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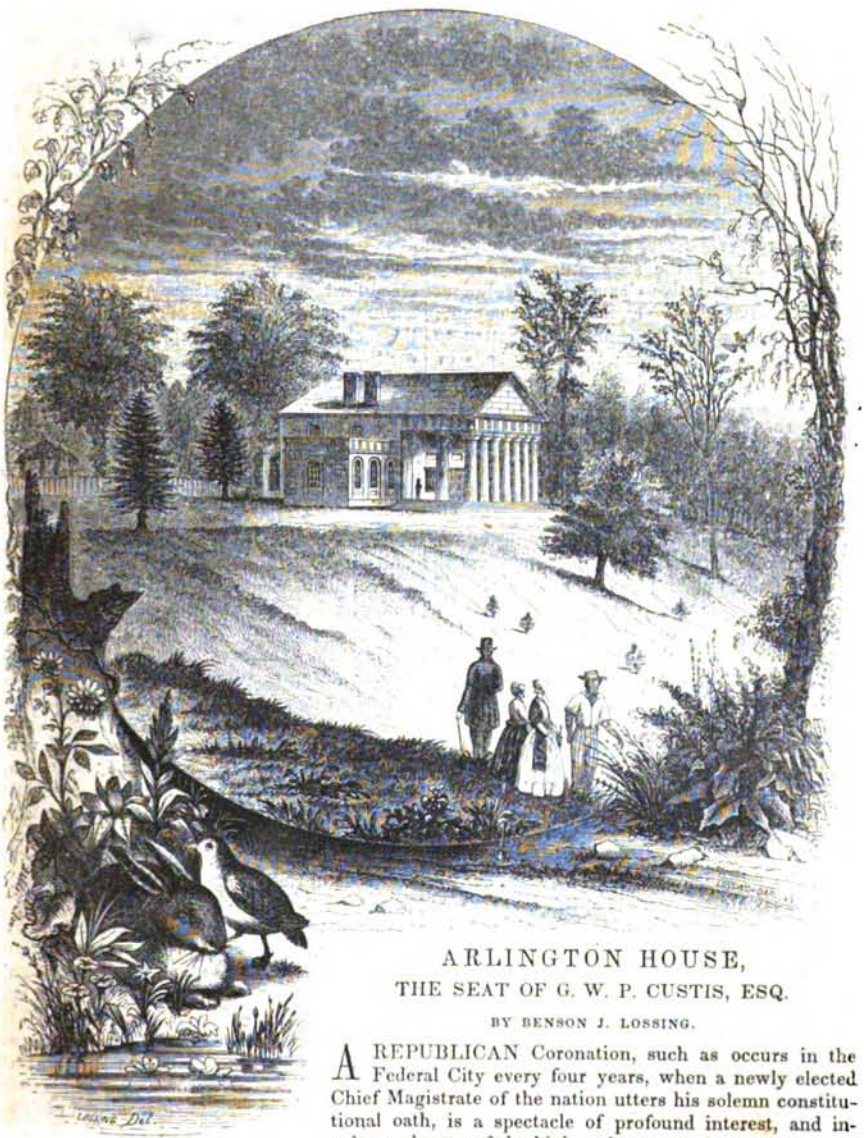


ARLINGTON HOUSE,
THE SEAT OF G. W. P. CUSTIS, ESQ.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A REPUBLICAN Coronation, such as occurs in the Federal City every four years, when a newly elected Chief Magistrate of the nation utters his solemn constitutional oath, is a spectacle of profound interest, and involves a lesson of the highest importance.

It is a great day in Europe, where monarchy prevails, when a prince by accident of birth, not anointed by the suffrages of the people, but by the often bloody hands of feudal custom, is decorated with a jeweled bauble upon his head, is covered with a robe of purple and minivir, and is made to hold a gilded wand, like Titania in the picture-books, as an emblem of authority. Then the people shout, and unshotted cannon boom, and drums beat, and bells ring forth their merriest peals, and men, women, and children, in velvet or in fustian, appear as joyful as if the inauguration of the millennium had come—as if a perpetual jubilee had been proclaimed. Then the public journals vaunt the loyalty of the people, the graciousness of the prince, and the happiness of all. And then—What then? Why the next day "comes a frost, a chilling frost." The bright pageant has disappeared; the down-trodden millions who shouted yesterday are still slaves; the foot of the prince whom they worshiped yesterday is upon their necks, his avaricious hand is in their pockets, and his weapons at their throats; and Alexander appears to the eye of just appreciation no better than the Thracian robber. Loyal huzzas are silenced by rebellious curses; the substratum of society heaves with the active elements of revolution, like the ground when an earthquake is rampant; the prince trembles; the cannon are shotted, to teach the *herd* submission; the merry bells of yesterday ring out a doleful alarum; and men and women are at the barricades.

Not so the Republican Coronation-day of America, and its future. No tinsel pageantry dazzles the people; no emblem of authority is placed in the hand of the honored one, for he is a *servant*, not a *master*; the voice of a free nation, freely expressed, is the guarantee of the strength of his position; the cannon which enunciate the public joy can not be shotted against the public will; the shouts of the people are commands to serve them well, and the public journals, like faithful Nathans, are ready and willing to rebuke the David upon the highest throne, for every dereliction of duty—every relaxation of effort for the good of the whole—every faltering in the beaten track of rigid republican doctrine; and the people go away to their well-requited toil, and are happy. No sighs for a change of rulers are heard until another election approaches, and the fishers for office are abroad. Then the bannered hosts of party are marshaled; the long-announced revolution begins; the contest rages, not upon some isolated field of Marathon or Waterloo, but in every city and hamlet in the Republic, and ceases not until Ballot-Box—the mighty umpire from whose decision there is no appeal—proclaims the victor. A new coronation occurs; the combatants laugh over the many "accidents by flood and field" of "the late war," and all are happy again, except an irritable clan called *Outs*, who are never satisfied with their condition.

I was in the Federal City on the occasion of the last Republican Coronation. Having no "friends at court" to give me shelter under the superb eastern portico of the Capitol, where the ceremonies were to occur, I stood for two hours in the open area in front, with thousands of other democratic citizens, pelted by sharp sleet, driven by a keen northeast wind, to witness the inauguration of the fourteenth President of the United States. A rude platform of rough boards had been erected over the great eastern stairs of the Capitol, and at the appointed hour the President-elect, accompanied by the retiring Chief Magistrate, the great officers of State, of the judiciary, the army, and navy, and the diplomats of foreign governments, appeared upon it. The recipient of the great dignity about to be conferred was clad in a plain suit of black. The entire paraphernalia of the occasion consisted of a small mahogany table, covered by a piece of red cloth of the value of five dollars, and bearing a Bible, a brown stone pitcher full of water, and a tenpenny tumbler. With his head bared to the pelting storm, and his right hand lifted toward heaven, the Chief Magistrate gave his solemn pledge of fidelity to the Constitution, by affirmation, and then turning to the multitude—an integral part of the great power which he represented—he proclaimed, as the orthodox creed for his guidance, those great political doctrines which, like the lever of Archimedes, having the rock of Truth for a fulcrum, are lifting the earth—or rather the nations of the earth—from darkness and dank misery, to the light and free air of real Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. How little—how exceedingly insignificant, to the eye of the true philosopher and hopeful apostle of freedom—would Louis Napoleon, or any other ruler by the grace of bayonets and gunpowder, have appeared upon that rough platform of New Hampshire pine, with all his gaudy trappings and pomp of manner, by the side of Franklin Pierce, the chosen servant of a mighty and free nation, who stood there in all the dignity of a true sovereign, undistinguished in form and bearing from the humblest citizen, by ribbon or cross, star or garter, sceptre or crown!

Among those who came to witness the inauguration was George Washington Parke Custis, the venerable proprietor of Arlington House—the adopted son of the great First President, and last surviving executor of his will. Mr. Custis (then a lad) was present when his foster-father responded to the oath of office administered by Chancellor Livingston, upon the balcony of the old Federal Hall, in New York, in 1789; and he has heard every succeeding quadrennial pledge of fidelity to the Constitution from the lips of the Presidents. Unbent in body or in mind by the weight of years, and unmindful of the gale and the sleet, he came over the Potomac in an open boat, to assist at the august ceremonials.

In compliance with a cordial invitation to spend a few days at Arlington House, where are many precious mementoes of the Father of his Country, I crossed the ferry at Georgetown early one bright morning, and found Mr. Custis in his studio, giving some last touches to his picture

G. W. P. Custis

of *The Surrender at Yorktown*, the largest and best of the productions of his amateur pencil. At the age of almost threescore and ten years, he conceived the patriotic idea of employing his genius and skill in the use of colors, in transferring to canvas his impressions of scenes in the principal battles of the Revolution, in which Washington was engaged. Familiar from infancy with men who fought these battles; listening often to the voice of Morgan and other heroes, whose names are as household words to us, as they recounted the stirring incidents of the days of trial, his mind is thoroughly stored with a minute knowledge of the important events of the struggle. He is a living link between the patriots of the old war and the present custodians of the prize which they won; and his memory, ever faithful, has preserved all it has received from the past. Within five years, he has produced six historical pictures, all remarkable for their fidelity in the delineation of costume. One is a representation of Washington at Yorktown, and the others are pictures of the several battles in which he was most conspicuously engaged, namely, *Trenton*, *Princeton*, *Germantown*, *Monmouth*, and *Yorktown*. We will consider these presently.

I have said that Mr. Custis is an adopted son of Washington. His father, John Parke Custis, one of the two children of Mrs. Washington, by her first husband, was an aid to the Chief at Yorktown. He was greatly beloved by Washington, for his many virtues, and for his mother's sake. Before the siege was ended, an attack of camp-fever compelled him to leave his post, and he retired to his home at Eltham, about thirty-five miles from York. Intelligence came to Washington that the malady menaced the life of his step-son; and soon after the capitulation he hastened to Eltham. Mrs. Washington was already there, with Dr. Craik, the friend of her husband, and his companion-in-arms on the field of Monongahela. He met the Chief at the door, and informed him that Mr. Custis had just expired. It was a terrible blow. The conqueror, at whose feet a royal army had just laid its weapons in submission, was bowed with grief, and he wept like a child. When he recovered his composure, he said to the weeping mother, "I adopt his two younger children as my own, from this hour." These were the present proprietor of Arlington House, and his sister, Eleanor Parke Custis, who married Major Lawrence Lewis, Washington's favorite nephew. She died in Clarke County, Virginia, in 1852, at the age of seventy-four years.

Mr. Custis was born in April, 1781, at Mount Airy, Maryland, the seat of his maternal grandfather, Benedict Calvert, a descendant of Cecil Calvert, Lord Baltimore. He was only six

THE CHILDREN OF MRS. WASHINGTON.

months of age when adopted by Washington, and remained in his family until the death of his grandmother, when he was about twenty-one years old. He was appointed a Cornet of Horse in 1799, and soon afterward was promoted as aid-de-camp to Major-general Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. After the death of his grandmother, and the breaking-up of the family at Mount Vernon, in 1802, he began the erection of the present mansion at Arlington, an estate of a thousand acres, left him by his father, and lying upon the west side of the Potomac, opposite Washington City.

The mansion, delineated in the frontispiece, occupies a very commanding site upon the brow of an elevation more than three hundred feet above the tide-water of the Potomac, and half a mile from its shore. The building is of brick, and presents a front, with the centre and two wings, of one hundred and forty feet. The grand portico, which has eight massive Doric columns, is sixty feet in front, and twenty-five in depth. It is modeled after the Temple of Theseus, at Athens. In front, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres, dotted with groves of oak and chestnut, and clumps of evergreens; and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is the sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion. From the portico a brilliant panorama is presented. The Capitol, Executive Mansion, Smithsonian Institute, the growing magnificent Washington Monument, and almost every house in the Federal City, may be seen at a glance, from this point, while between them and Arlington flows the bright flood of the Potomac.

At the foot of a wooded slope, near the bank of the river, is Arlington Spring, so well known to pic-nic parties who come there from Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, during the warm season. It is a pure and copious fountain, gushing out from the roots of a huge and venerable oak, which doubtless stood there when the Red Man, in a remote age, came thither to slake his thirst. Around the spring is a beautiful grassy lawn, shaded by a variety of trees, and affording a pleasant summer resort. Actuated by that generous hospitality which is every where prevalent at the South, Mr. Custis erected, several years ago, various structures for the accommodation of visitors to Arlington Spring. He built a wharf for convenient landing; a store-room; a kitchen; a dining-hall, sixty feet

ARLINGTON SPRING.

in length; and a saloon of the same dimensions, for dancing in. No spirituous liquors are permitted to be sold on the premises, nor are visitors allowed to come there on the Sabbath. All that is asked in return, is the observance of those moral rules, and a reciprocation of the kind feeling which makes every class of respectable citizens cordially welcome. A little boat called the G. W. P. Custis, plies between the neighboring cities and Arlington Spring, during the warm season; and almost every day parties of from fifty to two hundred, are seen there. It is estimated that during the summer and autumn of 1852, more than twenty thousand people visited Arlington Spring.

While there is much to admire in the external beauties of Arlington, the chief attractions are the pictures within, and the precious relics of the great Patriot which are preserved there. Before we enter, let us look a moment at the beautiful weeping-willow near the north end of the mansion. It is a shoot from the original twig brought to America by an English officer, in 1775, from Pope's Villa, at Twickenham, England. That officer came over with the intention of settling in America, not doubting that the rebellion would be entirely crushed in the course of a few months. He was soon convinced to the contrary, and abandoning all idea of remaining here, he presented the twig to the father of Mr. Custis, then Washington's aid at Cambridge. It was carefully preserved in an oil-silk covering. Mr. Custis planted it upon his estate at Arlington, on the Potomac. Pope's Willow came from the East, and was the parent of all the willows of that species in England; the willow at Arlington, became the parent of all other trees of the kind in America; and even furnished shoots, many years ago, for English gardens, where the tree had become extinct. There is a noble specimen of that species of willow, on the corner of Twenty-second-street and Third Avenue, New York. It was a twig taken from the parent tree at Arlington, by General Gates, and planted there by him when that portion of Manhattan Island was his Rose Hill farm.

The first picture that attracts attention in the spacious hall at Arlington, and the oldest and best in the collection, but one, is a superb portrait of Colonel Daniel Parke, an ancestor of Mr. Custis, painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, the protégé of the great Duke of Marlborough. The exception alluded to is a fine picture of an old reformer, by Vandyke; painted, perhaps, sixty years or more earlier. The portrait by

COLONEL DANIEL PARKE.

JOHN CUSTIS.

Kneller is supposed to be the only specimen of that artist's work in this country.

Colonel Parke was a native of York County, Virginia, where he possessed large estates, but spent most of his time in England. He was the favorite aid to the Duke of Marlborough in the battle of Blenheim, in Germany, which was fought on the 2d of August, 1704. Marlborough commanded the English troops, and Marshal Tallard those of France and Bavaria. Tallard was defeated and slain, with a loss of twenty-seven thousand killed, and thirteen thousand made prisoners. By this victory the Electorate of Bavaria became the prize of the conquerors. Colonel Parke had the honor of bearing the joyful intelligence to Queen Anne, who gave him her miniature-portrait, set in diamonds, a thousand pounds sterling, and made him Governor of the Leeward Islands. His dress, as delineated, was rich in the extreme. The coat was of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; the waistcoat a silver gray fabric, with richly wrought figures of gold, and the sash green silk and gold. Upon his bosom, suspended by a scarlet ribbon, is seen the portrait of Queen Anne.

DANIEL PARKE CUSTIS.

Near the portrait of Colonel Parke hung that of the Hon. John Custis, one of the King's Council, in Virginia, who married Parke's daughter. The connection appears not to have been a happy one. The lady, (whose portrait also hangs near) was proud and impracticable, fond of having her own way at all times, and very expert with her tongue in a war of words. As the unhappy husband could not match her while in life, he commissioned his monument to give *the last word* in the ear of posterity. By a provision of his will, his son and heir (the first husband of Mrs. Washington) was instructed, under pain of disinheritance, to have a monument erected, at a cost of five hundred pounds, sterling, with the following inscription engraven upon it:

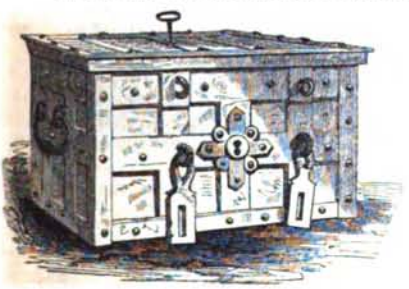
"UNDER THIS MARBLE TOMB LIES THE BODY
OF THE HON. JOHN CUSTIS, ESQ.,
OF THE CITY OF WILLIAMSBURG,
AND PARISH OF BURTON,
FORMERLY OF HUNGAR'S PARISH, ON THE
EASTERN SHORE
OF VIRGINIA, AND COUNTY OF NORTHAMPTON,
AGED 71 YEARS, AND YET LIVED BUT SEVEN YEARS,
WHICH WAS THE SPACE OF TIME HE KEPT
A BACHELOR'S HOME AT ARLINGTON,
ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF VIRGINIA."

The monument was erected and inscribed, as directed, and is still there. It is of white marble, about five feet in height and six in length Upon the other side is engraved, "This inscription, put on this tomb, was by his own positive orders."

Opposite these pictures hung the portrait of Daniel Parke Curtis, the first husband of Mrs. Washington, painted by Woollaston. He was born at Arlington, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia, and, at the time of his marriage with the beautiful Martha Dandridge, was an extensive tobacco planter in New Kent County, on the banks of the Pamunkey River. He died at the age of about thirty years, leaving his wife in the possession of a large fortune. By the side of this hung the portrait of his wife, painted by the same artist, and near them the portraits of their two children, delineated on a preceding page. She was a native of New Kent, and was remarkable, among the handsome belles who graced the courts of Governors Gooch and Dinwiddie, at Williamsburg, for her great beauty and accomplishments. She did not remain a widow long. About two years after her husband's death, she became acquainted with Colonel Washington, whose praise, on account of his military achievements, was upon all lips, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1759. Besides a large estate in lands, she brought to her husband thirty thousand pounds

sterling, consisting of certificates of deposit in the Bank of England. The estate of Mount Vernon, bequeathed to Washington conditionally, by his half-brother Lawrence, had just come into his possession, and three months after their marriage, they took up their life-residence there.

The little iron chest in which the certificates for the thirty thousand pounds were secured, is at Arlington House. It is twenty inches in length, thirteen in width, and eleven in depth, heavily banded, and secured by two boltlocks and two padlocks. Such chests were used in lieu of banks, which were then unknown in America.



IRON CHEST.

Mr. Custis possesses two other original portraits of Mrs. Washington. One is an exquisitely wrought miniature, executed by Robertson, in New York, in 1791. It is well engraved in the American Portrait Gallery. The other is a profile in colored crayons, by Sharpless. It was drawn from life, with a pantograph, in 1796, and, although well executed as a work of art, it is not considered an accurate likeness. But the portrait of Washington, by the same artist, and in the same style, was considered, by his family, the most faithful likeness of any extant. These are cabinet size. The copy given on the next page is about half the size of the original.

The original half-length portrait of Washington at the age of forty, painted life size, by Charles Wilson Peale, in 1772, is also here. He is dressed in the uniform of a Virginia colonel of that day—a blue coat with bright metal buttons, and red waistcoat and breeches. Near this portrait, suspended from the ceiling, was the ancient lantern which hung in the great passage at Mount Vernon full eighty years, it having belonged to Lawrence Washington, the original owner of that estate. The frame is of iron, painted black, and is almost the pattern of fashionable hall lanterns of the present day.

An ancient side-board, which also belonged to Lawrence Washington, is a curious specimen of good furniture in Virginia, a hundred years or more ago. It is made of black walnut, ornamented with a delicate wreath of leaves upon its edges and legs. Its length is about five feet, and its width two and a half feet. Washington used it in his dining room at Mount Vernon, during his residence there. There, too, is the little mahogany tea-table, of oval form and three feet in length, which was made in New York for the executive mansion, in 1789, and, with other furniture made at that time, taken to Mount Vernon. This was a *tea*-table only, in the family of Washington, while he was President, for food was seldom set upon it. Washington, it is said, never ate any thing after din-

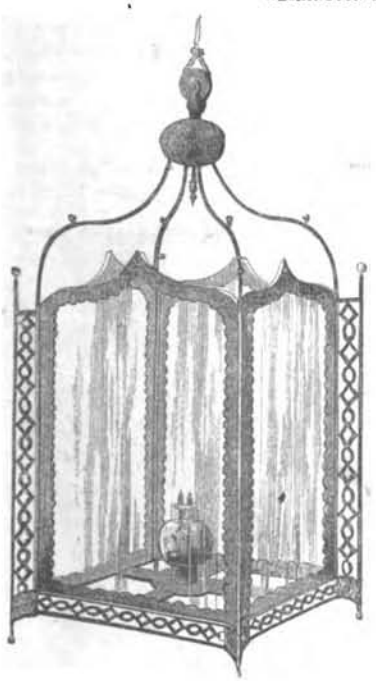
ner, but at about eight o'clock in the evening he generally sat down with his little family, and partook of a cup of tea at this table. The family sometimes had bread and butter with their tea. The large punch-bowl seen in the picture was made expressly for Washington, but by whom is not known. It is pure white porcelain, with a deep blue border at the rim, ornamented with gilt stars and dots. In the bottom is a picture of a frigate, and on the side are the initials G. W. in gilt, upon a shield with ornamental surroundings.

Washington's silver tea-service, made in New York, in 1789, of the old family plate, is very massive. The salver is plain except a beaded rim. It is oval, twenty-two and a half inches in length, and seventeen and a half inches in breadth. Like the other pieces, it has the arms of the Washington family engraven upon it. The salver possesses peculiar interest, because of its associations. It was used during the whole of the administration of Washington, for serving wine to guests. How many eyes, beaming with the light of great and noble souls, have looked upon its glittering plane! How many hands which once wielded mighty swords, and mightier pens, in the holy cause of universal freedom, long since crumbled into native earth, have taken from it the sparkling glass, and invoked health and long life for Washington! O, what a history is involved in the experience, so to speak, of that massive silver salver.

Mr. Custis related a pleasing circumstance connected with the use of the salver. Some years ago, a large military party, accompanied by ladies, came over from Washington to Arlington Spring for a day's recreation. Mr. C. sent his favorite servant, Charles, to wait upon the company at table. On that occasion the

SIDE-BOARD, TEA-TABLE, AND PUNCH-BOWL.

WASHINGTON AT THE AGE OF FORTY.



THE LANTERN.

salver was sent down. Placing a dozen glasses of ice cream upon it, Charles carried it to the visitors, and said, "Ladies, this waiter once belonged to General Washington, and from it all the great ladies and gentlemen of the Revolution took wine." The young ladies, as if actuated by one impulse, immediately arose, crowded around Charles, and each, in turn, kissed the cold rim of the salver before touching the cream.

Washington received many tokens of personal regard from men abroad. Among his most ardent admirers in England was Samuel Vaughan, Esq., a wealthy Londoner. That gentleman had ordered an exquisitely wrought chimney piece of Sienna marble to be executed in Italy for his own house. On its arrival he ordered it not to be unpacked, but sent it immediately to America, as a present for Washington. At the same time he sent three beautiful porcelain vases, made in India, and ornamented in London. The chimney piece is in the drawing-room at Mount Vernon. It is ornamented with sculptures in bold relief, representing scenes in the art of husbandry. The vases are at Arlington House. The ground is a dark blue, with delicate gilt scroll and leaf ornaments, with landscapes painted upon one side of each, and groups of animals on the other.

Mr. Custis has a small painting upon copper,

WASHINGTON'S SILVER TEA SET.

which exhibits the heads of Washington and La Fayette, in profile, as a medallion. It was executed by the Marchioness De Brienne, and presented to Washington in 1789. Madame Von Berckel, wife of the first Embassador from Holland, to the United States, also painted a very fine picture upon copper, eighteen by twenty inches in size, in testimony of her reverence for Washington. Upon the top of a short fluted column, was a bust of Washington, crowned with a military and civic wreath. This stood near the entrance to a cave where the Parcæ or Fates—Clotho, the *Spinster*, Lachesis, the *Allotter*, and Antropos, the *Unchangeable*—were seen, busy with the destiny of the Patriot. Clotho was sitting with her distaff, spinning the thread of his life, and Lachesis was receiving it. Antropos was stepping forward with open

PORCELAIN VASES.

WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE.

shears to clip it, when Immortality, represented as a beautiful youth, seized the precious thread and bore it away to Fame, a winged female with a trumpet, in the skies, who bore it on to future ages. This picture was presented to Washington by Von Berckel, accompanied by the following lines, composed by the fair artist:

"In vain the Sisters ply their busy care,
To reel off years from Glory's deathless heir;
Frail things shall pass, his fame will never die—
Rescued from Fate by Immortality."

Mr. Custis presented this picture to the venerable General Pinckney, to whose military family he had belonged, as a token of profound respect. The general, in his letter of acknowledgment, said, "It forms the best ornament of my best parlor." It is yet in possession of the family of that sturdy Southern Patriot.

In one of the chambers at Arlington House is the bed and bedstead upon which Washington slept at Mount Vernon, and whereon he expired. The bed-posts are mahogany, and the frame is remarkable for its great width, being six feet. It was made, with other furniture, in New York, in 1789, and was in continual use by the Patriot, until the day of his death. The bed and bedding remain in precisely the same condition as when the good man left it for his final resting-place.

Tobias Lear, a gentleman of fine education, who was Washington's secretary for a long time, gave a simple but graphic account of the scenes at that bed-side, at the time of the death of Washington. It will be remembered that the malady was violent inflammation of the throat. On the first attack, Washington paid no attention to it, and on being advised to take some simple remedy for hoarseness, he said, "No; you know I never take any thing for a cold. Let it go as it came." That was on Friday evening, the 13th of December, 1799. Between two and three o'clock the next morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington, and with great difficulty of utterance, told her he was very unwell, and had had an ague. He would not permit her to rise to procure a remedy, lest she should take cold, but at day-light, when the servant came to make fire in the room, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. Washington was then breathing with great difficulty, and one of the overseers was called in to bleed him, while a servant was dispatched for Dr. Craik. The bleeding afforded no relief. Dr. Craik arrived at about nine o'clock, and other physicians were sent for. But all their remedies were applied in vain. The malady increased in violence, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the General whispered, "I find I am going. My breath can not last long. I believed, from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal." Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Craik went to the bed and asked the sufferer if he could sit up. He held out his hand, and was raised up. He then said to the several physicians present, "I feel myself going; I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me." He lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining; frequently asking what hour it was.

WASHINGTON'S BED.

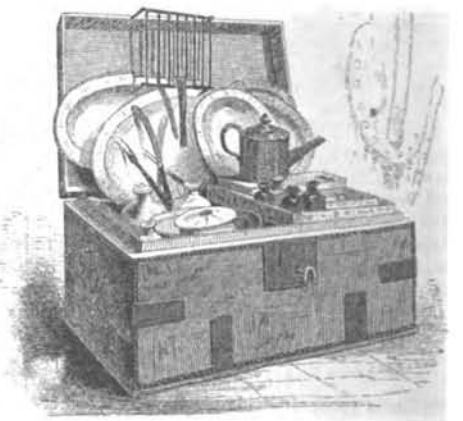
At about eight o'clock the physicians came into the room and applied blisters and cataplasms of bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out, except Dr. Craik, without a ray of hope. About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak, and at length, with great difficulty, he whispered to Mr. Lear, "I am just going. Have me decently buried; and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead." He then looked at Mr. Lear,

and said, "Do you understand me?" Mr. Lear replied, "Yes;" when the expiring Patriot said, "It is well." These were his last words.

About ten minutes before his death, his breathing became easier. He felt of his own pulse, and a few moments afterward expired. The hour was eleven o'clock on Saturday evening. The only persons in the room at the time were Mrs. Washington, Dr. Craik, Mr. Lear, Mrs. Forbes the housekeeper, Washington's favorite house servant Christopher, and Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte, other servants. Mr. Lear held the hand of Washington to his bosom. Dr. Craik stood weeping near. Mrs. Washington sat at the foot of the bed, and Christopher was at its side. While all was silent, Mrs. Washington asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?" All were too full for utterance, but an affirmative sign assured her that he was no more. "'Tis well," she said, in the same voice; "all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through."

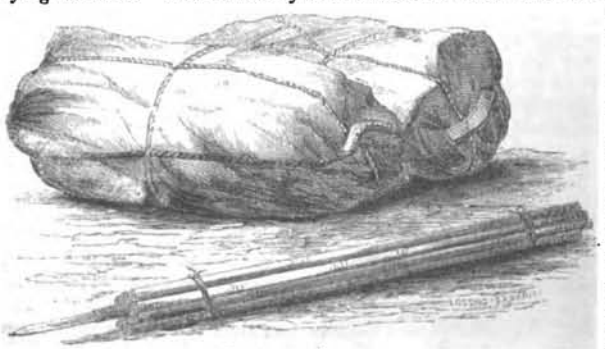
The disease which terminated the life of the great man was so rapid in its course that the absent members of the family did not reach home before his death. Major Lewis and Mr. Custis were in New Kent; and the distance at which Mr. Custis's elder sisters (Mrs. Law and Mrs. Peter) resided from Mount Vernon, prevented their witnessing his death. Of all the family at Mount Vernon at the time, only one survives, a venerable female servant, whom I saw at Arlington House, kneeling at the family altar every morning and evening, during my visit there. She was a girl of sixteen years, at the time of Washington's death.

One more precious memento of Washington, and that of more historic interest than any thing else at Arlington House, remains to be noticed. It is the General's *War Tent* which he used during the whole struggle for independence. It was first pitched at Cambridge in July, 1775, and folded up forever at Yorktown in October, 1781. It is still kept in the two large leathern portmanteaus in which it was carried from place to place during the war, with the tent-poles lying beside it. What a history is involved in the experience of that tent! How many anxious hours the great Patriot Hero passed beneath its ample canopy! How many important dispatches were written, and commands uttered, beneath its covering! What a noble band of illustrious men—the noblest the world ever saw—gathered beneath it in council, from time to time, and determined upon those movements which achieved the independence of these United States! And how often, during fatiguing marches, did the Patriot and his military family partake of refreshment from the furniture of his camp-chest—a relic now carefully preserved with the original Declaration of Independence and other objects of interest, by the National Institute at



WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

Washington City. Within that tent Cornwallis was received, a prisoner and a guest. And when the conqueror folded it up at Yorktown, and was marching, as in triumphal procession, from the field of victory to the great council of the nation, one of the most touching scenes in his life occurred. Accompanied by many of the French officers, and some of the most distinguished of the American army, he arrived at Fredericksburg, in Virginia, where his mother resided. Cannons boomed, bells pealed, and the people came in crowds from the city and far-distant plantations, to greet the conqueror. But filial affection was burning intensely in the bosom of the Chief. Eight long and eventful years had passed since the mother and son had met. Leaving the great pageant as soon as courtesy would allow, Washington hastened to his sister, Mrs. Lewis, and desired her to inform his mother of his arrival, and his desire to embrace her. When the cannons boomed, and the bells rang, the mother of Washington was unmoved. With all a Cornelia's virtues, she possessed a Cornelia's firmness. She was as proud of her son as was



WASHINGTON'S TENT.

the mother of the Gracchii, yet she hid the feeling deep in her heart. She was preparing yarn for the weaver of cloth for her servants when the pageant entered the town, and she was still occupied with her toil, when her honored son entered. "I am glad to see you, George; you have altered considerably!" were the first words of the matron. During the whole interview, not a syllable was spoken by the mother or son, of the glorious achievements of his mind and hand.

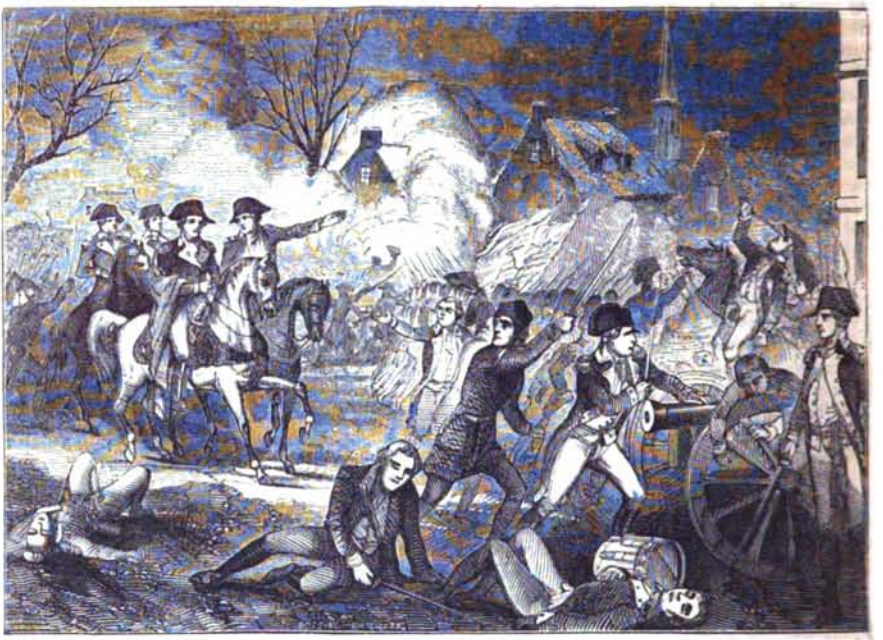
That evening a ball was given at Fredericksburg in honor of the General. It was a gay scene, for many of the most brilliant of the French officers and of the *élite* of Northern Virginia aristocracy were there. Washington entered with an aged woman, of middle stature, leaning upon his arm. She was dressed in a plain black silk gown, and upon her head was a lawn cap, white as snow, without lace or ruffles, and fastened by tabs under her chin. It was MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. The French officers were astonished. So plain a woman the mother of the great Leader! They thought of the Dowager-Queen of France, of the brilliant Antoinette, and the high-born dames of the court of Louis the Sixteenth, and could not comprehend the matter. At nine o'clock in the evening the honored matron, with an air of parental authority, took her son by the arm, and said, "Come, George, it is time for me to be at home;" and the conqueror of Cornwallis left that brilliant throng for an hour, and escorted his mother to her humble dwelling. La Fayette visited her the next day, and with glowing language he spoke to her of the greatness of her son. The matron's reply conveyed one of the wisest lessons ever uttered: "I am not surprised, for *George was always a good boy.*"

The war-tent of Washington, so often spread upon the line of march and the battle-field, has since been used in the holy cause of religion. Twice it has been pitched in green fields, and thousands came and willingly paid liberal tribute for the privilege of sitting beneath it. Two churches were erected with the proceeds. May it never be called forth for a purpose less suggestive of good-will to man!

Let us turn from the contemplation of these memorials of Washington to a consideration of the patriotic labors of the self-taught amateur artist of Arlington House. I have already alluded to the productions of his pencil. The first picture in chronological order is TRENTON. The Chief is seen upon a white charger, with Greene at his left, and Muhlenberg, Mercer, and Sullivan, in the rear. The wounded man in the foreground is Lieutenant Monroe (afterward President of the United States); Captain William Washington, the brave dragoon of southern campaigns in after-years, has his hand upon the cannon, and causes Scheffer, the Hessian lieutenant-colonel, to drop the point of his sword, in token of submission. The large figure in the centre, dressed in a hunting-shirt (the costume of riflemen), is Josiah Parker, of Virginia. Next him is Sherman, of Connecticut; and beyond him, Richard Parker, who was afterward shot at the siege of Charleston, is seen waving his hat for the Americans to rush on. Beyond the cannon, Colonel Rall, the Hessian commander, is seen falling from his horse, mortally wounded, into the arms of a grenadier.

The battle at Trenton was a very important one. Fearful and ominous were the clouds of gloom which gathered over the political firmament of America toward the close of 1776. England had sent some of her choicest troops and most skillful commanders to crush the rebellion by a single blow, and her transports had brought a horde of German mercenaries, known by the general name of Hessians, to plunder and murder the people. The city of New York had become the prey of the enemy early in September; and when the black frosts came, Long Island, Staten Island, and Lower Westchester, lay at the feet of the conqueror. In November, Fort Washington, the last foothold of the patriots upon Manhattan Island, was captured, with almost three thousand men; and Fort Lee, upon the summit of the lofty Palisades opposite, yielded a few days afterward. Then followed a spectacle which made every patriot heart pause in its pulsations. Washington, with his little army of half-equipped, half-clad, and half-famished troops, the last hopes of liberty in America, were flying before the well-disciplined battalions of Great Britain, over the plains of New Jersey, like a herd of frightened deer before the hounds. At almost every furlong the dispirited militia left the ranks, and, in utter despair, hastened to their forlorn homes to tell of personal woes and national misfortune. Every hour the patriot army lost numerical and moral strength; and when, on a keen December evening, it stood shivering upon the banks of the rapid Delaware, at Trenton, there were not two thousand strong right arms bared there in defense of the principles of the Declaration of Independence!

The patriots dared not remain long upon the banks of the freezing river, for already they could hear the drum of the pursuers, beating a quick march on their rear. They hastened across the flood in boats, and just as the last vessel, filled with Americans, reached the Pennsylvanian shore, at midnight, a column of British troops entered Trenton with all the pomp of victors. The flood which afforded a passage for escape to the Americans, proved also the means of final deliverance. The British were afraid to attempt the passage, and waited for the increasing frosts to construct a bridge of ice, over which they might pass, crush the little band of patriots, and march upon Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. But God held "the bands of Orion," and in his hand were "the treasures of the snow" and "the hoary frost of heaven." For more than a fortnight the waters remained unchained, while the hopeful Washington was gathering new strength for a



BATTLE OF TRENTON.

decisive blow for freedom. While there remained a shadow of an army in the field—while Congress maintained its sittings and its unity—while a single ray of hope for success appeared, no thought of abandoning the righteous cause was harbored in the mind of that great man. His faith in the ultimate triumph of the Americans seems never to have burned with a brighter or steadier light than at this moment, when every where was gloom. Already, in the very darkest hours, he had conceived the masterly stroke of military skill which brought forth such a radiant spark of hope and joy upon the frozen banks of the Delaware.

While waiting for the freezing of the river, Cornwallis had cantoned his troops at different points in New Jersey, from Trenton to Mount Holly, and returned to New York. Fifteen hundred Hessians and British light troops were stationed at Trenton, to watch the movements of the Patriot army. The Christmas holidays drew nigh, and knowing the convivial customs of the Germans on that festival, Washington resolved to cross the river on the night of Christmas, not doubting he should find the enemy weakened by inebriating indulgence. His little army had been gradually increased by great exertions; and on the evening of Christmas Day, over two thousand hardy men, with twenty pieces of artillery, were silently mustered upon the western bank of the Delaware, eight miles above Trenton. Through masses of floating ice they crossed the flood, not in time, however, to reach Trenton before the dawn. With equal caution, but with celerity, they marched upon the town in two divisions. One was led by Washington, assisted by Generals Lord Stirling, Greene, Mercer, and Stevens; and the other by General Sullivan. At the moment when they were discovered by the Hessian picket guard, the Americans rushed forward, and fell upon them with great fury, in the northern suburbs of the village. The Hessian drums beat to arms; but before the half-drunken Colonel Rall (the Hessian commander) and his officers, who had spent the night in carousal, could reach their saddles and gather their troops, the Americans closed upon them. A warm conflict ensued in the streets of Trenton until Rall fell, mortally wounded; and his affrighted troops cast down their arms and begged for quarter. The British light troops had fled, and no hope remained for the Germans. Only two Americans were killed and a few wounded. The victors secured a thousand prisoners, as many stand of arms, six brass field-pieces, and a large amount of ammunition. After visiting the wounded Rall, in person, and smoothing his dying pillow with a soldier's words of kindness, Washington, with his troops, his prisoners, and trophies, recrossed the Delaware, and that night took a position of safety on Pennsylvania soil.

Next in order is the battle at Princeton. The Chief is seen on his white horse, with Cadwallader, Fitzgerald, and St. Clair—the latter with his sword raised. Further on is Mifflin, waving his hat. On the left is seen Hitchcock, with part of a New England Continental regiment. Upon the cannon, in the foreground, is Haslet, of Delaware, mortally wounded; and to the left, near the drum, is the dead body of Potter, of Pennsylvania. Toward the right is General

Mercer, rising from the ground and defending himself against British bayonets. Near by is his mottled gray horse, severely wounded at the fore fetlock.

The battle at Princeton followed close upon that at Trenton. General Grant had boasted that, with five thousand men, he could traverse the length and breadth of the continent unharmed; and so certain was General Howe, the Commander-in-chief of the British army, that the retreat of Washington across New Jersey, and the rapid diminution of his army, were sure indications of despair, and ominous of a speedy submission of the rebels, that he had granted Cornwallis leave of absence. The earl was about to embark for England, when intelligence of Washington's exploit at Trenton reached the British head-quarters, at New York. The whole aspect of things was immediately changed. The contempt for the Americans, felt by the British commanders, gave place to compulsory respect and thorough vigilance. Cornwallis was ordered back to the command of the troops. Their cantonments were broken up, and the whole British force in New Jersey was soon concentrated in the direction of Trenton.

The effect of the victory at Trenton upon the Americans, was extremely inspiriting. Congress had just clothed Washington with the discretionary powers of a *Military Dictator*. His shattered regiments were speedily filled with new levies and volunteers, and the military chest was replenished by Robert Morris, that strong right hand of government during the war. Thus strengthened, Washington again crossed the Delaware, and took post at Trenton. Cornwallis, who was at Princeton, immediately moved forward to attack him. At sunset on the 2d of January, 1777, a skirmish ensued on the borders of the village, after which both armies lighted their fires and encamped for the night, with only a mill-stream between them.

A council of war was held in the American camp, and it was resolved to withdraw stealthily from Trenton, get in the rear of the British at Princeton, and, if possible, fall upon their stores at New Brunswick. But the ground was too soft to drag their heavy cannon over, and these were too essential to be left behind. Again, He that "keepeth the frost in his fingers," stretched forth his hand to aid the righteous cause. The wind suddenly changed to the north, and before midnight the ground was frozen hard enough to bear the cannon.

The whole American army was now put in motion for retreat, except a small party who were left behind to keep the camp-fires burning, and thus to allay suspicion. When the day dawned, Cornwallis opened his eyes upon a deserted camp. Sure of his prey in the morning, the earl had slept soundly and dreamed pleasantly. Whither had his intended victim fled! Suddenly a deep booming sound broke over the country from the east, and was soon followed by another and another. It was midwinter and a cloudless morning, and yet Cornwallis thought it was distant thunder. But the quicker ear of General Erskine decided otherwise, and he exclaimed, "To arms, to arms! my lord! Washington has outgeneraled us. Let us fly to the rescue at Princeton!"

It was a keen winter's morning; and as the sun arose brilliantly, the startling apparition of a host of Americans, their arms glittering in the morning rays, burst upon the vision of Colonel Mawhood, who, with a detachment,

BATTLE OF PRINCETON, JANUARY 3, 1777.

BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN, OCTOBER 4, 1777.

was just leaving Princeton to reinforce Cornwallis. Mawhood wheeled, recrossed the stream he had just passed, before the Americans could reach it and confront him, and soon portions of the two armies were in conflict. It was the booming of their cannon which fell upon the ear of Cornwallis, and called him back from the Delaware, to aid his troops at Princeton and preserve his stores at New Brunswick. The battle waxed fierce and bloody; and, finally, British bayonets proved an overmatch for American rifles. The Patriots fell back, and there the brave Mercer, who had dismounted, and was at the head of his troops trying to rally them, was smitten down, and mortally wounded. Freedom then lost one of her bravest champions, and Virginia one of her noblest adopted sons. Other brave hearts ceased to beat in that conflict; and the cypress chaplet which the patriot weaves in memory of Mercer, should have commemorative leaves for Haslet, Potter, Morris, Shippen, Flemming, and Neal.

Perceiving the disorder, Washington ordered the Connecticut Continentals to advance; and rushing forward far in front, and exposed to the deadly volleys of the enemy, Washington rallied the flying troops, brought order out of confusion, and secured a victory. The British troops, discomfited, fell back in disorder, and fled. Some who took refuge within the classic wall of Nassau Hall, were made prisoners, and the victory was complete. At that moment Cornwallis appeared, marching upon Princeton. The Patriot army had not slept for thirty-six hours, nor tasted food for twenty-four. Too weak to withstand the fresh troops of Cornwallis, or to make a descent upon New Brunswick, Washington pursued the fugitive Britons as far as Kingston, on the Millstone River. He destroyed the bridge there, and then pushed forward to Pluckemin. Cornwallis did not pursue, and the Patriots were allowed repose for a day. Then pushing on toward Morristown, they went into winter quarters there. From his snowy camp in the hill country of New Jersey, Washington sent out parties to harass the enemy; and within two months from the time when the exulting foe was pursuing him across the plains to the Delaware, not a British or Hessian soldier remained upon the soil of that State, except at New Brunswick and Amboy.

In the picture of the battle of Germantown, Washington is the most conspicuous figure in the central group. With him is Lord Stirling, Knox, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Harry Lee. Coming up with the reserve are Wayne and Walter Stewart. The fallen horse and his rider in the foreground is General Nash, of North Carolina. The same ball that shattered the rider's leg passed through the body of the horse, and killed him. By the cannon, on the right, is seen the British General Agnew, mortally wounded. In front of the central group is Colonel Proctor, directing the artillery. On the right, beyond the wounded artilleryman who is leaning upon the cannon wheel, is Colonel Mawhood, bringing up the British grenadiers.

The battle at Germantown was a severe one. Having been defeated on the banks of the Bran-

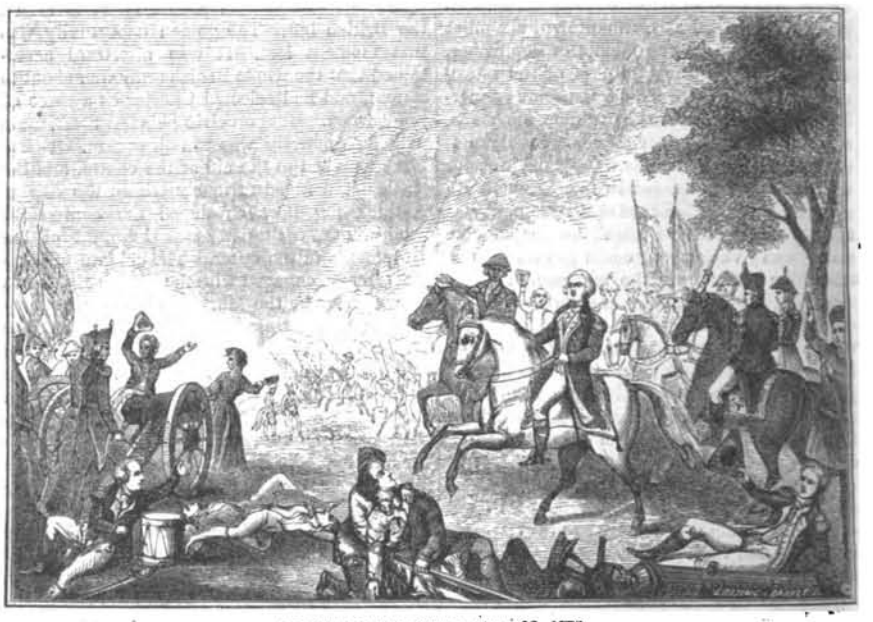
dywine, Washington retreated toward Philadelphia, and encamped at Germantown, six miles from the city, about the middle of September, 1777. Perceiving the tardiness of the movements of General Howe, his pursuer, the American commander resolved to retrace his steps, attack the British, and, if possible, save Philadelphia. He recrossed the Schuylkill, and for several days was engaged in manœuvres with the enemy along the banks of that stream. Awed by the presence of the British, the people were passive, and Washington could get no reliable information concerning the movements of his antagonist. By a skillful manœuvre, Howe deceived Washington, crossed the Schuylkill a little above Norristown, and pushed forward to Philadelphia. He took possession of Philadelphia without opposition, and then stationed the main division of his army at Germantown. The Americans took post upon the Metuchen Hills, on Skippack Creek.

Howe weakened his force by sending detachments to execute various enterprises in the vicinity. Washington resolved to take advantage of this, and fall upon his troops at Germantown. His plan was judiciously arranged, and if it had been promptly executed, would have resulted in a victory for the Americans. The division of Sullivan and Wayne, flanked by Conway's brigade, were to enter the town by the main road leading toward Norristown, while General Armstrong, with the Pennsylvania militia, was to gain the British rear. The divisions of Greene and Stephen, flanked by McDougal's brigade, were to attack the enemy's right wing; the Maryland and Jersey militia, under Smallwood and Forman, were to fall upon the rear of the right; and Lord Stirling, with the brigades of Nash and Maxwell, were to form reserve corps.

At dark on the evening of the 3d of October, the column of Sullivan and Wayne, accompanied by Washington, moved silently from the camp on Skippack Creek, toward Germantown. As they emerged from the woods on Chestnut Hill, at dawn the next morning, they were discovered by the British patrols. The drums beat to arms, and a strong detachment of the enemy was drawn up at Mount Airy to oppose the Americans. The patriots pressed steadily forward until within musket shot of the British, when they fired, and marched forward with great impetuosity. The enemy were driven back in confusion, closely pursued by the Americans. In the village stands a strong stone house (seen on the right of the picture) which belonged to Judge Chew. Into that house Colonel Musgrove and several companies of the British centre took refuge, as the torrent swept on, and by volleys of musketry from the windows checked the advance party of the pursuers, under Colonel Woodford, of Virginia. The pursuit would have been continued until crowned with victory, had not the excessive prudence of superior officers prevented. Woodford was not allowed to pursue further, and at the same time the Pennsylvania militia failed to attack the British left. The golden opportunity was that moment lost. It was afterward ascertained that the whole British army was about to retreat, and had selected Chester as a place of rendezvous. But perceiving his left flank, upon which Armstrong was to fall, secure, General Grey marched to the aid of the centre, and the battle again raged furiously within the village A thick fog now enveloped the contending armies, and each party was ignorant of the movements of the other. The column of General Greene, engaged with the British right, was unsupported by the Maryland and New Jersey militia; and a panic having seized a part of the troops, the whole body gave way, and retreated under cover of Count Pulaski's legion. The conflict had continued almost three hours, when the firing ceased. The Americans fell back to their camp on Skippack Creek, from whence they marched to White Marsh, and finally to Valley Forge, where they passed the severe winter of 1777–78.

The Battle at Monmouth continued longer than any other during the war. In the picture, Washington is seen on his white charger, with Greene near him. Knox is on the most prominent horse on the right, and near him are Hamilton, Cadwallader, and other Continental officers. In the foreground is seen a wounded rifleman. On the right, near a disabled cannon, is Dickinson of Virginia; and on the left, by the drum, Bonner of Pennsylvania. On the left is seen a group of artillery, with the famous "Captain Molly" at the gun. She was a young Irish woman, only twenty-two years of age, wife of a gunner, and during the heat of action was engaged in bringing water to her husband from a spring. A cannon shot killed the gunner at his piece; his wife saw him fall, and dropping her bucket, she seized the rammer, and vowed that she would take her husband's place at the gun, to avenge his death. She performed the duty until the close of the action, with a skill and courage which challenged the admiration of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with dirt and blood, General Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant, which her husband held. By his recommendation her name was placed upon the list of half-pay officers for life. She usually wore the coat of an artilleryman over her petticoats, and went by the name of Captain Molly. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, yet living at Washington, at the age of ninety-five years, informed me that she had often seen the heroine She says the French officers, charmed by the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns. Captain Molly died near Fort Montgomery, in the Hudson Highlands.

Terrible was the suffering endured, and wonderful was the love of country manifested at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777–78.



BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 28, 1778.

There, in the midst of frost and snow, disease and destitution, Liberty erected her altar, and found unwavering worshipers. In all the world's history we have no record of purer devotion, holier sincerity, or more pious self-sacrifice, than was there exhibited in the camp of Washington. The courage that nerves the arm on the battle-field, and dazzles by its brilliant but evanescent flashes, pales before the steadier and more intense flame of *patient endurance*, the sum of the sublime heroism displayed at Valley Forge. And if there is a spot on the face of our broad land whereon Patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the banks of the Schuylkill. It was after the trials of the winter there, and when the warmth of summer brought comfort, and the news of the alliance with France came from abroad to assure their courage, that the patriot army received intelligence that the British were about to leave Philadelphia for New York. Preparations were immediately made to pursue them.

Sir Henry Clinton, then the British Commander-in-chief, left Philadelphia on the 18th of June, 1778, and, crossing the Delaware, took up his march for New Brunswick. Washington and his army crossed above Trenton, and pursued him. Clinton was compelled to change his direction, and march for Sandy Hook, where he intended to embark for New York. Washington pressed so hard upon him, that at Monmouth Court House (Freehold, New Jersey) Clinton halted, and prepared for battle. Washington eagerly accepted the opportunity, and on the evening of the 27th of June, both parties were prepared for conflict.

It was the morning of the Christian Sabbath when the van of the two armies met on the plains of Monmouth. Seldom had a sultrier day dawned, and the fiery sun arose unclouded. The brave General Charles Lee commanded the first division, and the impetuous Wayne opened the bloody drama of the day. Like a whirlwind he swept from a wooded height, and had he not been checked in mid career by an order from General Lee, he would doubtless have decided the fortune of the day in favor of the Americans, within half an hour. But Lee ordered him to fall back, and soon afterward issued such commands as caused almost the whole division to retreat. Hearing the firing, Washington had pressed forward with the second division, and met the flying detachments, hotly pursued by the enemy. No notice of the retreat had been communicated, and the safety of the whole army was jeoparded. Deeply mortified at the disgraceful movement, Washington ordered the commander of the first division of the fugitives to halt, and then, spurring his horse, he dashed forward with his staff to the rear of the flying column, where he met Lee, at the head of the second division of the retreating forces. With bitter emphasis, and glances of hot anger, Washington demanded the cause of the shameful retreat. Stung by the reproof, Lee retorted sharply. It was no time for personal strife. Wheeling his horse, Washington hastened to the flying regiments, rallied them, restored order, and turned with deadly power upon the foe. The action soon became general. The heat was intense, for the sun was climbing to the meridian. Many fell down through mere exhaustion, and yet the battle raged. Hour after hour

of that sultry day wore away, and backward and forward, over the sandy fields, the combatants swayed. At length Wayne poured terrible volleys into the ranks of the grenadiers of the centre, and Colonel Monckton, their commander, fell. His companies recoiled, the centre gave way, and the whole British army fell back to the heights of Freehold.

It was now almost sunset, and both armies coveted repose. Washington determined to renew the attack at dawn, and his troops slept upon their arms that night. Wrapped in his cloak, the chief, with his staff, slumbered profoundly beneath the green canopy of a spreading oak, around which many of the slain slept their last sleep. He felt sure of victory on the morrow, when his refreshed troops should rise to battle. But the dawn brought disappointment. Like the Americans at Trenton, the British retreated at midnight, and at day-break they had made a three hours' march toward Sandy Hook. Considering the distance they had gained, the extreme heat of the weather, and the fatigue of traveling in the deep sand of the road, Washington did not pursue, and Clinton escaped. The Americans marched to New Brunswick, and from thence proceeded to the Hudson River. The British embarked on transports at Sandy Hook, and reached New York in safety. But for the strange conduct of Lee in the morning, Clinton and his army would probably have shared the fate of Burgoyne and his troops at Saratoga, a few months previously.

The picture of WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN is five feet by four in size, and was painted by

WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN.

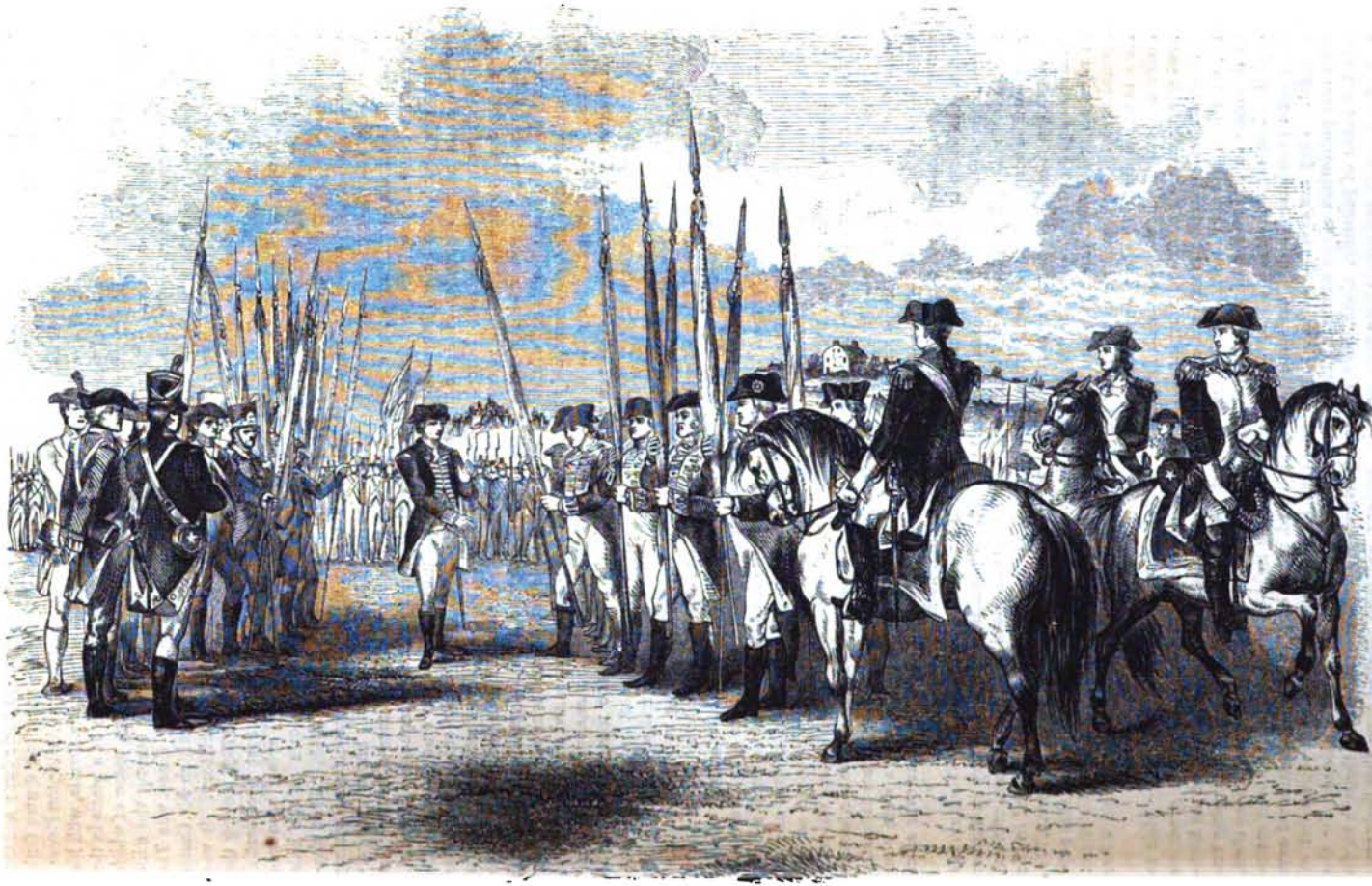
SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN.

Mr. Custis, to exhibit a correct representation of the figure of Washington. It displays the best coloring of all his pictures. That of THE SURRENDER AT YORKTOWN is about four feet and a half, by eight feet and a half, and is the largest of all his battle-pieces. Washington is seen on a white horse. Knox, commander of the artillery, is on a bay horse; and immediately behind the commander-in-chief is the Count de Rochambeau, on a bay horse, with Viomenil by his side, and the Duke de Lauzun behind him. Beyond are several French and American officers, and the flags of the two nations. General O'Hara is seen surrendering the sword of Cornwallis. At a little distance is Lincoln, leading out the British column, and beyond are the British works, and their ships of war in the York River. The French army is seen on the extreme right.

The great question was decided at Yorktown, on the banks of the York River, in Virginia, when Lord Cornwallis, with over seven thousand men, surrendered to the American and French forces. In order to carry on a depredating warfare in Virginia and Maryland, Cornwallis, with a strong force, took position at Yorktown, and Gloucester opposite, in September, 1781, and strongly fortified them. La Fayette, Steuben, and Wayne were in Virginia, and had already given the earl much trouble; but their forces were not sufficient to attack his lordship in his new position with any prospect of success. In the meanwhile, French troops, under Count de Rochambeau, who had wintered in New England, had joined Washington on the Hudson; and the allied armies, eluding the vigilance of Clinton at New York, marched to Virginia. They rendezvoused at Williamsburg, twelve miles above Yorktown, and on the morning of the 28th of September, marched in two divisions, by separate roads, to invest the British. They were occupied in preparations for the siege until the afternoon of the 9th of October, when a general discharge of twenty-four and eighteen pound cannon commenced upon the British works. Day after day the enemies' strong-holds crumbled. The American and French troops vied with each other in skill and valor.

Perceiving his peril, Cornwallis attempted to escape to Gloucester, and from thence to flee northward, by rapid marches, across the Rappahannock and Potomac, through Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, to New York, the head-quarters of the British army in America. He had even embarked a large number of his troops upon the York River, when He "who rideth upon the wings of the cherubim" interposed. A storm of wind and rain, almost as sudden and as fierce as a summer tornado, arose, and made the passage of the York too perilous for further attempts. The last ray of hope now faded. Despairing of either victory or escape, or of aid from the British fleet while De Grasse with French ships of war guarded the mouth of the York, Cornwallis made overtures for capitulation. Arrangements were made, and on the 19th of October, 1781, the British troops laid down their arms in submission.

The ceremony on the occasion of the surren-



SURRENDER OF BRITISH COLORS AT YORKTOWN

der was exceedingly imposing. The American and French armies were drawn up on either side of the road leading from Yorktown to Hampton. Washington and Rochambeau, each on horseback, were at the head of their respective columns. A vast concourse of people had assembled from the surrounding country to participate in the joy of the event. Universal silence prevailed as the vanquished troops slowly marched out of their entrenchments, with their colors cased, and their drums beating a British tune, and passed between the columns of the combined armies. All were eager to look upon Cornwallis, the terror of the South, in the hour of his humiliation. He spared himself the mortification, by feigning illness, and sent General O'Hara to deliver his sword to Washington. When O'Hara advanced for the purpose, Washington pointed him to Lincoln for directions. It must have been a proud moment for Lincoln, for only the year before he had been obliged to make a humiliating surrender of his army to British conquerors at Charleston. Lincoln conducted the royal troops to the field selected for laying down their arms, and there General O'Hara delivered to him the sword of Cornwallis. Lincoln received it, and then politely handed it back, to be returned to the earl.

The delivery of the colors of the several regiments, twenty-eight in number, was next performed. For this purpose, twenty-eight British captains, each bearing a flag in a case, were drawn up in a line. Opposite to them, at a distance of six paces, twenty-eight American sergeants were placed in line to receive the colors. Ensign Wilson, of General James Clinton's brigade, was commissioned by Colonel Hamilton, the officer of the day, to receive them. When Wilson gave the orders for the British captains to advance and deliver their colors to the sergeants, they hesitated. They were unwilling to deliver them to non-commissioned officers. Hamilton, who, from a distance, observed the hesitation, rode up to inquire the cause. On being informed, he willingly spared the feelings of the officers, and ordered Wilson to receive them himself, and hand them to the sergeants. The scene is depicted in the engraving.

When the colors were surrendered, the whole British army, a little more than seven thousand in number, laid down their arms, and divested themselves of their accoutrements. They were then marched back to their lines, and placed under a guard until ready to march for permanent quarters in Virginia and Maryland.

Such were the stirring scenes which Mr. Custis, with filial and patriotic zeal, has attempted to delineate in the series of pictures we have copied. The circumstances under which they have been produced invest them with peculiar interest. They are creditable alike to the genius and patriotism of the amateur artist. Nor has the muse of painting, alone, been courted by him, but poetry and music have ever been his delight, and now afford him much pleasure in the evening of his life. He has written several dramas since he passed the age of fifty years, which were very popular in their day; and the sweet tones of the violin are often drawn forth by his touch in the old halls at Arlington House.

One evening while there, Mr. Custis, with his violin, accompanied the music of a piano in the performance of several old airs, some of which were very popular, especially among the military, fifty years ago. Among these was *The President's March*, concerning which Mr. Custis related an interesting bit of history. It was composed in the autumn of 1789, during the early part of Washington's first presidential term, by a German, named Feyles, who was then the leader of the orchestra at the little theatre in John-street, New York. That playhouse was a rickety affair, capable of seating about three hundred persons. There were performances in it only three times a week. The President and his family frequently attended. A box was provided for them on one side of the stage, and upon the opposite side was another for John Adams (the Vice-President) and his family. As "The Court" thus gave countenance to the drama, the little theatre became a place of fashionable resort, and while the seat of the Federal Government remained in New York, it was harvest-time for the managers. The President always informed the manager when he intended to visit the theatre. On these occasions, he was met by the manager at the door of the theatre, who, bearing two wax-candles, escorted the President to his box. It was on one of these occasions that *The President's March*, composed in honor of the Chief Magistrate, was first performed, at the moment when Washington entered the theatre. Mr. Custis and his grandmother were with the President at that time; and he speaks of the pleasing effect of the music upon the audience. The air became very popular; and when, a few years later, the words of one of our national songs were written, it was slightly altered, and has ever since been known as HAIL COLUMBIA.

Mr. Custis also informed me that *Washington's March*, so popular with the military in former times, was composed by Charles Moore, of Alexandria, Virginia. Moore was wounded in the battle on the Brandywine in September, 1777, and while convalescing, he composed that popular march. He often played it upon his violin, for the amusement of Mr. Custis, and other friends.

Ever green in memory will be my visit to Arlington House, where frank and generous hospitality, intellectual converse, and the highest social refinement make their pleasing impressions upon the mind and heart. Since then, alas! the light of the dwelling has been extinguished, and a cloud of grief has gathered over that happy home. The ever joyous spirit of the son of Washington is saddened, for the partner of his joys and sorrows through half a century, has been plucked from that beauteous home on earth, and borne away to a more lovely paradise in the Spirit Land.

FEEJEE WAR-DANCE.

A CRUISE AFTER AND AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

OUR course lay almost due westward: for Tahiti was our immediate destination, and would be the first land we should make, unless we became entangled in the low coral islands, forming the almost unknown group, called the Pau-motan, or Cloud Islands, in which case it was the intention of our captain to ascertain if they produced any thing worth trading for. I had taken passage on board a trim brig, fitted out for an experimental voyage to the Southern Pacific, for the purpose of competing with the trade to China, carried on from Sidney. The intention was to pick up a miscellaneous cargo —sandal-wood, tortoise-shell, trepang, birds'-nests—any thing, in short, attractive to the long-tailed Celestials, which were to be exchanged for Chinese productions suitable for the home market. I was in search of adventure, and was to be set on shore whenever and wherever I pleased.

For eight weary weeks we pursued our course with hardly an incident to break the dull monotony. Every morning the sun rose up from the sea, with a bound, directly over our stern, throwing the long shadows of our masts into one, far ahead: up the steep heavens it climbed its way till it showered its beams straight down upon our heads. Here it seemed to pause for awhile, before commencing its descent. Then the shadows lengthened toward the stern; and, at last, as the fiery orb sunk with a plunge beneath the waters, it was seemingly pierced through its centre by our bowsprit.

We were not in pursuit of whales, and never turned from our course to chase those coy monsters of the deep. For all we cared, they might have spouted as thickly as porpoises under our bows; we should never have lowered boat for them. They were no prey for us. We only asked of them to keep out of our way. There was room enough in the Pacific for us all.

Each day was like every other day. The same pale green sea; the same pale blue sky; the same broad sun stalking up the same track, and setting in the same spot. We could almost have sworn that the same porpoises wallowed in the same waves under our bows; and that it was ever the same broad-winged albatross who came day after day wheeling around our course, and then, as if satisfied with his scrutiny, floated off into the far depths of space.

There was little to do on board. The invisible, almost unfelt, Trade winds bore us steadily, unhasting, unresting along. There was little attempt at conversation, for every body had long ago told all he knew. We were like prisoners shut up from the world, which alone gives us

new ideas; and it is wonderful how stale old ideas get, unless vitalized by a fresh influx of new ones. The tenants of the brain, left to breed-in among themselves, degenerate, like Spanish Dons, and the royal houses of Europe. This, I suppose, is the reason why common-place pedagogues and unprogressive clergymen, who fail to keep up with the current advances and changes in their professions, grow, in time, so ineffably wearisome. The man at the wheel slept, or seemed to sleep, by the hour; the look-out kept aloft for form's-sake, dozed away on his perch. The only sensible break in our life was the taking of the daily meridian observation. Our position ascertained and announced, we all relapsed into our usual apathy.

But when it was announced that we were approaching the longitude of the Pau-motan group, our careless way of life underwent a sudden change. Keen eyes were strained in every direction, to catch the outlines of some low island, or to mark where the breakers dashed over some outlying reef of sharp coral. For this part of the Pacific is almost unknown ground, even to whalers; although, lying in the direct route between the two gold-bearing regions of California and Australia, there can be little doubt that it will soon be opened to the knowledge of navigators.

PAU-MOTAN CANOE.

At length the anxiously-awaited signal of "Land-ho!" was given, and all crowded to the bows and gazed in the direction indicated. At first nothing could be seen from the deck; but soon, as we rose on the long-heaving regular Pacific swells, we caught a glimpse—first of green tree-tops, then of a white line of beach, fringed with breakers, and beyond the narrow fringe of vegetation which lay like a green ribbon coiled around, we saw the still waters of an enclosed lagoon, blue and unruffled.

To our hungry eyes, this low island seemed at a distance like Fairy-land. But the romance disappeared when a boat was lowered, and a party of us effected a landing by swimming through the surf. The trees grew low and scrubby amid sharp fragments of coral; and the grass, which had apparently spread so inviting a carpet, consisted of a few scanty blades springing up from the white sand.

Slowly we threaded our way among these islands, sending a boat ashore here and there; sometimes finding no inhabitants, at others encountering a few scores of squalid dwellers, who seemed to waver between the desire to traffic, and the wish to drive us off as intruders upon their paradise. The only noticeable thing about the islanders was their canoes, which manifested no little labor and ingenuity in construction. They were all provided with an outrigger. This was united to the canoe by slight spars, forming a sort of platform upon which to deposit their arms, without which they never appear to move. Some were small, only adapted for rowing from one island to another close by. Others were large enough to admit of longer voyages. They are all constructed without a particle of metal Sides and bottoms are lashed together with cords of cocoa-nut fibre, the seams caulked with a gummy preparation from the same indispensable tree, which also furnishes for mast a crooked unbarked stick; while the rigging is composed of a kind of tough flexible vine.

Still, even among these islanders there is a difference. Those at the eastward have the unenviable reputation of being cannibals; while those to the westward, nearest Tahiti, have been partially instructed by devoted native teachers from this latter island. No unprejudiced visitor can fail to notice the softening and humanizing influence of their teachings.

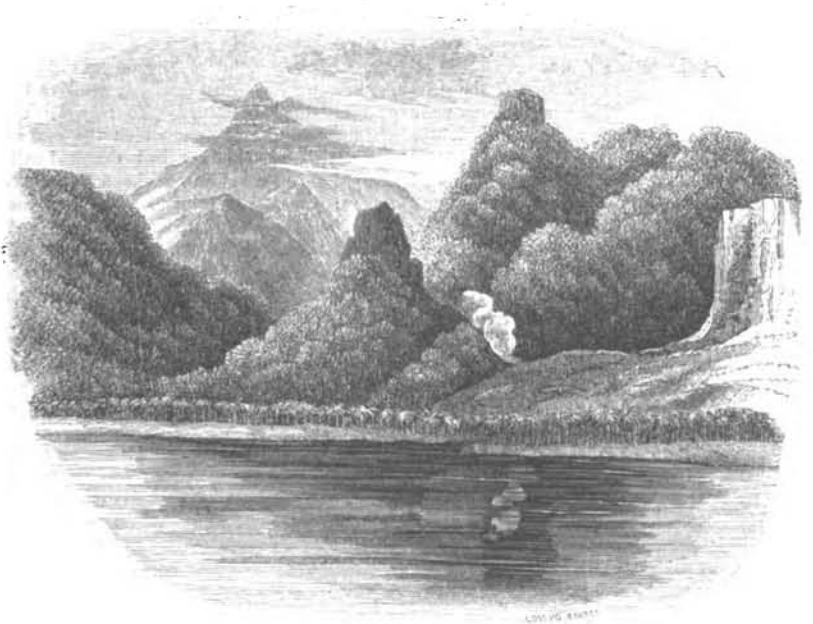
As far as any commercial results were concerned, our exploration proved a failure. We merely bartered a few yards of gay cottons, and a small number of fish-hooks, for cocoa-nuts and fish with which to vary our monotonous sea diet; and in exchange for knives and hatchets procured a few pearl shells fished from the lagoons. The natives carry on a small traffic with Tahiti, where they barter their nut-oil and dried fish for the few simple articles of which they stand in need.

A HALT AT TAHITI.

It was a joyful sight for us all when, having steered clear of these low islands, we caught sight of the lofty peaks of Tahiti piercing the clear air. I need hardly say that my South Sea dreams had been hitherto unrealized. Where were the green groves and the lofty cocoas! Where were the rivulets flashing down the dark glens, overtopped by precipices unscaled by human foot! Where were the grim temples, half in ruins, dateless as eternity, devoted to horrid and mysterious rites, with their mossy stones hallowed or desecrated by the

blood of human victims! Where were the light and graceful natives, free commoners of nature's bounty, spending the rosy hours in pastime, ignorant of the fretting cares and unending labors that make the civilized man old while yet in his prime of years! whose light existence was yet underlaid by horrid superstitions, darker than those of the northern Druids, borne witness to by their old and mysterious temples—as gay gardens and bright vineyards repose over the smouldering fire of a molten lava flood.

When Tahiti flung its lofty peaks up into mid-heaven from out of the luxuriant forests that clothed their base, it seemed that I was on the threshold of that world of which I had so long dreamed.



COAST SCENERY OF TAHITI.

As we skirted along the shores, the singular conformation of Tahiti became apparent. Imagine two lofty islands, of form almost circular, connected by a low isthmus; each rising in the centre to a lofty overtopping peak, from which valleys radiate down to the shore like the spokes of a wheel. The ridges which separate these valleys sink off abruptly on either hand in precipices almost perpendicular. The summits of the ridges are not unfrequently so sharply defined as to afford not room enough for a practicable path. A man might stand upon the edge of one of them and with either hand simultaneously toss a stone down into valleys, right and left, whose inhabitants can visit each other only by descending to the coast, and thence ascending the glens. Verily, it is not in cities only that a man may be ignorant of his next-door neighbor.

This great wheel, with its spokes of rock and valley, is girt with a tire of verdure, outside of which is an almost continuous coral reef, against whose ledges beat the long Pacific swells in white waves. Between the reefs and the shore is a reach of calm water, as unbroken as the surface of a mirror. Occasional openings through the coral reef give admittance to these quiet waters, in which vessels may lie at rest, as on the bosom of the calmest lake.

It was evening as I sprang on shore in the harbor of Papatee, and the first thing that met my sight was a row of most unmistakable street lamps, fed with the dimmest of whale oil, glimmering among the rustling foliage of the "Broom Road." Just then the roll of a drum broke through the breezy stillness. The groups of chattering natives began to disperse; and when, half an hour later, the evening gun was fired, not a Tahitian was to be found in the street.

I now recollected that not only was Pele undeified, but Pomare dethroned, and Tahiti had become a French colony; so that to find unadulterated Polynesian life, I must sail still farther to the West.

At that particular moment, I must acknowledge, I rather rejoiced at these evidences of civilization; for I thought that where there were street-lamps, drum-beats and evening-guns, there must also be hotels; and the prospect of once more sleeping on *terra firma* and giving an order to a waiter was nowise unpleasant.

Passing up the Broom Road, I saw more than one edifice bearing a sign announcing it to be a "Hotel." But I soon found that the occupants

were not permitted to lodge strangers unprovided with a formal *permis de séjour* from the French authorities. The upshot of the matter was, that I was obliged to return and sleep on board our vessel.

Tahiti was the last point definitely laid down in our scheme of proceedings. We were thereafter to be guided by circumstances. It was finally decided to bear away for the Samoan group, six hundred leagues further to the west, which forms a convenient half-way house between either the Sandwich or Society Islands and Australia. Here too I made my arrangements to leave our brig at the first of these islands we should make. My preparations were very simple. I selected a few pieces of red, blue and white cloths, which were to serve as letters of introduction to the chiefs whose hospitality I hoped to share. Instead of letters of credit, and such like *vectigalia*, I took from the ship's stores a few packages of fish-hooks, a dozen of knives, and as many hatchets, a quantity of tobacco, and vermilion, the latter put up in homœopathic parcels. To these, by the advice of one of these strange beings, the wandering whites, found throughout the Pacific Islands, I added a hamper of glass bottles picked up at the shops in Papatoe for a mere song.

My new friend was originally a genuine London Cockney, though since he had left the sound of Bow-bells, his garment of nationality had become sadly tattered and mended, so that until you heard him speak, you were at a loss to know to what special department of the human family to assign him. One of his strange fancies was to bear away from each island where he resided, a portion of the tattooing peculiar to it. One side of his body displayed the coarse workmanship of the New Hebrides, while the other was the *chef d'œuvre* of Maletula, the most renowned tattooer in all the Marquesas. This great artist was so enchanted with the effect of his labors upon a white skin, that in pure love of art he was desirous of covering the whole body of Bill Sanders (for so my Cockney Mentor was called), even offering to waive the customary fee of tappa and whales' teeth. But Bill would not confine himself to any one school. He wished to be a walking gallery of every school of the art. So the great Marquesan was obliged to make up in delicacy of workmanship what he lacked in space. One leg was marked in the irregular squares and fancy stripes of the Samoans, while the other bore the clouded patterns which are the mode in the Kingsmills. Had he made his appearance in Broadway divested of his nether integuments he would have passed for a remarkably fine specimen of young America, with inexpressibles of the tightest fit, and of the most "stunning" pattern. In short, if any learned professor had wished to give lectures on the noble art of tattooing, he would not have needed to go beyond Bill for a specimen of every known style. His face only was left unmarked.

But notwithstanding his Polynesian exterior, Bill's tongue could never forget its pristine Cockney habits; and he murdered the king's English as ruthlessly in Tahiti as he had been wont to do in Saint Giles.

Apropos of my intended outfit, said he to me: "Vy, you can't take nuffin better nor a 'amper o' bottles; cos, you sees the Hingens doesn't vere no clothes, and they keeps a hilin 'emselves, and in course they vants bottles to 'old their hiles."

Upon this hint I acted; and amused myself for a day or two in picking up a miscellaneous assortment from the drinking-houses in Papatee. A curious collection I made, suggestive of deep and manifold potations. There were slender champagne flasks, from which the officers of Admiral Petit-Thouars had drank health to King Louis Philippe or perhaps to the *République indivisable:* prim Presbyterian-looking pints, suggestive of "Edinburgh Pale Ale:" big-bellied, short-necked, apoplectic bottles redolent of "Brown Stout:" plethoric, burgomasterish flasks hinting of genuine "Schiedam," fresh from Dutch distilleries.

I must not omit that, by way of life-preserver, I secured a pair of revolvers, at that time an implement almost unknown in the Pacific. For these I made a belt to be worn inside my clothing, so as to conceal the weapons.

My impressions of Tahiti, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of the scenery, were anything but pleasant. The natives are evidently verging to extinction. When the island was discovered the population was estimated at two hundred thousand; it now falls short of ten thousand. This diminution is undoubtedly in a great degree owing to intemperance and nameless diseases with which intercourse with abandoned whites has infected the entire race; which I believe to be hopelessly corrupt, both physically and morally. The missionaries have even been obliged to prevent all intercourse between their own children and those of the natives.

I know not whether the spectacle of their absurd attempts to ape European costumes and manners be more ridiculous or pitiable. Poor fragile earthen vessels as they are, they have been sent whirling down the tide of life, alongside of the great rough European iron vessels, and are sadly shattered by the contact. Even Christianity itself has not saved, and probably will not save the race. The bottles are too old and feeble to contain the new wine. In half a century, there can be no doubt the Tahitian race will become extinct; and the fertile valleys and mountain sides will fall to the share of a race capable of using them.

WE TOUCH AT THE SAMOAN GROUP.

Still tracking the sun's course, we sailed westward, until six hundred leagues of smooth tropical seas had been traversed, when the lofty sugar-loaf summit of Olosinga, the outmost of the Samoan group, appeared in view. We coasted along the steep shores of these islands, broken here and there by groves of cocoas and bread-fruit rising from a bright sandy beach.

MISSIONARY'S HOUSE, SAMOA.

Wherever there were trees, there rose the round thatched roofs of the native dwellings, with here and there a *fala-tele*, "great house," devoted to the entertainment of strangers. Now and then we saw the white-washed walls of a missionary's house, or of a church.

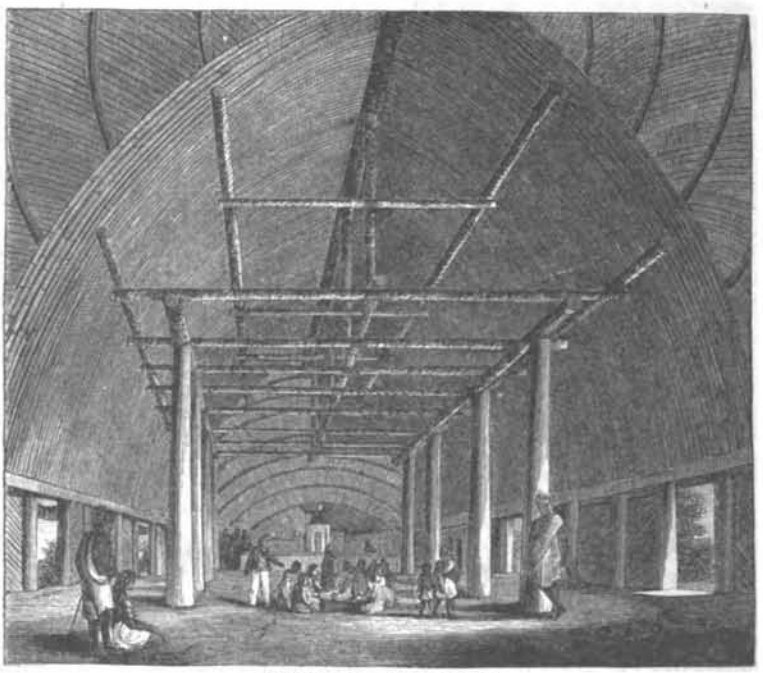
As we approached the shore the populace gathered around to receive us. Their tall, rounded forms were not, as at Tahiti, disfigured by absurd carricatures of European costume. Most of the males were dressed in the *lava-lava*, a sort of kilt of tappa, or of blue European cotton. Others were attired in the *titi*, a long fringe-like garment of gay pandanus leaves, split up into small slips. Above and below this garment their bodies were tattooed in every variety of pattern, presenting precisely the appearance of a tightly-fitting variegated pair of drawers. No tattooing marked either face or breast. The attire of the women was much the same as that of the men, with the addition of a kind of mantilla of tappa drawn modestly over the bosom.

As we landed, we were greeted with an unanimous *alofa*, "welcome," and were conducted to the great *fala-tele*, the floor of which was newly spread with odorous mats, where we were formally installed as public guests. The whole deportment of our entertainers was frank and cordial, yet modest.

A Samoan village presents at first view an enchanting picture of Polynesian life. It is always built near the sea, and embosomed in a grove of fruit trees. Hard by are the provision grounds, fenced in by low walls of fragments of coral. The native houses are of uniform construction, varying only in size. Posts of twenty or thirty feet in height support the ridge-pole, from which the roof slopes down to the level of the side walls, which are only four or five feet above the ground. The roof is thus the main portion of the building. It is always made in three pieces—a centre and two ends; the latter of a rounding form, somewhat like an enormous cabriolet hood. The parts of the roof are firmly lashed together, and to the side walls, by cords of cocoa-fibre. From roof to floor hang screens, which when let down divide the dwellings into separate apartments. The floor is paved with bright pebbles, covered at the sides with gay mats woven with bark, forming couches and divans upon which to recline. The whole aspect of these dwellings is wonderfully adapted to a tropical climate. They stand in no formal order, but are irregularly grouped along a street, kept most scrupulously neat, as is also the *malai*, or square, in front of the great house. The missionaries have introduced a style of architecture approximating to that of Europe, but which presents a far less picturesque appearance than that of the natives.

I was much pleased with the interior of one of the larger churches in this group. It was built purely in the native style, with lofty thatched roof, and low latticed side-walls. The ridge-pole was supported by two rows or orders of columns, one above the other, separated by horizontal beams. All the timbers were ornamented by cocoa-nut plait of every variety of tint, so disposed as to present the appearance of beautiful arabesque mouldings. Though the number of these ornaments was very large, it would have been impossible to have found the same design repeated.

In none of the Pacific islands have the efforts of the missionaries been crowned with so complete success as in this group, and in none have



INTERIOR OF SAMOAN CHURCH.

they encountered so few obstacles. It is scarcely fifteen years since the first native teachers arrived, and yet, within that time the majority of the population have abandoned heathenism and embraced Christianity. Cannibalism, which, copying the example of their fiercer neighbors, the Feejees, they occasionally practiced, has been wholly abandoned, and is now regarded with no less abhorrence than it would be among ourselves; and even polygamy, so deeply rooted in all their modes of thought and habits of life, has been given up, in accordance with the instructions of their teachers.

Soon after the native teachers had broken the ground, two bands of white missionaries made their appearance, almost simultaneously on this group. One was a company of Scotch Presbyterians, sent out by a Society in London; the others were Wesleyans. With rare good sense and self-devotion, these missionaries perceived that their differences in doctrine and discipline would interfere with the success of their labors, if prosecuted together. But they felt, however important might be their theological views in themselves, the savages were not in a state to appreciate them. They determined, therefore, in order to avoid all appearance of rivalry, that one body should seek new fields in islands where no laborers had yet appeared. The lot to go fell upon the Wesleyans, who betook themselves to the wild Feejees, whose name was a terror to all the neighboring islanders, and where for years they labored with apparently no prospect beyond that of at any moment earning the crown of martyrdom.

Here, I at first thought, my dreams of island felicity were to be realized. Here, if any where, my youthful fancies were to find a fulfillment. Here, in the most lovely islands of the Pacific, bathed in the brightest seas, shadowed by dark groves of cocoa and palm, where the green bananas waved their broad leaves in the air, where the tasselled casuarinas shrouded the peaceful huts, where the free earth yielded ungrudgingly food and clothing in reward for the lightest toil;—where the simple natives have learned only good from the more powerful whites; where Christianity has uprooted the darkest rites of superstition, and gilded with the brightness of immortality the world that lies beyond the portals of their serene mortal life;—here will I taste to the full of whatever pleasure half-civilized life can afford.

So I had my boxes unladen from the brig and brought ashore to the *fala-tele*. A few yards of colored cotton, a hatchet and knife or two, and a score of fish-hooks, judiciously bestowed, gave me abundant claims on my hosts. The brig departed on her trading voyage to distant islands, and as her white sails sank from sight in the distance, I felt that the ties that bound me to civilized life were for a while sundered.

For a little while I yielded to the fascinations of this life. I began to comprehend the disinclination of the few wandering Europeans on the islands to return to the restraints of the civilized world. I wondered if I might not some day adopt the native garb, take a Samoan wife, and end my days on these islands.

But this could not continue. The gloss of

novelty wore off in a few weeks, and disclosed the bareness and poverty of savage life, even in its most inviting forms. I grew weary of lying all day long in the shade, or lounging on the mats of the great house, or bathing in the bright waters. I soon found that the quietude of Samoan life was but apparent. Petty feuds and open hostilities disturbed this small world, as well as the greater one I had left behind me. And evermore I was confronted by the stern spectacle of a race in decay. For here as throughout all the Pacific, the natives are slowly, but surely, diminishing in numbers. I had enough of Polynesian life.

One day I was standing on the margin of Apia Bay, in the island of Upolu, the largest of the group. I had taken up my abode there in the expectation of soon finding some means of escaping from the islands. As I watched the waves rippling up to the shore in those low murmurs which had so long haunted my fancy, but which were now so hateful to my ear, a strange-looking craft rounded the point of the headland, and came dashing up the bay. As it drew near, it proved to be a large double canoe, driven by an enormous triangular mat-sail, the hull gayly decorated with white shells.

I hurried toward it, and learned that it was from the Feejee Islands—the land of the cannibals—and would return in a few days. It was manned by natives of the Tonga Islands, the boldest sailors in the Pacific, under the command of a young half-breed, the son of a Feejee mother and a Yankee father, who had been long a resident in the Feejees. I would see these islands, I determined, and thereafter make my way back to civilized life once more. I easily succeeded in making an arrangement with the half-Yankee master to take passage in his canoe on its return.

FEEJEE CANOE.

VOYAGE TO THE FEEJEES.

Duly on the appointed day we spread our great mat-sail to the still-favoring Trades, and bore away to the Feejees.

It was a singular craft, apparently ill-calculated for so long a voyage. The length of the larger of the two canoes might have been about sixty feet, the smaller one-third shorter. The bottom of each was composed of a single plank of *vau* wood, to which the sides were dove-tailed, and then bound by elaborate lashings of cocoa-cord passing through flanges left upon each of the planks. The joints were payed with gum; but, owing to the tremendous strain of the great sail, they gaped terribly, so that it was necessary to keep a couple of men constantly at work baling out the water. The two canoes were united by a platform of a dozen feet in width, projecting a little beyond the sides of the hulls. Amidships was a small thatched cuddy to shelter the crew from the weather; and above this, a platform upon which I kept my station during almost the whole of the voyage.

Though myself at that time little more than a landsman, I could not help admiring the dexterity with which this unwieldy vessel was managed, when we had occasion to beat against the wind. The chief point is to keep the smaller canoe to the windward, for should it get to the leeward, the boat must inevitably be overturned. This makes the operation of tacking a somewhat curious one. The helm is put up, instead of down, bringing the wind aft; the tack of the sail is then shifted to the other end of the canoe, which is thus transformed into the bow, and the vessel glides on upon the other tack. They manage to carry sail under a heavy gale, by sending some of the crew to cling upon the extreme edge of the smaller canoe, which serves merely as an outrigger, so that the weight may counteract the force of the wind, and keep the craft upright. The steering apparatus is simply a broad-bladed oar. In a gale, or even when beating against a moderate breeze, the responsibility of the safety of the vessel rests upon the man at the end of the sheet. For the first two days there was, however, no occasion for any display of nautical skill, for we were scudding before a favorable wind.

I took advantage of our half-Yankee pilot to gain some information as to the almost unknown islands which we were approaching. His father, he said, was a *Papalangee Merikanee*, who had ran away from a whaler some five-and-twenty years before, and taken up his abode on the island of Ovolau, where he had resided ever since. He had taken to himself a dusky bride from among the daughters of the land, and was now considered the head of a small community of a score or so of whites, and had recently been named *Consul Merikanee* for the islands.

It was now the most favorable time that had ever existed for a white man to visit these

islands, as the great Thokombau who had reduced the larger portion of the group under his sway, was disposed to favor foreigners, whose presence he found in many ways advantageous to him.

He perfectly recollected, though he was then a mere boy, the visit of the squadron of the American Exploring Expedition to these islands, eight or ten years previously. To the prompt and decided punishment awarded by the commander of the Expedition for the murder of two of his officers, he attributed the comparative safety with which foreigners might now traverse the coasts of the islands. These men had been murdered by the inhabitants of Malolo, a small island far to the westward; in consequence of this their village had been attacked and burnt, a large number of the inhabitants slain, and the remainder compelled to make the most abject submission. Some months later, while on an expedition after trepang, this island was pointed out to me; and soon after a low island where the two young officers were buried by their comrades. It now bears the name of

HENRY ISLAND.

"Henry Island," in memory of one of the murdered men. It is a lonely speck of sand in the midst of a coral reef, upon which the waves of the broad Pacific moan evermore. The only vegetation it bears is a tangled thicket of mangroves. No monument marks their distant grave; its very spot is unknown, for every vestige of the interment was carefully effaced, in order that the cannibals might not disinter the remains. It was with no common emotions that a few days since I gazed upon the cenotaph in Mount Auburn Cemetery, erected to their memory by their brother officers on the return of the Expedition.

This prompt retribution was not the only instance of rigor displayed by our national Expedition in punishing outrages upon Americans. One of the most famous chiefs of the Feejees was taken prisoner, in consequence of a murder committed years before, detained on board the vessels, and conveyed to New York, where he died soon after his arrival.

On the third day of our passage the Trades, which had so smoothly borne us on in the desired direction, died suddenly away. A calm fell upon us "like night," as old Homer says in that magnificent figure addressed to the imagination, not to the fancy, where he describes the descent of the Sun-God upon the pale Grecian hosts encamped around Ilion. It came "like night," and in the night.

I had lain, far into the darkness, straining my eyes and my fancy toward the cannibal islands. I called to mind how, long ago, a wandering sailor made his way into the quiet New England village, where my boyhood was passed. What tales he used to tell of his adventures in distant lands, and mysterious islands which had no place upon our school-boy maps. It was as though their scene was laid in the stars—for one was as far distant, to us, as the other. Sometimes he would, as a rare favor, bare his brawny chest and show us the strange tattooing indelibly marked there, by the natives of an

island where he had been cast away. They debated long whether to sacrifice him or make him their chief. They decided in favor of the latter, and when he had undergone the torture of the process, they gave him the daughter of their late chief for wife, and he became their leader. She was, he said, the most beautiful woman in all the South Seas. He had somewhere picked up an' old engraving, which he declared was "the perfect picture of her," only that it lacked the exquisite tattooing which ornamented her bust. It was the picture of a genuine beauty of the New Hebrides, with close-curled hair, great voluptuous lips and flashing eyes, which seemed to stare into your very soul. It had wonderful fascination for me, and I tasked my boyish pencil to copy it, until at last I could reproduce it from memory. Even now, at so many years' distance, as I close my eyes I see it before me as distinctly as ever.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

But none of his tales so wrought upon us as those about the Feejees, where he said he had spent some months. He told us of old men buried alive by their sons; of women by the score strangled on the graves of their husbands; of the pillars of temples founded upon the bodies of slaves buried beneath them to cause them to stand firmly; of canoes launched over the writhing bodies of victims instead of rollers, that they might sail the sea victoriously; and, more terrible than all to our young imaginations, of human victims roasted alive and eaten with horrid delight. He always denied having ever partaken in this horrid repast; but sometimes when something particularly to his appetite was presented to him, he would give a horrid grin, and mutter, half-audibly, "This is as good as man!" I now imagine he did it to frighten us—and, indeed, I more than half suspect that all his tales were pure inventions, as far as any participation of his own was concerned. What his name was we never knew. We called him "Feejee." He disappeared from the village as mysteriously as he had entered it.

Thinking over all these things, and comparing them with the information I had gleaned from Whippy, our half-breed pilot; wondering whether each low-lying cloud on the western horizon might not be the peaks of Ovolau, I lay on the platform until long after the Southern Cross had begun to bend, giving token that midnight was past.

When I awoke, morning was slowly dawning. But what a change. Sea and sky were blent into two flat grayish-yellow circles, which seemed momently contracting. I thought of an old tale of Italian revenge, in which a man was shut up in a room whose walls slowly came together till they met, and crushed him. Sky and water seemed as brassy as the walls of that apartment. Higher and higher rose the sun—we could not see it; but we knew its place by the direction from which its beams appeared to come. At noon they shot perpendicularly upon us like the Norman arrows at Hastings; as day fell they pierced us like the long level line of Huguenot spears at Ivry; and at midnight I almost fancied I could feel them pricking up through the whole earth's diameter from the other hemisphere.

The crew lay panting in the cuddy. We could hardly muster men to bail out the water, which seemed to well in more rapidly through the shrinking planks; though perhaps this was fancy. The mast was unshipped—for why spread sail when not a breath of wind was astir? We were at the mercy of the variable and uncertain currents of the farther Pacific.

Whippy began to look grave. With true savage carelessness they had only taken food and water for the probable length of the voyage. The former was of little consequence, for we had no desire for food. But the thirst grew unendurable. It seemed as though water could never quench it; and, in spite of our utmost parsimony in its use, the pile of cocoa-shells which held our supply grew fearfully small.

On the fifth evening of the calm the quick eye of Whippy turning to the north, caught a glimpse of a dark object in the horizon. With a shout he called attention to it. It rapidly drew nearer, and we saw that it was a dark storm-cloud unfolding and evolving. Just below its edge the surface of the sea was marked by a clear line of white, like the crests of breakers upon a lee-shore. It was strange to see it dashing down upon us, like a racer, while not a breath of air fanned our brows. We had succeeded in getting the head of the canoe toward the storm before it was upon us. Suddenly, with a blow like Martel's hammer ringing upon Saracen head-pieces, the storm struck us, wind and wave at once. The cuddy was filled in a moment; but, luckily, the canoes, fore and aft, were inclosed

and water-tight. The vessel being all of wood was specifically lighter than water; so, full or empty, we must float. It was a matter of life and death for a few minutes to keep the outrigger to the windward. But we succeeded. The weight of the storm passed over almost as rapidly as it had come down upon us; and far off to the southward we saw its long white line, like a range of snow-capped mountains.

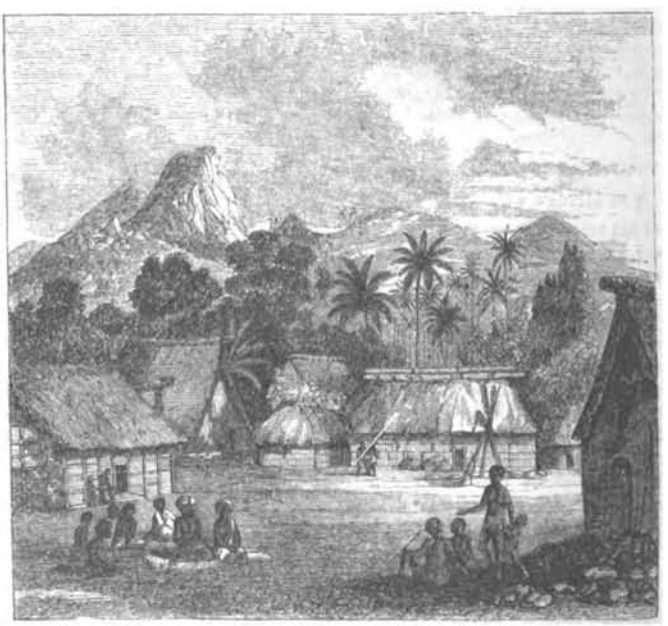
The night set in dark and rainy, with a strong gale blowing steadily from the north. We managed, in the obscurity, to get up the mast, set the huge sail, and bail out the cuddy. A portion of the crew were sent to the extremity of the outrigger to balance the canoe, and once more we were under way. All night the rain fell fitfully, as though wrung by the winds from the reluctant clouds. This was so far an advantage that it enabled us to husband our remaining stock of water; a consideration of no small moment, since Whippy assured me that in the event of being obliged to land on one of the neighboring islands, the party would be considered lawful prize, and all the natives killed and eaten. He had once had an adventure of the kind. Having been cast ashore from a canoe, in the very neighborhood of Ovolau, he tried to pass himself off as a traveler. But the inhabitants suspecting him to have been shipwrecked, seized him, and subjected him to a close examination. One of them at length declaring that he detected "salt-water in the eye"—a kind of witch-mark by which their lawful victims are identified—he was on the point of being clubbed, when a chief came up, to whom he had once done some favor at home; and, at his intercession, his life was spared. He consoled me, however, by the information that the flesh of whites was considered inedible, so that I need be under less apprehension.

The night succeeding the gale closed in with mist, but without rain.

Morning broke gloriously; and was welcomed by our crew with a shout of joy. Right before us, and within two hours' sail, was a lofty island, whose summits were broken into picturesque peaks, beyond which another still larger, and apparently loftier, stretched away beyond the reach of vision; while to right and left, on either hand, were seen other and smaller ones. All were surrounded by reefs against which the swell of our late storm was still dashing, and breaking in long curling lines of white foam. The island in front was Ovolau; and we were just opposite the port of Levuka, whither we were bound.

We steered for a narrow opening through the encircling reef, scarcely two hundred yards in width. No sooner had we shot through the opening than we were in the midst of a harbor where our canoe rode as quietly as on the waters of an inland lake.

I sprang on shore, with somewhat of my old enthusiasm; and at once perceived that I was among a race different from any that I had yet beheld. Their figures were more brawny than those of the natives of the islands to the eastward. Their complexion was much darker, approximating to that of the negro race. All wore abundant beards and mustaches. The hair was worn in a most singular fashion, frizzed, and protruding from the head on all sides, often to



VILLAGE OF LEVUKA.

the distance of eight or ten inches. The faces of all were painted of a deep and glossy black, ornamented with spots and bars of red.

Their dress was the simplest conceivable. The usual costume was the *masai*, a narrow girdle of native cloth, from which depended before and behind a scanty strip, often reaching to the ground. Some wore in addition, the *maro*, an enormous piece of cloth wound round the waist, and had their great shocks of hair covered with a thin gauzy turban. All bore clubs of casuarina-wood, curiously carved. These were of two kinds; one was like a mace, with a round knobbed head, somewhat like the *morgenstern* of the old Swiss; others were like a short-handled oar, sharp at both edges. This latter weapon, together with the turban, I soon discovered to be the distinctive marks of the chiefs. All had stuck in their girdle two or three short-handled round-headed clubs, evidently intended for missile weapons. The dress of the women, of whom few were visible, was a scanty fringe made of colored grass or leaves slit up into strips.

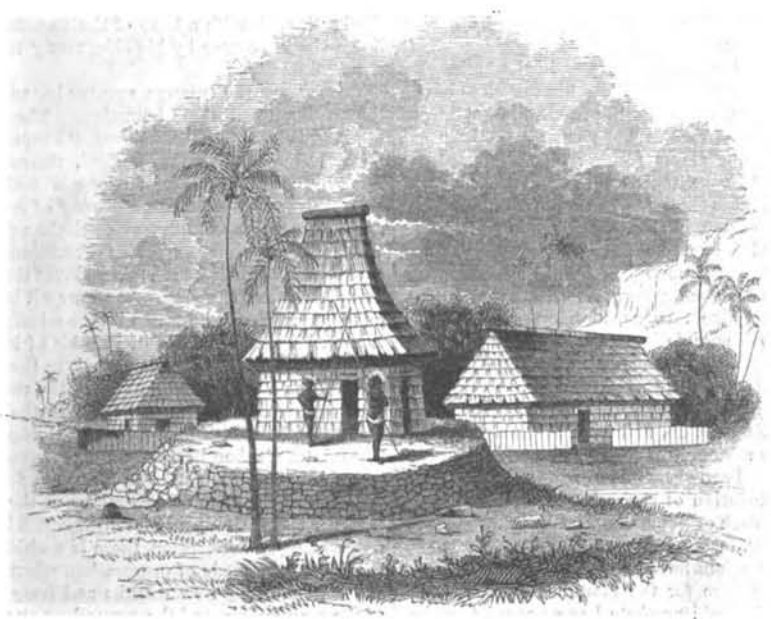
Having propitiated the favor of the principal chiefs, by a judicious distribution of presents, I was conducted in triumph to the village. This consists of some fifty houses, situated in the midst of a beautiful wooded valley, down which pours a fine stream of pure water, fresh from the lofty volcanic peaks, which spring fantastically in the background. The houses are small, and of the usual Polynesian architecture, the roofs thickly thatched with the broad leaves of the sugar-cane.

Near the centre of the village is the principal edifice. This is called the *mbure*, answering the threefold purpose of public hall, temple, and hotel. It stands on an elliptical pile of stones, and is an odd-looking structure, enormously high in proportion to its length and breadth. The furniture within is simple in the extreme. Mats for reclining upon are spread around at intervals. The centre is occupied by a huge bowl of dark-colored wood, fully three feet in diameter, polished till it shines again; and an abundant supply of drinking vessels, some of smoothly-polished cocoa-nut shells, others of earthen pottery, often presenting the most grotesque forms, were piled on shelves against the wall. One end is separated by a tappa screen, depending from the lofty roof, forming an apartment for the *nambete*, or priest, who also performs the functions of publican.

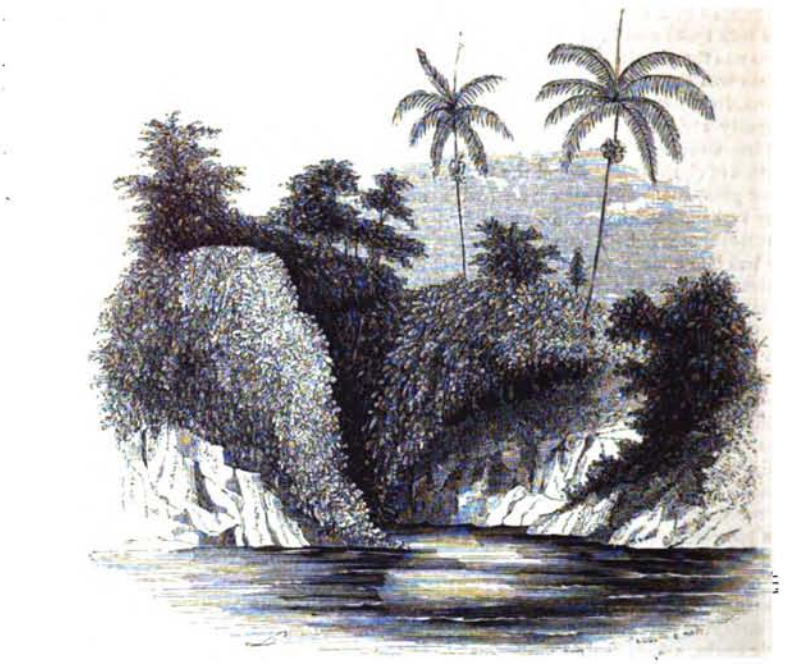
Levuka being a central point in the group, the residence of the white inhabitants, and affording opportunities for procuring interpreters, I made it my head-quarters during my three months' stay in these islands.

LIFE IN LEVUKA.

With the earliest dawn the natives leave their mats, and betake themselves to the bathing place. The stream in its course through the valley spreads out into a number of pools, here overhung by rocks clothed with vines, overshadowed by clumps of lofty trees, there open to the rays of the sun. As they encounter on the way, their morning greetings are made with a scrupulosity worthy of the most elaborate "gentleman of the old school." These are nicely regulated according to the respective ranks of the parties. But it would be considered an unpardonable rudeness for the highest *turanga* to neg-



FEEJEE MBURE.



BATHING PLACE.

lect to return the salutation of the humblest *kaisi*. "*Ei velectooe?*" "*Duo wa, turanga?*" "*Iveca, rakau?*"—"Hope you're well!" "Good-day, your honor!" "Ah, how are you?" are heard from all sides. There are no better-bred gentlemen in the world than my Feejee friends, notwithstanding certain ugly practices, of which I shall speak by-and-by.

A half hour or so is spent in the bath. By this time the sun has lifted himself clear of the low-lying clouds, and the shadows of the trees stretch westward in his slant rays. Like old tipplers, the chiefs saunter slowly toward the mbure, to take their morning draught of *angona*. This is the standing tipple throughout the islands of the Pacific, where it has not been superseded by the more fiery potations of the whites. It is known in different islands by the names of *angona*, *yangona*, *ava*, *kava*, and *arva*. It seems, like tobacco, to be used for its narcotic and stimulating properties, rather than from any pleasantness of flavor. Its effects resemble those resulting from the use of opium, though in a less degree. I like to do at Rome as the Romans do, and have habituated myself to some strange dishes. But I could never like *angona*. I can compare the taste of it to nothing but an infusion of rhubarb and magnesia, with a slight dash of liquorice. Its appearance is very like that of soap suds.

Preparations have in the mean time been made in the mbure for the manufacture of the angona. The old nambete has emerged from behind the tappa screen, rubbing his eyes like a sleepy landlord on the look-out for early customers. The great punch-bowl has received an extra polish, and the drinking cups are carefully looked to—for the Feejees are scrupulously neat, after a fashion of their own. Half a score of boys have been collected, and are seated about the bowl, each with a heap of the angona-root, and a shell of water by his side, ready to commence operations.

One by one the turanga saunter in, and seat themselves upon their haunches. The circle filled, the chief gives the signal, "Prepare angona." Each boy seizes a shell, rinses carefully his mouth, and then opens it wide, for general inspection. Such a display of ivory as these youngsters exhibit, would delight a dentist who had any enthusiasm for his profession. The examination finished, each takes a bit of the root, and commences chewing. As soon as it is thoroughly masticated, he forms it into a ball, takes it from his mouth, hands it, in a bit of leaf, to the mixer, who carefully deposits it in the bowl. As soon as a sufficient quantity of the root has been prepared, water is poured upon the pulp, and the whole is thoroughly stirred together. The mixture is then strained through fibres of the *vau* plant, which are used as a sponge for separating the fluid from the particles of the root. When it is clear it is ready for drinking. Though not inviting in description, there is nothing disgusting in the mode of preparation, when actually beheld. The rosy mouths and ivory teeth of the masticators, and the scrupulous attention paid to neatness throughout, take away every

sensation of disgust, when one has become somewhat accustomed to see the operation.

This ceremony performed, the inhabitants go about the light avocations of the day. Some climb the bread-fruit and cocoas, to gather the fruit; a few repair to the yam gardens and taro fields; for contrary to the custom of most savage nations the labors of the field are not wholly thrown upon the women. The chiefs busy themselves in polishing and decorating their weapons and ornaments.

The women, however, are by no means idle. Their standing employment is the manufacture of tappa. This is the native cloth, made of the inner bark of a species of mulberry. The bark is peeled off in strips a couple of yards long, and two or three inches wide. It is then soaked in running water till it becomes softened. The strips are then laid upon a sort of table, and beaten out into broad sheets. In this operation the sheets contract somewhat in length, but expand in width till they are as broad as they are long. The instrument for beating is not unlike one of those large four-sided razor-strops found in barbers' shops. Three of the sides are marked with creases of different sizes. The operation is begun with the use of the coarsest side, and finished with the smooth side. In texture tappa resembles tough flexible paper. As it does not stand water, immense quantities are consumed. It is formed into pieces of forty or fifty yards long, by simply laying the ends of the portions together, and uniting them by beating. Some of the tappa is bleached to a snowy whiteness, and some is printed in different colors. The joinings of the patterns are then painted by hand. The colored article is called *kesu-kesu*. The use of tappa is *tabooed* to the women, who only wear the *liku*, or woven fringe. The wives of the whites, however, are allowed the use of the tappa.

FEEJEE WOMAN.

Having no weapons to polish, or shells to grind down into armlets, no yams to dig or taro to weed, and as a public guest, being sure of cocoa-nuts or *mandrai* whenever I chose to ask for them, I used to wander about the groves, in company with any body who chanced to be disengaged; delighting my temporary hosts now and then with the present of a fish-hook, or bit of vermilion. When my munificence extended to the length of a yard or two of cotton, or a junk bottle, they were lost in admiration. Every where throughout the valleys the sound of the tappa mallet made the air vocal.

There is no necessity for a ten hours' bill in the Feejees. Where there is so little to do, the most industrious man must work short hours. Long before noon the day's work is concluded. Another refreshing bath is taken, followed by *vassi* or lunch—for the principal meal of the day is taken at an hour most fashionably late. After lunch and a short siesta the labors of the toilet begin.

Now as the usual *masai* is of so scanty dimensions, and as even the *maro* of tappa is of a very simple form, one would suppose that the toilet would be very speedily performed. But Fashion has votaries at Levuka as well as at Paris or New York, and is quite as capricious and exacting in her demands.

The adjustment of the hair is the grand employment of the Feejee dandies. The abundant locks are first saturated with fragrant oil, mixed with lamp-black. The barber then takes the hair pin and twitches them almost hair by hair, till the immense crop stands out, stiff and frizzled, looking like a Brobdignagian mop. Any inequalities are then singed off. Around the hair is now wound the *sala*, made of thin tappa, like tissue paper, and the most important portion of the toilet is completed: and well it may be, for hours are often spent in the operation. In order to preserve these enormous head-dresses while sleeping, they make use of a peculiar and most uneasy pillow. It consists of a mere bar of wood supported upon four legs, placed under the neck so that the head does not come in contact with the couch. I used to wonder whether these uncomfortable pillows had any thing to do with their habit of early rising.

The barber is thus a very important person; combining the functions of tailor, hatter, and bootmaker, to say nothing of the other functionaries whose labors go to make up the dandy in civilized life. The higher chiefs keep a number of them. The hands which have the honor of touching their sacred heads are *tabooed* from any meaner office. The barbers are not even allowed to feed themselves.

The hair and beard properly arranged, the face is next to be painted. The usual color is

black, though upon great occasions red and other bright hues are worn. Upon this dark ground vermilion ornaments are displayed, according to the wearer's fancy. The favorite mode in my time was to have a broad *bend sinister* across the face diagonally from right temple to left cheek, intersected by a stripe running along the ridge of the nose; to these might be added a star on each cheek and on the chin.

The toilet satisfactorily accomplished, the chiefs repair to the mbure to tipple angona, talk over the events of the day, or to witness the performance of some game or dance.

I could not avoid being struck with their particular regard for neatness in all their arrangements. They never put any vessel, from which a number of persons are to drink, to their mouths, but hold it at the distance of a foot or more, and allow the water to run down their throats in a stream.

MODE OF DRINKING.

To this personal cleanliness, however, there is one notable exception: at least according to our view of things. A fine-tooth comb is an unknown implement; and these enormous thickets of hair afford admirable warrens for the propagation of certain small deer. These preserves are guarded as sedulously as an English nobleman protects his game. Poaching is not allowed; but as a matter of special favor, a friend is allowed to hunt on shares, in which case one-third of the game belongs to the hunter, the remaining two-thirds pertaining to the lord of the manor. As no fingers can penetrate the coverts where these animals wander, they make use of a long implement of bone or tortoise-shell to allay the irritation occasioned by their burrowing. Warriors take pride in having a pricker made of a bone of an enemy whom they have slain. The mode of wearing this implement indicates the rank of the wearer. The sovereign wears it protruding in front, like the horn of the heraldic unicorn. Chiefs wear it more or less to one side, in proportion to their rank, while the common people carry it behind the ear, like a clerk's pen. When the preserves become over-crowded a sort of *battue* takes place. The head is washed with an alkali, made from the ashes of a particular plant, which also dyes the hair a brilliant red or yellow.

The staple diet in the Feejee Islands is vegetable; flesh and fish being principally reserved for formal feasts. The yam is the chief article of food. This grows to an enormous size. I have seen roots of four or five feet in length. Next comes the bread-fruit, of which there are different varieties in season throughout almost the entire year. This is eaten in a great variety of ways. A peculiar preparation is made from this fruit, called *mandrai*, which will keep for years. The rind is scraped off, and the fruit packed away in large holes lined with green banana-leaves. Here it is subjected to pressure, which reduces it to a homogeneous mass. After fermentation it becomes a stiff glutinous paste, with a strong odor not unlike sour-crout. It is eaten raw, or cooked with cocoa-milk. This food is stored in large quantities in their strongholds, so that they may be able to stand a protracted siege. The cocoa-nut also plays a conspicuous part in the Feejee cuisine. In fact, if an island contains these trees it is always considered habitable. It, however, grows to perfection only near the shore. Taro is also cultivated in moist places, and is a staple article of food.

Game is entirely wanting on these islands. There are no neat cattle, except two or three cows and bulls, which are objects of curiosity. When the first pair of these animals were introduced, the natives inquired what they were. They were told that they were *a bull and a cow*. They supposed that this was the name of each animal, and from it they formed the word *bull-na-kau*, by which they still designate beef. Their animal food is thus reduced to two species: The flesh of swine and that of human beings.

For the Feejeeans are the most abominable cannibals the world has ever known.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

Foremost among the peculiarities of the Feejees we must place the practice of cannibalism. It is to be hoped that the present generation is the last which will see this practice in its full force. The efforts of the missionaries, and the influence of Europeans, have given a shock to the system, which will doubtless result in its overthrow at no distant date. But I had myself an occasion of seeing that, four years ago, it still existed even in the most advanced part of the group.

In a certain sense, there is no doubt that all the western Polynesians were cannibals. But among the brown races the partaking of human flesh seems always to have been a religious rite—a devoting of the victims to the infernal gods. Among the New Zealanders it was an expression of hatred to their fallen enemies; a sort of posthumous triumph over them, mingled with an idea that they thus secured to themselves all the warlike qualities which had belonged to their victims.

But among the Feejees alone human flesh is regarded as a delicacy, and the ordinary details of a cannibal feast are spoken of just as a supper of canvas-backs or turtle is with us. So habitually is the idea of food connected with that of the human body, that I was assured by those who must be aware of the truth of the matter, that they have no word to designate a corpse, as such. *Pork* and *venison* do not more directly convey the idea of the flesh of the swine and the deer destined for eating, than the Feejee word *bakola* does that of the human body destined for the same use. "*Puaka balava*," "long pig," is the phrase used in common discourse to designate human flesh; while that of the swine is called, by way of distinction, "*puaka deena*," "real pig."

The most obvious source of supply is the bodies of enemies killed in battle, which are always eaten. Next come those of shipwrecked persons, who are regarded by the Feejees as lawful prey, as they were formerly by the inhabitants of the Shetland Islands. When these sources fail to furnish the required supply, expeditions are fitted out to capture victims from their neighbors, or recourse is had to their own slaves.

It has grown into a positive requirement that at all great entertainments human flesh shall furnish a part of the viands. The chiefs, until quite recently, were in the habit of making a kind of pic-nic turtle feasts; on which occasions old Tanoa, the powerful chief of Mbau, used always to signalize his superior dignity by furnishing instead a human victim. Human flesh is looked upon, in a word, in precisely the light in which the Thanksgiving or Christmas turkey is among us. So highly is it prized that it is held always requisite to transmit a portion to intimate friends. A neglect to do this would constitute a breach of friendship.

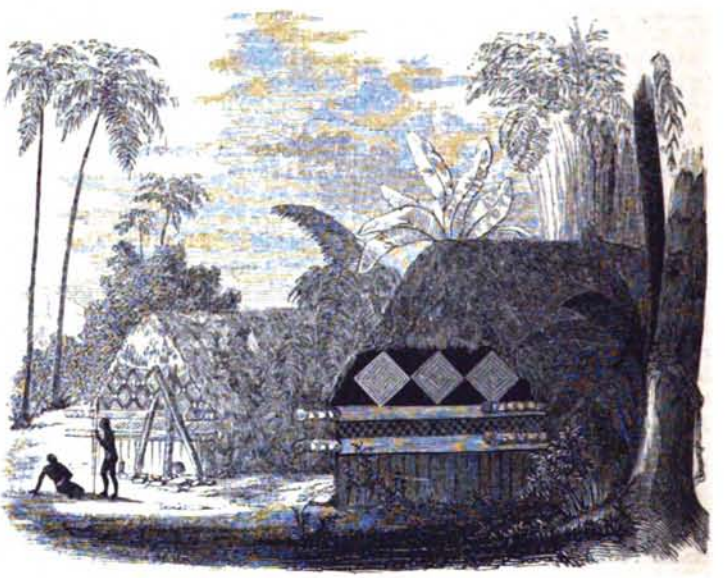
I dare not descend into the particulars of these horrid repasts, or I might fill page after page with the tales related to me by the white residents of Levuka, and by the different missionaries, of incidents which have fallen under their own observation.

The same utter disregard of human life is manifested in innumerable other instances. Whenever one of their great war-canoes was launched, it was the custom to tie the bodies of prisoners to stakes, so as to keep them in an extended position, and then to place them as rollers, over which the vessel passed on its way to the water. The immense weight of the canoes of course crushed the victims. I saw white residents on the islands who had repeatedly witnessed this. When one of the chiefs builds a house, large holes are dug for the main pillars. A slave is placed alive in each of these holes, clasping his arms about the pillar, as though in the act of holding it fast. The earth is then heaped above him, until he is buried alive. When a chief dies, a number of his wives are always strangled upon his grave, to bear him company in the spirit-land. It is a common custom—so common that exceptions are almost unknown—for children to strangle their parents as they grow old; and, strange as it may seem, the parents themselves often request this to be done. The sight of a person far advanced in years is exceedingly rare.

I could never gain any very clear idea of the religious system of the Feejees. I doubt, indeed, if they have any very well-defined system. They believe in a future state, the happiness or misery of which depends upon whether the conduct in this life has been pleasing to the gods. The most generally recognized of their innumerable deities is Ovee, the creator of all things, who is supposed to reside in the upper regions —some say in the moon. After him comes Ndengei, a terrestrial god, who, after long wanderings through the islands, at last took up his abode in a cave on the western shore of the main island of Viti-Levu. Here he assumed the form of an enormous serpent, which he still retains. The souls of the dead are supposed to go to him for judgment. The children and relatives of this god are local deities. Rutumaimbulu, the god of fruit-trees, is especially worshiped in the month corresponding to our November, the spring of the opposite hemisphere. At this time he is supposed to descend, for the purpose of making the trees fruitful. He alone of the Feejee pantheon is a god of peace; and during his festival a kind of Sabbath reigns. It is *taboo* to go to war, to sail about, to build houses or canoes, to plant crops, or to perform almost any kind of work. Should they do so, he might be offended and return to the celestial regions, leaving his beneficent task undone. The priests announce the time of his approach. When his work is accomplished, they go through a ceremony called bathing Rutumaimbulu, after which they dismiss him, and the festival is at an end. Every village has at least one *nambete*, or priest, who exercises great influence over the common people, although he is usually the mere tool of the chief. The priests are held to be, at times, inspired by the immediate presence of the deity. This inspiration is denoted by a violent fit of shaking, occasioned by the god taking possession of the body of the priest. Whatever he says while in that state is supposed to be the utterance of the god. It sometimes happens that a chief suspects a pretended priest to be an impostor, in which case he does not hesitate to put him to death, and suffer his body to be devoured.

The funeral rites of the superior chiefs are performed with great ceremony. The body is dressed and painted with the utmost care, and laid upon a bier, around which the inferior chiefs cluster, bringing funeral offerings. "*Ai mumundi ni matee*," "It is the end of death," exclaims the principal chief present; to which the people respond, "*E deena*," "It is true." The chief's women now come to kiss the corpse. If any one of them is desirous of being strangled with him, she declares her wish to her nearest relative present. She is thereupon dec-

orated with her costliest ornaments; her nostrils are held fast by an attendant, that she may not breathe through them; a cord is twisted about her neck, which is drawn tight, and tied in a bow-knot. The body of the chief is laid in the grave, with one of his wives on each side, all being wrapped together in folds of tappa, and the earth is then thrown in. All who have touched the body are now *tabooed*, and are not allowed to perform the slightest office for themselves. The state of *taboo* lasts for a length of time corresponding to the rank of the deceased.



FEEJEE TOMBS.

In the case of very high chiefs it continues for many months. In some of the islands the grave is placed in a lonely and secluded forest, with a tomb erected over it, somewhat resembling the houses of the living, but smaller and more highly ornamented.

FEEJEE STRONGHOLD.

SOMETHING OF FEEJEE POLITICS.

The Feejee group is composed of about one hundred and fifty islands, of which less than half are inhabited. The remainder are solitary rocks rising from the ocean in the midst of a coral reef; or islands nearly barren, resorted to occasionally for the purpose of fishing, catching turtle, or of drying the trepang or *bêche-de-mer*, for the China market. For this latter purpose, a number of huts are not unfrequently erected upon an uninhabited island. The largest island called Viti-Levu, or Great Viti, is more than a hundred miles in length. The interior of these islands is wholly unknown. They are said to be scantily peopled by a race still more barbarous than those upon the coast, who are almost continually at war with the inhabitants of the coast. They inhabit strongholds situated upon the most inaccessible rocks which rise among their mountain fastnesses; the site of which is undistinguishable, unless betrayed by the smoke curling from their summits. The entire population of the group is vaguely estimated at about a quarter of a milion.

The little island of Mbau, scarcely two miles in circuit, just off the coast of Viti-Levu, holds in the Feejee world a position somewhat analogous to that of Great Britain in the system of nations. It is the residence of Thakombau,

TREPANG ESTABLISHMENT.

who exercises dominion over more than half the group.

This supremacy on the part of Mbau dates back nearly to the beginning of the present century. At that time an American brig was wrecked upon one of these islands. One of the crew, named Charley Savage, escaped, and managed to secure a few muskets, and a quantity of ammunition. Firearms were at this time unknown to the Feegees. Savage united himself to a scheming chief who occupied Mbau, and they commenced a career of conquest. Aided by their victorious artillery, tribe after tribe was subdued. Savage became a second Warwick, a Maker of Kings. He became renowned for more than Feejee cruelty; and to this day mothers hush their children by his name, as Saracen mothers were wont to do by that of Richard of the Lion's Heart. He waxed great in the land; had tappa and cocoa-cord, and whales' teeth without end; and took to himself a hundred wives. After a few years, however, he was killed while on a predatory expedition to one of the distant islands. His body was eaten, the larger bones made up into needles and hair-pins, and the smaller ground to powder and drank in *kingona*. I myself saw a hair-pin which the owner assured me was made from the thigh-bone of Charley Savage.

His Feejee ally was succeeded by Tanoa, the father of Thakombau. Old Tanoa, who is still alive, and goes among the whites by the name of "Old Snuffy," on account of his begrimed appearance and snuffling articulation, is the most outrageous cannibal in all the islands. In the prime of his power it was always a ques-

TANOA.

tion whether he would call for "*puaka balava*," "long pig," or "*puaka deena*," "real pig," for his evening repast; and in either case his demand was alike unhesitatingly complied with. As long as he exercised supreme authority, little success attended the zealous labors of the missionaries in his dominions. A few years

ago, finding himself becoming infirm, he made over the greater portion of his authority to his son Seru, who assumed the name of Thakombau, "Disturber of Mbau," who is probably at this moment the most sagacious and powerful chief in Polynesia. Second to him is his special friend and satellite, Navindee, whom I often

NAVINDEE.

saw at Levuka, who is also disposed to favor the missionaries. The great chief is one of the finest-looking men I ever saw, of gigantic size, and admirable proportions. His complexion is much lighter than that of the majority of his subjects. In his manners he maintains the utmost dignity and decorum.

THAKOMBAU.

Rewa, formerly the rival of Mbau, is the largest town in the Feejees. It stands on the mainland of Viti-Levu, about twenty miles from Mbau, and contains six or seven hundred houses. It is now tributary to Thakombau. At the time of my visit, the neighboring district was under the immediate jurisdiction of two brothers, between whom a bitter feud existed, which momently threatened to break out into open war. One of these brothers, Thokanauto, or as he chooses to call himself, "Mr. Phillips," is a jolly heathen. He has for many years been in the habit of visiting all the ships that come to the islands, and tippling with the crews. He has besides a couple of whites in his service, as cup-bearers and the like, a thing as far as I know unexampled throughout Polynesia. One of these is a little Cockney from London; who gives his name as Jimmy Houseman; the other, is a New York "bhoy," one of that class who at home wear wide trowsers, and low-crowned hats, eschew the use of coats, and are nowise particular as to the purity of their linen. He calls himself Bill Daniels, though that is doubtless an assumed name. Mr. Phillips speaks English after a fashion, though the influence of his tutors has hardly given a classical turn to his expressions.

MR. PHILLIPS.

"Ha!" was his greeting as I first made my way to his presence. "You come ter see me. Glad to see you. You a regular brick—you one o' the boys, I see; you kill for Keyser, I know. Take a horn, ha!"

I soon discovered that he inferred from the communications of Bill, that the "bhoys" were an order of nobility; and that he wished to compliment me on my personal appearance. As for Keyser, he imagined that to be the name of the chief "*Turanga Merikanee*," to kill for whom was to attain the summit of human dignity.

For some years after their arrival, the labors of the missionaries seemed to produce no effect upon the minds of the islanders. But at length, their influence was felt, and at the present time, some of the smaller islands have renounced heathenism, and there is every reason to believe that on the death of the savage old Tanoa, who

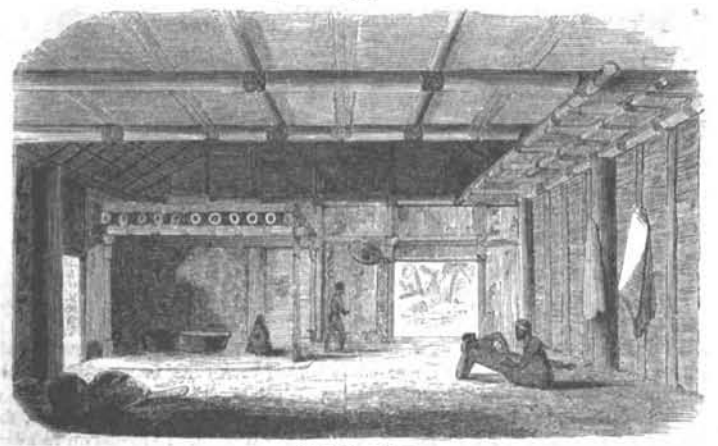
still exercises great sway over the mind of his son, the effect of their teachings will become still more apparent. Even now, however, the number of regular attendants upon their ministration amounts to some thousands, besides more than two thousand children in the different schools.

Of all the races of the Polynesia I believe that this is the only one which has sufficient stamina to exist when brought into immediate contact with the whites.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

Just before my departure, I had fearful evidence that the old rites were far from extinct. I had received intelligence that our brig, having succeeded in gathering a cargo of shell and trepang among the western islands, would in a few days set out upon her voyage to Hong-Kong, touching by the way at Mbau. I determined to take passage in her, and proceeded accordingly to that island to await her arrival.

I found great preparations had been made to receive a tributary tribe, who were about to bring their customary presents to Thakombau. The mbure being too small to accommodate the visitors, an immense building, which they denominated "*Uloo ni Pooaka*"—"The Pig's Head"—had been erected on the great square. Enormous stores of pigs, yams, and cocoa-nuts had been provided for the entertainment of all comers.



ULOO NI POOAKA.

When the day for the presentation arrived, blear-eyed old Tanoa took his place at one extremity of the square, surrounded by his principal retainers. Etiquette would not allow Thakombau to be present, as his father is still nominally the chief.

The tributaries made their appearance from the house, advancing in a singular manner. They were all clothed in immense pieces of tappa looped about their persons. First one crawled on all fours for a few yards; then he keeled over, head over heels; then he brought up on his haunches, resting for a moment; after which he resumed the same procedure until he came within a few paces of "Old Snuffy." Here he paused, and made a short speech, proffering his fealty and presenting his offerings, which were graciously received. He then began to strip off, fold after fold, the immense bale of tappa wound about him, until he was naked to the *masi*; this he offered to the spokesman of Tanoa, who accepted it, returning him a scanty strip. He then went aside, while the other tributary chiefs, one by one, went through the same ceremony.

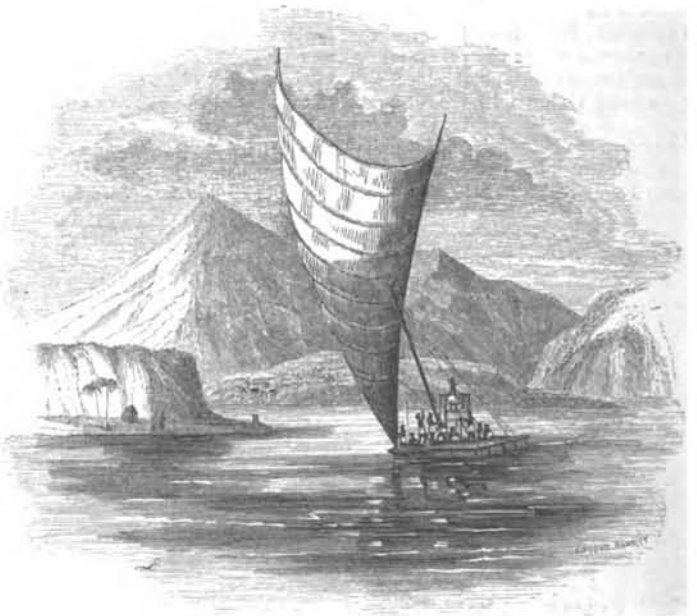
After all had thus offered their tribute of whales' teeth and tappa, the guests were given in charge of a secondary chief of Mbau, who was to furnish the meat for the opening breakfast.

I was not present at this meal; but soon after I met Navindee, in a state of great perturbation. It had not been expected that any human bodies would be provided on this occasion; but the inferior chief, greatly inflated with the honor done him, and wishing to make a display, had procured two bodies, which had been cooked and eaten in great state.

This was on Saturday; and on the following Monday the tributaries were to be the guests of Navindee. It would never do for him to suffor himself to be outshone by his inferior; and he resolved to prepare an entertainment which should extinguish that which had just been given; and about mid-day I saw him set out in his great canoe in search of victims.

At early dawn on the last Sabbath morning of July, 1849, the sound of the huge *lali*, or native drum, was heard booming over the lagoon. I hastened to the shore, and saw the canoe of Navindee come dashing through the smooth waters. It had hardly touched the shore, when from its depths were dragged forth the corpses of three victims who had been slain. Then followed fourteen living prisoners, all women, who had been waylaid as they were gathering shell-fish upon the reef near their village. These were haled up to the *Uloo*, just as animals with us are dragged to the slaughter-house.

I followed to the great square, and beheld the horrid preparations. Deep holes had been dug



BRINGING IN THE VICTIMS.

in the earth, filled in with heated stones, and lined with green leaves, by the side of which the victims were forced to sit, tied, trussed together hand and foot. I saw the executioners sharpening their bamboo knives, and making ready to begin the slaughter, as coolly and methodically as butchers in the shambles. I could no longer endure the sickening sight. For an instant, indeed, I clutched my pistols, half resolved to avenge if I could not prevent the outrage. But a moment's thought convinced me that I should sacrifice my own life uselessly, and probably furnish more bodies for the unnatural feast. I stopped my ears and rushed out of the square; but through my brain rang the shrieks of the victims, whose slaughter had now commenced.

Unconsciously, and half-stupefied, I had taken the way in the direction of the neighboring island of Viwa, the principal station of the missionaries. I saw a slight canoe urged through the waters. In the bow stood a tall chief, whom I recognized to be Feranee, one of the converts. Not many years ago he had assisted in the murder of the crew of a French vessel, in memory of which he bore this name, a corruption of Françoise. In the stern were two women clothed in white. They were the wives of Messrs. Lyth and Calvert, two of the missionaries at Viwa. They had heard the sound of the drums, and knew but too well what it portended. Their husbands were absent upon a distant island; but these two devoted women hesitated not to risk their own lives in the attempt to save some, at least, of the doomed victims.

No sooner had the boat touched the shore than they took their way straight to the dwelling of Tanoa. To enter his private den was as much as their lives were worth, for it was *tabooed* to women. I hurried on in advance, entered before them, and took my station beside a pillar. My indecision was gone. I had determined what to do. I covered the old cannibal with my eye, my hand grasping the revolver in my bosom.

Scarcely had I assumed my station when the two women entered, preceded by Feranee, each bearing in her hand an ornamented whale's tooth as a present. Tanoa seemed almost stupefied with amazement and anger as he demanded, with lowering brow, what all this meant. Feranee was as true as steel; and replied firmly, that the Christian women had come to beg the lives of the victims who had not been dispatched.

Tanoa was too much astounded to reply at once. I awaited his answer with breathless anxiety. I anticipated nothing but a signal for the women to be put to death on the spot. The old scoundrel never stood so near death's door as at that moment, and never will, until the very instant before the breath leaves his body. I had him covered with my eye, and my nerves were as firm as iron. At the first signal I would have sent a bullet through his brain.

At length he said:

"Ask Navindee if it be good."

The messenger departed. Hours seemed compressed into the few minutes that elapsed before his return.

"*Vinakee*—it is good"—was the answer sent back by Navindee.

Tanoa was for a moment undecided. At length he snuffled out:

"The dead are dead, and shall be eaten; the living shall live."

Ten had already been put to death, and the fumes from their roasting bodies filled the air. One had been saved by the wife of Thokombau, who had taken a fancy to her appearance. These devoted women saved the lives of but three; and conducted them to their canoe, amidst the clapping of hands of the inhabitants of Mbau, while the more savage tributaries looked on in mute wonder.

In a few days, our brig made its appearance, and I left the Feejee Islands forever.

Many months later, at Hong-Kong, I incidentally learned what had in the mean time transpired on the islands. The heroic conduct of these missionaries' wives has probably given the death-blow to cannibalism at Mbau. An English man-of-war arrived there soon after I left, and in consequence of the energetic remonstrances of the commander, Thokombau promised that only prisoners of war should be eaten. More could not at once be gained. "It's all very well," said he, "for you who have plenty of *bul-na-kau*, not to eat *bakola*; but we have no beef, and the breasts of my warriors must be the graves of my enemies."

He, however, more than kept his promise. By the time of the next great presentation of offerings from the tributary chiefs, he had an abundance of prisoners of war, yet of these only two or three suffered the usual fate, and it was considered doubtful whether he was aware of the fact of their slaughter.

Navindee was slain in battle not long after I left the Feejees. Two or three of his women were strangled upon his grave, one of them by the hands of Thokombau himself; for she insisted that he should be her executioner, as her rank authorized her to demand that no meaner hand should end her life.

Phillips also was dead, and the feud in Rewa thereby came to an end. Only one of his wives was put to death—a thing altogether without precedent in Feejee annals, upon the death of a chief of his rank.

Thokombau, in the mean while, seemed to be more and more inclined to yield to the influence of the missionaries. He had granted them permission to settle in Mbau, and had taken them under his special protection. He is a politic chief, and having consolidated his power, seemed inclined to preserve it by discouraging the old national habits of predatory warfare. It can not be long before the Feejee Islands shall become a station of great importance in the intercourse that must take place between California and the Oriental nations. The wheels of steamers must soon flash through the waters of their still lagoons, and the interior mysteries of the islands, hidden till now from civilized eyes, be laid bare. The next cruiser in search of the cannibals, may seek for them in vain through the islands of the Pacific.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF LOUIS XIV.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

TWO hundred years ago, one mild and beautiful spring morning, two gorgeous carriages were seen, each drawn by six superb horses, emerging from the streets of Paris, by the Porte St. Denis. Three men were in the first carriage, and four in the second. They were all dressed in the richest costume of the court. The ringlets of their immense wigs were flowing over their shoulders, as all, save one, sat with plumed hats upon their *knees*. One alone rode with his head covered. It was Louis XIV. A magnificent escort of cavaliers preceded and followed the royal equipage.

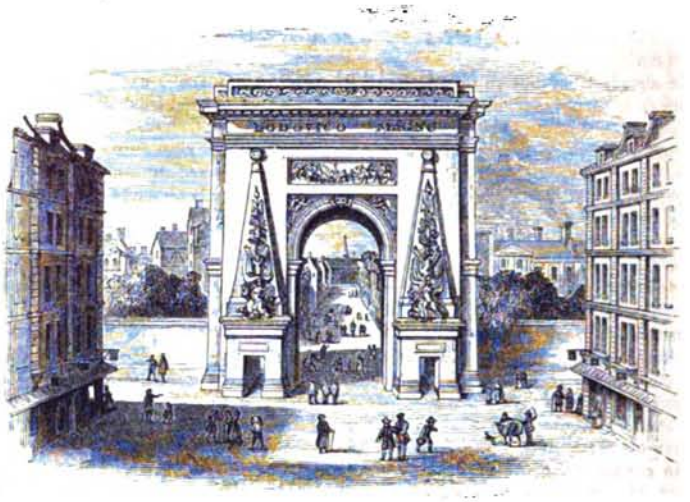
The king was youthful and vigorous, and yet an expression of indescribable sadness overspread his countenance. Satiated with pleasure, and weary of the world, he knew not where to look for a single joy. He had utterly exhausted all the pleasures which the magnificence of Versailles could afford. Every appetite and every passion had been gratified to utter satiety. He was now emerging from the city, with some chosen companions, to select a spot of obscurity and retirement, where he might rear for himself an humble hermitage, and thus, in the glooms of the cloister, occasionally find refuge from the weariness of regal life.

Slowly the two carriages, enveloped in the gorgeous escort, ascended the hill of Louvienne, upon which the ruins of the aqueduct now present themselves so conspicuously. Louis, with his seven companions, alighted. The prospect spread out before them was attractive in the extreme. The wide-spread valley of the Seine extended all around, beautified with verdant fields, flowery meadows, and majestic forests. Steeples, turrets, chateaus, and villages were profusely interspersed throughout the whole landscape. The tranquil river meandered through the champaign in serene loveliness. As Louis cast his eye around upon the enchanting scene before him, his companions stood by his side, with heads uncovered, in respectful silence. At length, apparently thinking aloud, the monarch said:

"It is not the site for a palace which we seek, nor even for a chateau. We want a hermitage wherein to expiate our sins; a cottage where we may dine and sleep two or three times a year in silence and alone; a cloister where, weary of splendor and of the crowd, we may enjoy poverty and loneliness." Pointing to a little steeple, emerging from the embowering trees in a narrow dell, he inquired, "What village is that?" "It is Marly," was the reply. "Well," rejoined the king, "Marly pleases me. I will there build my cell."

"Marly," one of the courtiers ventured to remark, "is a narrow, deep, repulsive valley, surrounded by steep, inaccessible hills, and flooded with marshes. It is a sink for all the gutters in the neighborhood, and a receptacle for serpents, carrion, lizards, and frogs."

"So much the better," exclaimed the king,



GATE OF ST. DENIS.

with a smile. "I can not spend money in this sink, so contracted and destitute of all natural advantages. I can only cleanse it, and build a cottage there. I am weary of greatness and a crowd, and wish only for littleness and solitude. I could not have chosen better."

The valley was purchased and drained, and the king commenced his cottage. Whoever has been so unfortunate as to undertake building, knows the result. It is the same story the world over. New plans suggest themselves. Unforeseen capabilities of improvement lead captive the reluctant will. Where it was contemplated to expend but hundreds, thousands have vanished. "May building take you!" was the envenomed curse with which a rancorous man anathematized his foe.

An humble dwelling surrounded by a simple garden was first planned. The next day, lodgings for the guards and officers of the household were added. Then it seemed necessary to erect a few buildings for those gentlemen and ladies of the court who would occasionally accompany the king to his retreat. But with a court there must be fêtes and apartments of reception. This involved the necessity of a park. A park requires fountains, basins, statues, avenues, and running streams. Thousands of hands were now employed, and uncounted millions of money were expended in converting the unsightly marsh into a garden of Eden, and in embellishing it with the most attractive abodes of royalty. Hills were demolished and thrown into the morass; lakes were dug, terraces constructed, cascades and fountains reared, and surrounded with the most costly chiselings of art.

As the king was one day walking through the grounds he said, "I must have here a *jet d'eau*, sixty feet high, encircled by eight smaller fountains, and we will have a river flowing through this avenue."

"How, Sire," exclaimed the architect, "can we have a river here?"

"There is the water," replied the king, pointing to the Seine, three miles distant, and flowing in its quiet channel five hundred feet below the level of Marly. "We will bring the river upon this mountain, and then the water will descend of itself. An hundred steps, upon the side of the mountain, will produce as many cascades. At the foot we will have an immense basin with marble and bronze. You will build two conduit houses, and an aqueduct with thirty or forty arches, and three vast reservoirs. The river will be obedient to our bidding. As to the engines which are to raise this water to the summit of the mountain, demand them of the scientific men of Europe." The engines were constructed, the river pumped up, and the mountain side converted into a foaming cascade.

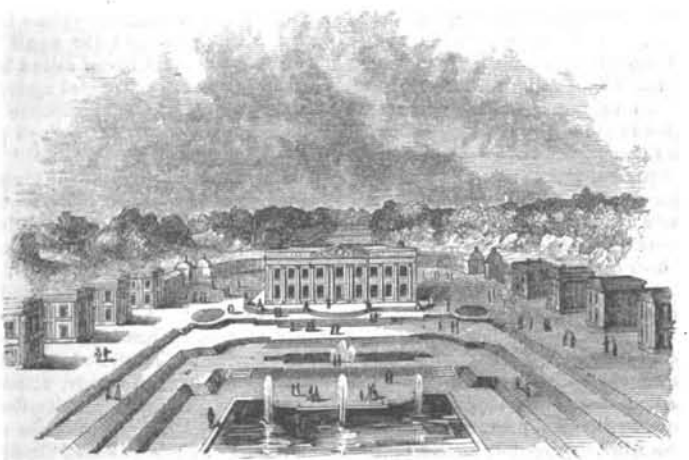
"We must have a forest," said the king, one day; "we have forgotten to plant a forest." Nothing was to be deemed impossible which the king required. A forest of full-grown gigantic trees was removed, at an enormous expense, from a great distance. Notwithstanding the utmost care, three-fourths of the trees died. They were immediately replaced by others. But the effect of the forest did not answer the king's expectations. He changed his mind, and thought that an expanded sheet of water would be preferable. The forest was therefore dug up and thrown away, and the bed of a lake hollowed out, where dense woods and picturesque valleys had been constructed. Gondolas, with silken awnings and crimson penants, freighted with beauty, floated upon the mirrored surface of the lake But still the lake did not please the royal eye It was consequently drained at the command of the king. The trees were replaced, and the gloom of the forest again overshadowed artificial hills and vales.

In this way, for twenty years, Louis XIV. was squandering measureless sums upon Marly. The revenues of the empire were lavished upon this abode of voluptuousness. The millions of the toiling people were doomed to ignorance, to poverty, and to a life-long wretchedness, to furnish the means for this extravagance. Mothers, with babes upon their backs, dragged the plow through the miry fields. Young girls, with native endowments which, cultivated, might have brilliantly embellished saloons of intelligence and refinement, brutalized by oppression, toiled bareheaded and barefooted in sun and rain, that a licentious king might enjoy his Marly. It is said that even greater sums were expended upon the palaces and the grounds of Marly than upon those of Versailles. Thus the kings of France "sowed the wind." They "reaped the whirlwind." But God, in his mysterious judgment, visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children.

Marly became the favorite retreat of Louis XIV. until the close of his life. None but especial favorites could gain an entrance to those envied haunts of royalty. It became an object of the most engrossing ambition with courtiers, nobles, and princes, to secure an invitation to Marly. The day before the king was about to depart from Paris or Versailles for this his favorite palace, all the aspirants for the honor of accompanying his Majesty defiled in the morning before him. Each one, as he passed, bowed in profound supplication, saying, in imploring tones, "Sire! Marly!" Indescribable was the exultation of those who received a word or a gesture of assent. Mortification and disgrace oppressed the heart of him who obtained no reply. Many of the most illustrious men in France implored this honor, in vain, their whole lives long. And yet it was necessary for them, notwithstanding innumerable repulses, to persevere in supplication. The proud king enjoyed the spectacle of slaves kneeling before him, whom he could overwhelm by a frown or enrapture by a smile. If any courtier, weary of repulse, neglected to appear, at the appointed time, in the attitude of a suppliant, he incurred hopeless disgrace. In the emphatic words—"I do not know that man," his dismission from the court was announced. Even few of the princes of the blood could gain access to the exclusive privileges of Marly.

The position of a courtier in those days of despotism, was indeed unenviable. His daily walk was in the midst of fearful perils. If he offended either king or minister, he was liable to sudden and hopeless arrest. In the silence and darkness of the night, the minions of tyrannic power, bursting his doors, seized him in his bed. Uncondemned, untried, unaccused, he was consigned to the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile. From those damp, dark, cold sepulchres of stone and of iron, there was no escape. No voice of sympathy, no tones of affection, no ray of hope, could penetrate those massive walls. There the wretched victim lingered in all the agony of a living burial, till oblivion had obliterated his name, and till death came tardily to his relief. Awful fate! First to be buried and then to die, with years of protracted torture to intervene. The Bastile! Imagination can not compass the appalling woes its gloomy dungeons have witnessed. And yet, in despotic Europe, dungeons as gloomy, as merciless, still exist, and hundreds of victims now languish in them imploring the relief of death.

At Marly the king occasionally deigned to lay aside the pomp of regal state. To vary the monotony of his melancholy life, he condescended, at times to associate with the inmates of Marly like an ordinary mortal. Still his slightest intimation was inexorable law. At the royal balls, amidst wine and wassail and bacchanalian songs, infirm and gouty octogenarians, were compelled to hobble with affected gayety, through the dance. Ladies once young and beautiful, but whose sylph-like gracefulness, with advancing years, had expanded into unwieldy rotund-



MARLY.

ity of figure, were forced to waddle and pant through the mazes of the cotillion, and to twirl in asthmatic suffocation through the gyrations of the waltz. The selfish king was diverted by those contortions which would but have saddened a noble spirit.

Certain laws of etiquette held their sway at Marly, as elsewhere, with a relentless power, which seems almost incredible. The armies of France were contending against the armies of Spain. A decisive battle was expected. One morning, in the early dawn, the clatter of a horse's hoofs, was heard galloping at the top of his speed up the avenue of Marly. It was the Duke of Villeroy, a courier from the field of battle, bringing tidings of victory or defeat.

The rumor of his arrival spread. Every one, the king included, was burning with impatience to hear the news. Etiquette, however, required that the courier should address himself to the minister, Chamillart, who alone had the right to inform his Majesty. But Chamillart was absent, to be gone all day. The intelligence might be of such moment as to demand immediate attention. But no matter! The laws of etiquette must not be violated. Villeroy concealed himself until the evening. At last Chamillart appeared, received the dispatches, and placed them in the hands of the king. The battle was won.

Napoleon devoted all the resources of France not to the promotion of his own voluptuous indulgence, but to increase the wealth, prosperity, and happiness of the French people. He gave orders that whenever *good news* came, if he were asleep his slumbers were not to be disturbed. If bad news came, no matter how great might have been his fatigue, it was immediately to be communicated, for bad news would admit of no delay. Louis and Napoleon were illustrious kings, but surely there was diversity in their greatness.

One of the sons of the king, the Duke of Burgundy, had married a lady, young, joyous, full of animation and glee, and an universal favorite with all at Marly. A historian of that time has thus described her peculiar character. "We have at Marly a lovely princess, who by her grace, and peculiar charms of manner has secured the favor of the king, of Madame de Maintenon, and of Monseigneur the Duke of Burgundy. In private she throws her arms around the neck of the king, seats herself in his lap, torments him with all sorts of badinages, examines his papers, opens and reads his letters in his presence, sometimes in spite of him, and treats Madame de Maintenon in the same way, with this extreme freedom. Not a word against any person ever escapes her lips. She is gracious to all, ever defending others as often as possible. She is attentive to the domestics of the king's household, not disdaining even the most humble, kind to her own servants, living with her ladies, old and young, as a friend, and with all freedom. She is the soul of the court, and is idolized by it. All, great and small, are eager to please her. Wherever she is present cheerfulness and gayety are diffused, while her absence causes general despondency. Her extreme kindness makes her infinitely to be relied upon, and her manners attach her to every heart."

Yet one so amiable, and so generally beloved, found even in the guarded retreat of Marly an enemy, and an assassin. One morning as the king was rising from his bed, his physician entered and said, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy found yesterday, in her chamber, a box of Spanish snuff. She took a pinch. She was soon attacked violently with fever, and is this morning dangerously sick. We fear poison." Courtly etiquette did not allow the king to manifest any emotion. The monarch of France was supposed to be superior to all the ordinary joys and griefs of mortals. Two days after, the physician again entered the royal apartment, and with diplomatic formality announced, "Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dying! Sire! the Duchess of Burgundy is dead!"

Among the guests privileged to enter Marly, Grief was one which even the royal mandate could not exclude. Death stalked through those chambers with haughty tread, bidding proud defiance to all efforts to bar him out. Even upon these gilded ceilings was inscribed the sentiments,

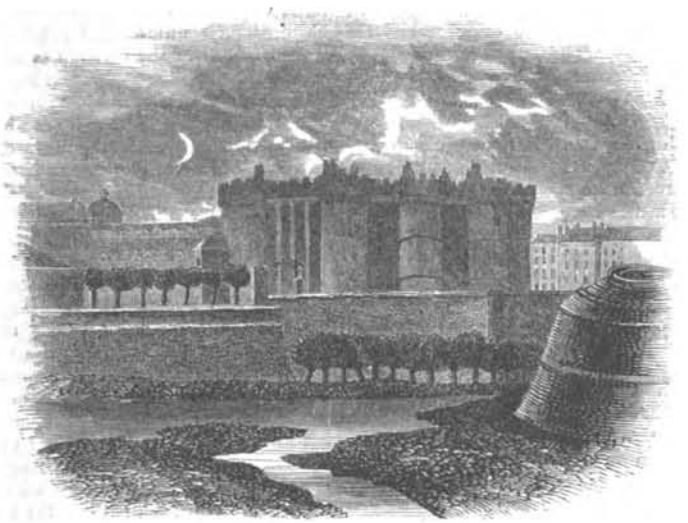
> "Sorrow is for the sons of men,
> And weeping for earth's daughters."

Five days after the death of the Duchess of Burgundy, the physician again entered the royal chamber. A peculiar grief darkened his features. He attempted to speak. But his lip trembled, tears filled his eyes, and, for a moment, he could not articulate the fearful tidings, which he knew would pierce, like a dagger, the heart of the king. Then regaining composure, he said, "Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dying. Sire! the Duke of Burgundy is dead! dead of poison."

But a few weeks after this, Fagon, the celebrated court physician, entered calmly and silently the chamber of the king and, as he handed him his shirt, murmured in his ear, "Sire! your son, Monseigneur the dauphin, met a few days ago a priest, giving the viaticum to a sick person. He dismounted and knelt. Then he perceived that the sick man had the small pox. This morning your son has been seized by the same disease." The king struggled against his grief, and beneath the mantle of etiquette endeavored to hide his anguish. A few days passed, and Fagon again appeared. "Sire!" said he in ominous tones, which made the king tremble in every nerve, "Monseigneur the dauphin is dying. Sire, Monseigneur the dauphin is dead."

The father triumphed over the king. Louis, bereaved and desolate, in a swoon, fell lifeless upon the floor. His eye was blind to all the beauty of Marly. A mighty woe over-rode and crushed his joyless heart. Despair now reigned in the pavilion of Marly. Louis, childless, infirm, satiated, weary, utterly, utterly weary of the world, wept bitterly, and implored death to come to his release. Marly was shrouded in mourning. Requiems wailed through its sepulchral groves, and sighed and moaned amidst

its fountains, cascades, statues and parterres. The king sat alone silent, wretched, through long, long days of gloom. As the weary hours of the sleepless nights lingered away, he tossed upon his pillow, dreading the darkness and dreading the dawn; loathing to live and unable to die. Earth can present no picture more desolate than that of an infirm old man, who has exhausted every sensual joy, who has violated and outlived all friendships, and who, in his own tumultuous, agitated, remorseful spirit can find no resources of consolation. God deals in compensations. The king, reclining upon the velvet couches of Marly, was as woe-stricken as his captive, stretched upon his pallet of straw, in the gloomy dungeons of the Bastile.



THE BASTILE.

And now came the dark and dismal evening of the proud monarch's day. Unloving and unloved, dejected, irritable, soured, he wandered, a disconsolate spirit, through those groves, avenues, and bowers, from which joy had fled forever. His cheeks were pale and wan with woe His steps tottered in the feebleness of soul-crushing despair.

"Darker and darker grows the path! How sad to journey on
When hands and hearts, which gladdened ours, appear forever gone.
Some cold in death, and some, alas! we fancied could not chill,
Living to self and to the world, to us seem colder still.
With mournful retrospective glance we look to brighter years,
And more and more our hearts confess this life a vale of tears."

Louis was now *alone, all alone in the world.* The joys of friendship he had never known. His *love* had been but selfish passion. Passion was now dead. He had no sympathies in his own heart to awaken a generous emotion of affection in any human bosom. The nation was now impatient for the old, petulant, gray-haired king to die. The gloom of the dying sadly mars the revelry of the palace. The courtiers, craving the gayeties of a new reign, were all watching with eager hope the arrival of the inexorable summons. One day the world-worn monarch, having passed an hour in witnessing an eclipse of the sun, in utter weariness and exhaustion retired to his bed. The glad tidings spread rapidly that he was about to die. The foreign embassadors with indecent haste, transmitted the intelligence to their respective courts. The annoying circumstance soon reached the ear of the proud monarch. Indignation came as a tonic to his exhausted frame. He declared that he would not die. With spasmodic energy he emerged from his blankets, dressed himself in his military costume, girded around him his sword, and descending the marble steps of his palace, with the strength which pride and rage could give to his tottering limbs, mounted his horse and demanded a review of his troops. As the brilliant host defiled before him, in front of the terrace of Marly, for four hours the unyielding monarch clung to his saddle, in relentless struggle against the king of terrors. But the all-conquering foe smiled at the impotent resistance of his victim. The king was vanquished, and falling powerless, was caught in the arms of his attendants. They conveyed him again in helplessness to his pillow. The emaciate cheek, the pallid brow, the lustreless eye, and the unnerved limbs, told too plainly how the conflict must terminate.

Still pride retained her indomitable sceptre in that heart, whose pulsations were every hour growing more faint and few. The king padded his emaciate frame with pillows to give an aspect of rotundity and strength to his withered form. His pale and wasted cheeks, covered with rouge, bloomed with the unnatural hues of youth.

With grotesque exertions he strove to compel his tottering steps into the firm and elastic tread of vigorous years. But it was all in vain. Slowly, surely, pitilessly, disease advanced. Fever burned in his veins. Debility paralyzed his strength, and the haughty monarch was compelled to yield to that power whom no one may resist. But he could not die at Marly. He was taken from his bed and borne on his couch to Versailles. There bitterly did he suffer, as he groaned and wept over the excesses and the crimes of his misspent life. The energies of his youth and manhood he had squandered in debauchery. A nation cursed his ambition. His regal pride, by multiplying wars, had filled every cottage with mourning. His enormous extravagance had laid upon France an almost insupportable burden of taxation. Death and retribution were near. Remorse, with vulture fangs, tortured his soul.

"Oh, who can tell what days, what nights he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!"

The dying hour at last came. It was a touching scene. The patriarchal king, 77 years of age, was bolstered in his gorgeous bed, while his long gray hair, floated in a profusion of ringlets upon the pillows, which were scarcely more white than was his pallid face. "Gentlemen," said he, in tones of anguish to the courtiers assembled around him, "I desire your pardon for the bad example which I have set you. Farewell. Forgive me. I trust that you will sometimes think of me when I am gone." He died, and was carried with irreverent haste, to the tombs of St. Denis. In an hour he was forgotten. All France was filled with illuminations and revelry in welcoming a new sovereign to the throne. To thy sceptre, inexorable Death, all pride and power must yield!

"Earth hath bows, but thou can'st show,
Many a million to her one.
Through thy gates the ceaseless flow
Hath for countless years rolled on.
The mighty grave wraps lord and slave.
Nor pride nor poverty dare come
Within that refuge home, the tomb."

Louis XV. ascended the throne. He visited Marly but twice a year. In the months of May and October those wide-extended groves resounded with all the excitement and clamor of the chase. Here the celebrated Madame du Barry marshaled her merchantable charms, and proudly reigned the undisputed sovereign of both king and court. But kingly oppression and pride were treasuring up wrath. The people, defrauded, insulted, were accumulating vengeance. The French Revolution, that darkest tragedy in the annals of time, came with its retributory reprisals, and maddened misery plunged and rioted with blind recklessness through all the trophies of aristocratic grandeur. In eight years Louis XV. lavished upon his fascinating favorite ten millions of dollars. At last the cup was full. The people, ignorant, degraded, *and vicious, because ignorant and degraded*, could not and would not endure such oppression any longer. *Blouse* in starvation and rage regarded neither glossy ringlets, nor voluptuous smiles, nor sylph-like form, nor graceful attitude. In the gardens of Marly the beautiful Delilah was seized by the mob, and dragged before the revolutionary tribunal of Luciennes. Shouts of vengeance condemned her to the guillotine. Rude hands, with ruder scissors, dissevered and tore the clustering ringlets from her brow. Those enchanting features, and that almost celestial form, which had entranced human passion, and beguiled their unfortunate possessor to ruin, were exposed to the derision of drunken men and drunken women and brutal boys. The executioner's cart rumbled over the pavement, bearing the victim to a bloody death. She was frantic with terror. Every nerve of her frame was strained and quivering with agony. She shrieked and shrieked in wild frenzy. The crowd mocked and jeered. "Is this headsman's hurdle," they shouted, "like one of the carriages of Marly?" "Will you find the block of the guillotine as soft as the downy pillow of the king?" "Did you learn that song in the saloons of royalty?" "Life! life! life!" still shrieked the wretched woman, in delirious terror. The executioners with their sinewy arms seized her fragile and struggling form. Her convulsive resistance and her shrieks of agony afforded them but merriment. They bound her to the plank. The glittering ax glided through its groove. Her cry passed away into the gurgling of the gushing blood. Her head fell into the basket. The gory trophy, with the mutilated trunk, was consigned to an ignominious burial. Surely the inmates of Marly have had their share of earthly woes.

Marly was one of the favorite resorts of Louis XVI. and of Maria Antoinette. It was Maria's greatest pleasure to breakfast *en dishabille*, with her intimate friends, upon the beautiful terrace, watching the sun, as it slowly ascended, late in the morning, over the arches of the aqueduct. Nothing can be more irksome than the incessant frivolities of fashionable life. They are no less irksome amidst the splendors of the Tuileries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, than in residences more plebeian in their appointments. The perpetual recurrence of the same trivial gayeties so exhausts all the susceptibilities of enjoyment, that life itself becomes a burden.

One day Maria was sitting in her saloon, in the palace of Versailles, weary and sad, when one of the ladies of the court, anxious to suggest some new pleasure, timidly inquired, "Has your Majesty ever seen the sun rise?" "The sun rise!" exclaimed Maria, "no, never! What a beautiful sight it must be. What a romantic adventure! We will go to-morrow morning!" The prosaic king preferred his pillow to his morning drive. A few hours after midnight the queen, with a mirthful retinue, left the palace of Versailles to drive to the lofty eminence of Marly, there to witness the sublime spectacle. The freak seemed so strange and mysterious, that it was noised through Paris, and gave rise to an insulting ballad against the queen, which

GATE OF ST. ANTOINE.

contributed not a little to the overthrow of the monarchy of France.

The day of vengeance finally came. A blacker cloud never engloomed earth's horizon. An exasperated people, maddened by oppression, rose in blind indiscriminating rage, to hurl king and noble to the dust The mobs of Paris—gaunt and frenzied men, brutal and haggard women—swarmed from the streets of the metropolis, and rolled, a turbid inundation of ruin, through the avenues and the saloons of Marly. The sturdy smith, with ponderous sledge-hammer, dashed Venus and Diana and all the Graces from their marble pedestals. The priceless statuary, which had enchanted all beholders, was smitten into shapeless fragments. All the rich furnishings of these voluptuous saloons, mirrors, paintings, sofas, couches, and regal plate, were thrown from the windows and tossed upon bonfires, around which starvation and beggary danced and shrieked. The demon of ruin swept through the halls. Desolation commenced her reign in palace and park and bower.

For many years the dilapidated property, the impressive mausoleum of departed royalty, remained silent and deserted. The National Assembly in vain sought for a purchaser. At last a man ventured to buy it for a cloth manufactory. The noise of the spindle and the loom, and the voices of the workmen, were heard where courtiers had trod softly, and where the viol and the lute had breathed their harmonies into voluptuous ears. But the manufacturer failed. The regal pavilions crumbled into heaps of ruins. The trees of the park were cut down for fuel. Marly was no more. Its beauty had descended into a tomb from whence there could be no resurrection.

The tourist now, with pensive emotions, loiters through the spacious and solitary grounds, and wonders that the magnificence of Marly could have so suddenly and so entirely disappeared. Dilapidated and crumbling walls, stagnant pools of water, fragments of marble, ruin, abandonment, death, meet the eye at every turn, and proclaim the emptiness and the vanity of life. The palace of Versailles is estimated to have cost the almost incredible sum of two hundred millions of dollars. And yet those who compared the two chateaus of Marly and Versailles in the noon-day of their splendor, assert that Marly was more perfect in its proportions, more tasteful in its adornments, more varied in its attractions, and more luxurious in its appurtenances, than its proud neighbor, whose traditionary splendor still astonishes the world. Portions of the extended estate have recently been purchased, and villas and villages have sprung up in secluded retreats, which once echoed only to the transient revelry of kings and courtiers.

Alexander Dumas, wandering one day, among the deserted eminences of Marly, came to a very beautiful hill, called Monte Christo. Admiring its capabilities, he immediately purchased it, and said to his architect, "You will build me here a chateau in the style of the Restoration, and a Gothic chatelet, with two pavilions at the entrance, and an English park around them."

"Sir!" replied the architect, "the soil is too clayey to support the foundations."

"You will dig then to the gravel," replied the author, whose genius had filled his purse, "where you will construct the foundation arches."

"That will cost you," the architect rejoined, "forty thousand dollars."

"No matter if it cost eighty thousand," was the proud reply.

As by enchantment the chateau rose in picturesque beauty. "Here is water," said the opulent author, in the spirit of Louis XIV. "I wish for a lake, and a river circling around a Gothic pavilion. It is my desire to reside upon an island, which shall be called the Isle of Monte Christo." It was a dream of romance. And now the successful and wealthy author, resides upon his artificial island, in a degree of splendor

which the proud monarch might almost have envied. Marly, with its regal pageantry has passed away forever. The republic of letters has triumphed over the aristocracy of birth.

In France the palace now remains but the memorial of past monarchical grandeur. The triumphant success of the American Republic has shaken the foundations of society in France. There can be, hereafter, in that restless land, no king or emperor seated upon a stable throne. And yet the history of the past is so blended with the movement of the present, that many, many years must elapse ere there can be in France *any government* sound, healthy, and permanent. Europe is a volcano. No human wisdom or energy can quiet its convulsive throes. The inhabitants of the United States can exclaim in fullness of gratitude, "Our lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Surely we have a goodly heritage." The Atlantic Ocean is a wide ditch for the armies of Europe to leap. From them we have nothing to fear. The sacredness of the vote is universally recognized in our land. Each passing year deepens, in every American bosom, the appreciation of the rich legacy which our fathers have bequeathed to us. The millions of money, uncounted and uncountable, which, in other lands, have been squandered in wars, and which have been lavished in rearing palaces for proud kings and haughty nobles, we are expending in constructing railroads and canals—in rearing gorgeous cities and beautiful villages—in whitening all seas with the sails of a prosperous commerce, and in causing a boundless wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

It is not national vanity which asserts that in America man is moving with strides unknown upon the Continent of Europe. There the revenues of empires and the toil of ages have been lavished upon kings and nobles. The wealth of our country has been expended in rearing homes of comfort, of intelligence, of beauty for the people. *It is reported* that the annual salary of the Emperor of France exceeds five millions of dollars. The President of the United States lives frugally upon twenty-five thousand dollars. The White House at Washington, the modest yet ample mansion of our chief magistrate, has cost perhaps some one hundred thousand dollars. One only of the innumerable palaces of France, Versailles, cost two hundred millions of dollars. Its grounds have embraced thirty-two thousand acres. It requires three hundred servants to keep the palace in order, even when uninhabited. And this is but one of the many extravagant residences of the French kings. There are Fontainebleau, the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, the Elysée, the Louvre, St. Cloud, Blois, Compèigne, and we know not how many more, which have cost millions which can not be counted. This enormous splendor has been wrested from the toil of the poor peasants. They have consequently been compelled to eat black bread, and to live in thatched huts, and their daughters have toiled, barefooted in the fields.

The United States, to protect its widely extended frontier, has a standing army of about twelve thousand men. France has a standing army of five hundred thousand men. When we consider the arms, fortifications, barracks, food, clothing, ammunition, horses, which this enormous armament requires, the average expense can not be probably less than a dollar a day for each man. This makes an expense of 182,500,000 dollars a year for the support of the army alone. If there are eight millions of voters in France, an average tax of twenty dollars must be imposed upon every voter to support merely this army.

Each year in France eighty thousand young men, arriving at the age of eighteen, are drafted for the standing army. It is estimated that this is one half of all the young men who annually arrive at the age of eighteen. They are compelled to serve for seven years. During this time they are withdrawn from all the pursuits of useful industry, and learn absolutely nothing but to shoulder a musket. Then, unfitted for any of the ordinary duties of life and debased by all the pollutions of the camp, they are dispersed to disseminate ignorance and crime. In most of the other countries on the Continent of Europe, matters are at least equally bad. It is not possible for nations adopting such principles of political economy, long to compete with the United States.

We have no Marly, no Versailles, no Tuileries or St. Cloud or Fontainebleau. God grant that we may never have. But our land is filled with intelligent and energetic men and women. Our tillers of the soil are farmers, not peasants, men who read and think. Our mechanics are patriots and statesmen. Our homes are beautified with shrubbery and flowers, and still more highly embellished by the graces and the virtues of our sons and daughters. The American, in every other land, feels that he is a pilgrim and an exile. His thoughts turn proudly from the thatched huts of the peasants in France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and from the humble homes of the peasantry even in beautiful, happy England, to the comfortable and tasteful farmhouses, the smiling villages, and the embowered cities of our own land.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ECKMUHL AND THE CAPTURE OF VIENNA.

THERE are some, even in liberty-loving America, who still defend the cause of those banded kings, by whom Napoleon was finally crushed. But their number is daily diminishing. The time is not far distant, when the generous sympathies of an intelligent, unprejudiced people will, with unanimity, respond to the great advocate of republican equality. America taught France to hunger for liberty. Washington in the new world, and Napoleon in the old, were struggling alike against aristocratic

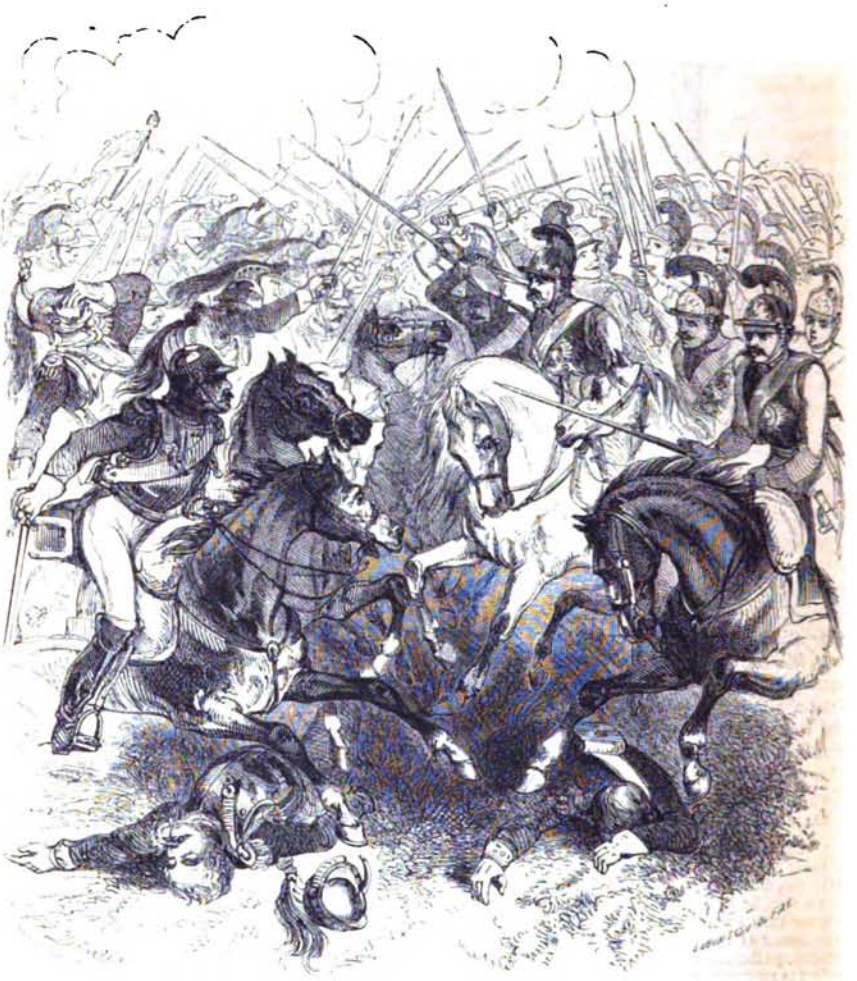
THE EMPEROR'S BIVOUAC.

usurpation.* Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, fell, contending heroically to the last. The barrier of the ocean alone rescued Washington from a similar doom. Had he perished upon the scaffold, "a hoary headed traitor," as he was then called, and had his confederates been shot as rebels, it is instructive to reflect upon the position which Washington would now have occupied in the pages of the caressed historians of Buckingham Palace.*

Austria had now on the march an army of 500,000 men to crush "the child and the champion of democratic rights." With nearly 200,000 highly disciplined troops the Archduke Charles had crossed the Inn. Napoleon, embarrassed by the war in Spain, could not oppose these forces with equal numbers. He trusted, however, by superior skill in combinations, to be able successfully to meet his foes. Napoleon was at St. Cloud, when the tidings arrived that the territory of his ally was invaded. It was late at night. In an hour he was in his carriage. His faithful Josephine sat by his side. He traveled day and night until he reached Strasbourg. Here he left Josephine. He then crossed the Rhine, and pressed on with the utmost speed toward the head-quarters of his army. In his rapid passage he supped one night at the house of a ranger of the King of Würtemberg. It was one of the very interesting traits in the character of the Emperor, that he invariably made it a point to converse with the owner of every house at which he had to alight. He asked this worthy man a variety of questions concerning his family, and learned that he had

* "The great questions which the historian will have to decide in forming a judgment of Napoleon, seem to us to be first, whether he was right in taking it for granted that a republic in France was impracticable; secondly, whether the situation of France actually required that development of the military spirit which Napoleon so completely effected; and, thirdly, whether Napoleon was obliged to concentrate the whole government in himself. If this growth of the military spirit was necessary, that is to say, if Napoleon could not prevent it in existing circumstances; and if it were even advisable to promote it, in order to prevent the greater evil of the loss of national independence; and if the concentration of the whole government in himself was required to avert internal dissensions, and all the miseries following from them, insecurity of justice, property and person, then *the necessity is to be deplored, not the individual to be condemned.* A proper estimate of Napoleon's character depends upon the settlement of these points, which will require great study, comprehensiveness of view, and sagacity, with a sense of justice unbiased by libels or panegyric. One remark, however, we must be permitted to make, that Napoleon can not be said to have abolished republican liberty, as it did not in fact exist when he took the reins of government. Republican forms, indeed, had been presented in abundance; but they had no living principle. The government had always been essentially concentrated in Paris. Equality had been effected, but liberty remained to be established. Until the former was properly secured, the latter could have no sufficient basis. It was expected, and still is insisted on by some writers, that he should have beaten foreign enemies, quelled civil dissensions, put a stop to anarchy, established justice and public confidence, counteracted conspiracies, recalled the emigrants, re-established the church, and yet have left perfect liberty to all!"—*Encyclopedia Americana*, Article *Napoleon*.

* We would advise every intelligent reader, who wishes to see how strong a case can be made out against popular rights and republican equality, to turn to the History of Europe, by Sir Archibald Alison. Even those who dissent entirely from his principles, will be charmed with the unaffected sincerity of his convictions, the gentlemanly tone of his address, and the glowing eloquence of his periods. He is immeasurably the most efficient advocate of aristocratic usurpation the world has yet produced. His labors are appreciated by those whose cause he so cordially espouses. The Court of St. James smiles gratefully upon him, and has conferred upon him the well-earned reward of a Baronetcy.



CAVALRY CHARGE AT ECKMUHL.

an only daughter who was of age to marry, but that he had no fortune to give her. The Emperor conferred upon this young lady a handsome dowry. Again he mounted his horse and pressed on his way, having, as usual, left a blessing beneath the roof which had sheltered him.

It was late in the hours of the night when Napoleon, without guards, aids, or staff, arrived at Dillengen. The King of Bavaria, who had fled before the invaders, from Munich, his capital, was sojourning in this, his rural palace. Not expecting the Emperor, he had retired to rest. He immediately rose to meet Napoleon. For an hour they conversed very earnestly together. "In fifteen days," said Napoleon, "I will free your country from the invaders, and restore you to your capital." It was a bold promise. He could by no possibility assemble more than 200,000 men to encounter the 500,000 arrayed against him.* After a hurried inter-

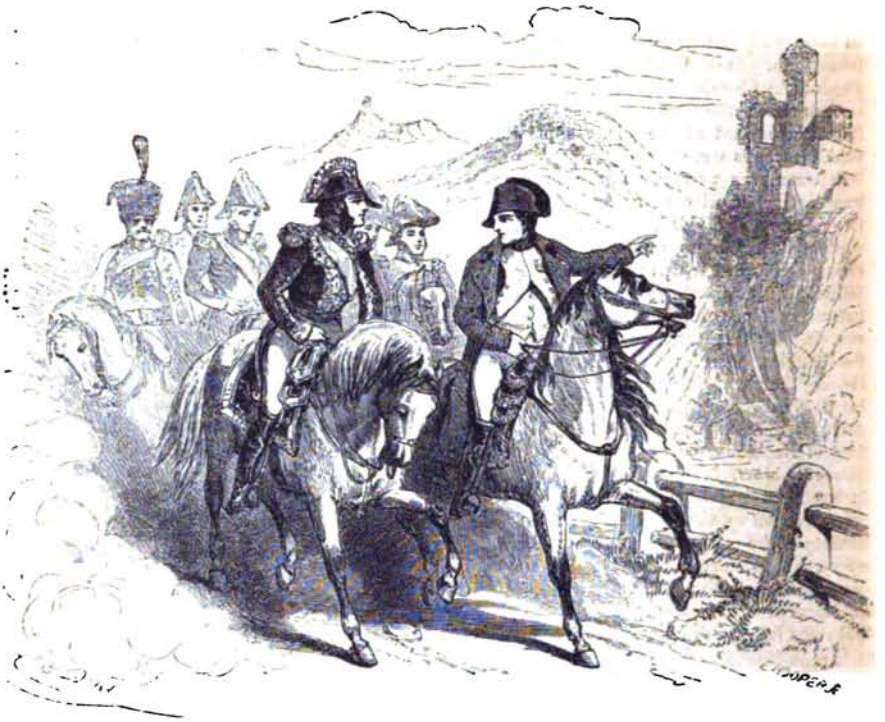
* The forces which Napoleon had raised for this widely extended conflict, are thus given by M. Chauvet. In Poland 18,000, commanded by Bernadotte; in Saxony 12,000, under Gratien; in Westphalia 15,000, under King Jerome. The main army consisted of the division of Lannes, 25,000; that of Davoust, 45,000; that of Masena, 30,000; that of Lefebre, 30,000; that of Vandamme, 30,000. The Confederation of the Rhine furnished him with 12,000 men. Eugene, the King of Italy, had 45,000 under his command. Marmont was in Dalmatia at the head of 15,000. Dispersed through these various corps there were 560 pieces of artillery. This makes a total of 287,000 men. It is, however, impossible to state with precision the forces engaged in these vast campaigns. No two historians give the same numbers. Alison enumerates the French *army of Germany* at 325,000. Of these, he says, "at least 100,000 had not yet arrived. Still 140,000 French troops and 60,000 of the Confederation might be relied on for active operations in the valley of the Danube." Napoleon had at the same time an army of 200,000 in Spain. The mind which could grasp such interests, and guide such enormous combinations, must have been one of extraordinary mould.

view of but an hour, the King of Bavaria returned to his pillow. Napoleon again mounted his horse, and galloped forty miles farther to Donauworth. He immediately assembled his officers around him, and by hasty interrogations soon ascertained the condition of the two armies. He was astounded at the perilous position in which his troops were placed.

Napoleon was perfectly aware of the vast numerical superiority of his foes. He knew that his army, if divided, could be easily overwhelmed by resistless numbers. He had accordingly enjoined it upon Berthier, upon the first hostile movement of the enemy, to concentrate all his forces either at Ratisbon or at Donauworth. To his utter consternation, he found that Berthier, seized with the insane idea of stopping the advancing Austrians at all points, had widely dispersed his battalions. Had the Archduke Charles possessed a tithe of the activity of Napoleon, he could have crushed the French at a blow. Napoleon was utterly amazed. In breathless haste he dispatched officers in every direction on their fleetest horses, countermanding all the orders of Berthier, and directing every corps to make immediate and the most desperate efforts for concentration. Davoust and Massena were separated more than a hundred miles from each other. He wrote to Berthier, "What you have done appears so strange, that if I was not aware of your friendship, I should think you were betraying me. Davoust is at this moment more completely at the disposal of the Archduke, than of myself." "You can not imagine," said Napoleon afterward, "in what a condition I found the army on my arrival, and to what dreadful reverses it was exposed, if we had had to deal with an enterprising enemy." To Massena, at Augsbourg, he wrote, "Leave all the sick and fatigued, with two German regiments to protect them. Descend toward the Danube in all haste. Never have I had more need of your devoted *zeal, activity, and speed!*" To Davoust he wrote, "Quit Ratisbon immediately. Leave there a regiment to defend the town. Ascend the Danube with your division of the army. Break down the bridge at Ratisbon so effectually as to prevent its being repaired. Move cautiously, but resolutely, between the river and the mass of the Austrians. Beware of running any risk of permitting your troops to come to any engagements previously to joining me in the environs of Abensberg."

The whole French army was instantly in motion. A series of sanguinary conflicts ensued. Napoleon seemed to be every where present. His troops were every where victorious. These

NAPOLEON WOUNDED AT RATISBON.



THE RUINS OF DIERSTEIN.

varied movements, by which Napoleon concentrated his army, in the midst of enemies so numerous and so advantageously posted, have ever been considered as among the most remarkable in the annals of war. In three days he had ninety thousand men drawn up before him. During these three days, in desperate battles which had transpired, the Austrians had lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly twenty thousand men. The Archduke Charles, not a little disheartened by these reverses, had concentrated at Eckmuhl an army one hundred thousand strong. A decisive action was now inevitable. Napoleon thus addressed his troops, "Soldiers! The territory of the Confederation of the Rhine has been violated. The Austrian general supposes that we are to fly at the sight of his eagles, and abandon our allies to his mercy. I arrive with the rapidity of lightning in the midst of you. Soldiers! I was surrounded by your bayonets, when the Emperor of Austria arrived at my bivouac in Moravia. You heard him implore my clemency, and swear an eternal friendship. Conquerors in three wars, Austria has owed every thing to our generosity. Three times she has perjured herself! Our former successes are our guarantee for our future triumphs. Let us march, then, and at our aspect, let the enemy recognize his conquerors."

On the night of the 19th of April, Savary announced to Napoleon the safe arrival of Davoust. He found the Emperor in a rude room, stretched upon a wooden bench, his feet close to a heated stove, and his head resting on a soldier's knapsack. He was carefully studying a map of the country. Delighted with the intelligence, he leaped upon his horse and galloped along the whole extent of the bivouacs of the troops. The Prince Royal of Bavaria, and a few of his generals accompanied the Emperor. Napoleon, gratified with the zeal and energy which the Prince Royal displayed, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, Prince Royal, if you uphold, in this manner, the dignity of the King of Bavaria, when your turn comes to reign, these gentlemen will never desert you. If, on the contrary, you should remain at home, they will all follow your example. From that moment you may bid farewell to your kingdom and to glory."*

* On the 18th Napoleon wrote to Massena, "It is indispensable that Oudinot with his corps and your three other divisions, with your cuirassiers and cavalry, should sleep at Pfaffenhofen to-morrow night. Those in the rear should do their utmost to reach Ascha, or at least get on as far as they can on the road from Augsbourg to Ascha. One word will explain to you the urgency of affairs Prince Charles with 80,000 men debouched yesterday from Landshut on Ratisbon. The Bavarians contended the whole day with his advance-guard. Orders have been dispatched to Davoust to move with 60,000 in the direction of Neustadt, where he will form a junction with the Bavarians. To-morow (19th) all your troops who can be mustered at Pfaffenhofen, with the Wurtembergers, a division of cuirassiers, and every man you can collect, should be in a condition to fall upon the rear of Prince Charles. A single glance must show you that never was

Napoleon slept a few hours in his chair. Before the dawn of the morning he was marshaling his hosts for the battle. A dense fog enveloped the rural scene which was soon to be drenched with blood. Upon the fertile plain of Eckmuhl, a hundred thousand men were quietly sleeping, unaware of their impanding peril. The military science of Napoleon was guiding from various points upon them, ninety thousand troops flushed with victory. The mild, warm sun of a pleasant April day rose over the hills and dispelled the vapor. The green valley reposed before the eye, in surpassing loveliness. Verdant meadows, winding streams, gardens, villages, and rural mansions embowered in trees, presented an aspect of extraordinary beauty. Banners were silently fluttering in the breeze. The white tents of the Austrians profusely sprinkled the plain. The gleam of polished armor, flashed through the osiers and willows, which, fringing the stream, were just bursting into leaf. Innumerable steeds were quietly cropping the fresh herbage. To the eye it was a perfect scene of peace and beauty. But the demon of war was there to transform it into the most revolting aspect of misery and blood.

As the various divisions of the French army arrived upon the heights which commanded the plain, they involuntarily paused and gazed with admiration upon the varied and beautiful spectacle. The clangor of approaching battle now filled the air. Trumpets sounded. Martial bands poured forth their soul-stirring peals. Artillery, cavalry, infantry, all were in movement to take position for the fight. Squadrons of horse swept the field. Not a cannon or a musket was fired before noon. Both parties were as peacefully employed in taking their positions, as if engaged in a holiday review. The sun was in the meridian, when the first shot was fired. It was the signal for the burst of such a roar of battle, as even this war-desolated globe has seldom witnessed. The awful sublimities of the scene impressed those who were most familiar with the horrors of war. The military genius of Napoleon, was never more conspicuous, than on this day. The various divisions of his army, guided by the highest teachings of military science, appeared upon the field with all the unembarrassed precision of the movements of a game of chess. For five hours, the carnage continued.

The sun was now declining. The enemy began to falter. The cavalry of the Imperial Guard had been held in reserve, impatiently waiting the order for its resistless charge. Encased in helmets and breast-plates of glittering steel and mounted on steeds of enormous power, these squadrons, which had never yet moved but with the sweep of victory, rose majestically over the hills and poured down upon the plain. Their advance was at first slow and dignified, as their proud chargers, in a gentle trot, emerged into the view of both armies. The French regarded the Imperial Guard as Napoleon's right arm. They felt sure that a blow was now to be struck which would terminate the conflict. A wild shout of enthusiasm burst from their lips, which rose above the thunders of the battle. The Austrian cuirassiers, equally numerous, as heavily armed, and inspired with as determined courage, were on the alert ready to repel the anticipated onset. Their swords and helmets glittered in the rays of the setting sun, and they also came sweeping down into the vast arena. The opposing squadrons, now spurring their steeds into a headlong gallop, came rushing onward with the frantic energy of fiends. Innumerable trumpets, in clarion tones, pealed forth the charge. The plain seemed to tremble beneath the tread of the advancing hosts. With plumes and banners floating in the breeze, and helmets and sabres gleaming in the sun, and each party rending the skies with their unearthly shrieks, the two bodies in full career, rushed upon each other. The spectacle was so sublime, so awful, so sure to be followed by decisive results that each army, as by common consent, suspended its fire to await the issue of this extraordinary duel. The roar of musketry and the heavy booming of artillery ceased. The soldiers rested upon their muskets and the exhausted cannoniers leaned upon their guns, as, in intense absorption, they gazed upon the appalling grandeur of the scene. The concussion was terrific. Hundreds of horses and riders were instantly overthrown and trampled in the dust. Over their mangled bodies the rushing squadrons plunged and fought. It was a new spectacle, even to those most inured to all the aspects of war. The fresh breeze speedily swept the smoke from the plain. The unclouded sun shone down brilliantly upon the vast arena. The two armies in breathless silence entrusted the issue of the conflict to the Imperial Guards of Austria and of France. Nothing was heard but the blast of the trumpets and the clear ringing of steel, as sabre clashed against sabre, and cuirass and helmet resounded beneath the blows of these men of iron sinews. The sun went down, and the struggle still continued. Twilight darkened over the plain, but a blaze of intensest light, from clashing steel, gleamed over the contending hosts. One by one the stars came out calmly in the sky, and the moon in silent beauty, rose serenely in the east and

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more pressing occasion for diligence and activity than at present. With 60,000 good troops Davoust may indeed make head against the Archduke, but I consider Prince Charles ruined without resource, if Oudinot and your three divisions are on his rear before daybreak on the 19th, and you inspire the soldiers with all they should feel on so momentous an occasion. In the 18th, 19th, and 20th the whole affairs of Germany will be decided."—Sav. vol. iv. 51, 52.

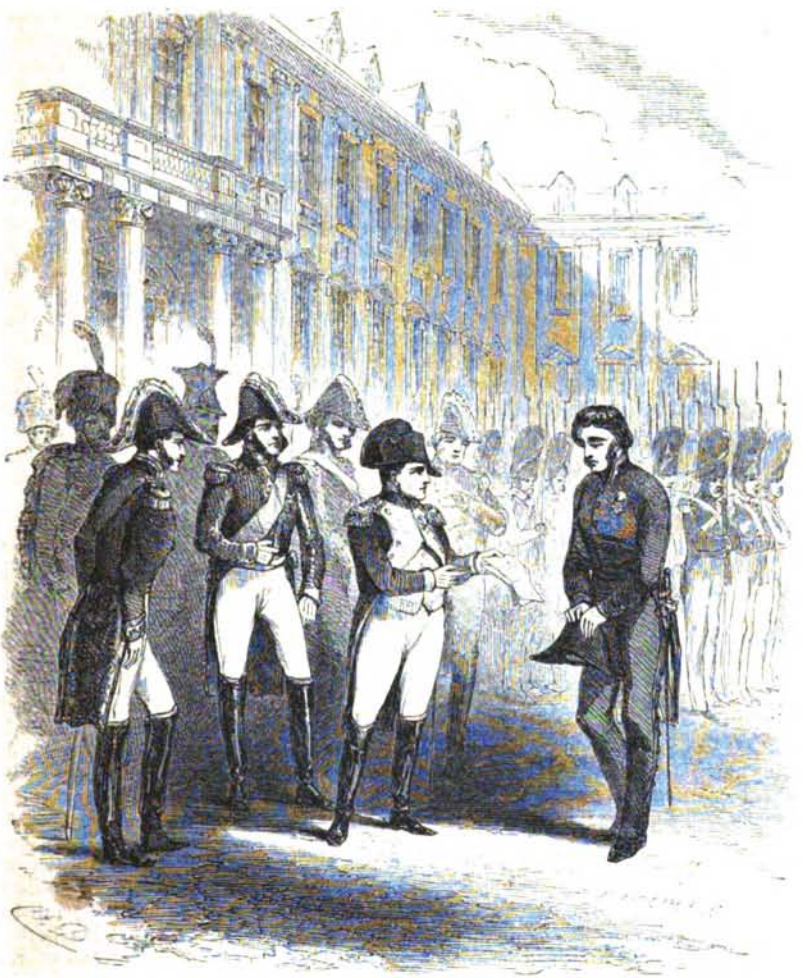
Again at noon of the next day he wrote to Massena, "Prince Charles, with his whole army, was this morning a day's march from Ratisbon. Davoust has evacuated Ratisbon to move upon Neustadt. I look, therefore, for an affair every moment. Every thing will be cleared up to-day. The moments are precious. The hours must be counted. Twelve or fifteen thousand of such rabble as you have defeated this morning should be easily disposed of by six thousand of our people."—Pelet, i. 283, 286.

looked down with her mild reproof upon the hideous carnage; and still the struggling squadrons, with unintermitted fury, dashed against each other. Beneath such blows men and horses rapidly fell; the clangor of the strife grew fainter and fainter. Still, in the gloom of the night, as the eye gazed upon the tumultuous mass, swaying to and fro, it was impossible to judge who were gaining the victory. At length the Austrian horsemen, having lost two-thirds of their number, were no longer able to withstand their foes. They wavered, recoiled, and then the tramp of rushing steeds was heard as they broke and fled. A wild shout of *Vive l'Empereur*, burst from the lips of the victorious cuirassiers. Spurring their steeds in the mad pursuit, they trampled down horses and riders piled together on the ensanguined plain. The dispirited Austrians gazed in silent dismay upon the rout of their Imperial Guards, and immediately commenced a retreat. The whole French army, with frantic enthusiasm, re-echoed the shout of their conquering comrades. Instantaneously the thunders of war again filled the plain. The lightning flashes and heavy booming of the cannon, the clamor of rushing armies, pursuers and pursued, the storm of shot, shells, and bullets, which swept mutilation and death through the retreating ranks, and the sulphurous canopy of smoke which darkened the moon and the stars, presented a spectacle which neither pen nor pencil can delineate. But immediately, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of Lannes, Napoleon ordered the army to halt. The French soldiers, utterly exhausted by the Herculean toils of the last five days, threw themselves upon the bloody sod of the hard fought field and fell asleep. The Austrians, through the night, continued their retreat toward Ratisbon, hoping to escape across the Danube.

When Napoleon gave the order for this decisive attack of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard, General Cervoni was holding a map of the country open before him. A heavy cannon ball struck this brave officer, and he vanished from the Emperor's sight. Only the scattered fragments of his body could be found. Soon after, one of Napoleon's aids arrived to make known a position taken by the enemy. While in the act of communicating his errand, he pointed with his right hand. At that instant a shot, passing close by the head of the Emperor, struck the unfortunate officer's arm and tore it from his body. Napoleon manifested the most sincere sympathy for the wounded man, but made no movement to change his dangerous position. The officers who surrounded the Emperor, knowing that the salvation of the army depended upon his life, earnestly remonstrated with him, for exposing himself so heedlessly. "What can I do?" he mildly replied, "I must see how matters go on."

For the first time in four days and nights Napoleon indulged himself in a few hours of sleep. But before the dawn of another morn-

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.



THE SURGEON DISGRACED.

ing, he was again on horseback, rousing his slumbering army to pursue the fugitives. The situation of the Archduke was now extremely critical. Napoleon with a victorious army was pressing upon him. The broad Danube, crossed by the single bridge of Ratisbon, was in his rear. His army was in a state of deep dejection. Whenever they met Napoleon, it was only to encounter discomfiture and ruin. Prince Charles had left six thousand dead and wounded upon the plain of Eckmuhl. Nearly twenty thousand prisoners, fifteen standards and an immense quantity of the munitions of war fell into the hands of the victor.*

Under these circumstances the Archduke resolved to cross the Danube, as speedily as possible, and to seek refuge for his army in the wilds of Bohemia. He hoped soon to be able to form a junction with powerful divisions of Austrian troops, marching to reinforce him.

* It is seldom easy to ascertain with accuracy the numbers who were engaged or who fell in these conflicts. We here give some of the estimates which have been made respecting the battle of Eckmuhl.

"Twenty thousand prisoners, a great quantity of artillery, all the wounded of the enemy and fifteen flags, were the trophies of the victory of Eckmuhl."—M. DE NORVINS, vol. iii. p. 137.

"The battle of Eckmuhl cost the Austrians about six thousand, killed and wounded, a great number of pieces of artillery, and 3000 or 4000 prisoners."—THIERS, *History of the Consulate and Empire*, Book XXXIV. p. 694.

"Five thousand men had been killed and wounded, and seven thousand made prisoners in the battle [of Eckmuhl] besides twelve standards, and sixteen pieces of cannon which had fallen into the enemy's hands."—ALISON, vol. iii. p. 189.

"The enemy left us 15,000 prisoners, the greater part of his artillery, all his wounded, and fifteen flags."—M. CHAUVET, p. 312.

"Prince Charles on quitting the field of Eckmuhl left 20,000 prisoners, 15 colors, and nearly all his artillery in the hands of Napoleon."—GEORGE MAIR BUSSEY, ii. 90.

"All the Austrian wounded, great part of their artillery, fifteen stand of colors, and twenty thousand prisoners, remained in the power of the French.—SCOTT, ii. 48.

Keeping large watch fires blazing all the night to conceal his design, he retreated rapidly to the Danube. A bridge of boats was immediately thrown across the stream. By that, and by the bridge at Ratisbon, the army defiled the whole night without intermission. Early in the morning Napoleon moved forward his cavalry to attack the rear-guard of the Austrians, which was drawn up in front of Ratisbon to protect the passage of the river. After a short conflict the Austrians retreated behind the walls of the city, closed the gates, and lined the ramparts with infantry. The batteries of Napoleon were immediately reared. A storm of shells rained down destruction upon the masses crowding through the streets, and hurrying across the bridge. A breach was soon battered in the walls. The French troops rushed into the city. French and Austrians were mingled together in inextricable confusion. A hand to hand fight ensued with awful carnage.

While Napoleon was guiding this assault, a musket ball struck him upon the foot, not breaking the bone, but making a severe contusion and causing intense pain. "Ah," said he very coolly, "I am hit. It must have been a Tyrolese marksman to have struck me at such a distance. Those fellows fire with wonderful precision." He immediately dismounted, and his wound was dressed upon the spot. Had the ball struck a little higher up, the limb would have been shattered, and amputation would have been inevitable. The news spread that the Emperor was wounded. The soldiers of the nearest corps, forgetting their own peril, and the excitement of battle, broke from their ranks, and crowded around their beloved chieftain. Regardless of the cannon balls which swept through the dense group, fifteen thousand men, leaving muskets, guns and horses, hastened to the spot, with the most intense expressions of anxiety and affection. Napoleon smiled kindly upon them, shook hands with all who were within his reach, and assured them that the wound was merely a trifle. To relieve their solicitude, as soon as the wound was dressed, though suffering excruciating pain, he mounted his horse and rode along the lines. An almost delirious shout of joy and enthusiasm greeted him. Such a shout no man ever won before. The pain, however, became so severe that he was compelled to retire to the hut of a peasant, where he fainted entirely away. Soon, however, recovering, he again mounted his horse, and pale and exhausted still guided the tremendous energies of battle.

As the French rushed through the breach into the city of Ratisbon, most of the Austrians had crossed the river. The retreating host rapidly disappeared over the wooded heights of the Bohmerwald. Napoleon, having thus driven the invaders from the territory of his ally, left the fugitives to wander among the mountains of Bohemia, and established his head-quarters at Ratisbon. Such achievements seem like the creation of fancy. But twelve days had elapsed since Napoleon left Paris. In six days he had passed over the vast space intervening between the Seine and the Danube. In forty-eight hours he had concentrated his army from its wide dispersion, fighting in the mean time almost an incessant battle, and gaining an incessant victory. By the most extraordinary combination of manœuvres he had assailed, at all points, an enemy superior in numbers upon the field of Eckmuhl, routed him entirely, and driven him across the Danube. Fifteen days before, two hundred thousand men with the pride of resistless conquerors, had invaded the territory of Bavaria. Now, discomfited, bleeding, dejected, they were seeking refuge from the terrible blows of their victor in the wild passes of the Bohemian mountains. In these six disastrous days the Austrians had lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 60,000 men. Of this number 40,000 had been struck down by the fire of the infantry, or by the sabres of the cavalry.* The Austrians had also lost six hundred ammunition wagons, forty standards, more than a hundred pieces of artillery, two pontoon trains, and an incalculable quantity of baggage.

The physical and intellectual activity displayed by the Emperor during this extraordinary campaign, would seem incredible were it not substantiated by conclusive evidence. It was a drive of nearly six hundred miles from Paris to the encampments of the army on the banks of the Danube. During this journey he took no rest but such as he could find in his carriage. At several places he was delayed for a few hours to examine fortifications, and to dictate orders to a thousand agents in France, in Spain, in Italy, in Germany. Upon reaching the army he spent the succeeding five days and nights in a series of the most Herculean labors. At midnight leaning back in his chair, without removing either his hat or his boots, he would sleep for an hour, and then with an invigorated mind renew his dictation, or mount his horse and gallop through darkness, storms, and mire, from post to post of the army. The letters which he wrote to his officers during these five days would fill a large volume. After the most exhausting ride on horseback of fifteen hours, he would, impetuously, with apparently exhaustless energies, dictate dispatches half of the night.

The traveling carriage of Napoleon was taken at Waterloo. It is now to be seen at a museum in London. In all its arrangements it is extremely characteristic of the Emperor. Perfectly simple in its structure, and unostentatious in its adornments, it was provided with all the conveniences for labor. A sliding board supplied him with a table for writing. A neat desk encased in the sides contained stationary. Around the panels were a variety of boxes filled with books, charts, dispatches, and the daily journals. A lamp from behind threw sufficient light to enable him to read and write, by night as well as by day. The seat was so arranged that he could attain a half reclining attitude when trav-

* These are the numbers given by Thiers, after the most careful examination of the statements of both parties.

eling through the night, while cushions prevented his being too severely jostled by the rugged roads. As he dashed along, he examined the reports of military and civil engineers, of statesmen, of commanders of divisions, brigades, and battalions. As each paper was finished, it was torn into fragments and thrown from the windows. His marvelous memory retained every thing. It was his custom to have a copy of every new work that was published in Paris sent to him, whether literary, scientific, or religious. If, at a glance, he deemed the book worthless, he tossed it into the road. His route might be traced by fragments of papers, journals, and volumes, scattered by the wayside. He had invariably suspended in the carriage before him, the best possible chart of the district through which he was passing. Whenever he halted, the order and system of the imperial household was immediately introduced. The most convenient apartment was at once selected as his cabinet or chamber of work. On a table placed in the middle of the room were arranged maps of the countries in which his armies were operating. The positions of each corps, division, and brigade, were laid down. The roads, communications, bridges and defiles, were accurately delineated. The posts of the enemy, and the forces of different nations were distinguished by pins with heads of various colors, red, black, and green. All this was accomplished with such perfect promptness and regularity by the devotion of those who surrounded him, that let him reach his head-quarters where he might or when he might, no time was lost. At the four corners of the room, tables were set for his secretaries. To these tireless servants he was accustomed to dictate simultaneously. He possessed the rare faculty of giving judgment upon almost any number of subjects at the same time. He usually paced the floor with his hat on, and his hands clasped behind his back. In short and pithy sentences he pronounced his opinions, or issued his orders. To one scribe he would dictate instructions for the manœuvres of the army. Turning to another he would give his decisive opinion on a difficult question of finance, or on the administrative government of the empire. To a third he would communicate answers to the letters of his embassadors in foreign countries. A fourth was not unfrequently intrusted with his private correspondence. Having thus dictated for a few hours, he would seize the pen, dash off a few glowing and scarcely legible lines to his faithful Josephine, and then, entering his carriage, or mounting his horse, disappeared like a meteor.

In the midst of these operations, he wrote thus to Josephine.

DONAUWORTH, *April 18th*, 1809.

I arrived here yesterday at four o'clock in the morning. I leave immediately. Every thing is in movement. Military operations are in intense activity. To this hour there is nothing new. My health is good.

Entirely thine, NAPOLEON.

Napoleon shunned no fatigue which he imposed upon his soldiers. Not one of them underwent any thing like the bodily labor to which he exposed himself. At Ratisbon, he thus addressed his army,

"Soldiers, you have justified my anticipations. You have supplied by bravery the want of numbers, and have shown the difference which exists between the soldiers of Cæsar, and the armed rabble of Xerxes. Within the space of a few days we have triumphed in the battles of Thaun, Abersberg, and Eckmuhl, and in the combats of Peissing, Landshut, and Ratisbon. One hundred pieces of cannon, forty standards, fifty thousand prisoners, three bridge equipages, three thousand baggage-wagons with their horses, and all the money-chests of the regiments are the fruits of the rapidity of your marches, and of your courage. The enemy, seduced by a perjured cabinet, appeared to have lost all recollection of you. His wakening has been speedy; you have appeared more terrible than ever. Lately, he crossed the Inn, and invaded the territory of our allies. Lately, he talked of nothing less than carrying the war into the bosom of our country. Now, defeated, dispersed, he flies in consternation. Already my advance-guard has passed the Inn. In one month we will be in Vienna."

At St. Helena Napoleon, speaking of this campaign, remarked, "The greatest military manœuvres I ever made, and those for which I give myself most credit, were performed at Eckmuhl. They were infinitely superior to those at Marengo, or to any other of my actions." The next day the Emperor reviewed a part of his army at Ratisbon. The dead were all buried. The blood was washed from the streets. The mutilated and the dying, with splintered bones and festering wounds, were moaning upon beds of agony in the secluded wards of the hospitals. Nothing was seen but the glitter and the pomp of war. Plumes and banners, and prancing steeds, and polished armor reflected the rays of the unclouded sun. As each regiment defiled before him, Napoleon demanded of the colonel who, of his soldiers, had proved themselves worthy of distinction. He often conferred the reward on a common soldier which had been expected by those of a higher grade. As he was tying the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of one of these veterans from the ranks, the soldier inquired if the Emperor did not recognize him. "How should I?" answered Napoleon. "It was I," the soldier replied, "who in the desert of Syria, at the moment of your utmost necessity gave you a portion of my rations." Napoleon immediately rejoined, "Indeed! I recollect you now perfectly. I make you a knight, with an annual endowment of two hundred dollars." These appeals to honor and generous feeling inspired the bosoms of the French soldiers with incredible ardor and enthusiasm.

A large portion of Ratisbon was consumed

by the flames. The city belonged to Napoleon's ally, the King of Bavaria. The Austrians, as they fled from the burning streets, witnessed with pleasure the conflagration. Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, repaired the damages, amounting to several millions of dollars, at his own expense. "From the morning of the 19th," says Alison, "when the battle of Abensberg began, till the night of the 23d, when that of Ratisbon terminated, he was on horseback or dictating letters at least eighteen hours a day. When all around him were ready to drop down with exhaustion he began to read and dictate dispatches, and sat up half the night receiving reports from the generals and marshals, and completing the directions for the ensuing day."*

The Danube now flowed between Napoleon and the great mass of his foes. The road was open to Vienna. This city was situated on the same side of the river which was occupied by the French army. From Ratisbon to Vienna is a distance of about two hundred miles. Many rivers were to be crossed, and many defiles to be forced, which were strongly guarded by the Austrians. Napoleon resolved, however, to march directly upon the capital, and there to settle his difficulties with that faithless cabinet, which had so perfidiously assailed him. The conquering legions of France poured resistlessly down the valleys of the Danube. All opposition was swept before them. The retreating Austrians planted their batteries upon the opposite banks of every stream, having blown up the bridges and destroyed the boats. The crags which commanded every defile glittered with armed men, and were defended by the most destructive enginery of war. Napoleon had done every thing which mortal man could do to avert the conflict.† He now consecrated the entireness of his tremendous energies, without any faltering, to drive the war to a decisive conclusion. Beneath the guns of the Austrians, he constructed new bridges, and reminding his veterans of Lodi and of Arcola, hreasted all the engines of mutilation and death. The Austrians had so wantonly and pertinaciously provoked the war, that they were ashamed to ask for peace. The Archduke Charles had, however, from the beginning, been opposed to the hostile measures of his government. He now wrote to his brother, the Emperor Francis, giving an account of their sudden and overwhelming reverses. With the consent of the terrified Emperor, he ventured to address the following lines of graceful flattery to Napoleon.

"Your Majesty has announced your arrival by a salvo of artillery. I had no time to reply to it. But, though hardly informed of your presence, I speedily discovered it by the losses which I experienced. You have taken many prisoners from me. I have taken some from you, in quarters where you were not personally present. I propose to your Majesty to exchange them, man for man, rank for rank. If this proposal proves agreeable to you, point out the place where it may be possible to put it into effect. I feel flattered, Sire, in combatting the greatest captain of the age. But I should esteem myself more happy if heaven had chosen me to be the instrument of procuring for my country a durable peace. Whatever may be the events of war, or the chances of an accommodation, I pray your Majesty, to believe that my desires will always outstrip your wishes, and that I am equally honored by meeting your Majesty, either with the sword or the olive-branch in your hand."

Before this apologetic letter reached Napoleon, he was far advanced in the valley of the Danube. Nothing now remained to arrest his triumphant march upon Vienna. He decided to send his reply from the Palace of Schonbrunn. The French army was now approaching the river Traun, one of the tributaries of the Danube. Napoleon decided to cross it at several points some miles distant from each other. Massena, with seven thousand men, advanced to the Traun, opposite Ebersberg. Here occurred one of the most extravagant acts of reckless courage, and one of the most revolting scenes of human hutchery, recorded in military history. The river was very broad, and was crossed by a narrow bridge 1200 feet in length. At the farther end of the bridge was an escarped plateau. Above it rose the little town of Ebersberg, surmounted by a strong castle which was bristling with cannon. In front of the bridge,

* In reference to these events, Sir Walter Scott remarks: "At no period in his momentous career did the genius of Napoleon appear more completely to prostrate all opposition; at no time did the talents of a single individual exercise such an influence on the fate of the universe. The forces he had in the field had been not only unequal to those of the enemy, but they were, in a military point of view, ill-placed and imperfectly combined. Napoleon arrived alone, found himself under all these disadvantages, and, we repeat, by his almost unassisted genius, came, in the course of five days, in complete triumph out of a struggle which bore a character so unpromising. It was no wonder that others, nay, that he himself, should have annexed to his person the degree of superstitious influence claimed for the chosen instruments of Destiny, whose path must not be crossed, and whose arms can not be arrested."

† Thiers was perfectly familiar with all the efforts which Napoleon had made to avoid these wars. He honestly records them all. And yet he could allow himself to say, "His real fault, his stupendous fault, was that unbridled policy which, after having carried him to the Niemen, whence he had returned only by dint of miracles, had next carried him to the Ebro and the Tagus, whence he had returned in person, leaving his best armies behind him, now hurried him to the Danube, where he contrived to maintain himself only by other miracles, the series of which might cease at any moment and give place to disasters."—THIERS, Book xxv. 732. That England and Austria, as one of the artifices of war, should have filled the ears of benighted Europe with this cry, is not strange. But it is, indeed, no trivial offense thus to trifle with the sacredness of historic truth, and with the memory of the noble dead. Napoleon was struggling heroically in self-defense. He had left no efforts untried for the promotion of peace. The banded foes of revolutionised France gave him no alternative but to fight, or to surrender his country to be trampled down beneath the iron hoofs of their invading squadrons.

on the escarpment of the plateau, nearly 40,000 men were drawn up in line of battle. The bridge, at its western extremity, was enfiladed by houses all filled with musketeers. A formidable array of artillery, disposed on the heights above, commanded the whole extent of the frail structure. The bridge was of wood, and by the application of the torch would immediately have been enveloped in flames. The Austrians, however, deemed its passage so utterly impossible, that they did not suppose that the French would even attempt it.

But the impetuous Massena delayed not a moment.* He ordered an immediate charge, as he feared that an hour's delay might induce the Austrians to blow up the bridge. General Cohorn, a man of diminutive stature, but of the most intensely forceful and impetuous spirit, placed himself at the head of his brigade. At double quick-step the dense column pressed along the bridge. An unexampled scene of horror ensued. The troops were soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. A storm of grape-shot and canister swept mutilation and death through their ranks. Two or three ammunition-wagons blew up in the midst of the struggling throng, and scattered awful carnage around. The bridge was soon so encumbered with the wounded and the dead, that Massena deemed himself driven to the horrible necessity of commanding the fresh troops that came up to toss their mangled and struggling comrades into the swollen torrent which swept furiously below. Those who performed this revolting service were soon struck down themselves, and were treated in the same manner by those who next came up to the attack. There was no alternative. But for this dreadful measure, the bridge would soon have become utterly impassable, and all upon it would have perished. Enveloped in smoke, deafened with the roar of battle, and with shots, shells, and bullets mowing down their ranks, these veteran soldiers who, in becoming veterans, had almost ceased to be men, pressed sternly on, trampling upon severed limbs, wading through blood, and throwing their wounded and beseeching comrades into the surging flood. Well might the Duke of Wellington say, "A man of refined Christian sensibilities is totally unfit for the profession of a soldier."

Through this frightful storm of shot the French rushed along, till they reached the gate at the farther end of the bridge. Here the whole head of the column was swept away. Those in the rear, however, rushed on over their mangled comrades, dashed down the gates, and drove their foes before them. The Austrians retreated through the town, setting fire to the houses, and disputing every inch of ground. The French struggled on, trampling on the bodies of the dead and wounded of either army. In the blazing streets the conflict raged with unparalleled ferocity. Ebersberg was at last taken. It was, however, but a heap of smoking ruins. The town was so much in flames that the wounded could not be withdrawn. The blazing rafters fell on these wretched victims of war, and, shrieking in agony, their mangled limbs were slowly consumed by the fire. Their hideous cries blended with the hateful clamor of these demoniac scenes. An intolerable stench of burning corpses filled the air. Still, through the blazing streets, and over the mangled and blackened fragments of human bodies, the French rushed on with horse, and artillery, and ammunition-wagons, crushing flesh, and bones, and cinders, and blood-mingled mire, into a hideous mass of corruption. The Austrians, appalled at such incredible daring, sullenly retired, leaving six thousand of the slain behind them. Napoleon, at a distance, heard the loud cannonade. He spurred his horse to the scene of the conflict. Accustomed as he had long been to the horrors of war, he was shocked at the awful spectacle. Though admiring the desperate daring of Massena, he could not refrain from testifying his displeasure at the carnage which might, perhaps, have been averted by waiting for an attack upon the flank of the enemy by the corps of Lannes, which had passed the river a few miles above.

Napoleon, accompanied by Savary, entered the smouldering town. He found two or three of the wounded still alive, who had crawled into the square where the flames could not reach them. "Can any thing," says Savary, "be more dreadful than the sight of men first burned to death, then trodden under the horses' feet, and crushed to atoms by the wheels of gun-carriages? The only outlet from the town was by walking through a heap of baked human flesh which produced an insufferable stench. The evil was so great that it became necessary to procure spades, such as are used to clear mud from the public roads, in order to remove and bury this fetid mass. The Emperor came to see this horrid sight, and said to us as he went over it, 'It were well if all promoters of wars could behold such an appalling picture. They would then discover how much evil humanity has to suffer from their projects.' He spoke some obliging words to General Cohorn on the feat of gallantry he had displayed, but pointed out to him that if he had not suffered himself to be hurried along by his

* "Massena," said Napoleon to O'Meara, "was a man of superior talent. He generally, however, made bad dispositions previous to a battle. It was not till the dead fell around him that he began to act with that judgment which he ought to have displayed before. In the midst of the dying and the dead, of balls sweeping away those who encircled him, then Massena was himself, gave his orders, and made his dispositions with the greatest coolness and judgment. This is true nobleness of blood. It was truly said of Massena, that he never began to act with judgment until the battle was going against him. He was, however, a robber. He went halves with the contractors and commissaries of the army. I signified to him often, that if he would discontinue his speculations, I would make him a present of eight hundred thousand or a million francs. But he had acquired such a habit that he could not keep his hands from the money. On this account he was hated by the soldiers who mutinied against him three or four times. However, considering the circumstances of the times, he was precious, and, had not his great parts been soiled by the vice of avarice, he would have been a great man."

courage, but had waited for the troops that were coming up, previously to making the attack, this heavy loss would have been spared."

The army now pressed on with the utmost rapidity toward Vienna. There was but little more opposition to be encountered. Napoleon, with his peculiar thirst for knowledge, took with him a guide, who rode by his side, and who pointed out to him every object of interest by the way. Upon a distant eminence he descried the mouldering Gothic towers of Dierstein, the scene of the captivity of Richard, the Lion-hearted. He reined in his horse, and for some moments riveted his eyes upon the pile which rose in gloomy magnificence before him. Then, addressing Berthier and Lannes, who were with him, he said:

"Richard also was a warrior in Syria and Palestine. He was more fortunate than we were at St. Jean d'Acre. But the Lion-hearted was not more valient than you, my brave Lannes. He beat the great Saladin. Yet hardly had he returned to Europe than he fell into the hands of persons who were certainly of very different calibre. He was sold by a Duke of Austria to an Emperor of Germany, who by that act only has been rescued from oblivion. The last of his court, Blondel alone remained faithful to him. But the nation made no sacrifices for his deliverance." After a moment's pause, still keeping his eyes riveted upon the towers, he continued: "These were barbarous times, which they have the folly to represent to us as so heroic; when the father sacrificed his children, the wife her husband, the subject his sovereign, the soldier his general, and all without shame or disguise! How much are times changed now! You have seen emperors and kings in my power, as well as the capitals of their states, and I exacted from them neither ransom nor sacrifice of honors. The world has seen how I treated the Emperor of Austria, whom I might have imprisoned. And that successor of Leopold and Henry, who is already more than half in our power, will not be worse treated on this occasion than on the preceding, notwithstanding that he has attacked us with so much perfidy." Little did Napoleon then imagine that on the rock of St. Helena he was to experience an imprisonment more barbarous in all the refinements of cruelty than Richard had endured beneath the towers of Dierstein.

On the 10th of May, just one month from the time when the Austrian standards crossed the Inn, Napoleon with his army appeared before the walls of Vienna. The Archduke Charles, having received powerful reinforcements, was hurrying down the opposite banks of the river for the relief of the capital. This city is built on a small arm of the Danube, some two miles from the main stream. The central city is circular, and about three miles in circumference. It contains 100,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by an ancient rampart of brick-work, flanked by strong bastions. A beautiful glacis, about one-fourth of a mile in width, planted with trees, and laid out in public walks like the parks of London, girdles the city. Beyond this esplanade are reared the immense faubourgs, which contain 200,000 inhabitants, and which are also inclosed by a line of ramparts. The suburbs are about ten miles in circumference.

Napoleon was very anxious to save Vienna from the horrors of a bombardment. He immediately sent a flag of truce into the city. The bearer was assailed and wounded; and the butcher's boy who had struck him down was placed upon the officer's horse and borne in triumph through the streets. Without difficulty Napoleon surmounted the ramparts, and entered the faubourgs. But as soon as his troops appeared upon the esplanade, which extends between the faubourgs and the ramparts of the old city, they were met by volleys of grape-shot from the walls. Napoleon immediately invested the place on all points, and summoned it to surrender. A deputation from each of the faubourgs was selected to carry this summons.* But the fire of the ramparts redoubled at the arrival of the deputies, and many of them were slain by their fellow-citizens. Napoleon's patience was now exhausted. Still he humanely resolved to spare the unfortunate faubourgs as

* The following is a copy of the letter sent by Berthier to the Archduke Maximilian, who conducted the defense of the city:

"Monseigneur—The Duke of Montebello sent this morning to your Highness an officer in the character of a flag of truce, with a trumpeter. That officer has not yet returned. I request to be informed when it is intended to send him back. The unusual course adopted on this occasion compels me to avail myself of the inhabitants of this city for holding communication with your Highness. His Majesty, the Emperor and King, my master, having been brought to Vienna by the events of the war, is desirous of sparing the numerous and interesting population of that capital from the calamities which threaten it. He directs me to represent to your Highness that by persisting to defend the place, your Highness will cause the destruction of one of the finest cities in Europe, and expose to the miseries of war a multitude of people who ought effectually to be protected by their condition, age, and sex, from the evils which war necessarily occasions. The Emperor, my master, has always manifested, in every country where he has been brought by the events of war, his anxiety to save unarmed populations from such calamities. Your Highness can not but be persuaded that his Majesty is deeply affected at contemplating the approaching ruin of that great city, which he claims, as one of his titles to glory, to have saved on a former occasion. Nevertheless, contrary to the practices of all fortified towns, your Highness has had guns fired in the direction of the suburbs, and the shot might have killed not an enemy of your Sovereign, but the child or wife of one of his most devoted subjects. I do myself the honor to submit to your Highness, that during the whole day the Emperor has refused to allow any troops to enter the suburbs, and merely had the gates occupied, and sent patrols round for the purpose of maintaining good order. But if your Highness persists in attempting to defend the place, his Majesty will be compelled to make his preparations for an attack, and the ruin of the capital will be accomplished in thirty-six hours by the howitzers and bombs of our batteries, at the same time that the exterior town must likewise be destroyed by the fire from your own batteries. His Majesty is persuaded that these considerations will have their influence, and induce your Highness to renounce an attempt which could only delay for a few moments the taking of the city. I beg to be made acquainted with your Highness's final resolution." (Signed) "BERTHIER."

much as possible. There are few conquerors who under such circumstances would not have availed themselves of the shelter of the houses of their enemies. Accompanied by Massena, he rode around the southern portion of the fortifications of the city, and selected a place for the erection of his batteries, where the answering fire from the ramparts would endanger only very thinly-scattered dwellings. Upon this spot he constructed very formidable batteries; and at nine o'clock in the evening, when all the awful enginery of war was arranged to rain down a horrible tempest upon the city, he sent another summons. The only answer was a continued discharge of cannon-balls. The terrible cannonade then commenced. For ten hours the storm of destruction fell upon the city. Three thousand shells were thrown into its thronged dwellings. The midnight sky was filled with these terrible meteors, curving in paths of fire through the air, and, by their continuous explosion, deafening the ear with uninterrnitted thunders. Flames were bursting forth from all parts of the metropolis, and immense volumes of black smoke, as if ejected from a volcano, blended with the portentous glare. In the midst of this awful scene of unimaginable horror, when the heavens seemed rent by the explosions of artillery, and the crash of falling buildings, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the wild cry of two hundred thousand combatants, and when the wasting conflagration illumined the whole arena, as with the lurid blaze of infernal fires, the gates of the city were thrown open, and a flag of truce emerged upon the plain. The flag was conducted to the head-quarters of the Emperor. It informed him that in the imperial palace, directly opposite the French batteries, a young princess, daughter of the Emperor Francis, lay sick. Upon the approach of Napoleon, the royal family had fled. They were under the cruel necessity of leaving their sick child behind them.

Napoleon immediately ordered the direction of all the pieces which could endanger the helpless maiden to be changed. This young princess, thus strangely rescued from the carnage of war, became subsequently the bride of Napoleon. Eloquently has Alison said, "It was by the thunders of artillery and the flaming light of bombs across the sky, that Napoleon's first addresses to the Archduchess, Maria Louise, were made. While the midnight sky was incessantly streaked with burning projectiles, and conflagration was commencing in every direction around her, the future Empress of France remained secure and unharmed in the imperial palace. Strange result of those days, not less of royal than of national revolution! that a daughter of the Cæsars should be wooed and won by a soldier of fortune from Corsica; that French arms should be exerted to place an Austrian princess on the throne of Charlemagne; that the leader of a victorious invading host should demand her for his bride; and that the first accents of tenderness should be from the deep booming of the mortars, which, but for his interposition, would have consigned her father's palace to destruction."

The Archduke Maximilian, intimidated by the flames which were enveloping the city, and alarmed at the prospect of being made a prisoner, precipitately retreated across the Danube by the great bridge of Thabor, which he blew up behind him. A subordinate was left in the city who immediately requested a cessation of hostilities, and proposed to capitulate. Napoleon exacted no harsh terms. All the public stores, including the magnificent arsenal, containing four hundred pieces of cannon and immense military supplies, were surrendered. To all private property and to each person he guaranteed perfect security. In one month after Napoleon left the Tuileries, he entered in triumph the gates of Vienna. From the palace of the Emperor Francis he issued the following proclamation to his troops.

"In a month after the enemy passed the Inn, on the same day, at the same hour we entered Vienna. Their militia, their levies *en masse*, their ramparts, created by the impotent rage of the princes of the house of Lorraine, have fallen at the first sight of you. The princes of that house have abandoned their capital, not like soldiers of honor, who yield to circumstances and the reverses of war, but as perjurers haunted by the sense of their own crimes. In flying from Vienna, their adieus to its inhabitants have been murder and conflagration. Like Medea they have with their own hands massacred their own offspring. Soldiers! the people of Vienna, according to the expression of a deputation of the suburbs, *abandoned*, *widowed*, shall be the object of your regards. I take its good citizens under my special protection. As to the turbulent and the wicked they shall meet with exemplary justice. Soldiers! be kind to the poor peasants; to those worthy people who have so many claims upon your esteem. Let us not manifest any pride at our success. Let us see in it but a proof of that divine justice which punishes the ungrateful and the perjured."

General Andreossy was appointed governor of Vienna. He had been Napoleon's embassador to Austria and was highly respected by the inhabitants of the capital. Napeleon, by this appointment, wished to indicate to the Viennese his friendly feelings. He took the utmost pains to mitigate the bitterness of their humiliation. Instead of employing his own troops to maintain order in the city, he raised a burgher force of 6000 Austrians, 1600 of whom mounted guard every day. Provisions becoming scarce in consequence of the presence of such a vast number of men, he ordered herds of cattle and large quantities of grain to be brought from Hungary, that the citizens might be saved from paying an extravagant price for food. He furnished labor for the lower classes, paying them reasonable wages—often employing them even in works, to embellish the capital of his per-

fidious enemy, "that their bread," says Thiers, "might not be too bitter."

Napoleon, though thus victorious was nevertheless in a situation extremely critical. The Austrian forces still outnumbered his own, three to one. All the energies of England, Austria, and Spain, were combined against him. Let the reader for a moment contemplate the terrific and wide-spread conflict in the midst of which Napoleon was now struggling. He had liberated a portion of dismembered Poland from the despotism of Prussia, and placed it under the protection of the kingdom of Saxony, with Warsaw for its capital. The Archduke Ferdinand, brother of the Emperor Francis, with an army of 40,000 men, was ravaging the territory of this grateful ally of France. Alexander had tardily sent a small army into Saxony, professedly to aid Napoleon. After a signal defeat of the Saxon troops by the Austrians, an Austrian courier was taken prisoner. There was found in his possession a letter from the commander of the Russian forces, addressed to the Archduke Ferdinand, *congratulating him upon his victory, and expressing the hope that very soon the Russian army would be permitted to co-operate with the Austrians against the French.* Napoleon immediately sent the letter to Alexander without note or comment. The Czar, embarrassed by the known wishes of the queen-mother and of the nobles, received the letter in silence, and merely recalled the indiscreet officer.

Napoleon, though he lost no time in unavailing regrets, was much disappointed. He fully understood the peculiar difficulties which surrounded the Czar, and was conscious that his inefficient alliance might at any moment be turned into active hostility. Indeed, Alexander, finding all Europe rising against the republican monarch, and annoyed by the incessant reproaches of his mother and the nobles, began himself to regret the uncongenial alliance of the great champion of despotism, with the great champion of popular rights. The extraordinary personal ascendency alone of Napoleon had detached the Czar from that coalition to which he naturally belonged.

As Napoleon was one day riding along, with Savary by his side, after an interval of silence, in which he seemed to have been lost in thought, he said,

"It appears that Alexander is marching an army of 50,000 men into Poland to support me. This is something, though I certainly expected more."

Savary replied, "It is but little that Russia is doing. The Austrians will hardly suspend their operations at the approach of 50,000 men. If Alexander does not furnish a greater force it is my opinion that his army will not act at all. I should not wonder if it turned out to be a premeditated arrangement. Such co-operation as this is truly ridiculous, when we consider that Alexander, in alliance with Austria, brought 200,000 men against us."

"Therefore," replied Napoleon, calmly but very seriously, "I must rely upon my own strength and not upon their assistance."

Again he said to Savary, upon the same subject, "I was perfectly in the right not to trust to such allies. What worse could have happened if I had not made peace with the Russians! What have I gained by their alliance! It is more than probable that they would have declared openly against me if a remnant of regard to the faith of treaties had not prevented them. We must not deceive ourselves; they have all fixed a rendezvous on my tomb, but they have not courage openly to set out thither. It is plain that I can no longer reckon on an alliance in that quarter. Perhaps he thinks that he does me a great favor by not declaring war. Had I, however, entertained any doubt on that subject, before engaging in the affairs of Spain, I should have cared but very little for the part which he took. And yet, after all, they will probably say, that I am wanting to my engagements and can not remain at peace."

Prussia, by the treaty of Tilsit, was solemnly bound not to draw the sword against Napoleon. But the Prussian cabinet, restless under the humiliation which had befallen their arms, were eager to renew the war. Russia, Prussia, and Austria were accomplices in the infamous dismemberment of Poland. They consequently were bound together by the sympathies of copartnership in this most atrocious of political crimes. Innumerable conspiracies were formed to rouse the nation to arms. At last Colonel Schill, an enthusiastic officer in the Prussian army, marched boldly from Berlin, at the head of the whole cavalry of the garrison, and raised the standard of war against France. He every where proclaimed that the King of Prussia, with all his forces was about to join the allies. The national pride was aroused and multitudes flocked to his banners.

The Tyrol, an ancient possession of the house of Austria, had been, by the treaty of Presburg, annexed to Bavaria. In no other part of Europe did the priests and the monks hold so boundless a sway, as with the superstitious peasantry of those wild mountain ravines. Napoleon had induced the King of Bavaria to abolish all invidious religious distinctions. Although the Roman Catholic was still the established religion, the Protestants were allowed the free exercise of their mode of worship, and were equally admissable with Catholics to all civil offices. In Prussia, which was a Protestant country, Napoleon exerted the same influence in behalf of the Catholics. And notwithstanding the inveterate prejudices of the times, wherever he had power he granted entire relief to the Jews.

He was ever true to his favorite principle of removing from the Continent of Europe all restraints on religious opinions, and of granting perfect liberty of conscience. This often aroused against him all the energies of the Roman Catholic priesthood. The conspiracy in the Tyrol, fomented by emissaries from Austria, was widespread. At the preconcerted signal, when the

Austrians were crossing the Inn, beacon fires blazed from almost every crag in the Tyrol, and the convent bells in every valley, tolled the tocsin of popular insurrection. The benighted populace, stimulated by religious fanaticism, were ready to fight against their own deliverer, and against their own rights. The Bavarian government had failed to conciliate the Tyrolese by neglecting to carry out in full the enlarged and humane policy of Napoleon. "The Bavarians," said Napoleon, "did not know how to govern the Tyrolese. They were unworthy to rule that noble country." The war which ensued was shocking in its barbarity. It is a remarkable fact that in all these wars no troops were so ferocious as those guided by the Romish priests. In four days all the French and Bavarian troops were swept away by the torrent of a general insurrection.

At the same time England was secretly fitting out an expedition to enter the Scheldt, to attack Antwerp the great naval arsenal of France. Its garrison, consisting of but two thousand invalid soldiers, was quite unequal to the defense of the extensive works of this important maritime dépôt. Napoleon, with all his energies absorbed by the war in Spain and on the Danube, could send no considerable force for its relief. The British armament consisted of one hundred and seventy-five vessels of war, besides innumerable transports, and conveyed in soldiers and sailors, an army of one hundred thousand combatants. It was considered the largest and best equipped expedition which had put to sea in modern times. The effect of the conquest of Antwerp would have been immense. "It would destroy at once," says Alison, "the principal naval resources and fleets of the enemy; animate all the north of Germany, by the prospect of a powerful army having gained a footing on their own shores; and intercept, by pressing dangers at home, a large portion of the reinforcements destined for the *Grand Army*." The expedition was intrusted to Lord Chatham, son of the illustrious statesman and brother of William Pitt.*

In Italy the Archduke John with 80,000 Austrians was driving before him Prince Eugene, who could oppose to him but 50,000 troops. Eugene had imprudently hazarded a battle, and was signally defeated.

His discomfiture had been so entire that he feared to announce the facts to Napoleon. He wrote to him, "My father, I need your indulgence. Fearing your censure if I retreated, I accepted the offer of battle, and have lost it." Napoleon was much embarrassed. He knew not how great the losses were, nor what danger might consequently menace him from his right flank. Displeased with Eugene, not for his defeat, but for withholding information, he wrote, "You have been beaten. Be it so. I ought to have known how it would be when I named as general a young man without experience. As for your losses I will send you wherewith to repair them. The advantages gained by the enemy I shall know how to neutralize. But to do this, I must be in possession of every particular; and I know nothing! I am compelled to seek in foreign bulletins for the facts of which you ought to inform me. I am doing that which I have never before done and which must, of all things, be most repugnant to a prudent general; I am marching with my wings in the air, unconscious of what is passing on my flanks. Fortunately I can brave all risks, thanks to the blows I have struck, but it is miserable to be kept in such a state of ignorance. War is a serious game, in which are staked one's reputation, one's troops and one's country. A man should reason and examine himself in order to learn whether or not he is fitted by nature for the art. I know that in Italy you affect to despise Massena. If I had sent him this would not have occurred. Massena possesses military talents before which you all should bow. And if he has faults they must be forgotten, for every man has some. In confiding to you my army of Italy, I have committed an error. I should have sent Massena and have given you command of the cavalry under his orders. The Prince Royal of Bavaria admirably commands a division under the Duke of Dantzig. I think that if circumstances become urgent you should write to the King of Naples [Murat] to join the army. You will give up the command to him and put yourself under his orders. It is a matter of course that you should have less experience in war than a man whose occupation it has been for eighteen years." Such were the disasters which were accumulating around Napoleon even in the hour of victory; so numerous and so unrelenting were the foes against whom he was most heroically struggling.

While at Vienna a little incident occurred which develops that native nobleness of character which all must recognize and admire. One of the chief surgeons of the army was lodged in the suburbs of the city, at the house of an aged canoness. The surgeon, having one day taken too much wine, wrote her an impertinent letter. She immediately appealed to General Andreossy for protection, sending to him the letter. He forwarded her letter, and also the one she had received from the surgeon, to the Emperor. Napoleon immediately sent an order for the surgeon to appear on parade the following morning. At the appointed hour Napoleon rapidly descended the steps of his palace, with

* "The exertions of England at the same period," says Sir Walter Scott, "were of a nature and upon a scale to surprise the world. It seemed as if her flag literally overshadowed the whole seas, on the coasts of Italy, Spain, the Ionian Islands, the Baltic sea. Wherever there was the least show of resistance to the yoke of Bonaparte, the assistance of the English was appealed to, and was readily afforded. The general principle was indeed adopted, that the expeditions of Britain should be directed where they could do the cause of Europe the most benefit, and the interests of Napoleon the greatest harm. But still there remained a lurking wish that they could be so directed as, at the same time, to acquire some peculiar and separate advantage to England and to secure what was called a British object."

a countenance expressive of deep indignation, and, without speaking to any one, advanced toward the ranks, holding the letters in his hand.

"Let M—— come forward," he exclaimed. As the surgeon approached, the Emperor extended the letter toward him, and said in indignant tones, "Did you write this infamous letter?"

"Pardon, Sire," the overwhelmed surgeon exclaimed. "I was intoxicated at the time, and did not know what I did."

"Miserable man," exclaimed Napoleon, "to outrage a canoness worthy of respect, and bowed down with the calamities of war. I do not admit your excuse. I degrade you from the Legion of Honor. You are unworthy to bear that venerated symbol. General Dersonne, see that this order is executed. Insult an aged woman! I respect an aged woman as if she were my mother!"

The news of Napoleon's astonishing triumph at Eckmuhl, and of his resistless march to Vienna, spread rapidly through Europe. It animated the friends of Napoleon, and sent dismay to the hearts of his enemies. Schill was pursued, and his army entirely put to the rout. The Archduke Ferdinand who was ravaging Saxony, and who had captured Warsaw, was compelled to retreat precipitately to lend aid to the Archduke Charles. The Austrians were unable to send any succor to the Tyrolese, and the sanguinary insurrection was soon put down. In Italy Eugene was retreating before the forces of the triumphant Archduke John. At last almost in despair he resolved to try the issue of another battle. He concentrated his army near Verona. The Austrians, flushed with success, and far outnumbering the army of the viceroy, came rushing over the hills sure of an easy victory. Suddenly there was heard in the distance a tremendous cannonading. Neither party knew the cause. The Austrians, however, were confident that it was a division of the Austrian army commencing the attack. The Italians feared that it was so. But soon the tidings were brought to Eugene that the cannonading they heard was the rejoicing in Verona over a great victory of Napoleon, that he had scattered the Austrian army to the winds at Eckmuhl, and was marching victoriously upon Vienna. At the same moment a courier arrived at the head-quarters of the Archduke John, and informed him of the disasters which the Austrian arms had met upon the Danube. He was ordered to return with the utmost possible speed to Vienna, to protect the capital. The Austrians were in dismay. A spontaneous shout of joy burst from the lips of the Italians. Eugene and one of his officers rode to a neighboring eminence, which commanded an extensive view of the region occupied by the hostile armies. Far off in the distant horizon they saw a long line of military wagons advancing toward the north. Eugene grasped the hand of his officer, exclaiming, "The Austrians have commenced their retreat." Immediately his own army was put in motion to pursue the retiring foe. Thus, while the legions of Napoleon were thundering down the valley of the Danube, sweeping all resistance before them, the Archduke Charles, having recruited his forces in Bohemia, was hurrying to the capital down the left banks of the river. The Archduke Ferdinand abandoning Poland, was rushing from the north with a victorious army for the protection of the capital. The Austrian forces in the Tyrol, and the proud army of the Archduke John, in Italy, were also hastening, by forced marches, to meet that audacious foe, who had dared to throw himself with such apparent recklessness into the midst of his multitudinous enemies. Thus Napoleon, the victor, was deemed by Europe irretrievably ruined. He was marching boldly upon Vienna, while five hundred thousand armed men, from every quarter of the compass were rushing to meet him there. It was not thought possible that he could extricate himself from the assailment of such countless hosts. Even Paris was panic-stricken in view of his peril, and the royalists fomented new plots for the restoration of the Bourbons.*

* Napoleon was now contending against the seventh coalition which had been formed against Republican France. The *first* coalition against France was concluded between Austria and Prussia to check the progress of the French revolution, Feb. 7, 1792. The *second* coalition was that of 1793, in which Germany declared war against Republican France, and was joined by Portugal, Naples, Tuscany, and the Pope. The *third* coalition was formed at St. Petersburg, between England, Russia, and Austria, the 28th of September, 1795. Napoleon was then just emerging into manhood. He drove the English from Toulon; repelled the invading Austrians, and shattered the coalition by the tremendous blows he struck in the first Italian campaign. England, from her inaccessible island, continued the war, and organized a *fourth* coalition against France with Russia, Austria, Naples, and Turkey, December 28th, 1796. The ties of this coalition Napoleon severed with his sword at Marengo. Peace soon smiled upon Europe. Napoleon was hailed as the great pacificator. Hardly had one short year passed ere England again declared war, and formed the *fifth* coalition the 18th of April, 1803, between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. At Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon again repelled his assailants, and again compelled them to sheathe the sword. But hardly had the blade entered the scabbard, before it was again drawn and fiercely brandished, as England, Russia, Prussia, Saxony, and other minor powers formed a *sixth* coalition, and marched upon France. Napoleon met them at Jena and Auerstadt, at Eylau and Friedland, and disciplined them again into good behavior. The peace of Tilsit was signed the 9th of July, 1807. Not two years had passed before England had organized a *seventh* coalition with the insurgents of Spain and Portugal and with Austria. On the blood-stained field of Wagram, Napoleon detached Austria from this alliance. The peace of Vienna was signed October 14, 1809. Then came the last great combination of nearly all the monarchs of Europe. England, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, Naples, Denmark, and various minor princes, with more than a million of bayonets, rushed upon exhausted France. Napoleon, overpowered by numbers, yet struggling heroically to the last, fell, and the chains of feudal despotism were riveted anew upon Europe. The wrong which England has inflicted upon humanity by organizing and heading these coalitions of despotism, she never can repair. As Napoleon thus saw coalition after coalition organized against him, he one day said sadly, "We shall have to fight till we are eighty years of age." See Article "Coalition," *Encyclopædia Americana.*

THE DYING HUSBAND.

THOU art getting wan and pale, dearest;
Thy blush has flown away,
And thy fragile form more fragile grows
Every day—
Every gloomy day that brings
That mournful moment near
When we must part, to meet no more
On this dull sphere.

I feel the hour is drawing nigh
When I must quit this life,
And leave, I trust, for happier one
Its scene of strife.
Oh, could I steal the sting with me
'Twill bring to thy fond heart,
Without one pang, or tear, or sigh,
I could depart.

But oh! it rends my bosom deep
To watch thy stifled pain—
To see thy efforts to bear up,
And smile again
While, as thou raisest up my head
And hang'st my pillow o'er,
Thy tearful eye too plainly tells
An aching core.

Ah! little, little did I dream
The grief in store for thee,
When I invited thee to share
My destiny.
My heart, but young and hopeful then,
Before me only viewed
Bright hours of sunshine to divide,
With roses strew'd.

How sadly false those hopes have proved
Thy aching breast must feel—
Torn by affection that might break
A heart of steel.
Had I but known this mournful fate
Ere wedded life began,
No breaking heart should watch to-night
A dying man.

Oh! what a life of misery,
Partner of my distress,
Thy lot has been since linked with mine:
Worst wretchedness.
To watch me laboring for bread,
My brain and hand outworn,
Till prostrated by fell disease,
I sank forlorn.

Yet never in my fretful mood
Did angry word or look
Return my ill-deserved wrath
With one rebuke.
No; always patient, ever fond,
And bending to my will,
Thy gentle spirit murmured not
One word of ill.

The hour will soon arrive, my own,
When I can wrong no more,
And life for me, with all its cares,
Will soon be o'er.

I need not ask *thee* to forget
Each word or thought unkind;
Thy loving heart I know too well—
Thy gentle mind.

The little pledge that crowned our love,
That smiling little elf,
Dear to my heart because so like
Thy own sweet self.
Ay, bring her near me—let me look
My last in her dear face,
Where all her mother's gentle charms
I fondly trace.

She will be dearer to thee now
That I am torn away.
Poor infant, to be fatherless
Ere one short day.
But thou wilt watch and guide her steps
Into a heavenward road,
And lead her from this world of sin,
Nearer her God.

Nay, let not all thy bitter grief
Be stifled and suppressed:
Weep out thy poor afflicted soul
On this fond breast.
'Tis not a hopeless parting, dear—
We'll meet in world more bright,
And live forever in those realms
Of endless light.

The happiest hours that blessed us here
Were misery and woe,
Compared to those beyond this scene
We yet shall know.
Then live for that bright world of bliss,
And feed thy drooping heart
On hopes of that blest hour when we
Shall never part.

CELESTE BERTIN.

THE incidents which I am about to relate took place in the year 18—, shortly after I had taken out my diploma in Paris. I had just exchanged the gay *insouciance* of student-life for the forced decorum of the physician.

My resources were far from ample; indeed, I had often great difficulty in scraping together the few francs necessary for my weekly rent, and I have known what it was, occasionally, to take a walk instead of a dinner. I led a dull life: with no amusements, no friends. This year, however, a patient had chanced to give me a season-ticket for the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. It was my sole recreation, and I went every night.

A *débutante* was advertised to appear in a new play. Author and actress were alike unknown: report spoke vaguely and variously of their merits: the theatrical world was thrown into a fever of anticipative excitement, and I among the rest.

The Porte St. Martin was my theatrical world. The Odéon and the Variétés were become to me as unknown regions: I was an alien to the Ambigus, and sighed in vain for the Opéra Comique. As you may suppose, this announcement was

full of interest for me—I had nothing else to think of for weeks before the event.

The evening came: I was one of the first arrivals, and succeeded in obtaining my usual seat in the centre of the pit. The house was crowded long before the musicians made their appearance; and during the long half-hour before the play commenced, I amused myself with trying to discover the new author, by the anxious expression which must, of course, be visible in his face. I fixed upon one individual, in the nearest stage-box, as the candidate for dramatic fame. He was a pale young man, dressed with faultless taste, and was gazing earnestly round the house—not like a theatrical *habitué*, who stares languidly about him to single out his acquaintances with a nod—but nervously and apprehensively, as one who dreads a critic in every spectator. He was alone, and I observed that every now and then he wiped his forehead, or folded his arms resolutely across his chest, as if to keep down the agitation that possessed him. When the overture began, he retired behind the draperies of the box, and when the curtain rose I forgot him.

The first and second scenes were decidedly dull. Bocage played the hero, a young Spanish *cavaliero;* but he could produce no effect in it—the house was cold and silent—the applause that welcomed Bocage was for the actor, and not the piece. The *débutante*, however, had not yet made her appearance, and the audience began to whisper to each other that if the lady were no better than the play, and the play no better than at present, the whole must be a failure. The third scene began: the stage represented the environs of Granada, in the time of Boabdil el Chico; a party of Moors, ignorant of the near approach of the Spanish invaders, were carousing under some trees. Wine and fancied security rendered them insensible of danger: far away was heard the faint echoing tread of the hostile troops; in front, the song, the wine-cup, and the dance. On a sudden, a wild and beautiful form bounded into the circle of revelers! Her arms extended, her hair floating on the wind, one hand grasping a lance—fire, disdain, inspiration in her eye: so stood Celeste Bertin. A thrill of admiration ran through the audience: Celeste spoke—words of energy and reproach. Her voice filled the theatre, and rang upon the ear like martial music. She pointed to the distant hills, and to the coming foe; she bade them rise and save the city of their fathers; the Spaniard and slavery was at hand; day waned, and night was coming fast; back, back to Granada while yet was time; to arms! to arms! to arms!

One look, one gesture, one word of proud command—and she was gone! The curtain instantly fell: it was the close of the first act.

For a moment there was a pause—and then an overwhelming tempest of applause. All rose simultaneously; the house shook with the sound, and even the band partook of the general enthusiasm.

Her triumph was complete: at the end of every act she was twice called upon the stage; and with every act she rose in power and sublimity. As the Moorish dancing-girl who devotes herself to the defense of her people—who inspires her countrymen with fearlessness—who raises the drooping courage of the indolent Boabdil himself—who sacrifices even her love to her patriotism—and who, at the last, herself leads on the Moors to the last fatal engagement, and dies by the sword of her lover, Bertin carried the hopes and fears of the whole audience along with her. Heroism, nobleness, and devotedness, were painted by her with a truth such as I had never beheld on a stage before. Nine times she was summoned before the curtain at the end of the play; flowers and even jewels were cast to her from the boxes: Paris had never before so rapturously greeted a *débutante!*

For the ninth time she had bowed and retired, when some one called for the author. The cry was taken up; the curtain moved again, and—I had guessed aright!—the occupant of the stage-box stepped forward, and acknowledged, in a few words, the favors of the public. He was sensible, he said, that for his success he was entirely indebted to Mdlle. Bertin; he was proud—glad—grateful—he knew not how to express all that he felt, but he thanked them respectfully and sincerely.

There were a couple of *vaudevilles* to follow, but I left directly, for I could see nothing after Celeste Bertin, and returned home in a rapture of admiration.

Night after night all Paris flocked to the Porte St. Martin to worship the divine actress—I among the throng of her followers. Every glance, every gesture, and tone of the beautiful *artiste* was treasured in my memory, and my chief delight after leaving the theatre was to study the play attentively, and endeavor to recall the enchantment of her voice and eyes in every passage.

She was the subject of every conversation. The strangest stories were afloat respecting her. From the highest gentleman to the poorest *garçon de boutique*, all had some vague report to circulate. But all agreed in one point, that she was betrothed and tenderly attached to M. Victor, the young author in whose play she had made her first appearance.

Six weeks had passed away: the season was at its height, and matters were the same at the Porte St. Martin. Still Celeste Bertin rose in public estimation with every character that she performed. One night, after she had surpassed all her former grandeur, and taken us by storm in the *Phedre* of Racine, I had returned home, as usual, to read the piece, and endeavor to reproduce in my memory the inspired interpretation of the *tragédienne*. I had drawn my chair to the fire; my reading-lamp stood on a table beside me, and I was bending over a volume of the great dramatic poet, when a sudden and violent knocking at the outer door startled me: I listened—it was repeated; and as I opened the window, a voice cried loudly:

"Holà! holà! is there a surgeon in this house?"

"I am a physician," I replied.

"Yes, yes, come down—come instantly, *pour l'amour de Dieu!* quick! there is no time to be lost!"

I seized my hat, ran to the door, and there found a man, who, the moment that I appeared, beckoned to me to follow, and set off running down the street. I had no resource but to run also, and so I chased him down two neighboring streets, till he stopped before the gate of a small house, and there paused for me to come up. Both gate and door were standing open, probably as he had left them in his haste: through these he quickly led me up a flight of stairs and into a small bedchamber. There were three persons in the room: a female on the bed, an old man crouching in a chair by the fireside, weeping bitterly, and a woman-servant, who was bathing the forehead of the sufferer.

"She has been undergoing great excitement," said my guide, pointing hurriedly to the bed; "she had scarcely reached home when she complained of giddiness and exhaustion; about half an hour ago she became suddenly convulsed, and—"

I seized a candle and crossed rapidly to the patient. Heavens! It was Celeste Bertin! pale and motionless; dressed in the gorgeous robes in which I had beheld her a couple of hours since, brilliant with genius and power, on the boards of the theatre. There she lay—her eyes closed—her splendid hair, yet glittering with jewels, unbound and scattered in wild disorder—her hands contracted—her whole form rigid and cold. Blood-stains were on her lips, and on the pillow: she had ruptured a vessel on the lungs.

For an instant, consternation almost deprived me of the power of thought: I trembled to think that the very life of this wonderful being depended on my promptitude and skill. I turned to my conductor—it was M. Victor, her lover. The expression of agony and entreaty upon his face restored me to myself: I hastened to apply the proper restoratives, and to release the patient from some of the incumbrances of her theatrical costume. After a time, I had the satisfaction to find warmth and consciousness return—she would have spoken, but I forbade the exertion; I explained to her that she had had a sudden attack of illness, that the utmost quiet was necessary, and that I should remain all night beside her couch, in order that no requisite attention should be wanting.

I did so, and dismissed all but the female attendant for the night. M. Victor pressed my hand gratefully on retiring, and thanked me with intense earnestness. The old man, whom I took to be her father, seemed stupid with grief, and scarcely sensible of what was passing.

During the whole night she slept so stilly and motionless, that many times I bent over her to listen if she really breathed. All seemed to me like a strange dream, as I sat hour after hour watching her pale and lovely face, and contrasting her, as she lay there, with the terrible and thrilling *Phèdre* that had, but a few brief hours since, transfixed me with her appalling beauty.

The servant sitting at the other side of the bed fell asleep: the feeble lamplight shed a pallid glare upon the face of my patient; not a sound in the house, save the ticking of my watch; not a whisper in the quiet street without. The silence, the solitude, the mental exertion which I had gone through, all oppressed me; things around me were beginning to yield to the influence of extreme lassitude, and to assume strange and indistinct forms. My eyes closed—my breathing became heavy—I was just falling into a deep, calm sleep, when I felt my wrist grasped tightly, and heard a movement in the bed.

She was sitting upright, turned toward me, and looking at me with a strangely mingled expression of anger and alarm.

"Monsieur, awake!"

For Heaven's sake, mademoiselle, be still!" I cried, bewildered and roused: "you may not exert yourself; you know not what you do."

"Exert myself! It is of that I would speak. Hear me. I must play to-morrow night."

"Impossible!" I ejaculated.

"*Qu'est-ce que vous me dites?* Impossible! I must!"

Madame," I said, firmly, "lie down. I will not answer for your life unless you obey me in this."

"I must play."

"You shall not. My reputation is at stake: I value that, if you do not value your life."

"I must! it is necessary—you do not know how necessary. Ah, monsieur," she went on, with a sudden change to gentleness and entreaty—"Ah, monsieur, but this one night; by your art give me strength and power to play this one, only night, and I care not if I never live another."

"Madame, lie down."

She obeyed me. I administered a few drops of cordial, took my seat, and looking steadily in her face, went on:

"Repose and silence are the conditions on which you live. Declamation and excitement would be your death. If I permit you to infringe the slight and fragile tenure on which your existence depends—if I assist you to your destruction, I am, in effect, a murderer. I know of no right by which mademoiselle dares to commit self-murder: it is my duty to prevent her, and I will."

What a fierce gleam was that that shot from her dark eyes as I said these words! Impatience, disdain, almost hatred, flashed upon me in their lustrous glance. But she was silent, if not conquered: she turned her face hastily from me, and we spoke no more.

Day dawned at last—gray, cold, sunless day. Heavy clouds shut in the sky; not a bird sang; not a leaf stirred; not a stray beam made its appearance. She slept. Silently her father and lover came and went; silently the attendant summoned me down to the *salon* for refresh-

ment; silently many times that day we stood around her couch in hope and fear, and still she slept on. It was a fortunate slumber, and during its long continuance we had the unspeakable joy of witnessing the returning bloom—of hearing the calm and regular breath; and from it we hoped and foretold good.

The shades of evening fell. All day she had reposed in that life-giving oblivion, and yet showed no sign of waking. I thought that I might venture to my lodgings for a few moments to read any letters that might have arrived for me. Promising to return in an hour, I went.

A man was pacing up and down my apartment when I entered. His back was turned toward me: he was tall and well-formed: a hat and gloves were thrown upon the table, and a large cloak was cast carelessly upon a chair. I stopped and observed him. I felt sure that he was a stranger; and yet it was somewhat familiar thus to take possession of my rooms. He stopped—looked out of the window—so stood for some minutes—then turned, and seeing me, bowed with perfect self-possession, and addressed me.

"Monsieur H——, I believe?"

I assented.

"Monsieur is the medical adviser of Mdlle. Bertin?"

"I have that honor."

"Will Monsieur favor me with his unreserved opinion of the lady's illness—if it be likely [here his voice altered slightly] to—to have a fatal termination?"

I replied briefly that the symptoms had been highly favorable, and that I believed rest and seclusion might, in a few weeks, effect a perfect cure.

He took a card from his pocket, and wrote some words on it in a small, concise hand. While he was doing this, I had leisure to observe his pale, dark countenance, his firm lip, his easy, aristocratic grace. A brilliant of intense lustre glittered on his finger; the rest of his attire was fastidiously plain.

"Oblige me, monsieur," he said, "by giving this to your patient. Good-evening." He threw his cloak round him, seized his hat, and was gone. In another moment I heard the wheels of a carriage drive to the door, saw him step in, and, ere a second had elapsed, the vehicle had turned the corner of the street, and disappeared. There was a coronet upon the panels. I turned to the table, and took up the card. It bore the name of the Prince de C——. A folded paper was laid beneath it, on which was written a draft for one thousand francs!

Pride and Poverty had a hard struggle that evening, and Poverty conquered. I was poor—very poor. The prince had paid me for my attendance on his friend; I might, on this ground, refuse payment from her, and so balance the obligation. My present need was great, and—I put the draft in my pocket-book. The heroic reader may condemn me for having thus accepted money from an entire stranger—*mais, le pauvreté est dure!* Let him first be in my position, and then pass judgment upon me.

But to my narrative. Time was flying, and I had promised to return to the Rue St. P—— in an hour. Half that time was already past! I had several things to arrange, some change of attire to effect, a note to write, and a consultation to hold with my landlady. With my utmost speed, these occupied me an hour beyond the appointed time: at last I left the house, and hastened with nervous rapidity in the direction of my patient. When I was more than half-way, I remembered the card of the Prince de C——, and was forced to turn back again, for I had left it on the table. I am not superstitious, but this return and my delay seemed ominous to me. I felt into an unusual trepidation, and when within a yard or two of my own door, felt an anxious haste, that appeared to summon me back again without delaying even then to go in.

"Bah!" I exclaimed, to myself, "this is mere childishness!"

And I went in, up-stairs, and taking from the table the prince's card, observed, for the first time, that the writing with which the back was closely lined was in cipher. I was surprised, and, I confess it, somewhat curious; but I thrust it into my pocket, ran down-stairs, and presently was running once more in the direction of the Rue St. P——.

And now, as I approached it, my agitation returned in tenfold power. The nearer I drew, the less I dared to go forward: some horrible influence was upon me—some vague and formless dread that moved my inward soul with apprehension, and seemed to clog my footsteps to the ground.

The door stood open. *I* had not left it so. I went up. The door of her chamber stood open likewise. I paused upon the threshold, and then walked noiselessly in.

I had half-expected the shock. She was gone!

Gone! and not a soul was there to tell me whither! I rang the bell furiously: I cried aloud; I opened every door and closet; I entered every room, from attic to kitchen.

Father, lover, servant, patient—all gone! Every place silent and empty.

She was gone—gone to the theatre—to her death! And the empty house! The rest were gone upon a vain search for her. I alone knew the fatal direction of her steps!

Till this moment I had never known I loved her. All unquestioned, I had suffered my heart to cherish and garner up a hopeless passion. I was paralyzed, body and mind—plunged into a dreamy wilderness of grief, without the power to think or act.

The time-piece in the dressing-room struck seven. In another half-hour she would be again upon the stage delighting all hearers with the last inspiration of her genius. I started up—

"Perhaps even now I may rescue her from

the fatal excitement of performance! perhaps even now prevail upon her to return!"

My foot was already at the threshold, when I fancied, as my glance just rested on the bed, that I saw a paper lying beside her pillow. I stopped, turned back, and drew forth a crumpled letter, all blotted and blistered over with tears. These words were written upon it in a bold, firm hand, and were, in some places, almost illegible.

"Celeste Bertin. You are mistaken in the Prince de C——. He does not mean to wed you. He is engaged to another. The king and the court will be in the theatre to-morrow evening, and *she* will be among them. You will perceive a dark, handsome woman, to whom will be given a seat at the right hand of the queen. That is the Duchessa da G——, an Italian of birth and fortune—your rival. Wretched woman! why were you not content with one faithful lover? Victor *does* love you. The Prince de C—— loves you also—as he would a horse, a hound, or a falcon—for his amusement! Watch them narrowly to-morrow night. Convince yourself of the truth, and break your heart, if you will. Celeste Bertin, how did you dare to forget that you were only an actress!"

Here then was the secret! Hence her agitation, her illness, her frantic determination to perform! An anonymous and cruel letter—a secret love-affair kept hidden from her father and her betrothed husband—a resolute intention to judge for herself and know the worst!

In five minutes I was at the stage-door of the Théâtre Porte St. Martin, urging the officials to let me speak with Mdlle. Bertin.

"Impossible—Mademoiselle is in her dressing-room."

"But I must see her—my business is of the utmost importance."

"At the end of the first act I will deliver Monsieur's request."

"It must be now! Go to her—say that it is I—M. H——, her physician. I am sure that she will speak with me."

The man hesitated, and was about to seek her, when a well-dressed person stepped from behind a desk and addressed me:

"M. H——," here he referred to a paper in his hand—"Mdlle. Bertin desired particularly that if a gentleman of that name should ask to see her, he should on no account be admitted. I am very sorry, monsieur, but such were mademoiselle's commands."

"But I tell you that I will enter—she will die without you admit me! nay, she is dying even now!"

They smiled, and closed the door in my face. I know not how I got there, but I next found myself in the theatre. It was crowded: there was scarce room for me to stand: the last notes of the overture were thundering from the orchestra—the curtain rose.

The play was one that had been written for her by M. Victor, and this was but the second or third time of its performance. Strangely appropriate in plot, it painted the career of an actress beloved by a nobleman, whom she, in return, loves with all her heart and her genius! This nobleman is also loved by a princess of the court, and who mortally detests her rival in his affections. The princess is a married woman; and it is the double discovery of her lover's seeming infidelity and the unworthy nature of his attachment that goads the actress to despair. Finally, by a perfidious stratagem, she dies from inhaling the fatal perfume of a poisoned bouquet, at the moment when her lover explains all, and offers her his hand and fortune. During the first act I saw and heard nothing. She did not play in it. The second act commenced, and a welcoming burst of applause told me that she had appeared upon the stage. I did not dare to look upon her. For some moments there was silence: then her voice, in all its depth and melody, fell upon my ear, and I turned my eyes toward her. How beautiful and pale she stood! Robed all in white garments; her black hair parted on her brow; her hand grasping a roll of paper; and a wild, boding illumination in her eyes, which I alone in all that house could interpret!

During the first few scenes she was subdued and calm: several times she pressed her hand to her breast, as if in pain, but still she went on. Then doubt, then jealousy began to possess her. It was fearful to witness the workings of these passions struggling with woman's gentleness, and woman's faith—to hear the low, suppressed cry of agony—to see the quivering lip, the blanched cheek, the slow, unwilling belief of wrong and infidelity.

She confronts her rival—meets her face to face, and the actress and princess read each others' souls. In a recitation which she is requested to give, she pours forth all her wrongs and her reproaches. Under the vail of a fiction, she lays bare the guilty love of the high lady, overwhelms her with hatred and disdain.

Ha! Celeste, thou art no longer acting—thou takest this scene to thyself! Thine eyes dilate and burn; thy voice, gathering in power, withering with scorn, utters sarcasm and defiance; whither is that terrible look directed!

To the royal box, where sit the rulers of the land. There sat the Duchessa da G——, interested, delighted, unsuspicious; and there, too, sat the Prince de C——, pale, guilty, trembling—withdrawn into a corner of the box, conscious and abashed.

It was no acted play: it was a life-drama—a true tragedy!

The last act commenced. Her voice now seemed weaker, and her step faltered; but a hectic color, that defied even the glaring stage-lamps, suffused her cheeks, and fiercer still glowed the dark fires of her eyes. A strange air of exultation and triumph was apparent in her voice and gestures; her tones had a thrilling, a penetrating significance that made itself felt in every breast. The audience were breathless with suspense. I sat spell-bound and trem-

bling. The reconcilement came: with what exquisite tenderness she loved and trusted again—with what grace and delicacy accorded her generous pardon and her gentle love! Where was now the haughty actress, the injured woman? All melted into love and forgiveness!

I looked involuntarily at the prince. He held his handkerchief to his face: perhaps his heart was touched—perhaps he wept.

At last, she inhales the poison, and slowly it begins to take effect. Visible first in the tremulous tones, and the languid postures; then in the failing memory and the ghastly cheek; then in the wandering mind, the extended hands, the seeking glance, and the unseeing eye!

Could this be art?

Hark! she speaks words that are not in the part—broken, wailing words of intense agony.

There is an outcry in the royal box:

"Help! help! she is dying!"

It is the Prince de C——, losing his presence of mind with terror and conviction, stretching forth his hand—pointing wildly to the stage, regardless of king or queen, or any thing but the terrible truth of what he sees before him.

She sprang to her feet. Her face was still beautiful, but convulsed with pain, lit with unnatural excitement, vivid with the dawn of immortality. She turned that face, that look, upon him, and so stood for a few seconds; then the light faded from her eyes, her lips moved, her arms were tossed wildly above her head—she fell.

In an instant the stage was covered; gentlemen from the boxes, stalls, *parterre*, all crowded round her in consternation—and among them, myself. I pushed through the wondering throng, crying loudly that I was a physician. They made way for me: I knelt down beside her: a crimson stream was bubbling from her lips; her hands were firmly clenched, her eyes closed. She uttered no sound—a shudder passed through her frame—her heart beat no longer: all was over!

I never again beheld any of the actors in this tragedy of real life. Her father, I was told, survived his child but a few months. M. Victor entered the church, and is now an abbé and a devotee. The Prince de C—— left Paris instantly for foreign service. For myself, I am an old bachelor, striving humbly to be as useful in the world as wealth and good-will can make me. I go little into society, and never into the theatres. I have not married, and I never shall. Celeste Bertin was my first love and my last.

DOES THE DEW FALL?

THERE are few of you, we will venture to say, who have not admired the beauty of the drops of dew, as they have glistened in the bright rays of the morning sun. How light and cheerful they look, as they hang like rows of glittering pearls on the points of the grass, and along the edges of the leaves! And when you have been up thus early for a walk in the fields, the consciousness that you have not wasted your hours in bed has contributed, together with the freshness of the morning air, to put you in excellent spirits, and to make you fit to admire the beauties of nature. You walk on with a light step and a cheerful heart, and every thing looks smiling around you; for—

> "Bright every dewy hawthorn shines,
> Sweet every herb is growing,
> To him whose willing heart inclines
> The way that he is going."

Perhaps you have wondered where the dew can have come from, and how it is formed, and who has formed it; perhaps, too, you have thought, with the people of ancient times, that those delicate particles of dew which you see so abundant, after a fine, clear, starlight night, must have descended from the skies; though you may not, like them, imagine that they are shed upon the earth from the bright moon and stars.

It was, indeed, long believed that dew, like the rain, descended from the sky. And doubtless this belief was natural enough; for it was observed that the dew was formed in the greatest abundance when the sky was bright and cloudless; and was never formed at all unless the night was tolerably clear. Thus it became evident that there was some connection between the state of the sky and the quantity of the dew; though the nature of this connection was not understood. We can not wonder, then, that men should believe that the dew fell from the sky when no clouds were in the way to prevent it; and that they could conceive of no other way to account for the dew if they did not admit that it had come down from above. Yet this belief continued to prevail after the formation of dew had been truly explained; and, even at the present day, there are, perhaps, few people who have quite got rid of the old opinion. For this reason we will explain to you, as clearly as we can, where it is that the dew comes from.

The first experiments that were made in order to find out where the dew comes from, seemed quite to overthrow the ancient belief; but they led people into another mistake, for they appeared to prove that it ascended from the earth. It was found that, when plates of metal were placed out in the open air, and raised at some distance from the ground, their under-surfaces were alone covered with dew. In addition to this, it had been noticed that the leaves of the trees had often plenty on the under side, and little or none on the upper. So, too, when a number of plates of glass were exposed, placed at different heights above the ground, it was found that the under side of the bottom plate was covered with dew soon after the evening had set in, then the top of the same, afterward the under side of the second, and so on to the uppermost. From these experiments, it was thought that the gentle dew arose out of the earth, like the vapor which the sun's warmth causes to rise from the moist ground in the daytime; but, though these observations were all

correctly made, it was afterward proved that the opinion founded upon them was erroneous.

Before we can explain the origin of dew, you must understand that the air which surrounds us contains at all times a considerable quantity of moisture. Without this, it would be totally unfit for us to breathe; and, in hot weather, would become so burning and pestilential, that animal life could not exist. This moisture is dissolved in the air, just as salt is in the water of the sea; and is contained in it every where, but in larger quantity near the surface of the earth than higher up; because near the earth the air is denser, and is, on this account, able to contain a greater quantity of moisture.

Now, if you want a proof that the air contains moisture, you may have it very easily. Take a decanter of very cold water from a well or spring, and let it be stoppered down; when you have made sure that it is perfectly dry on the outside, carry it into a warm room, and, after it has stood upon the table a short time, you will see moisture gathering about the outside of the neck. This will go on increasingly, till the water within becomes as warm as the air in the room, and then the moisture will gradually disappear. This is nothing else than dew, artificially produced, and is occasioned by the moisture suspended in the warm air of the room being deposited upon the cold glass.

Now, it is found that the warmer the air is, the more moisture it is able to take up; so that, on a warm summer's day, when the air becomes greatly heated, and when the sun causes a large quantity of moisture to rise out of the earth, there is always much more contained in the air than there could be on a cold day. So, too, the air in a warm room occupied by people always abounds in moisture; and hence it very soon shows itself upon the cool surface of the decanter. When any circumstance causes the air to be cooled down so much that it is no longer able to contain all the moisture that was before suspended in it, that moisture must fall in the shape of water; just as the vaporous clouds become converted into rain when they meet with a cold current of air. It rests upon any cool surface that may be near.

You may easily have a very good illustration of the settling down, or the precipitation, as it is called, of a dissolved substance, when the fluid in which it is dissolved becomes less able to support it. Take, for instance, some common alum, and dissolve in a small quantity of hot water as much as it will contain; now, as the water cools it is not able to hold so much of the salt in solution; so part of it again becomes solid, and sinks to the bottom in the form of crystals. Indeed, those of you who are familiar with experiments in chemistry, will know that very often, when solutions of a salt are cooled, the whole becomes suddenly converted into a mass of beautiful crystals. It is by a process similar to this that the moisture which is dissolved in the air becomes changed into dew on the cold ground, or on the grass, or the windows.

You well know that the warm rays of the bright sun make the ground hot in the day-time; so hot, indeed, that you can scarcely bear to put your hands upon it in the days of summer. Thus you may be sure that the sun in the day-time warms the earth very much more than it does the air, so that the moisture can never become dew upon the ground while the sun is still up in the sky. But no sooner has the sun gone down than the ground begins to cool; it sends forth heat into the air aloft, and rapidly cools down, till it becomes much colder than the air itself. This is called radiation; and the earth is said to radiate its heat into the sky.

Now, you will know, by the fact of snow lying all the year round upon the tops of high mountains, that the air is always much colder high up in the sky than it is near the earth. But the heat that is radiated from the earth warms first the lowest portion of the air, and this, thereby becoming lighter, rises, and then the cold air from above rushes down, and cools still more the earth and lower air. After the ground and the things upon it have become cooler than the air, and the lower air itself has become cooled down by the cold currents which descend from the upper regions, the dew begins to form, and is deposited upon the cold grass, and leaves, and ground.

Now, after the earth has become colder than the atmosphere above it, it naturally tends to cool the air that is close to it; and the cold currents rushing down also assist in cooling the air near the earth. Thus it is that the moisture is always formed into dew first near the ground; and then the air gradually becomes cool higher and higher up, and more and more moisture continues to settle. This explains how it was that the plates of glass we spoke of before first had dew settle upon those nearest the ground, and then the dew appeared gradually to rise and cover the higher plates; and it also explains another phenomenon, which you have very likely often observed—viz., the rising of the mist after the setting of the sun, which seems to form along the ground in the meadows, and has the appearance of rising out of the ground as it gradually forms higher up in the air, but which is no other than the moisture of the air becoming visible, and beginning to settle, as it is cooled.

We see, then, that the dew neither falls from the sky nor rises out of the ground. It descends not from the broad expanse of heaven, nor is it the offspring of the rising morn, though such has been the language of the poets. Thus Tasso sings:

"Aurora, smiling from her tranquil sphere,
O'er vale and mountain sheds forth dew and light."

Such is the charming imagery of the poet; but the plain truth is this, that the dew is derived from the moisture accumulated in the air during the day, and which the coolness of night causes to collect into those extremely minute

and beautiful drops which cling to whatever is exposed to them.

But you will very likely begin to wonder why it is that we do not always find dew upon the grass after a warm day; and how it comes to pass that there is sure to be most dew when the night is clear. The reason is, that clouds prevent the cooling down of the air. The clouds themselves radiate the heat which they receive from the earth back again to it; and thus the heat is confined within the space between them and the ground, so that the air can not be sufficiently cooled down for dew to appear. But a few clouds, or even a single one, will have the effect of preventing the escape of heat into the open sky above, and thus of lessening the amount of dew. Even the thinnest cambric handkerchief, spread near the ground, is sufficient to prevent the formation of dew on the ground beneath it; by which you will at once understand how it is that the gardener is able to protect his tender plants from the cold of night, by covering them with a thin, light matting. A strong wind, too, by keeping the air in constant motion, effectually prevents the heat from passing off, and thus diminishes the amount of dew.

It is only when the night is calm—

> "When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
> And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene."

that the dew appears in the greatest abundance. It is then that the heat which is radiated from the earth can be readily dispersed into the immeasured depths of space; and if the air is at the same time loaded with moisture, then every thing is covered with the glittering dew, which contributes to make the fields appear so fresh and green in the early morning.

You have no doubt observed that the dew does not lie equally on all kinds of substances. If, for instance, you have noticed how it lies upon a gate, you have always seen much less upon the iron-work—such as the screws and hinges—than upon the wood-work. There will also be much more on glass than on any metal; for it is found that bad conductors of heat have always more dew on them than good conductors. The reason of this is, that whatever prevents heat from accumulating serves to keep up the cold, and of course the colder the body, the more dew is deposited upon it. By using very delicate (that is, very fine) instruments, the grass is found to be colder at night than the garden mould, and the garden mould cooler than the firm gravel path. So, too, the surface of snow is always very cold; and that of wool or swan's-down, laid on the snow, is still colder. These soft, loose substances are therefore very good for experimenting on the quantity of dew falling; and they can easily be weighed before and after the experiment.

On a cold, frosty morning, you may see the dew formed on the inside of your bedroom windows; for the moisture contained in the warm air of the room is deposited upon the glass panes, which have been cooled by the air without. And if your window has a close shutter, there will be the more dew, because the shutter prevents the heated air of the room from warming the inside of the panes, and thus, by keeping them cooler, allows the greater accumulation of dew.

You will now understand why it is so dangerous to be out late in the evening, and especially after midnight. Then the dew is forming, and the air is so damp and chilly, that you are almost sure to take cold; for nothing is worse than that cold chilling dampness which pervades the air when dew is forming. On a cloudy night there is far less danger; for the air is then warmer and drier, and dew is not deposited. Dew is, however, always more abundant when a clear and bright morning succeeds to a misty evening, and when dry weather follows rain; so that at such times it is not prudent to venture out until the sun begins to rise, and to warm the air with its morning beams. But at the first touch of the sun's rays, the air, warmed thereby, begins again to absorb the moisture that was forming into dew; and soon the glistening dewdrop is no longer seen upon the grass.

BERTHA'S LOVE.

IT was a pleasant evening, and I ran through the garden and along the narrow path that wound down the cliff to the beach. I held in my hand the flowers he had given me, and the soft breeze that tossed my hair over my face was laden with their perfume. I was so happy—I did not ask myself why, but a new and strange sense of blesseelness was throbbing in my heart; and as I stood still and looked at the great sea stretched out before me—at the gorgeous calm of the August sunset—I felt as I had never felt since I was a little child, saying my prayers at my mother's knees.

I wandered along close to where the waves came rippling over the red pebbles. The dark rocks looked glorified in the western radiance, and the feathery clouds floated dreamily in the blue space, as if they were happy too. How strange it was that the beauty of the world had never spoken to my heart till that evening!

I climbed to my favorite seat in the recess of that great black rock which abutted on the sea even at ebb of tide, and where the fantastic peaks of brown stone rise on all sides, save where the incessant beating of the waves have worn them away. All the world was shut out, save ocean and sky; and in the vast mysterious sea heaving in the glow reflected from the heavens, I seemed to find a sympathy with the great happiness that thrilled within me. My hands clasped over the flowers—I raised my head to the still heaven, where a quiet star seemed watching me—and a thanksgiving rose from my very soul to the God who had made the world so fair, and me so happy!

Gentle thoughts arose in my mind:—I thought of my dead mother, and of the great love I had borne her, which, since she died had laid dormant in my heart—*till now!* Ah, how that heart leaped at those little words whispered to

itself. I thought of my olden self—of what I had been but two short weeks before, with a kind of remorse, chastened by pity. If I had had any one to love during all these years, I thought, I should surely never have become the woman I was—whom people called unbending—austere—and cold. Cold! Little they guessed of the passionate yearning for love that had for so long been rudely crushed back into my desolate heart, till all its tenderer feelings were, from their very strength, turning into poison. Little they knew of the fierce impulses subdued—the storms of emotion oftentimes concealed beneath that frigid reserve they deemed want of feeling. But I had always been misunderstood, and harshly judged—I had always been lonely—uncared for—unsympathized with.

Till now!

Now I had some one to love—some one who cared for my love, and who loved me again, as I knew, I felt assured he loved me, though no lover's word or vow had ever passed between us. How holy this new happiness made me! How it sanctified and calmed the troubled heart, so restless, so stormy in its unsatisfied longing heretofore—restoring to it the innocent repose it had not known since it ceased to be a child's heart and became a woman's!

How tenderly I felt to all the world—to my very self, even! I looked down into a deep pool of water formed by a break in the rock: the dark waters gave to my view my face, with its firm, hard outlines, the large, steadfast eyes, and the black hair which I loved, because yesterday Geoffrey had said it was beautiful. I took a curl tenderly into my hand—kissed it—and felt my glad tears fall on it:—what a child I was!

The sunset was fading when I returned home. As I ascended the cliff, I saw a figure that I knew, leaning over the shrubbery gate—a head bent forward with waving hair tossed in his own careless fashion over his brow. His voice reached my ears at the same moment:

"I am watching for you, Bertha; you truant, to stay away so long!"

Who had ever watched for me before! Who had ever taken such note of my absence, or thought the time long when I was away! I felt all this as I quietly pursued my way toward him; keeping my eyes fixed on the rugged pathway, not daring—God help me!—to look up at him when I knew his gaze was on my face.

He opened the gate for me, drew my arm within his, and we slowly walked toward the house.

"We have had visitors this evening," said he; "and one of them remains with Mrs. Warburton to-night. A Miss Lester;—do you know her?"

"I have heard my father speak of her, but I have never seen her."

"Mr. Lester, it seems, knew my father in his young days," he resumed, "and claimed acquaintance with me on that ground. He is a courtly, precise, well-expressed elderly gentleman of the old school. I like him;—a real, thorough-bred formalist nowadays is so rare."

He idly switched with his hand the flower-laden branches of the syringa trees we were sauntering among.

"Mrs. Warburton"—in speaking to me he never called my step-mother by any other name—"Mrs. Warburton is going back with Miss Lester to-morrow, to stay two or three days with her at F——. Then, Bertha, we can have the horses and gallop over the downs, as we have often promised ourselves."

I was silent, and he looked at me curiously.

"Ah—you will like that, little Bertha!" he cried, patting my hand which lay on his arm; "your eyes are not so cautious as your tongue, and I can read what they say, quite well. Why are you hurrying on so fast? They are all in the green-house, looking at the miserable specimens of horticultural vegetation that you savages here call *flowers*. As if tender blossoms born under a southern sky could survive when brought to a bleak precipice like this."

He looked at me again, in laughing surprise. "What, Bertha! not a word to say for your Cornish Cliffs? I expected to have been fairly stunned with your indignation at my impertinence. Are you tired of defending the beloved scenes of your childhood, or do you begin to doubt my sincerity in abusing them?"

I murmured something in reply.

"You know very well that I love them too," he pursued—"that every old tor on the down, every rugged rock on the shore is dear to me. I little thought, when your father insisted on bringing me home with him, that I should spend such a happy time in this wild country. Still less that in the quiet, dark-browed child I just remembered years ago, I should find a dear companion—a friend. Ah, Bertha, you yourself don't know how much you have been my friend—what good you have done me. I am a better man than I was a month ago. If I had had a mother or a sister all these years, I should have done more justice to the blessings God has given me. Nay, Bertha, don't go in yet. I tell you they are showing Miss Lester the poor little geraniums and things that Mrs. Warburton is so proud of; they won't be ready for tea this half-hour, and it is so pleasant out here."

We were standing on the terrace which skirted the southern side of the house. It was the highest part of the ground, and commanded a view of the coast for some miles. I shall never forget the sea as it looked that minute; the moon's first faint rays trembling over the waters—the white foam enlightening the broad colorless waste, where the waves were dashing over the rocks near shore. Again, my spirit was strangely softened within me, and hot tears rose to my eyes. *He* saw them, and gently pressed my hand in sympathy. He thought he understood what I felt, but he did not know—he never knew; I scarcely comprehended my-

self, I was so bewildered by the fullness of happiness that was bounding within me.

"Bertha, you are chilled—you are shivering," said Geoffrey, at length; "perhaps it is too late for you to be out. The dew is falling, and your curls have quite drooped; so we will go in. Good-by to the moon—and sea—and stars!—and, ah, Bertha, good-by for to-night to our pleasant talk together;—*now* we must be sociable, and agreeable, and conventional, I suppose. Is it wrong to wish this intruding Miss Lester at—at Calcutta, or Hyderabad, or any other place sufficiently removed from our quiet family circle! No happy evening for us, Bertha, *this* evening! Your father won't go to sleep over his newspaper, and Mrs. Warburton won't doze over her embroidery, and we shan't have the piano to ourselves. Con—— oh, I could swear!"

When I entered the drawing-room, my father called me to him, and presented me to the young lady who stood by his side.

"This is Mary Lester, the daughter of my old schoolfellow, of whom you must often have heard me speak, Bertha. They have come to stay some months at F——, and Mary is anxious to know you."

With a gesture of girlish cordiality, half eager, yet half shy, Miss Lester took my hand (how brown it looked in the clasp of her white fingers!) and gazed up into my face with her own sweet, loving expression, that I afterward learned to know so well. I was always reserved, repellant perhaps, to strangers; but *now*—I wondered at myself—at my softened manner—at the gentle feelings stirred within me, as I bent toward her, and pressed her hand.

My father was as much pleased as he was surprised, I could see.

"That's well—that's well," said he, as he resumed his seat; "you two ought to be friends, as your fathers were before you."

"I hope so," murmured Mary, in a timid voice, clinging to my hand as I moved to my usual seat at the tea-table. She sat close beside me, and I could see Geoffrey watching us from the window where he was standing, with a displeased expression. I understood so well that twitching of his lip. I, who could interpret every change in his face, every flash of his eye, every turn of his haughty head, I knew that he did not approve of my unwonted amiability to my new friend—that he had a jealous dislike of her in consequence. How happy it made me to know it!—how doubly tender I grew toward the unconscious girl beside me;—what an overflowing satisfaction I found in the reserve and coldness which suddenly came over *him!* He remained silent for some time, during which my father was reading his newspaper, and my stepmother counting the stitches in her embroidery, while Mary Lester and I conversed together. At length my father's attention was aroused.

"Why, Geoffrey!" cried he, "what ails you? This is a day of metamorphoses, I believe. Here is our quiet Bertha chattering gayly, while you, our enlivener-general and talker *par excellence*, sit silent and uncompanionable as a mummy."

"Talkers are like clocks, sir, I think," he answered, laughing lightly, "and one is enough for a room. Especially when that one does duty so admirably." This last was accompanied by a quick glance at me, as he rose from his chair, and sauntered to the window again.

"Bertha, come and look at this star," he cried presently, and I left Mary to my step-mother, and joined him.

"Are you going to be fast friends with that pale-faced little thing all in a minute!" said he, in a low tone; "because, if so, I am *de trop*, and I will go back to London to-morrow morning."

"Dear Geoffrey," I remonstrated, "I must be kind to her; she is our guest. Come and talk, and help me to amuse her."

"I can't amuse young ladies. I detest the whole genus. I dare say she will make you as missish as she is, soon; and then, when I have you to myself again, you'll be changed, and I shan't know you. We were so happy till this visitor came," he added, regretfully, "and now she will spoil our pleasant evening, and our music, and our astronomical lecture, and our metaphysical discussions. How can you like her, Bertha!"

I felt quite a pity for the poor girl he thus unjustly regarded.

"She is gentle and lovable," I urged; "you would like her yourself, Geoffrey, if you would talk to her, and be sociable."

"Sociable!—ah, there you are! I hate sociability, and small parties of dear friends. In my plan of Paradise, people walk about in couples, and three is an unknown number."

I could see that he was recovering his wonted spirits, which, indeed, rarely left him for long.

"Do be good," I persisted, "and come with me, and talk to her."

"And ignore Paradise, for once!" He tossed back his hair with a gesture peculiar to him when he was throwing aside some passing irritation, and then smiling at my serious face—his own frank, sunshiny smile—"Ah, Bertha!" said he, "you put all my peevishness to flight. I had so determined to be ill-tempered and disagreeable—but I can't, it seems. It is impossible to resist your persuasive little voice, and those great, earnest, entreating dark eyes. So we will leave Paradise, and be mundane for the nonce."

We went and sat by Miss Lester. I was glad to be relieved of the necessity of talking much, and I leaned back in my chair, and listened to Geoffrey's animated voice, which was occasionally, but not often, interrupted by a few words from Mary. He was very "good." He threw off all his coldness and reserve, and appeared bent on making atonement for his previous ill-behavior, by being quite friendly with the obnoxious visitor. It was now dusk, and I could only see the shadowy outlines of the two figures—Geoffrey, with his head stretched slightly for-

ward, and his hands every now and then uplifted with an emphasizing gesture; and Mary sitting farther in the shadow. I had thought her very lovely; her beauty was of that species that I especially admired in a woman; perhaps because the golden hair, the regular classic features, and the soft eyes, were all so utterly different to my own. I remembered the face I had seen that day reflected in the rocky pool—the face I had, till lately, thought so forbidding, so unlovely. I should never think so again—never! What a blessed thing it was to know that there was one who looked on it with tenderness, as none had done before since my mother died.

As I mused in the quiet twilight, with his voice murmuring in my ears, and the sense of his presence gladdening me, I again thanked God for sending me such happiness—happiness in which, like as a river in the sunshine, the dark and turbid waters of my life grew beautiful and glorified.

The next morning, immediately after the departure of my step-mother with Miss Lester, Geoffrey and I rode out upon the moore.

It was a tempestuous day. The wind blew fiercely; the clouds careered over the sky in heavy, troubled masses, and not a gleam of sunshine lit up the great waste of moorland as we sped over it.

I reveled in the wildness of the weather and the scene—in the blank desolation of the moor—in the vast tumult of the darkened sea, checkered with foam, which stretched far away, till it joined the louring heavens at the horizon. The great gusts of wind, the general agitation which pervaded earth, sea, and air, inspired me with a sense of keen and intense vitality that I had never felt before. There is no mood of nature that comes amiss to a soul overflowing with its own happiness. I was silently thinking thus when Geoffrey's first words smote me with a strange idea of contrast to the thoughts busy in my mind.

"What a dreary day!" said he; "how forlorn this great barren plain looks! And the wind! It cuts and slashes at one with a vindictive howl, as if it were a personal enemy. Is it possible you can stand against it, Bertha! What an Amazon you are! Fighting with these savage sea-breezes of yours requires all my masculine endurance and fortitude."

"Shall we go back?" I asked him, feeling a vague pain. And, somehow, as I looked round again, the moor *did* look drear and monotonous, and the wind had a wailing sound which I had not noted before. "You are not used to the rough weather we have in the west," I added; "perhaps we had better return, and reserve our ride for a more fitting season."

"No, we won't be so cowardly; and, after all, a day like this is perhaps experienced under its least gloomy aspect in the present circumstances. That is to say, mounted on gallant steeds, and galloping over a broad tract of land, which, Bertha, whatever its shortcomings in picturesque beauty, is, I allow you, first-rate riding-ground."

He urged his horse forward as he spoke, and we dashed on at full speed for some time. The clouds above our heads grew denser and darker every moment. At length a large rain-drop fell, then another, and another. Geoffrey reined in his horse with a suddenness that threw the animal on its haunches.

"A new feature this in the delights of the day," said he, laughing, with a slight touch of peevishness; "a down-pour of rain (steady, old boy!) under the energetic direction of this furious gale, will be a fit culmination to the *agrémens* of our ride. There is enough water in that big round cloud there, to drown us three times over, horses and all. And here it comes."

As, indeed, it did, with a steady and gradually increasing violence. Fortunately, I remembered we were near one of those huge masses of stone, which, from their size and eccentric arrangement, form such objects of curiosity on our Cornish downs. To this we hurried, and, dismounting, secured, with some difficulty, our horses under one projection, and sheltered ourselves under another.

"Welcome retreat!" cried Geoffrey. "I do really wish that the long vexed question, as to how these queer heaps of granite got perched here, were satisfactorily decided, if only that we might bestow our gratitude in the right quarter. Heavens! how the wind blows!"

We were now on high ground, and the gusts came with furious force. I had to catch hold by the stone to keep my footing, once or twice.

"Little Bertha, you will be blown away, you are so tiny!" and he drew my arm through his own. "I must take care of you. Why, you look quite pale! You are not frightened?"

"No, oh no!"

"We are quite safe here; and, after all, this is a fine specimen of the wild and grand. How the sea rolls and throbs in the distance, and what a hollow roar the wind makes among these stones! I am half reconciled to this kind of weather and this kind of scene, Bertha; I begin to see grandeur in this great barren waste of land, and the waste of waters beyond, and the broad heavens meeting that again. The infinitude of monotony absolutely becomes sublime. Ah, you look satisfied; I see you approve of my enthusiastic eloquence. I feel rather proud of it myself, in the teeth of this Titanic wind, too, which," he added, as a fresh gust thundered in upon us, "will certainly carry you off, if you don't hold closely to my arm. It's an awful day! Any other girl would be frightened out of her wits."

Frightened!—I had never known such serene contentment, such an ineffable sense of security, as I felt then, when, clinging to Geoffrey's arm, I looked out on the stormy world without.

There was a silence. A certain timid consciousness constrained me to break it, lest he should observe my taciturnity.

"I trust my step-mother and Miss Lester have

reached F—— in safety," said I; "their road was a very unsheltered one, in case the storm overtook them."

"They went in the phaeton," he rejoined, carelessly, "and they are sure to be all right. Fortunately so, for I am sure that delicate little girl would never stand against such a tempest as this. If she wasn't caught up, bodily, in one of the blasts of this hurricane, which seems to have a great fancy for trying to carry away young ladies, she would expire of sheer terror. You know, we inland dwellers are not accustomed to proceedings like these."

A furious burst of wind, which seemed almost to shake the huge mass of stone we were leaning against, interrupted him; and then came a perfect torrent of large hailstones, which the wind drove in upon us, and which effectually stopped all conversation for the time. Suddenly amid the confusion of sounds, I fancied I heard a cry, as of a human voice, at some little distance; but when I told Geoffrey, he only laughed.

"Isn't our position romantic enough as it is, you insatiable person, but you want, in your genius for dramatic construction, to bring in an underplot—an exciting episode—a sharer in our adventure; a young and lovely girl, who mistakes these hailstones for bullets ('faith, she might be forgiven the blunder!) and shrieks for mercy! or, would you prefer a gallant cavalier, who—"

"Nay," I persevered, "it is quite possible for others besides ourselves to seek shelter among these stones. The F—— road across the moor is not so far distant, remember."

"I prefer a supernatural solution of the problem," he answered, still laughing, "and we will, if you please, attribute the sound in question to the ghostly inhabitant of this wilderness, who is distracted and bewildered by human society, and therefore—"

"I hear voices, Geoffrey—I do, indeed," interrupted I. The hail-storm had subsided, and even the wind, within the last few minutes, had lulled slightly. I ventured outside our rude refuge, and looked around. At a little distance, I saw the dejected head of a thoroughly drenched horse, which I recognized at once as our own "Colin," which had that morning conveyed away my step-mother and our guest, in the phaeton. The carriage itself, and those in it, were hid by the quaint granite heap they were sheltering against.

"Colin, by all that's wonderful!" cried Geoffrey, looking with me. "I beg you a thousand pardons—I'll never question your suppositions again. What melodrama ever hit on a more startling coincidence than this! How did they ever get here, I wonder! Shall I go and ask them!"

He went, without waiting my assent, and I watched him fighting his way against the wind to where the little carriage stood. I heard his frank laugh, and the exclamations of surprise from the two ladies and the attendant servant. Then the voices lowered, so that I could not hear. The fury of the storm had now passed, and, in my experience of the weather incident to our western coast, I knew the wind would soon drop, and a calm evening end a turbulent day.

It seemed a long time before Geoffrey returned, running, and with a face expressive of some concern.

"Poor Miss Lester!" he cried; "in jumping from the phaeton, she missed her footing, and has twisted her ancle, in some way. She can't walk, and she is in very great pain. Come to her, Bertha. Your mysterious cry, you see, is thus unluckily accounted for."

I found Mary Lester crouched among chaise-cushions and warm wraps, her cheeks paler than usual, and her eyes closed, as if in exhaustion. She opened them, however, and smiled affectionately on me, as I approached. My step-mother was sighing and regretting, in a perfectly inane and incoherent manner.

"Had not Miss Lester better be lifted into the chaise and conveyed at once to our house?" I suggested; "it is much nearer, and you will not be expected at F—— after this storm."

"Quite right," pronounced Geoffrey, with his usual air of decision; and while Mrs. Warburton was still in a hazy state of incertitude and despondency, he and I proceeded to take measures for carrying my plan into execution.

Miss Lester had to be fairly carried into the phaeton: Geoffrey, with a few half apologetic words, took her in his strong arms as though she had been a child, and carefully deposited her among the cushions. As he did so, I saw a faint crimson dawning over her pale face, and thought how lovely and how lovable she was. That was my only thought.

We waited till they had driven off, and then Geoffrey and I mounted our horses and followed them. We were both very silent; but I did not care to talk, and therefore did not notice his abstraction. The storm had passed off—the wind was dying away minute by minute, with a low wail that sounded as though it were singing its own requiem. We galloped swiftly over the moor, as I was anxious to reach home before the others, that I might prepare for Miss Lester's reception.

I love to dwell on the recollection of that day. I was so happy, and my happiness made every passing vexation seem as nothing, steeping all the ordinary occurrences of the day in its own sweet calm.

I remember how, after I had carefully settled Miss Lester on a sofa in the pleasant little room leading to the greenhouse, Geoffrey came in, sat down, and took a book. After awhile, I asked him to read aloud, and Mary added her entreaties. And he complied, drew near the sofa, and began. The invalid, resting her head on her hand, looked sometimes half shyly at his face, as if liking to watch unobserved its ever-changing expression; and I sat busying my fingers in some light work, on which I kept my eyes fixed; *I* did not need to look up at his face, I saw it always—always!

It was a German story he was reading, about a brother and sister who loved each other so dearly, that when another love came to the girl she renounced it, and clave to the brother, who had but her in the world for his happiness. When the story was finished I saw tears in Mary Lester's eyes, and so did Geoffrey. He tried to laugh away her pensiveness.

"Do you ladies approve of such a wholesale massacre of people's happiness as this principle would involve, carried out to its fullest extent? 'The greatest misery of the greatest number,' seems to me to be the motto of this school of moralists. Poor Hildegunde—poor Karl—poor Ludwig! Poor every body! One is sick with pity after reading such a story. Isn't it so, Miss Lester?"

She smiled, and drooped her head with a childish bashfulness to hide the moistened eyes.

"I like it," she said, presently; "I like stories about brothers and sisters. *I* have a brother whom I love very dearly."

"As dearly as Hildegunde loved Ludwig?" questioned Geoffrey, half sportively; "would your affection go so far—sacrifice so much?"

Innocently she looked up, as if scarcely comprehending his meaning—then the dark lashes fell again over her flushing cheek. I watched her face—in my keen sense of the beautiful, taking delight in her changeful loveliness—in her artless grace and girlishness.

"I love my brother very much," she murmured, without further answering Geoffrey's question, "and he loves me—dearly."

"I could envy you!" I cried, impulsively; "you must be very happy. The tie between a brother and sister that love one another must be so close—so tender! I can imagine it."

"Imagine it!" echoed Geoffrey, reproachfully. "Ah, Bertha! I do not need recourse to my imagination to know what it is to have a sister." He spoke in a low tone. Somehow, the words smote me with a vague pang. Confused and momentary, for it was gone before I could recognize it. Then I was content to blindly bask in the sunshine of his affectionate glance, while the meaning of his words floated from me and only the music of the caressing tone remained to gladden me. Afterward I remembered.

We sat long into the evening beside Miss Lester's sofa. She grew more familiar with us—less shy and reserved. The innocent girlishness of her nature, as it grew more apparent, ineffably interested me, as I saw it did Geoffrey. I did not wonder at the softened manner, and almost tender tone he seemed involuntarily to assume in speaking to her, as he would have done, I thought, with a child. She was like a child, with all a child's winning ways, and, now that her shyness was gone, all a child's easy, unconventional familiarity.

We were completely to ourselves. During the long August twilight we sat talking gayly—always gayly. The themes of conversation which Geoffrey and I chose when we were alone we each seemed tacitly to agree were too deep—perhaps too sad, for the sunshiny spirit of our visitor; his favorite songs seemed too plaintive, and he whispered me to sing my merriest ballads. I—poor fool, as I moved to the piano, felt an inward delight in thinking that he, as well as I, had a repugnance to our usual converse being shared by any one besides ourselves. After I had finished my song, I still sat at the piano, and the feelings that had been leaping up within me all the day found vent, almost unconsciously to myself, in wild, dreamy music, such as it was often my habit to improvise. Suddenly it was interrupted by Geoffrey, who came hastily to my side, and whispered in my ear—

"Don't, Bertha! Your mournful music saddens her. She does not understand it—the innocent child! Sing another of those quaint old ballads."

I obeyed contentedly. He went back to his seat beside the sofa. As I sang, looking on them both—for his face was turned toward her and away from me, so that I *could* gaze on him—I thought how good he was—how kind! How, with all the nobility and loftiness of manhood, he combined those gentler, tenderer qualities so rarely existing in a masculine nature.

I did him no more than justice: I have always known that, and gloried in knowing it.

I finished singing, went to the window, and looked out on the cold, gray evening sky, and the leaden sea. Every thing rested in a heavy, stony calm. No sign remained of the tumult that was past, except in the trees, which had been shaken nearly bare by the fierce wind—the leaves lying thickly on the ground even before they had caught the autumn tint.

"The world seems absolutely stunned after its fit of passion this morning," said Geoffrey, joining me in my survey; "not a breath of air stirring, and the heavens presenting one blank, moveless mass of cloud. Which do you consider the finest specimen of weather, Bertha, storm or calm?"

"I like them both," said I, smiling, "in their season."

"Oh, you are an imperturbable lassie on all these questions. If an earthquake were to visit us, I believe you would defend it as being especially Cornish." He spoke in an absent, abstracted way, very different from his usual manner. Presently he resumed—

"This very hour last night, Bertha, do you remember we were talking together at the drawing-room window, and you were persuading me to be 'good,' and talk to Miss Lester?"

"Yes, I remember. Are you not convinced now of my reasonableness? Don't you feel inclined to take my advice another time?"

"I don't know, Bertha," he said slowly, and with strange seriousness; "I am not sure if—"

He paused.

"Surely your unfounded prejudice has fairly vanished! You like her now, do you not, as well as I do? At least I judged you did from your manner. No one can help liking her."

He was still silent—his eyes looking far out into the sky, his lip moving as it had a trick of doing when he was thoughtful. I watched him quietly for a while, then I could not forbear asking what troubled him.

"Troubles me?" he echoed, looking down with his old kind smile. "What made you think I was troubled, Bertha?"

"You looked so serious—so thoughtful."

"Am I such a rattlepate, then, that the appearance of thoughtfulness sits so strangely on my face as to awaken wonder? This is the penalty one pays for having habitually a large fund of animal spirits, and a knack of always speaking and looking gayly. It seems to be considered an impertinence in a fellow like me when he doffs the cap and bells, and presents the graver side of his nature to the world."

I could not comprehend why he spoke thus, with a degree of bitterness which seemed altogether unjustified by the occasion.

"You, at least, should know me better, Bertha," he resumed, before I could again speak. "You have seen—" He stopped suddenly. Mary Lester's voice was heard from her remote corner.

"We must not leave her to herself, poor child," said Geoffrey, turning away from me and hastening to his old seat by the sofa.

When I joined them, he was talking merrily, and appearing to take great pleasure in the silvery laughter his sallies evoked from Miss Lester. I was accustomed to his fitful changes of mood, yet I could not quite account for this. However, all trace of discontent or bitterness had vanished now. Never had I known him more completely himself than he was during that evening, until the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Warburton interrupted us.

Eager inquiries as to Miss Lester's condition then poured in upon her, mingled with scraps of information, from which, at length, we gathered that Mr. and Mrs. Lester would bring their carriage the next day to remove their daughter.

"If she is well enough to go, I suppose!" said Geoffrey, hastily, on hearing this; "that proviso is necessary, is it not?" Then turning to Mary he added, "or are you very anxious to leave your present quarters?"

She returned his smile and shook her head.

"I dare say papa and mamma wish to have me with them," she said; "but I shall be sorry to leave Bertha;—and every body," she continued, after a pause, "who has been so kind to me."

"As for Bertha," said my step-mother, "she can, if you like, accompany you to F—— for a day or two. Mrs. Lester has been good enough to invite her."

I was completely confounded by this. I was always averse to leaving home and going among strangers, and *now* to leave Cliffe—to leave Geoffrey—to lose, even for a time, my new happiness! I scarcely heard Mary's eager entreaties—I took no heed of her caressing hands clasping mine, as she urged me to return with her next day, and stay at F—— for awhile.

"You don't say a word—you won't look at me. You will never be so cruel as to refuse!" She turned to Geoffrey—"*You* ask her," she said, "tell her she *must* come. You see, she is so silent and stern I am afraid to ask for myself any more."

Geoffrey looked dissatisfied. I could see he was not pleased at this new proposition, though he replied laughingly to Mary's appeal.

"I feel flattered that you rate my disinterestedness so highly. You actually, with the fullest confidence, require me to bring about my own bereavement. What is to become of me when you are both gone?"

"Polite, that!" muttered my father, in a perfectly audible growl, "very, to your host and hostess."

"When my time is so short, too. I have been here two months already, and I must soon think of returning." His voice grew melancholy, and he stopped abruptly. I stood—my mind alternating confusedly between joy and pain.

"But you know, F—— is not so far off," said Mary, blushing and hesitating, "and if—if—"

"Poor little Mary isn't used to giving invitations to stray young gentlemen," interrupted my father, laughing; "but I'll come to the rescue, in spite of Geoffrey's civility to me just now. In brief, then, Mr. Lester charged me with a very cordial invitation to you, Geoffrey, understanding that you took an interest in such marine exploits, to stay a day or two at F—— during the pilchard fishing. And as I heard some very portentous murmurings as I came through the town to-day, to the effect that "pilchards are up," I doubt not Mr. Lester will press his welcome on you in person, to-morrow."

"I am much obliged; it will give me great pleasure," returned Geoffrey, and the hackneyed expressions bore their full meaning in the earnest sincerity with which he uttered them.

"And *now* will you ask Bertha?" cried Mary in glee. I reddened—I felt conscious of the interpretation the girl had put upon his previous hesitation.

"You have no need to seek such intercession," I said quietly; "your own request would be sufficient. If you really wish me to return with you to-morrow, I will do so. But I am unused to leaving home, and—"

"You sha'n't say any more, since you have consented," broke in Mary; "it is all settled happily, and I shall sleep in peace."

"She is very fond of you, Bertha," whispered Geoffrey; "she loves you already. That is well. And I dare say we shall be quite content staying at F—— for a day or two. I am glad you have agreed to go."

I was glad, too, when I saw he was satisfied. When I saw Mary to her room, she kissed me, and caressingly nestled her head in my bosom.

"Dear Bertha," she said, in her own low,

pleading tone, "do love me! I have never had a friend till now, and—and if you will let me I shall love you dearly. Will you!"

Reserved as was my nature, my heart yearned to the innocent child.

"Ah!" I murmured to myself, as I pressed my lips on her mouth, trembling as it was with girlish eagerness, "you will never ask for love, and be denied." There was a kind of sadness, but no bitterness, no thought of envy, in my mind: I felt too proudly secure in my own happiness.

"What do you say, Bertha!" asked the timid voice.

"I say, dear," I replied, as I turned to leave the room, "that you are one of those blessed creatures whom it is impossible to help loving. Thank God for it, child."

And I left her.

The next morning came. It was a bright day, and when Mary and Geoffrey appeared, they seemed in keeping with the day, so full of joyous life were they both. For myself I was unquiet, disturbed, I knew not why. The serenity of the previous day was gone; and without being able to fix on any tangible cause, I felt restless and almost anxious. I thought it accounted for when my father entered the breakfast room, and stated that Mrs. Warburton was so unwell as to be unable to leave her bed, desiring me to go and see her.

I did so, and found my step-mother—always prone to magnify passing disorders in herself or others—languidly settling herself as a thorough invalid, and declaring that she should not attempt to rise that day, she felt herself so ill.

"And so, Bertha," said she, "you have a very good excuse for not going to F—— with *Miss* Lester, which no doubt you will be glad of. Of course, no one could think of your leaving home while I am in such a state. The giddiness in my head is intolerable. Reach me that smelling-bottle."

As I left the room, and returned down stairs, I wondered within myself whether it was disappointment or relief that I felt fluttering perturbedly in my heart; but I could not determine whether I was glad or sorry that I was not going to leave home. I felt sorry when, directly I re-appeared, Mary called piteously on me to re-assure her.

"Mr. Warburton says you won't be able to go with me to-day. Oh Bertha, say he is wrong."

"I am grieved," I said, "but Mrs. Warburton wishes me to remain, and of course I can not think of leaving her."

Nothing could be said to this. There was a blank silence. I could see Mary's eyes grow lustrous with the tears, which to her came as readily as to a child. And I saw Geoffrey, who had been standing by, turn quickly to the open window, and commence pulling the leaves from the honeysuckle branches that twined about the walls.

I was a strange girl, always. I felt no impulse to draw near Mary, and soothe away her disappointment. Very quietly I passed in and out of the room, superintending various domestic arrangements which, from my step-mother's illness, devolved on me. All the while, Mary lay on her sofa, with drooped head and sorrowful eyes, absently turning over the pages of a book; my father leaned back in his easy chair, utterly absorbed by his newspaper; and Geoffrey still stood by the window, and plucked the honeysuckle branch nearly bare.

I went up again to visit the invalid; when I returned to the breakfast-room, Mr. and Mrs. Lester were there.

Mrs. Lester kindly expressed her regret at my inability to return with them, and of course, her concern at its cause.

I murmured some indefinite reply to her civilities. I was straining my ear to catch the conversation of the three gentlemen.

"The extreme beauty of the weather," Mr. Lester was formally saying, "offers a favorable opportunity for excursions about F——, and the pilchard fishing began yesterday. As your father's son, Mr. Latimer, I was anxious to have you as a guest; and I can not but think, under all the circumstances, this present time is the very best adapted for my having that pleasure."

"You are all kindness, sir," said Geoffrey; and his eyes wandering about the room while he spoke, fixed on me. He came to my side.

"Dear Bertha," he whispered, "I scarcely like leaving you, even for a few days. What do you say! Should you like me to stay!"

"No, no," I returned, in perfect sincerity; "pray go: you can not refuse so cordial an offer."

Yet after all, it was with a pang that I heard him decisively accept Mr. Lester's invitation, and prepare to leave with them. But I thought the pang was natural enough. For a long time the world had seemed darker to me when he was absent. Nay, the very look of a room was altered by his entering or leaving it. It never occured to me to wonder that all his reluctance in leaving was on my account; and if it had, I should only have seen in it his unselfish tenderness to me, as I do now.

"If I were not a poor, helpless, lame little thing," said Mary, as she clung to me, before entering the carriage, "I would not leave you, Bertha, in the midst of sickness and trouble. No, that I wouldn't."

She glanced, with a kind of indignant reproach, at Geoffrey, who stood at the carriage door waiting to assist her into it. I could not bear that any one should, for a moment, judge hardly of him.

"Supposing I sent you off, and wouldn't let you stay with me," said I, smiling; "then you would be obliged to go. And I assure you I should do so. I am much better without any body."

"Good-by, Mary," cried my father, as he lifted her to her seat in the carriage. "You carry off one visitor with you, at any rate. Make

yourself very agreeable, Geoffrey, to make up for the defalcation of the other."

"I can not hope to do that," said Geoffrey, as he bade me farewell, adding, in a lower tone, "take care of yourself, dear Bertha. I shall think about you. I shall be anxious; but I shall see you again soon."

He pressed my hand, bent his frank, loving gaze on my face, and sprang into the carriage, repeating—"I shall see you again soon."

And I went back into the house, and with the sound of the departing carriage wheels grinding in my ears, I tried to still the disquietude throbbing in my breast, by dreaming over that last look, and the earnest affection of his last words.

Blessed are they that are beloved, for they possess a power almost divine of creating happiness! What else but that little look, those few words, could have sent such a tide of joy thrilling through me, as drowned for the time even the dreary pain of parting, and made the house less desolate—the utter weariness and blankness of the day that was to go by without *him* less insupportable!

It was a strange day. I passed it in reading a novel to my step-mother; attending to the various household duties, the mechanical performance of which is oftentimes such a blessing to a woman; and, toward evening, pacing through the shrubberies, thoughtfully. And then I stood on the brow of the cliff, and with the waves' low music murmuring in my ears, I watched the sun set in a glory of purple and gold, on the first day of Geoffrey's absence.

In the evening of the next day he came. I was sitting alone, listlessly turning over the pages of a book I was not reading. I was lost in reverie, and when he burst in at the door I hastily and confusedly pushed the book aside, as if *that* would betray the subject of my thoughts.

"Dear Bertha, how are you? You look flushed and worried. Tell me, do you feel ill?"

I could only falter out a negative. I had been expecting him all the day, and yet, now he was come, it gave me all the throbbing excitement of a surprise. I was obliged to lean my head on my hand, I felt so dizzy.

"I am sure you are not well. Surely, as Mrs. Warburton's illness is not of a serious nature, you might be spared for a day or two. It would be such a happiness to us all; and I have here a note, pleading the request—from—Mary."

He took from the breast pocket of his coat a tiny epistle, on which he looked for a minute before he gave it out of his hands into mine. I opened it, and read it. With a great effort I succeeded in composing myself sufficiently to comprehend its contents—an earnest and affectionate appeal to me and to my father and step-mother, to let Mary fetch me the next day in the little carriage, and drive me back to F——. There was a postscript, in which she said—"We have planned an excursion to show Mr. Latimer —— Castle, on the day after to-morrow, and no one will enjoy it if you are not with us." When I had finished reading the note, I laid it on the table beside me.

"May I read it?" asked Geoffrey, hesitatingly: and on my assent, he took up the dainty little sheet of paper, and began to decipher the delicate Italian handwriting, bending his head lowly over it. When he came to the postscript he smiled, and seemed to examine very curiously some of the words.

"She was going to write 'Geoffrey,'" cried he, at last, "and altered it into 'Mr. Latimer.' Ah! the child!—the child!"

I thought it strange that he should notice the circumstance. I had not. But I did not at the time observe the strange tone in which he murmured the last words, while he carefully refolded the note, smoothed it, and peered at the device upon the seal; and he still kept it in his hand, I remember, while he went on talking.

"Should not you like to come and stay with her? It would make her so happy; she is thoroughly in love with you, Bertha. She won't be repulsed, even if you could repulse her, which I know you can't. I wish you would come."

"It does not rest with me," I answered.

"She wants you so much," he continued, abstractedly, and without appearing to notice what I said; "and not only that—*I* want you," he cried, suddenly, raising his head, and looking at me. "Oh Bertha, I have so much to say to you—so much—"

"So, so! the bird's flown back to his old nest!" cried my father, entering the room, newspaper in hand. "Do they treat you so ill at F—— that you can't stand another night of it! I protest you look pale and thin! Do they starve you—limit your diet to pilchard soup and potato pasties? Order up something luxuriously edible, Bertha, to revive his sinking energies. Come, have you any thing to say, or is your organ of speech famished to death, and have you infected Bertha with dumbness?"

"If it were so," answered Geoffrey, with a loud laugh that startled me, "I am sure you would infect us both back again into a capability of talking. Dear sir," he added, while he cordially grasped his hand, "I need not ask how *you* are. When you grow loquacious we may be sure all is well. I begin to hope you will accede to the petition I come charged with."

But my father shook his head, and would not listen to the proposed plan. More from habit than affection, for alas! only child of his dead wife though I was, I had never succeeded in endearing myself to him; he was always averse to my leaving home; and hitherto his humor, in this respect, had harmoniously chimed in with my own. But I felt it hard now, and harder yet when Geoffrey, after fruitlessly arguing the point on all sides, and being invariably met by the same quiet but positive shake of the head, rang the bell for his horse, and took leave.

"You outdo the very stones," he said, with a vexed laugh. "Cornish rocks are not so firmly fixed as your Cornish will. *They* move, some of them—but you—! I defy any power to make

you swerve one millionth part of an inch from your equilibrium of stiff, stern opposition and refusal. Good-by, Bertha!"—then, in a subdued tone—"I shall come *again* very soon—*very* soon. I wish much to have a long talk, and—shall I carry any message to Mary?"

My father caught the last words, and prevented my reply—

"My love to little Mary," he cried; "and, I say, Geoffrey, don't you flirt with her. I take a great interest in Mary Lester, and I won't have her peace of mind disturbed for all the gay young fellows in Christendom."

"Flirt—with her!"—muttered Geoffrey, with a rising color, and then he forced a laugh, pressed my hand with nervous vehemence, and was gone.

"He seems to be in a marvelous hurry," remarked my father. "I wonder if the pilchard fishing is the real attraction. Don't go, Bertha; here's a speech I want you to read to me; it's in small print, and the light is failing. Take it to the window, and throw out your voice, that I may hear every word."

Three days passed, and I saw nothing of Geoffrey; nor did we hear any thing from F——. Looking back on those three days, it seems to me that I passed them in a kind of dream, mechanically fulfilling the duties of the time, and willfully blinding myself to all that might have awakened me from my trance. I was a girl—I had never known what love was, till now. I had never known what absence was, till now. And, moreover, I had all my life been wont, not to subdue my feelings, but only to conceal them; and only God, who sees into the hearts that he created, knows how a hidden passion, a hidden anguish, multiplies and dilates in the dark silence of its prison.

On the fourth day, Mrs. Warburton left her room for the first time, and in the afternoon my father drove her out to see some friends who lived some miles away. Left to myself, I took a book, and hurried down the cliff to my favorite haunt among the rocks. Vividly do I remember the sunshiny glory of that September afternoon, the golden transparency of the air, the peculiar clearness of the sea, which, near shore, appeared one mass of liquid emerald, save where the rocks cast their quaint shadows, like frowns upon its still surface. The brown, jagged line of coast, stretching boldly out on either hand, the curved bay of F—— smiling in the distance, with the gray ruin of the castle on its own steep cliff, sternly outlined against the soft blue sky—all is impressed on my mind more keenly than any thing I can see now with bodily vision. I recollect the aromatic odor which rose from the beach, the choughs clustering here and there on the cliffs—and one shining-sailed little fishing-boat, which the lazy breeze scarce caused to move on the quiet sea. I have forgotten nothing.

I sat down on my throne, so high up among the labyrinth of rocks that less accustomed feet than mine would have found it difficult to penetrate thereto. I felt safely alone—and solitude was felicity to me then. I folded my hands on my lap, gazed out into the broad ocean, and floated forth into the yet broader sea of my happy thoughts.

It might have been hours—or only minutes that had elapsed, when the stillness was broken by another sound than the drowsy music of the ebbing tide. A voice, the very echo of which made my heart leap, called on my name.

"Bertha! Bertha! are you here? Answer, if you are."

What was it that choked the answer ere it passed my lips? It may have been fate that held me silent—motionless. Another voice, low, and very sweet, spoke next.

"I am quite tired, climbing these terrible precipices. Let me sit down awhile; may I?"

"May you!"

Something in the tone with which those two little words were repeated smote on my dormant sense, and woke it to keen life. They were very near me now, but the tall peaks of the rocks completely hid them from me. Still they were so near that I could hear every word that passed, though they spoke softly, gently, as lovers, happy lovers should.

"There! That is a proper seat for you, up there, and this is no less fit for me—at your feet. If I raise my eyes I see you—and heaven beyond. Nothing else."

I stood fixed. I listened—I heard all they said; I can hear it *now*.

"Ah, Geoffrey!" it was Mary spoke next: "shall I wake presently? This sunshine, and this emerald sea, and the cloudless sky, it is like what I have seen in dreams—only;" there was a hesitating pause, and then the voice grew trembling and low: "I should never have dreamed you—you loved me."

"Why not? Do you only dream of what you desire?"

She was silent.

"Did you ever dream of loving *me*, Mary?"

"I never thought of it till—till you asked me. And then I asked myself, and—I knew!"

"And did you never guess I loved you?"

"Never, never! I thought you cared for Bertha. If I had discovered my own secret before I knew yours—oh, Geoffrey, what should I have done?"

"Child, child! as if you could ever love in vain!"

"But if I had been right. I thought you loved Bertha."

"What could make you think so? Bertha is my dear friend, my sister. It is so different."

"I am ignorant—inexperienced—I could not detect the difference. And you *do* love her very much; you own it. I could almost be jealous, though I love her myself. I am a foolish little thing. Tell me you love *me* the best!"

"The best! There is no room for positives and comparatives in the world *you* occupy, Mary: you fill it all. It is with another and

distinct being, it seems to me, that I care for the few others I know and love. Rest easy, little jealous heart! You have a realm to yourself—it is your own, and can never belong to any one besides."

"Never, never! Are you quite sure? If I were to die—"

"Hush!"

"It is so strange. I wonder if Bertha knew—"

"Dear Bertha! To think that the first evening you spent at Cliffe she had to coax me into coming to talk with you, Mary! I did not like strangers, and I was cross and cold, and resolved to find you disagreeable. Ah! what an age seems past since then."

"Yes."

"It makes me very happy to know that Bertha and you will love one another. She is so good, so noble! The true, earnest character of a woman I would choose from all others to be the friend of my—my *wife*."

There was a silence. How merrily the waves sang, as they dashed on the rocks, and how the sunshine glared, reflected in the emerald sea! Then chimed in again the soft girlish voice:

"I shall be glad when Bertha knows. I hope she will love me—will be my friend, as you say."

"She will, she will, for my sake, as well as for yours, Mary. I was near telling her all the other evening when I was here. I so yearned to confide in her what I had not then told even to you. But some interruption occurred, and afterward I was glad I had said nothing. For, in case I had found that—you did not love me—I could not have endured that even Bertha should have known—"

"Ah, don't look so stern, Geoffrey! You frighten me."

"Am I so terrible?" he rejoined, with a light laugh. "Well, then, we will think of the happiness it will be *now*, when I tell Bertha, and lead you to her kind arms—"

Somehow, the next words floated from me. It was as if a great tide of roaring waters rushed up into my brain, and drowned all sense for a time. Upon this dull blank, consciousness slowly broke. Piercing the hollow murmur yet resounding in my ears, came a voice, gradually growing more distant. They were going:

"Let me hold your hand, darling. I must guide you over these rocks. Take care, child, take care!"

And then, nothing disturbed the stillness. The waves sang on, the little pebbles glittered in the sunshine, the silver-sailed boat nodded to its shadow in the glassy sea, and I stood gazing in a kind of wonder at my hands, all torn and bleeding, where I had clutched fierce hold of the sharply-pointed rocks beside which I had been standing. . . . . .

At the shrubbery gate stood a servant watching for me. She told me that Miss Lester and Mr. Latimer had been waiting for me all the afternoon—that they were now in the drawing-room at tea. I passed through the garden, crossed the lawn, and stood for a moment at the open window before entering. My father and my step-mother were there with them. Mary was leaning back in a great arm-chair—Geoffrey seated opposite to her—his eyes restlessly wandering about the room, yet ever returning to her face. A pale, fragile face it was, with the drooped eyes, and the long tresses of fair hair floating round it. There was a trembling consciousness in the quivering mouth—in the downcast eyes. I did not dare look longer on her—I stepped into the room.

"Ah, Bertha!" Geoffrey sprang to my side, and clasped my hand; and Mary timidly stole up, and tried to wind her arms round me.

"Go away, all of you!" I cried, releasing myself, with a loud laugh; "don't you see I'm wounded, and must be delicately handled." I held out my hands in testimony. "This comes of climbing rocks in a hurry."

"Did you fall? did you hurt yourself?" anxiously asked Geoffrey.

"Yes; both; I should like some tea," I added, passing to the tea-table, and sitting beside my step-mother.

"Poor thing; I dare say it has shaken you," observed she, ever compassionate to physical ailments.

"Shaken her—Bertha!" repeated my father. "Stuff! I defy any amount of tumble to ruffle Bertha's equanimity. She's a thorough Cornish woman—bred among the cliffs and rocks of our rough coast, till she's almost rock herself. Arn't you, Bertha?"

"Quite, sir."

"Not quite," said Geoffrey, seating himself beside me. "Ah, those poor little hands—how terribly they have been cut by the cruel rocks. Why don't you bind them up, Bertha?"

"Ah, let me—let me!" cried Mary. She knelt down at my feet, and drew forth her delicate little cambric handkerchief, and gently took hold of my hand. I held my breath—I might have borne it only I saw the look of his eyes as they were fixed on her. I snatched the hand away, and drew back my chair from her as she leaned against it. She would have fallen forward, but that Geoffrey's arm was quick to support her, and to raise her to her feet.

"Dear Bertha, did I hurt you?" she inquired—and she *would* persist in hovering round me, looking at me with her affectionate eyes—while *he* watched her, and loved her more, I knew, for her care of me.

"I can not bear to be touched," I answered; "I am afraid I must forfeit my character of being perfect flint after all—for you see this casualty has somewhat disordered my nerves."

"Nerves!" growled my father; "the first time I ever heard the words from your lips. Don't you take to nerves, for mercy's sake!"

"There is no fear of that," cried I, laughing; "and pray don't let any one alarm themselves about me," I added, looking mockingly on the anxious faces of Geoffrey and Mary, "I am perfectly able to take care of myself, wounded

though I am. I ought to apologise for occupying so much of your time and attention."

"Don't talk like that, Bertha," said Geoffrey, gravely; "you know what concerns you, concerns us!"

Us! The word stung me into fury, and I could not trust myself to speak.

"I so regret," said the polite, equable tones of my step-mother, as she turned to her guests, "that we should all have been out when you came. You must have waited here some hours. Such a pity!"

"We went down to the shore to look for Bertha among the rocks," said Geoffrey; "I wonder we did not see you," he continued, addressing me, "since you were there. We called you—we hunted for you. You must have wandered very far."

"Yes," I replied, briefly, "I had."

"I am afraid you are tired," he pursued, in a lower tone, "and yet I do so wish that we may have one of our happy twilight loiterings up and down the shrubbery walk this evening. Will you, Bertha?"

"No, I can not—I am weary," I said. My own voice smote strangely on my ear, it was so harsh. But he did not notice it—for Mary was speaking to him.

"Mrs. Warburton has no objection—she may come."

"Ah, Bertha, will you come back with us to P—— this evening?" said Geoffrey, with great animation; "that will be better still. Will you come!"

"It is impossible," said I, still quietly; "I can not leave home."

"I had to meet the entreaties of Mary—the anxious remonstrances of Geoffrey. At length they left me, and talked apart together. It was about me, I knew. He was uneasy about me—thought that my confinement to the house during Mrs. Warburton's illness had been too much for me. He said so, when he came up to me again.

"And I have been thinking that you ought to have some one to take care of you, dear Bertha; and if you do not feel well enough to leave home, Mary shall stay here with you, and nurse you. She wishes to do so."

I yet retained enough of reason to keep calm in order to prevent *that* plan's accomplishment. I had half anticipated it—I dreaded that I might presently encourage it—and then! No, I dared not have her left with me. So I whispered to Geoffrey that he must not propose such a scheme—that it would ruffle my step-mother to have an unpremeditated guest in the house that evening—that it could not be.

"Ah, poor Bertha!" he said tenderly; "dear Bertha! Some day she shall be better cared for."

His pity—his tenderness—maddened me. I started from my seat, and went out into the cool evening air. Mary followed me.

"See, the moon is rising!" cried I, merrily. "Did you ever see the moon rise over the sea from our rocks, down there! Our beautiful rocks!"

"No—let us go there and watch it. Papa and mamma won't be here with the carriage for a whole hour yet, and your papa is going to carry off Mr. Latimer to look at some horses. And I love the rocks—don't you!"

"Ay—the happy, beautiful rocks!"

"Come, then, I know the way." She ran on before; I followed slowly, vaguely feeling that the air was pleasant and cool to my brow, and that it was easier to breathe out of the house. Before I reached the wicket, through which Mary had already disappeared, I was joined by Geoffrey.

"You said you were too tired to walk with *me*," he said in smiling reproach; "but you are going with Mary. Well, I forgive you. And, ah! Bertha, let me tell you now—"

"No, no, I can't wait," I cried; "besides—don't you hear my father calling you? He is impatient—you must go to him directly."

"*Soit!*" He turned away shrugging his shoulders with an air of forced resignation. I watched him till a turn in the path hid him, and the sound of his footsteps ceased. I was quite alone in the solemn stillness of the twilight. A faint odor stole from the flowers that nodded on their stems in the evening breeze; the murmur of the waves flowing in on the shore below came hushingly to my ears; and the moon was just breaking from a great white cloud—its beams lay on the sea in a long trembling column of light. The purity, the peace of the time fell on my heart like snow upon a furnace. There was that within me which was fiercely at war with every thing calm or holy. I turned away from the moonlight—from the flowers; and with eyes bent fixedly on the ground, I trod the garden path to and fro—to and fro—*thinking!*—

"Bertha—Bertha! oh, come!"

A voice, strained to its utmost yet still coming faintly, as from a distance, called upon my name. I know I must have heard it many times before it penetrated the chaos of my mind, and spoke to my comprehension. Then I knew it was Mary, who had long ago hastened down among the rocks, and who wondered, doubtless, that I did not join her. I paused and listened again.

"Oh, come! Bertha, Bertha, help me!"

The voice sunk with a despairing cadence. What could it mean—that earnest supplicating cry! I was bewildered, at first; and then I thought it must have been my own fancy that invested the dim sounds with such a wild and imploring tone. But I hurried through the wicket and down the path, when, midway, I was arrested by another cry, more distinct now, because nearer.

"Save me! Bertha, Bertha—help!"

Then I understood all. Her inexperienced steps had wandered into one of those bewildering convolutions of the rocks, and the advancing tide now barred her egress. I stood motionless

as the conviction flashed upon me. Quick, shrill, despairing came the cries, now.

"Come to me, oh, come and save me! I shall be drowned—drowned. Oh, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! help me! Don't let me die—come to me, Geoffrey!"

Even in her desperation her voice took a tenderer tone in calling on his name. And I did not move. Shriek upon shriek smote on the stillness; but well I knew that all ears save mine were far away; that the loudest cry that could come from the young, delicate girl, would never be heard, except by me. Soon, exhausted by her own violence, her voice died away into a piteous wailing, amid which I could catch broken words—words that rooted anew my stubborn feet to the ground; words that scorched and seared me, and hardened into a purpose the bad thoughts, that at first only confusedly whirled and throbbed at my heart.

"Geoffrey! come quickly to me. I shall die. Oh, Geoffrey! it is so hard to die *now!* Where are you, that you do not come to save me! Oh, Geoffrey! my Geoffrey!"

"He will never hear, he is far away," I said to myself; "there is no help for her, none." I felt myself smiling at the thought.

"I am drowning! Oh, the cruel sea—the dreadful, dreadful rocks!" shrieked the voice.

"The beautiful rocks," I muttered, "you said you loved them, but a little while ago. It was there that you and he— Ay, shriek on!"

The advancing tide was not more cruel, the hard rocks more immovable, than I, as I stood listening, till again the cries subsided into a moaning that blended with the rush of the waves.

"Oh, my mother! my mother! Heaven help me—have mercy on me!"

The voice was suddenly quite hushed. I shivered, and a strange, awful, deadly feeling stole over me. In that minute what an age passed.

I know how murderers feel.

But God is merciful—most merciful. Again the supplicating voice rose to my ears, this time like music. I sprang from the ground where the moment before I had crouched, and dashed down the cliff.

My mind was perfectly clear. It has been a blessed thought to me, since, that it was no delirious impulse turned me on my way to save her. I might have been mad before, I was not now. I had full command of my reason, and as I clambered along, I at once decided on the only plan by which I could rescue her. I knew every turn and twist of the rocks, and very soon I gained a high peak, above where she stood, at the farthest corner of a little creek, into which the tide was driving rapidly. There was no time to lose. I slid down the steep, smooth rock to her side. She was nearly unconscious with terror, yet when she saw me she uttered a glad cry, and wound her arms round my neck in her old caressing way. I let them stay there. I tried to arouse her courage. I told her I would save her, or we would die together. I bade her cling fast to me, and fear nothing; and then, with one arm strongly holding her slender, childish form, and with the other, grasping the rocks for support, I waded with her through the waters.

Before we rounded the chain of steep rocks which had shut her in from the shore, she fainted. I was very strong. I raised her in my arms, and clasped her close. I climbed my way with vigor, I never felt her weight. I felt nothing, except thanksgiving that she was living, breathing, safe!

A sound of voices came confusedly from the cliff. I answered with all the power I could, and I was heard. Ere I gained the foot of the cliff, I saw, in the clear moonlight, a figure rushing toward us—Geoffrey. It yet rings in my ears, the terrible cry which burst from him, as he beheld the figure lying lifeless in my arms.

"She is living, she is safe!" I cried. I saw the change in his face, as he snatched her from me to his heart. Then I fell at his feet, and knew no more.

UNCLE BERNARD'S STORY.

"OH! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner, for the winter was howling against the windows, looked up from his large-print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book."

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Yes! yes! Uncle Bernard," chorused the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen.

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, whose name was *Sthenos*. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off and lost himself among the shadows of the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair; his nails were like claws, and he could climb the trees or swim in the water as easily as walk on the ground. Gigantic in height, his shoulders were broad and his limbs sturdy. He could outrun the swiftest deer, hit with a stone the flying bird, and kill with his knotty club the fiercest beasts. He ate only what he won in the chase, with some pleasant herbs or fruits, or honey which he found in hollow trunks and among the rocks; and he drank only water

from springs, or the deep river which flowed through the valley. He slept in caves or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts should catch him unawares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a certain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him as superior to the brutes around him, and made them acknowledge him as their lord. Thus he lived, lonely and unhappy, and, notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day as he was pushing through a thicket to reach the river, he heard singing sweeter than any he had ever heard. He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of all birds, and that this was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wonder, trembling with a new feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant where his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky. While she sung, she looked upward as if some one was hearing her, whom Sthenos could not see, and then she listened as if to a voice he could not hear. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, and said: 'Sthenos, our good God whom you have so long forgotten has not forgotten you; but pitying your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love.'

"As she spoke she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had parted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, until his whole being seemed drawn out to her, and he laid her head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inexpressible happiness.

"'And now that I am to dwell with you, dear Sthenos, lead me to your home!'

"'Home!' replied he, 'I know not what you mean!'

"'Where do you rest after the chase, or amid the darkness? Where do you eat your food, and where do you most delight to be? That is home.'

"'I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where weariness or night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have killed the deer then I eat. I have never thought of a home.'

"'Come, then,' said she, sweetly, 'let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;' and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on until they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before which a sunny meadow spread itself toward the southwest, blooming with harebells and daisy-cups, and pansies, and many more wild flowers. 'Is it not charming?' said she; 'the spring shall give us water, and the rock guard us from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows as they float mingled together over the green grass and the flowers that spring up through the verdure.

"Sthenos smiled, and, though he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm of nature he had never before known.

"'Now,' she said, 'the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too hotly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed birches.' This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the mean time she had gathered heaps of dry mosses, and the spicy shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf-covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions, the curved bark, overlapping in successive and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and said: 'This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;' and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, trailing, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

"The simple meal, soon prepared by her skillful hands, he thought more savoury than he had ever had; but before she suffered him to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God the giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless Preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

"Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him soft garments out of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skillful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the hut constantly received new conveniences and ornaments from his strong or her cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return bearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a goat with full uddars to his home, dear because hers.

"On waking one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender, holy thoughts, and said, 'You called me Sthenos, but have never told me the name by which I am to call you, my dearest.'

"'You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sthenos, whenever you are in trouble, in need, or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and whatever love can do, I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessing of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when you shall have learned to sing and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall leave the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, far more beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago.'

"'O happy hope,' replied Sthenos; 'I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts.'

"'Say not so, Sthenos,' answered she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; 'our highest joy will be to dwell with our good God.'

"From that moment Sthenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; three daughters like their mother, graceful. But one fair morning the father and the mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling): their children went anxiously in to seek them, but they found them not. Sthenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

"The children were mute in wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed; and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): 'I pointed out the way to them and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden.'

"'And I,' said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, 'bore them up on my wings.

"'And I,' joyfully exclaimed the third, who had eyes like the first spring violets washed with rain, 'have made them both one forever.'

"Then turning to her sister angels, she said: 'Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united being with immortal happiness.'"

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude, "that is better than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sthenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?"

"I made them out of the Greek," answered the old man: "and by Sthenos, I mean man left to himself, when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to holy wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," adds Robert, "for faith gives pious people courage."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love lives forever," whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child! you look like her," whispers back Uncle Bernard.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"WHEN you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes, for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, no one suffers as they suffer; who believe they give their heart's blood to receive back ice and snow, and who pass their lives in agonizing those they would die to benefit. A more lonely-hearted woman never, in her own opinion, existed, although her husband had, she thought, a certain affection from habit for her; but any real heart sympathy, any love equal to her fond adoration of him, was no more like her own feelings than stars are equal to the noon-day sun.

"Not a bad simile, my dear," Mr. Gray once answered, with his pleasant smile, "since the stars are suns themselves—and if we could change our point of view we might find them even bigger and brighter than our own sun. Who knows but, after all, I, who am such a clod compared to you—who am, you say, so cold and unimaginative—that my star is not a bigger, stronger sun than yours."

His wife gave back a pale smile of patient suffering, and said, sadly: "Ah, Herbert! if you knew what agony I endure when you turn my affection into ridicule, you would surely spare me."

The frank, joyous husband, was, as he ex-

pressed it, "shut up for the evening." And then Mrs. Gray wept gently, and called herself the "family kill-joy."

With her daughter it was the same. Isabel's whole soul and life were devoted to her mother. She was the centre round which that young existence steadily revolved. The daughter had not a thought of which her mother was not the principal object, not a wish of which her mother was not the actuating spirit: yet Mrs. Gray could never be brought to believe that her daughter's love equaled hers by countless degrees. Isabel worked for her, played to her, read to her, walked with her, lived for her. "Duty, my Isabel, is not love, and I am not blind enough to mistake the one for the other." This was all the reward Isabel received. When she fell in love, as she did with Charles Houghton, Mrs. Gray's happiness was at an end. Henceforth her life was one long weak wail of desolation. She was nothing now; her child had cast her out of her heart, and had given the dearest place to another; her own child, her Isabel, her treasure, her life, her soul. Her hour had passed; but even death seemed to have forgotten her. No one loved her now. She was a down-trodden worm; a poor despised old woman; an unloved childless widow! Ah! why could she not die! What sin had she committed to be so sorely tried!

Isabel had many sorrowful hours, and held many long debates with her conscience, asking herself more than once whether she ought not to give up her engagement with Charles Houghton if its continuance made her mother so unhappy; also whether the right thing was not always the most painful. But her conscience did not make out a clear case of filial obligation to this extent, for there was a duty due to her betrothed; and Isabel felt she had no right to trifle with any man after having taught him to love her. She owed the first duty to her parents; but she was not free from obligation to her lover; and, even for her mother's sake, she must not quite forget this obligation. So her engagement went on, saddened by her mother's complaints.

"My love," said her father, "Houghton has been speaking to me of your marriage, to-day; come into my study."

Isabel, pale and red by turns, followed her father, dreading both his acquiescence or refusal. In one she heard her mother's sobs, in the other her lover's despair.

"He says, Bell, that you have been engaged above a year. We must not be hard on him. He is naturally desirous to have the affair settled. What do you say? Will a month from this seem to you too soon for your marriage!"

"As you wish, papa," said Isabel, breaking up a spray of honey-suckle.

"No, no, as you wish, my dear child. Do you think you would be happy with Houghton? Have you known him long enough?"

"Yes, papa; but—"

"But what, love?"

"I hesitate to leave mamma" (her head sorrowfully bent down).

"That is the trial of life, my child," said Mr. Gray, in a low tone; his face full of that quiet sorrow of a firm nature which represses all outward expression, lest it add a double burden on another. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We can not expect to keep you with us always; and although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell: what answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet!" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling, and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half-sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said: "There, go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave, and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me, and meanwhile—go: your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on the lawn, and ran a race with Isabel round the garden. When he returned to his wife she told him pettishly, "that it was a marvel to her how he could be so unfeeling. See how she suffered from this terrible marriage! And yet she had no right to suffer more than he; but," sighed the lady, "no man ever loved as much as woman loves!"

"And don't you think I feel, my dear, because I don't talk! Can you not understand the duty of silence! Complaints may at times be mere selfishness."

He spoke very mournfully. She shook her head. "People who can control themselves so entirely," she said, "have seldom much to control. If you felt as I do about our darling child, you could neither keep silence nor feign happiness."

Herbert smiled, but made no answer; and Mrs. Gray fairly cried over Isabel's hard fate in having such an indifferent father.

It was all settled: Isabel was to be married in a month's time. Charles mildly complained of the delay, and thought a fortnight ample time for any preparations; but Isabel told him that a month was ridiculously soon, and she wished her father had doubled it; "only I long very much to see Scotland." They were to go to the Highlands to spend their honeymoon.

Mrs. Gray was entirely inconsolable. The poor woman was not well, and her nerves were more than ordinarily irritable. She gave herself a good deal of extra trouble, too—much more than was

necessary—and took cold by standing in a draught, cutting out a gown for Isabel; which the maid would have done a great deal better, and would not have complained of the fatigue of standing so long, which Mrs. Gray did all day long. Her cold, and her grief, and her weariness made her the most painful companion, especially to a devoted daughter. She wept day and night, and coughed in the intervals. She did not eat, and answered every one who pressed any kind of food on her reproachfully, as if they had insulted her. She slept very little, and denied even that little. She was always languid, and excess of crushed hopes and unrequited affection stimulated her into a fever.

The marriage-day drew nearer. The preparations, plentifully interspersed with Mrs. Gray's sighs, and damped by her tears, savored less of a wedding than of a funeral, at which Mrs. Gray was chief mourner. The father, on the contrary—to whom Isabel was the only bright spot in life, and who would lose all in losing her—was the gayest of the party. Isabel herself, divided between her lover and her parents, was half-distracted with her conflicting feelings, and often wished she had never seen Charles Houghton at all. She told him so once, to his great dismay, after a scene of hysterics and fainting-fits performed by her mother.

It wanted only a week now to the marriage when Herbert Gray came down to breakfast alone.

"Where is mamma?" asked Isabel.

"She is not well, my dear, and will have breakfast in bed."

"Poor mamma!—how long her cold has continued. What can be done for her?"

"We must send for Doctor Melville if she does not get better soon. I am quite uneasy about her, and have been so for some time: but she did not wish a physician to be sent for."

"There is no danger?" asked Isabel, anxiously.

Her father did not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely: "She was never strong, and I find her much weakened by her cough."

By this time breakfast was ready, and Isabel prepared to take up her mother's tray. She looked at her father lovingly when she passed him, and turned back at the door, and smiled. Then she softly ascended the stairs. A fearful fit of coughing seemed to have been suddenly arrested as she entered her mother's room. She placed the tray gently on the dressing-table.

There was a faint moan; a moan which caused Isabel an agony of terror. On tearing back the curtains, she beheld her mother lying like a corpse—the bed-clothes saturated with blood. At first she thought of murder, and looked wildly round the room, expecting to see some one again clutch at that sacred life; but Mrs. Gray said faintly, "I have only broken a blood-vessel, my love; send for your father." A new nature seemed to be roused in Isabel. Agitated and frightened as she was, a womanly self-possession seemed to give her double power, both of act and vision, and to bury forever all the child in her heart. She forgot herself. She thought only of her mother, and what would be good for her. As with all strong natures, sympathy took at once the form of help rather than of pity. She rang the bell, and called the maid. "Go down and tell my father he is wanted here," she said, quietly. "Mamma is very ill. Make haste and tell my father; but do not frighten him."

She went back to her mother's room, quietly and steadily, without a sign of terror or bewilderment. She washed the blood from her face gently; and, without raising her head, she drew off the crimsoned cap. Not to shock her father by the suddenness of all the ghastly evidences of danger, perhaps of death, she threw clean linen over the bed, and placed wet towels on her mother's breast. Then, as her father entered, she drew back the curtains, and opened the window, saying, softly, "Do not speak loud, dear papa. She has broken a blood-vessel."

Herbert Gray, from whom his daughter had inherited all her self-command, saw at a glance that every thing was already done which could be done without professional advice; and, giving his wife's pale cheek a gentle kiss, he left the room, saying, simply, "God bless you!" and in less time than many a younger and more active man could have done it, was at Doctor Melville's door.

All this self-possession seemed to Mrs. Gray only intense heartlessness; and she lay there brooding over the indifference of her husband and child with such bitterness, that at last she burst into a fit of hysterical tears, and threw herself into such agitation, that she brought back the bleeding from the ruptured vessel to a more alarming extent than before. She would have been more comforted, ten thousand times, if they had both fallen to weeping and wailing, and had rendered themselves useless by indulgence in grief. Love with her meant pity and caresses.

"Oh, child!" gasped Mrs. Gray, "how little you love me!"

Isabel said nothing for a moment. She kissed her mother's hand, and with difficulty repressed her tears; for it was a terrible accusation, and almost destroyed her calmness. But, fearing that any exhibition of emotion would excite and harm her mother, she pressed back the tears into her inmost heart, and only said, "Dearest mother, you know I love you more than my life!"

But Mrs. Gray was resolved to see in all this calmness only apathy. She loosened her daughter's hand pettishly, and sobbed afresh. If Isabel had wept a sea of tears, and had run the risk of killing her with agitation, she would have been better pleased than now. Isabel thought her mind was rather affected, and looked anxiously for her father.

"Don't stay with me, Isabel! Go—go—you want to go!" sobbed Mrs. Gray, at long, long

intervals. "Go to your lover, he is the first consideration now."

"Dear mamma, why do you say such terrible things!" said the girl, soothingly. "What has come to you?"

"If you loved me," sighed Mrs. Gray, "you would act differently!"

At this moment Herbert Gray and Dr. Melville entered. Having examined the patient, the doctor at once said,

"You have done every thing, Miss Isabel, like the most experienced nurse. You deserve great praise. Had you been less capable or less self-possessed, your mother might have lost her life."

He said this to comfort the patient; but she turned away sadly, and murmured,

"My child does not love me; she has done her duty; but duty is not love!"

Mrs. Gray recovered from this phase of her illness only to fall into another more dangerous. In a few weeks she was pronounced in a deep decline, which might last for some years, or be ended in comparatively a few days—one of those lingering and capricious forms of consumption, that keeps every one in a kind of suspense, than which the most painful certainty would be better.

Of course Isabel's marriage was postponed to an indefinite time, and Charles Houghton murmured sadly, as was natural. He proved to Isabel in most conclusive logic, that the kindest thing she could do for her mother, and the most convincing proof of love she could give her, was to marry him at once, and then she would have a great deal more time to attend on her; for now his visits took up so much time, and all that would be saved. His logic failed; and then he got very angry. So that between her mother and her lover, the girl's life was not spent among roses. She went on, however, doing her duty steadily; turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, but acting as she felt to be right.

Her mother's querulous complaints used always to be most severe after some terrible scene with Charles, when perhaps he had been beseeching Isabel not to kill him with delay.

One day Charles came to the house, looking very pale.

"You are ill!" she said, anxiously.

"I am, Isabel, very ill."

She took his hand and caressed it in both her own, looking fondly into his face. He left his hand quite passive. To say the truth frankly, although he looked ill he looked also sulky.

"Can I do any thing for you?"

"Every thing, Isabel," he said, abruptly: "Marry me."

She tried to smile, but her lover's gravity chilled her.

"You can do all for me, and you do nothing."

"I will do all I can. But if a greater duty—"

"A greater duty!" Charles interrupted. "What greater duty can you have than to the man you love and who loves you, and whose wife you have promised to be!"

"But Charley, if I were your wife, I should then have, indeed, no greater duty than your happiness. As it is, I have more sacred ties—though none dearer," she added, in her gentlest voice.

"I also have superior duties, Isabel."

She started; but after a moment's pause, she said,

"Certainly." The young man watching her face intently.

"And how will you feel, Isabel, when I place those ties far above your love, and all I owe you, and all that we have vowed together?"

"Nothing unkind toward you, Charles," Isabel answered, her heart failing her at the accusing tone of her lover's voice.

"But Isabel, you will not let me go alone!" he cried, passionately. "You can not have the heart to separate from me—perhaps forever?"

He threw his arms round her.

"Go alone—separate—what do you mean! *Are* you going any where? or are you only trying me?"

"Trying you, my dear Isabel! no, I am too sadly in earnest!"

"What do you mean, then!" tears filling her eyes.

"You know that my father's affairs have been rather embarrassed lately!"

"No," she said, speaking very rapidly.

"Yes, his West India property is almost a wreck. He has just lost his agent of yellow fever, and must send out some one immediately to manage the estate. It is all he has to live on, unless he has saved something—and I don't think he has—when he can no longer practice at the bar. It is too important to be lost."

"Well, Charles!"

"I must go."

There was a deep pause. Isabel's slight fingers closed nervously on the hand in hers; she made a movement as if she would have held him nearer to her.

"And now what will you do, my Isabel! will you suffer me to go alone! will you let me leave you, perhaps forever—certainly for years—without the chance of meeting you again, and with many chances of death! Will you virtually break your engagement, and give me back my heart, worn, and dead, and broken! or will you brave the world with me, become my wife, and share my fortunes!"

"Charles; how can I leave my mother, when every day may be her last; yet when, by proper care and management, she may live years longer! What can I do!"

"Come with me. Listen to the voice of your own heart, and become my wife."

Isabel sunk back in deep thought. "No," she whispered, "my mother first of all—before you."

He let her hand fall from his. "Choose, then," he said, coldly.

She clung to him; weeping now and broken. He pressed her to his heart. He believed that he had conquered.

"Choose," he again whispered. "If you have not chosen already;" and he kissed her tenderly.

"Oh, Charles! you know how dearly I love you."

At that moment her mother's cough struck her ear. The windows were open, and it sounded fearfully distinct in the still summer air. Isabel shuddered, and hid her face on her lover's shoulder, resting it there for many minutes.

"I have chosen," she then said, after a long, long pause. She lifted her head and looked him in the eyes. Although pale as a marble statue, but quiet and resolved, she never looked so lovely, never so loveworthy. There was something about her very beauty that awed her lover, and something in the very holiness of her nature that humbled and subdued him—only for a moment; that passed, and all his man's eagerness and strength of will returned, and he would have given his life to destroy the very virtues he reverenced.

He besought her by every tender word love ever framed, to listen to him and to follow him. He painted scenes of such desolation and of such abject misery without her, that Isabel wept. He spoke of his death as certain, and asked how she would feel when she heard of his dying of a broken heart in Jamaica, and how could she be happy again when she had that on her conscience? And although she besought him to spare her, and once was nearly fainting in his arms from excessive emotion, yet he would not; heaping up her pile of woes high and still higher, and telling her throughout all, "that she did not love him now."

After a fearful scene the girl tore herself away; rushing as if for refuge from a tempting angel, and from herself, into her mother's room; busying herself about that sick bed with even greater care and tenderness than usual.

"You have been a long time away, Isabel," Mrs. Gray said, petulantly.

"Yes: I am very sorry, dearest mamma. I have been detained." Isabel kissed her withered hand.

"Detained—you don't deny it, Isabel."

"I am very sorry."

Tears trembled in her mother's eyes as she murmured, "Sorry! Don't stay with me, child, if you wish to go. I am accustomed to be alone."

"I entreat you not to think that I wish to leave you for a moment."

"Oh, yes, you do, Isabel! I daresay Charles is below stairs—he seems to be always here since I have been ill. You have a great deal to say to him, I am sure."

"I have said all I had to say," answered Isabel, quietly.

She was sitting in the shadow of the window-curtains; and, as she spoke, she bent her head lower over her work. Her mother did not see the tears which poured down fast from her eyes.

"Oh, then it was Charles who kept you! I can easily understand, my love, the burden I must be to you. I am sure you are very good not to wish me dead—perhaps you do wish me dead, often—I am in your way, Isabel. If I had died, you would have been happily married by this time; for you would not have worn mourning very long, perhaps. Why have I been left so long to be a burden to my family?"

All this, broken up by the terrible cough and by sobs and tears, Isabel had to hear and to soothe away, when she herself was tortured with real grief.

Charles departed for Jamaica. The thick shadow of absence fell between their two hearts. Henceforth she must live on duty, and forget love; now almost hopeless. A stern decree this for a girl of nineteen.

For the youth himself, the excitement of the voyage, the novelty of his strange mode of life, and the distractions of business, were all so many healing elements which soon restored peace to his wounded heart. Not that he was disloyal, or forgetful of his love, but he was annoyed and angry. He thought that Isabel might have easily left her mother to go with him, and that she was very wrong not to have done so. Between the excitement of new scenes and new amusements, and the excitement of anger and disappointment, Charles Houghton recovered his serenity, and flourished mightily on Jamaica hospitality.

By the end of that year the invalid grew daily weaker and weaker. She could not leave her bed, now; and then she could not sit up even; and soon she lay without motion or color—and then, on the first day of spring, she died. She died on the very same day that Charles Houghton entered the house of the rich French planter, Girard, and was presented to his heiress, Pauline.

Pauline Girard! a small, dark, gleaming gem—a flitting humming-bird—a floating flower—a firefly through the night—a rainbow through the storm—all that exists in nature most aerial, bright and beautiful; these Charles compared her to and a great deal more; that is—when they first met. Charles, with his great Saxon heart fell in love with her at first sight. It was not love such as he had felt for Isabel. It struck him like a swift disease. It was not the quiet, settled, brother-like affection which had left him nothing to regret and little to desire; but it was a wild fierce fever that preyed on his heart and consumed his life. He would fly; he would escape; he was engaged to Isabel. It must be that she did not love him, else she never could have suffered him to leave her; yet he was bound to her. Honor was not to be lightly sacrificed. Would Pauline, with her large passionate eyes, have given up her lover so coldly? Still he was engaged, and it was a sin and a crime to think of another. He would fly from

the danger while he could; he would fight the battle while he had strength. He was resolved, adamant. One more interview with Pauline and—but Pauline presented herself accidentally in the midst of these indomitable projects. One glance from her deep sapphire eyes put all his resolutions to flight—duty like a pale ghost, passing slowly by in the shade.

When fully awake to the truth of his position, Houghton wrote to Isabel. He wrote to her like a madman, imploring her to come out to him immediately; to lay aside all foolish scruples, to think of him only as her husband, to trust to him implicitly, and to save him from destruction. He wrote to her with a fierce emphasis of despair and entreaty that burned like fire in his words.

This letter found Isabel enfeebled by long attendance on her mother; unable to make much exertion of mind or body, and requiring entire repose. That she should be restored to her lover; that she should be happy as his wife, was, for a moment like a new spring-tide in her life to dream. Then she remembered her father, her dear, patient, noble, self-denying father, to whom she was now every thing in life; and she wrote and told Charles that she could not go out to him; but reminded him that his term of absence had nearly expired; and that, when he returned, they should be married, never to be parted again. Why should they not be married in England rather than in Jamaica?

"Thank God I am free!" Houghton exclaimed when he had read the letter. It dropped from his nerveless hand. He ordered his horse, and rode through the burning tropical sun to Pauline Girard. Not two hours after the receipt of Isabel's letter he was the accepted lover of the young French heiress.

Poor Isabel! at that instant she was praying for him in her own chamber.

News came to England in due time. Charles himself wrote to Isabel, gently and kindly enough; but unmistakably. It stood in plain, distinct words, "I am to be married to Pauline Girard;" and no sophistry could soften the announcement. He tried to soothe her wounded feeling by dealing delicately with her pride. He had been, he urged, only secondary in her heart. She placed others before him, and would make no sacrifice for him. What had happened was her own doing entirely; she had not cared to retain him, and he had only acted as she would have him act, he was sure of that, in releasing her. And then he was "hers very affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less among even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER LVII.—Esther's Narrative.

I HAD gone to bed and fallen asleep, when my Guardian knocked at the door of my room and begged me to get up directly. On my hurrying to speak to him and learn what had happened, he told me, after a word or two of preparation, that there had been a discovery at Sir Leicester Dedlock's. That my mother had fled; that a person was now at our door who was empowered to convey to her the fullest assurances of affectionate protection and forgiveness if he could possibly find her, and that I was sought for to accompany him, in the hope that my entreaties might prevail upon her, if his failed. Something to this general purpose, I made out; but I was thrown into such a tumult of alarm, and hurry and distress, that in spite of every effort I could make to subdue my agitation, I did not seem, to myself, fully to recover my right mind until hours had passed.

But I dressed and wrapped up expeditiously without waking Charley or any one, and went down to Mr. Bucket, who was the person intrusted with the secret. In taking me to him my Guardian told me this, and also explained how it was that he had come to think of me. Mr. Bucket, in a low voice, by the light of my Guardian's candle, read to me, in the hall, a letter that my mother had left upon her table, and I suppose within ten minutes of my having been aroused. I was sitting beside him, rolling swiftly through the streets.

His manner was very keen and intent, and yet considerate, when he explained to me that a great deal might depend on my being able to answer without confusion a few questions that he wished to ask me. These were, chiefly, whether I had had much communication with my mother (to whom he referred as Lady Dedlock), when and where I had spoken with her last, and how she had become possessed of my handkerchief. When I had satisfied him on these points, he asked me particularly to consider—taking time to think—whether within my knowledge, there was any one, no matter where, in whom she might be at all likely to confide, under circumstances of the last necessity. I could think of no one but my Guardian. But, by-and-by, I mentioned Mr. Boythorn. He came into my mind as connected with his old chivalrous manner of mentioning my mother's name, and with what my Guardian had informed me of his engagement to her sister, and his unconscious connection with her unhappy story.

My companion had stopped the driver while we held this conversation, that we might the better hear each other. He now told him to go on again, and said to me, after considering within himself for a few moments, that he had made up his mind how to proceed. He was quite willing to tell me what his plan was; but I did not feel clear enough to understand it.

* Continued from the August Number.

We had now driven very far from our lodgings, when we stopped in a by-street, at a public-looking place lighted up with gas. Mr. Bucket took me in and sat me in an arm-chair, by a bright fire. It was now past one, as I saw by the clock against the wall. Two police officers, looking in their perfectly neat uniform not at all like people who were up all night, were quietly writing at a desk, and the place seemed very quiet altogether, except for some beating and calling out at distant doors underground, to which nobody paid any attention.

A third man in uniform, whom Mr. Bucket called, and to whom he whispered his instructions, went out, and then the two others advised together, while one wrote from Mr. Bucket's subdued dictation. It was a description of my mother that they were busy with; for Mr. Bucket brought it to me when it was done, and read it in a whisper. It was very accurate indeed.

The second officer, who had attended to it closely, then copied it out, and called in another man in uniform (there were several in an outer room) who took it up and went away with it. All this was done with the greatest dispatch and without the waste of a moment, yet nobody was at all hurried, or made any kind of show. As soon as the paper was sent out upon its travels, the two officers resumed their former quiet work of writing with great neatness and care. Mr. Bucket thoughtfully came and warmed the soles of his boots, first one and then the other, at the fire.

"Are you well wrapped up, Miss Summerson?" he asked me, as his eyes met mine. "It's a desperate sharp night for a young lady to be out in."

I told him I cared for no weather, and was warmly clothed.

"It may be a long job," he observed; "but so that it ends well, never mind, miss."

"I pray to heaven it may end well," said I.

He nodded comfortingly. "You see, whatever you do, don't you go and fret yourself. You keep yourself cool and equal for any thing that may happen; and it'll be the better for you, the better for me, the better for Lady Dedlock, and the better for Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet."

He was really very kind and gentle; and as he stood before the fire warming his boots and rubbing his face with his forefinger, I felt a confidence in his sagacity which re-assured me. It was not yet a quarter to two when I heard horses' feet and wheels outside. "Now Miss Summerson," said he, "we are off, if you please!"

He gave me his arm, and the two officers courteously bowed me out, and we found at the door a phaeton or barouche, with a postillion and post horses. Mr. Bucket handed me in, and took his own seat on the box. The man in uniform, whom he had sent to fetch this equipage, then handed him up a dark lantern at his request; and when he had given a few directions to the driver we rattled away.

I was far from sure that I was not in a dream for we rattled with great rapidity, through such a labyrinth of streets that I soon lost all idea of where we were, except that we had crossed and re-crossed the river, and still seemed to be traversing a low-lying water-side dense neighborhood of narrow thoroughfares, checkered by docks and basins, high piles of warehouses, swing-bridges, and masts of ships. At length we stopped at the corner of a little slimy turning, which the wind from the river—rushing up it—did not purify, and I saw my companion, by the light of his lantern, in conference with several men, who looked like a mixture of police and sailors, exhibiting the mouldering wall by which they stood, then was a bill, on which I could discern the words, "FOUND DROWNED;" and this, and an inscription about Drags, possessed me with the awful suspicion shadowed forth in our visit to that place.

I had nobody to remind myself that I was not there, by the indulgence of any feeling of mine, to increase the difficulties of the search, or to lessen its hopes, or enhance its delays, and I remained quiet; but what I suffered in that dreadful spot I never can forget. And still it was like the horror of a dream. A man, yet dark and muddy, in long, swollen, sodden boots, and a hat like them, was called out of a boat, and whispered with Mr. Bucket, who went away with him down some slippery steps—as if to look at something secret he had to show. They came back, wiping their hands upon their coats, after turning over something wet—but thank God it was not what I feared!

After some further conference, Mr. Bucket (whom every body seemed to know and defer to) went in with all the others at a door, and left me in the carriage, while the driver walked up and down by his horses, to warm himself. The tide was coming in, as I judged from the sound it made, and I could hear it break at the end of the alley with a little rush toward me. It never did so; and I still thought it did so, hundreds of times, in what can have been at the most a quarter of an hour, and probably was less; but the thought shuddered and rushed through me that it would cast my mother at the horses' feet.

Mr. Bucket came out again, exhorting the others to be vigilant, darkened his lantern, and once more took his seat. "Don't you be alarmed, Miss Summerson, on account of our coming here," he said, turning to me. "I only want to have every thing in train, and to know that it is in train by looking after it myself. Get on, my lad!"

We appeared to retrace the way we had taken. Not that I had taken note of any particular objects in my perturbed state of mind, but judging from the general character of the streets. We called at another office or station for a minute, and crossed the river again. During the whole of this time, and during the whole search, my companion, wrapped up on the box, never relaxed in his vigilance a single moment; but when we crossed the bridge, he seemed, if possible, to be more on the alert than before. He stood up to

look over the parapet; he alighted, and went back after a shadowy female figure that flitted past us, and he gazed into the profound black pit of water with a face that made my heart die within me. The river had a fearful look, so overcast and secret, creeping away so fast between the low, flat lines of shore, so heavy with indistinct and awful shapes, both of substance and shadow, so deathlike and mysterious. I have seen it many times since then, by sunlight and by moonlight, but never free from the impressions of that journey. In my memory the lights upon the bridge are always burning dim, the cutting wind is eddying round the homeless woman whom we pass, the monotonous wheels are whirling on, and in the light of the carriage lamps reflected back, looks palely in upon me a face rising out of the dreaded water.

Clattering and clattering through the empty streets, we came at length from the pavement on to dark smooth roads, and began to leave the houses behind us. After a while, I recognized the familiar way to St. Albans. At Barnet fresh horses were ready for us, and we changed and went on. It was very cold indeed, and the open country was white with snow, though none was falling then.

"An old acquaintance of yours, this road, Miss Summerson?" said Mr. Bucket, cheerfully.

"Yes," I returned. "Have you gathered any intelligence?"

"None that can be quite depended on as yet," he answered; "but it's early times as yet."

He had gone into every late or early public-house where there was a light (they were not a few at that time, the road being then much frequented by drovers), and had got down to talk to the turnpike-keepers. I had heard him ordering drink, and chinking money, and making himself agreeable and merry every where; but whenever he took his seat upon the box again, his face resumed its watchful, steady look, and he always said to the driver in the same business tone, "Get on, my lad!"

With all these stoppages, it was between five and six o'clock, and we were yet a few miles short of Saint Albans, when he came out of one of those houses and handed me in a cup of tea.

"Drink it, Miss Summerson, it'll do you good. You're beginning to get more yourself now, ain't you?"

I thanked him, and said I hoped so.

"You was what you may call stunned at first, you see," he returned; "and Lord! no wonder. Don't speak loud, my dear. It's all right. She's on ahead."

I don't know what joyful exclamation I made, or was going to make, but he put up his finger and I stopped myself.

"Passed through here on foot, this evening, about eight or nine. I heard of her first at the archway toll, over at Highgate, but couldn't make quite sure. Traced her all along, on and off. Picked her up at one place, and dropped her at another; but she's before us now, safe. Take hold of this cup and saucer, hostler. Now, if you wasn't brought up to the butter trade, look out and see if you can catch half-a-crown in your t'other hand. One, two, three, and there you are. Now, my lad, try a gallop!"

We were soon in Saint Albans, and alighted a little before day, when I was just beginning to arrange and comprehend the occurrences of the night, and really to believe that they were not a dream. Leaving the carriage at the posting-house, and ordering fresh horses to be ready, my companion gave me his arm and we went toward home.

"As this is your regular abode here, Miss Summerson, you see," he observed, "I should like to know whether you've been asked for by any stranger answering the description, or whether Mr. Jarndyce has? I don't much expect it, but it might be."

As we ascended the hill, he looked about him with a sharp eye; the day was now breaking, and reminded me that I had come down it one night, as I had reason for remembering, with my little servant and poor Jo—whom he called Toughey.

I wondered how he knew that.

"When you passed a man upon the road, just yonder, you know," said Mr. Bucket.

Yes, I remembered that too, very well.

"That was me," said Mr. Bucket.

Seeing my surprise he went on.

"I drove down in a gig that afternoon, to look after that boy. You might have heard my wheels when you came out to look after him yourself, for I was aware of you and your maid going up, when I was walking the horse down. Making an inquiry or two about him in the town, I soon heard what company he was in, and was coming among the brick-fields to look for him, when I observed you bringing him home here."

"Had he committed any crime?" I asked.

"None was charged against him," said Mr. Bucket, coolly lifting off his hat, "but I suppose he warn't over-particular. No, what I wanted him for was in connection with keeping this very matter of Lady Dedlock quiet. He had been making his tongue more free than welcome, as to a small accidental service he had been paid for by the deceased Mr. Tulkinghorn, and it wouldn't do at any sort of price to have him playing those games. So having warned him out of London, I made an afternoon of it to warn him to keep out of it, now he was away, and go farther from it, and maintain a bright look-out that I didn't catch him coming back again."

"Poor creature," said I.

"Poor enough," assented Mr. Bucket, "and trouble enough, and well enough away from London or any where else. I was regularly thrown upon my back when I found him taken up by your establishment, I do assure you."

I asked him why? "Why, my dear?" said Mr. Bucket. "Naturally there was no end to his tongue then. He might as well have been

born within twenty yards of it, and a remnant over."

Although I remember this conversation now, my head was in confusion at the time, and my power of attention hardly did more than enable me to understand that he entered into these particulars to divert and entertain me. With the same kind intention, manifestly, he often spoke to me of indifferent things, while his face was busy with the one object that we had in view. He still pursued this subject as we turned in at the garden gate.

"Ah!" said Mr. Bucket. "Here we are, and a nice retired place it is. Puts a man in mind of the country house in the Woodpecker tapping, that was known by the smoke which so gracefully curled. They're early with the kitchen fire, and that denotes good servants. But what you've always got to be careful of with servants, is, who comes to see 'em; you never know what they're up to, if you don't know that. And another thing, my dear. Whenever you find a young man behind the kitchen door, you give that young man in charge on suspicion of being secreted in a dwelling-house with an unlawful purpose."

We were now in front of the house; he looked attentively and closely at the gravel for footprints, before he raised his eyes to the windows.

"Do you generally put that elderly young gentleman in the same room, when he's on a visit here, Miss Summerson?" he inquired, glancing at Mr. Skimpole's usual chamber.

"You know Mr. Skimpole!" said I.

"What do you call him again?" returned Mr. Bucket, bending down his ear. "Skimpole, is it? I've often wondered what his name might be. Skimpole. Not John, I should say, nor yet Jacob?"

"Harold," I told him.

"Harold. Yes. He's a queer bird is Harold," said Mr. Bucket, eying me with great expression.

"He's a singular character," said I.

"No idea of money," observed Mr. Bucket. "He takes it though!"

I involuntarily returned for answer, that I perceived Mr. Bucket knew him.

"Why, now I'll tell you, Miss Summerson," he rejoined. "Your mind will be all the better for not running on one point too continually, and I'll tell you, for a change. It was him as pointed out to me where Toughey was. I made up my mind, that night, to come to the door and ask for Toughey, if that was all; but, willing to try a move or so first, if any such was on the board, I just pitched up a morsel of gravel at that window where I saw a shadow. As soon as Harold opens it and I have had a look at him, thinks I, you're about the man for me. So I smoothed him down a bit, about not wanting to disturb the family, after they was gone to bed and about its being a thing to be regretted that charitable young ladies should harbor vagrants; and then, when I pretty well understood his rigs, I said, I should consider a fypunnote well bestowed if I could relieve the premises of Toughey without causing any noise or trouble. 'There,' says he, lifting up his eyebrows in the gayest way, 'it's no use mentioning a fypunnote to me, my friend, because I'm a mere child in such matters, and have no idea of money.' Of course I understood what his taking it so easy meant, and being now quite sure he was the man *for* me, I wrapped the note round a little stone and threw it up to him. Well! He laughs and leans, and looks as innocent as you like, and says, 'But I don't know the value of these things. What am I to *do* with this?' 'Spend it, sir,' says I. 'But I shall be taken in,' he says, 'they won't give me the right change, I shall lose it, it's no use to me.' Lord, you never saw such a face as he carried it with! Of course he told me where to find Toughey, and I found him."

I regarded this as very treacherous on the part of Mr. Skimpole toward my Guardian, and as passing the usual bounds of his looseness of principles.

"Bounds, my dear?" returned Mr. Bucket. "Bounds? Now, Miss Summerson, I'll give you a piece of advice that your husband will find useful when you are happily married, and have got a family about you. Whenever a person says to you that they are as innocent as can be in all concerning money, look well after your own money, for they are dead certain to collar it, if they can. Whenever a person proclaims to you 'In worldly matters I'm a child,' you consider that that person's just a-crying off from being held accountable, and that you have got that person's number, and it's Number One. Now I am not a poetical man myself, except in a vocal way when it goes round a company, but I'm a practical one, and that's my practical experience. So's this rule. Fast and loose in one thing, Fast and loose in every thing. I never knew it fail. No more will you. Nor no one. With which caution to the unwary, my dear, I take the liberty of pulling this here bell, and so go back to our business."

I believe it had not been for a moment out of his mind, any more than it had been out of my mind, or out of his face. The whole household were amazed to see me, without any notice, at that time in the morning, and so accompanied; and their surprise was not diminished by my inquiries. No one, however, had been there. It could not be doubted that this was the truth.

"Then, Miss Summerson," said my companion, "we can't be too soon at the cottage where them brickmakers are to be found. Most inquiries there I leave to you, if you'll be so good as to make 'em. The naturalest is the best way, and the naturalest is your own way."

We set off again immediately. On arriving at the cottage, we found it shut up, and apparently deserted; but one of the neighbors who knew me, and who came out when I was trying to make some one hear, informed me that the two women and their husbands now lived together in another house made of loose rough bricks, which stood on

the margin of the piece of ground where the kilns were, and where the long rows of bricks were drying. We lost no time in repairing to this place, which was within a few hundred yards, and as the door stood ajar I pushed it open.

There were only three of them sitting at breakfast; the child lying asleep on a bed in the corner. It was Jenny, the mother of the dead child, who was absent. The other woman rose on seeing me; and the men, though they were, as usual, sulky and silent, each gave me a morose nod of recognition. A look passed between them when Mr. Bucket followed me in, and I was surprised to see that they evidently knew him.

I had asked leave to enter, of course. Liz (the only name by which I knew her) rose to give me her own chair, but I sat down on a stool near the fire, and Mr. Bucket took a corner of the bedstead. Now that I had to speak, and was among people with whom I was not familiar, I became conscious of being hurried and giddy. It was very difficult to begin, and I could not help bursting into tears.

"Liz," said I, "I have come a long way in the night and through the snow to inquire after a lady—"

"Who has been here, you know," Mr. Bucket struck in, addressing the whole group, with a composed propitiatory face, "that's the lady the young lady means. The lady that was here last night, you know."

"And who told you as there was any body here?" inquired Jenny's husband, who had made a surly stop in his eating, to listen, and now measured him with his eye.

"A person of the name of Michael Jackson, in a blue velveteen waistcoat with a double row of mother of pearl buttons," Mr. Bucket immediately answered.

"He had as good mind his own business, whoever he is," growled the man.

"He's out of employment, I believe," said Mr. Bucket, apologetically for Michael Jackson, "and so gets talking, you see."

The woman had not resumed her chair, but stood faltering with her hand upon its broken back, looking at me. I thought she would have spoken to me privately if she had dared. She was still in this attitude of uncertainty when her husband, who was eating with a lump of bread and fat in one hand, and his clasp-knife in the other, struck the handle of his knife violently upon the table, and told her with an oath to mind *her* business at any rate, and sit down.

"I should like to have seen Jenny very much," said I, "for I am sure she would have told me all she could about this lady, whom I am very anxious indeed—you can not think how anxious—to overtake. Will Jenny be here soon? Where is she?"

The woman had a great desire to answer, but the man, with another oath openly kicked at her with his heavy boot. He left it to Jenny's husband to say what he chose, and after a dogged silence the latter turned his shaggy head toward me.

"I'm not partial to gentlefolks coming into my place as you've heard me say afore now, I think, miss. I let their places be, and it's curious they can't let my place be. There'd be a pretty shine made if I was to go a-visitin *them*, I think. However, I don't so much complain of you as of some others, and I'm agreeable to make you a civil answer, though I give notice that I'm not a-going to be drawed like a badger. Will Jenny be here soon? No she won't. Where is she? She's gone up to Lunnun."

"Did she go last night?" I asked.

"Did she go last night? Ah! she went last night," he answered, with a sulky jerk of his head.

"But was she here when the lady came? And what did the lady say to her? And where is the lady gone? I beg and pray you to be so kind as to tell me," said I, "for I am in great distress to know."

"If my master would let me speak, and not a word of harm—" the woman timidly began.

"Your master," said her husband, muttering an imprecation with slow emphasis, "will break your neck if you meddle with what don't concern you."

After another silence the husband of the absent woman, turning to me again, answered me with his usual grumbling unwillingness.

"Was Jenny here when the lady come? Yes she was here when the lady come. Wot did the lady say to her? Well, I'll tell you wot the lady said to her. She said, 'You remember me as come one time to talk to you about the young lady as had been a-visiting of you? You remember me as give you somethink handsome for a hankecher wot she had left?' Ah, she remembered; so we all did. Well, then, was that young lady up at the house now. No, she warn't up at the house now. Well, then, lookee here. The lady was upon a journey all alone, strange as we might think it, and could she rest herself where you're a-setten for a hour or so. Yes she could, and so she did. Then she went—it might be at twenty minutes past eleven, and it might be at twenty minutes past twelve; we arn't got no watches here to know the time by—nor yet clocks. When did she go? I don't know when she go'd. She went one way, and Jenny went another; one went right to Lunnun, and t'other went right from it. That's all about it. Ask this man. He heerd it all, and see it all. He knows."

The other man repeated, "That's all about it."

"Was the lady crying?" I inquired.

"Devil a bit," returned the first man. "Her shoes was the worse, and her clothes was the worse, but she warn't—not as I see."

The woman sat with her arms crossed, and her eyes upon the ground. Her husband had turned his seat a little so as to face her, and kept his hammer-like hand upon the table, as if it were in readiness to execute his threat if she disobeyed him.

"I hope you will not object to my asking your wife," said I, "how the lady looked?"

"Come then!" he gruffly cried to her, "You hear wot she says. Cut it short and tell her."

"Bad," replied the woman. "Pale and exhausted. Very bad."

"Did she speak much?"

"Not much, but her voice was hoarse."

She answered looking all the while at her husband for leave.

"Was she faint?" said I. "Did she eat or drink here?"

"Go on!" said the husband, in answer to her look. "Tell her, and cut it short."

"She had a little water, miss, and Jenny fetched her some bread and tea. But she hardly touched it."

"And when she went from here"—I was proceeding, when Jenny's husband impatiently took me up.

"When she went from here, she went right away Nor'ard by the high road. Ask on the road if you doubt me, and see if it warn't so. Now, there's the end. That's all about it."

"I glanced at my companion, and finding that he had already risen and was ready to depart, thanked them for what they had told me, and took my leave. The woman looked full at Mr. Bucket as he went out, and he looked full at her.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me, as we walked quickly away. "They've got her ladyship's watch among 'em. That's a positive fact."

"You saw it?" I exclaimed.

"Just as good as saw it," he returned. "For why should he talk about his 'twenty minutes past,' and about his having no watch to tell the time by? Twenty minutes! He don't usually cut his time so fine as that. If he comes wharf hours, it's as much as he does. Now, you see, either her ladyship gave him that watch, or he took it. I think she gave it him. Now, what should she give it him for? What should she give it him for?"

He repeated this question to himself several times, as we hurried on; appearing to balance between a variety of answers that arose in his mind.

"If time could be spared," said Mr. Bucket—"which is the only thing that can't be spared in this case—I might get it out of that woman; but it's too doubtful a chance to trust to under present circumstances, for they are up to keeping a close eye upon her; and, besides, any fool knows that a poor creature like her, beaten and kicked and scarred and bruised from head to foot, will stand by the husband that ill uses her, through thick and thin. There's something kept back. It's a pity but what we had seen the other woman."

I regretted it exceedingly, for she was very grateful, and I felt sure would have resisted no entreaty of mine.

"It's possible, Miss Summerson," said Mr. Bucket, pondering on it, "that her ladyship sent her up to London with some words for you, and it's possible that her husband got the watch to let her go. It don't come out altogether so plain as to please me, but it's on the cards. Now I don't take kindly to laying out the money of Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, on these Roughs, and I don't see my way to the usefulness of it at present. No! So far, our road, Miss Summerson, is on for'ard—straight ahead—and keeping every thing quiet!"

We called at home once more, that I might send a hasty note to my Guardian, and then we hurried back to where we had left the carriage. The horses were brought as soon as we were seen coming, and we were on the road again in a few minutes.

It had set in snowing at daybreak, and it now snowed hard. The air was so thick with the darkness of the day and the density of the fall, that we could see but a very little way in any direction. Although it was extremely cold, the snow was but partially frozen, and it churned—with a sound as if it were a beach of small shells—under the hoofs of the horses, with mire and water. They sometimes slipped and floundered for a mile together, and we were obliged to come to a standstill to rest them. One horse fell three times in this first stage, and trembled so, and was so shaken, that the driver had to dismount from his saddle and lead him at last.

I could eat nothing, and could not sleep; and I grew so nervous under these delays and the slow pace at which we traveled, that I had an unreasonable desire upon me to get out and walk. Yielding to my companion's better sense, however, I remained where I was. All this time, kept fresh by a certain enjoyment of the work in which he was engaged, he was up and down at every house we came to; addressing people whom he had never beheld before as old acquaintances; running in to warm himself at every fire he saw; talking and drinking and shaking hands at every bar and tap; friendly with every wagoner, wheelwright, blacksmith, and toll-taker; yet never seeming to lose time, and always mounting to the box again with his watchful, steady face, and his business-like "Get on, my lad!"

When we were changing horses the next time, he came from the stable yard, with the wet snow encrusted upon him, and dropping off him—plashing and crashing through it to his wet knees, as he had been doing frequently since we left Saint Albans—and spoke to me at the carriage side.

"Keep up your spirits. It's certainly true that she came on here, Miss Summerson. There's not a doubt of the dress by this time, and the dress has been seen here."

"Still on foot?" said I.

"Still on foot. I think the gentleman you mentioned must be the point she's aiming at; and yet I don't like his living down in her own part of the country neither."

"I know so little," said I. "There may be some one else nearer here, of whom I never heard."

"That's true. But whatever you do, don't you fall a-crying, my dear, and don't you annoy yourself more than you can help. Get on my lad!"

The sleet fell all that day unceasingly, a thick mist came over early, and it never rose or lightened for a moment. Such roads I had never seen. I sometimes feared we had missed the way, and

got into the plowed grounds, or the marshes. If I ever thought of the time I had been out, it presented itself as an indefinite period, of great duration; and I seemed in a strange way never to have been free from the anxiety under which I then labored.

As we advanced, I began to feel misgivings that my companion lost confidence. He was the same as before with all the roadside people, but he looked graver when he sat by himself on the box. I saw his finger uneasily going across and across his mouth, during the whole of our long weary stage. I overheard that he began to ask the drivers of coaches and other vehicles coming toward us, what passengers they had seen in other coaches and vehicles that were in advance. Their replies did not encourage him. He always gave me a re-assuring beck of his finger, and lift of his eyelid as he got upon the box again, but he seemed perplexed now, when he said, "Get on, my lad!"

At last, when we were changing, he told me that he had lost the track of the dress so long that he began to be surprised. It was nothing, he said, to lose such a track for one while, and to take it up for another while, and so on; but it had disappeared here in an unaccountable manner, and we had not come upon it since. This corroborated the apprehensions I had formed, when he began to look at direction-posts, and to leave the carriage at cross roads for a quarter of an hour at a time, while he explored them. But I was not to be down-hearted he told me, for it was as likely as not that the next stage might set us right again.

But the next stage ended as that one ended; we had no new clew. There was a spacious inn here, solitary, but a comfortable substantial building, and as we drove in under a large gateway, before we knew it, where a landlady and her pretty daughters came to the carriage door, entreating me to alight and warm myself while the horses were making ready, I thought it would be uncharitable to refuse. They took me up-stairs to a cheerful room and left me there.

It was at the corner of the house, I remember, looking two ways. On the one side, to a stable-yard open to a by-road, where the hostlers were unharnessing the splashed and tired horses from the muddy carriage; and beyond that, to the by-road itself across which the sign was heavily swinging; on the other side, to a wood of dark fir trees. Their branches were encumbered with snow, and it silently dropped off in wet heaps while I stood at the window. Night was setting in, and its bleakness was enhanced by the contrast of the pictured fire glowing and gleaming in the window-pane. As I looked among the stems of the trees, and followed the discolored masses in the snow where the thaw was sinking into it and undermining it, I thought of the motherly face brightly set off by daughters that had just now welcomed me, and of my mother lying down in such a wood to die.

I was frightened when I found them all about me—I sitting on the floor, crying—but I remembered that before I fainted I tried very hard not to do it; and that was some little comfort. They cushioned me up, on a large sofa by the fire; and then the comely landlady told me that I must travel no further to-night, but must go to bed. But this put me into such a tremble lest they should detain me there, that she soon recalled her words and compromised for a rest of half-an-hour.

A good endearing creature she was. She and her three fair girls all so busy about me. I was to take hot soup and boiled fowl, while Mr. Bucket dried himself and dined elsewhere; but I could not do it when a snug round table was presently spread by the fireside, though I was very unwilling to disappoint them. However, I could take some toast and some hot negus, and as I really enjoyed that refreshment it made some recompense.

Punctual to the time, at the half-hour's end the carriage came rumbling under the gateway, and they took me down, warmed, refreshed, comforted by kindness, and safe (I assured them) not to faint any more. After I had got in and had taken a grateful leave of them all, the youngest daughter—a blooming girl of nineteen, who was to be the first married, they had told me—got upon the carriage step, reached in, and kissed me. I have never seen her from that hour, but I think of her to this hour as my friend.

The transparent windows with the fire and light—looking so bright and warm from the cold darkness out of doors—were soon gone, and again we were crushing and churning the loose snow. We went on with toil enough, but the dismal roads were not much worse than they had been, and the stage was only nine miles. My companion smoking on the box—I had thought at the last inn of begging him to do so, when I saw him standing at a great fire in a comfortable cloud of tobacco—was as vigilant as ever, and as quickly down and up again when we came to any human abode or any human creature. He had lighted his little dark lantern, which seemed to be a favorite with him for we had lamps to the carriage; and every now and then he turned it upon me, to see that I was doing well. There was a folding-window to the carriage-head, but I never closed it, for it seemed like shutting out hope.

We came to the end of the stage, and still the lost trace was not recovered. I looked at him anxiously when we stopped to change; but I knew by his yet grave face, as he stood watching the hostlers, that he had heard nothing. Almost in an instant afterward, as I leaned back in my seat, he looked in, with his lighted lantern in his hand, an excited and quite different man.

"What is it?" said I, starting. "Is she here?"

"No, no. Don't deceive yourself, my dear. Nobody's here. But I've got it!"

The crystallized snow was in his eyelashes, in his hair, lying in ridges on his dress. He had to shake it from his face and get his breath before he spoke to me.

"Now, Miss Summerson," said he, beating his finger on the apron, "don't you be disappointed at what I'm a-going to do. You know me. I'm Inspector Bucket, and you can trust me. We've come a long way; never mind. Four horses out there for the next stage up! Quick!"

There was a commotion in the yard, and a man came running out of the stables to know "if he meant up or down?"

"Up, I tell you! up! An't it English? Up!"

"Up," said I, astonished, "to London! Are we going back?"

"Miss Summerson," he answered, "back—straight back as a die. You know me. Don't be afraid. I'll follow the other by G—."

"The other?" I repeated. "Who?"

"You called her Jenny, didn't you? I'll follow her. Bring those two pair out here for a crown a mare. Wake up, some of you!"

"You will not desert this lady we are in search of; you will not abandon her on such a night, and in such a state of mind as I know her to be in!" said I, in an agony, and grasping his hand.

"You are right my dear, I won't. But I'll follow the other. Look alive here with them horses. Send a man for'ard in the saddle to the next stage, and let him send another for'ard again, and order for'ard up, right through. My darling, don't you be afraid!"

These orders, and the way in which he ran about the yard, urging them, caused a general excitement that was scarcely less bewildering to me than this sudden change. But in the height of the confusion, a mounted man galloped away to order the relays, and our horses were put-to with great speed.

"My dear," said Mr. Bucket, jumping to his seat, and looking in again—"you'll excuse me if I'm too familiar—don't you fret and worry yourself no more than you can help. I say no more at present; but you know me, my dear; now, don't you?"

I endeavored to say that I knew he was far more capable than I of deciding what we ought to do; but was he sure that this was right? Could I not go forward by myself in search of—I grasped his hand again in my distress and whispered it to him—of my own mother.

"My dear," he answered, "I know—I know—and would I put you wrong do you think? Inspector Bucket. Now you know me, don't you?"

What could I say but yes!

"Then you keep up as good heart as you can, and you rely upon me for standing by you, no less induced by Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet. Now are you right there?"

"All right, sir!"

"Off she goes then. And get on, my lads!"

We were again upon the melancholy road by which we had come; tearing up the miry street and thawing snow, as if they were torn up by a water-wheel.

CHAPTER LVIII.—A Wintry Day and Night.

Still impassive, as behooves its breeding, the Dedlock town-house carries itself as usual toward the street of dismal grandeur. There are powdered heads from time to time in the little windows of the hall, looking out at the untaxed powder falling all day from the sky; and in the same conservatory there is peach blossom turning itself exotically to the great hall fire from the nipping weather out of doors. It is given out that my Lady has gone down into Lincolnshire, but is expected to return presently.

Rumor, busy overmuch, however, will not go down into Lincolnshire. It persists in flitting and chattering about town. It knows that that poor unfortunate man Sir Leicester has been sadly used. It hears, my dear child, all sorts of shocking things. It makes the world, five miles round, quite merry. Not to know that there is something wrong at the Dedlocks' is to augur yourself unknown. One of the peachy-cheeked charmers with the skeleton throats is already apprised of all the principal circumstances that will come out before the Lords, on Sir Leicester's application for a bill of divorce.

At Blaze and Sparkle's the jewelers, and at Sheen and Gloss's the mercers, it is and will be for several hours the topic of the age, the feature of the century. The patronesses of those establishments, albeit so loftily inscrutible, being as nicely weighed and measured there as any other article of the stock-in-trade, are perfectly understood in this new fashion by the hands behind the counter. "Our people, Mr. Jones," said Blaze and Sparkle, to the hand in question on engaging him, "our people, sir, are sheep—mere sheep. Where two or three marked ones go, all the rest follow. Keep those two or three in your eye, Mr. Jones, and you have the flock." So likewise Sheen and Gloss to *their* Jones, in reference to knowing where to have the fashionable people, and how to bring what they (Sheen and Gloss) choose, into fashion. On similar unerring principles, Mr. Sladderly the librarian, and indeed the great farmer of gorgeous sheep, admits this very day, "Why yes, sir, there certainly *are* reports concerning Lady Dedlock, very current indeed among my high connection, sir. You see my high connection must talk about something, sir, and it's only to get a subject into vogue with one or two ladies I could name, to make it go down with the whole. Just what I should have done with those ladies, sir, in the case of any novelty you had left to me to bring in, they have done of themselves in this case through knowing Lady Dedlock, and being perhaps a little innocently jealous of her too, sir. You'll find, sir, that this topic will be very popular among my high connection. If it had been a speculation, sir, it would have brought money. And when I say so, you may trust to my being right, sir; for I have made it my business to study my high connection, and well able to wind it up like a clock, sir."

Thus rumor thrives in the capital, and will not

go down into Lincolnshire. By half-past five, post meridian, Horse Guards' time, it has even elicited a new remark from the Honorable Mr. Stables, which bids fair to outshine the old one, on which he has so long rested his colloquial reputation. This sparkling sally is to the effect that although he always knew she was the best groomed woman in the stud, he had no idea she was a bolter. It is immensely received in turf-circles.

At feasts and festivals also: in firmaments she has graced, and among constellations she outshone but yesterday, she is still the prevalent subject. What is it? Who is it? When was it? Where was it? How was it? She is discussed by her dear friends with all the genteelest slang in vogue, with the last new word, the last new manner, the last new drawl, and the perfection of polite indifference. A remarkable feature of the theme is, it is found to be so inspiring that several people come out upon it who never came out before, positively say things! William Doodle carries one of these smartnesses from the place where he dines down to the House, where the Whip for his party hands it about with his snuff-box to keep men together who want to be off, with such effect that the Speaker (who has had it privately insinuated into his own ear under the corner of his wig) cries "Order at the bar!" three times without making an impression.

And not the least amazing circumstance connected with her being vaguely the town talk, is, that people hovering on the confines of Mr. Sladderly's high connection, people who know nothing and never did know nothing about her, think it essential to their reputation to pretend that she is their topic too, and to retail her with the last new word and the last new manner, and the last new drawl, and the last new indifference, and all the rest of it, in inferior systems and to fainter stars. If there be any man of letters, art, or science, among these, how noble in him to support the feeble sisters on such majestic crutches!

So goes the wintry day outside the Dedlock mansion. How within it?

Sir Leicester lying in his bed can speak a little, though with difficulty and indistinctness. He is enjoined to silence and to rest, and they have given him some opiate to lull his pain; for his old enemy is very hard with him. He is never asleep, though sometimes he seems to fall into a dull waking doze. He caused his bedstead to be moved out nearer to the window when he heard it was such inclement weather, and his head to be so adjusted that he could see the driving snow and sleet. He watches it as it falls, through the whole wintry day.

Upon the least noise in the house—which is kept hushed—his hand is at the pencil. The old housekeeper, sitting by him, knows what he would write, and whispers, "No, he has not come back yet, Sir Leicester. It was late last night when he went. He has been but a little time gone yet."

He withdraws his hand, and falls to looking at the sleet and snow again, until they seem, by being long looked at, to fall so thick and fast, that he is obliged to close his eyes for a minute on the giddy white flakes and ice blots.

He again looks at them as soon as it is light. The day is not yet far spent when he conceives it to be necessary that her rooms should be prepared for her. It is very cold and wet. Let there be good fires. Let them know that she is expected. Please see to it yourself. He writes to this purpose on his slate, and Mrs. Rouncewell with a heavy heart obeys.

"For I dread, George," the old lady says to her son, who waits below to keep her company when she has a little leisure; "I dread, my dear, that my Lady will never more set foot within these walls."

"That's a bad presentiment, mother."

"Nor yet within the walls of Chesney Wold, my dear."

"That's worse. But why, mother!"

"When I saw my Lady yesterday, George, she looked to me—and I may say at me too—as if the step on the Ghost's Walk had almost walked her down."

"Come, come! You alarm yourself with old-story fears, mother."

"No I don't, dear. No I don't. It's going on for sixty years that I have been in this family, and I never had any fears for it before. But it's breaking up, my dear, the great old Dedlock family is breaking up."

"I hope not, mother."

"I am thankful I have lived long enough to be with Sir Leicester in this illness and trouble, for I know I am not too old nor too useless to be a welcomer sight to him than any body else in my place would be! But the step on the Ghost's Walk will walk my lady down, George; it has been many a day behind her, and now it will pass her, and go on."

"Well, mother, dear, I say again, I hope not."

"Ah, so do I, George," the old lady returns, shaking her head, and parting and raising her folded hands. "But if my fears come true, and he has to know it, who will tell him?"

"Are these her rooms?"

"These are my Lady's rooms, just as she left them."

"Why, now," says the trooper, glancing round him, and speaking in a lower voice, "I begin to understand how you come to think as you do think, mother. Rooms get an awful look about them when they are fitted up, like these, for one person you are used to see in them, and that person is away under a shadow—let alone being God knows where."

He is not far out. As all partings foreshadow the great final one, so, empty rooms, bereft of a familiar presence, mournfully whisper what your room and what mine must one day be. My Lady's stall has a hollow look, thus gloomy and abandoned; and in the inner apartment, where Mr. Bucket last night made his secret perquisition, the traces of her dresses and her ornaments—even

the mirrors accustomed to reflect them when they were a portion of herself, have a desolate and vacant air. Dark and cold as the wintry day is, it is darker and colder in these deserted chambers than in many a hut that will barely exclude the weather; and though the servants keep great fires in the grates, and set the couches and the chairs within the warm glass screens, that let their ruddy light shoot through them to the furthest corners, there is a heavy cloud upon the rooms which no light dispels.

The old housekeeper and her son remain until the preparations are complete, and then she returns up-stairs. Volumnia has taken Mrs. Rouncewell's place in the mean time, though pearl necklaces and rouge pots, however calculated to embellish rank, are but indifferent comforts to the invalid under present circumstances. Volumnia not being supposed to know (and indeed not accurately knowing) what is the matter, has found it a trying task to offer appropriate observations, and consequently has supplied their place with distracting smoothings of the bed-linen, elaborate locomotion on tiptoe, vigilant peeping at her kinsman's eyes, and one exasperating whisper to herself of "He is asleep," in despite of which superfluous remark Sir Leicester has indignantly written on the slate, "I am not."

Yielding, therefore, the chair at the bedside to the quaint old housekeeper, Volumnia sits at a table a little removed, sympathetically sighing. Sir Leicester watches the sleet and snow, and listens for the returning steps that he expects. In the ears of his old servant, looking as if she had stepped out of an old picture-frame to attend a summoned Dedlock to another world, the silence is fraught with echoes of her own words, "Who will tell him?"

He has been under his valet's hands this morning to be made presentable; and is as well got up as the circumstances will allow. He is propped with pillows, his gray hair is brushed in its usual manner, his linen is arranged to a nicety, he is wrapped in a responsible dressing-gown, and wears his signet-ring. His eye-glass and his watch are ready to his hand. It is necessary—less to his own dignity now, perhaps, than for her sake—that he should be seen as little disturbed and as much himself as may be. Women will talk, and Volumnia, though a Dedlock, is no exceptional case. He keeps her here, there is little doubt, to prevent her talking somewhere else. He is very ill, but he makes his present stand against distress of mind and body, most courageously.

The fair Volumnia being one of those sprightly girls who can not long continue silent without imminent peril of seizure by the dragon Boredom, soon vindicates the approach of that monster with a series of undisguisable yawns. Finding it impossible to suppress those yawns by any other process than conversation, she abruptly compliments Mrs. Rouncewell on her son; declaring that he positively is one of the finest figures she ever saw, and as soldierly a looking person, she should think, as what's his name, her favorite Life Guardsman—the man she doats on—the dearest of creatures—who was killed at Waterloo.

Sir Leicester hears this tribute with so much surprise, and stares about him in such a confused way, that Mrs. Rouncewell feels it necessary to explain.

"Miss Dedlock don't speak of my eldest son, Sir Leicester, but my youngest. I have found him. He has come home."

Sir Leicester breaks silence with a harsh cry. "George? Your son George come home, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

The old housekeeper wipes her eyes. "Thank God. Yes, Sir Leicester."

Does this discovery of some one lost, this return of some one so long gone, come upon him as a strong confirmation of his hopes? Does he think, "Shall I not, with the aid I have, recall her safely after this; there being fewer hours in her case than there are years in his?"

It is of no use entreating him; he is determined to speak now, and he does—in a thick crowd of sounds, but still intelligibly enough to be understood.

"Why did you not tell me this, Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"It happened only yesterday, Sir Leicester, and I doubted your being well enough to be talked to of such things."

Besides, the giddy Volumnia now remembers with her little scream that nobody was to have known of his being Mrs. Rouncewell's son, and that she wasn't to have told. But Mrs. Rouncewell protests with warmth enough to swell the stomacher, that of course she would have told Sir Leicester as soon as he got better.

"Where is your son George, Mrs. Rouncewell?" asks Sir Leicester.

Mrs. Rouncewell, not a little alarmed by his disregard of the doctor's injunctions, replies, in London.

"Where in London?"

Mrs. Rouncewell is constrained to admit that he is in the house.

"Bring him here to my room. Bring him directly."

The old lady can do nothing but go in search of him. Sir Leicester, with such power of movement as he has, arranges himself a little, to receive him. When he has done so, he looks out again at the falling sleet and snow, and listens again for the returning steps. A quantity of straw has been tumbled down in the street to deaden the noises there, and she might be driven to the door, perhaps, without his hearing the wheels.

He is lying thus, apparently forgetful of his newer and minor surprise, when the housekeeper returns, accompanied by her trooper son. Mr. George approaches softly to the bedside, makes his bow, squares himself, and stands, with his face flushed, very heartily ashamed.

"Good Heaven, and it is really George Rouncewell!" exclaims Sir Leicester. "Do you remember me, George?"

The trooper needs to look at him, and to separate this sound from that sound before he knows what he has said; but doing this, and being a little helped by his mother, he replies:

"I must have a very bad memory, indeed, Sir Leicester, if I failed to remember you."

"When I look at you, George Rouncewell," Sir Leicester observes with difficulty, "I see something of a boy at Chesney Wold—I remember him well—very well."

He looks at the trooper until tears come into his eyes, and then he looks at the sleet and snow again.

"I ask your pardon, Sir Leicester," says George, "but would you accept of my arms to raise you up. You would lie easier, Sir Leicester, if you would allow me to move you."

"If you please, George Rouncewell; if you'll be so good."

The trooper takes him in his arms like a child, and lightly raises him, and turns him with his face more toward the window. "Thank you. You have your mother's gentleness," returns Sir Leicester, "and your own strength. Thank you."

He signs to him with his hand not to go away. George quietly remains, at the bedside, waiting to be spoken to.

"Why did you wish for secrecy?" It takes Sir Leicester some time to ask.

"Truly I am not much to boast of, Sir Leicester, and I—I should still, Sir Leicester, if you wasn't indisposed—which I hope you will not be long—I should still hope for the favor of being allowed to remain unknown in general. That involves explanations not very hard to be guessed at, not very well timed here, and not very creditable to myself. But however opinions may differ on a variety of subjects, I should think it would be universally agreed, Sir Leicester, that I am not much to boast of."

"You have been a soldier," observes Sir Leicester, "and a faithful one."

George makes his military bow. "As far as that goes, Sir Leicester, I have done my duty under discipline, and it was the least I could do."

"You find me," says Sir Leicester, whose eyes are much attracted toward him, "far from well, George Rouncewell."

"I am very sorry both to hear it and to see it, Sir Leicester."

"I am sure you are. No. In addition to my older malady, I have had a sudden attack—a bad attack. Something that deadens—" making an endeavor to pass one hand down one side; "and confuses—" touching his lips.

George, with a look of assent and sympathy, makes another bow. The different times when they were both young men (the trooper much the younger of the two), and looked at one another down at Chesney Wold, arise before them both and soften both.

Sir Leicester, evidently with a great determination to say, in his own manner, something that is on his mind before relapsing into silence, tries to raise himself among his pillows a little more. George, observant of the action, takes him in his arms again, and places him as he desires to be. "Thank you, George. You are another self to me. You have often carried my spare gun at Chesney Wold. George, you are familiar to me in these strange circumstances, very familiar." He has put Sir Leicester's sounder arm over his shoulder in lifting him up, and Sir Leicester is slow in drawing it away again, as he says these words.

"I was about to add," he goes on, "I was about to add, respecting this attack, that it was unfortunately simultaneous with a slight misunderstanding between my Lady and myself. I do not mean that there was any difference between us (for there has been none), but that there was a misunderstanding of certain circumstances important only to ourselves, which deprives me, for a little while, of my Lady's society. She has found it necessary to make a journey—I trust will shortly return. Volumnia, do I make myself intelligible? The words are not quite under my command, in the manner of pronouncing them."

Volumnia understands him perfectly, and in truth he delivers himself with far greater plainness than could have been supposed possible a minute ago. The effort by which he does so, is written in the anxious and laboring expression of his face. Nothing but the strength of his purpose enables him to make it.

"Therefore, Volumnia, I desire to say in your presence—and in the presence of my old retainer and friend, Mrs. Rouncewell, whose truth and fidelity no one can question—and in the presence of her son George, who has come back like a familiar recollection of my youth in the home of my ancestors at Chesney Wold—in case I should relapse, in case I should not recover, in case I should lose both my speech and the power of writing, though I hope for better things—"

The old housekeeper weeping silently; Volumnia in the greatest agitation, with the freshest bloom on her cheeks; the trooper, with his arms folded and his head a little bent, respectfully attentive.

"Therefore I desire to say, and to call you all to witness—beginning, Volumnia, with yourself, most solemnly—that I am on unaltered terms with Lady Dedlock. That I assert no cause whatever of complaint against her. That I have ever had the strongest affection for her, and that I retain it undiminished. Say this to herself and to every one. If ever you say less than this, you will be guilty of deliberate falsehood to me."

Volumnia tremblingly protests that she will observe his injunctions to the letter.

"My Lady is too high in position, too handsome, too accomplished, too superior in most respects to the best of those by whom she is surrounded, not to have her enemies and traducers, I dare say. Let it be known to them as I make it known to you, that being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, I revoke no disposition I have made in her favor. I abridge nothing I

have ever bestowed upon her. I am on unaltered terms with her, and I recall—having the full power to do it if I were so disposed, as you see—no act I have done for her advantage and happiness."

His formal array of words might have at any other time, as it has often had, something ludicrous in it, but at this time it is serious and affecting. His noble earnestness, his fidelity, his gallant shielding of her, his generous conquest of his own wrong and his own pride for her sake, are simply honorable, manly, and true. Nothing less worthy can be seen through the lustre of such qualities in the commonest mechanic, nothing less worthy can be seen in the best-born gentleman. In such a light both aspire alike, both rise alike, both children of the dust shine equally.

Overpowered by his exertions, he lays his head back on his pillows, and closes his eyes for not more than a minute, when he again resumes his watching of the weather and his attention to the muffled sounds. In the rendering of those little services, and in the manner of their acceptance, the trooper has become installed as necessary to him. Nothing has been said, but it is understood. He falls a step or two backward to be out of sight, and mounts guard a little behind his mother's chair.

The day is now beginning to decline. The mist, and the sleet, into which the snow has all resolved itself, are darker, and the blaze begins to tell more vividly upon the room walls and furniture. The gloom augments; the bright gas springs up in the streets, and the pertinacious oil lamps, which yet hold their ground there, with their source of life half frozen and half thawed, twinkle gaspingly, like fiery fish out of water as they are. The world, which has been rumbling over the straw and pulling at the bell "to inquire," begins to go home, begins to dress, to dine, to discuss its dear friend, with all the last new modes, as already mentioned.

Now does Sir Leicester become worse; restless, uneasy, and in great pain. Volumnia lighting a candle (with a predestined aptitude for doing something objectionable) is bidden to put it out again, for it is not yet dark enough. Yet it is very dark too; as dark as it will be all night. By-and-by she tries again. No, put it out. It is not dark enough yet.

His old housekeeper is the first to understand that he is striving to uphold the fiction with himself that it is not growing late.

"George," she whispers, softly, when Volumnia has gone down to dinner, "Sir Leicester don't like the thought of shutting out my Lady for another night. Go away a little while, my dear. I'll speak to him."

The trooper retires, and Mrs. Rouncewell takes her chair at the bedside.

"Sir Leicester."

"That's Mrs. Rouncewell?"

"Surely, yes, Sir Leicester."

"I was afraid you had left me."

His hand is lying close beside her. She kisses it.

"It's the dull one," says Sir Leicester. "But I feel that, Mrs. Rouncewell."

It is too dark to see him; she thinks, however, that he puts his other hand before his eyes.

"Where is your son, George? He is not gone? I want him here. I want only you and him; I would rather have no one else to-night."

"He hoped he might be of some use, and he is not gone, Sir Leicester."

"I thank him!"

"Dear Sir Leicester, my honored master," the old housekeeper pursues, "I must, for your own good, and my duty, take the freedom of begging and praying that you will not lie here in the dark darkness, watching and waiting, and dragging through the time. Let me draw the curtains and light the candles, and make things more comfortable about you. The church-clocks will strike the hours just the same, Sir Leicester, and the night will pass away just the same. My Lady will come back, just the same, too."

"I know it, Mrs. Rouncewell, but I am weak—and he has been so long gone."

"Not so very long, Sir Leicester. Not twenty-four hours yet."

"But that's a long time. Oh, it's a long time!"

He says it with a groan that wrings her heart.

She knows that this is not a period for bringing the rough light upon him; she thinks his tears too sacred to be seen, even by her. Therefore, she sits in the darkness for a while, without a word; then gently begins to move about; now stirring the fire, now standing at the window looking out. Finally he tells her, with recovered self-command, "As you say, Mrs. Rouncewell, it is no worse for being confessed. It is getting late, and they are not come. Light the room!" When it is lighted, and the weather shut out, it is only left to him to listen.

But they find that, however dejected and ill he is, he brightens when a quiet pretense is made of looking at the fires in her rooms, and being sure that every thing is ready to receive her. Many a time, consequently, the old housekeeper trots down stairs to see, as she tells George, with her own eyes, that nothing is neglected. Poor pretense as it is, it is very plain that these allusions to her being expected, keep up hope within him.

Midnight comes, and with it the same blank. The carriages in the streets are few, and other late sounds in that neighborhood there are none, unless a man so very nomadically drunk as to stray into the frigid zone, goes bawling and bellowing along the pavement. Upon this wintry night it is so still that listening to the intense silence is like looking at intense darkness. If any distant sound be audible in this case, it departs through the gloom like a feeble light without, and all is heavier than before.

The corporation of servants are dismissed to bed (not unwilling to go, for they were up all last

night), and only Mrs. Rouncewell and George keep watch in Sir Leicester's room. As the night lags tardily on—or rather when it seems to stop altogether, at between two and three o'clock—they find a restless craving on him to know more about the weather now he can not see it. Hence George, patrolling regularly every half hour to the rooms so carefully looked after, extends his march to the hall-door, looks about him, and brings back the best report he can make of the worst of nights. The mist still brooding, the sleet still falling, and even the stone footways lying ankle-deep in sludge.

Volumnia, in her room up a retired landing on the staircase—the second turning past the end of the carving and gilding—a cousinly room, containing a fearful abortion of a portrait of Sir Leicester, banished for its crimes, and commanding in the day a solemn yard, planted with dried-up shrubs, like antediluvian specimens of black tea—is a prey to horrors of many kinds. Not last nor least among them, possibly, is a horror of what may befall her little income in the event, as she usually expresses it, "of any thing happening" to Sir Leicester. Any thing, in this sense, meaning one thing only, and that the last thing that can happen to the consciousness of any baronet in the known world.

An effect of these horrors is, that Volumnia finds she can not go to bed in her own room, or sit by the fire in her own room, but must come forth with her head tied up in a profusion of shawl, and her fair form enrolled in drapery, and parade the mansion like a ghost, particularly haunting the rooms, warm and luxurious, prepared for one who still does not return. Solitude under such circumstances being not to be thought of, Volumnia is attended by her maid, who, impressed from her own bed for that purpose, extremely cold, very sleepy, and generally an injured maid, as condemned by circumstances to take office with a mere cousin, when she had resolved to be maid to nothing less than ten thousand a year, has not a sweet expression of countenance.

The periodical visits of the trooper to these rooms, however, in the course of his patrolling, is an assurance of protection and company, both to mistress and maid, which renders them very acceptable in the small hours of the night. Whenever he is heard advancing they both make some little decorative preparation to receive him; at other times, they divide their watches into short scraps of oblivion and dialogues, not wholly free from acerbity, as to whether Miss Dedlock, sitting with her feet upon the fender, was or was not falling into the fire when rescued (to her great displeasure) by her guardian genius the maid.

"How is Sir Leicester, now, Mr. George?" inquires Volumnia, adjusting her cowl over her head.

"Why, Sir Leicester is much the same, miss. He is very low and ill, and he even wanders a little sometimes."

"Has he asked for me?" inquires Volumnia tenderly.

"Why no; I can't say he has, miss. Not within my hearing, that is to say."

"This is a truly sad time, Mr. George."

"It is indeed, miss. Hadn't you better go to bed?"

"You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock," quoth the maid, sharply.

But Volumnia answers No! No! She may be asked for, she may be wanted at a moment's notice. She never should forgive herself "if any thing was to happen" and she wasn't on the spot. She declines to enter on the question, how the spot comes to be there, and not in her own room (which is nearer to Sir Leicester's), but stanchly declares that on the spot she will remain. Volumnia further makes a merit of not "having closed an eye"—as if she had twenty or thirty, though it is hard to reconcile this statement with her having most indisputably opened two within five minutes.

But when it comes to four o'clock, and still the same blank, Volumnia's constancy begins to fail her, or rather it begins to strengthen, for she now considers that it is her duty to be ready for the morrow, when much may be expected of her; that, in fact, howsoever anxious to remain upon the spot, it may be required of her, as an act of self-devotion, to desert the spot. So when the trooper reappears with his "Hadn't you better go to bed, miss?" and when the maid protests, more sharply than before, "You had a deal better go to bed, Miss Dedlock!" she meekly rises and says, "Do with me what you think best."

Mr. George undoubtedly thinks it best to escort her on his arm to the door of her cousinly chamber, and the maid as undoubtedly thinks it best to hustle her into bed with mighty little ceremony. Accordingly, these steps are taken, and now the trooper, in his rounds, has the house to himself.

There is no improvement in the weather. From the portico, from the eaves, from the parapet, from every door-ledge and post and pillar, drips the thawed snow. It has crept, as if for shelter, into the lintels of the great door under it, into the corners of the windows, into every chink and crevice of retreat, and there wastes and dies. It is falling still; upon the roof, upon the skylight, even through the skylight now, and drip, drip, drip, with the regularity of the Ghost's Walk, on the stone below.

The trooper, his old recollections awakened by the solitary grandeur of a great house—no novelty to him once at Chesney Wold—goes up the stairs and through the chief rooms, holding up his light at arm's length, thinking of his varied fortunes within the last few weeks, and of his rustic boyhood, and of the two so brought together across the wide intermediate space of his life; thinking of the murdered man whose image is so fresh in his mind; thinking of the lady who has disappeared from these very rooms, and the tokens of whose recent presence are all here; thinking of the master of the house up-stairs, and of the forebeding "Who will tell him?" he looks here and looks there, and thinks how he *might* see

something now, which it would tax his boldness to walk up to, lay his hand upon, and prove to be a fancy. But it is all blank; blank as the darkness above and below as he goes up the great staircase again; blank as the oppressive silence.

"All is still in readiness, George Rouncewell?"

"Quite orderly and right, Sir Leicester."

"No word of any kind?"

The trooper shakes his head.

"No letter that can possibly have been overlooked?"

But he knows there is no such hope as that, and lays his head down dejectedly without looking for an answer.

Quite familiar to him, as he said himself some hours ago, George Rouncewell lifts him into easier positions through the long remainder of the blank of a wintry night, and, equally familiar with his unexpressed wish, extinguishes the light, and even draws the curtains at the first late break of day. The day confronts them like a phantom. Cold, colorless, and vague, it sends a warning streak before it of a deathlike hue, as if it cried out, "Look what I am bringing you who watch there! Who will tell him?"

CHAPTER LIX.—Esther's Narrative.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the houses outside London did at last begin to exclude the country, and to close us in with streets. We had made our way along roads in a far worse condition than when we had traversed them by daylight, both the fall and the thaw having lasted ever since; but the energy of my companion had never slackened. It had only been, as I thought, of less assistance than the horses in getting us on, and it had often aided them. They had stopped exhausted halfway up hills, they had been driven through streams of turbulent water, they had slipped down and become entangled with the harness; but he and his little lantern had been always ready, and when the mishap was set right, I had never heard any variation in his cool "Get on, my lads!"

The steadiness and confidence with which he had directed our journey back, I could not account for. Never wavering, he never even stopped to make an inquiry until we were within a few miles of London. A very few words here and there were then enough for him, and thus we came at between three and four o'clock in the morning into Islington.

I will not dwell on the suspense and anxiety with which I reflected all this time, that we were leaving my mother further and further behind every minute. I think I had some strong hope that he must be right, and could not fail to have a satisfactory object in following this woman; but I tormented myself with questioning it, and discussing it, during the whole journey. What was to ensue when we found her, and what could compensate us for this loss of time, were questions also that I could not possibly dismiss; my mind was quite tortured by long dwelling on such reflections when we stopped.

We stopped in a high street where there was a coach-stand. My companion paid our two drivers, who were as completely covered with splashes as if they had been dragged along the roads like the carriage itself, and giving them some brief direction where to take it, lifted me out of it, and into a hackney-coach he had chosen from the rest.

"Why, my dear," he said, as he did this, "how wet you are!"

I had not been conscious of it. But the melted snow had found its way in; and I had got out two or three times when a fallen horse was plunging and had to be got up; and the wet had clung to me. I assured him it was no matter; but the driver who knew him, would not be dissuaded by me from running down the street to his stable, whence he brought an armful of clean dry straw. They shook it out and strewed it well about me, and I found it warm and comfortable.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Bucket, with his head in at the window after I was shut up. "We're a-going to mark this person down. It may take a little time, but you don't mind that. You're pretty sure that I've got a motive, ain't you?"

I little thought what it was—little thought in how short a time I should understand it; but I assured him that I had confidence in him.

"So you may have, my dear," he returned. "Now I tell you what, if you only repose half so much confidence in me as I repose in you, after what I've experienced of you, that'll do. Lord! you're no trouble at all. I never see a young woman in any station of society—and I've seen many elevated ones, too—conduct herself like you have conducted yourself, since you was called out of your bed. You're a pattern, you know, that's what you are," said Mr. Bucket, warmly, "you're a pattern."

I told him that I was very glad, as indeed I was, to have been no hindrance to him; and that I hoped I should be none now.

"My dear," he returned, "when a young lady is as mild as she's game, and as game as she's mild, that's all I ask, and more than I expect. She then becomes a Queen, and that's about what you are yourself."

With these encouraging words—they really were encouraging to me under those lonely and anxious circumstances—he got upon the box, and we once more drove away. Where we drove, I neither knew then nor have ever known since, but we appeared to seek out the narrowest and worst streets in London. Whenever I saw him directing the driver I was prepared for our descending into a deeper complication of such streets, and we never failed to do so.

Sometimes we emerged upon a wider thoroughfare, or came to a larger building than the generality, well-lighted. Then we stopped at offices like those we had visited when we began our journey, and I saw him in consultation with others. Sometimes he would get down by an archway or at a street corner, and mysteriously show the light of his little lantern. This would

attract similar lights from various dark quarters, like so many insects, and a fresh consultation would be held. By degrees we appeared to contract our search within narrower and easier limits. Single police-officers on duty could now tell Mr. Bucket what he wanted to know, and point to him where to go. At last we stopped for a rather long conversation between him and one of these men, which I supposed to be satisfactory from his manner of nodding from time to time. When it was finished he came to me, looking very busy, and very attentive.

"Now, Miss Summerson," he said to me, "you won't be alarmed whatever comes off, *I* know. It's not necessary for me to give you any further caution than to tell you that we have marked this person down, and that you may be of use to me before I know it myself. I don't like to ask such a thing, my dear, but would you walk a little way."

Of course I got out directly, and took his arm.

"It ain't so easy to keep your feet," said Mr. Bucket; "but take time."

Although I looked about me confusedly and hurriedly, as we crossed a street, I thought I knew the place. "Are we in Holborn?" I asked him.

"Yes," said Mr. Bucket. "Do you know this turning?"

"It looks like Chancery Lane."

"And was christened so, my dear," said Mr. Bucket.

We turned down it, and as we went, shuffling through the sleet, I heard the clock strike half-past five. We passed on in silence, and as quickly as we could with such a foothold, when some one coming toward us on the narrow pavement, wrapped in a cloak, stopped and stood aside to give me room. In the same moment I heard an exclamation of wonder, and my own name, from Mr. Woodcourt. I knew his voice very well.

It was so unexpected, and so—I don't know what to call it, whether pleasant or painful—to come upon it after my feverish wandering journey, and in the midst of very night, that I could not keep the tears from my eyes. It was like hearing his voice in a strange country.

"My dear Miss Summerson, that you should be out at this hour, and in such weather."

He had heard from my Guardian of my having been called away on some uncommon business, and said so to dispense with any explanation. I told him that we had but just left a coach, and were going—but then I was obliged to look at my companion.

"Why, you see, Mr. Woodcourt;" he had caught the name from me; "we are a-going at present into the next street—Inspector Bucket."

Mr. Woodcourt, disregarding my remonstrances, had hurriedly taken off his cloak, and was putting it about me. "That's a good move, too," said Mr. Bucket, assisting, "a very good move it is."

"May I go there with you?" said Mr. Woodcourt. I don't know whether to me or my companion.

"Why, lord!" exclaimed Mr. Bucket, taking the answer on himself. "Of course you may."

It was all said in a moment, and they took me between them, wrapped in the cloak.

"I have just left Richard," said Mr. Woodcourt. "I have been sitting with him since ten o'clock last night."

"O dear me, he is ill!"

"No, no, believe me; not ill, but not quite well. He was depressed and faint—you know he gets so worried and so worn sometimes—and Ada sent to me of course; and when I came home I found her note, and came straight here. Well, Richard revived so much after a little while, and Ada was so happy, and so convinced of its being my doing, though God knows I had little enough to do with it, that I remained with him until he had been fast asleep some hours. As fast asleep as she is now, I hope!"

His friendly and familiar way of speaking of them, his unaffected devotion to them, the grateful confidence with which I knew he had inspired my darling, and the comfort he was to her; could I separate all this from his promise to me? How thankless should I have been if it had not recalled the words he said to me when he was so moved by the change in my appearance. "I will accept him as a trust, and it shall be a sacred one!"

We now turned into another narrow street. "Mr. Woodcourt," said Mr. Bucket, who had eyed him closely as we came along, "our little business takes us to a law-stationer's here; a certain Mr. Snagsby's. What, you know him, do you?" He was so quick that he saw it in an instant.

"Yes, I know a little of him, and have called upon him at this place."

"Indeed, sir?" said Mr. Bucket. "Will you be so good as to let me leave Miss Summerson with you for a moment, while I go and have half a word with him?"

The last police officer with whom he had conferred was standing silently behind us. I was not aware of it until he struck in, on my saying I heard some one crying.

"Don't be alarmed, miss," he returned. "It's Snagsby's servant."

"Why, you see," said Mr. Bucket, "the girl's subject to fits, and she's got 'em had upon her to-night. A most contrary circumstance it is, for I want certain information out of that girl, and she must be brought to reason somehow or other."

"At all events, they wouldn't be up yet, if it wasn't for her, Mr. Bucket," said the other man. "She's been at it pretty well all night, sir."

"Well, that's true," he returned. "My light's burnt out. Show yours a moment."

All this passed in a whisper, a door or two from the house in which I could faintly hear crying and moaning. In the little round of light produced for the purpose, Mr. Bucket went up

to the door and knocked. The door was opened, after we had knocked twice, and he went in, leaving us standing in the street.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Woodcourt; "if, without obtruding myself on your confidence, I may remain near you, pray let me do so."

"You are truly kind," I answered. "I need wish to keep no secret of my own from you; if I keep any it is another's."

"I quite understand. Trust me. I will remain near you only so long as I can fully respect it."

"I trust implicitly to you," I said. "I know and deeply feel how sacred you keep your promises."

After a short time the little round of light shone out again, and Mr. Bucket advanced toward us in it with an earnest face. "Please to come in, Miss Summerson," he said, "and sit down by the fire. Mr. Woodcourt, from information I have received I understand you are a medical man. Would you look to this girl and see if any thing can be done to bring her round. She's got a letter somewhere that I particularly want. It's not in her box, and I think it must be somewhere about her, but she is so difficult to handle without hurting, twisted and clenched up."

We all three went into the house together; although it was cold and raw, it smelt close too from being shut up all night. In the passage, behind the door, stood a scared, sorrowful-looking little man in a gray coat, who seemed to have a naturally polite manner, and spoke meekly.

"Down-stairs, if you please, Mr. Bucket," said he. "The lady will excuse the front kitchen; we use it as our work-a-day sitting room. The back is Guster's bedroom, and in it she's a carrying on, poor thing, to a frightful extent!"

We went down stairs, followed by Mr. Snagsby, as I soon found the little man to be. In the front kitchen, sitting by the fire, was Mrs. Snagsby, with very red eyes, and a very severe expression of face.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, entering behind us, "to wave—not to put a fine point upon it, my dear—hostilities, for a single moment, in the course of this prolonged night, here is Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady."

She looked very much astonished, as she had good reason for doing, and looked particularly hard at me.

"My little woman," said Mr. Snagsby, sitting down in the remotest corner by the door, as if he were taking a liberty, "it is not unlikely that you may inquire of me why Inspector Bucket, Mr. Woodcourt, and a lady call upon us in Cook's Court, Cursitor-street, at the present hour. I don't know. I have not the least idea. If I was to be informed, I should despair of understanding, and I'd rather not be told."

He appeared so miserable, sitting with his head upon his hand, and I appeared so unwelcome, that I was going to offer an apology, when Mr. Bucket took the matter to himself.

"Now, Mr. Snagsby," said he, "the best thing you can do, is to go along with Mr. Woodcourt to look after your Guster—"

"My Guster, Mr. Bucket!" cried Mr. Snagsby. "Go on, sir, go on. I shall be charged with that next."

"And to hold the candle," pursued Mr. Bucket without correcting himself, "or hold her, or make yourself useful in any way you're asked. Which there ain't a man alive more ready to do, for you're a man of urbanity and suavity, you know, and you've got the sort of heart that can feel for another. (Mr. Woodcourt, would you be so good as see to her, and if you can get that letter from her, to let me have it as soon as ever you can?)"

As they went out, Mr. Bucket made me sit down in a corner by the fire, and take off my wet shoes, which he turned up to dry upon the fender; talking all the time.

"Don't you be at all put out, miss, by the want of a hospitable look from Mrs. Snagsby, because she's under a mistake altogether. She'll find that out sooner than will be agreeable to a lady of her generally correct manner of framing her thoughts, because I'm a-going to explain it to her." Here, standing on the hearth with his wet hat and shawls in his hand, himself a pile of wet, he turned to Mrs. Snagsby. "Now, the first thing that I say to you as a married woman possessing what you may call charms, you know—'Believe me, if all those endearing, and ecter'—you're well acquainted with the song, because it's in vain for you to tell me that you and good society are strangers—charms—attractions, mind you, that ought to give you confidence in yourself—is, that you've done it."

Mrs. Snagsby looked rather alarmed, relented a little, and faltered, what did Mr. Bucket mean?

"What does Mr. Bucket mean?" he repeated; and I saw by his face that all the time he talked he was listening for the discovery of the letter, to my own great agitation; for I knew then how important it must be.

"I'll tell you what he means, ma'am. Go and see Othello acted. That's the tragedy for you."

Mrs. Snagsby consciously asked why.

"Why?" said Mr. Bucket. "Because you'll come to that, if you don't look out. Now at the very moment while I speak, I know what your mind's not wholly free from respecting this young lady. But shall I tell you who this young lady is? Now, come, you're what I call an intellectual woman—with your soul too large for your body, if you come to that, and chafing it—and you know me, and you recollect where you saw me last, and what was talked of in that elevated circle. Don't you. Yes! Very well. This young lady is that young lady."

Mrs. Snagsby appeared to understand the reference better than I did at the time.

"And Toughey—him as you call Jo—was mixed up in the same business and no other; and the law-writer that you know of, was mixed up in the same business and no other; and your

husband, with no more knowledge of it than your great-grandfather, was mixed up (by Mr. Tulkinghorn, deceased, his best customer) in the same business and no other; and the whole bileing of people was mixed up in the same business and no other; and yet a married woman, possessing your attractions, shuts her eyes (and sparklers too) and goes and runs her delicate-formed head against a wall. Why, I am ashamed of you! (I expected Mr. Woodcourt might have got it by this time.)"

Mrs. Snagsby shook her head, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Is that all?" said Mr. Bucket. "No. See what happens. Another person mixed up in that business and no other; a person in a wretched state comes here to-night, and is seen a-speaking to your maid-servant; and between her and your maid-servant there passes a paper that I'd give a hundred pound for, down. What do you do? You hide and you watch 'em, and you pounce upon that maid-servant—knowing what she's

subject to, and what a little thing will bring 'em on—in that surprising manner, and with that severity, that, by the Lord, she goes off and keeps off, when a life may be hanging upon that girl's words!"

He so thoroughly meant what he said now, that I involuntarily clasped my hands, and felt the room turning away from me. But it stopped. Mr. Woodcourt came in, put a paper into his hand, and went away again.

"Now the only amends you can make, Mrs. Snagsby," said Mr. Bucket, rapidly glancing at it, "is to let me speak a word to this young lady in private here. And if you know of any help that you can give to that gentleman in the next kitchen there, or can think of any thing that's likelier than another to bring the girl round, do your swiftest and best!" In an instant she was gone, and he had shut the door. "Now, my dear, you're steady and quite sure of yourself?"

"Quite," said I.

"Whose writing's that?"

It was my mother's. A pencil-writing, on a crushed and torn piece of paper, blotted with wet. Folded roughly like a letter, and directed to me, at my Guardian's.

"You know the hand," he said; "and if you are firm enough to read it to me, do! But be particular to a word."

It had been written in portions at different times. I read what follows:

"I came to the cottage with two objects. First, to see the dear one, if I could, once more; but only to see her—not to speak to her, or let her know that I was near. The other object, to elude pursuit, and to be lost. Do not blame the mother for her share. The assistance that she rendered me she rendered on my strongest assurance that it was for the dear one's good. You remember her dead child. The men's consent I bought, but her help was freely given."

"'I came.' That was written," said my companion, "when she rested there. It bears out what I made of it. I was right."

The next was written at another time:

"I have now wandered a long distance, and for many hours, and I know that I must soon die. These streets! I have no purpose but to die. When I left I had a worse; but I am saved from adding that guilt to the rest. Cold, wet, and fatigue, are sufficient causes for my being found dead; but I shall die of others, though I suffer from these. It was right that all that had sustained me should give way at once, and that I should die of terror and my conscience."

"Take courage," said Mr. Bucket. "There's only a few words more."

These, too, were written at another time. To all appearance, almost in the dark.

"I have done what I could to be lost. I shall be soon forgotten so, and shall disgrace him least. I have nothing about me by which I can be recognized. This paper I part with now. The place where I shall lie down, if I can yet get so far, has been often in my mind. Farewell. Forgive."

Mr. Bucket, supporting me with his arm, carried me gently into my chair. "Cheer up! Don't think me hard with you, my dear, but, as soon as you feel equal to it, get your shoes on and be ready."

I did as he required; but I sat there a long time, praying for my unhappy mother. They were all occupied with the poor girl, and I heard Mr. Woodcourt directing them, and speaking to her often. At length he came in with Mr. Bucket, and said that as it was important to address her gently, he thought it best that I should ask her for whatever information we desired to obtain. There was no doubt that she could now reply to questions, if she were soothed, and not alarmed. The questions, Mr. Bucket said, were, how she came by the letter, what passed between her and the person who gave her the letter, and where the person went. Holding my mind as steadily as I could to these points I went into the next room with them. Mr. Woodcourt would have remained outside, but at my solicitation went in with us.

The poor girl was sitting on the floor where they had laid her down. They stood around her, though at a little distance, that she might have air. She was not pretty, and looked weak and poor; but she had a plaintive and a good face, though it was still a little wild. I kneeled on the ground beside her, and put her poor head on my shoulder; whereupon she drew her arm round my neck and burst into tears.

"My poor girl," said I, laying my face against her forehead; for indeed I was crying too, and trembling; "it seems cruel to trouble you now, but more depends on our knowing something about this letter than I could tell you in an hour."

She began piteously declaring that she didn't mean any harm, she didn't mean any harm, Mrs. Snagsby!

"We are all sure of that now," said I. "But pray tell me how you got it."

"Yes, dear lady, I will, and tell you true. I'll tell true, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

"I am sure of that," said I. "And how was it?"

"I had been out on an errand, dear lady—long after it was dark—quite late; and when I came home I found a common-looking person, all wet and muddy, looking up at our house. When she see me coming in at the door she called me back, and said did I live here? and I said yes; and she said she knew only one or two places about here, but had lost her way, and couldn't find them.—'O what shall I do, what shall I do! They won't believe me!' She didn't say any harm to me, and I didn't say any harm to her, indeed, Mrs. Snagsby."

It was necessary for her mistress to comfort her, which she did, I must say, with a good deal of contrition, before she could be got beyond this.

"She could not find those places," said I.

"No!" cried the girl, shaking her head. "No! couldn't find them. And she was so faint, and lame, and miserable, O so wretched! that if you had seen her, Mr. Snagsby, you'd have given her half-a-crown, I know!"

"Well, Guster, my girl," said he, at first not knowing what to say. "I hope I should."

"And yet she was so well spoken, dear lady," said the girl, looking at me with wide-open eyes, "that it made a person's heart bleed. And so she said to me did I know the way to the burying-ground? And I asked her which burying-ground? And she said the poor burying-ground. And so I told her I had been a poor child myself, and it was according to parishes. But she said she meant a poor burying-ground not very far from here, where there was an archway, and a step, and an iron gate."

As I watched her face, and soothed her to go on, I saw that Mr. Bucket received this with a look which I could not separate from one of alarm.

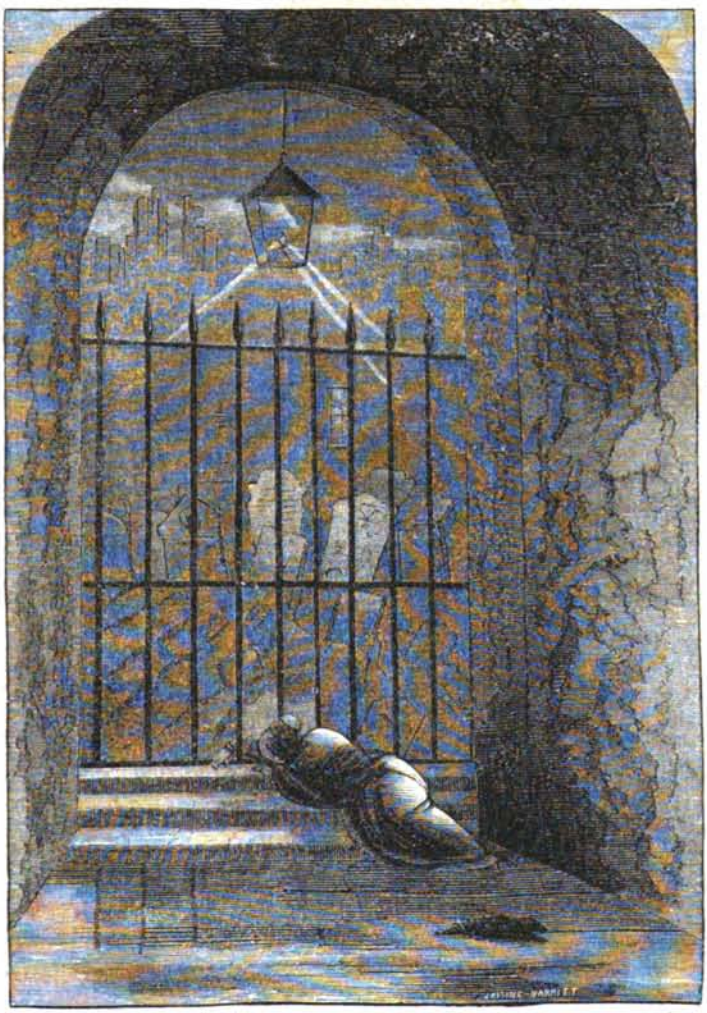
"O dear, dear!" cried the girl, pressing her hair back with her hands, "what shall I do, what shall I do! She meant the burying-ground where the man was buried that took the sleeping-stuff —that you came home and told us of, Mr. Snagsby —that frightened me so, Mrs. Snagsby. O I am frightened now again, dear lady. Hold me!"

"You are so much better now," said I. "But pray, pray tell me more."

"Yes I will, yes I will! But don't be angry with me, that's a dear lady, because I have been so ill."

Angry with her, poor soul!

"There! Now I will, now I will. So she said could I tell her how to find it; and I said yes; and I told her; and she looked at me with eyes like almost as if she was blind, and herself all



THE MORNING.

waving back. And so she took out the letter, and showed it to me, and said if she was to put that in the post-office, it would be rubbed out and not minded and never sent; and would I take it from her, and send it, and the messenger would be paid at the house? And so I said yes, if it was no harm; and she said no—no harm. And so I took it from her, and she said she had nothing to give me; and I said I was poor myself, and consequently wanted nothing. And so she said God bless you! and went."

"And did she go?"

"Yes," cried the girl, anticipating the inquiry, "yes! she went the way I had shown her. Then I came in, and Mrs. Snagsby came behind me from somewhere, and laid hold of me, and I was frightened."

Mr. Woodcourt took her kindly from me. Mr. Bucket wrapped me up, and immediately we were in the street. Mr. Woodcourt hesitated, but I said, "Don't leave me now!" and Mr. Bucket added, "You'll be better with us, we may want you; don't lose time!"

I have the most confused impressions of that walk. I recollect that it was neither night nor day; that morning was dawning, but the street-lamps were not yet put out; that the sleet was still falling, and that all the ways were damp with it. I recollect a few chilled people passing in the streets; I recollect the wet housetops, the clogged and bursting gutters and water-spouts, the mounds of blackened ice and snow over which we passed, the narrowness of the courts by which we went. At the same time I remember that the poor girl seemed to be telling her story audibly and plainly in my hearing; that I could feel her resting on my arm; that the stained house-fronts put on human shapes and looked at me; that great water-gates seemed to be opening and closing in my head, or in the air; and that these unreal things were more substantial than the real.

At last we stood under a dark and miserable arching, where one lamp was burning over an iron gate, and where the morning faintly struggled in. The gate was closed. Beyond it was a burial-ground—a dreadful spot in which the night was very slowly stirring, but where I could dimly see a heap of dishonored graves and stones, hemmed in by filthy houses, where dull lights burnt, and on whose walls a thick humidity broke out like a disease. On the step at the gate, steeped in the fearful wet of such a place, which oozed and splashed down every where, I saw, with a cry of pity and horror, a woman lying—Jenny, the mother of the dead child.

I ran forward, but they stopped me, and Mr. Woodcourt entreated me, with the greatest earnestness, even with tears, before I went up to that figure, to listen for an instant to what Mr. Bucket said. I did so as I thought. I did so, as I am sure.

"Miss Summerson. You'll understand me, if you think a moment. They changed clothes at the cottage."

Well! They changed clothes at the cottage. I could repeat the words in my mind, and I knew what they meant of themselves, but I attached no meaning to them in any other connection.

"And one returned," said Mr. Bucket, "and one went on. And the one that went on only went on a certain way agreed upon to deceive, and then turned across country, and went home. Think a moment."

I could repeat this in my mind too, but I had not the least idea what it meant. I saw before me, lying on the step, the mother of the dead child. She lay there with one arm creeping round a bar of the iron gate, and seeming to embrace it. She lay there who had so lately spoken to my mother. She lay there a distressed, unsheltered, senseless creature. She who had brought my mother's letter, who could give me the only clew to where my mother was; she who was to guide us to rescue and save her, whom we had sought so far, who had come to this condition by some means connected with my mother that I could not follow, and might be passing beyond our reach and help at that moment, she lay there, and they stopped me! I saw, but did not comprehend, the solemn and compassionate look in Mr. Woodcourt's face. I saw, but did not comprehend, his touching the other on the breast to keep him back. I saw him stand uncovered in the bitter air with a reverence for something. But my understanding for all this was gone.

I even heard it said between them—

"Shall she go?"

"She had better go. Her hands should be the first to touch her. They have a higher right than ours."

I passed on to the gate, and stooped down. I lifted the heavy head, put the long dank hair aside, and turned the face. And it was my mother, cold and dead.

FUNERAL RITES IN CEYLON.

[The following article is from Mr. T. S. Burnell, an American printer, the superintendent of a large printing establishment at Jaffna, Ceylon. The manuscript copy, which is written with perfect accuracy and great neatness, the author informs us was written by "a half naked low-caste native," educated at the Mission Seminary at Batticotta, who is employed by him as accountant, translator, and writer.—Eds. Harper's Magazine.]

ABOUT four months since, I, with my family, spent some days for health and recreation, in a temporary bungalow built upon the sea-shore at Mathagul, distant from Manepy seven miles, and two beyond the missionary station of Panditeripo. Very near the bungalow, and a few feet only from the sea-shore, is a *choordu kardu*, or a burning place for the dead. One afternoon, while at the bungalow, the corpse of an aged *pundarum*, or holy beggar, was brought to this *choordu kardu* and burnt. My attention was first arrested by the approach of a procession and the sound of a hand-bell, which some one in the procession was most industriously ringing. The company soon stopped, and putting down the bier with the corpse upon it, they

commenced their tiresome and foolish ceremonies. I left the bungalow, and going to them, asked permission to stand near by and see their way of managing things on such an occasion. Permission was readily granted, and I stood and looked on for an hour or more, until the fire was at length set to the funeral pile, and nearly all the company had departed, it being then quite dark. Such a sight, and such indifference and carelessness, I never before witnessed on an occasion of the bestowment of the last rites upon the remains of a fellow mortal. There were three sons of the deceased present, all of whom manifested little or no feeling, and one of whom in particular seemed quite as stupid as a beast, notwithstanding that they all were constantly engaged in some part of the many and varied forms and ceremonies. After a large part of the rites had been gone through with, one of the sons left his company and came to me, saying, he knew it must be opposed to my feelings and wishes to see them dispose of their dead in this way; and proposed that if I would give them about £2, they would stop matters at that juncture, and give their father's corpse a burial after the manner of Christians. I declined their offer, telling them if by giving I could change their feelings and desires, and make them good men, I would willingly give, but as it was, their only motive being to get money, I could not consent to their wishes.

Since seeing this burning of the dead, and the preparations for it, I have taken pains to learn from the natives what are the customs of the Hindus in this connection, and also what is done to those in a dying state, &c., and I am now able to give the following account. Many of the ceremonies herein detailed I saw at the time of the burning of this *pundarum's* corpse; and all the rites mentioned are practiced more or less.

When a person is at the point of death, his friends perform a rite called *kōthānum*. To make this ceremony ten kinds of gifts are used, namely, *kō* (a cow), earth, rape-seed, *ghee* (or melted butter), cloth, rice, *koarlai* (a kind of pea), silver, salt, and sugar. The expense of this ceremony may be much or little, according to the will of the parties concerned. Although there are ten different things used, yet the rite is called *kōthānum*, because the cow (*kō*) is the chief or sacred gift among the ten. *Komookeh** is considered to be a still more efficacious and meritorious gift than *kōthānum*. The Brahmin, after having performed the ceremonies peculiar to this occasion, causes the dying person to seize hold of the tail of the cow, or, if too far gone to do it himself, another person clasps the tail and hand within his own, and thus brings them in contact; after which the animal is presented to the Brahmin. The dying person holds the tail of the cow, under the impression that his soul will thus be helped to pass over the river of fire, which, it is believed, all must pass before reaching the other world. After this ceremony of seizing the cow's tail is done, the son or nearest relative of the dying person rubs or rinses the *oodoatterardchum* (sacred beads) in milk with sacred ashes* (called *vepoothe*), and gives the mixture to the dying person to drink. Then the son of the dying man utters some *mantras* or incantations in the ear of his father, having placed his head on his (the son's) right thigh. After life is gone, the corpse is put in a place smeared with cow manure, the head pointing toward the south, with a lighted lamp placed near it. As soon as the person is dead, the friends of the deceased send for their family *guru* or priest, who should repair to the house of sorrow the moment he hears the intelligence. He takes with him another *guru* who can render assistance, and comes to the place bringing a bell, censer, etc., required for the ceremony. The articles that are necessary for the occasion are procured and put before him under a *punthul* or shed prepared for the purpose. The articles referred to are as follows: paddy, rice, mangoe leaves, thread, *tetpy* (a kind of sacred grass), cocoa nuts, plantains, camphor, benzoin, betel leaves, areca nuts, ghee, parched rice, and turmeric powder. The immediate attendant, or as he is termed disciple of the priest, marks out, by strewing rice flour upon the ground under the *punthul*, a six foot square figure. After having done this, the attendant takes thirteen brass or new earthen vessels (called *koompum*) which are bound round with cotton thread, fills them with water, and puts over the mouths of each a cocoa nut and a few mangoe leaves, and then places them all on rice, spread on the ground. The plantains and some of the other articles referred to above, are placed around each of these *koompums*. These thirteen *koompums* are dedicated to as many different deities. The four, placed in the middle of the figure, are severally sacred to Siva, Amman (Siva's wife), Vishnu, and Brahma. The remaining nine are designed for other tutelary or protecting deities, whose names are Indra (the king of the gods), Ukkeny (the god of fire), Eyaman (the god of death), Neroothy (the regent of the southwest quarter), Varoonan (the god of waters), Varyoo (the god of wind), Koopadan (the god of riches), and Esarnan (the guardian of the northeast

* *Komookeh* is the giving of a cow while in the act of parturition, and if there be a head presentation, then the merit of the gift reaches a higher degree. The Rajah of Tanjore, upon the continent of India, it is said, keeps a large number of cows, that in case of his being suddenly taken away by death, he may be able in his last moments to offer the gift *komookeh*.

* The sacred ashes hold a most conspicuous place among the idolatrous observances of the Hindus. They are worn upon the forehead, the arms, and the body, as a distinctive religious mark, and the white appearance they give upon the tawny or black ground of a native's skin is regarded by them as very beautiful. These sacred ashes are made in the time of the rice harvest, and consist of the excrement of the cattle that tread out the grain, which excrement, when dried, is burnt with the chaff of the rice, and becomes white ashes, or a fine, soft, white powder. These ashes are well-nigh ubiquitous in India among the followers of the god Siva, and are the first thing to catch your eye when a Hindu of this sect approaches.

quarter). These eight deities are also guardians for the eight principal points of the compass. The last *koompum* is designed for the inferior deity Vidavan, who presides over graveyards and burning-places. These *koompums* are severally covered with pieces of new cloth.

A hole for receiving the consecrated fire is made in the ground, in the middle of the square figure; and nine kinds of fuel are used to make the fire in the hole, such as the banian, mangoe, and the wood of other Eastern trees. Ghee, parched corn, and other articles are also mingled with the wood. After the fire is built in this manner, a piece of the sandal (a very costly odoriferous wood) is put into the fire, so that the lighted brand may be taken to the burning-place to kindle the funeral pile. The priest also sends for a mortar and pestle, and decorates the mortar with mangoe leaves and cloths; then he puts into the mortar a certain number of kernels of raw and parched rice, with scented powders, and causes one of the sons, or if there be no son, a near relative of the deceased, to pound them, while he, the priest, reads a work which prescribes the rites and ceremonies adapted to the occasion.

While these ceremonies are in progress, the family servants (a class of people of the *Covia* caste, who were formerly, up to 1825, slaves) rub the head of the corpse with rape-seed-oil, the juice of the lime, and the pomace * of the olive (Cassia longifolia) fruit, and also bathe the body with the water in the *koompums*, before referred to. While the body is being bathed, and other preparations are going on, the female friends of the deceased bemoan their loss by singing, in dolorous tones, mourning songs, which describe the worth of the departed. They also beat their breasts with the palms of their hands, and howl and cry in a loud and most pathetic manner.

After the bathing is over, the *Covias* place the corpse on a rough sort of cot, or couch, in front of the consecrated fire before mentioned, and rub sacred ashes all over the body. On the forehead of the corpse a round spot is made with a paste of sandal wood-powder. They put, at the same time, into the mouth of the corpse a mixture of betel, areca nut, a little lime, a piece of tobacco, and some spices, if they can be had.

After all these preliminaries are gone through, the friends of the deceased call the tom-tom beaters, the washerman, barber, and blacksmith, and give them each a piece of new cloth, having a *pice* (a small copper coin) tied in at the corner. These cloths they are required to wear around their heads. After this, the *Covias* place the corpse on a bier, decorated according to their ability and taste—sometimes quite beautifully, with flowers, ornamental papers, &c., and then bear the same to the burning-place on their shoulders, accompanied by the before-mentioned persons, including the carpenter and the friends of the deceased. While thus proceeding to the *choordu kardu*, the washermen spread clean cloths on the ground, so that all who attend the funeral may walk over them, and the barber carries with him the firebrand taken from the consecrated fire; the *Covia* women fan the corpse, while *Nalava* women blow in the mouths of earthen vessels, making a hollow, slightly musical sound. After they all reach the burning-place, the eldest son, or, if there be no son, a near relative, cleanly shaved and newly bathed, approaches the pile, attended by the barber, who carries in his hand a new earthen vessel filled with water. After the body is placed on the pile, with the head toward the south, the nearest relatives and friends put rice into the mouth of the corpse one after the other, according to their respective ages, letting fall at the same time near the face a small copper coin, which is picked up by the tom-tom beaters, and is one of their perquisites. When this is done, the son of the departed takes the vessel from the hand of the barber, and, being accompanied by the same person, who has a knife in his hand, they both walk round the pile three times, when the barber cracks the vessel, and the son lets it fall on the ground. Immediately he kindles the funeral pile, and his friends hurry him home, not allowing him to linger or look at the work of the flames. A few persons only remain to see that the corpse is wholly consumed, while all the others return home and bathe themselves.

After three days, the friends of the deceased call their *guru*, and repair with him to the burning-place, where they gather the ashes of the corpse, and put them in a new earthen vessel, which they throw into the sea or river, thereby hoping that the soul of the departed will be carried to heaven. This is to be done on the morning of the third day, with certain ceremonies; and in the afternoon, the friends invite all the relatives and the servants and their families, and entertain them hospitably. Again, on the eighth day, they procure many kinds of food which the deceased used to eat when alive, and set them in the place where he usually took his food, thinking that the spirit of the departed will come and refresh itself. At the same time the females cry with a loud voice, and make many lamentations for the dead. It is worthy of notice, that when one of these mourning-women stop crying, all immediately stop, from the superstitious notion, that if a part continue wailing after the others have ceased, there will very soon be another death in the family. On the thirtieth day, the last ceremony called *untheyirtle*, is to be performed near the sea or some body of water. Until this is performed, it is supposed that the spirit of the deceased will be in charge of Vidavan, an inferior god, to whom the principal offerings are made on this occasion. The articles re-

* This pomace of the olive-fruit is universally used by the Tamil people; when bathing they rub it upon their bodies to aid in the work of cleansing and purifying. Those in the Western world can hardly understand what a matter is made of bathing by the Orientals; they often take the best part of a whole day for the business.

quired for this last ceremony are fifteen, and the same as those used in the ceremony, before described, of preparing the body for burning; but the fee allotted to the *guru* differs according to the respectability and wealth of the family, and varies from two dollars to one thousand dollars, or even more. The *guru* who performs this ceremony is usually carried in a palanquin to the sea-shore, river, or tank, where *suntheyirtle* is to be performed, and the matter is attended with more or less of show and display. A *punthul* or shed is erected for the accommodation of the *guru* and the company while performing this last rite.

The ceremony is very much like the one before described of the six-foot square figure and its accompaniments, only that this is still longer and more wearisome. The Hindus suppose that if the ceremony of the *suntheyirtle* is not performed the soul of the departed will be wandering about here and there, and will fail of heaven, or the desired end of transmigration and appearing in a higher degree of being. If the eldest son, whose duty it is to cause the performance of the rites, fails to do it, he is supposed to render himself liable to the certain curse of the gods.

It should be remarked that in connection with nearly all these ceremonies, there is a very great amount of gesticulation and muttering of prayers on the part of the *guru*, and of prostration and various kinds of superstitious movements of the hands, &c., on the part of the relatives. Who, in view of this account of the vain ceremonies and superstitious notions, in bondage to which immense numbers of the human race are held, would not rejoice in the spread of Christianity, civilization, light, and knowledge in the earth! And who would not be willing to use the power of his example, influence, wealth, and prayers, in spreading the knowledge of true religion and salvation through a crucified Savior, which destroys such ignorance, and puts an end to such absurd and ridiculous vanities!

TOILET-TALK.

THERE are certain moralists in the world, who labor under the impression that it is no matter what people wear, or how they put on their apparel. Such people cover themselves up—they do not dress. No one doubts that the mind is more important than the body, the jewel than the setting; and yet the virtue of the one and the brilliancy of the other is enhanced by the mode in which they are presented to the senses. Let a woman have every virtue under the sun, if she is slatternly, or even inappropriate in her dress, her merits will be more than half obscured. If, being young, she is dowdy or untidy—or, being old, fantastic, or slovenly, her mental qualifications stand a chance of being passed over with indifference or disgust.

We can hardly over-estimate the effect of pure and delicate costume on the ruder sex. A family of brothers and sisters, with, it may be, a cousin, or a visiter here and there, assemble round the early meal. The ladies have complexions fresh from plentiful morning ablutions, hair carefully parted and braided, or floating in silky curls; the plain well-fitting dark dress of winter, or the still more attractive small-patterned floating muslin of a warmer season, the delicately embroidered collar and cuffs; the suspicion of black velvet, that, encircling the throat, just suggests its shape, and breaks the line. Some hand of taste has been at work on other matters, as well as self-adornment: taste is seldom a solitary gift, evidenced in one department only. Look at those sweet violets on the table, low-lying among moss; or those primroses, almost hidden in their own leaves, not mixed up and dressed with gaudier flowers. The father of that family carries to his dusty counting-house, his toilsome or anxious daily business, a sense of happiness and refinement—not one of those scents is lost. Cheerfully will he labor, that his home may be preserved inviolate, that not one of those bright precious heads may ever know change or privation. And those young men—will they ever dare approach such a sanctuary with fumes of tobacco or beer! Will they not turn with disgust from persons and places less pure and pleasant than those of their own home!

To a much greater extent than we are at all aware is dress indicative of character. Will Honeycomb says he can tell the humor of a woman by the color of her hood. And not only do we read

> "The cap, the whip, the masculine attire"

aright, but all the finer gradations of propriety and elegance. Fortunately an attractive exterior is not dependent on wealth, an adequate consideration of place and circumstances being one of the great secrets of dressing well. The portly dame who waddles along the street stiff with satin, crowned with feathers, glaring with ermine; and the strong-minded individual who pays her morning-calls in clamping shoes, dusty bonnet, and dismal gown, depositing her cotton umbrella in the hall, are both out of place. The former should be hidden in a carriage; the latter, walking in the country, paying for her last week's butter and eggs. And yet there are circumstances in which wealth stands beside the toilet with ameliorating grace. The diffident lady, who feels that she has no taste or experience herself, but who can enter the sanctum of a real artiste, and say: "Behold me—my eyes, hair, stature, position; dress me!" will, probably, in the end, have a relieved mind as well as pocket.

No woman can dress well who does not consider her own station, her own points, and her own age. Her first study should be the becoming; her second, the good; her third, the fashionable;—in uniting in one happy union these great principles consists the real art of pleasing the eye, and through the eye, impressing the judgment and the feelings.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

NOTHING has occurred during the month in the political world to break the usual monotony of the summer season. The most marked event has been perhaps the rapid visit of the President and several members of his Cabinet to the city of New York, to attend the opening of the Industrial Exhibition, which took place on the 14th of July. The President was greeted by large popular demonstrations at the various points along the route, and had a public official reception in the city. He made speeches in reply to the addresses which were presented to him. The ceremonies at the opening of the Crystal Palace were interesting. Prayer was read by Bishop Wainwright—an address was made by Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., President of the Association, to which a brief response was made by the President of the United States. On the 16th, a grand entertainment was given by the Directors to their distinguished guests, at which speeches were made by the President and the members of his Cabinet present, as well as by Sir Charles Lyell and others. The Exhibition has continued open to the public since that day; the attendance has been very respectable, the daily receipts averaging about $1500.

An American named Walter M. Gibson has recently returned to the United States, having escaped from the prisons of the Dutch authorities of the island of Java, where he has been confined for nearly a year, upon charges of seeking to excite the natives against the Dutch rule. Mr. Gibson went to the East Indies some two years since, in the schooner *Flirt*, which he had purchased and fitted out for an adventure. Upon his first arrival he was kindly received, and treated with great distinction by the Dutch authorities; but his progress in becoming acquainted with some of the native princes, and in acquiring their confidence, awakened distrust, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. He was repeatedly acquitted by the local courts, but was always re-arrested by warrant of the supreme authorities, as a person whose presence was considered dangerous to the peace of the country. He at length made his escape in disguise from the prison, got on board an American clipper, and reached New York on the 28th of July.——Arrangements have been made for a semi-monthly line of mail steamers between Bremen and New York.——General Almonte, the new Mexican Minister, has reached Washington, and presented his credentials. In his address to the President, he gave assurances of the earnest desire of Mexico to cultivate the most peaceful relations with the United States, as essential to the proper development of the resources of both countries; and of her determination to omit no exertions which may be deemed compatible with the dignity of a free and independent nation to accomplish that object. The President reciprocated those good wishes, and welcomed the new Minister to the capital.

The State Convention of Massachusetts, assembled to frame a new Constitution for the State, adjourned on the 1st of August. The new Constitution contains many important changes. Senators are hereafter to be chosen in forty single districts by a plurality of votes. The Executive Councilors are to be elected by the people, one member from each of eight districts, each district to be composed of five Senatorial districts. The House of Representatives is to consist of 407 members, elected annually. The principal State officers, Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, and Attorney General are to be elected by the people. Judges of the Supreme, Judicial, and other courts, are to hold office for ten years, instead of during good behavior. The right of suffrage is opened to every male citizen twenty-one years of age and upward, who has been a resident of the State one year, and of the town where he claims the right to vote six months. The sense of the people on the expediency of a Convention for a new revision of the Constitution is to be taken in 1872, and in every twentieth year thereafter. Other propositions were adopted relating to the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, making jurors judges of the law in criminal cases, giving to State creditors the right to recover their claims by suit, abolishing imprisonment for debt except in cases of fraud, prohibiting the appropriation of school moneys to any religious sect for the maintenance exclusively of its own schools, prohibiting the creation of corporations by special acts when unnecessary, and requiring the adoption, in all banks to be hereafter established, of the system which has been introduced in New York.

The embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, in 1620, was celebrated on the anniversary of that event, August 1st, at Plymouth, Mass., by interesting and appropriate public ceremonies. A very large concourse was in attendance, and over two thousand people sat down to the dinner which had been prepared. Mr. Richard Warren presided, and speeches were made by a number of distinguished guests, among whom were Governor Clifford and Senators Everett, Sumner, and John P. Hale.——A very eloquent eulogy upon Mr. Webster was pronounced at Hanover, N.H., on the 27th of July, by Hon. Rufus Choate, in connection with the exercises of Dartmouth College, at which Mr. Webster was graduated. It gave a general summary of his public and professional life, with an analysis of his character. ——The annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science was held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th of July, and continued for a week. Papers upon scientific subjects were read by a great number of gentlemen, and the discussions were unusually interesting and instructive. It was decided to hold the next annual meeting at the city of Washington.

From *California* we have news to the 16th of July. The grain harvests were coming in well, the crops being very abundant. The town of Shasta had been almost wholly destroyed by fire, and the village of Rough-and-Ready had also been swept by a disastrous conflagration. The mines continued to yield abundantly, and operations of all kinds in connection with them were conducted with gratifying success. Political affairs were exciting a good deal of attention. The Democrats have nominated Governor Bigler for re-election. The Whigs have nominated Wm. Waldo. A State Convention has been held, called by the Whigs, but designed primarily to promote reform in the various departments of the State

Government. It is thought that the manifold abuses which have been practiced will give the movement a good deal of strength. The new members of the Land Commission met on the 8th. Disastrous fires had occurred in the towns of Ophir and French Corral. The attempt to establish steam navigation on the Colorado had failed, in consequence of the loss of the steamer employed. It is satisfactorily proved that the river is navigable for forty or fifty miles above its mouth. Anthracite coal has been discovered in the neighborhood of Shasta. The papers abound in reports of murders, thefts, and accidents.

From *Oregon* there is little news. Governor Lane has been elected delegate to Congress by a large majority. Crops promise well throughout the Territory. There are four steamers building, and nine running, on the Columbia and Willamette rivers. New coal discoveries are reported within a few miles of the Columbia River; and gold is said to have been found near the head waters of the Santiano. The mines in Southern Oregon are doing well.

From *Washington* Territory and Puget's Sound we have news to June 18. Emigration to that section was largely increasing, and indications were evident of steady and rapid improvement. The Hudson's Bay Company claim a large extent of territory upon the sea-coast, which gives rise to considerable uneasiness, and calls for the action of our Government.

From the *Sandwich Islands* our intelligence is to June 11th. Drafts drawn by ships belonging to the American whaling fleet, touching at Honolulu and Lahaina during the last season, amounted to $300,000. Reports from the Royal Agricultural Society represent the farming interests as recovering from their depression. There is a steady increase in the culture of sugar, and the crop for the coming year promises to be twice as large as that of last year. The small-pox was raging frightfully at Honolulu. The King had issued a proclamation for a day of fasting and prayer on the 15th of June.——In the *Society Islands* the Empire was proclaimed on the 17th of April, with appropriate ceremonies.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from Mexico to the 22d of July, represents affairs as tending steadily toward arbitrary rule. Santa Anna seems to retain his popularity as yet, and avails himself of it in laws for the more rigorous government of the country. Rumors had been widely circulated of an intention on his part to form a close alliance between Spain and Mexico, restoring the latter country, in fact, to its ancient condition of colonial dependence upon the former. The project is openly advocated by the *Universal*, which is the conservative organ, but is warmly opposed by the liberal papers. Indications daily appear of an alliance between Church and State; a commission has been named for drawing up rules permitting and regulating the return of the Jesuits. The penalty of death has been established against defaulters in the Treasury Department and defrauders of the revenue. An order has been issued abolishing all crosses and decorations conferred for services during civil war, and permitting only such as have been conferred by foreign powers or in service of Mexico during a foreign war. The reason assigned is a desire to efface all recollection of the political struggles that have destroyed the country. ——The ravages of the Indians still continue in the States of Durango and Zacatecas, and the lands were being rapidly deserted. In the latter state a general enlistment of all males between sixteen and fifty years of age has been ordered, as it is said the army is not yet sufficiently organized to undertake the defense of the country. The Count Raousset de Boulbon, whose invasion of Sonora some months since excited a good deal of attention, has reached Mexico, and been introduced to the President.—— An immense army of grasshoppers—three leagues long and half a league broad—has made its appearance on the northern confines of Guatemala, and extended into Mexico as far as Oajaca. It travels at the rate of twelve miles a day, and has already traversed one hundred and fifty leagues of the country. It devours the indigo and corn, not having yet injured the sugar cane.——The Mexican papers generally treat the seizure by the American forces of the Mesilla Valley, as a flagrant insult, perpetrated for the purpose of provoking renewed hostilities. The chief of the Mexican Boundary Commission has published a work upon the subject, urging the perfect and indefeasible right of Mexico to the valley.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Intelligence from *Venezuela* to the 27th of July represents the insurgents as having suffered disastrous defeat in the Baul and Pao. The action took place on the 22d of June, and the government troops under General Silva, completely routed the opposing forces, of whom five hundred were taken prisoners. An official proclamation announcing the result, states that the war is nearly at an end, as vigorous measures have been taken to pursue the rebels in the adjacent provinces. A decree has been issued authorizing the capture and destruction as pirates of any of the insurgents who may escape to sea.—— From *Peru* we learn that affairs are rapidly approaching a state of war with Bolivia. Peru has hitherto mainly confined her operations to the promotion of civil dissensions in Bolivia; but she has now committed sundry overt acts of hostility, which have been retaliated by the other side. The first was the seizure of sundry articles of commerce stored in Africa and belonging to Bolivia, and the decree of Peru levying 40 per cent. transit duty on all merchandise passing through that country for Bolivia. Next came the seizure by Peru of the port of Cobija, thus cutting off all communication between Bolivia and the Pacific coast. The place was vacated by the Bolivian forces as soon as the Peruvian ships appeared in the harbor. General Belzu has issued orders to prepare immediately for war, declaring an absolute interdict on all commercial traffic between the two countries, and ordering all goods *in transitu* to be seized. All citizens of Bolivia are prohibited from passing out of their own territory. The meeting of the Bolivian Congress has been postponed.——From *Chili* there is no news of interest. Schools of industry are being established in various parts of the country, and an institution for the education of the deaf and dumb has been opened at Santiago. It is stated that the Government has acquired the astronomical observatory lately belonging to the United States Scientific Corps in that city.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England during the month has been mainly occupied with the politics of Eastern Europe. The progress of the difficulty between the Russian Czar and the Porte has been watched with great anxiety by the commercial interests, though a very strong feeling exists among the people of England adverse to the pretensions of Russia, which are felt to be indicative of meditated encroachments upon the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The

course of the Government has been marked by excessive prudence, and is clearly governed by a predominant desire for the preservation of peace. The debates in Parliament have had but little interest. Several attempts have been made in both Houses to elicit from Ministers information as to the steps taken by Government to sustain the Porte, but they have not been successful. The Ministry had generally been content with declaring that the negotiations were still in progress, that France and England were acting in close conjunction, and that both powers were determined to maintain the faith of treaties, and to preserve, if possible, the peace of Europe. In the latest discussion of the subject, Lord John Russell stated that so far from having been brought to a close, the negotiations had but just begun at St. Petersburg, and considering the time required for communicating between that city and Constantinople it would not be deemed surprising that they were not in a condition to be laid before Parliament. In the House of Peers, Lord Lyndhurst characterized the circular letter of Count Nesselrode, of which notice is made in another part of this Record, as "one of the most fallacious, one of the most illogical, and one of the most offensive and insulting documents of that description it had ever been his misfortune to read."——The Government bill for amending the constitution of the East India Company has been largely discussed, and Mr. Macaulay has made one of his splendid speeches in its support. It has passed its second reading. The other subjects which have engaged the attention of Parliament have not been of general interest or importance. Several measures relating to the welfare of the poorer classes have been brought forward, one by Mr. Cobbett, who obtained leave to introduce a bill for the purpose of limiting the labor in factories to ten hours. Lord Shaftesbury has brought forward a bill for the prevention of juvenile mendicancy. He estimates the number of children annually turned out by their parents as mendicants and vagrants, at 3000, and the total number in London who obtain a living by thieving as 6000. He proposes to give the children right of education in the Union Schools, adding a claim upon the parents for their support.——The Law Amendment Society, at one of its recent sittings, was addressed very ably by its President, Lord Brougham, upon the history of the legal reform thus far effected, and in earnest advocacy of further progress. Justice Parker, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was present, and being called upon to do so, spoke in high praise of the practical effect of the legal reforms recently introduced in New York, especially of the fusion of law and equity. ——The returns of the Board of Trade indicate a large increase in the commerce of the country; during the first five months of the year, there has been an increase of over seven millions of pounds sterling in the exports over last year. The increase in the imports and in goods taken for home consumption, food, raw materials, luxuries, &c., shows the same activity in trade and prosperity of the people.

CONTINENTAL.

No events of importance have occurred in France. M. de Persigny recently had an interview with the editors of Paris, in which he assured them that it was the desire of Government to enlarge the sphere of their action as rapidly as the public safety would permit.——An attempt was made to assassinate the Emperor, while attending the opening of the Opera Comique, on the 4th of July. Three persons had stationed themselves near the door at which he would enter, and when ordered to withdraw, refused to do so. Ten or fifteen others came up and rescued them from the police, but were themselves surrounded and captured. It is said that all were found to be armed. The affair was kept as private as possible, but it became generally known, and created a good deal of uneasiness. It is stated that the Emperor has given up his intended visit to the Pyrenees; secret societies are said to exist throughout the south, so that it is feared his life would not be safe on such an excursion.

An incident occurred in the harbor of Smyrna the last of June which excited a good deal of interest, and had important bearings between Austria and the United States. A Hungarian named Kosta had been forcibly seized while in a café, and taken on board an Austrian brig-of-war, and orders had been issued by the Austrian consul to carry him away on the 29th. Captain Ingraham being in port with the U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis, learning that Kosta had declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and that he had an American passport, on the 28th sent in his protest against his being carried away until the facts could be ascertained; and on the next day brought the guns of his vessel to bear upon the Austrian brig where he was confined. Letters from Mr. J. P. Brown, U. S. Chargé at Constantinople, arrived, stating that Kosta was entitled to American protection; and Captain Ingraham obtained from the Austrians a delay until the 2d of July, and then went on board the brig with the consul. Kosta then demanded American protection, and Captain Ingraham told him he should have it. The Captain then sent word to the Austrian that Kosta must be released before four o'clock in the evening. Both ships then cleared for action, and every thing indicated that the affair would be decided by force. Fortunately an arrangement was made by the Austrian and American consuls, by which it was agreed that Kosta should be surrendered to the French consul who consented to take charge of him until his claim to protection should be decided by the two Governments. Mr. Brown, Chargé at Constantinople, meantime wrote to Baron Bruck, the Austrian embassador, desiring him to interfere to secure his release; but the Baron rebuked Mr. Brown for interfering in the affair, as Kosta was an Austrian subject, and liable therefore to be seized by the Austrian authorities while on Turkish territory. Kosta had been in the suite of Kossuth, and would doubtless have been at once executed if he had been taken to Vienna. The spirited conduct of Captain Ingraham in interposing for his release, excited great enthusiasm in Smyrna, where the American citizens gave him a splendid dinner on the 4th of July.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

The principal interest of the month has turned upon the progress of the difficulty between Russia and Turkey, which still threatens to result in war, though no decisive steps have yet been taken, and the predominant aspect is that of peace. The Danubian provinces have been occupied by the Russian troops, but negotiations are understood to be in progress under the direction of the Western powers, which, it is hoped, may prevent this step from being considered a *casus belli*. Several state papers, indispensable to a correct history of the difficulty, have been published. On the 31st of May, Count Nesselrode addressed a note to Redschid Pasha, stating that the Emperor had been informed of his refusal to enter into the smallest engagement with the Russian Government, of a nature to reassure it of the protecting intentions of the Ottoman Government with regard to the worship and orthodox churches in Tur-

key. He forewarns him of the consequences of persisting in this refusal, urges him to represent to the Sultan the injustice and impolicy of his conduct, and declares that in a few weeks the troops will receive orders to cross the frontiers of the Empire, not to make war, but to obtain material guarantees, until the Ottoman Government will give to Russia the moral securities which she has in vain demanded for the last two years. He closes by exhorting him to sign the note presented by Prince Menschikoff as his ultimatum, without variation, and to transmit it without delay to the Prince at Odessa.——Redschid Pasha replied to this note by declaring the willingness of the Sultan to confirm by a decree all the rights, privileges, and immunities enjoyed by the members of the Greek Church *ab antiquo*, and stating that a firman had just been issued for this purpose. But it was deemed inconsistent with the independence and self-respect of Turkey to enter into engagements with Russia upon the subject, and that, therefore, must be regarded as a simple impossibility. The intention of causing the Russian troops to cross the frontiers was regarded as incompatible with the assurances of peace and of the friendly disposition of the Emperor, and was so much opposed to what might be expected from a friendly power that the Porte knows not how he can accept it. If the Emperor would but appreciate as it deserves the impossibility for Turkey of entering into the stipulations required, the Porte would not hesitate to send an embassador to St. Petersburg to re-open negotiations there, and to make some arrangement satisfactory to both.

Upon the receipt of this reply, on the 14th of June, the Emperor issued at St. Petersburg a proclamation, declaring that the defense of the faith and of the rights and privileges of the orthodox church, had always been his purpose and his duty: that the recent infringements of them by the acts of the Ottoman Porte had threatened the entire overthrow of all ancient discipline; that all efforts to restrain the Porte from such acts had been in vain, and that even the word of the Sultan had been faithlessly broken; and that having exhausted all means of conviction, and tried in vain all the means by which his just claims could be peaceably adjusted, he had deemed it indispensable to move his armies into the provinces on the Danube, in order that the Porte may see to what its stubbornness may lead. He had no intention, however, of commencing war: he only sought a sufficient pledge for the re-establishment of his rights. He was even yet willing to stop the movements of the army, if the Porte would bind itself solemnly to respect the inviolability of the orthodox church.

Count Nesselrode at the same time published in the "St. Petersburg Journal" a circular addressed to the Russian Ministers at Foreign Courts, rehearsing the history of the difficulty, and aiming to show that the Emperor had demanded from the Porte nothing more than a confirmation of the rights he had always possessed, and a guarantee that they should be observed in future. This circular was dated June 11, and was followed by another on the 20th—in which it is stated that the Governments of France and England had complicated the difficulties of the case by sending their fleets to the Dardanelles in advance of the action of Russia, thus placing the Emperor under the weight of a threatening demonstration. The refusal of the Porte to accede to the Emperor's ultimatum, supported thus by the armed demonstrations of the maritime powers, had rendered it more than ever impossible to modify the resolutions already made contingent upon that act. The Emperor had, accordingly, ordered a corps of Russian troops, stationed in Bessarabia, to cross the frontier and occupy the Danubian principalities. They would enter not to make war, but as a material guarantee for the fulfillment of his duties by the Sultan, and because the action of France and England in taking maritime possession of the waters of Constantinople, had created an additional reason for re-establishing the equilibrium of the reciprocal situations by taking a military position. The occupation of the principalities was not designed to be permanent, but would cease whenever the Porte should concede the demands of Russia, which looked not at all toward aggrandizement, but sought only justice. The inhabitants of the principalities, meantime, would suffer no new burdens from the occupation, as all supplies would be paid for out of the military chest at the proper time, and at rates agreed upon beforehand with their Governments. The Government did not conceal from itself the important consequences which might follow this step, if the Turkish Government should compel it to go further: but it had no alternative left. The Turkish Government had taken a position which involved the virtual abrogation of all existing treaties, and which Russia could not concede. All the excitement upon this subject had proceeded from a pure misunderstanding: it seemed to be forgotten that Russia enjoyed, by position and treaty, an ancient right of watching over the effectual protection of its religion in the East, and the maintenance of the right, which it will not abandon, is represented as implying the pretension of a protectorate, at once religious and political, the importance of which, present and future, is greatly exaggerated. The circular closes with an earnest disavowal of all intentions on the part of the Emperor to subvert the Ottoman Empire, or to aggrandize himself at its expense. His fundamental principle was still, as it had always been, to maintain the *status quo* in Turkey as long as possible—because this was the well-understood interest of Russia already too vast to need territorial extension—because the Ottoman Empire averts the shock of rival powers which, if it fell, would at once encounter each other over its ruins, and because human foresight wearies itself in vain in seeking a combination proper to fill the void which the disappearance of this great body would leave in the political systems.—Accompanying the circular was a proclamation from Prince Gortschakoff, to the inhabitants of Moldavia and Wallachia, announcing that he had been ordered to occupy their territories, and exhorting them to remain quiet and obedient to the laws.

Sundry expressions in the circular of Count Nesselrode, especially those in which an attempt is made to justify the proceedings of Russia by pleading the example of France, elicited a reply from M. Drouyn de l' Huys, the French Minister, who enters into an extended historical exposition to prove the utter groundlessness of the attempted analogy, and to demonstrate the moderation which France has always shown in her intercourse with the Porte.—Still another reply, dated July 15th, was issued by the French Government to the second circular of Count Nesselrode, in which the pretensions and complaints of the latter are examined and repelled with great ability. M. de l' Huys asserts that the firmans recently issued by the Sultan have removed every possible ground of complaint on the part of Russia, and declares that the agents of the St. Petersburg cabinet every where, when those firmans were first

issued, congratulated themselves on the amicable adjustment of the difficulty. He declares that the four powers have not advised the Porte what course to take in this matter, feeling it to be a matter too nearly touching his own honor to warrant advice from any quarter. They have only taken such a line of conduct as their treaty stipulations required for the protection of their common interests. The cause of the original misunderstanding between Russia and the Porte had disappeared, and the question which might suddenly arise at Constantinople was that of the very existence of the Ottoman Empire; under such circumstances France and England could not fail to take steps to secure the degree of influence to which they were entitled. The Emperor of Russia, moreover, by threatening to occupy the Danubian principalities had taken the initiative, and acted in direct violation of existing treaties. The Porte has an undoubted right to regard that step as an act of war, and the general interest of the world is opposed to the admission of such a doctrine as the act of the Czar implies.

The Sultan, on the 14th of July, published a protest against the occupation of the Danubian provinces by the Russian troops. It is a temperate document, and still manifests firmness. The Sultan declares his intention to maintain inviolate all the rights and privileges of his Christian subjects, but says "it is evident the independence of a sovereign state is at an end, if it does not retain among its powers that of refusing without offense a demand not authorized by any existing treaty, the acceptance of which would be superfluous for the object in view, and both humiliating and injurious to the party so declining it." Under these circumstances, the Porte expresses its astonishment and regret at the occupation of the principalities, which are styled an integral part of the Ottoman dominions. It denies the right of interference claimed by Russia, and refuses any further apology in regard to the question of religious privileges. The entrance of Russia into the provinces can only be regarded as an act of war; but the Sultan, anxious not to push his rights to the farthest limits, abstains from the use of force, and confines himself to a formal protest.

The Russian armies under Prince Gortschakoff meantime occupy the provinces. Bucharest is made their head-quarters and 80,000 troops are encamped in its vicinity, seventy-two guns of heavy calibre reached Jassy on the 7th of July, and on the same day the Russians crossed the frontier of Moldavia at Foskany and entered Wallachia. They have also taken possession of Oltenitza and all other fortified places on the Danube. It is reported and generally credited that strenuous efforts have been made by the other powers to prevent a war, and that negotiations have been renewed at St. Petersburg in such a form as promises a peaceful termination of the dispute. Sundry discussions upon the subject have been had in the English Parliament, notice of which will be found under the appropriate head.

CHINA.

Additional intelligence of considerable interest has been received concerning the progress and character of the rebellion in China. Sir G. Bonham in the British ship Hermes has visited Nankin and succeeded in holding interviews with several of the insurgent chiefs. He found Nankin nearly in ruins and the whole district in a state of anarchy and confusion. Both Nankin and Chin-kiang-foo were in possession of the rebels who were awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from the south before advancing to Pekin. He procured some very curious and interesting information concerning the insurgents and their objects. They have a good translation of the Bible, hold the doctrine of the Trinity, and are Christians of the Protestant form of worship. Their chief is called the Prince of Peace, to whom a divine origin is ascribed, but who refuses to receive any of the titles hitherto assumed by the Emperors of China, on the ground that they are due to God alone. Their moral code is comprised in ten rules, which on examination proved to be the ten commandments. They are rigid in their enforcement of morality, and are profoundly influenced by religious feeling. Their leaders are described as earnest practical Christians, deeply influenced by the belief that God is always with them. This intelligence, if it shall prove reliable, will give a new and still more interesting character to this remarkable rebellion.

Editor's Table.

ARE WE PROGRESSING? Who really doubts it? Who would even think of asking such a question in earnest, unless it be the narrow-souled conservative, the stiff-necked doter who can not turn his face from the past, and to whom the world's historical progress gives more trouble than ever the earth's motion caused to the monks in the days of Copernicus? The world is "progressing" in physical knowledge and physical improvement. That no one will have the hardihood to call in question. A journey from Buffalo to New York in fourteen hours, and soon, perhaps, to be accomplished in ten—regular voyages across the Atlantic in nine days—California, the medium of communication with the old Asiatic world—the news of an arrival from Europe sent before breakfast to every city in the Union—legislative portraits, historical pictures, or pictures of men making history, fixed upon the canvas with the speed of thought and the accuracy of light itself—progress of this kind, and in this direction, no one denies. And yet there are some so stupidly stubborn, so immovably fastened in certain moral and theological dogmas, that they will still persist in doubting the fact of a moral and political progress corresponding to this most rapid and remarkable advance of the physical element.

It may be a vain undertaking, but it is to the removal, if possible, of such a darkened state of mind on the part of any of our readers, that we would address ourselves in the present number of our Editor's Table.

And to come at once to the point, let us in all candor ask these unreasonable croakers what they would really regard as the truest signs or tests of a real moral and political advance? They must answer, of course, that such evidence would make itself apparent, first, in the individual character, and then in its effects upon the public mind or sentiment of the age or nation. Private, social, and political virtue will all present an intimate connection. The

statistics of crime will show an evident diminution, or, as an equivalent, there will be a great increase in some kinds of virtue, while the public probity, or the morals of public men, in their public capacity, will furnish a like cheering proof of an onward and upward progress in whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good repute.

And now may we not confidently appeal to such a test? In regard to the diminution of individual crime, a certain kind of statistical proof, we are aware, might be brought forward in seeming contradiction of such a view. There have lately been put forth statements of the kind by which the writers would show, and would even seem to prove, that our city of New York is becoming, in this respect, a perfect Pandemonium—that murders, and burglaries, and arsons, are multiplying beyond all former example. A very little thought, however, must convince any candid and rational mind of the fallacy of reasoning from such evidence as this. Admitting it to possess some degree of truth, still even its statistical value may well be questioned, as presenting only one aspect of society, while it keeps back what might not only give relief to the picture, but also turn the balance strongly to the other side of the account. Is the number of crimes increasing among us? So is our population. Do these crimes present peculiar features? So does the progressive genius of the age. The great advancement of society in other respects has multiplied temptations. It should be remembered, too, that it is a "transition period," during which, for a time, the old vices may run somewhat faster than the new virtues. Moreover, foreigners are pouring in upon us, who have not yet become sufficiently acquainted with the genius of our institutions. It may be said, too, that the very virtues of the age contribute somewhat to the same temporary effect, especially when this is viewed in that one-sided aspect which mere statistical tables would present. There is so much more tenderness, so much more conscientiousness than there used to be, that this very cause contributes somewhat to swell that side of the account, when thus statistically stated. The universal spirit of philanthropy has led thoughtless minds to attach less value to those narrow individual privileges which law must protect as long as they exist, although constantly tempting the weak to their violation. A little farther advance in the progress of society, and this will, in a great measure, disappear. It is the great multitude of our restraining laws which occasions the most of crimes. Abolish these, and then, as a very able writer of the progressive school has most convincingly shown, you have taken a great step toward abolishing all transgression.

But taken at the worst, it is only an evidence of the universal movement. When every thing else is progressing, it would really be wonderful if crime should remain stationary. But are not our virtues—our public and private virtues, making a much more rapid advance. That is the real question, and to such a question but one answer can be given. If we may judge from the almost unanimous testimony o our numerous literary publications, our thousands and tens of thousands of newspapers, the discourses, the legislative reports, the public documents of every kind, there never has been an age like this, so distinguished for its light, its truth, its philanthropy, in a word, its devotion to the great cause of human regeneration. The *race*, the good of the *race*, the progress of the *race*, the melioration of society, the elevation of a world—these are the great ends proclaimed from every quarter; and shall it be objected to so noble an aim, and invidiously thrown in the way of its fulfillment, that there may be, what any thinking man would naturally expect, a slight increase of apparent wrong-doing in connection with so great, and, on the whole, so praiseworthy an excitement—this individual crime, too, sometimes springing from the very noblest of motives, or at the worst, from a premature and excusable desire to realize that unrestrained good of which we are as yet deprived by the false and crime-breeding structure of society?

Our croaking conservative may present his dry statistics of individual crime. Let him feast on such garbage if it suits his raven taste. The nobler spirit would rather turn him to the contemplation of that pure abstract benevolence in which this age so much abounds. Let the one spread before the public his disgusting detail of robberies, seductions, and murders. What is all this in comparison with that tender regard for human life which would abolish capital punishment, and turn our prisons into hospitals of mercy, instead of dens of vindictive cruelty. What is all this in comparison with that extreme conscientiousness which would prefer that every individual murderer should escape, rather than the law should exhibit a vindictive spirit? Here is the error of the mere statistical reasoner. The isolated cases of individual crime may, perhaps, present some appearance of numerical increase. But he fails to set against them, as he should, the still greater increase of public abstract virtue. To this aspect of the matter he is utterly blinded by that narrow and unphilosophical prejudice which would lead him to look for the reformation of society in the reformation of individuals, instead of seeing that the latter can be rationally expected only when society has first become what it ought to be through the progress of philanthropy and social reform. He can not see, what is so self-evident to the disciple of a more hopeful and earnest faith, that the elevation of our humanity, once accomplished, will most assuredly lift up the individual to a corresponding height of virtue. In other words, let *man* be regenerated and *men* are reformed as a matter of course.

Again—this statistical estimate of progress is one-sided and unjust, inasmuch as it regards the mere outward act as of more importance in determining the progress, whether of individuals or society, than the inward sentiment. Certainly nothing could be more irrational than this. What is a man aside from his principles? And what else constitutes the true character as well as glory of an age, than those expressed sentiments which may be said to form the spirit of its literature—the very inner life of its morals and politics? The conservative calumniator of his own times goes mousing among the records of criminal courts; he drags to light the dark statistics of our prisons: he keeps a daily register of the gallows; he gloats over the examples that now and then occur of political corruption. Why does he not rather refresh his spirit with the contemplation of that flood of noble sentiment which is daily issuing in so many streams from the press, the newspaper, the public lecture, and the literary discourse. If the cases of crime are rather more numerous than could be wished, can he not see how much virtue there is constantly coming forth in books, what glowing expressions of patriotism and philanthropy are continually proceeding from the mouths of our public men—how the newspapers actually overflow with zeal for the public morals, and with the most decisive condemnation of all individuals and companies who

may in any respect fail in that rigid accountability to which the press feels itself bound to hold them? Can there, indeed, be a greater evidence of a high state of the public morals, and of a most decided progress in public virtue, than the fact that so numerous a body of men should have so disinterestedly appointed themselves its champions, and so faithfully performed the duties of this responsible public guardianship?

And then again, what a proof have we of the same great fact in all our public oratory—in the speeches that ring from our legislative halls, and the eloquence that overflows from the political caucus and the stump! How utterly unselfish are men becoming: how absorbed in devotion to the public good! How dearly, how disinterestedly do our politicians love the people! What heroic sacrifices would they not make for their country and their race! Even their jealousies, their rivalries, their hot political feuds, come from the exuberance of this noble spirit of the age. They love the people so much that they can not bear the idea of having any rivals, or even partners in their affections. Much less can they endure the thought that others should do them wrong. The bare suspicion of such a possibility leads to the most superlative exertions to prevent the success of another combination of political philanthropists whom they may regard as less progressive, or less full of a warm affection for humanity than themselves. It is for this most disinterested purpose that either party, when triumphant, take into their possession all the offices, and assume the control of all political trusts. It is all pure philanthropy; and yet there are men among us who will still deny the reality of a moral progress, in the face of such facts as these—facts as undeniable as they are honorable to our humanity. Such men can see nothing but figures. All this vast amount of public virtue goes for nothing with them, simply because it can not be easily reduced to statistical tables, or because the bilious soul of conservatism must ever suspect the purity of a philanthropy it is utterly unable to comprehend.

But how is it with the body politic at large? Here, if we mistake not, may be found evidences of progress which none but the willfully blind would ever think of calling in question. Let us, then, briefly state some of these facts in the history of a nation that must, beyond all cavil, be viewed as furnishing such proof. All sober men, we think, would agree with us in regarding the following characteristics as presenting undoubted tests of national advance. A nation is making, or has made, a true moral progress, in which the reflective, the prospective, in a word, the rational, is taking the place of the impulsive, the reckless, the animal nature. A nation is making a moral progress which has acquired, and calls into exercise, whenever there is occasion for it, such a thing as a national conscience. A nation is making a moral progress which has so risen above the influence of cant or cant words, that all things are brought under the control of reason, and the great question is ever, what is right—where the public men, instead of being ever confined to questions of party expediency, or, in other words, living by the day, send forth their views to the future, and test every measure by its remote bearings rather than its immediate effects upon a present political contest. A nation that is making a true moral progress will not tolerate slang of any kind, or as representative of any school or party—such, for example, as the "divine right of kings," or "divine right of the people," "vox populi vox Dei," "manifest destiny," "country, right or wrong," "Young America," &c., &c. It will not tolerate any thing that is unmeaning, and which, just in proportion to its unmeaningness, is hurtful not only to the moral purity, but the intellectual strength and elevation of the public mind. A nation that is making a true moral and political progress will have a strict regard to the rights, and not only to the rights but to the civic welfare, of other nations. It will, in this sense, acquire a true *national honor*, and this will pre-eminently exhibit itself in a tender respect for weaker powers, especially *sister republics*, and a more scrupulous justice than might be deemed right in other cases of political intercourse. Corresponding characteristics may be noted in respect to internal questions. Here there will be less and less of mere party spirit. In such a nation men will not seek offices, but offices will seek them. Public station will be desired only for the public good, and will ever be cheerfully relinquished for the pursuits of literature, or the more congenial practice of the private and domestic virtues. In short, there will be a manifest approach toward the realization of that golden age of which Plato dreamed, that perfect state in which the characters of the politician and the philosopher, so long divorced, shall be united in one inseparable and harmonious idea.

Such is the picture. What can the most bigoted conservative object to it as a delineation of a true progress—a true moral progress—a rational, a spiritual progress in distinction from a merely physical or material movement? And now, again we ask, can there be a doubt of its applicability to our own present age and country? There may be some few points, perhaps, in which we are not coming quite up to the ideal—but will any candid man deny that such a picture as we have drawn of a true national progress, brings strongly before the mind some of the leading traits of our own moral and political life? Why should the latter be so strikingly suggested? Why, in dwelling on each particular of such a sketch, should our own times, our own men, our own measures, come so vividly up to the thoughts, if there were no real correspondence? Is it not a fact that we are becoming every year more rational, and less animal in our political movements? Are not all public measures—especially those involving such momentous issues as that of war or peace—determined more by pure considerations of right, and less by unreasoning cant and impulse, than in former times of the national history? Are not our national elections becoming, at every successive return, more pure, more elevated, more worthy of rational beings, more and more controlled by questions of high moral bearing, instead of mere party expediency? Does not every Presidential contest thus purify the public mind, and raise it to a higher ideal, by ever bringing out our ablest statesmen, and, in this manner, stimulating all the public virtues by the honors bestowed on the most valuable national services?

Again—is there not every year less and less of political corruption? We mean not simply that petty kind against which some of our statutes are aimed. Every body, of course, condemns the poor wretch who sells the political franchise for a dollar or a glass of whisky; although it might be said, by way of palliation, that the man who buys votes in this manner pays for them in what is strictly his own, instead of something belonging to the people, and only committed to him as a sacred trust. So universal, however, is the abstract condemnation of this, that it is hardly worth mentioning in the scale, even though, from accidental causes, there may have been lately some apparent signs of its increase among us. But

that worse kind of political corruption, which consists in the buying and selling of the people's offices for considerations of party support, or as a reward for party support rendered—in respect to this we may boldly ask the question—is it not manifestly on the decline, and is there not evidence that in all this *men of all parties* are governed by a lofty patriotism every year becoming more pure and disinterested? We know that there are some who would deny it. They complain of the proscription, as they choose to call it, which each and every political party alike practices toward its opponents; and this they call corruption. They say it is in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, and of the oath to maintain it which every officer, the appointed as well as the appointing, are solemnly required to take. They call it gambling—gambling of the worst kind—gambling with what does not belong to the gamblers—gambling with the best interests of twenty-five millions of people. So do these croakers talk; such are their raven notes. But surely this is all an uncharitable judging of other men's consciences—a rash deciding that selfish and party considerations prevail in place of those noble motives of patriotism that are avowed, and which we have so much reason to believe are the true governing influences in such transactions. How blind, too, are those who make these objections, how utterly insensible to the sublime moral spectacle which is a natural consequence of these necessary political transitions. Every four years and oftener, new bands of men, once reckoned by thousands, and now, in the course of progress, by tens of thousands, are called to take the solemn oath of office. They lift their hands to Heaven, and swear to support a Constitution, according to whose spirit, as we all know, offices are for the public good alone, and were never intended for the reward of party services. And, of course, they take the oath in this spirit. Of course the men who thus swear must regard it as no light matter. They doubtless ponder long and deeply upon its meaning. Thus viewed—we repeat it—what a sublime moral spectacle does its frequent repetition present! What a religious aspect must it impart to our national character? What a powerful moral and devotional effect must it have upon the minds of all who take it, and of all who are witnesses of the solemn spectacle. Conservatism sometimes has much to say of the want of the religious element in our political institutions; but how unfounded the complaint in view of these annual and quadrennial exhibitions of official reverence. Thus, too, at each successive change of administration, a larger and still larger body of men are brought under this salutary influence. Here, then, instead of political corruption, we have, in fact, one of the most striking evidences of progress. And it is this view we are bound to take—the view which is most in harmony with a noble charity, most consistent with those large professions of patriotism, of philanthropy, and of all abstract virtue with which the age so much abounds.

Other unmistakable tests of progress are to be found in the increasing purity, dignity, and intellectual elevation of our public bodies. This is certainly a fair criterion, and to it we would appeal with the utmost confidence. It furnishes a conclusive reply to all that conservatism has said, or can say, on this point. If the nation has been "progressing" morally, politically, and intellectually, especially will this show itself in the greater members of the body politic. If the age is before any other age, its Presidents, its legislators, its governors, its judges, its lawyers, will present a corresponding advance. Nothing can be fairer than this, and on it we would cheerfully rest the whole question. A few examples are not enough for a true induction, but take a large range of view, and the general progress becomes most manifest. Let us only look at the list of our Presidents, commencing with the feeble and inexperienced infancy of the republic, and following it down almost to our own times; for any comparison with present incumbents would, of course, be both impolitic and unjust. How does it read—Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor. Who would be so hardy as to deny the steady progress presented in that list? Of the late President, as well as of the present respectable incumbent, we say nothing. They are too near our own immediate times to be correctly seen. History is yet to show whether they are to be regarded as having continued or reversed that ascent—as having turned back toward the lower and feebler standard of our first administrations, or as having taken an upward and an onward step in that glorious advance which so strikingly characterizes the latter half of the scale.

Like proofs may be derived from other and similar sources. Let any man compare our Congresses with those that assembled twenty-five or thirty years ago. How much more dignified than the men of those rude days! How much higher, too, the range of intellectuality than was ever exhibited in the times of the Jeffersons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys, the Ames, the Wirts, or even in those later, and therefore more advanced periods, whose light has but recently faded with the memory of a Calhoun, a Clay, and a Webster. So rapid is the march of progress, that even those yet living, and who, only a few years since, were justly regarded as our ablest statesmen, are already thrown in the back-ground and become antiquated. Where is Benton, and Van Buren, and that ripe scholar and "fine old American gentleman," Lewis Cass. In former days, when great men were comparatively rare, a politician might keep himself up and ahead for a quarter of a century; now the best of them are run down and run out in five years. They have hardly entered upon the race before they become "Old Fogies;" such is the railroad speed of Young America.

Now can any man be so foolishly conservative as still to deny progress, with such facts before him as these? If they are not deemed enough, proof cumulative and overflowing might be brought from every department. We might present our present judiciaries as compared with those of whom the croakers are ever croaking—the Kents, the Spencers, the Van Nesses of former times. We might institute a comparison between our present lawyers and the Emmetts, the Hamiltons, the Williams, the Harrisons, the Wells, the Van Vechtens of a past generation. More especially might we point to those illustrious examples of elevated statesmanship which have been lately exhibited on the floor of our State Legislature, and boldly challenge a comparison with any proceedings that ever took place in the times of the Jays and the Clintons. But above all, would we be willing to meet our conservative on the arena of our own city councils. How unexampled has been the physical progress of New York! In fifty years her population has increased from fifty thousand to more than half a million. We might conclude *a priori* that the political progress would be in the same ratio. And is it not so? Those who have in charge the highest earthly welfare of five hundred thousand souls ought to be no common men—and they are no common

men. Will any one deny that there has been a steady yet rapid progress in the character of the Common Council of the city of New York? There has been nothing like them in past times, and now, perhaps, there is not a similar body of men on earth with whom they can be compared.

"None but themselves can be their parallel."

In pursuing this general argument, we are strongly tempted to turn to the departments of literature and theology; but time and space will not permit. He who, in the face of the proofs we have presented, will still rail against progress, is inaccessible to argument. He denies the evidence of his own senses, as well as the most clear and well-attested facts.

Editor's Easy Chair.

OF the seven hundred and fifty thousand souls who are wont to sleep within hearing of the great fire-bell on the City Hall, there remain in town during these mid-August days only the odd seven hundred thousand who are kept behind by business, poverty, or a wholesome dread of railroad and steamboat accidents. Our own mid-summer recreations in the country seldom take us more than a two-hours' ride from town; and as our absence does not often exceed two days at a time, there is hardly opportunity to get the hot glare of the red brick brushed from our eyes by the cool freshness of country verdure. The height of our present ambition in this regard is to be able to sandwich a couple of weeks' roaming somewhere between the closing sheet of the present Number and the opening sheet of the succeeding one. For that hoped-for fortnight we have laid out a scheme almost as extensive as the plan of life framed by the famous "Omar the son of Hassan"—(was not that his name?)—of whom we used to read in our schoolboy days. Our scheme embraces, among other things, beholding a sunset and sunrise from Mount Washington; decoying the finny inhabitants of Moosehead Lake; breasting the shaggy sides of Mount Katahdin; besides a sail up the Saguenay and St. Lawrence.

It is very noticeable what a sudden gush of affection these dog-day heats kindle in the breasts of our town ladies for their kindred in the country; for those at least who chance to be blessed with spacious farm-houses or cool village dwellings. If report speaks truly, however, it happens in cases not a few that this affection burns itself out before the arrival of the later autumn months; and is quite extinct by winter time, when their hospitable summer hosts, with their blooming daughters, come to town to return the visit.

Meanwhile, as our ruralizing daughters write us (who manage, by the way, to insinuate quite too many small commissions in the way of gloves, shoes, millinery, and the like, into their gossiping daughterly epistles), the green roadsides and shady lanes within accessible distance of the town are sunflowered over with the broad-brimmed straw flats of our city neighbors' children; and not a tree but there is in its shadow some sentimental young lady trying to get up an extempore love of the country by a diligent perusal of "Lotus Eating," the "Old House by the River," or some such pleasant summer book; and the verandahs are populous with nurses in charge of puny infants sent out for "pure milk and country air," while their lady mothers are dissipating at Saratoga, and Sharon, and Newport.

Newport, and Sharon, and Saratoga aforesaid are swimming on, each in its own delicious amount of cool sherbets, mint juleps, and Congress water. New belles are building up reputations in bowling alley, or in polka; and new heiresses are coming out from the obscure state of French *gouvernantism* and pantalets, into the halcyon light of watering-place admiration. Bachelors hungry for fortunes are writing new names upon their schedules; and the gay damsels who have worn their honors in miserly way these five years past, till the younger sisters are growing up in their path, are turning their gaze with more eagerness upon the bachelor ranks, and burning up with spirit the beaus of a gone-by day.

THE "Crystal Palace" perhaps more than any one thing else ripples the current of town talk; although it is not altogether the engrossing topic which our out-of-town correspondents seem to fancy that it must be. Our nimble coadjutors of the daily and weekly press have abundantly chronicled the incidents of its inauguration. Much yet remains to be done before the performance will fully come up to the promise of its projectors; but each day renders the approximation nearer. The edifice itself, with its graceful proportions, airy structure, and harmonious decorations, leaves little cause for regretting that in mere point of magnitude it falls so far behind its London prototype. The collection, though still far from complete, already affords matter for study and contemplation, from the ponderous raw material up to the most delicate productions of mechanical and artistic skill. We must, however, enter a special protest against the equestrian statue of Washington—monstrous both in the literal and metaphorical signification of the word—which stands so conspicuously under the dome. In the same protest we would join the feeble statue of Webster. Who that ever beheld the majestic lineaments of our great statesman would ever recognize them in that smirking plaster travesty? We wish the projectors of the Exhibition all the success that they deserve, and such accessions to their deservings as shall make their success fully equal to their desires.

TO a townful of people tending more and more toward hotel life, few things have a more direct interest than the successive opening of new caravanserais, each apparently eclipsing in splendor all that had preceded it. The latest accession to the number of these bears the name of the "Prescott House," in honor of our great historian. We had an "Irving House" before; and as the project for a monument to our greatest novelist seems to have fallen wholly into abeyance, we suggest that our next great hotel be christened the "Cooper House." And as poetry is of a more ethereal nature than prose, why might not Taylor's gorgeous Ice-Creamery be called the "Bryant Saloon," in honor of the poet foremost beyond all dispute among those now living who use the English tongue? Why, moreover, should not the bill of fare be made a monument to the honor of the author whose name the establishment bears? Let the different dishes be named after the characters and scenes of their respective works. It has been asserted that no man can be a great cook who might not have become a great poet; that as much genius is required for the composition of a Salmi as of an Epic, of a Soup as of a Tragedy. The *chef* at the Prescott might well task his genius, when in his happiest mood, to produce a *Potage à la Isabella*, or a *Vol-au-vent au Columbus* worthy of its name. Ude or Soyer, if transferred to the "Irving," could ask no higher theme than a *Sauce piquante à la Sleepy Hollow*, or a *Cotelette d'Agneau de Pierre Stuyvesant*.

We would recommend the culinary artist of the "Cooper House" that is to be, to meditate deeply upon the fitting composition of a *Venaison à la Leatherstocking*, with *Pommes de terre de Harvey Birch*. A bill of fare artistically elaborated in accordance with these hints could not fail of being gratifying to the taste, in either sense of the word, of the æsthetic gourmand.

ALTOGETHER kindred with these hotel palaces are the ocean palaces—the noble fleet of clippers and steamers which sail from our port. The latest, and therefore presumably the finest, of these clippers which has chanced to come under our personal inspection is the good ship Sweepstakes, bound for our Golden Empire on the Pacific coast. What impressed us most, beyond even her graceful model and trim rigging, beyond her stanch timbers and elegant cabins, was the comfortable and airy quarters provided for the crew, replacing the old forecastle, whose middle-passage horrors have tasked the pens of our nautical writers, from Dana to Melville. We are glad to see our merchant princes acting on the belief, that to secure good sailors, even at some additional expense of wages and accommodations, is better than to have a crew who can be kept to duty only by constant fear of the ropes-end and handspike. "Here's hoping that the ship's all right, with a good captain and crew, and that she may have a fair wind, and no accident," said a visitor on board. "The ship is all right," responded one of the owners, with modest confidence, "and the captain is all right, and the crew shall be all right. It is our business to see to that; and we have done it. You needn't ask for any thing but a fair wind and no accident." Was not this spoken in the very spirit of Cromwell's famous "Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry?"

Our ocean steamers have become so identified with our national pride, that no American but acknowledged an emotion of sorrow, when it was announced a few weeks since that a "Cunarder" had at length succeeded, by fifteen minutes, in a course of three thousand miles, in winning the palm for speed so long worn indisputably by the "Collins" vessels. True, one minute upon two hundred miles was but little; yet a defeat is a defeat; and we had made up our minds to bear ours as philosophically as we might, when the worthy American skipper produced an array of figures to prove that there was no defeat at all on our side, but that we were victors by a round and indisputable two minutes. Which statement is correct, we do not venture to decide; but where the contest is so close, it behoves each party to indulge in no inordinate exultation, and to give way to no undue depression; but, equal to either fortune, whether victory or defeat, calmly to await the issue of the next fair trial.

THE stayers in town find no lack of amusements adapted to their several tastes; and a man of moderate perseverance will succeed in finding a church in which to offer up his Sabbath-day devotions, though the magnates of the pulpit have retired to country-quarters. Madame Thillon enchants the ears, and still more the eyes, of Opera-goers at Niblo's, alternating with the ever-fresh Ravels. We know not how many years it is since the Ravels began to make their summer visits among us. It must be a long time, for they are among our boyish recollections, and we have been obliged to order an additional sprinkling of gray hairs to be introduced into our last wig, in order to make it harmonize with our general aspect of staid middle-agedness. Very likely the troupe may not comprise a single member who belonged to it in those old days; but it still retains its identity, like the razor commemorated by the venerable Joseph Miller, which was still the same implement, notwithstanding it had successively received a half-score new handles, and twice as many new blades.

Madame Sontag, too, and the cool sea-breezes attract no scanty audiences so far down-town as Castle Garden. A close observer in such matters may, perhaps, notice fewer white kids and elaborate toilets than were wont to grace the benches up-town; but he will detect no abatement in the hearty enthusiasm which greets the singer.

APROPOS, of Sontag, we chanced, not long since, in a book written by a German actor, upon an anecdote, the telling of which should, by rights, have devolved upon our old favorite Guinot, or some of his brilliant confrères, the Parisian *feuilletonists*. We transfer it to English, in our own loose fashion, abating, by the way, no little from the Teutonic rhapsodies of the writer. If the tale be not true, the responsibility of narrating it belongs not to us, but to the worthy Herr Edward Jarmann, whom we hereby give up in advance to justice.

Some fifteen years ago, says he, Madame l'Ambassadrice the Countess Rossi was the idol of the Russian Court. But the applause of the select circle before whom alone etiquette would permit her to exercise her genius, made poor amends to the Countess for the brilliant stage triumphs won by Henrietta Sontag.

She had sent for her former instructress in music, Madame Czecca, to come to St. Petersburg, where she, of course, became quite the rage. The daughters of all the great houses, the 'offs and the 'skys, and of all the other Russian magnates, must be taught music by her who had been the teacher of Sontag.

Charity covers a multitude of sins—even those against etiquette. Czecca gave a public concert, at which Sontag ventured to sing, Countess and Embassadress though she was. Of course the concert was brilliantly successful, netting some 14,000 rubles to the beneficiaire.

The day succeeding the concert Madame Czecca informed the Countess of the cash result.

"Ah, Henrietta!" she exclaimed, falling into the affectionate German "*Du*:" "What hast thou not done for me!"

"For thee? no; but for myself. Once more, after so many years, have I enjoyed happiness. Providence has given me, in rank and in reputation, in husband and in children, all that I could hope or wish. But, dearest Czecca, shall I say it? You will understand me. Something is yet wanting. I am sad at the sight of the theatre. The sound of the organ, which bids others to devotion, drives me away from the sanctuary. I have abandoned Art, and she avenges herself upon her lost priestess;" and she sank weeping upon the sofa.

Her friend endeavored to soothe her; assuring her that an artist she was and must be. If the circle that she charmed was small, it was but the more select; and the admiration of princely saloons made ample amends for the former applause of a thronged theatre.

"No, no," exclaimed the Countess, passionately. "Nothing can compensate the artist who abandons her vocation. Think of the stage with all its celestial illusions—the fervent thrill when the curtain rises—the eager anxiety which impels, the timidity which restrains—the ecstasy, the delight! It must be a kindred emotion which urges the soldier into

battle. And then the audience, whose wild humors we curb, and captivate; whom we sway at will; move to laughter or tears; and by the divine power of harmony, the might of Art, breathe into them the fire which glows within our own breast! That is what elevates above earth, and earthly existence. That is what it is to be an artist."

Just then a servant entered, and announced that a stranger earnestly desired to speak with the Countess. She at first refused; but at the entreaty of Madame Czecca, at last consented to see him.

A tall and stately figure, dressed in flowing Armenian costume, was ushered into the saloon. His beard flowed in silvery waves to his girdle, adding new expression to his large, brilliant Oriental eyes. He was for a moment unable to make known his errand; but, at last, re-assured by the Countess's kind inquiries, succeeded in expressing himself.

He was, he said, a merchant from Charkow. Beyond his business and family, he had but one passion, and that was devotion to music. For years he had nourished a passionate desire to hear Henrietta Sontag. But when she abandoned the stage on becoming Countess Rossi, that hope seemed to be dashed forever. He had, however, heard, by accident, that she was to sing once more in public, at Madame Czecca's concert. He had at once set out for St. Petersburg, and, by the most extraordinary exertions had reached the capital on the very day of the concert. Not a ticket was to be procured. He offered unheard-of sums, but all in vain; and he had been unable to gain admittance. What should he do? He could not return home without hearing her. "Ah, madame, you are so kind! Yesterday you sang in public for love of a friend; will you not now gladden the heart of an old man by singing for him the half of a verse? I shall not then have made the long journey in vain."

The Countess placed an arm-chair for the old man near the piano, at which she took her seat; and sweeping her fingers over the keys, abandoned herself to the inspiration of her genius. As the prelude sounded through the spacious saloon, gone was the Countess—the Embassadress; and in their stead was Henrietta Sontag—was Desdemona. How long she sang no one knew. When she recovered herself from her high illusions, she looked around upon her audience. The old Armenian had sunk at her feet, and was pressing, convulsively, the folds of her dress to his forehead. He raised his eyes, beaming with transport mingled with sadness. He rose to his feet, and would have thanked her, but could find no utterance. He pressed her hand in silence, and disappeared.

The story would of course be incomplete without the addition that when the Armenian released from his grasp the hand of the Countess, she found within it a magnificent diamond ring which was not there before. Is it the same brilliant which flashes upon our eyes in these days? Who knows?

We have so long given our foreign gossip the slip that we propose now to bring up some three months' arrearages on that score, and to put our readers in possession of the chit-chat which is coming to light on the other side of the water.

And first, is it not very surprising how near to our own homes and firesides the every-day talk of the old world is coming, month by month? Is it not a strange mark of progress and of vicinage, when Punch and the Illustrated News are looked for, or even the fashionable intelligence of the Morning Post read with a species of old-lady interest? Are we not drawing closer the family bonds, when we know, in ten days after the event is determined on, that Queen Victoria is going to see the great show of Ireland; or that the gallant new Emperor Napoleon proposes to give a dashing ball? Is it not apology enough for our record of so much of gossip trans-Atlantic as slips hitherward by every mail-boat, and makes staple for the good people who breakfast at the "United States," or the "Ocean House," with an extra edition of the morning paper beside them?"

The World's Exhibition of Dublin is, say the journals, very rich: and certainly, if its shape and effect be nearly equal to the graceful lithographic prints we see, it must surpass infinitely in architectural proportions the old palace of Hyde Park: and make a very risky rival for our iron house by the Reservoir.

But there is a difference between London and Dublin—besides the difference in the size of their respective palaces. Even the Queen's promised visit (which a fit of the measles upon Prince Albert has delayed) can hardly revive the drooping gayery of the once fashionable city of Dublin.

Its bright Sackville-street seems to have caught an irredeemable dullness; and the College Green and Phœnix Park both droop, in contrast with the clean-kept walks of St. James. The English seekers for amusement have no taste for Ireland; and, what is far worse, it is to be feared that they have no charity for Ireland. Its atmosphere has too keen an odor of pikes, and guns, and bog-smoke. The national countenance wears too sulky an air. There is in Ireland little promise of sport. There is far too much earnest, and too little fun. The English do not travel much to find new cares; but chiefly to get rid of those at home. An irksome sense of responsibility is apt to grow up in the sight of Irish poverty and Irish beggars, which all the flourishing of all the constables' staves in the world can not wholly do away.

Hence it is that the journeying to Dublin on account of the Fair, has not been fashionable journeying: and even the promised queenly presence has very little diminished attendance at the Royal Opera, or the masquerades of London.

Strangers, indeed, lured by the brilliancy of the spectacle, and by the fame of Killarney, have, if rumor speaks true, filled the hotels of Dublin, and stocked the cross-channel boats, which ply between Holyhead and Kingston. The famous bridge, moreover, has proved no small inducement, as would seem, for the Irish trip; and the journals tell us of thousands passing weekly over this great tubular wonder which spans the Menai Straits.

Meantime, the usual gayeties of London are approaching (our dates are of mid-July) the end. Her Majesty vibrates from Windsor to the Isle of Wight, and from the German plays in the little theatre of St. James, to the hearing of Grisi and Bosio at the Royal Opera. It is said that the Queen has a not unnatural love for keeping her movements unknown and unheralded. The consequences, for such foreigners as are eager to get a look at her Majesty, are most untoward. The papers tell an amusing story of an adventurous German who was determined to have a sight at the queenly mother, and who, at a very ruinous cost to his pockets, alternated between the theatres for a fortnight; despairing of success in this way, he purchased tickets for three or four places of amusement on a single night; and having visited all ineffectually, was chagrined by finding next morning, in the Court Journal of the Herald, that

her Majesty had attended two of the chosen places, but at hours differing from his own. Being at present reduced in funds, he is represented as passing half his time at the corner of the Green Park, with a very hungry and eager gaze upon the gates of Buckingham Palace.

It is not a little singular how universal is this hankering after a sight of those born to great dignity of station; and could some of our own ingenious showmen negotiate successfully for the American Exhibition of some needy duke of England, we do not doubt that it would prove a happy speculation for all the parties concerned.

Report at present says of the Queen no very flattering things—so far as personal appearance goes; and we have a sad fear that she is growing Germanly fat. Prince Albert is getting a little silvering of gray, and a somewhat tawnier hue to his mustache. It is a sad thing that even kings and queens must grow old, and that the prettiest of royal babies will scream and tussle, and grow red in the face like all creatures of humanity. Howbeit, the Royal Family is fast growing up into comeliness, and the little Prince of Wales, of whom the papers speak in most jaunty terms as a very lithe and frolicksome specimen of a boy, with immense dignity in his character and gait, is making visits on his account nowadays, and is honored with separate and special paragraphs in the columns of the elegant and courtly Herald. Among other princely resorts, he has paid a visit to the camp at Chobham, and eye-witnesses speak of him as shaking hands familiarly with a certain most honored sergeant, and actually sitting down on a camp stool! The soldiers are represented to have cheered him lustily for this beneficence, and to have bought a large quantity of beer with the two sovereigns with which he dowered them from his princely pocket.

The camp at Chobham, by-the-by, has become a standing joke for Punch's caricatures. It is the first grand encampment of British troops that has taken place in many years—brought about, it is hinted, by the recent hints of a possible invasion at the instance of their good cousin Louis Napoleon, and intended to put the salon officers of the Guards upon a war-footing. Unfortunately the show has come off during one of the wettest and coldest summers which has befallen England for a period of half a century. And when one speaks of a peculiarly wet summer in England, it is understood that the dampness is considerable; it is like speaking of a peculiarly cold winter in Sir John Franklin's ships, or a large quantity of coal at Newcastle.

The elegant young gentlemen who are younger brothers of British peers, and who have purchased commissions in the crack regiments, and who have seen most of their service in the purlieus of Covent Garden and of Almack's, are represented to be suffering violently from colds in the head at Chobham; nor can we suppose them nearly so well fitted for camp service as the tight young fellows who come up to West Point from the country towns of New England and of the West, with hard muscles and stout lungs, and who go through a summering of canvas every year of their novitiate.

The camp at Chobham, moreover, has taken away from the town, at an interesting season of balls, the very jauntiest of the town beaus; the consequence has been, the opening up of a new chance for the old-time civilians; and merchants' sons are reported to be rising in the social grade.

THE great palace at Sydenham, of which we have once or twice spoken, is rapidly reaching comeliness, and is even now receiving large influx of visitors, who pay a dollar and more of admission money for a sight of the debris and materials which are to serve in the equipment of the grounds. Sir Joseph Paxton is busy in directing the arrangement of the garden, and in planting the flowers and shrubs, which are to eclipse even the marvelous flora of the gardens of Babylon. Every country and every climate is to be represented, not only by individual specimens, but by groups luxuriating in all the accompaniments of home. Thus a bamboo brake will serve as a lurking place for a royal Bengal tiger and his cubs; and the palm-tree, flaunting its leaves at full height, will shake down dates to roaming lions. At least so say the promising placards; and an approach even to the marvelous things promised, will make the Sydenham palace a new wonder of the world.

It is worth while to remark, in this connection, as proof of the energy of Sir Joseph Paxton's character, as well as of the liberality of his princely patron, the Duke of Devonshire, that he still retains his position as chief gardener of the Duke's estate of Chatsworth, and directs with all his old zeal and care the arrangement of the splendid gardens in Derbyshire, while he superintends the larger splendors of Sydenham.

Of the old World's Fair not a vestige now remains; and the green turf is fast forming over the area where were congregated only a short time ago the fabrics of every nation, and the thousand spectators of every vesture and tongue. The old shows of the metropolis are recovering their lost honors; the Coliseum is showing its miraculous labyrinths of cavern, and painting, and waterfall; and the white-haired Madame Tussaud, in her shilling box, is coining money out of her dead Wellington, and her waxen "honors."

The towers of the new Houses of Parliament are slowly rising from amid the forest of Barry's minarets; and there are hopes now among strong-bodied young men of living to see the completion of this long and gorgeous copy of the still more gorgeous "town-houses" of Louvain and of Ghent. *Apropos* of the palace, there is strong talk now in many quarters of taking away the old and dilapidated bridge of Westminster, and of putting in its place a bridge which shall compare favorably with the best bridges of an earlier date, which shall harmonize in some degree with the contiguous façade of the new Houses of Parliament. A design of this kind appears in some of the public prints, giving the piers in the shape of richly-wrought Gothic towers, of pattern similar to the palace towers, rising some two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and pierced with arches, through which is to be borne a road-way with diamond windows, constructed wholly of iron, upon the plan of Stephenson's famous tubular bridge at Menai. If completed in this wise, it would certainly be the most magnificent bridge in the world. The rivers of America are by-and-by to offer to ambitious architects more glorious opportunities for a bridging-over to immortality of their names and fortunes, than have yet been allowed to any architects of the old world. And the time may not be far distant when something of the kind shall bridge our East River, and make Brooklyn a nearer suburb than can the swiftest of our boats.

THE apprehension of Russian war is not only staple for talk at home, but for talk in all the journals of Europe. And the recent intervention of an American ship and an American officer in behalf of an ex-

iled Hungarian, in the harbor of Smyrna, may possibly connect us more nearly with the issue of events than could have been imagined. It is certainly a matter of deep anxiety to learn what part Austria and Prussia are to take in the foreshadowed contest between the East and the West of Europe: and should the two decide to stand by the fortunes of Nicholas the Emperor, it may well be that the Turks must yield; and the "bees" of Punch's caricature prove far less annoying to the "bear" than England would hope. Meantime all the world is listening for "later advices," which may even now have decided the question, and make our topic a "dead letter."

TALKING of climate, it is not a little remarkable that while upon the Continent of Europe the present summer, every one has complained of heat; in England the complaint has been of wet and of cold. With us at the South, there is complaint of dryness, and at the North of wet. Coupled with these two facts, we may mention a very unusual one—that up to the 10th of July, and perhaps later, no ice was observed in the Northern Atlantic. What the meteorologists can make of these facts we do not know. The clairvoyants will very likely couple them with the Russian rumors, the rise in corn, and the late Bible Convention at Hartford—all of them very significant, and threatening enough for a rhetorical flourish to a lecture.

WE throw in here, by the way of relieving our staid record, a bit of a friend's letter, giving some impressions on a first visit to the world of London:

"You asked me to tell you honestly how every thing struck me; but you must know that you asked far more than can be given in a letter, even in one of my proverbially long ones. I came into "town" (as they call it) at night, and so perhaps had an undue impression of its magnitude, since my hotel is not very far from the Euston-square station.

"But what permanence, and solidity, and order! These were the ideas which rushed upon me even before I was well out of the railway-car. The dépôt huge, and its walls of stone, and rods of iron—no jostling of cabmen, no annoying whips thrust in your face, with the everlasting "Carriage, sir!" "Carriage, sir!"—and yet when you are quite ready and your baggage looked after, plenty of civil cabmen near by—not leaving their places, or quarreling with each other, but waiting their turns, and receiving your orders with civility and apparent good-will. I took a one-horse sort of coach, and was driven over smooth pavement and delightfully clean, at rapid pace, for perhaps a mile. For this drive, it may interest you to know that I paid a shilling English, or twenty-two cents, including the transportation of a fair-sized portmanteau. This was cheap enough, to be sure; though I have learned since that a native would have paid for the same eight, or at most tenpence. However, cheapness all ends with the cabmen—who, poor fellows, by a recent Parliamentary bill, have had their fare cut down to a sixpence a mile. What they live upon, heaven only knows! But out-of-door people in London, I find, have all the hardship of life; and the luxury of big fees and good pay goes universally to the well-housed and to the stupid servants in white cravats.

"I went the other day for a look over London from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; and we had the unusual good-luck of getting the view on a clear day, or, rather, upon what is called a clear day, in London: it is a view worth looking upon, even under a veil of smoke and fog. It gives an idea of the vastness of the metropolis, that I tried to shake off vainly in two whole days of riding and driving; and while it impresses thus with an idea of vastness, one is astonished that such a city should have grown up upon the banks of so sluggish and inconsiderable a river. We are used to large, open bays in the neighborhood of our commercial cities; and to find more shipping in the narrow docks of London than can be found, perhaps, in any other one port in the world, excites very much the same kind of surprise which comes over the Americans at finding such a stately city as St. Louis a thousand miles from the sea.

"I can't forbear telling you, after my own matter-of-fact way, what capital pavement these Londoners have contrived out of very meagre materials. The paving-stones are narrow parallelograms; and being laid with the edge surface uppermost, offer very sure footing for the horses, even upon steeper declivities than we know any thing of in a paved street of New York. We boast, very properly, of our Russ pavement, which is certainly excellent; but it is a great mistake to suppose it is the only good pavement in the world; or even that, considering its amazing cost, it is really better economy than the edge-laid paving of London.

"In cleanliness there is, of course, no comparison; and one is immediately struck in the streets of London with the very limited space within which are managed all the materials and machinery for the demolition or construction of buildings. Opposite St. Paul's Cathedral, for instance, in one of the most thronged thoroughfares of London, there is just now going up a large, substantial range of stone buildings, some five stories in height, requiring in its construction much heavier stones than are ever used in the ordinary stone buildings of New York, and yet the space occupied for preparing, receiving, and elevating the materials is scarcely more than eight feet wide, including the very narrow sidewalk. This space is carefully inclosed; beside which, a scaffolding is erected as the stories advance in height, with an inclination toward the building, and projecting some eight or nine feet, so as to catch any falling mortar, or fragments of brick.

"This caution may, indeed, interfere with that quick dispatch, which is so characteristic of our American building habits; but yet it is a very comfortable caution, and one which insures a constant feeling of security, which I do not think we are in the way of enjoying very fully in the neighborhood of new erections at home.

"Another thing which strikes me very forcibly is the absence of all street-sweepers and scrapers; notwithstanding the perfect cleanliness, I do not think I have seen a broom or a hoe in service since my arrival: such work is all done before business hours in the morning.

"Yet, again, since I have fallen into this humor of suggesting economic arrangements, why do we not introduce the light single-horse cab, or fly, in New York? And what sort of propriety is there in blockading our steam-boat landings with heavy two-horse coaches, when, in nine cases out of ten, a single-horse affair, of the style of those in service here, would serve equally well? I think it would prove a nice speculation for some enterprising stable-manager of New York, to introduce a few of those very singular, but very comfortable vehicles, known as 'Hansom's patent safety-cabs.' By them you are carried, as it were, in a stout, easy basket-chair between the wheels; with a leather calash over your head: and nothing to obstruct the view in front, since the cabman is posted upon an elevated kind of

stool behind you. They enable a stranger to get the best possible notion of his whereabouts, besides giving him an abiding feeling of security.

"Like every body else, on their first coming to London, I have been down to Greenwich, to see where the 'Longitude begins,' and to eat white-bait at the Trafalgar Tavern. It is a pleasant sail down the river—because it is so strange: the boats are small and dirty, but they shoot about amid the crowd of vessels of all shapes, and of all countries, with such an intelligent kind of alacrity, as makes you think them really endowed with reason. The sail could hardly have been of more than half an hour; and I think, at a moderate estimate, we must have passed seventy or eighty ships, twice as many brigs, and half as many steamers, all 'under way.'

"As for the white-bait, they are a delicious little specimen of fish, not bigger than a minnow, and to be eaten three or four at a 'forking:' they are cooked to a charm—how, I can't tell you, but should think the rule might be worth finding out, to apply to some of the small-fry of New York Bay.

"Among the old pensioners loitering about the Hospital benches, I observed a very hale old negro, with white hair, smoking his pipe with as much *gout* as any of his white brethren, and looking very much as if the Uncle Tom turbitude of the day had made a kind of hero of him. Punch, by-the-by, quotes a fragment from a hustings speech made the other day in Ireland, which shows how widely the Uncle Tom book has been read: 'Let not,' he says, 'these smooth-talking, Legree-like priests reduce us to a state of religious Uncle-Tomitude'—or something to that effect. I do not hear very much just now about the *lionne* Mrs. Stowe; save that she has gone away to Switzerland; and went away, very much to the disappointment of some of her admirers, without having had the honor of a personal interview with the Queen. It was hoped, I have been told, by her more special patrons, that her Majesty would have expressed in some personal way her sense of the authoress's deserts; and stamped the Duchess of Sutherland's action with a sort of court echo. This, however, did not come about.

"I went the other day into Leicester Square to see the great globe of Mr. Wyld, about which you remember the *Athenæum* had some very commendatory paragraphs a year or two ago. It is really a very astonishing affair, and gives one a better knowledge of physical geography than half a year's study of the ordinary maps, and gazetteers. You enter the great globe itself; that is to say you enter a huge hollow sphere upon the interior surface of which are designated, with all their relative distances preserved, as well as the heights of the mountains, all the discovered countries of the world. Entering near the bottom, you see around you the blue, cold looking Southern Ocean, with its icy islands, and the stormy regions around Cape Horn. Ascending a flight of stairs you come upon a circular platform from which you look out upon the latitudes of Rio Janeiro and Australia. Whence mounting still higher you come to the equatorial regions, and from this, successively to the moderate, and frigid zones.

"A man with a long baton, and great glibness of tongue, gives a very intelligible and interesting lecture upon the various countries which he points out with his wand; dwelling more particularly upon the routes of travel, the commercial importance of the points designated, and the parts which inferior countries play in their subordination to the great central power of England! The sturdy patriotism of the man was the most amusing part of his performance.

"In noticing Japan, he was pleased to observe, that the islands forming that kingdom were just now subject of some curiosity, from the fact that the Americans had fitted out a warlike expedition to make an attack upon the islands. Their apology, he said, was based upon two allegations: first, that the Japanese were exclusive in their commercial dealings and would trade with no people but the Dutch; and next, that they were cruel to castaway seamen, putting them to death, or confining them in cages, &c. The first of these allegations, though perhaps well founded, was hardly sufficient, since they were a peaceable people and had a right to trade with whom they pleased. The second allegation was probably untrue, since upon a certain time many years ago, a certain British captain did visit the islands, and did come away without being killed, or indeed, without remarking any special cruelties to foreigners.

"This will give you a pretty idea of the man's style of lecturing, which it is needless to say was eagerly listened to, and apparently strongly confirmed by a large, and attentive crowd of listeners. I had not the pleasure of following the garrulous gentleman's lecture upon British India, and the British possessions in China, but presume it to have been equally instructive, authentic, and amusing."

We may possibly entertain our readers in some future Numbers with further extracts from the letters of our gossiping correspondent.

Editor's Drawer.

SOME idea of the "freedom of speech," which characterizes the American press, when speaking of the qualifications and characters of candidates for public office, may be gathered from the following ludicrous picture, drawn by the editor of a New Hampshire journal, of a candidate for Congress who had formerly, as was alleged, been a preacher:

"We are pretty certain that C—— *did* preach in New Hampshire. He *certainly* did in Massachusetts. He himself won't deny *that*. The evidence we have of his preaching in New Hampshire stands thus:—We remember his old sleigh 'keind o' gin eout' once, in a border-town of Essex, and he borrowed a very ancient craft for the purpose, as he said, to 'meet an appointment' to preach on the following Sunday in New Hampshire.

"He was in great apparent haste to get to P——, to "supply the pulpit" there. He may have lied about it, perhaps; we are bound to believe he did, if he says so now: but he certainly then was 'up' for P——, as they say at the Custom House. His haste might have been caused by a desire to get out of Massachusetts for some reason unknown, and less honorable than *his* preaching. He certainly went in the direction of P——.

"Never shall we forget how he looked when he started. Sam Slick's man, who laughed so immoderately in New York city, that he was heard at Sandy Hook, did not exceed our cachination at the sight of C——'s launch in that sleigh for P——. Such another craft never burst upon mortal eyes before nor since.

"The sleigh had not been used for the matter of twenty-five years. All the hens and turkeys of a large farm had roosted on it during its inactive life. There was plenary evidence of that fact. It was villainously out of repair. It was prodigious in size, and *somewhat* out of fashion! It had no dasher whatever beyond a snub-nosed runner. The craft

was as long as an ordinary ox-sled. The horse was full of salt hay, but lazy even at that. His harness was stitched together with ropes and twine. The horse had several feet of "lee-way" in the thills. When he started he went nearly a rod before the sleigh moved at all. We thought at first he was going alone. The reins were lengthened for the occasion by several feet of rope, so as to reach the reverend Jehu in the rearmost end of the craft. The distance to the horse was measureless. C—— was armed with an immense cart-whip. With this he ever and anon gave his horse a tremendous thwack, and every blow started a small cloud of dust from the long coarse hair of the animal. The sleigh had no furniture—neither blanket nor buffalo-skin. The snow was worn away in numerous places, and as they ground along, 'bound for P——,' a general snicker ran through the village at the sight!"

We call this a very grotesque picture; one that has not been exceeded since Ichabod Crane, mounted on his famous steed "Gunpowder," shambled out of the gate of the choleric Hans Van Riper.

A COUNTRY newspaper, from a far Western county, which has a good word for our "Table," has also the following editorial paragraph:

"A GOOD ARTICLE.—We have been presented with a bottle of *Ginger Pop*. It is said to be an excellent article, and is particularly recommended as a tonic. It certainly deserves a trial."

The "smallest favors" must be "gratefully received" at that office. However, the Ginger Pop might have enabled the editor to write better and more sensible editorials than a bottle of more potent fluid. He certainly didn't rise up *that* morning to "pursue *strong* drink."

PARODIES are seldom so close to their originals as the following upon "*The Last Rose of Summer*," by Thomas Moore:

"'Tis the last golden dollar,
Left shining alone;
All its brilliant companions
Are squandered and gone.
No coin of its mintage
Reflects back its hue—
They went in mint-juleps,
And this will go too!

"I'll not keep thee, thou lone one,
Too long in suspense;
Thy brothers were melted,
And melt thou, to pence!
I ask for no quarter,
I'll spend, and not spare,
Till my old tattered pocket
Hangs centless and bare!

"So soon may I 'foller,'
When friendships decay;
And from beggary's last dollar,
The dimes drop away!
When the Maine law has passed,
And the groggeries sink:
What use would be dollars,
With nothing to drink?"

THE following is recorded as an "actual fact" by a Western editor:

"A gentleman called upon the polite proprietor of a fashionable saloon in our village, a day or two since, and asked:

"'Have you any ice for sale?'

"'Yes,' replied the proprietor, stepping around from behind the counter, to wait upon his customer.

"'Is it in good order?'

"'Yes, perfect order, I believe, sir.'

"'When was it brought from Nashville?'

"'Well—let me see; about a week ago, I think.'

"'Ah! it won't do at all, then. I wanted some *fresh* ice!'"

We believe this story to be true, for we have encountered just such people, for whom nothing was good enough, if there was any thing better.

THERE is a good deal of "human nature," and not a little of "the Yankee" in the following circumstance, which occurred in the history of a successful merchant far "down East:"

He was a "gentleman of quality," and as a successful merchant owed much of his good fortune to his knowledge of human character, of which he always endeavored to take advantage.

Once upon a time, in connection with another person, he opened a branch-store in a town in the north part of the State, which was mostly filled with the unsalable goods from their principal establishment in the State metropolis. These goods were as "good as new" among the rustics, and as a general thing sold quite as well. There was a large "lot" of *pig-skin caps* for winter wear, however, that could not be got off at *any* price.

The proprietor generally kept himself at his town-establishment, but sometimes he would visit his country-store, or "branch," staying now and then a week or more at a time, and always attending the little country church. As a matter of course, he was looked up to with emulation, if not astonishment, by the "go-to-meeting" young folk of the town. What *he* "wore to meeting" was of necessity the prevailing fashion until he introduced a new style at his next visit.

One day he asked his country-partner about the business and other matters in which they were interested, who said:

"Yes, goods go pretty quick, and at good prices."

"You keep those pig-skin caps, I see, yet? I am afraid I didn't make a great bargain in buying them. Can't you get rid of more of that big box-full?"

"No; haven't sold *one* yet; people don't like 'em; and I've had a great notion of throwing them out of the back-window, and getting rid of the trouble of 'em. I don't think they'll *go* here."

Our merchant looked at them a moment; and then quietly remarked:

"You have kept them out of sight, I see. So much the better. Now next Monday morning you get them out, brush them up, and I think we'll find some customers for them before the week is out."

The next Sunday this acute observer of the springs of human action appeared in church with one of those identical pig-skin caps, tipped jauntily on one side of his head, and a splendid gold watch-chain dangling from his vest-pocket.

As usual, he was the "observed of all observers:" and it is superfluous to add that in less than a fortnight after, at his metropolitan store, he received a large additional order for these suddenly popular pig-skin caps.

LITTLE *squibbets* of a nature like the following were "rife" in the newspapers some time ago, but were rather over-done, forced, and unnatural. The mistake here chronicled is so natural a one, that we presume it must have happened!

"An absent-minded woman in this township last week washed the face of the clock, and then wound the baby up, and *set it forward* fifteen minutes!"

The small English travelers who sometimes "honor" this country by paying it a visit, often speak of

the "forwardness" of our juveniles. Perhaps they may make, in a second edition, "a note" of the *cause* of this "effect defective."

In that very entertaining and admirably-written book, the "*Recreations in Zoology*," there is an account given of a trick performed upon a cat belonging to a little tailor, which mischievously scratched up the corn and other seeds planted by the students of a manual-labor college situated in the neighborhood. The wicked wags caught the animal "*in flagrante delicto*;" took him up into their rooms, melted a quantity of sealing-wax, saturated him completely with it, and then let him go.

The next morning, when the students were reciting, the little tailor entered, holding out his vermilion quadruped to the Faculty, and asked, "if they thought *that* was the way a cat ought to be treated?"

The scene was too much, even for the grave dignitaries of the institution, who laughed outright at the ludicrous exhibition.

But of a graver character was the following barbarous act, occurring, we are sorry to say, in our own country. We put it "on record" from the "*Huron Reflector*," and only wish that Hogarth's picture of "Cruelty to Animals," and the consequences of it, could be hung up before the perpetrators, "night and day, waking and sleeping, in reality and in dreams:"

"A most cruel as well as hazardous act was perpetrated in this village on Wednesday evening last, by some person or persons, who, to say the least of it, were very thoughtless. A dog belonging to Miss Sophia Whyler was caught by them near the engine-house, his hair saturated with turpentine, pine-oil, or something of that nature, and then set on fire! The poor animal was enveloped in flames in an instant, and ran suffering and howling through the streets in the most piteous manner. He finally made his way into Mr. Olmstead's store, passed behind the counter, and laid himself down within a few inches of a keg of powder. Fortunately the keg was headed up, or an explosion might have taken place, and terrible would have been the consequence of such an event, as there was a large number of persons congregated in and about the building at the time. Before water could be procured and the fire extinguished, the poor dog was burned to a crisp, and he was relieved from his sufferings by being bled to death."

A good deal has been said, and well said, too, about men's speaking of their wives as their "ladies." It would sound very ridiculous to hear a lady call her husband "my gentleman"—would it not? or, ask another lady "whose her gentleman" was? when inquiring concerning her husband. One is just as bad taste as the other: giving up plain "husband," and plain "wife," and a plain way of calling people by their right names.

We shouldn't be at all surprised, if that class of society who hunt for round-about ways to express their ideas, might, in a little while, when inquiring about one's sons and daughters, adopt such modes of expression as these:

"How is your eldest masculine offspring?" or, "How is your little feminine darling, who addresses you as parent?"

We can imagine one of these high-flown, "unnatural" individuals addressing a complaint to a neighbor in the following language:

"My dear 'gentleman:' your specimen of the canine species was, by your youngest masculine offspring, set upon my 'lady's' feline pet, and had it not been for your eldest feminine Ethiopian bondwoman, it would, by compulsion, have been forced to depart this life."

There is a good deal of deserved satire in this. There is nothing in reality that is more "vulgar" than an affectation of high-sounding language in cases where the employment of simple terms would not only be more expressive, but better. One often hears "burst" for bust, forehead changed to "forward," and the like; showing "villainous bad taste" in the man who uses it. "Let it be reformed altogether."

"Dick," said a "Hoosier" one day to a companion in a sleigh-ride, "why don't you turn that buffalo-skin t'other side out? Don't you know that the hair-side is the warmest?"

"Bah! Tom, not a bit of it," was the reply: "do you s'pose that the buffalo didn't know how to wear it *himself*? How did *he* wear his hide? You git out! I follow *his* plan!"

Advertising nowadays, has become reduced to a science. Somebody *alliterizes* in this manner, in an advertisement of a superior article of marking-ink: to wit, that it is remarkable for "requiring no preparation, pre-eminently pre-engages peculiar public predilection; produces palpable, plainly perceptible, perpetual perspicuities; penetrates powerfully, precluding previous pre-requisite preparations; possesses particular prerogatives; protects private property; prevents presumptuous, pilfering persons practicing promiscuous proprietorship; pleasantly performing plain practical penmanship; perfectly precludes puerile panegyrics, preferring proper public patronage."

An author may write by the yard, and think by the inch: or he may write by the inch, and think by the yard. Covering a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter, is a bad fault in a public speaker, but absolutely unpardonable in a writer who has time to deliberate, and opportunity to revise. We laugh at legal voluminousness and tautology, but there is a literary redundancy that is worse, and altogether without excuse.

At the time—now many years since—when that curious book of Southey's, "*The Doctor*," came out, and before his name was known, "for certain," in connection with it—before even the correct authorship had been conjectured—the annexed extract from a review of the work, found its way into the Drawer. "The Doctor" has been "talking of *fleas*," and, thereupon, he tells a story, with which an English lady's name is amusingly connected:

"This lady, who lived in the country, and was about to have a large dinner-party, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's establishment—a tolerably large one—could furnish; so, that there might seem no lack of servants, a great lad, who had been employed only in farm-work, was trimmed and dressed for the occasion, and ordered to take his stand behind his mistress's chair, with strict injunctions not to stir from that place, nor do any thing unless she directed him; the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a piece of still-life, some awkwardness would be inevitable if he were put in motion.

"Accordingly, Thomas, having thus been duly drilled and repeatedly enjoined, took his post at

the head of the table, behind his mistress; and, for a while, he found sufficient amusement in looking at the grand set-out, and staring at the guests. When he was weary of this, and of an inaction to which he was little used, his eyes began to pry about nearer objects. It was at a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the back and shoulders, under the name of the neck, uncovered much lower than accords with the English climate or with old English notions: a time when, as Landor expresses it, the usurped dominion of neck had extended from the ear downward, almost to where mermaids become fish. This lady was in the height or lowness of that fashion; and between her shoulder-blades, in the hollow of the back, not far from the confines where nakedness and clothing met, Thomas espied what Pasquier had seen upon the neck of Mademoiselle des Roches.

"The guests were too much engaged with the business and the courtesies of the table to see, what must have been worth seeing, the transfiguration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw so fine an opportunity of showing himself attentive, and making himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her company to feel the flea; but, to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror heard him exclaim, in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party:

"'A vlea, a vlea! my lady, ecod, I've cantcht 'en!'"

Some wag of an editor, tired of seeing in the papers that such or such a contemporary had "*risen* to a post of honor" from a post, well filled, more honorable than all, speaking of a brother editor, says:

"He was formerly a member of Congress, but rapidly rose until he obtained a respectable position as an editor; a noble example of perseverance under depressing circumstances!"

The following capital story is told of Mr. J. H. McVickar, an eccentric American humorist, well known at the West. It comes to us marked in the columns of an old Western newspaper, headed, "*King's Evil, or Two in a Bed*:"

"At a small village, not a thousand miles off, a number of stages arrived, filled with passengers, who were obliged to stop at a small tavern, in which there was no great supply of beds. The landlord remarked that he should be obliged to put two or three gentlemen, who were, by the way, nearly all strangers to one another, together, and requested they would take partners. Stage-coaches are filled with all sorts of people, and a bed-fellow should be selected with care. Every body seemed to hesitate. Mr. McVickar, who was one of the passengers, had made up his mind to snooze in a chair, or have a bed to himself. He saw that his only chance to get a bed to himself was by his wits, and, walking up to the register, he entered his name, and remarked:

"'I am willing to sleep with any gentleman, but have the *King's Evil*, and it is contagious.'

"'The King's Evil!' said every one; and the landlord, looking thunder-struck, remarked, as he eyed him rather closely:

"'I'll see, sir, what I can do for you by yourself.'

"In a short time he was ensconced in the landlord's bed, who slept on the floor to accommodate the strangers.

"In the morning, while all were preparing for breakfast, a fellow-traveler accosted McVickar with:

"'Pray, sir, what is the nature of the complaint of which you spoke last night?'

"'The nature——' drawled out he, a little nonplussed for an answer.

"'Yes, sir; I never heard of such a disease before.'

"'Why,' said McVickar, brightening up, 'I thought every one knew. It is a disease of long standing. Its first appearance in America was during the Revolutionary War, when it took off some of the best men our country ever contained. At the battle of New Orleans, it amounted to an epidemic; and since the arrival of Kossuth in this country it has broken out afresh in many places.'

"'Indeed!' said the stranger. 'I confess I have never heard much of it.'

"'Perhaps not,' said McVickar, 'for it generally goes by another name.'

"'And what may that be?'

"'*Republicanism!*' said he, as he turned away to arrange his toilet for breakfast."

"We see but in part," in the beautiful language of the Bible, is well and forcibly illustrated in the following:

A traveler, as he passed through a large and thick wood, saw a part of a huge oak, which appeared misshapen, and almost seemed to spoil the scenery.

"If," said he, "I was the owner of this forest, I would cut down that tree."

But when he had ascended the hill, and taken a full view of the forest, this same tree appeared the most beautiful part of the whole landscape.

"How erroneously," said he, "I have judged, while I saw only a part!"

"This plain tale," says Dr. Olin, "illustrates the plans of God. We now 'see but in part.' The full view—the harmony and proportion of things—all are necessary to clear up our judgment."

The argument of the subjoined may strike the tippler's sense of self-degradation, if it does not reach his moral sense:

"The man that is in the habit of tippling, *sells* himself most effectually to the crowd. They have him on the hip. He puts a scourge into their hands; and they will use it. He may have the talents of a Crichton, but every ignorant snob that ever saw him 'by the head,' or ever heard of his being so, sets himself up as his better forever afterward. If he rises in a meeting or lyceum and speaks better than usual, it is all because he 'took a snifter' just before he came in, and is wide awake. If he has a cold in his head, and his eyes look leaden, he 'has been drinking,' sure. If he barks his shin over the edge of a wash-tub in a dark cellar, 'oh, that is not it; no, he tumbled over a curb-stone coming home late the other night.' If he writes a good poem, lecture, or what not, why 'he did it over a gin bottle.' If he has not drank a swallow of spirit for a year, no matter; he has it pinned on to him that he is 'a soaker,' and can't shake it off. Thirty grains of malt are *seed* enough to overgrow his reputation with thorns and brambles forever."

There is in the following little sketch an air of sincerity and perfect truth; and there is, moreover, a lesson which, if rightfully regarded, will not be without its beneficial uses, to those "whom it concerns," and who may rightly understand it:

"In my early years I attended the public school in Roxbury, Massachusetts. Dr. Nathaniel Pear

tice was our respected teacher; but his patience at times would get the better of him, and become nearly exhausted by the infraction of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a 'wrathy' way, he threatened (without much thinking, perhaps, of the rule he was establishing) to punish, with six blows of a very heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some of the scholars as detectors. Not long after, one of these detectors shouted out:

"'Master!—Johnny Zeigler is a-whispering!'

"John was called up, and asked if it was a fact. He was a good boy, by the way, and a favorite both with the master and with the school.

"'Is it true?' asked the teacher; 'did you whisper?'

"'Yes,' answered John, 'I did; but I was not aware what I was about when I did it. I was working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to me to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule which I wished to see.'

"The Doctor regretted his hasty threat; but, at the same time, told John he could not suffer him to escape the stated punishment: and continued:

"'I wish I could avoid it, but I can not, without a forfeiture of my own word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will leave it,' he added, 'to any three of the scholars whom you may choose, to say whether or not I shall omit the punishment.'

"John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which, after a little consultation, they did, as follows:

"'The Master's rule must be observed—must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment, by receiving ourselves two blows each!'

"John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and with outstretched hand exclaimed:

"'Here is my hand: they shan't receive a blow. *I* will take the punishment."

"The Doctor, under pretense of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he 'would think of it.'

"He *did* think of it to his dying day; but the punishment was never inflicted."

THERE is something very quaint and odd in the "items" rendered in a painter's bill presented to the vestry of a Scottish church, for certain work "done and performed." It is a veritable extract from a Scottish newspaper, published in 1787:

"To filling up Nebuchadnezzar's head.

"To adding new color to Joseph's garment.

"To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast, and a long-boat for Noah's ark.

"To painting a new city in the Land of Nod.

"To making a bridle for the Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs.

"To putting a new handle to Moses's basket, and fitting bulrushes.

"Received payment,
"D—— Z——."

IN Patterson's "History of Rhode Island," a work which embodies a great many curious and interesting facts, recorded in a style of great simplicity and naturalness, occurs an anecdote which we are glad to repeat in "The Drawer."

It is perhaps not generally known that the celebrated Admiral Wager, of the British navy, when a boy, was bound apprentice to a Quaker of the name of John Hull, who sailed a vessel between Newport and London, and in whose service he probably learned the rudiments of that nautical skill, as well as that upright honor and integrity for which he is so much lauded by his biographer.

The circumstance of running his master's vessel over a privateer, first recommended him to an advantageous place in the British navy. The facts of that encounter are as follows:

The privateer was a small schooner, full of men, and was about boarding the ship of Captain Hull, whose non-combative, religious scruples prevented him from taking any measures of a hostile nature. After much persuasion from young Wager, the peaceable captain retired to his cabin, and gave the command of his ship to his apprentice. His anxiety, however, induced him to look out of the companion-way, and occasionally give directions to the boy, who, he perceived plainly enough, designed to run over the privateer.

"Charles," said he; "if thee intends to run over that schooner, *thou must* put up the helm a little *more to starboard!*"

The ship passed directly over the schooner, which instantly sunk, with every soul on board.

This incident is not unlike one which occurred in Philadelphia during what was termed the "Hicksite" and "Orthodox" controversy, and which illustrates, although not perhaps to an equal degree, the non-combative principles of our "Friends," the Quakers.

In the course of the controversy the property of the two Societies, especially their public property—as houses of worship, burial-grounds, &c.—became matter of dispute. On one occasion, a prominent member of one Society, on the occasion of a funeral, mounted on the archway over the entrance to the burial-ground, and when the members of the adverse Society endeavored to pass in, he very quietly liberated a few bricks from his "place of vantage," observing, as he did so, to those who were seeking ingress:

"Robert, thee had better take heed, or peradventure this brick may strike thee on thy head;" or, "George, if thee is not careful, thee may get hurt by these stones which are falling from the arch!"

This bitterness of feeling, however, like all bitterness arising from mere differences of opinion, in time lost much of its acerbity, and our "Friends" learned to differ without quarreling.

HERE is a striking illustration of the value of the services rendered by swallows:

"It is estimated that a swallow will destroy, at a low calculation, nine hundred insects in a day; and when it is considered that some insects produce as many as nine generations in a summer, the state of the air, but for these birds, may be well conceived."

Reading this to a friend, he remarked:

"I grant the usefulness of swallows, and several other birds; but who will defend fleas and horse-flies?"

This was "a puzzler!"

AN incident is recorded of our renowned President, Andrew Jackson, which will be read with interest, as well by the former political opponents as by the past and present admirers of that great general and patriotic statesman. It is from the pen of Mr. N. P. Trist, for a long time his private secretary, both when he was in and when he was out of office.

The scene of the following anecdote is at Old Point Comfort, familiarly known as the "Rip-Raps," an artificial mound of stone, formed in the Chesapeake Bay, the foundation for "*Castle Calhoun*," which was then in the process of erection:

"One evening, after I had parted with him for the night, revolving over the directions he had given about some letters I was to prepare, one point occurred on which I was not perfectly satisfied as to what his directions had been. As the letters were to be sent off early the next morning, I returned to his chamber-door and tapped gently, in order not to awaken him if he had already fallen asleep. My rap was answered.

"'Come in.'

"General Jackson was undressed, but not yet in bed, as I supposed he might be by that time. He was sitting at his little table, with his wife's miniature—a very large one, then for the first time seen by me—before him, propped up against some books; and between him and the picture lay an open book, which bore the marks of long use.

"This book, as I afterward learned, was *her* Prayer Book. The miniature he always wore next to his heart, suspended around his neck by a strong black cord. The last thing he did every night, before lying down to his rest, was to read in that book, with that picture under his eyes."

This is a touching sketch of the warm domestic affection of one who, in the midst of the highest honors that his country could bestow, and the harassing cares and duties of office, paid his last devotions, on retiring to rest, to the loved and the departed.

The carriage in which his wife had been accustomed to drive was almost held sacred by him, and any injury happening to it, by the carelessness of his servants, was sure to be strenuously inveighed against. That, next to the Bible, General Jackson should have regarded and habitually perused the "Vicar of Wakefield," is almost a natural corollary from this interesting anecdote.

THE following laughable incident finds its way into the "Drawer" from a Scottish journal, the Edinburgh "*Guardian*:"

"A pretty village on the neighboring coast, frequented by summer visitors, was lately the scene of a very amusing circumstance. Taking advantage of a lovely summer-day, two young ladies betook themselves to a sequestered spot a little way up the coast, where they hoped to indulge in an unmolested bathe.

"After the usual preliminary proceedings, they had just accomplished the first few dips, when, to their chagrin and consternation, they observed a young gentleman of an 'inquiring turn of mind,' seated on a neighboring rock, and evidently intensely enjoying the scene. The impertinence was aggravated by the fact, that a powerful opera-glass was made the instrument of a more minute inspection of their aquatic evolutions.

"The blushing but indignant maidens remained in the water as long as was consistent with comfort and security, in the hope that the stranger would withdraw, and leave them at last to their necessary toilet, when, to their horror, he was observed to descend calmly from his elevation, divest himself of his apparel, and proceed to bathe in close proximity.

"But he had strangely miscalculated the results, for the spirit of the maidens was at last aroused, and they secretly determined on a bold revenge.

"With an appearance of insulted modesty, they timidly withdrew from the sea, and concealing themselves behind a hidden rock, proceeded to don their garments; then, folding up their bathing-gowns, they rushed upon the habiliments of the inquisitorial gentleman, and bore them off in triumph!

"*There* was a 'fix!' The unfortunate man instantly comprehended the nature of his position. A succession of shouts and supplications followed the ladies in their flight, growing fainter and fainter as the distance increased; while our 'gentleman,' with considerable modesty, remained in the water, evincing great agitation, and imploring restitution, at first with stentorian lungs, and subsequently in animated and appropriate gestures.

"But in vain; the insulted girls were inexorable! And as the spot was very secluded, some hours elapsed before he could make his situation known. At length a grinning rustic made his appearance, and informed him that the 'two ladies had left his clothes with a woman at the Green, a mile off, but that she wouldn't give them up until she had been paid a pound (five dollars) for taking care of them, together with the penalty of molesting the young ladies while they were bathing!'"

The penalty, adds the editor, was paid on the restitution of the garments, and the unlucky wight quietly left the village where the joke was already known, and the conduct of the damsels publicly applauded.

The last that was heard of this unfortunate "Peeping Tom of Coventry," he was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, acquired by his prolonged bath in the water, and his journey "*in puris naturalibus*" overland, on his way home.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE DRAWER.

WE welcome Mr. TIMMINS; and beg to assure him that we shall always be glad to hear from him. If we shall not be able to find every month a place for his "plain talk about himself and every thing else," it will be simply because our pages have been pre-occupied to such an extent as to preclude his lucubrations; but, judging from his first letter, this, we hope, will occur but seldom:

"*To the Editors of Harper's Magazine.*

"GENTLEMEN—I want to talk to somebody. My name is TIMMINS—WILLIAM TIMMINS. I've lived in New York, man and boy, now going on fifty years, going now and then into the country, and seeing things there. I'm not much of a writer, I suppose; the fact is, I *know* I'm not; but what I *do* know, at least what I *think* I know, is this: I know if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it; not trying to '*write*,' as they call it, scratching your head, and biting away at the end of your quill—or pen-holder, as the case may be (but *I* stick to the quill, for my hand is rather stiff with an iron pen in it)—I say over again, if you put down on paper *what* you think, and *as* you think it, somebody, if not most folks, will agree with you, and wonder why they hadn't thought about 'writing' themselves, when, after all, there's no writing about it.

"Nobody is around me when I set down my thoughts—not a single soul. But when I am putting them on paper, I seem to *think* I'm talking to somebody, and that's just as well as if there were twenty people all listening to you.

"So, if you like this way of doing things for your book, you must let me do it in my own way. I ain't ambitious. I am no 'practiced writer.' Mr. Lang, in the old New York Gazette—(we must have some other name for our beloved city—'Old *New* York!'—think of that!—I wish we could have had 'MANHATTAN' or 'NIAGARA!'—that sounding name, as if

pronounced by the voice of the Great Cataract itself)—Mr. Lang once published a short piece of mine in his paper, and it excited a good deal of attention—so Mr. Turner told me. It was about an abuse of the public thoroughfare by a Cedar-street dry-goods man; and Mr. Turner said he called twice to know where I lived, and he couldn't tell him. I knew where *he* lived (the dry-goods man) though, pretty well, as he found out. He had to take the boxes and bales of goods away. Folks had *seen the papers*—and it had to be done.

"Mr. Dwight once published a piece of mine in the old Daily Advertiser; and when I called for a paper about a week after it was printed, I asked the clerk if it had excited any remark, and he said:

"'No, I haven't heard any body say a word about it. I think it must have been generally overlooked. *I* have read it, however, and I think it *too good* for the columns of the Daily Advertiser. Politics, sir, dense, profound politics, and "sound remarks upon great questions of public policy"—*these*, sir, are the themes to which the editors, at this time, devote the columns of the "Daily Advertiser."'

"I was flattered; but as he put a quill-pen sideways in his mouth, and lifted up a big blank-book he had been writing in into a 'rack' before him, I saw him laugh on one side of his face. Perhaps he *didn't*, but I *thought* so for some time.

"I forget what the piece was that I wrote about; but it's no matter. It's a good many years ago now.

"Must have been four or five years before I wrote again, and I took the piece to Colonel Stone, of the Commercial Daily Advertiser, who lived in a nice little house down by Columbia College-green.

"He was in his library, up chamber, and looked rather surprised when I came in. I told him what I had come for, and took out my piece out of the inside of my hat, and put my hat down by the side of my chair, and draw'd up toward the editor.

"'Leave it with *me*,' said he; '*I* can read it as well as you. Don't let me give you that trouble.'

"'No *trouble*,' says I, 'in the world; 'I come *a-purpose* to read it to you.'

"He laughed kind of faintly, and says he, running his hand over his forehead, and pushing back his stiff black hair, says he:

"'Leave it; *I'll* take care of it; I'm engaged now; don't let me detain you. Good-evening. Glad to see you *leave* your manuscript.'

"He was very polite and gentlemanly; but my piece was never printed in his paper.

"I can't remember what it was I wrote about.

"But there's one thing I think, and that is, that I *wrote too much* about *too little*. Any way, when I see now pieces in the papers and the magazines that read a good deal as I remember mine did, I can't help thinking that I've learnt a good deal about knowing what *not* to say, as well as *what* to say.

"People have a great notion, nowadays, that they know more than their fathers and grandfathers did before them. I don't like much to encourage that idea, for we've got to be fathers, and grandfathers, too, by-and-by; but I expect *it is so*. Not because any one man *now* is smarter than many a *one* man was *then*; but as the generations go along, the *smart* minds lead *other* smart minds to thinking for themselves, and *they* dig out truth for others that come after *them*. But it isn't for the *stupid* fellows of the present day to take on airs about that. It's not *their* 'thunder,' by a good deal.

"I once heard a vain, conceited chap, standing, with some fifteen or twenty other fellows, round the almost red-hot stove of a country store, one cold winter-night, say, that we were much wiser now, in the present generation, than in generations gone by, in *every* thing; and that *all* of us were wiser than those who had gone before us.

"'Not *all*, I guess!' said some of 'em, 'for there's a good deal of difference in folks.'

"'Well,' said he, 'all that *I* know, is, that my *father* knew more than my *grandfather*; and I know that *I* know more than my father did, for *I've* had a chance to see a great deal more than he did.'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' went all round the store.

"'What are you laughing at?' says he.

"'Nothing,' said a red-haired, loungy-gaited young man; 'I never know'd your father; but your grandfather must have been a natural fool, according to *your* argument!'

"They laughed heartily at first; but he looked so sheepish that they felt sorry for him, and he slipped out pretty soon.

"But I'm running on, and talking, when all I wanted to do, was to introduce myself to you, and then take some other time to have a chat with you and your readers, and have them understand, if they would, that they were not encountering a new friend, or—a new bore.

"I want to tell you a little circumstance that I heard mentioned the other evening, when I was sitting in an ice-cream garden, pretending to lick an ice-spoon, in which there hadn't been a particle of any thing, save the German-silver of which it was composed, for the last half-hour.

"Two gentlemen were sitting together, one of whom I recognized as a man who 'loved a good thing' (of whom, by-the-by, as a class, there are a great many more in the world than we have any idea of). One of them I remembered years ago, 'when we were both younger,' sitting in the little stalls of Contoit's 'New York Garden,' of a warm summer afternoon, eating ice-creams, and indulging, every now and then, in that delicious and gentle compound, which was at the same time food and drink—'Roman-ice punch.'

"He had just got back from Europe, over almost every part of which he had been an observant traveler; and after narrating several curious things he had seen and heard—some of which I couldn't help but remember, and must tell you of hereafter—he spoke of his voyage homeward; of the pleasure it gave him to inhale the land-wind from his native shores; how he could have hugged the old pilot, who, far from land, came on board, with a quid of tobacco in each cheek, spitting 'where he listed,' as free as the north-west gales he had so often swallowed, and which his voice so much resembled; and of the fellow-passengers who had made his passage one continuous, pleasant jaunt; after all this, he told a story of a '*Yankee Trick*,' that I thought was about the 'cutest thing I ever *did* hear.

"'Among our passengers, coming home,' said he, 'was Mr. H——, not long ago a deputy collector in our port, at the Custom House; a most entertaining gentleman, who has no idea that he is telling any thing amusing, until he is reminded of it by the loud laughter of every body about him.'

"'When I was Deputy Collector in New York,' says he, 'I was sitting in my office one hot afternoon, when a long, slab-sided, Yankee-looking fellow came in, with a kind of guilty look, his hat dangling in his hand, his head hanging on one side, and his eyes cast down, but with a curious kind of smile, too, as I thought, sneaking fitfully across his face. He stood by the door, for a minute, twirling his hat, and seeming to be afraid to come forward to where I was sitting.'

"'Well, sir, I asked, what is wanted?

"'Be you Mr. H——? said he.

"'Yes, Mr. H—— is my name.

"'Yaes: but be you the Deputy Collector of New York State?

"'I answered that I was the Deputy Collector of the Customs of the city of New York.

"'Edzactly, says he—yaes; the very man I want to see.

"'He hesitated again, and twirled his hat more rapidly than ever.

"'What is your business with me?—state it, said I, rather sharply. My time is too valuable to be wasted in useless talk or delay.

"'Yaes, said he; 'dzactly so. Well, you see, I've got into a leetle trouble; and I come to see if you couldn't help me out a little.

"'He fingered his hat again, and I grew impatient and nervous.

"'Go on, said I, and get through. *What* is your trouble?—and how can I help you?—or what have *I* got to do with it?

"'Well, he went on, I was down to Havanna the other day, and being fond of smokin' I bought a few cigars for my own use; and when we got back to 'York, *I* did'nt know that there would be any hurt in bringing in a few; but as a man was bringin' on 'em up Broad-street, they was arrested—for "dewties," the man said—"*dewties*;" and he said they must all be forfeited, or "confiscated," and that I could'nt have none on 'em—none on 'em, he said, unless I could git 'em "entered." And he told me I couldn't get none on 'em entered until you had giv permission, and that he rather thought you wouldn't do it—dewty or *no* dewty.

"'I was struck with his simplicity—his *greenness*, I thought at the time—and was disposed to overlook what *might* have been an attempt at smuggling, in consideration of the fact, that after all it was probably pure ignorance.

"'So I said: As you seem to have been ignorant of the revenue-laws, I will enter your cigars, and you can have them upon payment of the duty. How many had you?

"'Twenty thousand on 'em!

"'Twenty thousand cigars for your *own use?* This alters the case entirely.

"'Well, not 'dzactly for my *own* use, but I wanted some for my friends to smoke, tew. That's all.

"'Well, sir—on payment of the duty, the cigars may be taken away.'

"'Dewty!—not arter they're "*entered*," there ain't no *dewty*, is there? That's what the man said that took them off of the cart.

"'I explained to him, that the cigars must pay a duty, and that it was a great favor to himself to be permitted to take them away at all.

"'Well, he said, putting on his hat, and holding the door ajar, I han't got no money to pay dewties; but I'll go up town, up to —— street, to see a friend of mine, and may-be *he'll* take 'em out. Good-a'ternoon!

"'The next day, just as I was about leaving my desk, the Yankee "operator" came in, bringing with him a dark, Spanish-looking person.

"'I've come to get them cigars, said he, that was arrested for dewties. My friend, here, will pay the dewties.

"'The necessary preliminaries were gone through with, and the cigars were taken away.

"'Early on the morning of the next day, as I was sitting at my desk, I felt a faint tap on my shoulder; and looking up, who should I see but my Yankee customer standing over me!

"'How de du *to-day?* said he.

"'I'm quite well, thank you; but what do you want of me *now?*

"'Nothin', said he—nothin'—got done!

"'And he gave a wink and a leer that none but *such* a Yankee as himself *could* give.

"'We did that thing up handsome, *didn't* we? said he.

"'*What* thing? I asked.

"'Why, them cigars, said he. *They* wasn't *Cuba* cigars; them cigars was made in Connecticut! I got a factory there myself; and I had them "took up" on suspicion. But folks, he added, will like 'em just as well as the choicest Havannas. Fact is, there's a good deal of *deception* practized about cigars!

"'I showed the impudent, designing, unscrupulous fellow the door, and he went out winking and laughing. "*We* did that thing up handsome!"—as if *I* myself had been a party to the nefarious transaction.'

"There, now I put that down exactly as I heard it; '*over*-heard it,' perhaps you'll say; but how could *I* help it? Twasn't *my* fault. I wasn't eaves-dropping. They was talking, and I *had* to listen, for I was close by; and I tinkled my spoon against my empty glass four or five times, just to let 'em know it.

WILLIAM TIBBINS."

Literary Notices.

A. Hart has issued a new edition of *Poems*, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, containing several pieces which have not been published before, while a careful revision has been given to those which have already appeared in print. Among the younger poets of this country, Mr. Read is entitled to a high rank—higher, we think, than has yet been accorded to him by the suffrages of the public. We must admit that his verse betrays a passionate admiration of Tennyson and Longfellow, though he can hardly be accused of imitating them, certainly not in any unworthy sense. He has studied the poetry of each of those writers with such profound sympathy, that his mind has become tinctured with their spirit; their melody rings in his ear and finds an echo in his heart; and though he looks at nature with his own eyes, and is fed by personal communion with her loveliness and glory, he has learned many of her choicest secrets under the inspiration of his models. We do not say this in disparagement of Mr. Read's title to originality. His temperament is singularly sensitive, open to powerful magnetic affinities, and not leading to the self-reliance which spurns all influence that does not emanate from interior sources. But his genius is creative at the same time; he detects the elements of poetry in the yellow "primrose by the river's brim," which to others is merely a worthless flower. The faded sign-board swinging on the moss-grown tavern by the deserted roadside—the fountain near the dusty highway—the summer shower, with "its silvery rain falling aslant, like a long line of spears brightly burnished and tall"—the stranger on the sill of the

old homestead—present to him a swarm of "thick-coming fancies," bearing the clear and shining impress of his own individualism, and embodied in the fit and expressive words which no imitation can suggest, in the absence of personal feeling and creative power. In his descriptions of nature he reflects the images which he has seen, with which his experience has been inwrought—not those which he has caught at second-hand, or learned from books. He has evidently scanned the face of nature with the eye of a lover. His devotion to natural beauty is the strongest passion revealed in his poetry. This, in combination with a warm flow of the domestic sentiments, is the source of his highest inspiration. He never exhibits the workings of deep and dark passion; there is nothing morbid in his strength; he is usually cheerful, earnest, healthy; although at times a vein of pensive tenderness is carried to the verge of sentimentality. He does not often aim at the sublime—nor ever successfully; he plunges into no profound mysteries—does not harness his Pegasus to the heavy car of metaphysical abstractions—nor seek the destruction of Church or State as the legitimate mission of the poet. But, with a pure and loving heart, he suns himself in the face of nature, gathering brightness and hope from her presence, and clothing the emotions which are thus awakened in his own heart with the simple melody of expression that always touches the heart of his reader. The following stanzas may be taken as a fair average specimen of his style, while they indicate the general character of his poetry:

"Once more into the open air,
Once more beneath the summer skies,
To fields and woods and waters fair,
I come for all which toil denies.

"I loiter down through sun and shade,
And where the waving pastures bloom,
And, near the mower's swinging blade,
Inhale the clover's sweet perfume.

"The brook which late hath drank its fill,
Out-sings the merry birds above;
The river past the neighboring hill
Flows like a quiet dream of love.

"Yon rider in the harvest plain,
The master of these woods and fields,
Knows not how largely his domain
To me its richest fullness yields.

"He garners what he reaps and mows,
But there is that he can not take,
The love which Nature's smile bestows,
The peace which she alone can make."

Correspondence of Dr. Chalmers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The letters in this interesting volume form an appropriate sequel to the biography of Dr. Chalmers, which has found such numerous readers on both sides of the Atlantic. They consist of selections from his extensive correspondence, for the most part on subjects connected with religion, and unfolding his private feelings and speculations in regard to those sublime themes which he set forth with such wealth of illustration and energy of rhetoric from the pulpit, the lecture-room, and the press. In these breathings of the great heart of Chalmers we find the child-like simplicity, the transparent frankness, and the devout earnestness which were always prominent traits in his character. He makes no concealment of the difficulties he felt in the investigation of truth; he does not withhold the expression of grateful joy at his perception of any new light; and to the last day of his vigorous old age, he exhibits an intellect alert, curious, susceptible, eager for knowledge, and impassioned with the desire for spiritual unity. Many of his finest expositions of theology were thrown off under the excitement of letter-writing. His glowing sympathies gave a fresh impulse to his mental operations. We are thus brought, as it were, into his familiar presence, and seem to be listening to his conversation, instead of attending to a formal, didactic discourse. Several of these letters are to correspondents in America. They show his interest in whatever concerned the cause of religion, though in a distant land, and his cordial appreciation of the friendship and honor which his public services had called forth in this country.

Cranford is the title of a new work by the author of *Ruth* and *Mary Barton*, devoted to the illustration of social and domestic life in an English country village. It is a quiet, unpretending story, without the strongly marked lights and shades of Mrs. Gaskell's former productions, but brimfull of geniality, refined humor, and those admirable touches of nature which betray a master-hand. We are glad to receive this exquisite tale, as a new proof of the versatility of talent which is so richly displayed in the previous works, that have established the reputation of the author as one of the best living writers of fiction. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Ministerial Education in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the Rev. STEPHEN M. VAIL, is the title of a seasonable work, designed to show the importance of a thoroughly educated ministry, especially in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The volume opens with a sketch of the history of education in the sacred profession, from the earliest period in the annals of the Jews to the present time. This presents a highly interesting view of many important features of ecclesiastical antiquity. The author then engages in a thorough survey of the question of ministerial education as related to the Methodist Church, arguing with great vigor and clearness in favor of the position to which his work is devoted. His views are distinguished for their breadth and liberality; they are fruitful in valuable suggestions to the intelligent reader; sustained by extensive learning and powerful logic, they can not fail to command attention; nor can their influence be other than salutary to the cause of education and religion. The volume is introduced by an eloquent and appropriate preface from the pen of the Rev. President TEFFT. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.)

Rudiments of Public Speaking and Debate, by G. Y. HOLYOAKE, is a reprint of a popular work on practical eloquence, presenting the general principles of rhetoric with great brevity and point, and with a variety of racy illustrations. Although devoted to the scientific exposition of rudiments, it abounds with anecdote, piquant remarks, and epigrammatic expressions, which make it no less attractive than it is informing. (Published by McElrath and Baker.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a valuable contribution to the interests of classical education in Professor ANTHON'S *History of Greek Literature*, comprising a complete survey of the progress of Grecian culture from the earliest period down to the close of the Byzantine era. In addition to copious biographical sketches of the most eminent Greek writers, the volume contains an account of their works, and of the principal editions they have gone through, together with a variety of other interesting bibliographical details. Dr. Anthon has again made the friends of classical learning his debtors by the preparation of this work, which is marked by his accustomed erudition and intimate acquaintance with the best sources of information.

The Metropolitan City of America, by a NEW-YORKER. (Published by Carlton and Phillips.) As

a guide-book for the stranger in New York, this work is entitled to high commendation, presenting as it does a distinct programme of the principal institutions, buildings, localities, and other objects of interest in this city. But it is also much more than this. It gives a compact, but complete sketch of the history of New York, relating a number of interesting incidents in its early annals, and showing its wonderful progress from the "day of straw ropes, wooden chimneys, and windmills, when the native tribes were employed in pursuit of game, and the yacht of the Dutch in quest of furs penetrated every bay, and bosom, and inlet, from the Narraganset to the Delaware," to its present metropolitan opulence and splendor. The work is written in a neat and graceful style, and, thanks to its perspicuous method, is eminently readable. The closing chapters, on "The People of New York," and "The Future of New York," are marked by shrewd observation, and exhibit the condition and prospects of our population in a flattering light.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have collected in a neat volume the Essays of Chancellor HARPER, Governor HAMMOND, W. G. SIMMS, and Professor DEW, on the subject of Slavery, under the title of *The Pro-Slavery Argument, as maintained by the most distinguished writers of the Southern States*. These papers can not fail to be read with interest, as an authentic exposition of Southern views on a question of excited controversy. In the names of the writers the public has a guarantee of the ability and zeal with which the discussion is conducted.

The same house have issued a volume of *Summer Stories of the South*, by T. ADDISON RICHARDS, describing in a lively manner many scenes of Southern life.

The *Behavior Book*, by Miss LESLIE. A better rubric for the department of young ladies in social life is not to be found in the whole range of Chesterfieldian literature. It is minute, explicit, unmistakable, and highly practical in its directions, blending gravity with humor, and an excellent spirit of observation with a piquant vivacity of expression. I any fair aspirant for social distinction believes that good manners, like "reading and writing, come by nature," she has only to read this volume to find out her mistake. It will prove a cheerful and pleasant guide through the intricacies of artificial etiquette, and the observance of its rules would add a fresh charm to the "unbought grace of life." (Published by A. G. Hazard.)

Narrative of a Journey Round the World, by F. GERSTAECKER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) A more lively and entertaining book of travels has seldom been issued from the press, than this comprehensive volume. The author is a free-hearted, adventurous, and intelligent German by birth, but a citizen of the world by adoption. He makes himself at home wherever he alights from his wanderings, seizes upon every picturesque or original trait in the character of various nations among whom he sojourns, and records his impressions in a singularly graphic and flowing style. His course was from the European port where he embarked, first to Rio Janeiro; thence to Buenos Ayres, and across the country to Valparaiso; from that city to San Francisco, and the mining districts of California; afterward, by the way of the Sandwich Islands, to the Eastern Archipelago and the Asiatic Continent. Anecdote, description, and reflection combine, in due proportions, and give an interest to his narrative, which abounds no less in exciting incidents than in rare and curious information. No portion of the volume will more strongly command the attention of the majority of readers than the copious details illustrating life in California in 1849. The author worked at the placers with his own hands, which were more familiar with the shovel and pickax than with kid gloves and eau-de-Cologne. His pictures of the odd characters with whom he came in contact at the diggings, are in the highest degree amusing, while his delineations of natural scenery are always bold and impressive. But we have no space to enumerate a tithe of the attractions of this racy work.

Several courses of lectures, of more than ordinary interest, have recently been delivered in London. Among them were those of Professor FILOPANTI, of Rome, on the Secret Traditions of that city. The Professor's design was to vindicate the authenticity of the early Roman history against the skeptical attacks of Niebuhr and his disciples. In opening his subject, Signor Filopanti announced, with mysterious gravity, that he was in possession of hitherto unpublished traditions, handed down to living men from the remotest antiquity, preserved by those secret societies which have existed during many ages. According to these traditions, the destinies of the eternal city were from the earliest ages powerfully influenced by a secret society, founded by a man of genius, who was father to Romulus by his lawful, though secret, marriage with Rhea Sylvia. Both the Founder and the Sodality considered themselves as an especial priesthood, appointed by Divine Providence to further, by occult means, the spread of liberty and civilization to the whole human race. Most of the marvelous incidents related in Roman history were neither miracles, as believed by ancient superstition, nor legendary fables, as is assumed by a modern school of criticism, but genuine facts, due to the agency of the secret association. The adepts had it in view, by their hidden proceedings, to cause the new city to appear to the world as constituted under the immediate protection of heaven. In illustration of these views, Professor Filopanti narrated, in highly graphic style, the early stories about Rhea Sylvia and Amulius, with many details hitherto unrecorded either by chroniclers or poets. He proceeded to demonstrate his views by the testimonies of ancient historians, and by reference to monuments and astronomical observations, which he contended gave abundant cause for astonishment that the theories of Niebuhr should still find so many votaries after the grand discoveries of Nineveh. Niebuhr, he maintained, had offered to his country the greatest injury that it could ever be in the power of a literary man to inflict, and feeble as he (Professor Filopanti) was, he would endeavor to combat his doctrines through the medium of truth and reason, which he was quite sure would always prevail with an English audience.

Perhaps the most interesting of the lectures was the series by Mr. FRANCIS PULSZKY, on Archæology and Ancient Art. Mr. Pulszky was the nephew and adopted son of the late Mr. Féjerváry, the celebrated Hungarian antiquary, whose very valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities has lately been placed in the Archæological Institute. Mr. Pulszky entered early and with great success on this branch of study, to which he brought not merely a natural taste for art, but a remarkably keen and penetrating intellect. It was the possession of the latter quality, probably, which, combined with the characteristic enthusiasm of a Hungarian, led Mr. Pulszky to forsake for a time the peaceful pursuits of his youth, and enter as the deputy of a county into the Hungarian Diet. There his brilliant talents soon attracted attention:

his knowledge of modern Europe was scarcely less remarkable than his acquaintance with the treasures of antiquity, and when Ferdinand V. appointed a liberal ministry, M. Pulszky was chosen to direct the department of Foreign Affairs, under the nominal superintendence of Prince Esterhazy, who returned from his long sojourn as embassador at the court of St. James's. After the Austrian government had openly attacked the Hungarian constitution by force of arms, it became a chief object of the Hungarian ministry to enlighten the governments of Europe as to the true position of affairs, which the Cabinet of Vienna and their organs in every country zealously labored to envelop in obscurity. Mr. Pulszky was chosen for this mission in England, and performed his task with consummate ability. After the fall of the constitutional government, he continued to adhere with unshaken fidelity to the fortunes of the ex-Governor. The lecturer displayed great fluency, eloquence, and knowledge of the English language, and—a wise combination—he brought the experience of a statesman to aid the researches of the antiquary. The course was numerously attended, M. Kossuth being among those present, with Mr. Cobden and others.

Dr. ARNOLD RUGE has given three lectures on German Literature, Philosophy, and History, in London, showing us the state of that country in a new light. Beneath the Literature since LESSING was German Philosophy, beneath German Philosophy the system of Humanism; and in German History we find the practical consequences of those ideas. Considering the Literature of the last hundred years, he described the first period, that of LESSING, or of the enlightenment, as that of the struggle for liberty of thought and science; the second, that of KANT, as the period in which a temple of free science and art was erected, the supremacy of science and art being established; the period of FICHTE as that of the licentiousness of the romantic party, which deteriorated Fichte's absolute liberty into absolute frivolity, and opposed the supremacy of reason by the supremacy of their fancy. The fourth period, that of HEGEL, he described as that of the victory of Philosophy over the romantic party. The men of the first period he stated to be LESSING, LICHTENBERG, KLOPSTOCK, WIELAND, F. H. JACOBI; of the second, KANT, HERDER, SCHILLER, GOETHE; of the third, FICHTE, NOVALIS, SCHELLING, TIECK, the SCHLEGELS, and the Teutonic writers since 1815; of the fouth, HEGEL and his school; STRAUSS, FEURBACH, PLATEN, HEINE, the Political Lyrics and the Humanists. In the course of German Philosophy the *Kantian Philosophy* was explained as a system of restricted liberty, or mere independence of men of nature and of the senses; the *Fichtian Philosophy*, as laying down the principle of absolute liberty of the thinking person; the *Hegelian Philosophy*, as carrying out the principle and the system of absolute liberty; and *Humanism*, as realising the principle and system of human liberty in religion, society, and state.

An eye-witness describes the appearance of MACAULAY in the House of Commons on the delivery of his late speech on the India Question, as follows:

"After Hume rose Macaulay. The House was not full to even hear him, standing behind Lord John, who seemed in a state of celestial rapture all the while the member for Edinburgh delighted, not convinced, the House for more than an hour. It is said that Macaulay is suffering from softening of the brain. It is to be hoped the rumor is false; yet on Friday, though he spoke on a congenial subject—of a power he once swayed—of a people among whom he once dwelt—on a theme that has given birth to some of the most gorgeous eloquence that ever fell from his lip, or flowed from his pen, there was really little that told, though he spoke to a friendly audience—to an audience that had really worked itself up to applaud and admire. Still, as Macaulay speaks so seldom—as so many brilliant associations cluster round his name—as one thinks of him in the flush and confidence of youth—the delight of the Union—the pet of the Edinburgh—the pride of every individual Whig—it is something to have heard a voice once so full of power. And now and then on Friday there gleamed forth a flash of the old fire. And the light that 'never shone on sea or shore' beamed from his eye, and down dropped rhetorical pearls; but the general feeling was that of disappointment. The House wished to be carried away, and Macaulay would not, or could not, do it."

Mr. HUGH MILLER, the geologist, in a leading article in the *Witness* newspaper, of which he is editor, has written an able and ingenious reply to Mr. MACAULAY's assertion, in his late Indian speech, of the superiority of distinguished university men for the practical affairs of life. The instances adduced by Mr. Miller, if they do not refute Mr. Macaulay's statements, at least show how much may be said on the other side of the question. "Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh Grammar School—John, ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter, ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time John became Bailie John, of Hunter-square, Edinburgh; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott, of the Universe." "OLIVER CROMWELL got but indifferently through college; JOHN CHURCHILL spelt but badly, even after he had beaten all the most accomplished soldiers of France; and ARTHUR WELLESLEY was but an uninformed and vacant young lad for some time after acquiring his first commission." In literature, besides SCOTT, the instances of GOLDSMITH, COWPER, DRYDEN, SWIFT, CHALMERS, JOHNSON, and others, are cited, to show that excellence is often attained after the absence of precocity. The converse, indeed, is too often true, and the proverb of "soon ripe, soon rotten," too often verified. The competition scheme, according to Mr. Miller, would have, on the whole, the effect not only of excluding the truly able, but also of admitting the inefficient. The class is large of those who seem to attain to their full development in the contests of the Academy and the College; and, eminent there, are never heard of afterward. Mr. Miller's own case is one in point, where highest scientific and literary eminence has been gained without juvenile acholastic distinctions. Mr. Macaulay's rhetorical paradoxes must, therefore, be received with great mistrust.

Of the *Life of Haydon*, the celebrated historical painter, recently brought out in London, the *Athenæum* says:

"In dealing with this interesting contribution to the history of modern painting in England, the critic's first duty is, to praise the manner in which the editor has executed his laborious and delicate task. Besides the necessity of weeding the autobiographical fragments left by Haydon, Professor Tom Taylor had to condense and arrange the matter contained in twenty-six bulky, parchment-bound, ledger-like folio volumes of journals, so as to complete the story. It can have been no light matter for an editor—without disguising the personality of their writer, who set

down many things in the rage and malice of the moment, with a view to their vengeful appearance on some future day—to avoid all revelations needlessly damaging to the deceased or offensive to survivors. Further, a large mass of correspondence had to be dealt with. All this seems to have been done in good proportion and with wise discretion, showing that respect for the deceased, that respect for the public, and that self-respect which distinguish the literary artist from the literary jobber for money. Who would have expected that the 'Life of Haydon' should turn out a more sterling and interesting addition to English biography than the 'Life of Moore!' Such, however, proves to be the case.

The same journal has a favorable notice of *Yusef*, by J. Ross Browne. It says:

"This is another noticeable record of American travel in the East—glowing, humorous, and satirical—and illustrated by the author himself with an adroit pencil. There is something hearty and attractive in the account which Mr. Browne gives of the circumstances under which he set out on his travels. It was ten years ago; he had already, as he says, rambled over the United States, partly on foot and partly in steamers, when he started from Washington with fifteen dollars in his pocket to make the tour of the East. At New York the last dollar was gone—and the Atlantic rolled between the West and East. Having no ostrich to carry him through the air—and doubtful of the sailing qualities of a dolphin—his tone of thought being eminently unclassical—he shipped himself before the mast in a whaler, and in the course of a voyage to the Indian Ocean did service in the way of boiling blubber and scrubbing decks. The moral of the story—a useful moral—is, that a man who really wishes to travel, may travel in spite of fortune or misfortune. Mr. Browne is not the only American writer who has shipped himself 'before the mast;' and we confess to a liking for the manly and sturdy character which has led so many young literary Americans to set the old conventions of the world at naught in the earlier and more difficult part of their career."

The *London Leader*, in a genial notice of Thackeray's *Lectures*, remarks: "Charmed (as all but the very churlish were) with these Lectures when Thackeray delivered them, we have been charmed beyond expectation with the reading of them, for they owe less to manner than we thought. They are truly beautiful, suggestive Essays on topics fertile in suggestion. As criticisms, in the narrower sense of the word, they are often questionable, sometimes absurd in their exaggeration of praise. As characteristics they are more picturesque than lifelike. But as Essays, of which the Humorists are merely the texts, they are unaffectedly humorous, pathetic, subtle, pleasant, and thoughtful. Few will accept Thackeray's exaggerated verdicts on Swift's and Addison's genius, an exaggeration rhetorical, and almost ludicrous; but where, in our language, are more charming Essays than the two devoted to these writers?"

One of at once the most gifted and most reputable of the many French literary personages whom Napoleonism has driven into exile, is the well-known Edgar Quinet, once the colleague and fellow-laborer of Michelet. M. Quinet has made his voice once more audible, in the new number, to wit, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, where appears an article from his pen on the "Modern Drama" ("Du Drame Moderne.")

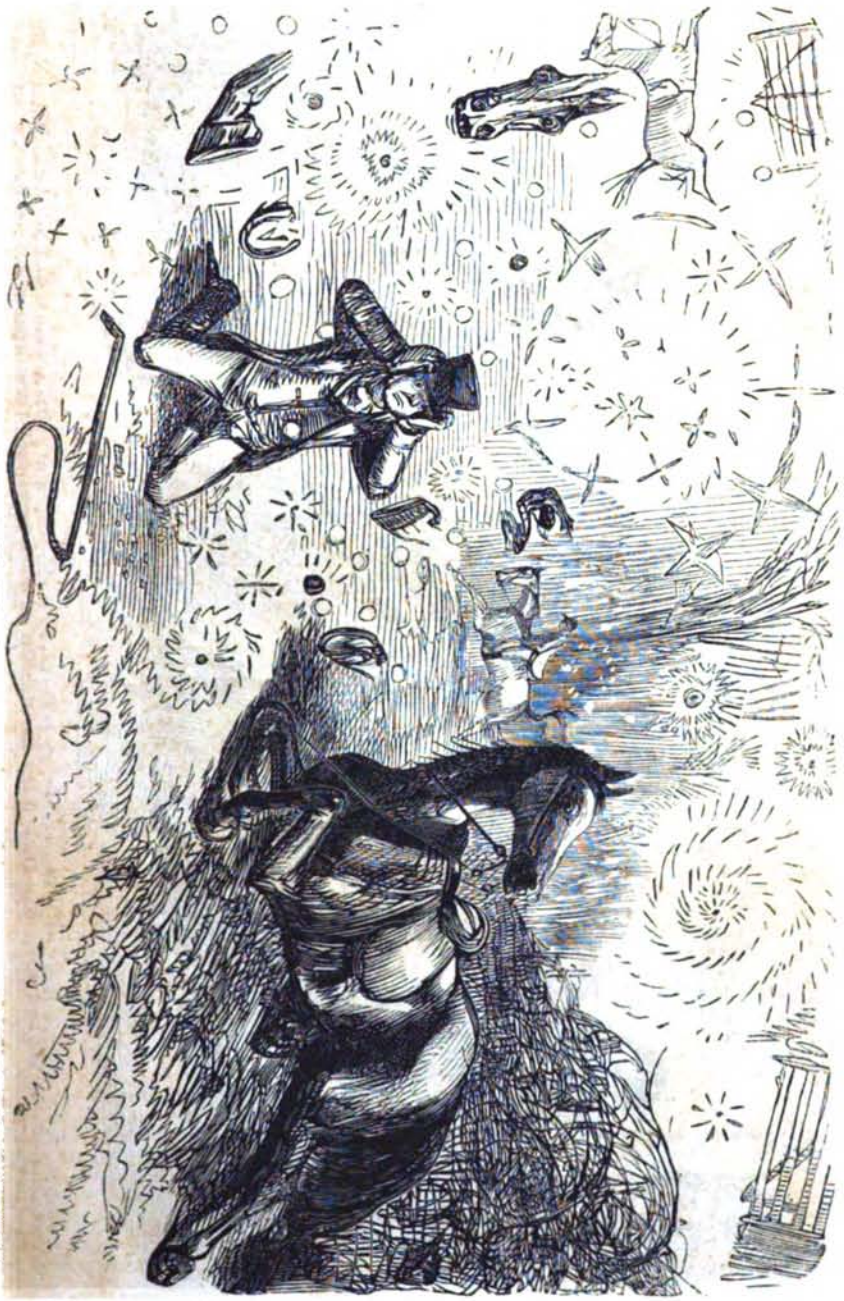
In a recent number of the Berlin *Magazine for the Literature des Auslandes*, is an account of a visit to Heinrich Heine, by some German friends, and from it we extract a descriptive passage:

"It was once more a day of wondrous beauty; the clear sky of the wintry afternoon was tinged by the evening-red, when we presented ourselves at Heine's domicile, in the *Rue d'Amsterdam* at Paris. The spectacle of his sufferings was less distressing than we feared it would have been; illness has not distorted his face, but, on the contrary, has spiritualized it; the engraving which represents him on his sick-bed is a faithful likeness, only his face is narrower and more pain-stricken than represented there. His exterior, on the whole, is very little altered. He still resembles what he was in youth, when we saw him about thirty years ago in Berlin; only his hair was then fairer, and his beard did not yet exist. During the interval, he was once, as he assured us, disproportionately strong; but the approach of his melancholy spine-complaint soon enfeebled him. His legs and feet are entirely powerless, and twisted by nervous pains of the most insupportable kind. For five years he has not left his room, and only for a few hours now and then does he exchange his bed for his arm-chair. Opium is his daily nourishment, and the only thing that can make his pains supportable. It is truly astonishing that an illness which has its seat in the finest nervous tissues has not been able to work destructively on the organs of the mind. We were destined to receive the most splendid proof of this in Heine. He had had one of his worst days, and had already taken opium a second time. Weak and querulous, he received us in bed, which a green screen sheltered from the entrance of draughts and light. He assured us that he was quite unfit to talk, and requested us to repeat our visit on the following day. Nevertheless, he put some rapid lively questions, which brought on a conversation that cheered him up. His voice became gradually stronger; he laughed; he spoke with the incomparable combination of jest and earnest which has made him the creator of poetic humor in Germany. Whoever, with closed eyes, had listened to him, would have taken him to be in complete health."

A Hungarian poetess, Theresa Ferenczy by name, has just committed suicide at Pressburg, by—an unusual thing among women—blowing out her brains. She was only twenty-six years of age, and was of wealthy family. Her works are greatly admired by her countrymen, and are more widely read than poetical works often are. Her last publication, called the *Birds*, was brought out only a few months ago. Some lines in it indicated that she would write no more, but no one could have believed that she contemplated self-destruction.

From Athens, it is stated that M. Demetrius Galanos, the most learned linguist that modern Greece has produced, and who for more than twenty years occupied with distinction the chair of Sanscrit at the College of Benares, in Hindostan, has died in the latter city, at the age of sixty-nine. His numerous works on the different idioms of Asia—the fruit of forty years' research, and which are all unpublished—M. Galanos has bequeathed to the University of Athens, on condition of its causing them to be published:—for which purpose the testator has left sufficient funds. The University accepts the gift and the office—and has appointed its rector Dr. Georgio Theypaldos, to conduct the publication. The works will make about ten folio volumes.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT.

* &c., &c., Represent Sparks of Divers Beautiful Colors.

DISCERNMENT.

CLEVER CHILD.—Oh! Do look here, Mary! What a funny thing! Mr. Oldboy has got another Forehead on the back of his Head!

(*Mr. Oldboy is delighted.*

YOUNG AMERICA ON HIS DIGNITY.

OLD AMERICA.—Another impertinent word, and I'll box your ears!
YOUNG AMERICA.—Lay your hand upon me, Sir, and I abandon your roof forever!

Fashions for September.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal-street, New York, and drawn from actual articles of Costume.*

Figure 1.—Carriage Dress.

THE DRESS is of green taffeta, open in front, as are almost all bodies at present. When this mode is not adopted the body is made high, with three plaits on the side. The number of bodies which do not conform to one or the other of these forms is very small. The skirt is very full, and is ornamented with three deep flounces of velours and guipure. A narrower trimming of the same material is placed down the open sides of the corsage, and upon the lower edge of the sleeves, which are of pagoda form.—For Mantillas, the gossamer fabrics of the summer months begin to give place to heavier and more substantial fabrics. The one which we give in the accompanying illustration is in the *berthe* style, composed of white *poult de soie*, heavily embroidered. The collar is slashed on the shoul-

ders, where it is cross-laced with cord, terminating in neat tassels.—For BONNETS, Leghorns are in high favor; they continue to be worn far back upon the head; but the brim is rather smaller than has heretofore been worn. Feathers and ribbons constitute the ornaments. Ribbons, arranged in bows, in fact, are now worn upon all parts of the dress. Lace galloons, fringes, embroideries, and trimmings of all similar kinds, are now lavishly employed by *modistes* in such a manner as to produce a very charming style of ornamentation.—LACES do not in general vary materially from those furnished by us last month. A style of collars which is now a great favorite, is extremely wide, having a large point upon each shoulder, and one upon the middle of the back.

BRIDE'S TOILET.—We present a Bridal Dress very similar to that worn by the Empress of France. The hair is arranged in puffed bandeaux rolled one above another, and very finely undulated. A narrow bandeau of white lilac passes over the head, and is lost in each extremity between the origin of the bandeaux of hair. Two tufts of double hyacinths and branches of white lilac inclose the bandeaux behind, and accompany them below. A crown of orange-flowers is laid behind, over the comb. The vail of tulle illusion is thrown back so as to cover the crown and the top of the tufts of flowers; this vail is very large. Dress of terry velvet, ornamented with passementerie and lace. The body high, and very close, is prolonged down to the hips. It is trimmed in front with buttons and guipure, and ears of satin passementerie laid in chevrons. These ears, graduated, are 2½ inches at top, 1½ toward the waist, and rather over three inches at bottom. A narrow *engrelure* borders the bottom of the body, which is terminated by a lace of 6 inches, slightly gathered. The skirt has beautiful lace flounces. A lace collar, gathered, falls over the body. But a frill of tulle illusion *ruché* goes round the neck. The sleeves, of pagoda form, are trimmed with three rows of lace, looped up to a button and sewed under a little passementerie *engrelure*. The two first rows are on the sleeve; the third is sewed to the edge, and falls very full, like an under-sleeve.

FIGURE 2.—BRIDE'S TOILET.

We have seen a very pretty toilet for a young lady, from fifteen to eighteen years. The hair in double bandeaux, as represented in the Bride's coiffure above, waved and raised. Dress of plain India muslin. Body high, gathered into a little band trimmed with lace on the fore-arm. Skirt full and plain, with a hem 4 inches deep. Apron with a body fastening behind, and a skirt of pink taffeta. The edge of the body is trimmed with a *ruche chicorée* of pink taffeta. The jockeys are similarly trimmed; the front one laps over the back one. The body has two plaits on each side. The skirt is gathered at the waist; it is shorter than that of the dress by 10 inches, and is trimmed all around the bottom with a pink *chicorée*. Behind it is fastened by 4 taffeta bows, the edges of the opening are plain. The pockets are cut straight across, surrounded with little pink buttons, and ornamented at bottom with a pink bow. Rows of narrow lace on the collar. Lace mittens.