; and the most direct way seemed to be to look into them in person, and on the spot. And so I came over, and as this foolish girl would not be left behind, I had to bring her with me."

"And what success have you had, sir?" I inquired.

"Indifferent enough," was his reply. "The conspirators on this side the water must have had timely notice of the discovery, for I have got no trace of them yet; and I fear I never shall now. But I had resolved never to go home until I had cleared this mystery up; and nothing but some imputation on my honor and character, such as Ferguson threw out to-day, would shake my resolution."

"Perhaps, sir," I suggested, "what he said was a mere burst of spite and vexation,—for I must say that my cousin's reception and treatment of him were not of a gratifying description. Will it not be time enough to decide, and to act, after you have some definite information as to what he means to do and say? Possibly you may never hear from him again."

"I do not think that at all likely," he rejoined; "but, as you say, perhaps there is no hurry about it. At any rate, I will be ruled by a girl and boy, to the extent of taking time to consider before I do any thing further."

And Eleanor thanked him again in the manner heretofore protested against by

Sir Walter Scott and myself. I added, when this was over,

"And I wish, sir, you would take the boy's advice in another particular."

"Ah, and what is that?" said he, smiling graciously.

"I wish you would take Mr. Bulkley into your counsels. He is odd, but kind, and a genuine friend to this house, if faith may be given to his words behind your backs. And he is shrewd and wise in his generation, and as true as Toledo steel; and I know that your confidence would be very gratifying to him."

"O, I have the highest value for the good person," he replied good-naturedly, "and would trust him with my soul, body, and estate. I do not imagine he can do much for us; but if you should like to take him into counsel, I have no objection. Have you, Eleanor?"

"No, indeed, papa," she replied, "and I think he is a very knowing old man. Perhaps, as cousin Frank says, he may make some useful suggestion. At any rate he will be a kind and good friend, and surely we have no superfluity of such."

"You may tell him what you think best of our affairs, then," the Colonel said in conclusion, "whenever he comes home, and say I should like to talk matters over with him. And now come, take Eleanor into the dining-room, for you must be ready for your dinner by this time."

And so, in truth, I found myself, as soon as I could descend to consider the matter; and as the hour when poor Jasper had spread his table for me was long past, I made no resistance to this hospitable suggestion. I don't know whether I ought to put it on record or not, but the fact is, that, notwithstanding the agitations of one kind and another we had undergone, we gave all the evidence good appetites could imply of good consciences. During dinner we talked on indifferent subjects, and the servant who waited on us could not have suspected from our ways, that any thing out of the common had occurred that morning. Such are the funny conditions of the human microcosm! After dinner, I returned to the personage and applied myself to my classics with what appetite I might.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL WOMAN.

THE ideal woman has often been described; we have known all about her from our boyhood. That she was a being born destitute of will, desire, or aim of her own. That she lived and breathed, acted and suffered, in and for her husband and children, the former particularly. That she was "fragile" in form, with "tiny" hands, and "fairy" feet, and "silvery" voice. That she found her chief glory in making a shirt—her highest pleasure in compounding a pudding. That she watched her husband's looks, anticipating every wish, without the smallest expectation of any attention or sacrifice from him, in return. That she was utterly unable to frown, or to say no. That she waited for her lord and master till all hours of the night, cheerfully sewing at his buttons, and never reproaching him for being late, or asking where he had been. That she "soothed his troubled brow," "consoled him by her sympathy," "cheered him by her smiles," "divided his cares and sorrows," and bore with entire satisfaction any amount of exclusion from his pleasures; accepting every crumb of his company with gratitude. In short, that she was born to be the humble contributor to man; to bear with his tempers, follow his fortunes, humor his whims,

cater for his wants, watch over his illnesses, bring up his children, economize his means, promote his enjoyments,—be wholly lost and swallowed up in him while he lived, and, if she survived him, be content with a pittance of his estate, or a condition of dependence, if it proved to have been his sovereign will and pleasure to leave the fortune she had helped to accumulate to posterity or the public.

All this has formed the staple material for the use of magazine writers and others, when they would show up the ideal woman, and the world has hailed the picture with complacency. It was nice to think that so convenient a class had been created for the good of the higher; and if the gentlemen were pleased, why the ladies must be, of course, or they could not claim to be ideal women. And we have no special objection to make, if only the thing be rightly understood. The nice, pussy-like woman we have sketched may be agreeably translated by a master-hand, as by Mr. Thackeray, into Helen Penderennis, or by Mr. Dickens, into sundry heroines, and her lot is not always an unlovely one. The happiness of making sacrifices is, under certain conditions, the sweetest and highest of all, and as soon as the ideal man shall be embodied, there can

be no word of objection to this mould for the ideal woman. As things are now, indeed, her lot would not be enviable, unless she were born a sort of mental and moral jelly, and a very mild jelly too. There must be no wine in it, or the spirit would hardly be as amenable as the case requires. Few of our lady friends, we may venture to observe, would be prominent in desiring to become ideals, on these terms; still fewer, perhaps, would furnish the requisite material.

The female character we have indicated enjoys, and very naturally, a popularity as old as Methuselah, perhaps dating as far back as Adam and Eve, if we may believe Milton, who praises "sweet complaisance" in woman, and extols headship in man, *con amore*. But as times change, manners change with them, and the need of a new ideal woman, fitted to our new state of things in the new world, has already begun to be felt. The quotations as to hands, feet, voice, and so forth, remain as before, with, perhaps, a shade more delicacy, even at the expense of health, comfort, and usefulness. But the American man, working with every nerve, muscle, tissue, fibre, and particle in a state of highest tension, under the burning sun of prosperity and the mad typhoon of competition, has no time to be cheered, consoled, or amused. Woman's active duties towards him in those respects are now wholly excused and omitted. Business is first, last, and without end. A wife's voice, even though "silvery" up to the regulation standard, has no music for ears so weary that silence itself, if "eloquent," would be importunate. Even a "clear, ringing laugh" will not be missed. American woman might be stricken with dumbness, and American man would scarcely discover it. Even beauty is but half prized, for admiration is fatiguing. Dress is important, because it has something to do with "business;" it is thought to prove property, and so helps to make more. As to female grace, according to the standard of the moment it consists solely in repose: rest—rest—rest! first, second, third requisition, now, of the American husband. Only don't talk to him—don't ask him to go out in the evening—don't inquire "the news down town"—don't let the baby cry, or the boys study aloud;—muffle the door-bell at 7 P. M.—have all your hinges and locks well oiled; keep out the mosquitoes—touch the cat softly with your foot if she purrs too loud; and you may easily fill the place of the model American woman of our present time, a transition state let us hope.

We are yet to require and have some-

thing else, something better. The old ideal—the purely sentimental one, has gone out of date, and as to the transitional one, there is a nothingness about it that proves its contravention of all the laws of nature and Providence, since nothing was made to be nothing. That it should ever have become customary to praise woman negatively, shows how thoroughly we are sophisticated. "Calling light darkness, and darkness light; putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter,"—is nothing to this larger insult to the order and symmetry of the universe. Shining in the milky way may be very well for stars; but it is poor business for women, who resemble stars only in a few particulars, such as "raining influence," and the like. There has always been a woman starting up here and there, and insisting on being somebody; but these exceptional cases have not been received with hearty goodwill and welcome. Nor do we say they should have been, exceptional cases having always in some degree the effect of romances. The aborigines of San Salvador looked upon a ship, one of the most beautiful and graceful objects, as a hideous winged creature, because they thought it came on an errand of destruction. They saw it through their prejudices. We would not insinuate that a learned woman seems to us thus; but only that the world has seen too few specimens to be able to class her satisfactorily. Men in general view her as a Comanche would a locomotive, should he meet it unawares, whizzing past him on his hunting-ground. The sensation is not agreeable. The Indian might be conscious of a threatened disparagement of his own legs; and men—well, men think it just as well that woman should keep in her own "sphere." (We hope the ladies will give us credit for candor.)

So we are not for learned ladies, as such; but we insist that the Ideal American woman of our day must be one with every faculty cultivated, every power in use. This may seem so obvious as to deserve the name of a truism or platitude, but earnest, practical acceptance would cause a revolution—not a bloody, but a happy one. The world has seen a great variety of women. There have been, as was just observed, learned ladies; there have also been fashionable ladies and sentimental ladies. There is many a drudging, good soul, who, without the least necessity, is a mere upper servant in her own house, under a mistaken idea of duty; there are also women so very "refined" that in no supposable emergency could they be persuaded to help themselves, or to be of any earthly use to others. We have had delicate women and masculine ones;

"nervous" and "strong-minded" ones; coquettes and pruders; devotees and (pah!) free-thinkers; some too poor-spirited to maintain any place at all, and others sighing, or rather striding, after nothing short of pantaloons and legislation. All these different orders of women are more or less at enmity one with the other; secret dislike or genteel scandal in the well-bred, blazing out into hard words and defamation in the unbred. Every one of them sees her neighbor's deficiencies and feels her own, and no love grows in such disturbed ground. There is no common object; no concert in the attainment of any thing, only rivalry and real isolation under the mask of conventional intercourse. Candid women own this; they confess that there is very little common feeling among them. Men, having regular and combined employment, are bound together at least by professional ties, or *esprit de corps*; but women are totally without the feeling, and the strength and improvement that belongs to it. It is for want of it that they do so little for the wretched, the unemployed, and the fallen of their own sex. They will give months of sewing, and thousands of dollars toward the equipment and support of young men at college, or as missionaries, while destitute women go from their doors unrelieved. Why is this? Because having no combination among themselves, they are instinctively impelled to throw their individual efforts and gifts into the hands of men, who *have* combination, and can produce results. Look at any large neighborhood or coterie. You may find there a specimen of every class we have named, and more besides, condemned to each other's propinquity by the inexorable laws of time and space; and some, perhaps the best, of them, will be living in seclusion; others in tattling and fluctuating friendship, so called; some in ceaseless householdry, which entitles them to roll up their eyes at others who write sonnets to the moon when they should be darning stockings. What is wanting to bring all these jarring elements into one harmonious circle? A hearty, intelligent, habitual pursuit of knowledge, not pedantic, nor finical, nor sectarian, nor showy, nor by any means sought only in books. Our Ideal Women must be "globed," if we may borrow a word from higher quarters; mind and body cultivated and accomplished, until no duty is too high or too low, no society barren or foreign, no solitude dreary, no crowd dissipating. The American woman being of no class, needs all the powers and qualities that up to our day have been divided among various classes. She must be able not only to

grace a splendid costume, but to shape and decorate it with her own hands, if circumstances render such exercise of taste and industry desirable; not only to preside at her dinner table, and be its light and warmth, but to cook the dinner and serve it too, on an emergency, and never feel that she has sacrificed an iota of dignity or a shade of refinement. She may read Shakspeare and rock the cradle, and the baby be no whit the worse cared for. If fickle fortune frown, she is by no means to let die any of the graces that adorned her prosperity, if wealth roll in upon her poverty, a contingency which well deserves to be provided for in these United States, she must not scorn or forsake the lowlier mood in which it was sweet to watch and toil for those she loved, but remember that affluence of heart is by no means compensated by affluence of pocket. Why should one power cripple or smother another? Why should accomplishments throw into the shade the useful arts? and why should household skill, the Art of Home, oh, blessedest and finest of all arts! scorn the aid of the acquired powers and graces which dignify and cheer harassing occupations, soothe and elevate the mind, and afford innocent amusement for thoughts and hands, protecting virtue by leaving no vacant, weary hours for vicious wishes?

There is no complaint more common than of the intense dullness of our ordinary society. This is so well understood that no one is surprised at hearing an invitation spoken of as an infliction, and the acceptance of it as a thing to be eluded by any and every social art and fiction. We venture to say that *ours is the only country under the sun where this is the case*. And the reason is but too obvious; it is, that as a general thing, unless there are people hired to amuse in some way, there is absolutely nothing expected at a social gathering but dress and display, for which not every one has means or inclination. Nobody goes into company intending to contribute in the smallest degree to the pleasure of others, and so the whole thing is vitiated and hollow. There will be many Mrs. Potiphar's balls this winter! Would we might live to see the end of them!

Do we mean, then, to say that American women, as they are, are not accomplished? Let us summon all our courage—nay, all our benevolence, and confess that that is just what we do mean. (We have thrust sticks into a hornet's nest before now, on purpose to pull it down and get at some lovely pears that were growing above.) We do say,—and let our unhappy bachelorhood take the blame if we are

wrong—that American ladies, spite of thousand-dollar boarding-schools and immensely mustached teachers of every thing, are *not* practically furnished forth with the knowledge and skill for which their parents have paid so much; do *not* carry with them into their married homes, habits which demand the exercise of talent, taste and perseverance, with the single object of pleasing those with whom they live, and making home the centre and natural theatre of their best graces. We do say, and with a deeper sorrow than the subject may seem to some to warrant, that music, dancing, and French are the only accomplishments, technically so called, cultivated to any considerable extent, and that the first of these is so entirely perverted from its divine uses, that no young lady plays in company for the sole purpose of giving pleasure, or without an idea of competition or display. “No young lady!” we hear some indignant voice exclaim; alas! dear reader, have patience—if there be exceptions they are too few to be considered. Ask any splendid singer of your acquaintance to sing an old-fashioned song, one popular twenty or thirty years ago, and not yet “revived” by some musical prodigy in public, and you will be convinced. Ask your daughter to play for your country cousin, and see if she will play any but the most difficult music, such as is mere confusion to uninstructed ears. Request the young lady who sang very sweetly last evening in a company where there were only ordinary performers, to oblige you again to-night, when her rival at Madame ——’s has astonished the room. But this is a little aside from our theme. What we ought rather to say is, see how large a proportion of the fifty married ladies of your acquaintance who have had a musical education, play and sing at all, after two or three years’ housekeeping. Music is no longer a home accomplishment, a family treasure, a life-long joy. There is a delusion about it, which an Ideal Woman will see through and live down. But enough.

Dancing is not worth many words. It is, properly, the joyous expression of youthful hilarity and strength, and dies a natural death as soberer hours creep on, and the muscles have enough to do otherwise. Let it take care of itself, under the sweet guidance of delicacy and grace. We have no quarrel with it, so long as it keeps its place.

The study of the French Language is, in most cases, a mere mania of the day, in many a spending of time and money without intelligent end or aim, since it finishes with the school days and never had any intended use as a key to French

literature. If here we seem to make rash assertions again, we desire to be put to a test similar to the one proposed just now. Ask the six most intelligent married ladies of your friends how many French authors they have read in the original since they left school. Would we then discourage the study? Far from it; we would only continue it through life; we would never undertake it without meaning to do so. The only other feasible object of so much toil would be the chance of marrying one of our numerous foreign ambassadors or *chargés*, who would certainly be made much more respectable in the eyes of people abroad if even their wives had this indispensable competency for the position.

As to drawing, that lovely home-talent, in the exercise of which British ladies so generally excel, how small a proportion of ours who know any thing about it! A lady artist is almost a *luxus nature* among us, and even a tolerable skill in sketching from nature is extremely rare. Of all the educated American women we know, and that includes a goodly number, encountered in the course of our wanderings, there are not six who can make a drawing they are willing or ought to be willing to show. Why is this? Let us not enter on the ungracious exposition. Let the ladies answer the question for themselves.

We have said enough about what are popularly called accomplishments, and shall pursue the topic no further at present. But our Ideal American Woman is but half indicated as yet. We have implied her outline by contrast and comparison; let us now be a little more direct. Having confessed that neither the grub nor the butterfly is to our taste, we would further observe that an enlightened and elegant woman gives her own character to her occupations. As she feels, believes and is, so will her work be, in kitchen or parlor. That shrewd beauty, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a duke’s daughter, saw this and said it, a hundred years ago. “Meubler une chambre,” she says, (we quote from memory,) “ce n’est pas meubler une chambre; c’est orner un endroit où j’attends mon ami. Ordonner un souper,” &c. The thing is what we make it.

One of the great Dutch painters represents the Holy Family after a courageous fashion; Joseph planing at a carpenter’s bench, with shavings falling all about him; Mary, with a basket of family mending, plying the needle industriously; and the Saviour, a youth of fourteen, meekly sweeping the floor with a broom. More could hardly have been done for the dignity of household labor.

We shall, therefore, as we hope, not shock any body by saying that, to our thinking, our ladies of fortune show bad taste by their studious avoidance of those household occupations which their sisters without fortune are in duty bound to practise daily. This brings these occupations—necessary for the comfort and happiness of every human family, from the palace to the hut, and therefore proper objects to every one having a human heart and sympathies—into disrepute and contempt. We contend that domesticity is the honor and glory of a woman, whatever her fortune and abilities; and that when she performs all its duties by means of hirelings, she is untrue to herself and her birthright. Nature's revenge is severe enough, for, the loss of real pleasure and interest is incalculable, and there is no computing the *ennui*, insanity, and ill-health that come of the error. But the punishment is seldom recognized as such, certain as it is. The lady becomes "nervous" and accuses her cruel stars; or "dyspeptic," and talks of her stomach till she turns every one's else; or consumptive, and goes down to the grave in the prime of life by what is called a "mysterious dispensation." But she never believes, nor can you persuade her, that the dullness and monotony of an objectless and wasted life has any thing to do with these sad results. She would laugh at you, if she could yet laugh, should you tell her that the woman who, with no choice in the matter flies from the needle to the churn, from the broom to the pin-board, and from putting the children to bed to knitting stockings for them, is far happier and better off, and would be still more blessed if, in addition, she had the cultivation, the taste, and the abundant means thrown away upon her idle sister, without losing her own activity and the habit of various employment.

"Want of time" is much talked of, as if from the shortness of life we could wisely attempt but little. But this is a great error. The complaint is oftener made by the idle and inefficient. It has been proved a thousand times that those who have most to do have the most effective leisure—i. e., that they are the people to apply to if you need aid unexpectedly. Our working hours are carefully reckoned by the clock, those that slip by unprofitably do so unrecorded. There is time for the highest cultivation and the highest usefulness; those who doubt it accuse Providence, as if powers were meant to run to waste. The languor of too much rest is not repose but imbecility; the intervals of intense action are sweet and

full of life and promise. The excitements of a true woman's life, under favorable circumstances, are gentle, but they are incessant. She has no occasion for severe labor, she has no excuse for wilful idleness. Our ideal woman will not think idleness lady-like.

The Ideal American Woman—would that her time were come!—will govern her children, which certainly the American woman of to-day does not. We will venture to say that so many utterly uncured children are not to be found any where as in the United States; perfect nuisances to every body who is unhappy enough to come in contact with them—an expression perhaps suggested by the fact that we are still black and blue from the kicks of a little boy whom his mamma very complacently allowed to assault us repeatedly during a long stage-ride this last summer. We should perhaps have been more indignant if the good lady had not been kept in countenance by all the American mothers we encountered during a pretty long tour. It is hardly possible to exaggerate in describing the behavior of American children to their parents, their nurses, their unhappy teachers,—and why is this so little noticed? In conversation it is a never-failing topic, especially among travellers, who experience its effects in every steamer, car, and carriage. Ask our teachers to what extent parents aid them in the government of children. If they dare, they will tell you sad stories.

Now, begging pardon of all the dear, good women of our acquaintance who allow their children to treat them with disrespect, there is pitiable weakness in this, and our ideal woman will put it to shame by the firmness with which she will insist on her rights, and the tenderness with which she will grant her children theirs. She will not, for the sake of seeming amiable, let them grow up in unchecked insolence, which, in the end, she is as unwilling to bear as other people. She will neither be the tyrant of her children, nor allow them to lord it over her; she will not harass them by incessant governing, nor permit them to despise proper restraints. We are not writing a treatise on education, so we forbear further comment. What we have written we have written, and we shall be truly glad to be controverted.

On the whole, we may as well rest our case for the present, reserving for a future day a wider exposition of our notion of the "Whole Duty of Woman," in completing the portrait of the Ideal Woman of our time and country.

MR. COLLIER'S FOLIO SHAKSPEARE OF 1622:—ITS MOST PLAUSIBLE MS. CORRECTIONS.

"Out of this Nettle, Danger, we plucke this Flower, Safety."
King Henry IV., Part I., Act II., Sc. 2.

NOT what Shakspeare might, could, would, or should have written, but what he did write, is the only admissible object of the labors of his editors and verbal critics. In a previous paper, we took the position that the only source of any *authority* for the text of Shakspeare is in the original folio, which was published in 1623 by his friends, fellow-actors, and business partners: that when that text is utterly incomprehensible from the typographical errors which deform it, and *then only*, we should seek emendations: that those emendations should be first looked for in the quartos, because they were contemporaneous with Shakspeare: that only such corrupted passages as the quartos do not make clear are proper subjects for the exercise of conjecture; and that such of these as conjecture does not amend, in a manner at once consistent with the context, with common sense, and with the language and customs of Shakspeare's day, should be allowed to stand untouched; because the experience of a century and a half has taught us that when the original text seems incomprehensible, the difficulty may possibly be with ourselves; but chiefly because it is better to have in the works of Shakspeare an obscure text which *may be* Shakspeare's, than one which is clear, but with the light of another mind than his.

With regard to conjectural or arbitrary emendations we adopted the decision of the judicious Malone, that all are arbitrary which are "made at the will and pleasure of the conjecturer, and *without any authority*," and that all readings "not authorized by authentic copies, printed or manuscript, stand on the same footing, and are to be judged of by their *reasonableness or probability*." The soundness of all these positions is self-evident; but we established it by an examination of the history of Shakspeare's text from its first publication to the present day.

With regard to the MS. corrections in Mr. Collier's copy of the second folio, an overwhelming weight of internal evidence compelled the conclusion that they have not the least shadow of authority, but are the fruits of arbitrary conjecture, and made not earlier than about 1670; at which time speculative emendation could

have no advantages which it does not possess at the present day, except in the possible survival of a few modes of expression which have since become obsolete; and this the MS. corrections, by the numerous evidences which they furnish that the maker or makers of them did not understand phrases and words which are perfectly understood by English scholars of the present day, prove to have been no advantage at all. But though these MS. corrections have no semblance of authority, and though at least one thousand and thirteen, out of the one thousand three hundred and three, are unworthy of a moment's further consideration, still, to repeat the words of our previous article, "the discovery of this corrected folio will prove to be of material service to the text of Shakspeare." Its corrections, nevertheless, are to receive only the consideration due to them as arbitrary and conjectural, and must be "judged of by their reasonableness and probability." With the thousand and thirteen, new and old, before mentioned, we have of course nothing further to do. Of the remaining two hundred and ninety, one hundred and seventy-three have been a part of the received text for more than a quarter of a century; and these obviously present no claims for present examination. But in the one hundred and seventeen still undisposed of, there are a few which assert at once an unquestionable claim to be received into the text, and many which are at least worthy of careful consideration before they are rejected. We propose to glance at the inherent merits of the more important of the latter number—the one hundred and seventeen.

TEMPEST.

The only plausible correction proposed in this play is of a passage in Act V., Sc. I, which stands thus in the original folio: *

"His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
 That could controule the Moone; make flowes and ebb,
 And deale in her command, without her power."

The MS. corrector changed "without her power," to "*with all her power*," an alteration which appears more than plausible, until we recollect that 'power' is used for 'legitimate authority' to this day. Thus, we say that an officer 'exceeded his powers.' Mr. Charles Knight

* We give the passages which it is proposed to correct, not with the modernized spelling, emendations, &c., but *verbatim et literaliter* as they appear in the original text; and that our readers may the better judge of the necessity for the corrections, and their plausibility.

is unquestionably right in his defence of the old reading, which cannot be disturbed. *Sycorax* was a witch, "so strong," that she could usurp the functions of the Moon, and "deal in her command without her" legitimate authority.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In Act II., Sc. 1, *Speed* says to *Valentine*—

"When you look'd sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are Metamorphos'd with a Mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my Master."

The MS. correction, "And now you are so Metamorphos'd with a Mistress that when" &c., seems very plausible, and perhaps should be accepted; but still, with the sentence punctuated as we have given it, we are not sure that the so is necessary.

In Act II., Sc. 1, *Valentine* says to the Duke, of *Proteus*:

"I, my good Lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed."

The MS. correction in the second line,

"To be of wealth and worthy estimation,"

seems required by the context, and to be justified by a probable misprint. And yet "worthy estimation" may mean, 'the esteem of worthy people.' "I," in the first line, is the old mode of spelling 'Aye,' and furnishes a guide as to the varying pronunciation of that word.

In Act V., Sc. 2, for—

"These are my mates that make their wills their Law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase,"
the margins propose, with reason, to read—
"These my rude mates," &c.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I., Sc. 3.—*Falstaff* says of *Bar-dolph*, "his filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not time." To which *Nym* replies, "The good humor is steal at a minute's rest," which is evidently a misprint for "a minute's rest," to which it is altered in the MS. corrector.

Act II., Sc. 1.—The *Host* says to *Ford* in the original. "My hand (Bully); thou shalt have egress and regress (said I well?), and thy name shall be *Broome*." But this name, *Broome*, kills *Falstaff's* pun about brooks o'erflowing with liquor; and as in the surreptitious quarto of 1602, the name is printed *Brook*, that *alias* has been adopted in all modern editions. But it is to be remarked that in the authentic copy of the play, frequently as the name occurs, it is invariably given, *Broome*. Now, it is almost impossible that *Brook*

could have been so often and without exception misprinted *Broome*; but it is quite probable that *Bourne*, which means the same as *Brook* (for instance—

"We two ha' paddl'd in the bourn")

should have been mistaken in manuscript for *Broome*. The corrector makes the change to *Bourne*; and though the world will give up *Master Brook* unwillingly, there seems to be no reasonable doubt that he should yield place to *Master Bourne*.

Act II., Sc. 2.—*Falstaff* says of *Mrs. Ford*: "She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present itself." The margins, in reading "the folly of my *suit*," seem to correct a probable misprint.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act II., Sc. 3.—The Duke says to *Juliet*:

"Th' meet as (daughter) but least you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which arrow is always toward ourselves, not
heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in feare."

The MS. corrector makes the fourth line,

"Showing we would not *serve* heaven," &c.

This appears to be required by the context, and to be a permissible correction of a probable misprint. Still, "serve" is defended in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the ground that to *serve* heaven is to do good actively.

In Act IV., Sc. 2, the original line,

"That wounds th' *unskilful* Posterns with these strokes,"

contains a misprint, almost without doubt, which is plausibly corrected, in Mr. Collier's folio, to,

"That wounds the *restless* postern," &c.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

In *Dromio's* reply to his brother, in Act III., Sc. 1,

"If thou hadst bene Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldest have changed thy face for a name or
thy name for an ass,"

the last words are evidently misprinted for "thy name for a *face*," to which they are changed in Mr. Collier's folio.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

In Act II., Sc. 3, *Claudio* says of *Beatrice*, "Then downe upon her knees she falls, weepes, sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O sweet *Benedicke*, God give me patience." Here "curses" is almost without a doubt, an error of the press for *cries*, to which it is changed by the MS. corrector.

Act III., Sc. 1.—*Hero* being asked when she is to be married, replies, "Why, surly day, to-morrow." The answer is incomprehensible, on account of a misprint which is thus corrected in the famous folio, "Why, in a day,—to-morrow."

Although we proposed to notice only such alterations as present plausible claims for admission into the text, we cannot refrain from pointing out one very feeble attempt at emendation, in Act IV., Sc. 1. *Leonato* says to the disgraced *Hero*,

"Thought I thy spirits stronger than thy shame,
Mynoth would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life."

"Rearward" is misprinted *reward* in the first folio; but the error of the press is corrected in the second. The MS. corrector, however, changes "rearward" for the same word *hazard*; and Mr. Collier calls it "the true reading."

In Shakspeare's plays "rearward," it is true, does not elsewhere occur with this signification,—a fact which, however, is of little consequence; but had Mr. Collier or his MS. *protégé* ever read, marked, or understood those lines of noble sorrow in the 90th Sonnet,

"Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune; make me bow;
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath escaped this sorrow
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow?"

In this same speech of *Leonato's*, there occurs a very plausible suggestion on Mr. Collier's margins. The afflicted father says of his daughter;

"O she is false
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her cleane againe,
And salt too little, which may season give
To her soule tainted flesh."

The corrector changes the hemistich to,

"To her soul-tainted flesh."

There can hardly be a doubt that this is the true reading. It were well for Mr. Collier's reputation had he merely set it forth as such. But he must give for it this extraordinary, this preposterous reason—"Hero's flesh was tainted to the soul by the accusation brought against her." What a focus of blunders there is in that unfortunate sentence. *Leonato*, of course, supposed *Hero* tainted by her moral crime. Indeed it is noteworthy that one consequence of the publication of Mr. Collier's "Notes and Emendations" is the self-exposure of the astounding fact, that this veteran in the field of Shakspearean literature has not a nice and true appre-

ciation of Shakspeare. His learning no one can question; but his reputation as one who has penetrated the spirit of Shakspeare, who has "plucked out the heart of his mystery," is gone for ever. In blackletter and antiquarian lore, he can have but few rivals; but there are few real lovers of Shakspeare who do not hold a closer commune with the spirit of their master. Among his editors we may name Charles Knight who, with vastly fewer advantages in the field of Shakspearean literature, must now be placed far before his rival editor as a true Shakspearean. Charles Knight would never have said, when *Hamlet* chides himself because he "lacks gall to make oppression bitter," that "it was not oppression, but crime which was to be punished(!)" by him." Charles Knight would never have supposed that *Hero's* flesh was tainted to the soul, sooner than he would have made a score of other blunders in the construction of Shakspeare's poetry and humor which appear in Mr. Collier's recent publication.

In Act IV., Sc. 2, this apparently hopeless confusion is made by the printers in the original text.

"Const.—Come let them be opinioned.
Sen.—Let them be in the hands of Coxcombs.
Kem.—God's my life, where's the Sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer Coxcombe," &c.

This is thus happily corrected in Mr. Collier's folio.

"Const.—Come, let them be opinion'd.
Sen.—Let them be bound.
Borach.—Hands off, Coxcombe!
Dog.—God's my life," &c.

"Kem." is the abbreviation of Kempe. William Kempe was the first Dogberry; and the original folio, having been printed from the stage copy, gives in this instance and in some others, the name of the actor instead of that of the character.

LOVE'S LABORS LOST.

Act I., Sc. 1. *Longaville* pronounces the prohibitory law against women to be,

"A dangerous law against gentility;"

in this place an unintelligible phrase, which the MS. corrector very plausibly changes to,

"A dangerous law against parity."

In the same scene the "Sirra, come on," which the original gives to *Biron*, probably belongs to the *Constable*, to whom the MS. corrector assigns it.

Act IV., Sc. 1. In the defective line of *Biron's* sonnet,

"Thou for whom Jove would swear,"

Pope read "even Jove;" Mr. Collier's

margins give "*great Jove*," with more fitness and probability.

At the commencement of *Biron's* speech, after he reads his sonnet, "my true love's parting pain," sounds like a misprint of "my true love's *lasting* pain," to which it is changed by the corrector.

The whole context of *Biron's* long speech towards the end of this act seems to demand that, in place of,

"For where is any Author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?"

we should read, with the margins of Mr. Collier's folio,

"For where is any author in the world
Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye?"

Act V., Sc. 2. *Rosaline*, speaking of the capricious power she would exercise over *Biron*, says,

"So potent like I would osway his state
That he should be my foole and I his fate."

This the MS. corrector changes to,

"So *potently* I would osway his state," &c.:

which is the best emendation of the passage yet offered, and one so obvious that it seems strange that it has not come to light before.

In *Boyet's* speech, the old-fashioned long *s* is responsible for the error in

"And every one his Love that will advance
Vato his severall Mistress;"

which, as the MS. corrector conjectures, should surely be,

"And every one his love *suft*," &c.

After hearing of the death of her father, the *Princess* replies to a remark by the *King*,

"I understand you not, my grieves are double."

There is plausibility in the MS. corrector's change of "double" into *dull*. But hear Mr. Singer.

"Specious, but incorrect; the error lies in the small word *are*, which is a misprint for *see*. Read,

"I understand you not, my grieves *see* double."

Mr. Singer! Mr. Singer! A lady and a princess too! Do you mean to insinuate that she had sought to drown her sorrows in the flowing bowl, that you make her thus *see* double?

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act III., Sc. 2. Poor *Hermia* says to *Lysander*,

"Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?"

Mr. Collier's margins have plausibly enough, "what *means* my love?" But it is by no means certain that any variation from the original is needed. This is

Hermia's first interview with her former lover since Puck's application of the flower to his eyes; and she may well express surprise at the novelty of his declaration that he hates her.

Act V., Sc. 1. When *Lysander* enumerates among the entertainments ready for the acceptance of *Theseus*,

"A tedious breefe scene of yongg *Pyramus*
And his love *Thisby*; very tragically mirth."

The latter replies,

"Merry and tragical! Todious and breife! That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow."

The epithet "strange" applied to snow is not only entirely inappropriate, but utterly meaningless; it is doubtless a printer's error for *seething*. The MS. corrector reads "hot ice, and *seething* snow."

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The changes of the received text suggested in this play are unwarranted, except in three important instances:—"Happiest of all in that her gentle spirit," for, "Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit," in Act III., Sc. 2; "Peace! now the moon sleeps with Endymion," for, "Peace, how the moone slepes with Endymion," Act V., Sc. 1; and "In summer *when* the ways are faire enough," for, "In summer where the waies are faire enough." These are well suggested, if it prove that any change in the old text is necessary.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act I., Sc. 2. It is quite probable, as Mr. Collier's folio suggests, that *Le Beau* told the princesses, in his affected way, that they had "lost much good sport," (sport) and that this prompted *Cecilia* to ask, "Spot? of what colour?"

Act V., Sc. 2. A change is necessary in the description which *Silvius* gives of love. He says that it is—

"All adoration, dutie, and observance;
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance."

One of these 'observances' should evidently be 'obedience.' Malone made the necessary change in the third line. It is mere matter of opinion, but we prefer the MS. corrector's substitution of the needful word in the first line. Obedience seems more properly classed with adoration and duty than with purity and trial.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

None of the conjectures in this play, peculiar to the MS. corrector, are worthy of attention, except, perhaps, that, in Act IV., Sc. 4, where *Tranio* says—

"I thank you sir, where then doe you know best
We be affiled?"

we should read "where then do you *hold* best?" &c.

ALLS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

We owe to Mr. Collier's folio only one acceptable suggestion in this play: *i.e.*, for, "Enter a gentle Astringer," in Act V., Sc. 1, "Enter a gentleman, a stranger."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act I., Sc. 3. In *Sir Toby's* address to *Sir Andrew*, "And thou let part so, *Sir Andrew*," &c., *her* probably dropped out between "let" and "part," as the MS. corrector conjectures.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

We set out to notice only the plausible part of the MS. corrector's conjectures, but we must call attention to the prosaic and ridiculous literalism of adding to *Hermione's* observation, Act I., Sc. 2,

"You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction,"

the stage direction, "*Holding his forehead*,"—than which nothing could be more absurd and prosaic.

Act III., Sc. 3. "There weep and leave it crying," is probably a misprint for "There *wende* and leave it crying," as Mr. Collier's folio suggests.

Act IV., Sc. 3. When the *Servant*, speaking of *Autolycus*, says, "and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would (as it were) meane mischief, and breake a fowle gap into the matter;" we may safely read, with the MS. corrector, "break a foul *jape* into the matter." "*Jape*" is an old word for 'jest.'

KING JOHN.

Act III., Sc. 3. In the King's description of the midnight bell—

"If the midnight bell

Did with his yron tongue and brassen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night"—

it seems plausible to read with Mr. Collier's folio, "*ear* of night," for "race of night." "On" has previously been changed to *one*. But both changes are uncalled for, in our opinion. Let any one who has listened to a church clock striking twelve at midnight, and seeming as if it would never complete its solemn task, say whether

"Sound on into the drowzy race of night"

does not bring up the memory of his sensations more vividly than,

"Sound *one* into the drowzy ear of night."

In this same scene,

"A whole armada of *convicted* sail,"

seems a happy change from, "*convicted* sail."

Act IV., Sc. 3. "Thin bestained cloake," is most probably a misprint for "Siv bestained cloak," as the MS. corrector conjectures.

KING RICHARD II.

No conjecture peculiar to the corrector in this play presents claims to a place in the text.

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.

Act III., Sc. 1. *Mortimer*, who can speak no Welsh, says, in the original, to his Welsh wife, who addresses him, weeping,

"I understand thy lookes: that pretty Welsh

Which thou pour'st down from these swelling
heavens."

The substitution of *welling* for "swelling" by the corrector, is pretty and plausible; but we are not confident as to the necessity for a change.

KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

Act I., Sc. 2. "Degrees," in *Falstaff's* speech is quite surely a misprint for *diseases*, which is substituted for it in Mr. Collier's marginalia.

Act II., Sc. I. The *Hostess*, in the original, says, "A 100 marke is a long one for a poore lone woman to beare." She doubtless should say "a long *score*," as the MS. corrector conjectures. In the first part of her complaint she says,

"I warrant he is infinite thing upon my *score*."

Act IV., Sc. 1. *Westmoreland* speaks, in the original, of rebellion,

"Led on by bloodie youth, guarded with *rage*."

"*Rage*" is probably a misprint for *rage*, which the MS. corrector suggests.

KING HENRY V.

Act III., Sc. 6. *Gower*, in the original, speaks of begging soldiers who trick up military phrases "with new-tuned oaths." "New coined oaths" is the plausible conjecture found on the margins of Mr. Collier's folio.

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Act III., Sc. 2. For the tautological "Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*" of the original, the corrector plausibly suggests, "Warlike and *matchless* Talbot."

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

Act IV., Sc. 8. *Clifford*, addressing the "rabblement" under *Cade*, says, in the original,

"What say ye countrymen, will ye relent
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your death."

For "rabble" the MS. corrector substitutes *rebel* meaning *Cade*. The change

is plausible, and is defended by Mr. Collier on the ground that "the speaker was addressing the rabble, and would hardly ask whether they would allow themselves to lead themselves to their own deaths." But how many of the crowd would suppose that *they* were meant by the "rabble?" Perhaps Shakspeare meant that *Clifford* should display a more thorough knowledge of human nature than his MS. corrector and his advocates have shown.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

Act IV., Sc. 8. *King Henry* says of his relations to his army,

"My mildness hath alay'd their swelling griefs,
My merche dried their water-flowing tears."

"Water-flowing tears" seems tautological even to absurdity, and to be so natural a misprint for the appropriate phrase, "*bitter-flowing tears*," suggested by Mr. Collier's corrector, that we are inclined to accept the amendment.

KING RICHARD III.

Act I., Sc. 3. The change of "bottled spider" to "*bottle spider*," in *Queen Margaret's* tirade against *Gloster*, seems a judicious correction of a probable typographical error. There are in this play, as in those which we have passed and those which are to come, other admissible and more important conjectural emendations of error in the original text, than some of those which we have noticed. But they have been already made by others, and have a place in the received text, or the works of some of the commentators. And it must be constantly borne in mind that we busy ourselves at this time only with such plausible conjectures as originated with, or are the peculiar property of this MS. folio of Mr. Collier. There is no occasion for us to examine its mere appropriation or iteration of the conjectures of others.

KING HENRY VIII.

Act III., Sc. 2. *Surrey's* exclamation, on hearing of the marriage of *Anne Bullen* to the *King*,

"Now all my joy
Grace the conjunction!"

is, as the corrector suggests, a misprint for "Now *may* all joy," &c.

Act V., Sc. 3. The Porter's man says, in the original,

"Let me ne'er hope to see a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a cow, God save her!"

For this the MS. corrector proposes the following very ingenious and plausible reading, which must, almost without a doubt, be received into the text:

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"Let me ne'er hope to see a *queen* againe,
And that I would not for a *cowen*, God save her!"

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act IV., Sc. 3. In *Achilles' speech* to *Ulysses*, as it stands in the original,

"For speculation turnes not to itselfe
Till it hath travaill'd, and is married there
Where it may see itselfe,"

"married" is palpably a misprint for *mirrored*: a discovery which we owe to Mr. Collier's folio. The author of the articles on this subject in *Blackwood's Magazine*, thinks that "mirror" was not used as a verb in Shakspeare's time, and finds that "to mirror" does not occur even in Johnson's Dictionary. But this is no ground for deciding that such a bold writer as Shakspeare did not use it; while it is the best reason for believing that a compositor who had never seen the word "*mirrored*" should suppose it to be "*married*."

CORIOLANUS.

Act II., Sc. 1. In *Menenius's* humorous description of himself, the original makes him say that he "loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't: said to be something imperfect in allaying the first complaint." Mr. Collier's folio suggests, with reason, that we should read "*without* a drop of allaying Tiber," and, "the *thirst* complaint." Common sense will not set the latter word aside because Mr. Singer has discovered that "*thirst*" was sometimes provincially pronounced and spelt *frist* and *furst*. Shakspeare does not make *Menenius* talk like a West of England ploughboy. In the same scene the suggestion of *empiric physic*, for "*empirickcutique*" of the original, is one which will be gladly received. "Teach" of the old copy is also without a doubt misprinted for *touch*, in the following passage:

"This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his roaring insolence
Shall *touch* the people," &c.

Sc. 3. In the original, *Coriolanus*, as he stands in the Forum to ask the voices of the citizens for the consulship, disgusted with his office, exclaims:

"Why in this Woollish tongue should I stand here?" &c.

"Tongue" is evidently a misprint for *togue*, (*toga*); but "woollish" has given much trouble to the commentators. Mr. Collier's folio suggests *woolless* as a substitute; and the conjecture is more than plausible, and will probably be received into the text. In the previous scene *Coriolanus* is spoken of as refusing to put on "the napless vesture of humility;" and though this might be a figurative ex-

pression, that it is not, is shown by the stage direction in the original folio when *Coriolanus* enters with *Menenius*; which is, "Enter *Coriolanus* in a gown of *Humility*, with *Menenius*:"—a strong confirmation of the correctness of the new reading, which seems strangely to have escaped the notice of its advocate, and also of *Blackwood's* critic, who supports it.

Act III., Sc. 1. In the speech by *Coriolanus*, beginning, "O good, but most unwise Patricians," there are five attempts at emendation. With one exception, all are unnecessary, and therefore inadmissible. That which may be accepted is, "revoke your dangerous lenity," for "awake your dangerous lenity." In the same scene "How shall this bosom multiplied digest, &c.," is changed to "How shall this *bisson* multitude," &c.; an emendation justified by the context and the language of Shakspeare's day. "*Bisson*" is "blind."

Act IV., Sc. 1. *Brutus* would not speak of *Coriolanus* as "*good* *Marcus*;" but he would very naturally call him, in derision, "*god* *Marcus*," which is the reading of Mr. Collier's folio.

Act V., Sc. 5. *Aufidius*, speaking of *Coriolanus*, says,

"[I] sowed his designments
In mine own person; helps to reap the fame
Which he did end all his."

Mr. Collier's folio suggests *ear* (plough) for "end." This Mr. Singer finds to be "a good emendation of a probable misprint," but adds, with reason, that if "*ear*" be accepted, "*reap*" and "*ear*" must change places thus,

"help to ear the fame
Which he did reap all his."

"or," Mr. Singer continues, "*Aufidius* is made to say that he had a share in the harvest, while *Coriolanus* had all the labor of ploughing," which is just what he does not mean to say. The *Blackwood* critic thinks with Mr. Singer. But there is not the least necessity for this violence to the original text. *Aufidius* helped to reap the fame which *Coriolanus* made, in the end, all his. We regret to part company with our co-worker in *Blackwood*, whose comments on the remainder of the suggestions have yet to reach us, over such an indiscreet indorsement of a needless mutilation of the original text.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Mr. Collier has furnished us from his folio no new reading for this play which is worthy of consideration.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I., Sc. 1. The last word of the fol-

lowing lines in *Romeo's* description of *Rosaline* is evidently a misprint.

"She hath *Deas* wit,
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From loves weak childish bow she lives unharm'd."

Rowe changed it to *unharm'd*, which is the received text, and which gives the sense of the passage; but Mr. Collier's folio provides for us another word, *encharm'd*, which is much nearer the original text, and much better in every way. It will hereafter take a place in the text without question.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV., Sc. 3. The original gives this in the speech of the 1st *Bandit* about *Timon*:—"the mere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friends drove him into this Melancholy." The margins of Mr. Collier's folio judiciously supply, *him*, and read "the falling from *him* of his friends."

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act I., Sc. 2. If correction be needed in the following lines,

"When could they say (ill now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass but one man?"

the suggestion of *walls* for "*walks*," by Mr. Collier's folio must be accepted.

Act III., Sc. 1. In the original, the following passage is evidently not properly distributed among the characters:—

"*Cin.*—*Casca*, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cas.—Are we all ready? What is now apace
That *Cæsar* and his Senate must redress?"

"Are we all ready?" plainly does not belong to *Cæsar*, and has been made a continuation of *Cinna's* speech to *Casca*. But it more probably belongs to *Casca*; who, as the leader of the onset, would naturally ask the question. This is the distribution of the MS. corrector.

MACBETH.

In Act IV., Sc. 1. "Rebellious dead rise never," &c., was changed by Theobald to "Rebellious *head*," &c. But the context seems to require "*Rebellion's* head," which is suggested by Mr. Collier's folio, and was also made by the present writer some years ago. We have before noticed a similar coincidence with regard to the following passage in the same scene. *Macbeth* learns that *Macduff* has fled to England, and, in the course of a declaration of prompt, and energetic policy, says,

"No boasting like a Fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose coole:
But no more sights."

For "*sights*," we should unquestionably read *flights*. The old-fashioned long *s* caused the mistake.

Sc. 3. In the original, *Macduff* tells *Malcolm*,

"You may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold."

"Convey" is evidently an easy misprint for *enjoy*, which is substituted for it in Mr. Collier's folio.

Act. V., Sc. 2. *Cathness* obviously does not mean to say that *Macbeth*

"Cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule,"

but his "distemper'd *course*," which reading is found in Mr. Collier's folio.

Sc. 3. The substitution of

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *grief*,"
for

"Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *strife*,"
is a judicious correction of a very probable typographical error.

HAMLET.

Mr. Collier furnishes us in this play with no new readings, peculiar to his folio, which present even the slightest claims to be received into the text.

KING LEAR.

Act I., Sc. 1. *Cordelia*, disowned by her father, entreats him, according to the original, to

"make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonor'd step
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour."

"Murder" is evidently forced into the second line. It has no proper place in the category of blemishes enumerated by *Cordelia*. The word, as the reader will observe, was formerly written "murther," and so appears in the text, where it is an easy and undeniable mistake for *nor other*, which is substituted for it by Mr. Collier's folio, where the line stands consistently:—

"It is no vicious blot, *nor other foulness*."

OTHELLO.

Act I., Sc. 1. *Roderigo*'s "extravagant and wheeling stranger," seems well exchanged by Mr. Collier's folio, for an "extravagant and *wheeling* stranger."

Act III., Sc. 3. In the original, *Othello* speaks of the Pontick Sea, which

"*Never* keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due on," &c.

There has been much trouble among the commentators to dispose of the first "keeps." As was mentioned in our former article, it occurred some years ago to the present writer that *knows* was the word; and we are of course ready to acquiesce in the same conjecture which is re-

corded on the margins of Mr. Collier's folio.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act. II., Sc. 2. With regard to the following passage in the description of *Cleopatra's* barge,

"The Silken Tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yearly frame the office,"

Mr. Collier asks, "Why or how, was the silken tackle to 'swell with the touches of flower-soft hands'?" and adds that "we ought undoubtedly, with the old corrector, to amend the text to,

"*Small* with the touches of those flower-soft hands."

Such a typographical error would be easily made, if it be necessary to suppose any error at all. But, if Mr. Collier must be literal, does he not know that cordage will swell with handling? And besides, though it may be a very pretty compliment to suppose that the tackle would "small" (sweetly, of course) with the touches of the hands of *Cleopatra's* ladies, the word will thrust upon us the profoundly true observation, *Mulier recit olet ubi nihil olet*; which we shall never forget having found in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, under the head of *Artificial Allurements of Love*; but what author furnished it, we cannot say; which, by the way, is the confession that many a better scholar must make with regard to a large portion of the quotations in that wise, quaint, most learned, and fantastic book.

CYMBELINE.

Act III., Sc. 4. The famous correction "*Who smothers her with painting*," for "Whose mother was her painting," was considered in detail in our previous paper. It is the most striking and plausible of all the inadmissible changes proposed by Mr. Collier upon the basis of his corrected folio. We refer those of our readers who wish to consider the question closely to the October number of this magazine—p. 392. We add only a remark which will apply not only to this proposed reading, but to all arbitrary emendations,—that is, to use Malone's words again, to "all emendations not authorized by authentic copies printed or manuscript,"—which is, that even granting, for the sake of argument, that the proposed reading is better than that which is in the original folio, it cannot be received. *It is the function of no man to rewrite Shakspeare*, even to improve him. Our object is to arrive at what *he wrote*, not what, in our opinion, *he should have written*. Our opposition to the new read-

ing is entirely irrespective of the comparative merits of the new and the old. The original,—that text which was published by Shakspeare's friends, fellow-actors, and business partners, gives us a reading which is comprehensible, and which is not in its character at variance with Shakspeare's acknowledged works, or with the language and customs of his time, and we are bound to receive it; for we are seeking for Shakspeare's text, not for something better. Were "*Who smothers her with painting*," the text of the first folio, and had Pope, Dr. Johnson, and Coleridge advocated "*Whose mother was her painting*,"—the very reading which we now claim should not be changed,—we should battle just as stoutly for that which we now oppose. By 'we,' we mean not only the present writer, but all true, docile, and humble lovers, and students of Shakspeare.

In the same scene, it is possibly better, instead of

"you should tread a course
Pretty, yet full of view,"

to read with Mr. Collier's folio,

"you should tread a course
Pretty, yet full of view."

So also it may be desirable and admissible to substitute in Act IV., Sc. 2, instead of "For so I thought I was a cave keeper," "*For lo! I thought*," &c.

This concludes our examination of the conjectural readings of Mr. Collier's folio. We have on the present occasion noticed all those, the claims of which to a place in the text, are sufficiently plausible to entitle them to statement and consideration. They are fewer in number than our readers may have expected, judging from our last paper, in which we spoke of one hundred and seventeen as "possibly admissible." But it will also be remembered that of this number it was said, that they only of the one thousand and three "*present claims, yet to be discussed*," to a place in the received text," and that their number "*must inevitably be much reduced upon the discussion of the merits of the readings among the best Shakspearean critics*." This proves to be the case. Such was the high reputation of its discoverer, and such the nature of his pretension on its behalf, that the discovery of this folio was hailed with delight by all Shakspearean students, the world over; but when the readings were brought to light, and put into the crucible of criticism, the bulk of them proved to be dross which consumed on the instant, and vanished "*into air, into thin air*;" leaving but little of Shakspearean gold behind. The MS. corrections of this folio, warmly

welcomed every where at first, are now, with a few exceptions, condemned by all the editors of Shakspeare, and by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the distinguished dramatic scholar and critic, who has not yet edited Shakspeare, and has therefore no pet text to defend. Dr. Delius, too, the eminent German critic,—and to attain eminence as a critic of Shakspeare in Germany, implies, perhaps, a profounder scholarship and keener insight than to reach the same position in England,—Dr. Delius admits but *seventeen* emendations out of the whole thirteen hundred and three. Such a change in all quarters, from welcoming expectation to a scornful rejection of almost the entire labors of the corrector, and which, it must be remembered, has been worked by *the emendations themselves*, shows how utterly they are at variance with the spirit which Shakspearean scholars have imbibed from the works of their great master; and how inconsistent they are with the language, customs, and tone of thought of Shakspeare's day, with which the students of his works must needs make themselves familiar.

It must be remembered that a great number, two hundred and twenty, of the corrector's plausible emendations have been proposed by others. These of course we have not noticed. The intelligent reader of Shakspeare, who wishes to preserve the purity of his text, and who yet is ready to admit many readings in Mr. Collier's folio, to which we have not alluded in this paper, will almost without a doubt find them in the text of the Chiswick editions, in those of Mr. Knight or Mr. Verplanck, or in the Variorum, or preserved in the voluminous notes of the latter. They are, obviously, not to be regarded as the contributions of the MS. corrector.

It may be worth while to devote a little of this page to the consideration of a few readings of Mr. Collier's folio which form a class by themselves. These are the entire lines which, in five or six instances, are inserted to supply a lacking rhyme or complete a deficient sense. These cannot in any instance be received, no matter how great the deficiency which they attempt to supply, or how remarkable their intrinsic merits;—and for this very conclusive and obvious reason. They are not emendations of typographical blunders, not the correction of that which is ill done, but the doing of that which was left undone. If there were evidence that they came from Shakspeare himself, they would be necessarily received, no matter how poor they were; that evidence not existing, they must be rejected, no matter how great their merits. They could

be received only upon unquestionable authority; for they have no other basis on which to stand, not even the support of an erroneous text. They are 'made out of whole cloth.' As far as their authority is concerned, we know that they could not possibly have been supplied until sixteen years after *Shakspeare's* death; for the volume in which they were written was not published until 1632, and he died in 1616; and, besides, in our previous paper it plainly appeared that the corrections in Mr. Collier's folio could not possibly have been made before 1662, when Davenant introduced the first scenery ever exhibited upon a public stage in England. Now, the interpolation of an entire line by one man in 1662, is as little justifiable as the interpolation of an entire scene by another man in 1762 or 1853. There is the same lack of authority for both. The addition is worth just as much in one case as in the other.

It must also be noted that (as these lines, if received at all, must be received upon authority), if we admit one, we must admit all. To do otherwise would be to sit in judgment upon *Shakspeare's* right to write his own plays as he pleased. We must therefore receive into the text the following line which is printed in italic letter, if we receive any which are similarly inserted in Mr. Collier's folio.

Q. Margaret.—Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Gloster.—My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff. To think I *farin* would keep it makes me laugh.

What must be the capacity of a man to understand, much more, to emend *Shakspeare's* text, who could perpetrate such a ridiculous abomination as this, merely for the purpose of supplying a rhyme? for it must be remarked that the sense is perfect and clear without it. Who will not be grateful that there is no authority which compels us to receive such a platitude as *Shakspeare's*? and if not this, then no other line; for all not furnished us "by authentic copies, printed or manuscript," must be regarded as interpolation. If a line be wanting in the text, the hiatus must remain until it is filled up by these "authentic copies."

These remarks apply, with equal force, to the arbitrary changes of a word or more at the end of a line for the purposes of rhyme. As, for instance,

"Bid him farewell; commit him to the Grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him."

For this the MS. corrector audaciously substitutes,

"Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness—all that he can have."

That is, he takes out six words from the

original text, and substitutes for them six others, changing the construction of the sentence to admit them, in order that two lines may rhyme! To consider gravely such mangling of the text, is to waste words and patience. And again, what applies to one instance applies to all others of the same nature. We cannot permit any man to mutilate *Shakspeare's* text, even to better it, in the estimation of himself or a thousand like him.

With two exceptions, then, all these lines and rhyming terminations of lines must be regarded as unwarrantable interpolations. These two exceptions occur in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I., Sc. 3, and in *King Henry V.* Act. III., Sc. 2. In the first instance the *Clown* sings a fragment of an old ballad, which is thus mutilated in the original text. The extract will give the reader an idea of the careless and make-shift manner in which the original was printed.

"Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked Troy
Fond done, done, fond was this king Priam's joy
With that she sighed as she stood, ble
And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one
be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet
one good in ten."

This Mr. Collier's folio corrects, by making a transposition in the first line and an addition to the second, so that the first stanza, when properly divided into lines, reads as follows:

"Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause
Why the Grecians sacked Troy?
Fond done, done fond, good worth it was
Was this King Priam's joy!"

This emendation is to be received solely because of the fact that the text is but a quotation of a popular jingling song which had survived to the time of the MS. corrector. The corrector's authority for it was the same as *Shakspeare's*, that is, its existence in the mouths of the people. Thus, if the following version of some well-known historical lines were found in *Shakspeare*, it would evidently need emendation.

"Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul;
And a merry old soul he was.
He call'd for his pipe,
And he call'd for his fiddlers three."

In such a case there could not be the slightest hesitation in printing the third line,

"And a merry old soul was he,"

or in inserting,

"And he call'd for his bow."

as the fifth line; because the rhyme is one of indefinable origin and antiquity, which has not yet died out of the popu-

lar ear; and our authority for it would be the same that Shakspeare's would, in that case, have been. The other instance is in the restoration of "*To all and some*" and "*feel the same*" to an old song which Pistol spoofs, in King Henry V. These are to be received for the reasons which we have just alleged. Nevertheless, in both instances, the restored line and words should be printed within brackets, to show that they are restorations: so zealously would we guard the text of Shakspeare even in its least important parts.

We have regarded the publication of Mr. Collier's "Notes and Emendations," and especially of his so-called "Plays of Shakspeare," recently issued with serious apprehension. But the common sense of the world bids fair to disappoint our fears.

The few admissible readings in these volumes will be received, and the mass of them will be,—are already rejected. In Shakspeare's own words, "out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety." If, out of the whole thirteen hundred proposed changes, but thirteen prove to be admissible corrections of passages in the original text, which need correction, the discovery and the discussion consequent upon it will not have been in vain. To correct a single passage in Shakspeare's text is glory enough for one man. He who discovers the needful word for the misprint "*runawayes eyes*," in the second scene of the third act of *Romeo and Juliet*, will secure the honorable mention of his name as long as the English language is read and spoken.

THE LIFE OF A DOG

"He was a gabh an' faithfu' tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonie, haws'nt face
Aye gat him friends in ilka place."

MEN die, and so do dogs. Death and decay are the inevitable fate of all created things; the animate and inanimate; the sentient, sensitive and corporeal; the insensible, inorganic and material. The beautiful of all kinds pass away from the scenes in which they were, at once, the source and the recipients of joy and grief, of hope and disappointment. The less favored in form or qualities still serving their purpose of good or evil, cease to exist. The chiselled limestone, the hard-wrought metal, the granito mountain, waste and moulder away, yielding their substance to the ceaseless changes which the Great Arbiter so wisely orders. These moral axioms and philosophic truths lose no value by repetition. It is well to reflect upon them; it is good for the heart to do so; it is profitable to the soul.

When men die, those who survive them rejoice to tell of their virtues; friendship records them on the "storied urn;" every particular is retailed which can add interest to the circumstance and draw freely from the fountain of sympathy. Even envy perpetuates a knowledge of the event and the person, by the scandal which it promulgates. If their death has been compassed by violence, forthwith public sentiment is outraged—public clamor demands retribution—public justice awards a punishment. And rightly too. But in that retribution there *should* be justice—

the justice of that punishment should be tempered with mercy.

If a dog dies, who cares! The one only to whom his qualities were known, to whom he had been a constant companion, a trusty guardian, a faithful friend. Sometimes he falls not unhonored or unsung. The loving poet-master sings his praise—the world admires the verse. A dog is murdered—foully, cruelly murdered—and the public voice applauds the act. Necessity justifies the end—the end covers the means. Alas! that in human judgment—human reason—so great a difference should exist between the life of a man and the life of a dog. It is the gift of a beneficent Creator, bestowed in the same mysterious manner, upon the same material elements, which are subject to the same physical laws. They are both creatures endowed with the same faculties (for who will deny to the dog his volition, his perception, his comparison, his memory), susceptible of the same impressions, influenced by the same desires, enjoying the same sensations manifested through similar organs. Differing in configuration we know, in reasoning powers we think, in the want of a soul we believe. And yet we consign him oft-times to an ignominious death, in perfect ignorance wherein he has offended us, without even the means of communicating to him the nature of his offence, and frequently when perfectly innocent, without even the hope that the

example of an individual death will be of good service to the rest of his kind, and act as a prophylactic against sin and crime. We deprive him by an arbitrary act of that which it is impossible for us to restore, and which we hold, with all its attendant evils, to be so very precious.

But let me tell the story of my own dog. He is gone. I have been robbed of him. He has fallen a victim to the base passions, and the erring judgment of a species who vainly consider themselves in all things the superior of the dog.

Why is it, I would ask, that the "knowing ones," in all matters pertaining to animals employed by man, in the several pursuits in which their physical qualities are made available, on the road and the course, in the field and the state, put such value on "breeding" or genealogy? and yet affect to despise, or at least to underrate, the same criterion of excellence among themselves! I am not desirous of entering into a metaphysical disquisition on this point, but I am not the less curious to learn by what logical process they reconcile the inconsistency to themselves. The question was suggested by the necessity under which I found myself placed, to say something of the pedigree of "Garry" (for that was his name, and it was a patronymic, and had been so for generations in his family), to give, in short, such a history of his parentage and lineage, as well as a description of his personal characteristics, as should at once establish the idea of his intrinsic value as a dog, and his individual worth as Garry, in the mind of those who know what a good dog is; and who, being so informed, would the more readily bestow their sympathy upon his mourning friend.

On the northwestern coast of Scotland there is a chain of islands which have been long celebrated for a peculiar race of dogs, and one of these in particular—the far-renowned Skye. The terrier, the generic appellation of this part of the canine race, has always been distinguished in the annals of zoology for his peculiar physical and mental qualities, and among the "Fancy" the Skye terrier maintains an important position from the greater singularity of these attributes. His appearance partakes of the rugged character of his native rock-bound, heathery braes; and in disposition he closely resembles the hardy islander who rears and trains him. He affords a good instance, among the numerous ones which surround us, of the great harmony of design displayed by the bandiwork of the Great All-wise, in the perfect adaptation of his conformation and endowments to the purposes of his being, and the external circumstances which af-

fect his life. His conventional antagonists, if not his natural prey, the fox, the badger, and others who live in holes burrowed in the hard and gravelly earth, do not require the exercise of great speed and agility for their capture, but still much nimbleness and quick sight. Hence we find him with short legs, yet freely put on his long little body, of great strength, and the fore ones particularly allowing great latitude of motion. His paws are well provided with strong, short, and curved nails, well adapted for scraping and tearing. His skin is loose and covered with long wiry hair, which much assists his passage along the smooth and narrow entrance to the lair or den, and proves a useful armor against the bite of his foe, preventing his grasping the firmer and more unyielding muscle. His narrow pointed nose and keen scent, permit its insinuation into every air-hole and crevice, and enable him to detect faintest trace of the well-known odor of his game. His broad and well developed jaw gives him great power of grasp and serves as a gauge for the whole of his body, for the space through which he can force his head will readily admit the rest. His short, thick, and powerful neck, his small, movable, and muscular shoulders, his well curved forearms and his flat and sinewy paws, permit him to give a long and a strong pull. His indomitable perseverance and undaunted courage, his great endurance of bodily pain, fatigue, and hunger, qualify him to carry through successfully a siege against a wary and fierce antagonist, frequently possessing superior physical force, which would render the battle unequal to a creature less happily endowed. Such is the Skye terrier, and such in completeness of excellence was my Garry, over whose untimely fate I now lament. But he possessed other qualities, not uncommon in his kind, which endeared him still more to me—qualities some of which if not altogether derived from, were in a great degree heightened by, the more artificial life he led while yet a member of my household. His faithful and constant attachment to myself and the several members of my family—his careful watchfulness of, and gentleness to the children—his intelligent and joyous participation of their pleasures and gambols—his jealous resentment of the interference of strangers—and his brave and impetuous assault upon impertinent intruders or dangerous and officious passengers of any shape or size, constituted him a good companion and trustworthy guardian of their daily walks. His intimate and accurate knowledge of the most minute personal peculiarities of each individual, and his

acute sense of hearing enabled him to recognize at great distances the approach of those for whom he entertained feelings of attachment, and of course as readily to detect the difference when a stranger drew near. This education of his senses, and more particularly that of hearing, was so perfect and so well displayed, as frequently to attract the observation even of those most familiarly acquainted with him. To illustrate this point. At one time my avocations required that I should frequently drive to some distance from my residence, which, at the period I now refer to, was in a part of the country where, during winter, the sleigh was a necessary means of locomotion. The family circle, Garry among the number, would be assembled around the hearth, probably awaiting my return to partake of the last social meal of the day. The cold wintry blast whistling without, the crackling faggot within—perchance the merry laugh and cheerful prattle—would effectually cover all minor sounds. Presently a slight pricking of his short and pointed ears (adorned with two or three long black hairs proceeding from the extreme tips, which gave to his face a marked and peculiar character) and the slightest possible elevation of his nose from the soft rug on which he was reclining, gave evidence that his attention was arrested by some sound to the others as yet imperceptible. A farther elevation of his head, and finally of his body, indicated that he was more certain still of the character of the noise he heard, and finally a short and pleasant bark, followed by a friskiness not previously exhibited, told that his ear recognized the sound of my sleigh-bell long before it was appreciable to those who now became assured of my speedy arrival. A short pause of silent listening would always confirm his warning. Now it must have been a nice sense, and well educated ear, which enabled him to distinguish the tone of my particular bells, among the numbers which were frequently passing the house.

The nature of this animal would appear in a great measure to have undergone a process of refinement or civilization by his translation from the heath to the hearth, similar to what is perceptible in his (so called) master, man. He had lost all the ferocity of look observable in the native condition of the animal. His eye, though keen and bright as ever, wore a mild and benevolent expression; and it was impossible not to admire his intelligent and steady gaze. That tetchiness, that *soli me tangere* manner common to his race and nature, had been replaced by the gentle and winning ways noticeable

in all pets, canine or human, and seldom failed to elicit a caress, even from the most timid. His obedience was most exemplary, and his teachableness such as to court instruction. Yet it must not be supposed that this alteration in these particulars had also affected his bolder qualities of character; far from such was the fact. His courage was as conspicuous, his perseverance and endurance as remarkable, as if he had never left his native hills.

But I must deny myself the gratification of expatiating further on his worth. To me the subject seems inexhaustible; to the reader it may be extended to wearisomeness. Let me rather continue the record and fulfil the purpose of this history.

Five years of uninterrupted friendship and close companionship had taught us all to love the creature dearly. And in that space of time what vicissitudes may not assail us!

(On the main road from Suizort to Portree, not very far from the former town, there stands an old feudal manor, the dwelling of a scion of the ancient and powerful clan MacLeod. Those who are familiar with the architectural characters of this class of buildings, from personal inspection will require no delineation to revive the picture to their mind; those who have drank sweet draughts of inspiration from the graphic pages of Scott, may readily conjure up the image of this particular house. To those who do not possess these advantages, I recommend a ramble in the mountain fastnesses of Inverness Rossliem and the adjacent Isles, or a perusal of those immortal writings. It is sufficient for the purposes of this biography to know, that in the kennel of this manorial establishment, the sire and dam of Garry were bred. Of lineage pure and untarnished, as their great chieftain boasts, they could claim an ancestry of generations from the valley of Uig or the heights of Bracadale. In the course of events it happened, that with other members of the clan, they sought in this Western Continent another home. Amid the snows of Canada, in a kennel built of the rude pine-log was Garry ushered into life, and when the peach was ripe and the leaves began to turn, he was bestowed upon me. Oh! precious gift, by the hands of one, now far away again, amid scenes nearer to the spot of her nativity, fairer, it may be, in varied landscape, happy I hope, and full of domestic joy, but not dearer, I make bold to say, than the brags of her Island home.

He had been a traveller, too, in his brief span, seeing sights which many behold

with perhaps less emotion. Wandering along the banks of the Great Niagara, he had peered with curious eye, from the lip of the Table-rock (now no longer there) into the abyss of foaming spray, whirling and sparkling under him, and whined aloud his tribute of wonder and admiration. In the Cave of the Winds, he had answered the echoed bark of some snarling cur, with gleeful defiance, and gazed at the "fleecey ensign" of the cataract, painted by Iris. He had run upon the aerial wire-way; from its dizzy height, had looked on the green waters rolling and rushing along beneath him; and had felt the swaying of the fairy fabric as it rocked with the breeze or quivered with tramps of the startled horse. He had scented a fox on the sloping sides of the Whirlpool basin, and had laved his limbs in the rippling eddy. He had been hurried through cities, towns and woods, and over rivers, swamps and precipices by the resistless Fire-horse. He glided down the winding Hudson and saw the stars glimmer in its placid water, and the earliest beams from the orient glinting on the summit of the Catskill. He had tracked his friend and guide amid the busy crowd of men, and the noisy maze of wheels, and had sat at his threshold in the lone hours of the night, patiently waiting to welcome him home after the wearying cares of the day. But his hour of doom approached. The gloating eye of cupidity hath fixed its haggard glare upon him, and in human form the crafty serpent and wily fox combined to entrap him, instigated by the temptation of a paltry pittance of filthy lucre, as the high prize for each sacrifice on the altar of arbitrary despotism—a premium on their heartless crime, offered by the meaningless and cruel legislature of our civic corporation.

On a certain day of July, last past, the walls of Gotham were covered by a proclamation, directing that all dogs should be restrained from going at large without a muzzle:—that those so found should be taken and put in a certain place therein appointed, until the setting of the sun, when if unclaimed and *unredeemed*, they should be destroyed. The same prohibitory manifesto also offered a *reward of fifty cents* for every dog so taken and brought to the place of confinement.

I am the last man in the world, who would seek to bring the authority of those set over us, for the maintenance of public right and the furtherance of public good, into disrepute, by any means whatever. I am too Catholic in principle to do this. But inasmuch as "to err is human," I can conceive no infringement of any precept,

Christian or moral, in pointing out a glaring and mischievous error to those who have committed one, or to guard others from the commission of similar mistakes, by a simple relation of the positive evils arising from it.

Now it happened, that very shortly after the issue of this proclamation, my little dog "Garry," as was his wont, ran out of the arca-gate wagging his tail and pleasantly greeting the little members of the family on their return from the usual daily walk of recreation. At the corner of the street in which I reside were stationed three or four idle boys, whose chief occupation at this time seemed to consist in acting the jackal's part to the policeman of the beat, in watching for and capturing every dog who accidentally and unfortunately came in their way. Garry had been an object of much concern to them for some days; his instinct had induced him to regard with suspicion the anxious regard bestowed upon him by them; this was made manifest by the caution with which he confined his rambles to the immediate vicinity of the door of the house. Unhappily, his buoyant spirit, on this occasion, led him some few paces beyond the range of his previously self-assigned limits, in his anxiety to welcome his little friends. With a fierce yell of gloating expectation the vagrant horde rush upon him; with the demoniac shout of "here he is now, let's run him down," they cut off his retreat to his haven of shelter, and mercilessly assailed him with every variety of missile. Terrified by the number and violence of his assailants he falls a victim to their rapacious desire. In triumph he is carried to the expectant functionary, who marches him off to the ignominious fate which awaited him. Poor little fellow, the tearful remonstrance of his affectionate playmates was urged vainly in his behalf; before their eyes, and in spite of their anguish, he was carried to the doom which awaited him.

This wrong was done at a period of the day when I was absent, and on my return home in the evening it was too late to rescue him even at the ransom price of two dollars, demanded for the restoration of similarly kidnapped and incarcerated dogs. The fiat had been pronounced, when the last ray of the setting sun still gilded the dome of the Crystal Palace, and he was "done to the death"—inhumanly murdered, with a host of other equally unfortunate animals—barbarously butchered in cold blood—while around the scene of wholesale slaughter, might be seen the blanched cheek, wistful gaze and sorrowful eye, of many, who would willingly have snatched from their horrid

fate, the comforter of a lonely hearth, the binding link of association with days that once were happy, of faces now cold and mouldering away in the dark grave!

It is generally understood, I believe, that the excellence of all penal and prohibitory laws, consists in the general applicability of their several provisions, and a clear definition of the mode of their administration and execution. Prompt to overtake the offender, efficient in the punishment of the guilty, yet free from the objection of cruelty or wantonness.

Tried by these principles, how imperfect, how injurious are the provisions of this civic statute. Whence the necessity for encouraging the practice of outrage and theft? Whence the necessity for putting to death an innocent and harmless animal, even for the culpable neglect or want of proper caution on the part of its owner? But, it may be said, all this is useless outcry and fault-finding, unless you can point out a remedy, and suggest a more effective means of protecting the public from the dangers which are known, or are generally believed, to exist, in a large city, by the unrestrained roaming of dogs during the hot and sultry portion of the summer. Without attempting to discuss the questions whether such an

evil really does exist or not, or if it exists at all, whether it is not much magnified in degree, by the apprehension of those who do not properly consider or investigate the relative nature of canine or human insanity, and the comparative infrequency of the former, I will close this article by respectfully proposing, that when the next occasion arrives, on which it shall appear that the promulgation of such a law is deemed expedient for the public welfare, it should provide as follows: for the capture and safe-keeping (a supply of food and water being essential for this) of all dogs found at large without a sufficient muzzle; that they be detained for the space of one week, during which time they are to be delivered up only to the person, who by accurate description can prove himself the owner, and by recognition on the part of the animal identified, on the payment of a stipulated allowance for board and a limited fee for the liquidation of pound expenses. After the expiration of the week, all dogs then unclaimed, to be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, the surpluse of the purchase money, over the expenses and fees, to be applied to the use of the charitable institutions of the city.

BARTLEBY, THE SCRIVENER.

A STORY OF WALL-STREET.

I AM a rather elderly man. The nature of my avocations for the last thirty years has brought me into more than ordinary contact with what would seem an interesting and somewhat singular set of men, of whom as yet nothing that I know of has ever been written:—I mean the law-copyists or scriveners. I have known very many of them, professionally and privately, and if I pleased, could relate divers histories, at which good-natured gentlemen might smile, and sentimental souls might weep. But I waive the biographies of all other scriveners for a few passages in the life of Bartleby, who was a scrivener the strangest I ever saw or heard of. While of other law-copyists I might write the complete life, of Bartleby nothing of that sort can be done. I believe that no materials exist for a full and satisfactory biography of this man. It is an irreparable loss to literature. Bartleby was one of those beings of whom nothing is ascertainable, except from the original sources, and in

his case those are very small. What my own astonished eyes saw of Bartleby, that is all I know of him, except, indeed, one vague report which will appear in the sequel.

Ere introducing the scrivener, as he first appeared to me, it is fit I make some mention of myself, my *employées*, my business, my chambers, and general surroundings; because some such description is indispensable to an adequate understanding of the chief character about to be presented.

Imprimis: I am a man who, from his youth upwards, has been filled with a profound conviction that the easiest way of life is the best. Hence, though I belong to a profession proverbially energetic and nervous, even to turbulence, at times, yet nothing of that sort have I ever suffered to invade my peace. I am one of those unambitious lawyers who never addresses a jury, or in any way draws down public applause; but in the cool tranquillity of a snug retreat, do a snug business among

rich men's bonds and mortgages and title-deeds. All who know me, consider me an eminently *safe* man. The late John Jacob Astor, a personage little given to poetic enthusiasm, had no hesitation in pronouncing my first grand point to be prudence; my next, method. I do not speak it in vanity, but simply record the fact, that I was not unemployed in my profession by the late John Jacob Astor; a name which, I admit, I love to repeat, for it hath a rounded and orbicular sound to it, and rings like unto bullion. I will freely add, that I was not insensible to the late John Jacob Astor's good opinion.

Some time prior to the period at which this little history begins, my avocations had been largely increased. The good old office, now extinct in the State of New-York, of a Master in Chancery, had been conferred upon me. It was not a very arduous office, but very pleasantly remunerative. I seldom lose my temper; much more seldom indulge in dangerous indignation at wrongs and outrages; but I must be permitted to be rash here and declare, that I consider the sudden and violent abrogation of the office of Master in Chancery, by the new Constitution, as a — premature act; inasmuch as I had counted upon a life-lease of the profits, whereas I only received those of a few short years. But this is by the way.

My chambers were up stairs at No. — Wall-street. At one end they looked upon the white wall of the interior of a spacious sky-light shaft, penetrating the building from top to bottom. This view might have been considered rather tame than otherwise, deficient in what landscape painters call "life." But if so, the view from the other end of my chambers offered, at least, a contrast, if nothing more. In that direction my windows commanded an unobstructed view of a lofty brick wall, black by age and everlasting shade; which wall required no spy-glass to bring out its lurking beauties, but for the benefit of all near-sighted spectators, was pushed up to within ten feet of my window panes. Owing to the great height of the surrounding buildings, and my chambers being on the second floor, the interval between this wall and mine not a little resembled a huge square cistern.

At the period just preceding the advent of Bartleby, I had two persons as copyists in my employment, and a promising lad as an office-boy. First, Turkey; second, Nippers; third, Ginger Nut. These may seem names, the like of which are not usually found in the Directory. In truth they were nicknames, mutually conferred upon each other by my three clerks, and were deemed expressive of their respective

persons or characters. Turkey was a short, puffy Englishman of about my own age, that is, somewhere not far from sixty. In the morning, one might say, his face was of a fine florid hue, but after twelve o'clock, meridian—his dinner hour—it blazed like a grate full of Christmas coals; and continued blazing—but, as it were, with a gradual wane—till 6 o'clock, P. M. or thereabouts, after which I saw no more of the proprietor of the face, which gaining its meridian with the sun, seemed to set with it, to rise, culminate, and decline the following day, with the like regularity and undiminished glory. There are many singular coincidences I have known in the course of my life, not the least among which was the fact, that exactly when Turkey displayed his fullest beaus from his red and radiant countenance, just then, too, at that critical moment, began the daily period when I considered his business capacities as seriously disturbed for the remainder of the twenty-four hours. Not that he was absolutely idle, or averse to business then; far from it. The difficulty was, he was apt to be altogether too energetic. There was a strange, inflated, hurried, flighty recklessness of activity about him. He would be incautious in dipping his pen into his inkstand. All his blots upon my documents, were dropped there after twelve o'clock, meridian. Indeed, not only would he be reckless and sadly given to making blots in the afternoon, but some days he went further, and was rather noisy. At such times, too, his face flamed with augmented blazonry, as if cannon coal had been heaped on anthracite. He made an unpleasant racket with his chair; spilled his sand-box; in mending his pens, impatiently split them all to pieces, and threw them on the floor in a sudden passion; stood up and leaned over his table, boxing his papers about in a most indecorous manner, very sad to behold in an elderly man like him. Nevertheless, as he was in many ways a most valuable person to me, and all the time before twelve o'clock, meridian, was the quickest, steadiest creature too, accomplishing a great deal of work in a style not easy to be matched—for these reasons, I was willing to overlook his eccentricities, though indeed, occasionally, I remonstrated with him. I did this very gently, however, because, though the civillest, nay, the blandest and most reverential of men in the morning, yet in the afternoon he was disposed, upon provocation, to be slightly rash with his tongue, in fact, insolent. Now, valuing his morning services as I did, and resolved not to lose them; yet, at the same time made uncomfortable by his inflated ways after twelve o'clock; and

being a man of peace, unwilling by my admonitions to call forth unseemly retorts from him; I took upon me, one Saturday noon (he was always worse on Saturdays), to hint to him, very kindly, that perhaps now that he was growing old, it might be well to abridge his labors; in short, he need not come to my chambers after twelve o'clock, but, dinner over, had best go home to his lodgings and rest himself till tea-time. But no; he insisted upon his afternoon devotions. His countenance became intolerably ferid, as he oratorically assured me—gesticulating with a long ruler at the other end of the room—that if his services in the morning were useful, how indispensable, then, in the afternoon?

"With submission, sir," said Turkey on this occasion, "I consider myself your right-hand man. In the morning I but marshal and deploy my columns; but in the afternoon I put myself at their head, and gallantly charge the foe, thus!"—and he made a violent thrust with the ruler.

"But the blots, Turkey," intimated I.

"True,—but, with submission, sir, behold these hairs! I am getting old. Surely, sir, a blot or two of a warm afternoon is not to be severely urged against gray hairs. Old age—even if it blot the page—is honorable. With submission, sir, we both are getting old."

This appeal to my fellow-feeling was hardly to be resisted. At all events, I saw that go he would not. So I made up my mind to let him stay, resolving, nevertheless, to see to it, that during the afternoon he had to do with my less important papers.

Nippers, the second on my list, was a whiskered, sallow, and, upon the whole, rather piratical-looking young man of about five and twenty. I always deemed him the victim of two evil powers—ambition and indigestion. The ambition was evinced by a certain impatience of the duties of a mere copyist, an unwarrantable usurpation of strictly professional affairs, such as the original drawing up of legal documents. The indigestion seemed betokened in an occasional nervous testiness and grinning irritability, causing the teeth to audibly grind together over mistakes committed in copying; unnecessary maledictions, hissed, rather than spoken, in the heat of business; and especially by a continual discontent with the height of the table where he worked. Though of a very ingenious mechanical turn, Nippers could never get this table to suit him. He put chips under it, blocks of various sorts, bits of pasteboard, and at last went so far as to attempt an exquisite adjustment by final pieces of folded blotting-paper. But

no invention would answer. If, for the sake of easing his back, he brought the table lid at a sharp angle well up towards his chin, and wrote there like a man using the steep roof of a Dutch house for his desk:—then he declared that it stopped the circulation in his arms. If now he lowered the table to his waistbands, and stooped over it in writing, then there was a sore aching in his back. In short, the truth of the matter was, Nippers knew not what he wanted. Or, if he wanted any thing, it was to be rid of a scrivener's table altogether. Among the manifestations of his diseased ambition was a fondness he had for receiving visits from certain ambiguous-looking fellows in seedy coats, whom he called his clients. Indeed I was aware that not only was he, at times, considerable of a ward-politician, but he occasionally did a little business at the Justices' courts, and was not unknown on the steps of the Tombs. I have good reason to believe, however, that one individual who called upon him at my chambers, and who, with a grand air, he insisted was his client, was no other than a dun, and the alleged title-deed, a bill. But with all his failings, and the annoyances he caused me, Nippers, like his compatriot Turkey, was a very useful man to me; wrote a neat, swift hand; and, when he chose, was not deficient in a gentlemanly sort of deportment. Added to this, he always dressed in a gentlemanly sort of way; and so, incidentally, reflected credit upon my chambers. Whereas with respect to Turkey, I had much ado to keep him from being a reproach to me. His clothes were apt to look oily and smell of eating-houses. He wore his pantaloons very loose and baggy in summer. His coats were execrable; his hat not to be handled. But while the hat was a thing of indifference to me, inasmuch as his natural civility and deference, as a dependent Englishman, always led him to doff it the moment he entered the room, yet his coat was another matter. Concerning his coats, I reasoned with him; but with no effect. The truth was, I suppose, that a man with so small an income, could not afford to sport such a lustrous face and a lustrous coat at one and the same time. As Nippers once observed, Turkey's money went chiefly for red ink. One winter day I presented Turkey with a highly-respectable looking coat of my own, a padded gray coat, of a most comfortable warmth, and which buttoned straight up from the knee to the neck. I thought Turkey would appreciate the favor, and abate his rashness and obstreperousness of afternoons. But no. I verily believe that buttoning himself up in so downy and blanket-like a coat had

a pernicious effect upon him; upon the same principle that too much oats are bad for horses. In fact, precisely as a rash, restive horse is said to feel his oats, so Turkey felt his coat. It made him insolent. He was a man whom prosperity harmed.

Though concerning the self-indulgent habits of Turkey I had my own private surmises, yet touching Nippers I was well persuaded that whatever might be his faults in other respects, he was, at least, a temperate young man. But indeed, nature herself seemed to have been his vintner, and at his birth charged him so thoroughly with an irritable, brandy-like disposition, that all subsequent potations were needless. When I consider how, amid the stillness of my chambers, Nippers would sometimes impatiently rise from his seat, and stooping over his table, spread his arms wide apart, seize the whole desk, and move it, and jerk it, with a grim, grinding motion on the floor, as if the table were a perverse voluntary agent, intent on thwarting and vexing him; I plainly perceive that for Nippers, brandy and water were altogether superfluous.

It was fortunate for me that, owing to its peculiar cause—indigestion—the irritability and consequent nervousness of Nippers, were mainly observable in the morning, while in the afternoon he was comparatively mild. So that Turkey's paroxysms only coming on about twelve o'clock, I never had to do with their eccentricities at one time. Their fits relieved each other like guards. When Nippers' was on, Turkey's was off; and vice versa. This was a good natural arrangement under the circumstances.

Ginger Nut, the third on my list, was a lad some twelve years old. His father was a carman, ambitious of seeing his son on the bench instead of a cart, before he died. So he sent him to my office as student at law, errand boy, and cleaner and sweeper, at the rate of one dollar a week. He had a little desk to himself, but he did not use it much. Upon inspection, the drawer exhibited a great array of the shells of various sorts of nuts. Indeed, to this quick-witted youth the whole noble science of the law was contained in a nut-shell. Not the least among the employments of Ginger Nut, as well as one which he discharged with the most alacrity, was his duty as cake and apple purveyor for Turkey and Nippers. Copying law papers being proverbially a dry, husky sort of business, my two scriveners were fain to moisten their mouths very often with Spitzenbergs to be had at the numerous stalls nigh the

Custom House and Post Office. Also, they sent Ginger Nut very frequently for that peculiar cake—small, flat, round, and very spicy—after which he had been named by them. Of a cold morning when business was but dull, Turkey would gobble up scores of these cakes, as if they were mere wafers—indeed they sell them at the rate of six or eight for a penny—the scrapo of his pon blending with the crunching of the crisp particles in his mouth. Of all the fiery afternoon blunders and flurried rashnesses of Turkey, was his once moistening a ginger-cake between his lips, and clapping it on to a mortgage for a seal. I came within an ace of dismissing him then. But he mollified me by making an oriental bow, and saying—"With submission, sir, it was generous of me to find you in stationery on my own account."

Now my original business—that of a conveyancer and title hunter, and drawer-up of recondite documents of all sorts—was considerably increased by receiving the master's office. There was now great work for scriveners. Not only must I push the clerks already with me, but I must have additional help. In answer to my advertisement, a motionless young man one morning, stood upon my office threshold, the door being open, for it was summer. I can see that figure now—pallidly neat, pitifully respectable, incurably forlorn! It was Bartleby.

After a few words touching his qualifications, I engaged him, glad to have among my corps of copyists a man of so singularly sedate an aspect, which I thought might operate beneficially upon the flighty temper of Turkey, and the fiery one of Nippers.

I should have stated before that ground glass folding-doors divided my premises into two parts, one of which was occupied by my scriveners, the other by myself. According to my humor I threw open these doors, or closed them. I resolved to assign Bartleby a corner by the folding-doors, but on my side of them, so as to have this quiet man within easy call, in case any trifling thing was to be done. I placed his desk close up to a small side-window in that part of the room, a window which originally had afforded a lateral view of certain grimy back-yards and bricks, but which, owing to subsequent erections, commanded at present no view at all, though it gave some light. Within three feet of the panes was a wall, and the light came down from far above, between two lofty buildings, as from a very small opening in a dome. Still further to a satisfactory arrangement, I procured a high green folding screen, which

might entirely isolate Bartleby from my sight, though not remove him from my voice. And thus, in a manner, privacy and society were conjoined.

At first Bartleby did an extraordinary quantity of writing. As if long famishing for something to copy, he seemed to gorge himself on my documents. There was no pause for digestion. He ran a day and night line, copying by sun-light and by candle-light. I should have been quite delighted with his application, had he been cheerfully industrious. But he wrote on silently, palely, mechanically.

It is, of course, an indispensable part of a scrivener's business to verify the accuracy of his copy, word by word. Where there are two or more scriveners in an office, they assist each other in this examination, one reading from the copy, the other holding the original. It is a very dull, wearisome, and lethargic affair. I can readily imagine that to some sanguine temperaments it would be altogether intolerable. For example, I cannot credit that the mettlesome poet Byron would have contentedly sat down with Bartleby to examine a law document of, say five hundred pages, closely written in a crumpled hand.

Now and then, in the haste of business, it had been my habit to assist in comparing some brief document myself, calling Turkey or Nippers for this purpose. One object I had in placing Bartleby so handy to me behind the screen, was to avail myself of his services on such trivial occasions. It was on the third day, I think, of his being with me, and before any necessity had arisen for having his own writing examined, that, being much hurried to complete a small affair I had in hand, I abruptly called to Bartleby. In my haste and natural expectancy of instant compliance, I sat with my head bent over the original on my desk, and my right hand sideways, and somewhat nervously extended with the copy, so that immediately upon emerging from his retreat, Bartleby might snatch it and proceed to business without the least delay.

In this very attitude did I sit when I called to him, rapidly stating what it was I wanted him to do—namely, to examine a small paper with me. Imagine my surprise, nay, my consternation, when without moving from his privacy, Bartleby in a singularly mild, firm voice, replied, "I would prefer not to."

I sat awhile in perfect silence, rallying my stunned faculties. Immediately it occurred to me that my ears had deceived me, or Bartleby had entirely misunderstood my meaning. I repeated my

request in the clearest tone I could assume. But in quite as clear a one came the previous reply, "I would prefer not to."

"Prefer not to," echoed I, rising in high excitement, and crossing the room with a stride. "What do you mean? Are you moon-struck? I want you to help me compare this sheet here—take it," and I thrust it towards him.

"I would prefer not to," said he.

I looked at him steadfastly. His face was leanly composed; his gray eye dimly calm. Not a wrinkle of agitation rippled him. Had there been the least uneasiness, anger, impatience or impertinence in his manner; in other words, had there been any thing ordinarily human about him, doubtless I should have violently dismissed him from the premises. But as it was, I should have as soon thought of turning my pale plaster-of-paris bust of Cicero out of doors. I stood gazing at him awhile, as he went on with his own writing, and then resented myself at my desk. This is very strange, thought I. What had one best do? But my business hurried me. I concluded to forget the matter for the present, reserving it for my future leisure. So calling Nippers from the other room, the paper was speedily examined.

A few days after this, Bartleby concluded four lengthy documents, being quadruplicates of a week's testimony taken before me in my High Court of Chancery. It became necessary to examine them. It was an important suit, and great accuracy was imperative. Having all things arranged I called Turkey, Nippers and Ginger Nut from the next room, meaning to place the four copies in the hands of my four clerks, while I should read from the original. Accordingly Turkey, Nippers and Ginger Nut had taken their seats in a row, each with his document in hand, when I called to Bartleby to join this interesting group.

"Bartleby! quick, I am waiting."

I heard a slow scrape of his chair legs on the uncarpeted floor, and soon he appeared standing at the entrance of his hermitage.

"What is wanted?" said he mildly.

"The copies, the copies," said I hurriedly. "We are going to examine them. There"—and I held towards him the fourth quadruplicate.

"I would prefer not to," he said, and gently disappeared behind the screen.

For a few moments I was turned into a pillar of salt, standing at the head of my seated column of clerks. Recovering myself, I advanced towards the screen, and demanded the reason for such extraordinary conduct.

"Why do you refuse?"

"I would prefer not to."

With any other man I should have flown outright into a dreadful passion, scorned all further words, and thrust him ignominiously from my presence. But there was something about Bartleby that not only strangely disarmed me, but in a wonderful manner touched and disconcerted me. I began to reason with him.

"These are your own copies we are about to examine. It is labor saving to you, because one examination will answer for your four papers. It is common usage. Every copyist is bound to help examine his copy. Is it not so? Will you not speak? Answer!"

"I prefer not to," he replied in a flute-like tone. It seemed to me that while I had been addressing him, he carefully revolved every statement that I made; fully comprehended the meaning; could not gainsay the irresistible conclusion; but, at the same time, some paramount consideration prevailed with him to reply as he did.

"You are decided, then, not to comply with my request—a request made according to common usage and common sense?"

He briefly gave me to understand that on that point my judgment was sound. Yes: his decision was irreversible.

It is not seldom the case that when a man is browbeaten in some unprecedented and violently unreasonable way, he begins to stagger in his own plainest faith. He begins, as it were, vaguely to surmise that, wonderful as it may be, all the justice and all the reason is on the other side. Accordingly, if any disinterested persons are present, he turns to them for some reinforcement for his own faltering mind.

"Turkey," said I, "what do you think of this? Am I not right?"

"With submission, sir," said Turkey, with his blindest tone, "I think that you are."

"Nippers," said I, "what do you think of it?"

"I think I should kick him out of the office."

(The reader of nice perceptions will here perceive that, it being morning, Turkey's answer is couched in polite and tranquil terms, but Nippers replies in ill-tempered ones. Or, to repeat a previous sentence, Nippers's ugly mood was on duty, and Turkey's off.)

"Ginger Nut," said I, willing to enlist the smallest suffrage in my behalf, "what do you think of it?"

"I think, sir, he's a little *lunny*," replied Ginger Nut, with a grin.

"You hear what they say," said I, turning towards the screen, "come forth and do your duty."

But he vouchsafed no reply. I pondered a moment in sore perplexity. But once more business hurried me. I determined again to postpone the consideration of this dilemma to my future leisure. With a little trouble we made out to examine the papers without Bartleby, though at every page or two, Turkey deferentially dropped his opinion that this proceeding was quite out of the common; while Nippers, twitching in his chair with a dyspeptic nervousness, ground out between his set teeth occasional hissing maledictions against the stubborn oaf behind the screen. And for his (Nippers's) part, this was the first and the last time he would do another man's business without pay.

Meanwhile Bartleby sat in his hermitage, oblivious to every thing but his own peculiar business there.

Some days passed, the scrivener being employed upon another lengthy work. His late remarkable conduct led me to regard his ways narrowly. I observed that he never went to dinner; indeed that he never went any where. As yet I had never of my personal knowledge known him to be outside of my office. He was a perpetual sentry in the corner. At about eleven o'clock though, in the morning, I noticed that Ginger Nut would advance toward the opening in Bartleby's screen, as if silently beckoned thither by a gesture invisible to me where I sat. The boy would then leave the office jingling a few pence, and reappear with a handful of ginger-nuts which he delivered in the hermitage, receiving two of the cakes for his trouble.

He lives, then, on ginger-nuts, thought I; never eats a dinner, properly speaking; he must be a vegetarian then; but no; he never eats even vegetables, he eats nothing but ginger-nuts. My mind then ran on in reveries concerning the probable effects upon the human constitution of living entirely on ginger-nuts. Ginger-nuts are so called because they contain ginger as one of their peculiar constituents, and the final flavoring one. Now what was ginger? A hot, spicy thing. Was Bartleby hot and spicy? Not at all. Ginger, then, had no effect upon Bartleby. Probably he preferred it should have none.

Nothing so aggravates an earnest person as a passive resistance. If the individual so resisted be of a not inhumane temper, and the resisting one perfectly harmless in his passivity; then, in the better moods of the former, he will endeavor charitably to construe to his imagination what proves

impossible to be solved by his judgment. Even so, for the most part, I regarded Bartleby and his ways. Poor fellow! thought I, he means no mischief; it is plain he intends no insolence; his aspect sufficiently evinces that his eccentricities are involuntary. He is useful to me. I can get along with him. If I turn him away, the chances are he will fall in with some less indulgent employer, and then he will be rudely treated, and perhaps driven forth miserably to starve. Yes. Here I can cheaply purchase a delicious self-approval. To befriend Bartleby; to humor him in his strange wilfulness, will cost me little or nothing, while I lay up in my soul what will eventually prove a sweet morsel for my conscience. But this mood was not invariable with me. The passiveness of Bartleby sometimes irritated me. I felt strangely goaded on to encounter him in new opposition, to elicit some angry spark from him answerable to my own. But indeed I might as well have essayed to strike fire with my knuckles against a bit of Windsor soap. But one afternoon the evil impulse in me mastered me, and the following little scene ensued:

"Bartleby," said I, "when those papers are all copied, I will compare them with you."

"I would prefer not to."

"How? Surely you do not mean to persist in that mulish vagary?"

No answer.

I threw open the folding-doors near by, and turning upon Turkey and Nippers, exclaimed in an excited manner—

"He says, a second time, he won't examine his papers. What do you think of it, Turkey?"

It was afternoon, be it remembered. Turkey sat glowing like a brass boiler, his bald head steaming, his hands reeling among his blotted papers.

"Think of it?" roared Turkey; "I think I'll just step behind his screen, and black his eyes for him!"

So saying, Turkey rose to his feet and threw his arms into a pugilistic position. He was hurrying away to make good his promise, when I detained him, alarmed at the effect of incautiously rousing Turkey's combativeness after dinner.

"Sit down, Turkey," said I, "and hear what Nippers has to say. What do you think of it, Nippers? Would I not be justified in immediately dismissing Bartleby?"

"Excuse me, that is for you to decide, sir. I think his conduct quite unusual, and indeed unjust, as regards Turkey and myself. But it may only be a passing whim."

"Ah," exclaimed I, "you have strangely changed your mind then—you speak very gently of him now."

"All beer," cried Turkey; "gentleness is effects of beer—Nippers and I dined together to-day. You see how gentle I am, sir. Shall I go and black his eyes?"

"You refer to Bartleby, I suppose. No, not to-day, Turkey," I replied; "pray, put up your fists."

I closed the doors, and again advanced towards Bartleby. I felt additional incentives tempting me to my fate. I burned to be rebelled against again. I remembered that Bartleby never left the office.

"Bartleby," said I, "Ginger Nut is away; just step round to the Post Office, won't you? (it was but a three minutes walk,) and see if there is any thing for me."

"I would prefer not to."

"You will not?"

"I prefer not."

I staggered to my desk, and sat there in a deep study. My blind inveteracy returned. Was there any other thing in which I could procure myself to be ignominiously repulsed by this lean, penniless wight?—my hired clerk? What added thing is there, perfectly reasonable, that he will be sure to refuse to do?

"Bartleby!"

No answer.

"Bartleby," in a louder tone.

No answer.

"Bartleby," I roared.

Like a very ghost, agreeably to the laws of magical invocation, at the third summons, he appeared at the entrance of his hermitage.

"Go to the next room, and tell Nippers to come to me."

"I prefer not to," he respectfully and slowly said, and mildly disappeared.

"Very good, Bartleby," said I, in a quiet sort of serenely severe self-possessed tone, intimating the unalterable purpose of some terrible retribution very close at hand. At the moment I half intended something of the kind. But upon the whole, as it was drawing towards my dinner-hour, I thought it best to put on my hat and walk home for the day, suffering much from perplexity and distress of mind.

Shall I acknowledge it? The conclusion of this whole business was, that it soon became a fixed fact of my chambers, that a pale young scrivener, by the name of Bartleby, had a desk there; that he copied for me at the usual rate of four cents a folio (one hundred words); but he was permanently exempt from examining the work done by him, that duty being transferred to Turkey and Nippers, one of compliment doubtless to their su-

perior acuteness; moreover, said Bartleby was never on any account to be dispatched on the most trivial errand of any sort; and that even if entreated to take upon him such a matter, it was generally understood that he would prefer not to—in other words, that he would refuse point-blank.

As days passed on, I became considerably reconciled to Bartleby. His steadiness, his freedom from all dissipation, his incessant industry (except when he chose to throw himself into a standing reverie behind his screen), his great stillness, his unalterableness of demeanor under all circumstances, made him a valuable acquisition. One prime thing was this,—*he was always there*;—first in the morning, continually through the day, and the last at night. I had a singular confidence in his honesty. I felt my most precious papers perfectly safe in his hands. Sometimes to be sure I could not, for the very soul of me, avoid falling into sudden spasmodic passions with him. For it was exceeding difficult to bear in mind all the time those strange peculiarities, privileges, and unheard-of exemptions, forming the tacit stipulations on Bartleby's part under which he remained in my office. Now and then, in the eagerness of dispatching pressing business, I would inadvertently summon Bartleby, in a short, rapid tone, to put his finger, say, on the incipient tie of a bit of red tape with which I was about compressing some papers. Of course, from behind the screen the usual answer, "I prefer not to," was sure to come; and then, how could a human creature with the common infirmities of our nature, refrain from bitterly exclaiming upon such perverseness—such unreasonableness. However, every added repulse of this sort which I received only tended to lessen the probability of my repeating the inadvetence.

Here it must be said, that according to the custom of most legal gentlemen occupying chambers in densely-populated law buildings, there were several keys to my door. One was kept by a woman residing in the attic, which person weekly scrubbed and daily swept and dusted my apartments. Another was kept by Turkey for convenience sake. The third I sometimes carried in my own pocket. The fourth I knew not who had.

Now, one Sunday morning I happened to go to Trinity Church, to hear a celebrated preacher, and finding myself rather early on the ground, I thought I would walk round to my chambers for a while. Luckily I had my key with me; but upon applying it to the lock, I found it resisted by something inserted from the

inside. Quite surprised, I called out; when to my consternation a key was turned from within; and thrusting his lean visage at me, and holding the door ajar, the apparition of Bartleby appeared, in his shirt sleeves, and otherwise in a strangely tattered dishabille, saying quietly that he was sorry, but he was deeply engaged just then, and—preferred not admitting me at present. In a brief word or two, he moreover added, that perhaps I had better walk round the block two or three times, and by that time he would probably have concluded his affairs.

Now, the utterly unsurmised appearance of Bartleby, tenanted my law-chambers of a Sunday morning, with his cadaverously gentlemanly *nonchalance*, yet withal firm and self-possessed, had such a strange effect upon me, that incontinently I slunk away from my own door, and did as desired. But not without sundry twinges of impotent rebellion against the mild effrontery of this unaccountable scrivener. Indeed, it was his wonderful mildness chiefly, which not only disarmed me, but unmanned me, as it were. For I consider that one, for the time, is a sort of unmanned when he tranquilly permits his hired clerk to dictate to him, and order him away from his own premises. Furthermore, I was full of uneasiness as to what Bartleby could possibly be doing in my office in his shirt sleeves, and in an otherwise dismantled condition of a Sunday morning. Was any thing amiss going on? Nay, that was out of the question. It was not to be thought of for a moment that Bartleby was an immoral person. But what could he be doing there?—copying? Nay again, whatever might be his eccentricities, Bartleby was an eminently decorous person. He would be the last man to sit down to his desk in any state approaching to nudity. Besides, it was Sunday; and there was something about Bartleby that forbade the supposition that he would by any secular occupation violate the proprieties of the day.

Nevertheless, my mind was not pacified; and full of a restless curiosity, at last I returned to the door. Without hindrance I inserted my key, opened it, and entered. Bartleby was not to be seen. I looked round anxiously, peeped behind his screen; but it was very plain that he was gone. Upon more closely examining the place, I surmised that for an indefinite period Bartleby must have ate, dressed, and slept in my office, and that too without plate, mirror, or bed. The cushioned seat of a ricketty old sofa in one corner bore the faint impress of a lean reclining form. Rolled away under

his desk, I found a blanket; under the empty grate, a blacking box and brush; on a chair, a tin basin, with soap and a ragged towel; in a newspaper a few crumbs of ginger-nuts and a morsel of cheese. Yes, thought I, it is evident enough that Bartleby has been making his home here, keeping bachelor's hall all by himself. Immediately then the thought came sweeping across me, What miserable friendlessness and loneliness are here revealed! His poverty is great; but his solitude, how horrible! Think of it. Of a Sunday, Wall-street is deserted as Petra; and every night of every day it is an emptiness. This building too, which of week-days hums with industry and life, at nightfall echoes with sheer vacancy, and all through Sunday is forlorn. And here Bartleby makes his home; sole spectator of a solitude which he has seen all populous—a sort of innocent and transformed Marius brooding among the ruins of Carthage!

For the first time in my life a feeling of overpowering stinging melancholy seized me. Before, I had never experienced aught but a not-unpleasing sadness. The bond of a common humanity now drew me irresistibly to gloom. A fraternal melancholy! For both I and Bartleby were sons of Adam. I remembered the bright silks and sparkling faces I had seen that day, in gala trim, swan-like sailing down the Mississippi of Broadway; and I contrasted them with the pallid copyist, and thought to myself, Ah, happiness courts the light, so we deem the world is gay; but misery hides aloof, so we deem that misery there is none. These sad fancyings—chimeras, doubtless, of a sick and silly brain—led on to other and more special thoughts, concerning the eccentricities of Bartleby. Presentiments of strange discoveries hovered round me. The scrivener's pale form appeared to me laid out, among uncaring strangers, in its shivering winding sheet.

Suddenly I was attracted by Bartleby's closed desk, the key in open sight left in the lock.

I mean no mischief, seek the gratification of no heartless curiosity, thought I; besides, the desk is mine, and its contents too, so I will make bold to look within. Every thing was methodically arranged, the papers smoothly placed. The pigeon holes were deep, and removing the files of documents, I groped into their recesses. Presently I felt something there, and dragged it out. It was an old bandanna handkerchief, heavy and knotted. I opened it, and saw it was a savings' bank.

I now recalled all the quiet mysteries

which I had noted in the man. I remembered that he never spoke but to answer; that though at intervals he had considerable time to himself, yet I had never seen him reading—no, not even a newspaper; that for long periods he would stand looking out, at his pale window behind the screen, upon the dead brick wall; I was quite sure he never visited any refectory or eating house; while his pale face clearly indicated that he never drank beer like Turkey, or tea and coffee even, like other men; that he never went anywhere in particular that I could learn; never went out for a walk, unless indeed that was the case at present; that he had declined telling who he was, or whence he came, or whether he had any relatives in the world; that though so thin and pale, he never complained of ill health. And more than all, I remembered a certain unconscious air of pallid—how shall I call it?—of pallid haughtiness, say, or rather an austere reserve about him, which had positively awed me into my tame compliance with his eccentricities, when I had feared to ask him to do the slightest incidental thing for me, even though I might know, from his long-continued motionlessness, that behind his screen he must be standing in one of those dead-wall reveries of his.

Revolving all these things, and coupling them with the recently discovered fact that he made my office his constant abiding place and home, and not forgetful of his morbid moodiness; revolving all these things, a prudential feeling began to steal over me. My first emotions had been those of pure melancholy and sincerest pity; but just in proportion as the forlornness of Bartleby grew and grew to my imagination, did that same melancholy merge into fear, that pity into repulsion. So true it is, and so terrible too, that up to a certain point the thought or sight of misery enlists our best affections; but, in certain special cases, beyond that point it does not. They err who would assert that invariably this is owing to the inherent selfishness of the human heart. It rather proceeds from a certain hopelessness of remedying excessive and organic ill. To a sensitive being, pity is not seldom pain. And when at last it is perceived that such pity cannot lead to effectual succor, common sense bids the soul be rid of it. What I saw that morning persuaded me that the scrivener was the victim of innate and incurable disorder. I might give alms to his body; but his body did not pain him; it was his soul that suffered, and his soul I could not reach.

I did not accomplish the purpose of

going to Trinity Church that morning. Somehow, the things I had seen disqualified me for the time from church-going. I walked homeward, thinking what I would do with Bartleby. Finally, I resolved upon this;—I would put certain calm questions to him the next morning, touching his history, &c., and if he declined to answer them openly and unreservedly (and I supposed he would prefer not), then to give him a twenty dollar bill over and above whatever I might owe him, and tell him his services were no longer required; but that if in any other way I could assist him, I would be happy to do so, especially if he desired to return to his native place, wherever that might be, I would willingly help to defray the expenses. Moreover, if, after reaching home, he found himself at any time in want of aid, a letter from him would be sure of a reply.

The next morning came.

"Bartleby," said I, gently calling to him behind his screen.

No reply.

"Bartleby," said I, in a still gentler tone, "come here; I am not going to ask you to do any thing you would prefer not to do—I simply wish to speak to you."

Upon this he noiselessly slid into view.

"Will you tell me, Bartleby, where you were born?"

"I would prefer not to."

"Will you tell me *any thing* about yourself?"

"I would prefer not to."

"But what reasonable objection can you have to speak to me? I feel friendly towards you."

He did not look at me while I spoke, but kept his glance fixed upon my bust of Cicero, which as I then sat, was directly behind me, some six inches above my head.

"What is your answer, Bartleby?" said I, after waiting a considerable time for a reply, during which his countenance remained immovable, only there was the faintest conceivable tremor of the white attenuated mouth.

"At present I prefer to give no answer," he said, and retired into his hermitage.

It was rather weak in me I confess, but his manner on this occasion nettled me. Not only did there seem to lurk in it a certain calm disdain, but his perverseness seemed ungrateful, considering the undeniable good usage and indulgence he had received from me.

Again I sat ruminating what I should do. Mortified as I was at his behavior, and resolved as I had been to dismiss him when I entered my office, nevertheless I

strangely felt something superstitious knocking at my heart, and forbidding me to carry out my purpose, and denouncing me for a villain if I dared to breathe one bitter word against this forlornest of mankind. At last, familiarly drawing my chair behind his screen, I sat down and said: "Bartleby, never mind them about revealing your history; but let me entreat you, as a friend, to comply as far as may be with the usages of this office. Say now you will help to examine papers to-morrow or next day: in short, say now that in a day or two you will begin to be a little reasonable:—say so, Bartleby."

"At present I would prefer not to be a little reasonable," was his mildly cadaverous reply.

Just then the folding-doors opened, and Nippers approached. He seemed suffering from an unusually bad night's rest, induced by severer indigestion than common. He overheard those final words of Bartleby.

"*Prefer not, eh?*" gritted Nippers—"I'd *prefer* him, if I were you, sir," addressing me—"I'd *prefer* him; I'd give him preferences, the stubborn mule! What is it, sir, pray, that he *prefers* not to do now?"

Bartleby moved not a limb.

"Mr. Nippers," said I, "I'd prefer that you would withdraw for the present."

Somehow, of late I had got into the way of involuntarily using this word "prefer" upon all sorts of not exactly suitable occasions. And I trembled to think that my contact with the scrivener had already and seriously affected me in a mental way. And what further and deeper aberration might it not yet produce? This apprehension had not been without efficacy in determining me to summary means.

As Nippers, looking very sour and sulky, was departing, Turkey blandly and deferentially approached.

"With submission, sir," said he, "yesterday I was thinking about Bartleby here, and I think that if he would but prefer to take a quart of good ale every day, it would do much towards mending him, and enabling him to assist in examining his papers."

"So you have got the word too," said I, slightly excited.

"With submission, what word, sir," asked Turkey, respectfully crowding himself into the contracted space behind the screen, and by so doing, making me jostle the scrivener. "What word, sir?"

"I would prefer to be left alone here," said Bartleby, as if offended at being mobbed in his privacy.

"*That's* the word, Turkey," said I—"that's it."

"Oh, *prefer*? oh yes—queer word. I never use it myself. But, sir, as I was saying, if he would but *prefer*—"

"Turkey," interrupted I, "you will please withdraw."

"Oh certainly, sir, if you prefer that I should."

As he opened the folding-door to retire, Nippers at his desk caught a glimpse of me, and asked whether I would prefer to have a certain paper copied on blue paper or white. He did not in the least roguishly accent the word *prefer*. It was plain that it involuntarily rolled from his tongue. I thought to myself, surely I must get rid of a demented man, who already has in some degree turned the tongues, if not the heads of myself and clerks. But I thought it prudent not to break the dismissal at once.

The next day I noticed that Bartleby did nothing but stand at his window in his dead-wall revery. Upon asking him why he did not write, he said that he had decided upon doing no more writing.

"Why, how now? what next?" exclaimed I, "do no more writing?"

"No more."

"And what is the reason?"

"Do you not see the reason for yourself," he indifferently replied.

I looked steadfastly at him, and perceived that his eyes looked dull and glazed. Instantly it occurred to me, that his unexampled diligence in copying by his dim window for the first few weeks of his stay with me might have temporarily impaired his vision.

I was touched. I said something in condolence with him. I hinted that of course he did wisely in abstaining from writing for a while; and urged him to embrace that opportunity of taking wholesome exercise in the open air. This, however, he did not do. A few days after this, my other clerks being absent, and being in a great hurry to dispatch certain letters by the mail, I thought that, having nothing else earthly to do, Bartleby would surely be less inflexible than usual, and carry these letters to the post-office. But he blankly declined. So, much to my inconvenience, I went myself.

Still added days went by. Whether Bartleby's eyes improved or not, I could not say. To all appearance, I thought they did. But when I asked him if they did, he vouchsafed no answer. At all events, he would do no copying. At last, in reply to my urgings, he informed me that he had permanently given up copying.

"What!" exclaimed I; "suppose your

eyes should get entirely well—better than ever before—would you not copy them?"

"I have given up copying," he answered, and slid aside.

He remained as ever, a fixture in my chamber. Nay—if that were possible—he became still more of a fixture than before. What was to be done? He would do nothing in the office; why should he stay there? In plain fact, he had now become a millstone to me, not only useless as a necklace, but afflictive to bear. Yet I was sorry for him. I speak less than truth when I say that, on his own account, he occasioned me uneasiness. If he would but have named a single relative or friend, I would instantly have written, and urged their taking the poor fellow away to some convenient retreat. But he seemed alone, absolutely alone in the universe. A bit of wreck in the mid Atlantic. At length, necessities connected with my business tyrannized over all other considerations. Decently as I could, I told Bartleby that in six days' time he must unconditionally leave the office. I warned him to take measures, in the interval, for procuring some other abode. I offered to assist him in this endeavor, if he himself would but take the first step towards a removal. "And when you finally quit me, Bartleby," added I, "I shall see that you go not away entirely unprovided. Six days from this hour, remember."

At the expiration of that period, I peeped behind the screen, and lo! Bartleby was there.

I buttoned up my coat, balanced myself; advanced slowly towards him, touched his shoulder, and said, "The time has come; you must quit this place; I am sorry for you; here is money; but you must go."

"I would prefer not," he replied, with his back still towards me.

"You must."

He remained silent.

Now I had an unbounded confidence in this man's common honesty. He had frequently restored to me sixpences and shillings carelessly dropped upon the floor, for I am apt to be very reckless in such shirt-button affairs. The proceeding then which followed will not be deemed extraordinary.

"Bartleby," said I, "I owe you twelve dollars on account; here are thirty-two; the odd twenty are yours.—Will you take it?" and I handed the bills towards him.

But he made no motion.

"I will leave them here then," putting them under a weight on the table. Then taking my hat and cane and going to the

door I tranquilly turned and added—
 "After you have removed your things
 from these offices, Bartleby, you will
 of course lock the door—since every
 one is now gone for the day but you—and
 if you please, slip your key underneath
 the mat, so that I may have it in the
 morning. I shall not see you again; so
 good-bye to you. If hereafter in your new
 place of abode I can be of any service
 to you, do not fail to advise me by letter.
 Good-bye, Bartleby, and fare you well."

But he answered not a word; like the
 last column of some ruined temple, he re-
 mained standing mute and solitary in the
 middle of the otherwise deserted room.

As I walked home in a pensive mood,
 my vanity got the better of my pity. I
 could not but highly plume myself on my
 masterly management in getting rid of
 Bartleby. Masterly I call it, and such it
 must appear to any dispassionate thinker.
 The beauty of my procedure seemed
 to consist in its perfect quietness. There
 was no vulgar bullying, no bravado of
 any sort, no choleric hectoring, and strid-

ing to and fro across the apartment, jerk-
 ing out vehement commands for Bartleby
 to bundle himself off with his beggarly
 traps. Nothing of the kind. Without
 loudly bidding Bartleby depart—as an
 inferior genius might have done—I as-
 sumed the ground that depart he must;
 and upon that assumption built all I had
 to say. The more I thought over my
 procedure, the more I was charmed with
 it. Nevertheless, next morning, upon
 awakening, I had my doubts,—I had some-
 how slept off the fumes of vanity. One
 of the coolest and wisest hours a man has,
 is just after he awakes in the morning.
 My procedure seemed as sagacious as
 ever,—but only in theory. How it would
 prove in practice—there was the rub. It
 was truly a beautiful thought to have
 assumed Bartleby's departure; but, after
 all, that assumption was simply my own,
 and none of Bartleby's. The great point
 was, not whether I had assumed that he
 would quit me, but whether he would
 prefer so to do. He was more a man of
 preferences than assumptions.

(To be continued.)

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BACK OF A BANK-NOTE.

Οὐδὲν γὰρ ἀνθρώποις ὅς τις ἔσται
 Κερὲν νόμισμα βλάσσει.

Sophocles.

I.

BANK-note—foul note! Industry's curse;
 Ghost of coin, that mocks at toil;
 Pictured wealth, that chance may spoil,
 Rogues may stamp, and handling soil;
 Spider, weaving credit's coil;
 Bank-note—foul note! touch not my purse!

II.

Bank-note—blest note! Trade's healthy nurse:
 Key to stores of treasured gold;
 Making timid business bold,
 Bringing both to young and old
 All that home and heart can hold;
 Bank-note—blest note! Come to my purse!

III.

Bank-note—curst note! Emblem of evil;
 Seed of henbane to love's life;
 Spur of hate and deadly strife;
 Rust of ties 'twixt man and wife;
 Whetstone of the bandit's knife:
 Bank-note—curst note! Go to the devil!

IV.

Bank-note—sweet note! Emblem of power;
 Giving youthful charms to age;
 Making fools seem strangely sage;
 Winning, despite critic's rage,
 Puffs and glory by the page;
 Bank-note—sweet note! Come in a shower!

CHARACTERS IN BLEAK HOUSE.

THE author of *Bleak House* is now about the age of the author of *Waverley* when the appearance of that literary marvel took the reading world by surprise; and he has still the time before him to make new conquests in literature, as the northern magician did when he quitted verse and bent his pliant genius to romances in prose. The thing which Dickens has yet to do, is to write a good story. Hitherto he has attained his brilliant successes by the production of novels, which have lacked one of the essential qualities of that species of literary manufacture. Yet, in spite of this great defect, he has achieved a success in comparison with which even Scott's was almost a failure. Until the appearance of *Uncle Tom*, Dickens' writings were the only books that could be said to have been really published. Doubtless something of his success must be attributed to the improved machinery of publishing, but much more to the popular character of his productions. We hardly feel warranted in thinking that the author of *Pickwick* lacks the talent of construction, for it may be, that finding he could accomplish his aims by a much easier and cheaper process, he has never thought it worth his while to try to construct a regular epic. He has found the public greedy enough to take his single characters, and has not attempted to add to their value by weaving them together in a plot. As a delineator of persons, and the creator of distinct types of humanity, he stands second only to Shakspeare; while, in fertility of invention, he is fully the equal of the great poet of humanity. If he has given us none of the grander forms of human passion, none of the *Othellos*, *Hamlets* and *Lady Macbeths*, he has created a vastly greater multitude of the baser order than the great dramatist.

Dickens has never advanced from his first starting point, as a literary artist. He commenced as a sketcher of character, and has been content to continue on in the same line, as he well might; for his first success was so brilliant, that he might be forgiven for not running the risk of failure, by departing from his *specialitie*. It is remarkable that his first serial work, which was not intended to be a story, should have proved to be more of one than any of his subsequent productions, in which he aimed at a plot. *Pickwick* insensibly ran into a tale before the author seemed aware of what he was doing, and the winding up and disposal of the characters at the end, is more natural

in that outburst of youthful genius, than in any of his productions which succeeded it. We have heard many of the most enthusiastic admirers of *Pickwick* complain that his after stories were failures; but either of his works, we imagine, would have created as great a sensation as that, if it had been his first; and we believe that even *Bleak House* would have been hailed as a greater marvel, if his previous creations had not blunted the keen edge of enjoyment, which that prodigious repository of character would have gratified. But, such has been the prodigal affluence of his genius in scattering his characters, that we take up a new number of one of his stories, and feel ourselves wronged if we do not find half a dozen or more of new people, whose names and characteristics we can no more forget, than we can those of our own schoolfellows, or the members of our own household. Yet there is nothing so rare in literature as the creation of a new character; from the time of Shakspeare to Fielding, there were not half a dozen added to the realm of fiction, and among these few, Addison's Knight is the only one that has a distinct presence of its own. The forty-nine acted plays of Dryden did not all contain a single character that the world now remembers. Fielding made a very considerable addition to the populousness of the world of fiction, and since his time there have been many more added; but the creations of Dickens are more numerous than those of all the authors that preceded him, from the days of Fielding and Smollet, put together. If any one thinks we make an extravagant statement, let him make a list of the familiar names in fiction, and compare it with a list of those which he can cull from the productions of Dickens. The only contemporary author who can be mentioned in comparison with him, as a creator of character, is Thackeray, who, in the construction of his stories, and the motive of his plots, is infinitely his superior. But, though in quality, the characters of Thackeray are equal to those of Dickens, in fertility of invention he cannot rank with his great rival. As a literary artist, we are inclined to rank the author of *Pendennis* above the author of *Pickwick*, it is in the power of production, and the fertility of invention, that the superiority of Dickens lies—the ease and grace with which he flings his characters from his brilliant pen upon the wondering multitude. The characters of Thackeray are gradually developed by the progress of

his narrative, and we never know them thoroughly until he dismisses them in the last chapter. They are gradually formed, as a portrait painter produces the likeness of his sitter, first the outline of the face, and then the portrait grows by touching, scumbling and glazing, until the perfected image is firmly and brilliantly depicted to the eye of the spectator. They make so essential a part of the plot, and are so naturally evolved out of the events narrated, that they and the catastrophe of the tale are alike and inseparable. It is very different with the characters of Dickens; they are in his stories, but not necessary parts of them; the denouements of his plots, if that term can be properly used in speaking of the close of his stories, might be very different without doing any violence to the reader's sense of justice or propriety. In reality, none of his stories has a catastrophe that satisfies the reader. The tale ends because it is the twentieth number, and not from necessity, as *Pendennis*, and *Vanity Fair*, and the *Bride of Lammermoor*, and *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet* end.

If the process of development in Thackeray resembles the art of the portrait painter, Mr. Dickens' method is like that of the daguerreotypist; he strikes out at the start his perfect character, and spoils it often, as the daguerreotypist does, by attempting to color it afterwards. Our first sight of Dickens' characters makes us perfectly acquainted with them, and we can know nothing more about them: they are shown to us over and over again; but always the same—wearing the same clothes, using the same phrases, and presenting the same appearance, like the actors in a stage tragedy, who wear the same rouge and the same robes through ten or twenty years of action. It is this permanency and fixedness of character which makes it necessary for Dickens to introduce new personages continually to keep up the interest of the reader; and it is his power of production that makes him careless of the conduct and consistency of his story. Then too, such are the attractive and winning graces of his style, that he can, when character and incident fail him, always secure the reader's attention by mere profuseness of riotous rhetoric, which has no other use than that of diverting his reader. There are pages and pages of such writing in *Bleak House*, as there are in many of his other marvellous productions. Marvellous they are, beyond dispute, for it is a wonderful power that enables a writer, who has nothing new to tell the world, whose style has lost its novelty, if not its charm, to keep possession of the attention of the

reading world through twenty months, while he is doling out to them, every thirty days, bits of a story, which, in itself, has hardly any intrinsic interest.

In *Bleak House*, Dickens exhibits his greatest defects, and his greatest excellencies, as a novelist; in none of his works are the characters more strongly marked, or the plot more loosely and inartistically constructed. One-half of the personages might be ruled out without their loss being perceived, for, although they are all introduced with a flourish, as though they had an important part to perform, yet there would be no halt in the story if they were dropped by the way, as some of them are—Mr. Boythorn and his canary, for instance—without our being able to discover for what purpose they were brought out. Yet, who would wish not to have known Mr. Boythorn? We constantly meet people in society who in no manner influence our destiny, whom it is, notwithstanding, a great comfort to have known. And so it is with Mr. Boythorn and his canary, such a great, honest, healthy, and generous nature, rude and boisterous as his manners are, makes one more reconciled to the Smallweeds and Tulkinghorns that cannot be avoided. And Voluminia and her poor, feeble cousin, all of whose manhood has been refined out of him by generations of gentlemanly breeding, until the mere effort of speaking distinctly is too much for his aristocratic nature, are profitable people to know, although they do not help on the story an inch, but, on the contrary, retard it by their inanities. The debilitated cousin, is an enfeebled cousin Feenix, whose acquaintance we first made in our dealings with the firm of *Dombey & Son*; but what of that? is not Master Slender a step down from Justice Shallow, and Master Silence going a little below his cousin Slender. Voluminia is always the same, like the rest of the characters, and every time we encounter her it is like going into a room and seeing the same portrait simpering to us out of its gilded frame. The only change in her is that she grows pinker as to the red of her face, and yellower as to the white. But, we remember Voluminia and the dilapidated cousin, and doubtless we take a more sober and sensible view of human life from having made their acquaintance. The antithesis to this high-bred and amiable spinster is that fiery creature, the foreign young woman, as Mr. Bucket calls her, who acted as maid to Lady Dedlock, and was guilty of the horrid crime of shooting Mr. Tulkinghorn for the mere pleasure of accusing her ladyship of having committed that foul deed. The history of crime affords no instance of so

foul a deed, undertaken for so foul a purpose; and the provocation in this instance was nothing more than a dismissal from service. The character of Hortense is well sustained throughout, and her final taking off is altogether one of the most powerfully described and dramatic episodes in the book; but such intensity of hatred as she exhibits is unnatural; for such a nature as that of Hortense would destroy itself in its infancy. Mr. Bucket of the Detective fills a very large space in *Bleak House*, and is one of the best characters in it; he is a higher order of Sam Weller, and we hope there are plenty of originals like him in London, for most valuable members of our social organizations are the Buckets. He is hardly better than a talking watch-dog—a creature without nerves, passions, or emotions—whose sole aim is to do his duty, and by centring all his mind upon that, does it so perfectly that he seems to act from inspiration. But, great as Mr. Bucket is, in himself, and grateful as we are to the author for our knowledge of him, we must confess that even he might have been spared from *Bleak House* without deranging the story. He seems to have been introduced for the sole purpose of arresting Hortense, and has no direct influence upon any other person. He arrests Captain George, to be sure—noble, burly, vagabond, honest George, whom we also delight in knowing, and he plays with those happy children with the geographical names; but even he and Jey, and their admirable mother, and Old Lignum, their father, who is more of a soldier than any of the military novelists have ever drawn, could all have been dispensed with. The manner of life in the family of the Bagnets is precisely that of the Kenwigs, and it is in this bumble phase of English society where Dickens appears to be most at home, and perfectly at his ease. His happiest hits have been made in such descriptions, and it was in describing such scenes that he first attracted the attention of the reading world in his "sketches" which made their appearance in the *Morning Chronicle*. His name is always Dickens when he steps his foot upon such beather, which, we imagine, must have been native to him. The Bagnets are a good family to know, and a dinner of their customary bacon and greens would be pleasanter than the Waterloo Banquet at Apsley House. But the whole of the shooting gallery connections have no necessary part to perform in the unravelling of the mystery of *Bleak House*. And even *Bleak House* makes but a secondary figure in the history compared with Chesney Wold, which is a bleak enough old mansion, and which should have furnished the title of the story;

—what a bore of a house it was, with its terrible Ghost's Walk, and its damp atmosphere! we fully sympathize with the debilitated cousin in his opinion that "such fernal old jails nough t' sew fier up ferver." And Lady Dedlock! Such an incomprehensible piece of absurdity could not be found in the whole series of Bulwerian and Jameserian romances. She has not a particle of womanly nature in her, and, like the second Mrs. Dombey, does nothing but put on airs from beginning to end. Her death, upon which the author has bestowed such elaborate care, is not half so tragic, or touching, as the death of the brickmaker's little infant. It is impossible to feel a sympathetic regard for such a creature as Lady Dedlock, who, we all the time see, is not a reality; and then, prominent as the author makes her, she is altogether *de trop* whenever she is introduced. She is a beautiful, well-bred, haughty, and fascinating woman; who deserts her illegitimate child, turns her back on her first love, leaves her only relative, deceives her husband; and, at the last moment, evinces the nicest sensibility, the most tender affection, and the most exquisite consciousness of self-degradation. The moment that Lady Dedlock attempts to do any thing but look beautiful and grand, she loses her individuality, and becomes somebody else; in short, Lady Dedlock is an utter failure as a piece of characterization. Not much more can be said in favor of her husband, Sir Leicester, who is a proud, rapid, feeble gentleman all the way through the story, striving for nothing but to keep up his imbecile dignity, when, in the closing chapter he becomes a gallant, tender-hearted, and noble old fellow, whom one could not help venerating, if nothing had been known of his previous character. Perhaps the author meant to show by these people that we are all human alike when touched by suffering, but his manner of doing it is not successful. There is no explanation given of the unnatural union of two such persons. How could a man like Sir Leicester, whose sole idea was the duty imposed upon him of preserving the family dignity, and to whom all earthly things were of no account compared with the privileges of his order, condescend to marry a woman of whom he knew nothing whatever? His housekeeper, Mrs. Rouncewell, is a good substantial portrait of an important member of English families, and her prosperous son, the sturdy ironmonger, is admirably presented, although he does nothing in particular but show himself, as a foil to Sir Leicester, and a specimen of his class. Harold Skimpole, when he is first presented to us, is one of the hap

piest creations of the author, and yet, so common a character in real life that every body said at once they knew a dozen Skimpoles. It has been said, too, that Dickens in portraying this character took Leigh Hunt for his model, and there are many points in Skimpole to warrant such a supposition; but this is one of the daguerreotypes that the author has spoiled by putting on too much color, after the portrait was taken. In making Skimpole a conscious villain he entirely destroys the consistency and truthfulness of the character, and Skimpole ceases to be the type of a class. But though Skimpole changes his character, he keeps up his phraseology to the last, and says precisely the same things at the close that he did at the beginning. Quite as worthless a rascal, and very much in the same line, yet wholly different in style, is the incomparable Turveydrop, whose care of himself, and remorseless indifference to the sufferings of others, are by no means contradictory elements of character. He is a splendid satire on society, and it was a most happy idea to make him up after Lawrence's effeminate portrait of George the Fourth. The character of his son, the Prince, the simple-hearted, tender, dutiful and hard-working dancing-master is one of the best characters in the book, and Caddy Jellyby, his wife, is one of the few characters that have grown up under the hands of her master. Caddy is not presented to us as a daguerreotype, but is beautifully and naturally developed by the progress of events. Her precious mother, on the contrary, is always the same, looking off to Borioboola Gha, and looking over the immediate objects which are entitled to her attention and sympathy—a perfect type of the philanthropist by trade; her poor neglected husband and children are all happily delineated, even to little Peepy, who is done for by being put into the Custom-House—a remarkable catastrophe for a hero of romance. Many have been the unsuccessful attempts to depict Mrs. Jellyby, by inferior artists, but, no sooner does the hand of a genuine master attempt to sketch her than she stands out before the world, the confessed type of the class to which she belongs. Henceforth Mrs. Jellyby is to be as real a character as Semiramis or Clytemnestra. When sham philanthropists are mentioned, Mrs. Jellyby in her slatternly dress rises instantly in our memory. But Mrs. Jellyby was not specially needed in *Bleak House*, she was in no way connected with the Court of Chancery or the suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. Neither was Mr. Tulkinghorn; and this Mr. Tulkinghorn, who comes to his death so needlessly,

accomplishing nothing thereby, and filling so large a space in the volume, is one of the non-successes of the author. He is, oddly enough, introduced for the purpose of keeping family secrets, which are not of any importance to any body, and which he never divulges, but seems to be always on the point of doing something tragical, but never does. He is like a gloomy looking dark passage in a building that leads nowhere, and puzzles you to guess what it was intended for. The other lawyers, Carboy and Kenge, and their vulgar clerk, Mr. Guppy, and his fast companion, Mr. Jobling, and the Lord Chancellor, are all happily and strongly individualized. Conversation Kenge is a good deal of a humbug, but he is a perfectly natural and consistent character, and never forgets himself. Poor Joe, down in Tom-all-alone's, has already become a proverb. We read the deaths of a good many eminent men without an emotion—the newspapers accustom us to such events, but we cannot withhold a tear when we read the death of poor Joe, and when he is "moved on" for the last time we too are moved. Yet we know all the time that poor Joe is an unreal phantom—a mere shadowy outline, raised by a few strokes of a steel pen; yet we weep over him and give him the sympathies which we withhold from the real Joes we encounter in our daily walks.

The chief personage of *Bleak House* is Esther Summerson, a gentle, loving, true-hearted and womanly creation; she possesses all the good points of the feminine character; and it was no wonder that Mr. Guppy should, at last, entertain so strong an affection for her. It was a redeeming trait in that gentleman's character, and we like him for it. But nothing can be more palpable than the strange contrast between the character of this estimable lady, and the manner in which she narrates it herself, confessing that she never was good for any thing, that she is awkward and so on, and then going deliberately to work to draw her own portrait in the most flattering manner, all the time perfectly conscious, too, that she was doing it. Esther is a perfect character, and naturally developed, with the sole exception that her picture of herself is an unnatural contrivance. Her portraits of Richard and Ada are in the uniform manner of Dickens' young people, but have nothing distinctive about them. Richard is intended as a forcible picture of a chancery victim, but he is, in fact, a victim only to his own weaknesses and want of character. Miss Flite is much more effective, as showing the melancholy effect of long deferred hope, and disap-

pointed expectations. She is a very good companion to Mr. Dick in Copperfield. Krook is a night-marish character, and his going off by spontaneous combustion, which the author defends so stoutly in the face of science, is quite the unpleasantest thing to read in fiction. Jarndyce is a good old fellow, who can hardly be said to represent any body but himself, for such pure philanthropy, easy good nature, and good sense, are not often found united in the same person. Jarndyce is a prominent figure in the history of Bleak House, and, as the proprietor of that comfortable mansion, he should perform an important part in the drama which takes its name from his property, but he might be spared from the scene without the denouement being changed or interrupted. His proposition to marry Dame Burden is very tenderly and delicately managed; and we would recommend it as an example worthy of being imitated by any soft-hearted old gentleman who may have a desire to marry his housekeeper, or a lady much younger than himself. Mr. Vholes must not be omitted in the enumeration of the characters of Bleak House, a genuine specimen of the mean nature which the practice of the law, when the practitioner is not eminently successful, engenders, or at least aggravates; the henpecked law stationer, who is always afraid of putting too fine a point on things, and his unhappy wife, who will be jealous of him whether he give her cause or not, are bold, distinctly drawn individuals whom we do not readily forget, and their epileptic servant will always be associated with them in our recollection. And Mr. Chadband, incomparable Mr. Chadband, how superior he is to the Mawworms of the stage, and all other attempts to delineate his species. He will for ever stand as the type of that numerous band of evangelists whom he so vividly calls to mind. We can only mention Coavins, who makes us respect a sheriff's officer, by the honesty with which he performs his unpleasant task, and whom we cannot but love as the father of Charley, the brave, affectionate and dutiful child.

These are not all the characters; but what a catalogue those form which we have named, to be found in one book. They are not mere names, nor lay figures, but distinct and striking individuals, who are remembered and alluded to as real personages who have impressed themselves upon us by their characteristics of mind and manner.

The undeveloped characters in Bleak House, such as are merely alluded to, but

who, nevertheless, impress themselves upon our memory, like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece, all have histories connected with their names, and awaken curiosity as to their antecedents and their fate. We should like to know something more of Mrs. Pardiggle and her progeny, for instance; and that aristocratic Welsh lady whose son marries Esther Summerson. There has been great disappointment felt by the public, at not hearing something of the trial and execution of Hortense, for she was hung, of course, and it was so much in the author's vein, that we do not see how he could resist the opportunity of spreading himself in that direction. But, if he had done so he could not have compressed the story into the twenty numbers he had bargained for. And what became of Krook's cat? Miss Flite's birds we have a most satisfactory account of, but the destiny of Krook's cat, like that of Hortense, is left to the imagination of the reader. The zoological characters in Dickens' stories are not by any means the least important of his personages; they play a distinguished part, create an interest for themselves, and live in the animal department of the literature of fiction, with the Wooden Horses, Brazen Bulls, and Golden Ases of antiquity. The Raven in Barnaby Rudge is as sure of immortality as the Starling of Sterne, or the Albatross of Coleridge.

The ostensible motive in Bleak House was to expose the evils of the Court of Chancery, and we are continually reminded by hints and pointed remarks through the earlier parts of the work that the dire catastrophe of the history of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, the culminating point of the narrative, is to result from the termination of that great suit. Yet, after all, nothing comes of it, and our horror of the iniquities of that institution are not in the slightest degree raised, or our feelings excited by the death of Richard Carstone, of a fever, which, under any circumstances, must have terminated his worthless life. There is not, in fact, any catastrophe at all, at the close; the climaxes keep occurring all the way through; our overwrought expectations, which the great writers of fiction never disappoint, are at last dashed, not by an inadequate revelation, but by a most provoking break in the midst of a sentence. Perhaps the author meant by this to hint that he intended to take up the broken thread of the narration again, and give it a proper winding up. We hope he did.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—*Hours of Life and other poems*, by Sarah Helen Whitman (G. H. Whitney, Providence), is the title of a volume of poems just issued, to which we call the especial attention of our readers. We have few collections of American verse so strongly individual as this; so permeated with that sincerity which instantly assures the reader that he is not enjoying the distillation, through the poet, of another's experience, but tastes, at first hand, the honey-dew which has not fallen upon other pages. Such fresh and direct inspiration from nature, compelling the singer to express not only the sentiment inspired by the landscape, but to describe the landscape itself, with a success so remarkable, that it is at once song and picture—such pure, and holy, and feminine feeling for all the changing aspects of nature and the year, as if the singer's heart were a harp so delicate that even chasing sun and shadow swept it into music, and yet a feeling entirely untainted with sentimentality—such profound and solemnized passion, breathing through every word, as if the poet's life were consecrated to some sublime sorrow, which was, in the truest sense, "sanctified,"—such affluence of extensive and rare cultivation—every where indicated and nowhere obtruded, are not often discovered in any volume of poems, and never before in those of an American woman. They are stamped through and through with reality, and they have a subtle and exquisite melody of rhythm, which lingers long upon the ear, after the words are read. The fine, feminine delicacy of the whole—a delicacy which steeps the book like an atmosphere, is quite beyond expression. The poems have, also, the careful finish of the conscientious artist, who knows and respects the value of his work.

We should infer from this volume, which is, evidently, the musical history of the poet's experience, that the author has led a solitary, studious, contemplative life; seeing nature with her own eyes, and feeling it with her own heart, and not through the lore of which she is clearly mistress; that her scholarship is most acute, various, and profound, with a love of the higher philosophy and speculation, which leaves a mystic aroma in her verse, like the fragrance of Grecian flowers in the honey of Hymettus; that this musing, sensitive, and somewhat ecstatic life had been crossed by some bitterly actual experience,—that kind of experience which, as Irving says, however unfortu-

nate to the individual, is invaluable to the poet; that this had given her a hold upon the reality of living, had sent her mind with a new and alarmed and eager interest through all the mazes and mysteries of spiritual research, which research had resulted in a sweet and simple faith, none the less sweet because sad, none the less simple because decorated with the trophies of its triumph. This is, indeed, the substance of the long poem which gives a name to the volume, which strikes, therefore, the key-note of the music that follows—a poem which is well prefaced by the motto from Dante. For the name of the bard who describes the horrors of Ugolino's prison, and tells the sad story of Francesca, suggests, of itself, the austerity and the tenderness of every deep, individual experience.

In keen observation and delicate description of nature Mrs. Whitman resembles Bryant; except that there is a subtlety in her description as if it was derived less from observation of the spectacle, and more from sympathy with the spirit. Hence, her landscape painting has a glow, a tone, that we do not so deeply recognize in the other poet. Here is part of "A still day in Autumn." The italics, of course, are ours:

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft gloom of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

"How through each loved, familiar path she lingers,
Serenely smiling thro' the golden mist,
Tinting the cold grape with her dewy fingers,
Till the cool emerald turns to amethyst.

* * * *

"Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath dark clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes
raining,
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold.

* * * *

"Beside the brook, and on the umbered meadow,
Where yulions fern tufts seek the faded ground,
With folded lids beneath their palmy shadow,
The gentian rods in dewy slumbers bound.

"The little birds upon the hill-side lonely,
Flit noiselessly along from spray to spray,
Silent as a sweet, wandering thought, that only
Shows its bright wings and softly glides away.

"The scentless flowers in the warm sunlight dream-
ing,
Forgot to breathe their fulness of delight,—
And through the tracéd woods soft airs are stream-
ing,
Still as the dew-fall of the summer night.

"So, in my heart, a sweet, unvoiced feeling
Sits, like the wind in ocean's hollow shell,
Through all its secret chambers sadly stealing,
Yet finds no words its mystic charm to tell.

The very measure of this poem leaves the mind in an Indian Summer mood.

We are not, however, writing a review, and must say no more than these fragmentary hints of excellence, except that the few translations from the French and German are among the best in English literature, and that several of the sonnets addressed to an unknown, are only to be matched by the passionate and superb Portuguese sonnets of Mrs. Browning. We regard this volume as the most valuable recent addition to our poetry, having a distinct and individual value, which must infallibly secure for its author the place of a true poet in public regard.

—Mr. N. P. WILLIS appears to have gone into a kind of literary hibernation, and to be living the while on the fat of his reputation acquired in his summery days. Every month or two, we have the announcement of a new book from him, but when we get it, it proves to be only some of his former writings, under a new name. We do not mention this, however, by way of complaint, for there is a perennial freshness in the greater part of his works. Besides, in this country, readers grow up so rapidly that there are always large classes of them, to whom the oldest and most popular books must be new. But Mr. Willis has an additional motive for the publication of his last volume, called *Fun Jottings*, because the pleasant tales of which it is composed, though in print before, are only to be found in the scattered volumes of magazines.

—It is a singular taste that Mr. J. T. HEADLEY has for writing about battles and bloodshed. When we read any of his vehement descriptions of blood and slaughter, the evident *goût* in which they are written reminds us of a story told by the late Stuart Newton of a pupil of his, in London; the lad's father was desirous of making an historical painter of his promising son, and paid the entrance fee which the artist required. Some days after he had been in the artist's studio, Mr. Newton discovered him one morning crying behind his easel, and asked him what was the matter; whereupon the boy replied—"I don't want to be a painter, I want to be a butcher." Some such trials as this misplaced lad suffered, we imagine, must have been experienced by Mr. Headley in his cloister studies, when he read "of battles and of wars." But, if Mr. Headley had been bred to the trade of a soldier, he might not have written with such gusto of military achievements, and the world would have lost some very spirited writing. His most successful book was a detail of the campaigns of "Napoleon and his Marshals," sufficiently sanguinary to satisfy the palate of any vam-

pyre. It was followed by a work on "Washington and his Generals," which was only less crimson in its colors, because the subject did not require the same florid painting. We then had a life of "Cromwell," whose fighting abilities were not at all overlooked,—and now we are furnished with a history of the *Second War with England*, crowded with victories. One might, therefore, suppose, from his selection of topics, that like an Irishman at Donnybrook Fair, he saw no fun in life till the shillelahs were at work. His fondness for cocked hats, the roll of drums, and the blare of trumpets is prodigious; he could repeat Sempronius's speech in Cato, or the soliloquy of young Norval in Douglass with a gusto, and find the tower of London, or the arsenal at Venice, the most delightful place of resort in Europe. Even the *Invalides* at Paris, where his favorite "Old Guards," with the merest remnants of bodies, and those riddled like a cullender with bullets, stalk about on one leg,—living monuments of the glories of war,—must possess a lively and cheerful interest for him, as an anatomical museum has for surgeons, or a collection of fossils and bones for a naturalist. The style of his writings, too, partakes of the quality of his predominating love, for it has a sharp quick crack, like a rattle of musketry, compelling attention, though one cares never so little about the objects shot.

As to this last book, in spite of our general dislike of his subjects and his mode of treating them, we are disposed to commend it, because it is, on the whole, the most spirited narrative of our last struggle with England that we have read. It has fewer of the author's characteristic faults than his previous works, a better choice of incident, and more accurate portraiture. It is, also, duly patriotic, and does ample justice to the gallant fellows who, on land, lake, and ocean, achieved our second emancipation.

—A *Memoir of Adoniram Judson*, by Dr. WAYLAND, President of Brown University, records the experiences of one who was both a pioneer and a veteran in the missionary cause. He began the work of proselytizing the heathen at a time when the attention of the Church was just beginning to be awakened to the subject, and continued it up to the hour of his death, which occurred only a few years ago, and after the missionary enterprise had become one of the most prominent and extensive of Christian labors. It may readily be imagined that his life abounded in vicissitudes, furnishing his accomplished biographer with copious materials for a most interesting narrative. From his youth and early consecration to the mis-

monary service, through all the changing fortunes of his career,—his visit to England, his captivity in France, his perilous journeys in savage lands, his long imprisonment, his repeated afflictions and his laborious struggles, up to his last illness on shipboard,—he was the same active, fearless and devoted Christian.—a man of high character, tender susceptibilities and indomitable will. His piety, at one period of his life, was of too entirely ascetic a character, but it appears to have softened and ripened in his latter days, until he became as lovely as he was energetic and decided. President Wayland has discharged his editorial duties with fidelity, skill, taste, and a warm feeling for his subject.

—It is not easy to infer from the title of *The Mud Cabin*, that the work so named, and written by WARREN ISHAM, is a treatise on the character and tendency of British institutions, illustrated by incidents of personal adventure in England. But such it is, and the title is simply meant to suggest a contrast to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, in one way or another, gives a tone to our current literature. The author travelled for eighteen months in Great Britain, observing the condition of the people, and he represents it to be degraded and unhappy in the extreme. But he writes throughout like one who has a case to prove, and not like an impartial inquirer. We should have more confidence in his facts if they were not so obviously designed to establish a foregone conclusion.

His book is a loud yell from first to last against every thing English, and we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Isham went abroad knowing as little of the geography, history, people and institutions of his own country as it seems he knew of those of England. The style of the *Mud Cabin* is viciously vulgar, and turgid to the verge of absurdity, whenever he attempts to be high strung and romantic. Our acquaintance with bad books is by no means limited, but we do not remember having read any thing comparable with Mr. Isham's attempt to describe a storm at sea. His disquisitions upon English affairs are in the interrogative manner, which he must have borrowed from Mr. Chadband's religious exertions. His pages bristle with points of interrogation, all directed, by the way, to himself, for the purpose of eliciting his brilliant replies. He has a familiar, too, who is a most convenient personage, in the shape of "an eminent member of Parliament," who gives Mr. Isham a good deal of information, such as the fact of the Queen's ministers being members of Parliament,

and who allows himself to be patiently knocked down in argument; for it does not appear that Mr. Isham ever came off second best in any of the disputations which he had with the subjects of the British crown. He lands at Bristol, and, to his amazement, finds "that English dirt is just like American dirt, and is put to just about the same uses." He was not favorably impressed by the personal appearance of the subjects of Queen Victoria, and says, "such looking objects I never beheld before." No sooner had Mr. Isham set foot on English soil than his republican nerve, which ought to have withstood much harder rubs, were shocked by the aristocratic usages which, on all sides, were encountered. "Why, within one half hour after my arrival," exclaims Mr. Isham, with exquisite sensibility, "I was directed, in reply to inquiries, to go up Prince-street, cross King-street, go down Charlotte-street, cross Duke-street, &c., &c., quite an overdose for my republican stomach, to begin with." Delicious! If Mr. Isham should ever inquire his way to the Metropolitan Hotel, in New-York, he would be told it was on the corner of Prince-street; if he should walk down that street towards the North River he would find himself in King-street; if he should cross the East River to Brooklyn he would find himself in King's county, and a short ride on the Long Island Railroad would take him into Queen's county; a short ramble up the Hudson would bring him to Dutchess county, and by going into Massachusetts he might find himself in Duke's county, while a trip into Virginia and Maryland, both named in honor of English queens, would introduce him to more royal and aristocratic names than he could find in all England, Ireland, and Wales. What would become of his republican stomach under such circumstances! If Mr. Isham should undertake to republi-canize our geographical nomenclature, he would be well set to work, and we commend the subject to his attention.

In alluding to the drinking clubs of England, Mr. Isham says, "London is full of them. Dr. Johnson's tavern, the same where the *great moralist* used to meet with the drinking-club, of which himself, Dean Swift, &c., were members, is a perfect haunt for drinking-clubs to this day." We think this extract will do as a specimen of Mr. Isham's literary talent and information.

But, we are desirous of dealing fairly with Mr. Isham, and we must not omit to state that there is some really valuable matter in his book, and much that is amusing. That which is valuable is his account of the visits he paid to the mud

cabins of the agricultural laborers, whose condition he describes in a sober and candid manner, and with a degree of pathos that does him infinite credit. If he had confined himself to the simple description of such scenes his book might have been productive of much good, and the result to himself would have been more profitable than, we fear, it will be now.

—Dr. LIEBER, of South Carolina, who is well known as one of the most learned and industrious of writers, has recently published a work in two volumes *On Civil Liberty and Self-Government*. It is a profound and analytical inquiry into the principles of civil liberty and the nature of self-government, illustrated by vast historical research and an extensive range of statistical observation. Dr. Lieber is a warm friend of popular rights, grounding his attachment upon sincere and intelligent convictions, and not upon mere enthusiasm, and the object of his writings is, to convey to others the reasons of his own enlightened faith. Appended to the treatise, are several papers on Elections, Election statistics, the abuses of the Pardoning power, and the laws of Evidence, which abound in striking and original facts. He has also added, what every political student needs to have constantly before him, the Magna Charta of King John, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights passed in 1689, the Articles of American Confederation, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the French Republic, and other important documents which may be regarded as the symbolic books of Republicanism.

—We know of no more prolific writer than Dr. SIMMS, who has lately added to his already voluminous works a book which is entitled, *Egeria; a Voice of Thought and Counsel, for the Woods and Wayside*. It is a series of reflections somewhat in the style of Lacon, giving us the ideas and opinions of the author in short sentences and apothegms, "the most portable fences of truth," and illustrating his own remark that the proverb answers where the sermon fails, as a well-charged pistol will do more execution than a whole barrel of gunpowder idly exploded in the air. They exhibit the author in the light of a thinker, as his previous works have chiefly exhibited him in that of the artist, and will, we think, materially increase his literary reputation, although we do not find in *Egeria* any thoughts startling for their brilliancy, nor any counsel that strikes us as profoundly solemn.

—After many years of research and labor, Dr. EDWARD BEECHER has pub-

lished a work on a subject which has occupied and perplexed the intellects of religious philosophers since the reign of Christianity. He calls it *The Conflict of the Ages, or the great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man*. It is written with great learning and skill, and will attract the universal attention of the Church.

—It is with some surprise, as well as regret, that we see it intimated in the Southern journals that the *Southern Quarterly Review*, edited by Dr. SIMMS, does not receive a support adequate to its merits. As an exponent of the opinions of the South, and a representative of its best literature, every number containing articles either of learning, thought, criticism, or rhetoric, written by scholars and experienced statesmen; it ought to have a circulation equal, at least, to that of any American periodical of the same kind. Surely there must be literary culture enough in the State of South Carolina alone to sustain so valuable a vehicle of discussion and thought! By what culpable indifference, then, is it that the *Southern Quarterly* is permitted to languish?

—Among the recent republications, or, more properly, resuscitations, that claim our attention, is the new and complete edition of the *Works of Addison*, which has been undertaken by Putnam and Co. The work will be published in five volumes, under the capable editorship of Professor G. W. Greene, one of our most accomplished belles-lettres scholars. Strange as the fact may appear to literary students, there has never before been a complete edition of Addison's writings published, which will render the present one peculiarly valuable. The edition will contain several essays which have never appeared in any collection of his works. Those who are desirous of following the Johnsonian precept, and giving their days and nights to Addison, may now do it more effectively, and with less cost, than it could ever have been done before.

—A new edition of *Cooper's Naval History*, bringing down the history of our navy to the close of the Mexican War, and giving an account of our various exploring expeditions, has just been published by Putnam and Co.

—Among the announcements for the coming month we notice the *Autobiography of Anna Cora Mowatt*,—preliminary, we suppose, to the rumored relinquishment of life under that title; *New Amsterdam, or New-York under the Dutch Governors*, by Prof. A. DAVIS; a record of the travels of GRACE GREENWOOD, called the *Haps and Mishaps of a year in Europe*; a volume of

Poems by GEORGE LUNT; the *Sermons* of Dr. CHARLES LOWELL; a volume by Dr. TURNBULL, called *Christ in History, or the great Central Power*; and the long-expected work of EMERSON, called *English Notes*. Among the ornamental publications in preparation there is one on the *Homes of American Statesmen*, similar to that very attractive and successful volume, the *Homes of American Authors*. The new volume is likely to be acceptable, for good writers and good artists have had a hand in it. Lovers of 'Nature's haunts' and of the minstrelsy of the woods will be charmed with Webber's *Wild Scenes and Song Birds*, of which we have seen some twenty illustrations elaborately printed in colors. This volume will be a novelty and a very pleasant one. The famous *Wide, Wide World* is to be honored in an illustrated octavo edition; and the young people will be glad to learn that their friend Ellen Montgomery is to present them with a duplicate of her *Book-case*.

ENGLISH.—FREDERICKA BREMER's *Homes of the New World*. The most noticeable book, among recent English publications, for us, is Miss Bremer's *Homes of the New World*, which has appeared in London in the old orthodox style of three volumes, translated by Mary Howitt. The book will be much more entertaining on this side of the world than on the other, for the amiable little author has been so personal in her remarks, and so piquant in her descriptions, that only those who know well the scenes and persons she alludes to can fully appreciate the value of her observations. It will be a great comfort to the admiring crowds who hovered about her wherever she went, while she was in this country, to know how much they annoyed her, how indiscriminately she lumps them together, and what she thought of them at the time. She makes very free with people's names, although a good many are only alluded to by their initials, and falls into a good many amusing blunders about persons and places. But she is never querulous nor ill-humored, and we fear that we shall never have a traveller among us better disposed towards us, or who will make a milder report of our shady side, and a more genial one of the bright side of our national character. She is the first foreigner who has complimented the male part of our population on their good looks; she has the eye of a sculptor for the good points of manly beauty, and is never so warm and enthusiastic as when describing the fine looking men. It must bring a blush to the cheeks of gentle Geoffrey Crayon,

when he reads her portrait of him, and, if there is any gallantry at the South, the slave-dealer at New Orleans who so seized upon her imagination by his personable attractions, will not be backward in acknowledging her hearty and agreeable picture of him. The book consists of letters principally written to her sister, and one long one to the Queen of Denmark. The *Homes of the New World* is not so good a book as the *Neighbors*, but it has some of the best qualities of that popular novel, which served as the introduction of the author to the homes which she has so genially described.

FRENCH.—A new work on *Abelard and Heloise* has made its appearance with the names of Mons. and Madame Guizot on its title-page as the authors. The novelty of such co-operation, in a book of such a nature, would alone suffice to render it memorable, apart from the interest of the subject. Madame Guizot brings the narrative of the life and writings of these immortal lovers down to the Council of Sens, and the conclusion of their history is furnished by her husband. But what renders the volume particularly valuable, is the complete collection which it contains not only of the letters of Abelard and Heloise, but of all the original documents relating to their career and misfortunes.

—A theme for eloquence, and poetry, and the noblest warmth of historic composition, has been taken hold of by the Countess DROUGOWSKA in her *Femmes Illustres* (Illustrious Women). It includes not only European heroines, but those of ancient as well as modern times. Julia Gonzaga, Margaret More, Valentina of Milan, Lady Nithsdale, Anna Bounin and Fredrica Bremer are among those who figure successively in these interesting pages.

—An excellent little book, intended for children, but worthy the attention of grown-up people, is the *Recits de l'histoire de France* (Tales of the History of France), by M. CONGAUR. It is modelled on Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, and was written especially for the now exiled Count of Paris; the style is clear and simple, and the tales have the interest both of history and romance, the facts of the one being preserved along with the art of the other. Only the first volume is now published, including the history of France under the Gauls and Romans, but the succeeding volumes are announced as soon to appear.

—Students of political economy will find it worth while to procure the *Statistique de l'Industrie à Paris* (Statistics of Industry at Paris), a quarto volume of a thousand pages, containing the result of

investigations set on foot by the Chamber of Commerce of that city. It affords a complete and detailed view of the condition of the laboring classes in general, and of all the different branches of industry as they were in the years 1847 and 1848.

—The Baron de BONNEROUX has written a Life of Christopher Columbus, which those who have read Washington Irving may hold themselves dispensed from studying, at least as a model of historical style, but which is yet not without value. The author being a sailor, his technical knowledge casts light on various points of the great navigator's adventures. He has also made a careful examination of various documents recently collected with regard to Columbus, and has derived from them some interesting facts and explanations which are wholly or partially new to the public.

—PROUDHON, a writer more redoubtable from the manner than the substance of his writings, and more original in paradoxes than in thoughts, has written a book called *Programme d'une Philosophie*, for which he vainly seeks a printer. It seems that no one in Paris is willing to run the risk of giving this disquisition the hospitality of type and paper. Each typograph fears that to do so would expose him to lose the license, without which no one is allowed to carry on the printing trade in that city. The unlucky philosopher protests, to no purpose, that there is nothing of a political nature in the book, and offers to submit it to the judgment of the most careful critics. They reject all his entreaties, and deny the only means of communicating with the public. We advise him to emigrate.

—Paris is to have its World's Fair in the spring of 1855, provided no revolution, good or bad, occur to hinder the execution of so grandiose a project, and among its novelties of art and industry, a number of third or fourth rate litterateurs have determined that "French literature, at the present day the first literature in Europe," which, more than any other, "spreads throughout the world emotion, curiosity, charm, and terror," shall be represented in a *livre-monument*, a monumental book. It is proposed to unite a hundred of the best qualified writers, and assign to each ten of the monumental pages. The work will be of the largest folio size, the pages fully as large as those of a full-blown newspaper. Each author will discuss subjects belonging to the Exhibition; for instance, one will write a poem on some new application of steam; another, a legend connected with some piece of tapestry; another, the passage of history illustrated by some picture; another, a voyage through

some country which exhibits rare and curious products; another will celebrate the splendor of this or that branch of elegant and luxuriant skill, and so on through the vast circle of art and nature, —a splendid mélange of romance, poetry, history, science, set off with all "the emotion, curiosity, charm, and terror," proper to the first literature of Europe. The typography of this monument will be of the most costly and magnificent sort. At the head of each chapter will be a design by some illustrious French master representing the object sung, described, glorified, or adorned by the writer, whose photographic portrait will also illustrate his contribution, to which his own hand will appose his own autographic signature, with a few lines of his own poetry, perhaps by way of additional "emotion, curiosity, charm, and terror." The typography of this monument will be of the most incomparable sort. If not printed on parchment, it will consent to nothing less than the finest and dearest paper. New type will be cast expressly for it, and the binding will be ornate and glorious. In short, as in love, all thoughts and passions, all desires are auxiliary to the one great inspiration of the soul, so in the *livre-monument*, all arts, all talents, all industries which ever figured in book-making, will be combined in one mighty product, which will convey to future ages an idea of what France is up to in the year 1855. Her power, her public works, her cities, her factories may pass away, but "thought is eternal!" The ancient Athens has disappeared from the soil, but the Iliad survives for ever. So we are told by the learned projectors of the *livre-monument*, to which we rejoice, by modestly and patiently waiting for the solemn hour when we shall be transfixed with "emotion, curiosity, charm, and terror," by the realization of their "eternal thought!"

GERMAN.—A new work of three volumes on the United States, is announced as in press in Germany. Its authors are Dr. MORITZ WAGNER, the traveller in Circassia and Turkomania, and Dr. CHARLES SCHERZER, a professor of Vienna. They were about a year in this country, spending most of their time in the Western States. We look for an agreeable work, superficial, but tolerably well-informed with reference to scientific subjects especially just in its judgments of American life and institutions and written in a genial, but not brilliant style. Its authors are now in Central America.

—The apostles of Women's Rights will find a kindred spirit in the pages of *Verheissung und Erfüllung* (Promise and

Fulfillment) which appears anonymously at Leipzig. No doubt, however, the author is a lady, for no man would be likely to write in the same absolute style. We have here the fearless assertion that woman is superior to man. "The idea of womanhood is grander than that of manhood." "The female body is the crown of all the forms of the world." "The idea of man is lordship over nature; that of woman is the presentiment of heaven." Such propositions as these are defended in these pages with a glow of feeling and an elevation of eloquence, with which our dry, convention-holding Yankee ladies in bloomers do not seem to be endowed.

—Architects will find valuable material for study in the *Altchristliche Bau-Denkmale Konstantinopels* (Early Christian Architectural Monuments of Constantinople) of which some specimens have made their appearance, and which will soon be published entire at Berlin under the special patronage of the King of Prussia. It consists of very accurate and well executed plates representing the churches of that city, which were erected from the 5th to the 12th centuries. To St. Sophia alone 27 engravings are devoted, furnishing plates of every part, with all the details of that admirable monument. Many of these are in colored lithography. Ample explanatory text is also to be given. The price of the whole work will be from fifty to sixty dollars delivered in this country.

—More attractive than a romance is the *Diary of General Patrick Gordon*, published at St. Petersburg in the German language. Gordon was a Scottish military adventurer of noble birth, who in the latter half of the seventeenth century, fought in the service of Sweden and Poland, and finally went over into that of Russia. His public career in these countries extended through a period of forty odd years, and was varied by an endless variety of adventures, which are here narrated with the bluff frankness of a soldier of fortune. At the same time he furnishes a great deal of valuable material for history, political and social as well as military. The work is in three volumes.

—There is magnificent poetry, and often a beautiful and touching expression of devotional feeling, in the Latin hymns of the middle ages; and we observe with satisfaction that Dr. More of Carlsruhe has commenced the publication of a complete collection of them from the original manuscripts. There is no other scholar in Germany so thoroughly versed in that line of literature, and we judge from the first part, which has been published, that the work will be in every respect worthy of commendation. This part contains the

hymns to God and the Angels. Each piece is followed by accurate references to the different manuscripts, and their variations, with commentaries intended to establish the correct reading, and bring out the true sense of the text.

—A curious book on a curious subject is ALBERT KIRCHHOFF'S *Handschriftenhändler des Mittelalters* (Manuscript Dealers of the Middle Ages). It gives a view of the beginning and development of the commerce in manuscripts in Italy, France, Germany, Spain and England, with the names of the various dealers discovered in the researches of the author, arranged chronologically according to the cities and countries to which they belonged. The influence of the Universities on the trade is also exhibited with clearness and with an abundance of singular details.

—MR. LEONARD HAMM is an aspiring and ambitious poet. He pretends to write tragedy on Shaksperian subjects and in the Shaksperian manner. The specimen he now produces to the universe, has Henry VIII. for its subject. It far exceeds any thing ever conceived by Shakspeare in the difficulties it accumulates around its progress, and the trenchant facility with which it overcomes them. According to Mr. Hamm, Henry's second and third wife were executed at the same time, while at the very same moment he pays his court to the fourth, fifth, and sixth. This wholesale and synchronous way of dispatching both love and murder, is not relieved by any particular excellence in the style in which it is set forth.

—*Pascal Paoli*, the Corsican chieftain, is the object of a just and sympathetic Biography by C. L. KLOSE. Paoli was a man of great qualities and noble ideas, and his life was full of the extremes of success and failure. He led his countrymen first against the Genoese, and then against the French, and finally drove out the latter with the help of the English. Afterward he quarrelled with his allies, who regarded the island as a conquest, and in consequence was obliged to abdicate the government. He withdrew to England, and died in London in 1807, at the age of about eighty, at once a hero and a martyr.

—BETTINA VON ARNIM has collected into a book three fanciful little stories, *Drei Märchen*, previously published separately. At least, we judge them to be hers from the style, though they are less extravagant and sentimental than her productions generally. They are accompanied by illustrative pictures, some of which are admirable for their comic humor.

—Mexico is a country with regard to which we have but few books and little information, compared with the extraordinary interest it has for the statesmen and people of the United States. A new contribution to this deficient literature comes from Germany, in the form of *Travels in Mexico*, from 1845 to 1848, by CARL BARTHOLOMAEUS HELLER. The author went there to collect living plants for the Imperial-Royal Horticultural Society in Vienna, and spent three years in fulfilling his commission. He travelled through all the central and southern portions of the republic, and especially explored Yucatan, Tabasco and Chiapas. He kept a journal of his daily experiences and observations, which forms the body of the present book. In respect to geography and topography we have found valuable information in his pages. He writes in the dry style of old-fashioned travellers, and all the interest of his work springs from his subject, and his good sense alone. An appendix contains an essay on the aboriginal languages of the country.

—*Kudrun*, the old German epic poem, has been published, with a translation into the modern German, and a commentary and notes, by WILHELM VON FLORENNIES. Next to the *Nibelungen*, this is the noblest relic of early Teutonic poetry, and we find it hardly less fascinating. The original text and modern version are given on opposite pages. The translator's task is a difficult one, for he must not only render the sense, but preserve the rhythm of the original. He has, however, succeeded admirably, and even those who are so familiar with the old language, as to find no difficulty in enjoying its wonderful force and natural freshness, will find pleasure in reading his rendering of it. His notes are sensible, learned, and instructive. An essay on the German and Greek epics, which precedes them, will be found useful by scholars. The poem itself we commend to all who would know what is best in German literature.

—*Skizzen aus der Vendee und Bretagne* (Sketches from the Vendee and Brittany), is a collection of little stories, translated from the French of EMILE SOUVESTRE, which we notice simply in order again to call attention to the original. Souvestre is far less known to English and American readers than he deserves. Without any great brilliancy of style, or originality of fancy, he has the supreme merit of fidelity to healthy nature, and of lucid simplicity and truth of style. He appeals to the genuine feelings of the heart, and they always respond to him, for he scorns the affectations, extra-

vagance and moral corruption which the more famous novelists of his nation rely upon for their effects. He treats his subject without effort, and yet in a manner so truly artistic, that we venture to say no critic has read one of his stories with the desire to take any thing away from it. This little volume of tales in particular, ought to be translated into English; it could not fail to be universally popular.

—A touching monument of friendship is *Nicolaus Lenau's Briefe an einen Freund* (Nicholas Lenau's Letters to a Friend), by KARL MAYER. Lenau's poems are known to every reader of the recent literature of Germany, as full of the tenderness, sentiment, and delicate fancy which characterize the Swabian school, so bitterly ridiculed by Henry Heine, but with something of genius and originality, which most of them do not possess. Long before his death, which took place in 1850, he had sunk into a state of partial lunacy and imbecility, which he had, indeed, anticipated for years before. Mr. Mayer, who fills a judicial station in Wurtemberg, was one of his intimate friends. The affection between them was of a depth and cordiality corresponding to the warmth of the South German character on the one hand, and the impulsiveness of the Hungarian on the other, for Lenau, whose real name was Niembach, was born in Hungary. It was more like the love of two women, than any feeling known to men in colder-blooded countries. In the letters given in this little volume we have its most confidential and unrestrained expression. The heart is moved by it, more than by any utterance of a similar feeling that we know of in the English language. Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is more a work of art, but less a product of affection. To this the melancholy history of the hero, a man of ardent and generous soul, a loving and aspiring poet, who struggled bravely with the premonitions of the dreadful fate which overtook him at last, lends additional interest. In his letters, and the narrative of Mayer, we are introduced to the circle of other friends among whom they moved—to Uhland, Schwab, Justinus Kerner, Pfizer, and to the many cultivated women who completed that society of poets and scholars, and shed the sweet glory of home and womanliness upon the whole. One of the most curious of the personages in the story is Kerner, who had a genuine belief in ghosts and spirits, maintaining that he constantly saw and communicated with them, though otherwise he was sane and preserved a genial disposition in all respects.

RUSSIAN.—Perhaps the best of all books on Mozart is of Russian origin,—we refer to that of Oulipicheff—and now we have to chronicle a new work on Beethoven from the same inhospitable clime. It is by Mr. W. DE LENZ, a man of some distinction at the Russian Court, and is written in French, under the title of *Beethoven et ses trois Styles*. The author in his title-page professes to discuss only Beethoven's sonatas for the piano, but in fact considers the whole range of the great man's music with refreshing independence and boldness of judgment, and great piquancy of style. Beethoven, he says, is not a German composer, but is cosmopolitan, as are Mozart and Haydn, while such men as Bach, Weber, and Mendelssohn, are Germans and nothing else. The criticism of the author on various modern novelties, especially on the latest mode of piano-playing is pungent. "Now-a-days," says he, "the piano is not played, it is ridden." Thalberg and Kalkbrenner he particularly finds fault with, and the mode of writing difficult pieces merely for the sake of the difficulty, and the manual dexterity required to overcome it, he satirizes without mercy.

MUSIC.

Our musical notes have been so long neglected, that we must indulge in some rather remote reminiscence.

There was good music at Castle Garden during the hottest days of the summer. Madame Sontag and Signora Steffanone, and Signori Salvi, Marini, and Beneventano, were all singing there. But there was not much general interest in the affair. People went, because they could not get farther on a summer evening, nor to a pleasanter place. The great tourists and sojourners who were living at Saratoga, Newport, and along all the sea-coasts, and among all the hills, make up the bulk of the usual opera-audience, and they, clearly, could not come. There was always a fair audience, and when the management offered such an attraction as the President of the United States, the *salle* reminded the spectator of the golden time of Jenny Lind. The *salle* did that, but not the singer. And yet Steffanone never sang so superbly as on that evening, with Sontag for a rival, and the President, with famous Americans, and English lords and ladies, for an audience.

It was strange enough to be reminded, as we sat upon bare benches, and looked at the rough and crude stage appointments, of the splendid musical tournaments recounted in operatic memoirs, when the flower of the enthusiastic Roman, or Milanese youth thronged the *parterre*,

one-half devoted to *la bella Flora*, and the other to *Maria la superba*—when cabinet interests yielded to those of the green-room: and red tape grew pale before blue ribbon: when the rise of a dancer's foot was contemplated with more eagerness than that of the funds; and all notes were at a discount but those of the *Prima Donna assoluta*.

Those gay and graceful occasions, of which the memory now only survives, although they are sometimes faintly renewed in Italian theatres, were adorned by the presence of all the brilliant circles of those cities; so that the passages of books of travel a hundred years old, which record the matters of chief momentary interest, are those that treat of lyrical struggles and successes. We have had a taste of those delights in the earliest days of what may be called our permanent opera. It was at Palmò's, in Chambers-street, that Borghese and Pico waged their tuneful war. Tuneful, that is, upon the stage. But in that mysterious region, behind the scenes—how was it there? We do not know, other than by inference, but it must have been there, as it is behind all other scenes, where rivals smile and embrace in front. Surely the *Green-Room* was well named; for it is manifest that operas and theatres are under the tutelary charge of a monster of that color.

Borghese and Pico wage tuneful wars no longer. They each occasionally appear, and do their duty; sing their best; are tolerably applauded; and retire. A few years consume an enormous amount of fame. Ten years make no more of whole newspapers-full of colossal representations than Goliath of an *omelette soufflée*. It is curious to read old reviews; but sadder to grope through old newspapers. But Sontag so placidly defies edacious time (*edax rerum*), that he only smiles and spares. Steffanone sang superbly, as we said, and there was a kind of prestige upon her side throughout the season, as if she were the lesser by accident, and not by right, and therefore applausive favor must adjust the balance. It did so, and she had no less a party of admirers than Sontag.

Madame Sontag, after the close of the season, advertised a farewell series of concerts. But the notice gradually fell out of the newspapers. There could have hardly been a very active response. We have heard her a great deal, and with great pleasure. But in the constant stress of novelty presented in New-York, a singer must be very eminent, and in the prime of voice and frame, to succeed in permanently retaining the public interest. Yet she gave, with great success, a con-

cert for the benefit of her conductor, Mr. Eckart, and her tenor, Pozzolini. When we consider a case like Madame Sontag's, we are very anxious to hail the completion of the Opera House. Then she would sing her season, from time to time, if she remained among us; and, in an opera-house, when singing occasionally, she could not fail to draw. She could retire in the intervals, devoted to the social life which so gentle a lady, of so great talent and cultivation, and of so various and prolonged experience in the capitals of civilization, could not fail to adorn. But an itinerant life is not pleasant to the imagination in such a connection.

While we write, Gottschalk announces concerts. Our opinion of him is recorded. He is a performer of the highest class, distinguished by marvellous power and facility, rather than by an especially sentimental style. It is brilliant, gorgeous, amazing playing,—betraying an exuberance of youth and strength, which is, of itself, electrical. But we are not sure that the permanent impression will not be rather of the performer and the performance, than of the music. Yet it is something nobody can afford to miss. And let us hope that greatness in his way will not be denied to him, because he may not chance to make the hearer cry.

In Niblo's saloon Ole Bull gave two concerts—one for the benefit of the sufferers at New Orleans. Strakosch and Adeline Patti assisted. The first concert was not good, the second we did not hear. Ole Bull played more ramblingly and sentimentally than we have ever heard him. Somehow the impression of the man is of something finer and larger than we find in his music. There is an Italian phrasing, and yet a want of melodic form, which is painful. Yet, in some moment of reverie and dreams, when the imagination is excited and the heart is tender, there is a pleading pathos, a vague, melancholy effect, as of rustling winds and waving woods, in the impression he produces, which is very striking and memorable. Perhaps the secret of Ole Bull's great success among us, some years since, was the extreme sentimentality of his style, for there is no people in the world so sentimental as we. Our only really popular songs are such negro melodies as those of Mr. Foster, ("Old folks at home," "Massa's in de cold ground," &c.) which are simply pathetic refrains adapted to what, in another sphere of literature, would be only extremely Laura-Matilda-ish poetry, mainly dirges and desperate love songs. The substance of the melody, which is very much the same thing in each of these

songs, is purely Italian, and the air of "Katy darlin'" is note for note, with very little change, the *Vaga Luna* of Bellini. The feeling that so heartily welcomes these songs was naturally hospitable to the same general character of music (although under very different forms) in Ole Bull. His music is reverie, and reverie in music is almost as dangerous as it is every where else. But we cannot in conscience deny that, with many other dangerous things, it is very pleasant; and we confess that we like to hear and see Ole Bull.

Strakosch played "Musical Rockets," the bills said "for the first time." But we have never heard him play any thing else. It was forcible, brilliant, nimble, and pleasant. But it was very much like the foaming of champagne: a desperate fizz and no substance. His playing leaves no more than a sweet vapor upon the musical palate. But there is a delightfully pointed precision in Strakosch's playing. It is better for polkas than for other music. But polkas, we remark, may be very beautiful music. Mozart wrote minuets, if you remember. Now, a minuet is only a dance, like a polka,—the polka of those slow old times, we might say,—and to compose a good polka and play it well, is as honorable a work as the making and performing of minuets.

Miss Adeline Patti should not be allowed to sing longer in public. She should be kept closely at her studies. If the public must hear her monthly until she makes her *debut* in an opera, that *debut* will not have the merit of novelty. At present, also, the singing of the young lady is more phenomenal than pleasant.

In Niblo's theatre, Mr. Maretzek has been giving operas. We are waiting (with the seventy-times seven patience) for some slight redemption of the promise of *new operas* made in the announcement. The only novelty thus far has been the appearance of Signora Manzini, a young singer, gentle and sweet, but of no mark. Why opera-managers should go to the annual expense of printer's ink, paper, and posting, to announce the new operas that are to be performed during every season, we are unable to state. It is a part of the madness, we suppose, that urges any man to undertake managing any theatre. Mr. Maretzek will, we hope, redeem his promise. Nobody asked him to make it, but we shall all be glad if he keeps it.

Meanwhile the other opera house goes on. Mr. Hackett, we hear, has not yet obtained the lease. It is to be remembered that in leasing that house, the committee are oppressed by an onerous and difficult duty. Mr. Hackett

is mainly interested, of course, in the success of Grisi and Mario, not in that of the opera house. But a manager must be one whose great interest is the house, who must make money by the general and permanent success of that, and not of any particular stars. All the other managers that we know are too much subject to European precedent. New times and new opera houses demand new men.

Let us not add new singers, because the London critics are agreed that Grisi was never finer than she has been during the last season. They bewail her retirement from the lyric stage, for her American trip is held to be equivalent to that. For twenty years she has reigned in London,—supreme, except during Jonny Lind's career. She brings to us the ripe power, the long habit, the fair fame, of a great singer. We hope sincerely she will satisfy our great anticipation.

But Jullien is the musical event of the summer. Wherever he comes there is a musical era. Under his reign the best music of the best composers is played by the best orchestra at the lowest rates. It is like Mrs. Siddons and Kean acting Shakespeare for the million. It is Homer read to the people. M. Jullien is pronounced a humbug, and so he is, if that very elastic word be fitted to our peculiar meaning. He is a humbug, not in essence, but in form. He is like a good book, gaudily bound. He announces his concerts, and gets them up in a popular, clap-trap manner, just as he wears the most miraculous shirt-fronts, and waistcoats, and chains, and buttons. But the music is true and great. It is the best music mingled with much that is popular and foolish. But he is a man of such invincible will, and such genuine love of music, and has so supreme a command of the orchestra, which he sways magnetically by his person, as much as by his baton, that to term him humbug, is to show ourselves shallow.

Let us avoid that. Yet we will laugh at that unutterable toilette, and at that groping, patting, caressing, appealing, commanding, soaring, and triumphant movement in which the conductor indulges. Given that shirt-front, it is easy enough to deduce such proceedings with the orchestra. It would be an awful thing for any of the performers to get out. Ned Aspen became so nervous, the other evening, lest some laggard trumpet, or forgetful drum, should come hurrying in, blowing or beating at the wrong place, that he was obliged to wish our pleasant party good night, and retire; whereby he lost that excellent little supper afterwards.

But we should as soon fear that the notes would come out of time from the

lips of Jonny Lind as from Jullien's orchestra. The individual performers seem to have very little to do with the matter. They have only to blow and scrape, and Jullien is responsible for the net result of sound. He is the captain; they are only passengers. If they don't arrive safely at the end of the bar, it is his affair. And for that reason they do arrive safely. And we all arrive there together with the utmost satisfaction.

When you consider that this is a constellation, of which the single stars are planets, it is not surprising. Bottesini is not less upon his instrument, the double-bass, than Paganini was upon his violin. Only the initiated can fully understand the immense power and skill of this great artist. How he makes his instrument a violoncello, a violin, a viola, a harp, a guitar,—we ignorant cannot well understand; but if we have ears and eyes we can perceive that he does so. He stands at the head of all double-bassists, contemporary or past. Yet Bottesini is only a member of this prodigious orchestra.

The same is true of Reichert, the flutist,—of Kœnig, the man of the *cornet à piston*, who blows music as mellow and softly-dying as Pan in the summer woods,—of Wuille, the flageoletist,—and of all the other soloists, and of the brothers Mollenhauer, who play two violins as if they were one, and with a tone so pure, so clean, so searching, and plaintive, that we rank them, for our connoisseur-hearing, with the greatest we have ever heard. They do their work very quietly. It is very wonderful work, but they glide so smoothly through it that it seems as easy as flying through the air. But only birds can fly faultlessly—only the brothers Mollenhauer can play such music so nimbly. We remarked especially their rendering of the melody of the Carnival of Venice, an air that we wonder any performer upon any instrument has the audacity to undertake, since it has been so played to pieces. But it was fresh upon those magical violins. It came streaming out of them, like morning out of the east,—the same sunlight, but a new day. So it was the same melody, but a new meaning.

We cannot specify each performer in this colossal orchestra. But we have no doubt that, by the ingenious combination of popular with profound (although not necessarily dull) music, M. Jullien will succeed here, as he has elsewhere, in indoctrinating us with a more catholic regard for music. We hope it may be "his mission," as Emperor Louis Napoleon says, "to inaugurate an era" of truce between the Italian and German musical fanatics. It seems to be considered that a man can-

not like Beethoven and Rossini more than he can serve two masters. It would be just as wise to suppose that he could not enjoy Goethe and Petrarch.

FINE ARTS.

POWELL'S PICTURE OF DE SOTO.—If the love of Art, like another love, grows by what it feeds on, it will be a consuming passion in the metropolis of the New World, before the year expires; for food of that kind just now is the most abundant in the market. Never before has there been such a collection, for excellence and extent, of artistic productions, in New-York, as that inclosed in the crystalline walls of our "Palace of Industry." Seven hundred and fifty paintings, as many more pieces of statuary, and splendid works of genius appended as ornamentations to objects of utility innumerable, would be enough to surfeit the public appetite for the elegancies and refinements of Art, if surfeit were possible. But there are numerous collections besides, in the city, of paintings and sculpture, to which the public have access. In an upper chamber of the Stuyvesant Institute, an exiled Italian has arranged a gallery of very choice works, in admirable order, of Roman paintings, the genuineness of which no one can question, or doubt they are all that is claimed for them—specimens of the worst pictures of the worst masters. They are valuable as showing how badly artists have done in the very home of Art. As a contrast to this collection, the Dusseldorf Gallery, on the opposite side of Broadway, is a very instructive and pleasing show, as it contains some of the best works of the best masters of an entirely modern school. Then there is Mr. Bryan's collection of Christian Art, which has the unique quality of being a perfectly honest exposition, as art of that sort should be—and containing nothing of doubtful originality. Among all this art Mr. Powell has had the courage to set up, in a gorgeous framework of gold, his "great national painting" of De Soto discovering the Mississippi River. If this picture had been painted by Mr. Powell as a private speculation, either for his own amusement, or a popular show, we should have hardly felt ourselves either privileged or called upon to notice it. But it is a picture of too great pretensions to be ignored. It is the property of the nation, and, in that sense, it is, certainly, what the artist calls it, a national painting. But, it is national, to us, in no other sense. Its subject belongs to Spain, and its manner to Paris, where it was painted, from French models. There is nothing American about it, and it has

no right to be placed in the national capital among our historical pictures. For the credit of the nation it should be understood that this picture was not ordered by Congress; a painting of a national subject was ordered, and the artist who had the honor of painting it, was, most unwisely, allowed to choose his subject, and, as "a compliment to the West!" he chose the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto. The baleful effects of sectionalism in political affairs has often been deplored, but here we see a notable instance of it in Art. Mr. Powell was ostensibly selected to fill the vacant panel of the rotunda, not because he had given any evidence of eminent qualifications for the duty, but because he was supposed to be a Western man; and then he chose a wholly inappropriate subject for his picture, out of compliment to those who had given him the job, for a job it was, to all intents and purposes, as most of our national works of art have been, excepting the pictures by Trumbull. For the sake of carrying out the idea of complimenting the West, Mr. Powell should have executed his work in Cincinnati, or St. Louis, and not have gone off and painted it in Paris.

If Mr. Powell should urge that the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto is as national a subject as the "Baptism of Pocahontas," we should have to admit the force of his argument, as far as it went; but we should not the less regret that the national capitol is defaced with bad paintings, having no connection with our national history. But, the work being done, the panel filled, the money paid, and the opportunity of appropriately decorating the Capitol lost, nothing remains for us but to see what it is that we have got for our money.

There are but two ways in which a historical subject can be treated on canvas; the first, and most obviously proper, is to make as correct a representation of the event to be commemorated as possible, and the other is to treat it allegorically; there is, to be sure, yet another method, and that is the one which Mr. Powell has chosen, to disregard history and fact altogether, and represent your own ideas of what the event might, should, would, or could have been, although he has failed to represent the event in any other manner than as it would have been, if he had had the ordering of affairs; for it could not possibly have been what he has made it. In the case of De Soto's expedition in search of a new El Dorado in Florida, when he accidentally discovered the Mississippi, some of the adventurers who accompanied him, have left us a very satisfactory ac-

count of the particulars of his disastrous wanderings, from which we know that after nearly two years of incredible hardships, and many perilous escapes in the swamps and forests of Florida, which, even at the present day, are nearly impassable; and after losing nearly all their arms, clothing, horses, and a good many of their companions, De Soto and his famished followers one day came in sight of a broad and rapid stream, on the banks of which they halted and erected huts to rest in. This is the event which Mr. Powell has attempted to paint, and has represented it without much respect for the facts before him. The subject was not without its good points, for the bearing and face of the bold and chivalrous Spaniard, surrounded by his faithful followers, whose limbs were covered with matting made of ivy leaves, and whose gaunt features must have been suddenly brightened by the vision of the flowing river, offered materials worthy of the efforts of the highest order of genius. Mr. Powell has treated the subject in a manner which neither history nor the imagination could warrant. De Soto sits astride a well-groomed and splendidly caparisoned white charger, bolt upright, with unruffled white plumage in his fancy hat; he looks as though he had just come from the tournament at Franconi's Hippodrome, only that none of the animals in that extensive establishment, we are persuaded, could ever have been put into such an attitude, as that of the adventurer's horse. He is followed by some fat and jolly-looking ecclesiastics riding on mules, and a Moor, in a snowy-white turban, and otherwise in excellent condition; while bold cavaliers in armour surround him with brilliant gonfalons. There is an ecclesiastic, too, swinging a silver censer, while others are raising an immense pole with a crucifix upon it, in the foreground; soldiers, with well-trimmed beards, are binding up their wounds, and an indiscriminate collection of heavily clamped chests, arms, armor, and camp equipage lie scattered around; gay banners are flying, and the whole scene has a very holiday and pic-nicish look. There are some Indian men and women at the right of the picture, and an Indian tent; the river occupies a considerable space on the canvas, and some prismatic trunks and stumps of trees help fill up. If one were to be shown the picture, without being told what it was meant to represent, he could never guess what it was all about. We should be extremely glad, if, for the artist's sake, we could commend any part of the picture; but it lacks all the essentials of a good painting, having neither historical correctness, elevated senti-

ment, high finish, nor general truthfulness.

We have no wish to quarrel with the public taste if it runs in the direction of such works of art as that of Mr. Powell's, but we have a right to protest against the nation's lending its sanction to a falsification of history, by placing in its archives an untrue representation of a well-known event. What if Mr. Headley, or any other of our popular writers, should be employed to write a description of the landing of the Pilgrims, for instance, and should, for the sake of making an agreeable thing of it, make the Plymouth rock a sapphire, and line the coast of Massachusetts bay with groves of palm and olive trees, while Miles Standish and his companions were described as dressed in the costume of Charles the Second's court at a masquerade. It would be very absurd, to be sure, and every body would condemn it as a libel upon truth and nature; but it would be no greater departure from fact than Mr. Powell's representation of De Soto and his companions.

There were several good points in the history of De Soto's Florida Expedition, which were quite as important as his discovery of the Mississippi, which would have afforded full scope for Mr. Powell to have exercised his talent for costume painting, without departing from the truth of history. The finest of all would have been the mustering of the vagabond chivalry of Spain and Portugal, in Seville, who proposed accompanying De Soto on his expedition in search of a Peru on the Atlantic side of the continent. There was a brave show on that occasion. But the Adelantado, who knew what a serious business he was about to engage in, sent all the brilliantly clothed cavaliers and adventurers home with a flea in their ear, and selected for his companions only hardy young men, suitably accoutred with arms and armor. The embarkation at San Lucar, or the re-embarkation from Cuba, or the landing in Florida, when some of his followers were disheartened at the unpromising look of things, and returned in the ships that brought them there, would all have furnished good groupings of picturesque and romantic materials for a large canvas, and the want of mind would not have been so palpably felt in such a combination of brilliant matter. It is true that if the expedition of De Soto was to be made the subject for a national picture, the point chosen by Mr. Powell, when European eyes looked, for the first time, on our great river, was, undoubtedly, the proper one to choose, but then, it could only be proper if properly

executed; which, we think, is not the case. The mere painting of the picture hardly calls for any special remarks; it is of a very ordinary kind, and the costumes and implements introduced are, doubtless, historically correct, as they were, probably, copied from authentic models. As to the piece of artillery which the artist has introduced, we should hardly have supposed that he would have put it there unless warranted by some of the narratives of the expedition; but, we do not remember any mention of anything of the kind. In these minor matters we always presume that the artist is too well-informed to commit a mistake, for it is his business to authenticate his facts. Artists do, however, commit strange blunders, as Leutze has done, for instance, in introducing the American flag into his picture of Washington crossing the Delaware, six months before it had an existence. Painters in dealing with history have no more right to take such liberties than writers have. But they will, excepting those of a higher class, like Delaroche.

Pictures are not necessities of life, and unless we can have good ones, we can very well afford to do without them. If the nation is to own works of art they should be valuable either on account of their intrinsic excellence, or as historical memorials. The pictures of the Capitol, excepting those of Trumbull, fulfil neither of these requirements, and are a reproach to our want of taste, and a false representation of the state of art in the era in which they were executed.

The sum of fifty thousand dollars, if we remember rightly, was originally appropriated to pay for four historical paintings, of national subjects, to be executed by four native American artists, and the committee to whom the choice of the artists was intrusted, selected Chapman, Vanderlyn, Weir, and Inman to paint them; Vanderlyn being the only one of the four who had ever painted an historical picture, and that one was a single figure. It was a most hopeless prospect. Chapman finished his job first, and bestowed upon us his Baptism of Pocahontas, which

had no more to do with our national history than the Conversion of St. Paul; nor, in fact, half so much. The next finished was Wier's Embarcation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven, which was not a national subject, although an event of great importance in our history, as was also the beheading of Charles the First, and the invention of printing; then came Vanderlyn's Landing of Columbus, which was painted in Paris, in the old age of the artist, when all the vigor which distinguished his early productions had deserted him. Mr. Inman had named the Emigration of Daniel Boone to Kentucky as the subject of his painting; but, though he received four thousand dollars towards the payment for it, he never even sketched in his figures; and Mr. Powell only receives for his picture the balance which would have been due to Mr. Inman if he had executed his commission. In this respect we think he has been badly treated, and, as he has furnished a picture of the same size as the others, containing as many pounds of paint, as great a number of figures, and rather handsomer costumes, we are in favor of paying him the same amount that was paid to the other artists. Whether the picture be accepted or not, we hope that Congress will pay him one-quarter of the sum originally appropriated for the purpose of filling the vacant panels. There is no reason why Mr. Powell should not be as well paid as the others. Mr. Huntington, who was a pupil of Inman's, had offered, from regard to that gentleman, after his death, to finish the picture of Boone, and receive only the money due the artist; but Congress declined the offer, and gave the order to Mr. Powell, as we have said, on the presumption of his being a Western artist.

— It gives us pleasure to chronicle the return to New-York, from Europe, of Mr. Huntington, the artist, who has again set up his easel among us. During his residence in England, he painted portraits of Sir Charles Eastlake, President of the Royal Academy, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other distinguished persons.