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ENTRANCE TO THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRISCILLA.

VISITS TO THE DEAD IN THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

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"La terre avait gémi sous le fer des tyrans ;
Elle cachait encore des martyrs exilés,
Qui dans les noirs détours des grottes reculées
Dérobaient aux bourreaux leurs têtes mutilées."

BERNIS—*Poème de la Religion Vengée*, ch. viii.

A VISIT to the Catacombs usually comes in as a part of the prescribed round of rights which fill up the traveler's ten days at Rome. You ride out to St. Sebastian: a Cistercian monk leads you through the church, from chapel to chapel, and altar to altar, points out the spot where the holy relics are kept, the head of St. Calixtus, an arm of St. Andrew, the oratory where the primitive popes gathered their little flocks around them to say mass over the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the very chair in which they used to sit, and where one of them, St. Stephen, received the crown of martyrdom. It is an old story for him; he has told it half a dozen times to-day before you came, and now goes through it again with the self-same words and genuflections, and in that monotonous showman's tone which would disgust you with the Vatican itself. Then lightning a taper, and giving you another for yourself, he leads you down a narrow staircase, through winding galleries, chilly and damp, which cross and interweave with each other in inextricable labyrinths, and after going a few turns, tells you that it is unsafe to go any further, and that many a rash explorer venturing merely a step

or two out of the common track, has been led no one knew whither, and was never heard of again. You follow him back, picking your way by the dim light of your taper, asking yourself, as you look into the darkness of the forbidden galleries, if this is all; pay your fee at the head of the stairway; and drive home just in time for dinner and your torch-light excursion to the Vatican.

Next morning you talk the matter over at breakfast, and come to the conclusion that the interest of the catacombs is, after all, merely a question of the imagination.

And you are right. All of these things depend upon the imagination. The pleasure of living at Rome is in a great degree a pleasure of the imagination. The Coliseum is merely a vast pile of stones for nine-tenths of the travelers who work themselves up into raptures over its crumbling arches. I once went through the Vatican by torch-light with a very respectable gentleman from Wall Street, who entertained me all the way by a disquisition upon the probable cost of such a building in the United States. If you wish to enter into the spirit of such scenes, and enjoy them as they ought to be enjoyed, you must not be in a hurry. They belong to a part of our nature which is too far removed from the common questions of life to be merely the slave of the will. The power of bringing ourselves into communion with those who have lived before us, and for us, was given to us as a means of refining and purifying the soul, in order to strengthen ourselves for the sacrifices which we, in our turn, must make for those who are to come after us. There is something in it

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which elevates and expands; and the man who can thus enlarge his conception of his relations with the universe, has brought himself nearer to that Being for whom all events and all time are but a single perception, calling forth the same feelings of compassion and love.

I had been to the catacombs myself, just as every body else does on a first visit to Rome; carrying away with me no definite impression, and soon mingling them up in my memory with twenty other objects equally indistinct, because they had all been run over in equal haste. It is wonderful how soon sight-seeing may become a bore, particularly with a regular cicerone. I was glad when I was through with it, and could enjoy myself in my own way.

At last St. Peter's day came; the first that I had passed in Rome. The church was to be illuminated in the evening, and there were to be fireworks at the castle of St. Angelo. In the morning I went to see the procession, and hear the pope say mass in St. Peter's. It was in the last year of Leo XII., and the last time, if I remember right, that he ever appeared in public. Even then he looked so faint and feeble as he knelt before the host, that the contrast between his pallid features and the gorgeous pageantry around him, reminded you of the corpse of St. Charles Borromeo at Milan, glaring out livid and ghastly from under its robes of state. Still, it was a magnificent spectacle; friars, monks, priests, bishops, and cardinals, moving round that vast square in solemn procession, and slowly passing into the church amidst strains of thrilling music: it is only at Rome that such things are to be seen; and when you have once seen them there, every where else they look like childish imitations.

In the afternoon I strolled over to the Capitol. Near the foot of the hill, on the side toward the Forum, and nearly opposite to the remains of the Temple of Concord, there is a little church consecrated to St. Joseph and St. Peter. I had passed it a hundred times, but some how or other had never been in it before. But that afternoon there was a crowd about it, and a constant moving in and out, as if there were something more than usual to be seen. I joined the in-goers, and in a few moments found myself in the midst of a throng of men and women, chiefly peasants and people of the lower classes, who were kneeling before the altar. I was decidedly out of place, and was upon the point of stealing quietly out again, when I saw some of them rise, and crossing themselves, go down a stairway at the side. I followed them. A few steps brought us into a square chapel, with an altar richly decked and illuminated with immense wax tapers. Here, too, there were other worshippers praying, and some on the outside looking through a doorway that led directly into the Forum. I now remembered that there were two churches here, and that this was St. Peter's, built, as tradition said, directly over the prison where St. Peter and Paul had been confined just before their martyrdom.

I was now determined to see it all. Through the open door I could see the first shadows of evening sinking gently upon the Forum. The music from the chapel above came down upon me in mellow strains, mingling with the whispered prayer of the suppliants at the altar. There was devotion in the atmosphere. I had merely come out for a quiet evening walk, and now found myself yielding for the first time to the Christian associations of Rome.

Another flight of steps brought me to the first prison, a square room, built of large blocks of tufa, vaulted, cold, and grave-like, as a Roman prison should be. On one side were the remains of a doorway that led to the "Steps of Groans," where the bodies of criminals used to be thrown after execution. In the middle of the floor was an opening just large enough for a body to pass through it. Through this prisoners were lowered down to the executioner, who stood ready to seize and strangle them in the dungeon beneath. I shuddered as I looked down into the darkness. Modern piety has cut through the floor, and made a narrow stairway to the lower prison. It is but a few steps and you stand in the chamber of death; a low vaulted room, square, and of the same massive blocks of tufa with the prison above, but smaller, colder, and with darkness and the silence of the grave on its walls. It was built by Servius Tullius, and is often mentioned in the annals of Rome.

Here Jugurtha was thrown. The fiery monarch knew his victors too well to hope for mercy. "How cold are thy baths, Apollo!" he was heard to exclaim as the chill air of the dungeon struck upon his frame still glowing with the fiery sun of Africa, and he was left in darkness and alone to the slow torture of starvation.

Others followed, but who or why we know not, till one day the consul, Cicero himself, brought a band of criminals to the prison door. The executioner descended into the lower prison, all ready for his fatal office; and one by one Roman nobles, men of ancient descent and illustrious names, but whose dark minds had nourished horrid hopes of devastation and slaughter, were lowered through that narrow opening. Did they shrink from the deadly grasp, and writhes and struggle against their fate? or did they yield themselves calmly up, and die with Roman fortitude? It is hard to die in open day, with earth and heaven smiling around you, and life looking freshly upon you from hundreds of human eyes; but how easy must even that seem when compared with the silence and solitude of a death like this!

And after many years the gloomy door was opened for two other prisoners, who were lowered through this same narrow opening, not indeed to die, but to wait for death. When the jailer had performed his task, and turned to go away, he heard their voices mingling in tones unlike any that he had ever heard from that place till then. Threats and execrations he had been used to; but there was something in the tender and earnest fervor of these men which

moved him strangely. At noon he returned with food, and was thanked for this simple performance of a daily duty. At evening the same voices were heard—first in the sweet notes of a hymn of praise, and then in the fervent outpourings of an imprisoned Christian's prayer. Through the night he could hear them still; the strain lingered in his ears, stealing into his soul with a calm and soothing freshness, and awakening thoughts and hopes that he had never known before.

At last he descended into the dungeon, for an irresistible impulse seemed to draw him toward these strange beings, who could speak and sing so cheerfully in a place that filled every other soul with horror. And when they saw him they made haste to meet him, greeting him with the Christian's salutation—"Peace be with you." The Lord has chosen you to be a witness with us of the marvels of his grace. Hasten, then, and bring your fellow keeper, that we may expound to you the doctrines of salvation." And when the two were seated together at the apostles' feet, they were told how Christ had come to redeem the world, and build up a kingdom more glorious than Rome or Babylon. And as they listened their eyes were opened, and they believed, and prayed that they might be baptized. Then Peter touched the floor with his right hand, and behold a fountain rose up from the rock, filling the dungeon with the light and music of its waters. And they knelt down and were baptized there; and when the day came in which their teachers were to die, they too acknowledged that they were Christians, and received, like them, the crown of martyrdom.

That fountain is still there, its waters welling forth as pure and limpid as if no taint of earth had ever mingled with their current. Their birth-place in the dark recesses of the hill is not darker than the spot in which they came out on their errand of mercy. The sun and moon have never shone upon them. They have never reflected the soft light of the stars, or felt the breath of the airs of heaven. Rising and flowing in mystery, they still keep their course unchanged, ever filling their fountain without overflowing it, and passing away again to depths as mysterious as those from whence they came.

As I turned to go away, the light of my taper fell upon an opening in the wall, which in any other place I should have taken for a window—but what had a window to do there? It was closed tight too, by a board, secured by a bolt, neither of which appeared, by the mould and rust that had gathered upon them, to have been touched for many years. It was evidently no part of the original prison. "Where does this lead?" I asked the priest who had accompanied me. "To the catacombs." "To the catacombs, from the very heart of the city!" "Yes; they are around and beneath you, every where; and no one knows where they begin or end."

I would have given any thing to have drawn back that bolt and looked down into the dark-

ness. Who could tell what awful secrets lay hidden there; what forms had mingled with that damp and polluted soil; what groans and supplications had been poured forth unheeded in that rayless atmosphere; what unrecorded heroism had bowed there serenely to the fatal decree, and met death with the calm smile of submissive hope! I never walked the streets of Rome again without feeling that with every footfall I was awakening an echo in the caverns of death.



THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRISCILLA.

Still many years passed before I returned to the catacombs. I could not forget the old Cistercian monk, with his taper and his monotonous sing-song. Whenever the wish to see them came over me, I would go back to the Mamertine prison, and look in imagination through that bolted window. At last a learned archæologist, of the order of Jesuits, was directed by government to make accurate researches in the catacombs of St. Agnes. He set himself to his task with all the patience of an antiquary, pushing his researches cautiously from passage to passage, and carefully studying every object that he met. The chapels were cleaned, the corridors freed from the dirt that had blocked them up many of the tombs opened, the inscriptions deciphered and copied; and to give a more lasting character to his studies, the Pontifical corps of engineers was employed for months in tracing out accurate plans of this subterranean labyrinth. Day after day, and month after month he spent in his task, with an enthusiasm that never flag-

ged, and a patience that never grew weary in the minutest details. I have often met him at nightfall, on his way back to the city, with a triumphant glow upon his face, and the quick tread of a man who feels that the day has left a lasting record behind it.

It was some time before I could prevail upon him to let me go with him. He seemed to feel an instinctive aversion to opening the doors of this sanctuary to a heretic, and always found the way of putting me off for the moment with some plausible excuse, without actually refusing me. At last, by the intercession of a common friend, he was prevailed upon to name a day, and allow me to take a small party with me. We were five in all—the Padre, two Romans, Cole, and myself.

It was a beautiful morning in February—a Roman February, with its cloudless sky and balmy atmosphere. As we rode along toward Porta Pia, we could not but pause a moment in our conversation, to look over into the vineyard where vestals who had broken their vow were buried, still living, in a narrow cell underground, to die there when their loaf was eaten and their cruse exhausted. Their grave may have become a part of the catacombs; and the bones that had lain for centuries unwept, been covered by Christian hands. Passing through the gate, we left the Prætorian camp on our right. How often had the fierce soldiery set forth from their stronghold to search for victims in the very spot that we were about to visit as a shrine! Our

onward to the foot of the mountains, with that undulating surface, that death-like silence, and that intermingling of ruined aqueducts, temples, and tombs, which give the Campagna, in despite of its luxuriant vegetation, the aspect of solitude and desolation.

The entrance to the catacombs was in a vineyard on the left. A small hut had been built over it, and before we entered we paused a moment to look on the mountains. There was Soracte, far to the north; there were the Sabine mountains, girding the horizon with their stern and craggy wall; there were Tiber and Præneste; there, too, were the Alban hills, with their silent volcanoes and soft outline; there was Rome, with its gray walls and towers; and around us, on every side, the solemn expanse of the Campagna. The sun shone brightly on them all, as it had shone upon them still through all their changes, and the sky seemed to lay its hand gently upon the mountain tops with a touch of love. We gazed for a few moments in silence, and then turned to descend into the city of the dead.

The steps were the old ones with a few repairs. Each of us had a lighted taper in his hand, and Padre M—— was so familiar with the path that we had no fear of losing ourselves. A short descent brought us into a vaulted corridor, about six feet wide and eight or nine high. It was cut out in the bed of tufa which extends in every direction around Rome, and in many places the marks of the pick and spade could

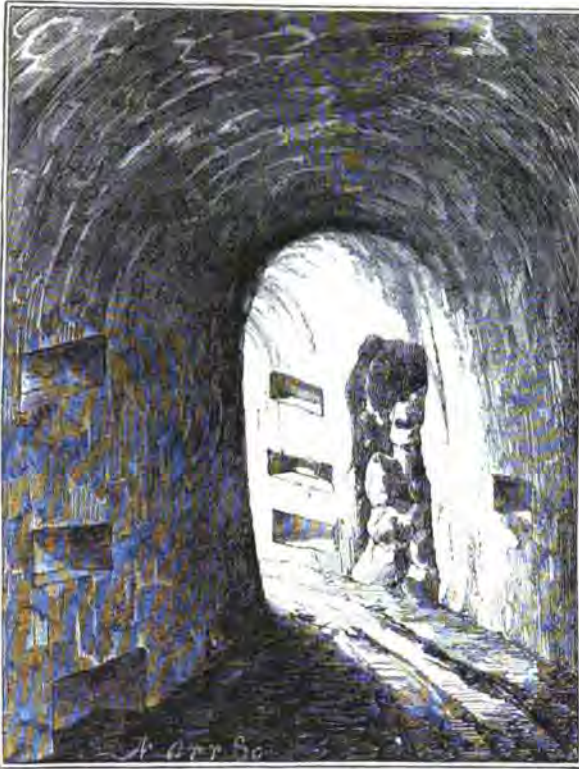
still be distinctly traced on the walls. As we advanced we found that it varied in width and height, sometimes rising to twelve feet or more, and then again shrinking to five. Here and there you could see that the arch had given way, and masses of earth fallen into the passage. On each side were tiers of shelves rising one above the other, like the berths in a steamboat. Some of them were carefully closed up with plaster, with occasionally an olive branch, or a dove, or some other symbol upon them, as distinct as when they were first traced there by hands that mouldered hundreds of years ago. Many of them had been broken open, and the

bones removed for relics. In others we saw the skeleton lying just as it had been placed after death, with a few handfuls of dust gathered closely around it—dust that had once clothed it with loveliness or with strength. Here and there a small opening had been made into the funereal cell, and by thrusting in a torch it would light up for you with a ghastly glare that fell fearfully upon the fleshless bones. It was, indeed, a solemn sight; like standing face to face with death itself, stripped of all his concealments: no sculptured monument to admire, no green



ENTRANCE TO THE CATACOMBS OF ST. AGNES.

road led us for a couple of miles between villas and vineyards. The grass was already green. The almond buds were swelling with the blossoms of the new year; men and women were singing merrily at their work; and every thing looked as bright and full of life as if war and famine and pestilence, and all the scourges of humanity, had never descended upon this lovely spot. But as soon as you pass the villas you leave every trace of cultivation behind you. The ground sinks down to the bed of the Arno, to rise again into precipitous banks, and spread



INTERIOR OF CORRIDOR.

mound to remind you, by its springing grass and fragrant flowers, that the manifold forms of life are full of sweet and soothing exhortations even on the border of the grave. But a narrow cell in the cold, damp earth; and for the decent limbs that the hand of reverence or affection had composed there with pious care, a skeleton, grim, repulsive, and fearfully distinct.

While our companions were busy with the inscriptions and symbols, Cole and myself lingered about these open and half open sepulchres. For us, whose home was in a land unknown when these skeletons were living beings, there was a peculiar feeling about them which we knew not how to analyze. They were like voices from some unknown land, such as may sometimes reach the ear of the mariner on a midnight sea, with revelations full of mysterious warning. We could not but ask ourselves whose hands had laid these bodies in their silent cells; whose tears—a father's, mother's, sister's, or friend's—had bathed them before they shrank into the shapeless dust and grinning skeleton? Once I put my hand in and touched the hand of the skeleton, and it sent a thrill through my veins. It was some time before we could command our feelings enough to observe the other objects that were becoming more and more interesting with every step.

In a short time we came to another descent,

leading to a second corridor, eight or ten feet below the first. Here, too, the sides were lined with funereal cells, from which the dead grinned horribly upon us as we passed. The arch was cut out in the same way as in that above, and you could still see by the marks on it what kind of tools it had been made with. Below this was still another line of passages, making three stories in all. But one of them—the widest and highest—had no tombs in it, and had evidently been cut out for the tufa and puzzolana above. Padre M— stopped as we reached the lower corridor. "You see now," said he "the history of the catacombs. It is written on the walls plainer and more impressively than I can tell it. In the vast edifices which were built for the pride or wants of old Rome extensive materials were required. They brought stone from Albano and Tivoli, marble and ornaments from every part of their dominions; but *puzzolana*, the most important ingredient in that admirable cement which has stood

the changes of more than two thousand years, was found at home in their vineyards, under their streets, every where around them. They dug it out, just as you see them dig it now in the Campagna; and if you will take the trouble to compare the modern quarries with the old ones, you will find them running into the hill-side in arches and winding galleries just like those we are standing in. The only difference is in the extent.

"This was the origin of the catacombs; and you have only to remember how early they began, and how many thousands of private and public edifices were built from them during the thousand years of Rome's infancy, youth, and manhood, to see how naturally they would spread their net-work in every direction. As one was exhausted, or carried too far to be used readily, another would be opened; and then again, as the new ones began to fail, or the demand for *puzzolana* was raised by any sudden emergency, the old ones would be opened and worked again, till, in the course of time, half the city was undermined, and the very material that was to be used in building the walls, and temples, and palaces that we still admire in their ruins, were drawn from under the very spots on which they were to stand. And—stern lesson to human pride—the humble quarry remains unchanged, while the pompous structures it helped to furnish



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS.

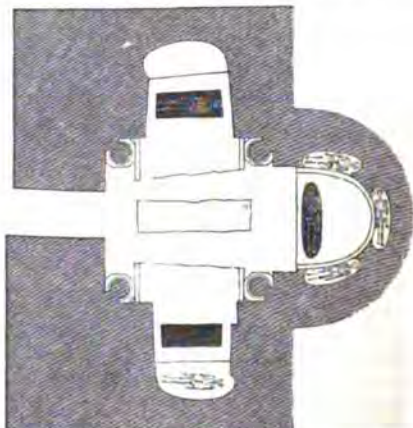
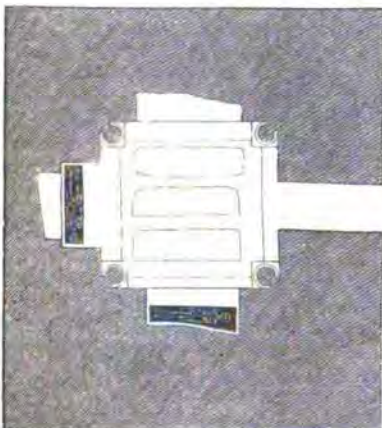
forth have long since crumbled away. So much for the beginning of the catacombs. Let us go a little further before we take up the second epoch in their history."

By this time we were somewhat familiarized with this new aspect of death, and could walk between the graves without shuddering. Still we had no disposition to converse, but asked our questions in a whisper, or pointed with a mute gesture to the objects we wished to call attention to. Even the whisper seemed to have a strange sound, and our footsteps, as we passed slowly and cautiously along, awoke from time to time a hollow reverberation amidst the arches, that filled them for a moment, and, growing fainter and fainter, gradually died away in recesses far beyond the light of our tapers.

At first we had been so absorbed by the solemn aspect of every thing around us, that we had scarcely observed the new galleries that branched off in every direction from that which we were following. Every few steps there was

a new opening, with the same style of vaulted ceiling, the same countless rows of skeletons, each in his narrow cell, and connected in the same way with other passages that ran out in the same inextricable labyrinths. Here and there, too, there was a passage that had been blocked up, either by design or by the casual falling in of the earth. I stopped from time to time to look in at the open ones, and once ventured a few steps forward to the opening of a third branch. It was easy to see how one might lose himself in them, and easy too to conceive what a horrid thing it must be to wander about without clew or light in that awful darkness, and sit down at last to die in the midst of the dead. As I held up my taper, the light fell faintly for a few feet upon the arches and graves, giving a deeper and livid hue to the darkness beyond. I hurried back to my companions, glad enough to reach the gallery in time to see their tapers like dim stars, and catch the sound of their footsteps.

My companions, two of whom were zealous



PLAN OF DOUBLE CHAPEL.



SECTION OF GALLERY AND CHAPELS.

antiquarians, were immediately engaged in deciphering inscriptions and interpreting symbols. But it was some time before Cole and myself could bring our thoughts into a fit state for a calm examination of any thing. We could only feel that we were among the dead of nearly two thousand years ago; that the bones around us had once been the earthly tenement of men who had borne the religion in which we believed through the fierce persecutions of paganism; some of them, perhaps, had seen Christ himself; many of them had received their baptism from the hands of the Apostles; and above, far above the dark arches that covered us and them, the vineyards and green fields were still smiling in the sweet sunlight and balmy air. At last, though without losing this pervading consciousness of the hallowed influences around us, we began to take our part in the peculiar archaeological characteristics of the place.

It was evident that the catacombs had been carefully examined long before our day. The greater part of the inscriptions had been removed to the Vatican, where they form that long gallery so full of materials for Christian

history, but which travelers often pass through with a hasty glance. Enough, however, remained to show us how the graves must have looked when they were all there.

The rows of cells were often as many as six, one above the other; and whatever the origin of the gallery may have been, they had evidently been cut out for graves. The bottom, on which the body lay, was solid tufa, with an opening in front large enough to put the body in without discomposing it. The opening had then been filled up with tiles and plaster, forming in some places a sort of panel-work, in others a smooth surface of masonry, and then again with a place for the slab that bore the inscription. These slabs were mostly of marble, of various lengths, from one foot to three, more or less polished and ornamented according to the rank of the dead or the wealth of his relatives. Those of the earlier ages, the ages of persecution, were by far the rudest, for they belonged to a time when Christians had seldom the means or the opportunity of adorning their graves, however dear the relics which they contained. But at a later period, when their num-



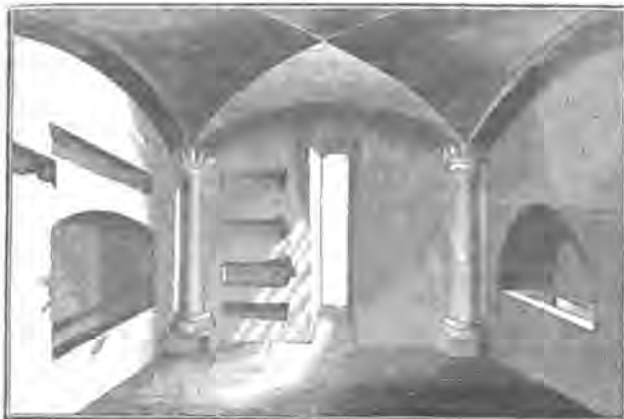
GROUND PLAN.

little further on there is a chapel in which we can sit down and talk more at leisure."



FONT FROM THE CATACOMBS.

The chapel was one of those enlargements made by the Christians when they came to look upon the catacombs as places of asylum or worship. It was cut out in the tufa on each side of the corridor, in a style of architecture which will be more readily understood by the annexed engraving of a similar one in another catacomb than by any description of it that I can give. The graves were empty, and every thing that



CHAPEL IN THE CATACOMBS.

was thought worthy of a place in the Vatican removed. Over the altar there was a head of the Virgin, which the Padre pointed to with an eloquent gesture that was intended to silence our Protestant scruples forever. Cole examined it very carefully, and whispered in my ear that it was later by several hundred years than any thing else that he had seen there. "Ask him to let me sketch it," said he; but the Padre answered "No."

"And now," said he, "I will go on with my

history of the catacombs. They were first opened, as I have already told you, for the sake of the puzzolana. Cicero speaks of them in his oration for Cluentius, as *arenarias quasdam extra Portam Esquilinam*. Now the Esquiline Hill was so notorious a place, both on account of the bad air and the robbers that infested it, that it was at last entirely abandoned by the better classes, and came in time to be used only as a burial-place for the poor. Horace speaks of it as a place to which slaves brought the corpses of their fellow-slaves in miserable coffins; the common sepulchre of the wretched *plebs*.* And I remind you of Cicero and Horace because some writers have supposed that when the catacombs came to be used for burial-places, Christians and pagans were both interred in the same spot. This we know by positive testimony to be incorrect. The *arenarias* used by the heathen were those of the Esquiline, which were closed up when Mæcenas built his gardens there, many years before the introduction of Christianity; and another spot, three miles from the city, was set apart for burning the bodies of the poor.

Under Augustus the work of building and embellishing was continued upon the largest scale. You remember his boast, that 'he had found a Rome of brick, and left one of marble.' And for brick-work and marble-work both, the *arenarias* or *sand-pits* were in constant requisition. The workmen employed in them were naturally men of the lowest class, who, devoting themselves especially to this kind of labor, passed all of their days under ground, and became perfectly familiar with all the passages of the subterranean city they had built. Their only guide was in the veins of puzzolana;† and when these failed, they stopped or turned off in another quarter. In this way quarries were opened in every direction around the city, and sometimes in the city itself. You can easily conceive what many hundred men could do, constantly working to supply the wants of a city like Rome.‡ Bosio tells us, as the result of his own observations, that every where between the Pincian and

Salarian gates the ground is undermined. He

* "Huc prius angustis ejecta cadavera cella,
Conservus villi portanda locabat in arca.
Hoc miseræ plebi stabat commune sepulcrum."
Serm. Lib. 1. Sat. viii.

† Such is the opinion of D'Agincourt, which has been disputed by other writers.

‡ At a later period puzzolana from Pozzuoli, or perhaps from Rome also, was sent to Constantinople to be used in the building of the new city. *Diarchoes translatur pulvis arenæ*, says Sidorius Apollinaris, using the old name of Pozzuoli.—Vid. Carm. xi. 99.

found entrances in almost every vineyard, some of them more or less blocked up, but still with a sufficient opening to allow him to make his way into them.* Many villas and houses that had been built above them have fallen and been abandoned; for often, when the foundations had been carried down to the first gallery, a second, and even a third and fourth, were found still deeper down into the heart of the soil.† Occasionally,

when they had run their vein very far, they would open an air-hole into the vineyard or field above, through which a faint ray and warmer atmosphere would steal in to cheer them. These were the *luminaria*, which are occasionally mentioned by old writers, and which you must have seen more than once in your rambles over the Campagna. Many a traveler has found them in his path when he least suspected it.



SECTION OF CEMETERY WITH LUMINARIA.

"Now we must remember that the early converts to Christianity were chiefly of the lower class; men and women to whom paganism held out no certain promises of future happiness as a compensation for their actual suffering. They were degraded, abject, oppressed beings whom the new doctrines raised at once to the consciousness of moral dignity. Some, too, were of the better classes, with wealth and power at their command, but whose minds were too earnest and their hearts too warm to allow them to hesitate between Christ and Jupiter. The two classes now met for the first time, drawn together by common hopes and dangers, and many a proud Roman learned to embrace as a brother the being whom, but a little before, he would hardly have deigned to recognize as a man.

"When persecution came, it naturally fell first upon the wealthier and more prominent members of the new society, leaving their humbler brethren for a while under the shelter of their social insignificance. Here the poor sand-diggers could become the protectors of their fellow-Christians, secreting them in the grottoes and caverns which nobody else could venture into with safety. While the persecution lasted they would naturally watch around the entrances to keep dangerous feet aloof, now and then, perhaps, open a new passage for greater convenience or security, and choose the safest hours for conveying food and clothing to their guests. If the storm increased, they, too, found themselves obliged to seek shelter there, and call upon other friends for means of sustenance. When the persecution was over they would all come out again to the light of day, the rich to return to their houses, the *arenarii* to divide their time once more between their sand-pits below ground and their houses above.

"Yet when they met again in their *agapite*

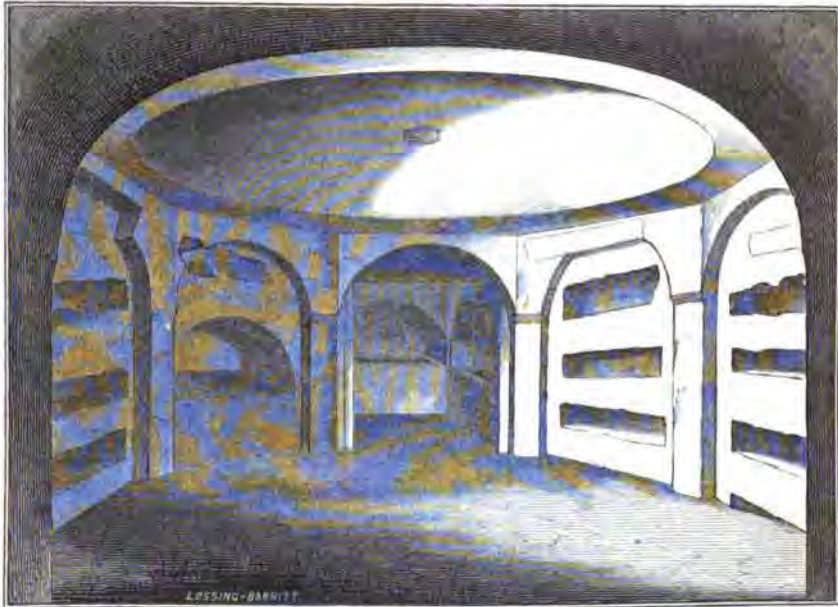
or for worship, they would find many places empty that had been filled till then by the holiest and best beloved of their order; and when they went out into the world and mingled once more with their fellow-citizens, they would be told how this one or that whom they loved had died by the hand of the executioner or in the combats of the arena. How gratefully would they then look back to their own escape, and the place which had given them refuge! and how naturally would they begin to feel as if they could see the hand of Providence in this hollowing out of their subterranean asylums!

"And soon they would wish to find an asylum for their dead also, where their bones could be laid in peace, secure against the insult to which they were exposed in common sepulchres, and, what they had equally at heart, secure that no pagan corpse would contaminate the ashes of those who had died in Christ. I could give you more than one passage in confirmation of this, if the feeling were not too natural a one to admit of a doubt. To make a place for the corpse these little cells were opened which still line the corridors: a circumstance which gives us the means of deciding what parts of the catacombs were mere sand-pits, and which the asylum and burial-place of the early Christians.

"Thus they soon found themselves bound to these places by a double feeling: a grateful recollection of their own escape, and that veneration which we naturally feel for the burial-place of our kindred and friends. In the intervals of persecution they would come back to them, from time to time, to converse more freely with the companions of their peril, the poor sand-diggers. Whenever a new body had been laid there, they would feel that the spot which held it had acquired a new claim upon their affections. Whenever their hearts faltered or grew faint, they might come here, too, to seek strength in prayer at the side of the graves of those who had died for the faith. And may we not safely say that oftentimes the veteran Christian would bring some new convert with him, to show him what he must be prepared to do, if he would

* I have seen some of them myself in the vineyard of a friend about a mile from Porta Salara. The peasants use them for a rod or two in, to keep wine, etc.; and though they never venture far, they often find curious fragments of antiquity in them.

† Vid. Bosto, *Roma Sotterranea*, Lib. III. Cap. Ixi.



VAULTED CHAPEL IN CATACOMBS.

hold fast to his profession? Have they not often paced these galleries together?—a wife, perhaps, with a newly-converted husband; a father with his son, or a friend, holding in the warmest grasp of love the hand of the friend whom he had won over by prayers and entreaties—pausing, now and then, to point out the grave of some martyr, from whose holy life, and holier death, he had drawn his most touching appeals, and exciting each other by sweet communion to stronger faith and more fervent love! How sweet must it have been to talk of heaven in these sunless depths of earth! How must their imaginations have been exalted by the objects that surrounded them; and with what an increase of boldness and vigor must they have gone forth again to preach, to reason, and perhaps to die!

“New persecutions brought them or their successors back again to the catacombs; where at first they lived, as they had done before, dependent upon their friends for the means of sustenance. However, as the number of Christians went on increasing, it would become more and more difficult for them to live here in safety without some surer supply of food than what they could thus receive, day by day, from above. Water they found in abundance in the wells and springs, so many of which still remain scattered here and there through the grottoes. But bread could only be obtained in safety and abundance by laying in supplies before the danger came.

“There can be but little doubt that the danger of their position made them peculiarly attentive to all the signs of the times. Every circumstance would be carefully noted, and

every new indication of peril instantly perceived. They would become clear-sighted; but firm, vigorous, and ever watchful—like men whose path leads them along the brink of a precipice. It would soon be natural for them to look forward to persecution as a danger for which they must always be prepared, and to the catacombs as a place which might at any hour become their asylum or their grave. I will not say that it was so; but I think we have every reason to suppose that there were careful men among them, who kept supplies of grain where they could convey them at a moment's warning to some one of the numerous entrances to the catacombs.

“And for the same reasons the catacombs themselves were enlarged, and new passages pushed forward, till they all became united into a vast net-work that undermined the whole city.* Thus escape became easy and pursuit difficult. The Christian would readily plunge into those dark recesses wherever he found an entrance, for he knew that he could not wander far without meeting a friend. But his pursuer would pause, and weigh the danger well before he ventured to follow him into a labyrinth to which he had no clew, and where every step might bring him unawares into the midst of men whom he believed capable of the most revolting crimes. For, if we would form a just conception of the position of the Christian among pagans, we must remember that he was looked upon as a fierce, morose, and hateful being, who united himself with men equally de-

* “*Ipsamet urbs obstupuit,*” says Baronius, “*cum abditas in suis suburbis se novit habere civitatis Christianorum colonias.*”—*Ann. Eccl. ann. 130.*

testable, to eat the flesh of human victims, and partake of rites too horrible to be described. And it may well be supposed, that when they were known to have chosen their asylum in these dark vaults under the gardens and vineyards of the city, where the sun had never penetrated, and whose recesses were known to themselves alone, their choice would be employed as a new argument against them, if not an open confession of guilt.

"The first catacombs that we positively know to have been used for this purpose were the catacombs of St. Sebastian, though we have no authentic account of their opening. Puzzolana, as you well know, is very abundant in all that region, and it is not improbable that the first excavations were begun at a very early period. However this may be, our earliest records of persecution speak of them as the asylum of the Christians; and they continue to be expressly mentioned long after the number of converts had become so great as to compel them to seek for safety in others. It was in these that St. Stephen was put to death. The soldiers came upon him as he was in the act of saying mass; and whether from a momentary feeling of compassion, or a desire to see with their own eyes one of those ceremonies of which they had heard such horrible descriptions, allowed him to go on and accomplish his holy task in peace. But the moment that it was done they thrust him back upon his chair—the very chair which you have seen in the relic-chamber of the church—and cut off his head. Well might the recollection of the atrocious deed sink deep into the memory of his horror-stricken brethren; and the ground that had drunk his blood become sacred to all succeeding generations.

"You must remember that all this while the work of building still went on, and new excavations were constantly making to meet the demand for materials. There was the golden house of Nero, stretching from the Palatine over the Esquiline, where he died; there were the baths and the Coliseum, which Titus built upon the site of that vast and odious edifice, and forums, and temples, and theatres, and mausoleums, and the baths of Caracalla, and the baths of Diocletian; all built while the Christian was still so odious and dreaded member of the great empire. Sometimes he was condemned to work, as a punishment, in these caverns, which might soon serve him for an asylum, and which he alone was known to look upon with affection. And thus various and often opposite causes seemed to concur in preparing for him a home in the hour of danger; and showing how easily God converts the designs of his enemies into means of protection for his own children.

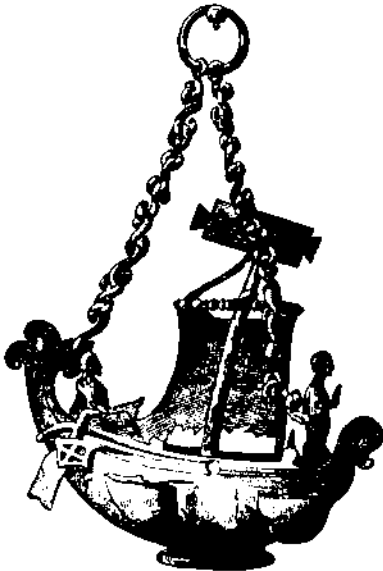
"We have no authentic description of the beginning of a persecution; but it is a scene which the imagination easily draws in a place like this. I have often sketched it to myself in my daily walks hither. It would seldom come wholly unawares upon men so well read in the signs of dan-

ger. Here and there a significant cloud would be seen by them, however pure the horizon might seem to an untrained eye. Some friend in the palace—anxious, though not a Christian himself, for the safety of a Christian relative or friend—would secretly convey the warning that a new edict was preparing, and the names of prominent victims already marked. Then the infirm and weak, women and children, and all those who might become incumbances in a sudden flight, would repair secretly to their places of refuge, with provisions and all the appliances of comfort which they could carry with them. Daylight would find many an empty dwelling where evening had closed upon a crowded home.

"Then the edict would issue forth, and soldiers, guided by spies and informers, set out upon the search of victims. Some they would always find either willing martyrs or men whom the hope of a day's respite had prevented from flying in time. These they would hurry off to prison and trial. When night returned, there would be a great stir among the Christians, and hasty preparations for flight. They would scarcely dare to go in large bodies, for fear of attracting attention, but steal away one by one, or at the utmost two or three together of those whom no peril could separate. The soldiers, too, would be off the alert, watching the gates and the principal entrances to the catacombs. Often the flight must have been a perilous one, over vineyards and fields, through by-ways and lanes, finding the path already occupied by their enemy, or hearing their footsteps and seeing the gleam of their torches as they came on in full pursuit. But there were many entrances unknown to any but the Christians themselves, and sometimes perhaps a band of soldiers, in full sight of their victims, may have paused in amazement well-nigh bordering upon terror, at seeing them suddenly disappear when their hands were already almost upon them. Then they would recall all the horrible things that they had heard about these worshipers of unknown gods, and hasten back with strange tales of magic and enchantment. Sometimes, too, they must have met face to face, and here, all all that we know of these fathers of our faith assures us that they yielded themselves up, like their Saviour, unresisting victims. Sometimes, too, they would meet together at the mouth of a catacomb, and then the Christian would plunge boldly into the darkness; and though it is known that the soldier would sometimes follow them a little way, they seldom ventured far. It was on these occasions that some of the passages which are still blocked up were closed; and while the pursuer was cautiously advancing by the broader gallery, the fugitive would already be far on his way, by other paths, toward the deep recesses of his asylum.

"We know more positively what kind of lives they led here. Their first impulse on finding themselves in a place of safety was to unite together in thanksgiving and prayer. Then here, as in the city above, the different offices of so-

cial and religious life would be assigned to different persons: some to watch over the sick; some to preside over the distribution of food; some to allot appropriate places to different ages and sexes; some to watch the entrances, and keep up some kind of communication with their friends in the city. The community of feeling and interests which bound them together in the world would become a yet stronger tie in these homes of common peril and privation; and few would think of preserving here those distinctions of rank and power which might so soon be confounded in a common death. For light, they used those little lamps of which you see so many



SYNDOLUS LAMP FROM THE CATACOMBS.

in every museum: the larger were suspended from the ceiling in the chapels and main galleries, and they would carry about the smaller ones in their hands whenever they wished to go from one place to another. Some of the wells from which they drew their water may have been dug expressly for that purpose; but others were evidently found in the natural progress of excavation. Some, too, seem to have been used as drains. Their supply of food must, even on the supposition of long preparation, have been a precarious one whenever the persecution lasted more than three or four months. In the cases of individuals, we know that they depended entirely upon their friends above. St. Chrysostom finds materials for an eloquent reproof to the Christians of his own day in the picture of a noble lady awaiting in fear and trembling the return of her maid with her daily supply of food. There is that beautiful story of Hippolytus, too, who lived for a long while in the catacombs of St. Sebastian at the very time when St. Stephen was secreted there. He was apparently the only Christian of his family, and when he took refuge in the catacombs he was still obliged to look to

his relations for the means of sustenance. They sent it to him by his nephew and niece, children of ten and thirteen, whose daily visits in this hour of trial made the poor Christian feel how dear he still was to his friends. And as he thought of them, and mourned over their idolatry, he felt his heart bleed and yearn for them, and could not still its longings till he had found out some way for bringing them also to the knowledge of Christ. Then he went to St. Stephen and told him of his sorrows; and the holy pontiff bade him keep the children by him the next time that they came; 'For their parents,' said he, 'will become alarmed when they see that they do not return at the accustomed hour, and will come to seek them themselves.' And when the children came he kept them; and their parents, seeing that the hour was past and they had not returned, went to seek them in the place where they knew that their brother was hidden. And when they had reached it, they found their children there, and Hippolytus and the holy bishop with them. But they turned a deaf ear to the prayers and entreaties of their brother, and refused to hearken to the words in which St. Stephen would have reasoned with them. Yet, although they knew it not, their hearts were touched, and the words had sunk into them, and in God's chosen time ripened into repentance, and they too became Christians and martyrs.

"Still it was only in individual cases that a large number could have been fed by daily supplices. The very sight of so many persons going regularly to the same places would have excited suspicions in those suspicious times, and led to effectual measures for cutting off the communication. No large body of men could ever have been fed by means like these, and the inhabitants of the catacombs must often have been exposed to great want.

"But while they remained there they passed the greater part of their time in religious conferences, in attending the holy ceremonies, and in prayer. There was no sun to tell them of the passage from day to night. The light that faintly stole in through the luminaria reached at the utmost but a few feet in the upper corridors; and the luminaria themselves were found only at great intervals. All the rest was lighted by lamps, which shed a soft twilight around them, fainter even than this of our tapers, and many a passage was left in unbroken darkness. When I first came here I could not look into that darkness without a strange feeling. You see how the light falls there, struggling for a little way through the thickening shadows till its redness fades to a sickly white, resembling that *foco lume*, that pale light which Dante saw the spirits by on the shores of Acheron.* And then, too, how dark is the darkness beyond. The eye shrinks from it, and turns for relief to that pale ray again which seems to fall blunted and powerless from the ebon mass. How truly does that other epithet of Dante apply here too—*foco*

* *Com' io discerno per lo foco lume.—Inferno, lib. 7d.*

d'ogni luce muto—a spot mute of all light—for nowhere do darkness and silence seem to walk hand in hand as they do here. I have repeated it a hundred times.



DECORATED CHAPEL.

"By degrees, however, I became accustomed to it, and so it must have been with the Christians who made their homes here. Some of them found employment, too, in enlarging the passages into chapels and forums where they could assemble in larger numbers for conference and worship. It was then, probably, that the rough shell of the chapels was made, though the ornament and finish must have been the work of a calmer and happier period. Sometimes, it is related, the soldiery came upon them while they were engaged in prayer, led thither, perhaps, by spies. Few only could have been taken in these rare inroads, for there were too many avenues of escape to admit of a general arrest. Sometimes, too, their relentless persecutors would attempt to distress them by throwing in stones and dirt through the luminaria, and shutting out their scanty share of daylight. But none of these things could have broken their general feeling of security in such hiding-places as these.

"The air, as you can tell by your own feelings, was temperately cool, though in some places I have found the dampness unpleasant. Had these grottoes been less extensive, the crowds that were sometimes collected here, and the numerous lamps that were always burning would have made the air unpleasant with such imperfect means of ventilation as the luminaria afford. But these numberless passages running off in every direction would give it a circulation that the lungs would play in as freely as on a mountain side."

"Do you suppose," asked Cole, "that many died here?"

"We have no means of ascertaining how many," replied the Father; "but without some miraculous suspension of the ordinary laws of nature, there must have been the usual proportion

both of births and deaths. Whole families were living here together, and often for many months, and doubtless some came who were never to look upon the sun again. Death must have been very solemn in a place like this. But it was one from which the Christian's soul would take its flight with exultation. And I doubt whether, amidst all their vicissitudes, these asylums of holy men have ever witnessed such touching scenes as when a dying saint has breathed his last farewell to kindred and friends, and calmly closed his eyes amidst the prayers and con-

gratulations of those who longed to follow him. You would almost fancy the spirit hovering for a moment above them with the last yearnings of human love, and blending, as it were, the purest feelings of earth with its first fruition of heaven.

"The funeral rites were simple. The corpse was bathed, anointed, and wrapped in its grave-clothes, and then placed on a bier in the chapel, where it remained till a sufficient time had elapsed to guard against its premature burial. Meanwhile, relatives and friends would gather round it to watch and to pray: and when the hour came, they would take it up in their arms and bear it to the grave that had been opened for it, laying it decently in its narrow dwelling, with its arms stretched by its sides and its face upward. Then there would be a last farewell, a parting glance; and when all had joined once more in prayer, the mason would come with his tiles and mortar and shut it out from their sight forever. I have never opened a grave without asking myself, where were the hands that closed it hundreds of years ago? Often in opening them you perceive an odor of incense, as if precious gums and spices had been used in preparing the body for its last resting-place."

"And were the remains generally found in the state which we see them in?"

"Frequently, but not always. You have seen that many of the cells were empty. Now you must not always take this for a proof that the bones have been carried away. The nature of the ground, the age of the dead, and various other causes have acted after death, producing a great diversity in the state of the bones. The



VAULTED CELL.

bones of children decay rapidly, and in their graves we never find any thing but dust. Where the puzzolana is dry the bones become white and soft, falling away like ashes beneath your touch. Where it is damp you often find the skeleton well preserved, and always more or less perfect. And if it has been reached by the water, an incrustation forms upon it, giving it the color and hardness of stone.* Sometimes a striking change takes place the moment that the air penetrates, and I have seen parts crumble away and sink into dust before I had well caught the outline. You remember what happened to Campana? He was carrying on his excavations in his vineyard at Porta Latina, and had just opened a columbarium. All the upper part was arranged just as the columbaria always are, with the urns in their niches and each with its inscription beside it. But on reaching the bottom and clearing away the dust and rubbish from the floor, they came unexpectedly upon a stone coffin a little more than five feet long and perfectly closed. By good fortune, Campana himself was there, and with the proper instruments for raising the lid without breaking it. And what should he see there but a body stretched at full length in the coffin, as if it had never been disturbed since the day when it was first placed there: the funeral robe, the hands, the limbs in perfect preservation, and the face that of a girl who had died in her freshness and bloom two thousand years ago. But as he was gazing upon it, it suddenly began to dissolve and fade, and in an instant all that was left was the outline of a human form traced in dust upon the bottom of a coffin."

"The same thing occurred in an excavation at Cere," says Gennarelli, "and I mean to make the most of it in my dissertation. The figure was that of a man, and some of the gold ornaments of his robe resisted the action of the air,

* Agnour, *Histoire de l'Art par les Monumens*, l. 20.

though all the rest and the bones crumbled away immediately."

"Do you believe," asked Cole, "that the emblems and inscriptions were placed upon the grave at the time of burial?"

"Many of them undoubtedly were. The simpler emblems and ruder inscriptions may have been easily traced by the common workmen. Some of them evidently were made with the point of the trowel."

"What is the meaning of the palm leaf?"

"The Christian's triumph—victory over sin and death. Many writers have supposed it to have been a sign of martyrdom. But the only unquestionable proofs of martyrdom are the little vase of blood which you have seen inserted in the cement that closes

the grave, and the instruments of martyrdom which are sometimes found in the grave itself."

"I have been told that these were indications of the buried man's trade."



PAINTED CELL.



PAINTED VAULT.

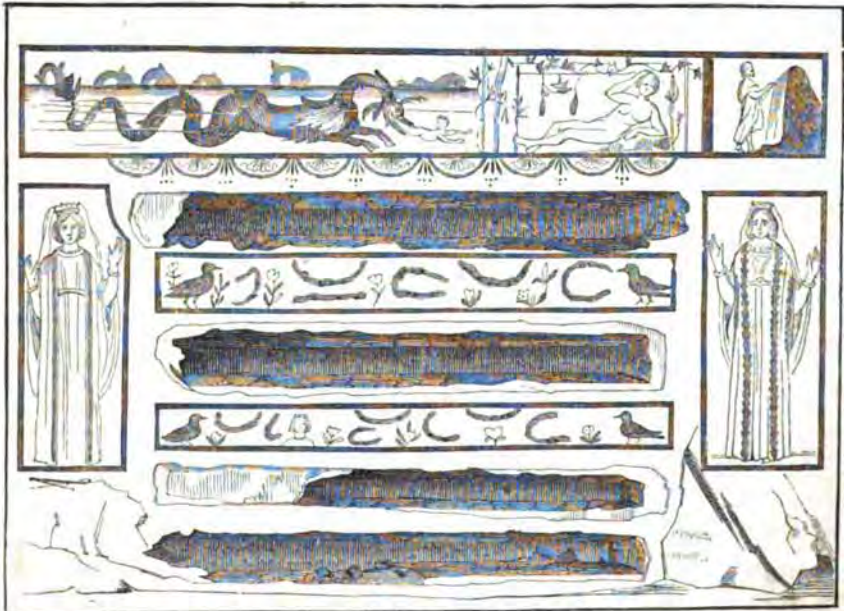
“Yes, when you find them cut or painted on the outside, of which we have many curious instances. I remember a slab which once stood upon the grave of a wool-comber. The inscription gives nothing but the name with the common addition of—in peace:

VENERE IN PACE;

but there, in the same rude style of carving, are the shears, the comb, the speculum, and a plate with a rounded handle, all implements of his trade. It was a symbolical language, intelli-

gible even to the unlettered. The man who would have been forced to turn away unsatisfied from an inscription, would recognize at once the familiar indications of a trade.

“Men, too, situated as the Christians were, would naturally resort to symbols for the expression of ideas which none but they could appreciate. Their thoughts and hopes were not those of the heathen who adorned their sarcophagi with choice sculptures and exquisite embodiments of mythology. They did not care



SEPULCHRAL DECORATIONS.

to employ in commemoration of their dead the forms which had been defiled by a corrupt superstition. They were in the warmth and fervor of a new hope, which they took every opportunity of expressing in language perfectly intelligible to all who shared it with them. You can not take ten steps in the Lapidarian Gallery of the Vatican without feeling that you are standing between two worlds. On one side are the inscriptions of paganism, whose dead, sinking into their graves without a hope, seem to cast back longing glances upon the pleasures they have left behind. The mourner has nothing to console him, the dying man nothing to cling to; but when the name has once issued from the fatal urn, he leaves forever his woods, his villas, and his home for the bark that is to bear him to an eternal exile. (I have ventured to borrow from one of the saddest yet most beautiful of Horace's odes—the third of the second book—to Delliam.) Then from his tomb comes a cold voice that chills you by its heartlessness; an idle enumeration of idle pleasures, or a spiteful warning that yours too will soon be ended.

D · M ·

TI · CLAUDI · SECUNDI
HIC · SECUM · HABET · OMNIA
BALNEA · VINUM · VENUS
CORRUMPUNT · CORPORA
NOSTRA · SED · VITAM · FACIUNT
H · V · V ·

*To the Divine Names of Titus Claudius Secundus.
Here (in this world) he enjoys every thing,
Baths, wine, and love, ruin our constitutions, but they
make life what it is. Farewell, farewell.*

“What language for the grave! You remember the dying question of Augustus to his friends: ‘Have I played my part well? Then applaud.’ Shocking as this is to our conceptions, even from such a wretch as Augustus, the following inscription is still more so:

VIXI · DUM · VIXI · BENE · JAM · MEA
PERACTA · MOX · VESTRA · AGETUR
FABULA · VALETE · ET · PLAUDITE
V · A · N · LVIII.

*While I lived, I lived well.
My play is now ended, soon yours will be.
Farewell and applaud me.*

“But the Christian, for whom death was a passage not to exile but to the home of all his hopes and aspirations, writes nothing upon his grave but the simple expression of his faith:

FLORENTI IN PACE.
Florentius in peace.
VALERIA DORMIT IN PACE.
Valeria sleeps in peace.

DORMITIO ELPIDIS.
The sleeping place of Elpidis.

“Often too, the expression is fuller and more distinct, referring this peaceful slumber to the Lord who gives it; as in the following form which is found at the close of many inscriptions:

IN PACE DOMINI DORMIT.
He sleeps in the peace of the Lord.

“In the epitaph of Albania, by her husband Placus, the idea of repose is expressly limited:

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the resurrection of the body, an idea that, to a pagan, would have seemed still stranger than the more common assurance of peace, being held up as the end of this temporary slumber.

RELICTIS TUIS LACER IN FACE SOFORE
MERITA RESURGIS TEMPORALIS TIBI DATA
REQUETIO.

*Thou well-deserving one, having left thy [relations],
lie in peace—in sleep.*

Thou wilt arise: a temporary rest is granted thee.

“Indeed, it is to this belief in the resurrection of the body that we are indebted for the preservation of these precious remains. Natural as it is to honor the dead—and your favorite Vico makes funeral rites one of the first elements of civil union—the Christian, living in the midst of a hostile community, and often dying the most degrading or revolting death, would frequently have been tempted to cast aside, with comparative indifference, the mutilated remains of the friend whose spirit he knew to be far beyond the reach of human decay. But when he saw in them, all disfigured as they were, the substance which was to rise again refulgent with the immortality of Paradise, he gathered them together with a pious care, washed and anointed them, and filling the wounds with spices and precious ointments, laid them reverently in the sepulchre. Prudentius tells of a martyr who, on his way to death, begs not for life, but burial. Sometimes they chose their burial-place during life. There is an inscription in the Lapidarian Gallery, one of the rudest both in the style of writing and its almost unintelligible Latinity, which records the name of an old man of ninety, by the name of Martyrius, who had done so:

ELEXIT DOMUM VIVUS

“Then too, we find epitaphs denouncing a wretched death to any one who should dare to violate the sanctity of the sepulchre:

MALE PEREAT INSEFULTUS
JACEAT NON RESURGAT
CUM JUDA PARTEM HABEAT
SI QUIS SEPULCHRUM HUNC
VIOLAVERIT.

*If any one shall violate this sepulchre
Let him perish miserably, and remain unburied;
Let him lie down, and not rise again;
Let his portion be with Judas.”*

“Strange,” said Cole. “Why, it is the very sentiment that we find in the epitaph of our great poet, Shakespeare, though much more definite in its imprecation:

‘Good friend, for Jesu’s sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones;
And cursed be he that moves my bones.’”

“Yea, it is man’s natural feeling. Even the pagans felt it as keenly as we do. Archytas begs for a little sand, in the sweetest notes of the lyre of Horace:

‘At tu, nauta, vixit te parca malignus arens
Ossibus et capiti inhumato
Particulum dare.’

And the imprecation, though less minute, is as strong as that of our inscription:

‘..... precibus non liquar inultis:
Teque placula nulla resolvit.’

But the heathen dreaded the sad wanderings on the banks of Styx. Palinurus cries to Æneas:
'Eripe me hinc, invicta malis; aut tu mihi terram
Injice, manū potes.'

Funeral rites carried a privilege with them, but the body itself had done its part and could never be reunited with the spirit. A decent grave or even a little dust "thrice sprinkled" would secure the soul a passage in Charon's bark, and then all the rest might be left to slumber undisturbed. How different from the feeling with which the Christian laid his brother in the grave, firmly trusting that every particle which had entered into the composition of that lifeless form would be gathered together and united again in the day of his reward.

"Another trait which strikes you in these inscriptions is their simplicity; not merely the simplicity of good taste, but the meekness and resignation of men who looked upward, receiving all things as expressions of God's will, and claiming nothing for themselves but the privilege of submission. The epithets are terms of endearment or respect; sometimes the manner of death is mentioned, but without any tokens of exultation or any complaints of persecution. They sleep in peace, in the peace of the Lord, in the hope of resurrection, and thus their story is told.

"The names too, you must have observed, are merely the name of baptism. The Roman distinction of personal, family, and surname is dropped. They have renounced the pride of birth and place, and care nothing for the pompous titles of worldly power. Many of them were poor laborers who were known only by their trade; the weaver, the wool-comber, or any other of the humbler arts that minister to the wants of life. But they all had been baptized by some distinctive appellation, and this they gloried in. It was the token of their regeneration, the mark by which they were known among their brethren, a record of the day in which they began to live anew, casting their errors and unholy affections behind them."

"Here then," said Gennarelli, "we have the explanation of the loss of family and surnames in the middle ages, which was followed by such a confusion of persons that the genealogist is completely at fault, till the crusades come to his aid, with their armorial bearings and new distinctions."

"Undoubtedly; and hence the futility of attempting to trace any of our modern families up to the Romans of old. And thus, too, you see another reason for the natural growth of a new symbolical language. These men, who wished to separate themselves both in life and

death from their pagan neighbors, would naturally inscribe the distinction on their graves in some simple and definite manner. One of the simplest was the monogram of the Greek name of Christ, a X and P crossed in various ways, which appears in a very large number of inscriptions, sometimes alone, sometimes adorned with palm branches, or other emblems of the same expressive character. In one inscription, that of a child of four, only a part of one of the legs of the X appears, and that is wrought into the P in such a manner as to produce a cross. Then two other letters were added, expressive of the attribute of eternal existence as applied to God— α and ω —one on the right, the other on the left of the cross, and either higher or lower, as best suited the engraver.

"Another emblem, and which I believe to be a probable, if not a certain, indication of martyrdom, is the furnace which we often find, and in various shapes. It alludes to death by fire, or by boiling oil, both of them common forms of martyrdom.



THE THREE CHILDREN IN THE FIERY FURNACE.

"This symbolism was not confined to tombstones. We find it on gems, on lamps, and in pictures. The 'Christian Museum' contains many curious and instructive specimens of it. There is a signet-ring from the catacombs with the monogram of XP interwrought and supported by what would seem to have been intended for doves. A full A is cut on the right of the P, and a little higher, on the opposite side, a very small ω .

"Another common symbol is a fish, which we find both on slabs and on lamps. Here the idea is a little more difficult to seize, and gave free scope to a play of fancy better suited to an Eastern than a Western mind. You will see the direct meaning by remembering that the Greek word for fish is *ἰχθύς* each of whose letters is the initial of one of the words in the inscription:

Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ υἱὸς Σωτὴρ.

Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour.

"This symbol was regarded with singular



REPRESENTATIONS OF MARTYRDOM.

favor by some of the Fathers, and is especially recommended by St. Clement of Alexandria and Tertullian, as suggestive of the holy rite by which Christians were received into the bosom of the church.

"But a more pleasing and less fanciful symbol is that of the anchor; the soothing monitor on life's troubled sea that there is still a haven and rest for the tempest-tost and weary. It was a thought full of a consolation which none but the Christian knew; and when he traced the symbol on the grave of one whom he loved, and called to mind the perils they had encountered together, 'Rest,' he would say, 'sweet spirit, rest in thy Lord. Thy cares and trials are over, and now thou canst hold strongly to the haven thou hast won.'

..... fortitur occupa
Portum.'

"The ship belongs to the same class, and is still the symbol of the church. *La navicella di San Pietro*—The bark of St. Peter—is one of our current expressions, and the rudest peasant will interpret this symbol for you as easily as the profoundest antiquarian. We find it on tablets and rings. Clement, of Alexandria, speaks of certain signet rings with 'a heaven-bound ship' upon them—*ναῦς οὐρανοδρομοῦσα*. In some of them the symbols are very complicated, but generally it is perfectly simple; a ship more or less accurately drawn, and with a cross for its mast."

"Does not this symbolism extend to painting and sculpture?" asks Cole.

"Yes; as, for example, in the painting from the catacombs of St. Calixtus, in which our Saviour is represented as a lamb standing upon a rock, or perhaps a mountain. From the base of the rock four streams issue like four cataracts, and within a circle that surrounds the lamb's head are the monogram of the XP, with an α and ω . The rock is supposed to be the rock of paradise, and the four streams the four evangelists.

"But what strikes you most in the art of the catacombs, is the general absence of painful elements. The subjects are drawn chiefly from the Old and New Testament, and more especially from the life of Christ. The sacrifice of Abraham is a favorite subject, which reappears in different places, but mostly with the same types. Noah, too, supplies the pious artist with the means of adorning a great many chapels, but almost always in the same way—a man in a sort of open tub, and a dove with an olive branch. The trial of the fiery furnace, Jonah and the whale, Moses striking the rock, Daniel



NOAH IN THE ARK.

and the lions, and various other passages of sacred history are repeated again and again, but always in a way that does more credit to the artist's piety than to his skill.

"Some of the most singular, if not the most pleasing of these pictures, represent the miracles or other passages in the life of Christ. The raising of Lazarus is one, the miracle of the loaves and fishes another; neither of them very successful in invention, for in the miracle of the loaves and fishes the artist not knowing how to bring in Christ and the Apostles, has contented himself with a group of men kneeling, as if the miraculous supply had just been consumed, while the fragments are piled up in seven baskets in the foreground. The most common emblem under which Christ appears, is that of the 'Good Shepherd.'

He is generally represented by the figure of a youth in shepherd's clothing, standing in the midst of his sheep, with one of them upon his shoulder. In some of these, though we find the same monotony and poverty of invention to complain of, the general effect is very pleasing, and the figure of Christ often happily conceived.

"But we must remember that though art was sometimes resort-



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ed to by the Christians as a means of embellishment, they never looked to it for their chief pleasures as the pagans did. Indeed, they were necessarily cut off from the great school of Greece, whose mythological subjects were loathsome and revolting to them.* It



HEAD OF THE SAVIOUR.

was not till after the days of persecution were past that they could openly address themselves

to the task of adorning their sanctuaries with choice sculptures and paintings; and then, alas, the progress of decay had been too great to afford the Christian school any chance of competing with the bright ages that were gone.

"One thing, however, to which all writers, and the works themselves bear witness, is the gentle and soothing spirit which pervades it. It is eminently the school of love, the school of pure thoughts, ennobling suggestions, and elevating impulses. The atmosphere that you breathe there has a freshness and purity in it which it would be in vain to seek in the palmiest days of pagan art. Artistically you may be dissatisfied, and even annoyed; but still, if you have any of the Christian's spirit within you, you will go back and look, and look again, till your fancy pictures to you the unlettered believer struggling with his conceptions, and striving to convey to the stone or roughly plastered wall, some part of that love and devotion that glow in his heart. And then you will feel with him, and these rude lines will swell out into soft and graceful proportions, and the half-formed features will beam with the light of the soul, and you will learn to number among your happiest days the day in which your eyes were first opened to the real characteristics of Christian art."



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The Padre paused as though his story were ended, but we all called earnestly for the sequel to the history of the catacombs.

"It is not a very long one," said he. "The catacombs had gradually become the exclusive property of the Christians; if not formally, yet for all purposes but the mere quarrying of sand, for which the demand necessarily diminished when the troubles of the empire began. After they had become accustomed to them as places of burial and refuge, they began to resort to them for worship also, and those *agapitæ*, or

feasts of love, which were so incomprehensible to the pagans. Soon we find in the edicts special clauses expressly forbidding them to collect together in their 'cemeteries,' or even to visit them. And here we may remark that the name of *arenarii* was rapidly changing into that of cemeteries, though we do not meet with that of catacombs till many years later; and as cemeteries they were regarded as belonging solely to the Christians. The wealthy Romans still loved the costly monuments of the Appian Way, and the emperors built themselves mausoleums, that their ashes might lie, like those of Egyptian kings, in piles that would defy the tooth of time. But the costliest monuments of

* Prudentius, *Hieroglyphos*, Hymn. x. v. 298, calls Mentor and Phidias.

"Fabri deorum, vel parentes numinum."

the Appian were destroyed centuries ago; rope-dancers and mountebanks play their antics over the ashes of Augustus, and the frescoed cell of Hadrian re-echoes with the wailings of guilt and despair. While here, around the bones of the humble and persecuted Christian, the children of a land unknown to Rome, come, as you have done to-day, to unite with the children of the soil in tributes of gratitude and veneration.

"At last the persecutions ceased. Constantine came with privileges and favors, and the great offices of the empire passed into the hands of the Christians. They could now build their churches above ground, and celebrate the ceremonies of religion openly. The foundations of great edifices, consecrated to the service of the true God, were laid; and the whole city began gradually to assume a new aspect. Not that the inhabitants willingly renounced their idols, or abstained from the pollution of pagan rites. Long and obstinately did many still cling to their national and household gods, vainly trusting that the day of their dominion would again return. History, and what they called religion, had become so strangely blended in their minds, that they scarcely knew how to tear Romulus from his shrine without blotting the name of their founder from their annals. They loved, too, the bloody arena, with its combats of men and wild beasts, and the brilliant festivals which brought a grateful release from labor, or interwove a pleasing variety into the dull monotony of common life.

"Thus while the empire accepted Christianity, and the followers of Christ were free to profess their faith openly, they were still surrounded by secret or avowed enemies, who would willingly have renewed the persecution if they could have found an emperor of their own. The immediate bearing of this upon the catacombs you can easily conceive. They were no longer resorted to as the only places which Christians could worship in with safety, but held rather as sacred spots, which helped to keep alive the pure spirit of devotion. It was still good to meet together in them on the anniversaries of the martyrs whose bones they held, and renew at these graves the vows of penitence and renunciation with which they had turned away from the world. These graves gradually became like shrines, which they adorned with marbles and paintings and rich offerings. Then it was that the decorations of the catacombs assumed that form which has supplied such abundant materials for our museums and galleries. The chapels were enlarged and painted, and furnished with every thing that was necessary for celebrating the sacred rites worthily. The tombs were carefully watched, to preserve them from injury, and many of them decked with inscriptions and sculptures which the original makers must have been either too poor or too much in danger to have placed there. Churches were built over the entrances, giving convenient access to them for the devout: a circumstance which has led to the subsequent distinction of names.* Thus,

those beyond the gate of St. Sebastian took their name from the church; and those in which we are, from the neighboring church of St. Agnes.

"As burial-places they were held in singular devotion. The Christian might now lay the bones of his brother in any tomb with equal safety. But he loved best these quiet resting-places, where his fathers had found refuge in the hour of danger. There was a calm and a peace here unlike the ostentatious grief of the Appian. The ashes of holy men had made the place holy, and the dim galleries, with their countless rows of dead—many of whom he or his father had known in life—were full of eloquent exhortations. He would bring hither the precious remains, and help with his own hands to compose them in their cell, and then perhaps mark out the spot where, when his pilgrimage was ended, he wished to be laid at their side.

"At a still later period a stronger feeling became blended with this, and men came to look upon burial among the saints and holy men of the day of trial, as a privilege which might extend its influence beyond the grave. It was natural for the Popes to choose it for their graves. Leo IX. was buried here, as late as the middle of the eleventh century. Honorius and Valentinian lie here; and when a new empire of the West had arisen, an emperor from beyond the Alps, the second of the Otthos, came to lay his bones in the consecrated soil. Here are the graves of kings of Saxon England, and empresses, and queens, and, greatest perhaps in the long list of sovereigns, the great Countess Matilda, the friend of Hildebrand and chief benefactress of the Church.

"But the day was at hand when Rome herself was to become the scene of the infinite sufferings she had so long inflicted upon others. It is difficult to ascertain what was done with the catacombs in the different sacks of the imperial city. When Alaric took it, there was too much booty in the palaces and houses of the wealthy to leave the barbarians any pretext for disturbing the ashes of the dead. And when, forty-five years later, it fell into the hands of a ruder and fiercer conqueror, there was still enough left to load his ships with silver and gold, and statues and vases of precious workmanship. But the records of these great events are imperfect and contradictory. The chronology itself is not always to be relied upon; and when we look for the details that would interest us most, we find but scanty materials for a clear and authentic history.

"The country around the city was in the hands of the enemy, who pushed their advanced posts up to the gates. They held thus the principal entrances to the catacombs during a greater part of the siege; and Alaric, you remember, besieged Rome three different times before he finally took and sacked it. Genseric came from Ostia; but during the Gothic wars the environs were again in possession of the enemy, and when Totila retook the city, he threw down the walls, and carried the inhabitants into captiv-

ity.* We know that the monuments of the catacombs suffered more or less at different periods, but what part of the violation must be attributed to the Goths, and what to the Vandals, and what, alas! to Romans themselves, we have no means of deciding.

"It does not appear that in either siege the inhabitants took refuge here, though it would be natural to suppose that, with so many means of entering them from within the city, and with such certainty of finding in them a sure asylum, they would have fixed upon them as one of the first rallying points in their flight from the conqueror. My own conclusion from this would be that, during the preceding century, the Christians, ceasing to frequent them as they had done in earlier times, had gradually lost their knowledge of the more intricate passages, although certain parts were still used for burial and religious festivals. We know that as late as 352, Pope Liberius took refuge in these very catacombs of St. Agnes during the Arian persecution. But the interior recesses, which had been regarded as the surest asylum when the knowledge of their intricacies were still fresh in the minds of hundreds who had worked and lived in them, would soon become as inaccessible, or rather as difficult of access, to a new generation as they are to us.

"A long period follows, during which our knowledge of all historical events is so imperfect that we can not wonder at finding ourselves very ignorant of the history of the catacombs. Chroniclers who dispatch entire reigns in a sentence, and compress the history of a siege into *capta est urbs*, can hardly be blamed for passing over a great many things which a more curious age would gladly know in detail. There are blanks of many years in the authentic history of Italy herself.

"Then comes the period of storm again—that turbulent and destructive age which converted the Coliseum into a fortress, and set battlements upon the beautiful masonry of the tomb of Cecilia Metella; when Virgil was spoken of as a great magician, and the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, attributed sometimes to Constantine, and sometimes to a mysterious soldier, of gigantic frame, who had freed Rome from the hand of the barbarians by the help of an owl.

"In the wars of the Roman nobles the catacombs were often used as hiding-places in danger, and safe spots for conspirators to meet in, and plot their inroads and surprises. Sometimes opposite factions met unexpectedly in those labyrinths, and the fierce war-cry rang wildly through the arches, startling, you would almost say, the very bones of the dead. But no general conflict could ever have taken place where the falling of a lamp might plunge both parties in total darkness. It is natural to suppose that the chapels, and even the more orna-

mented tombs, suffered more or less at the hands of these rude men. The slabs that are found in different parts of the city, and which evidently once belonged to the catacombs, show that veneration for the dead was an insufficient protection against cupidity and violence. But here again we are at a loss for authentic details, and the general history is evident enough to every one who has ever walked around the walls of Rome, or carefully observed the buildings of the middle ages.

"During all this time the catacombs were visited by pilgrims, and occasionally used, as I have already said, for burial. The pilgrims to Rome (*Romæi—Romipeti*) were the most numerous of all that numerous class. They came from all parts of Christendom, some as a voluntary act of devotion, some as an atonement for great crimes, and some perhaps, led hither by a roving and restless spirit. Occasionally they were attacked by robbers, and sometimes even murdered. But the feeling that moved them was too strong a one to be checked by personal danger, and they continued to flock thither in considerable numbers throughout the whole course of the middle ages. It was for their use that the '*Mirabilia*' and other guide-books were written, which, with all their imperfections, are invaluable to the topographical archaeologist.

"Most of them visited some parts of the catacombs to pray or carry an offering to the tomb of some particular saint; but their devotion would seldom lead them far into the depths of the labyrinth. Some of them even wrote their names on the walls as a record of their visit, and if you are curious about these things, you will find the list in Agincourt. The period of study and research began with Bosio, who devoted thirty years to the subject, or rather passed thirty years of his life under ground, and died at last, before he could enjoy the satisfaction of giving the fruit of his labors to the world. You know the volume, that compact and solid quarto, with its drawings and inscriptions, and a typography that would have driven Bodoni mad. He must have been a rare lover of curious details that Bosio, and a most persevering fellow too. Some of his explorations, lamp in hand, crawling along on his knees through passages blocked up with dirt and mortar, and leading he knew not whither, are as adventurous as a search for the northwest passage. And then, if he came out at last upon a new inscription, or found wherewith to confirm some previous conjecture, he felt himself richly repaid for his toil and danger. His *Roma Sotterranea*, and the translation and enlargement of it by Arringhi, will always be the starting-point for a thorough study of the catacombs."

"And how far may we rely," I asked, "on the stories that are told of men being lost in their attempts to explore them?"

"Many of them are true," said he. "Deville has wrought up that of the French artist into a thrilling description."

"I have never seen it," said Cole.

* "Post quam devastationem," says the chronicler of these sad events: "xl. aut amplius dies, Roma fuit ita desolata, ut nemo ibi hominum, nisi bestia morarentur." —MARCILLON, *de Chron.*, p. 64.

"I can not pretend to give you Delille's words," replied the Father, "but in simple prose the story runs thus: Sometime in the last century a young artist, inspired by the enthusiasm of his profession and his age, undertook to explore the catacombs from one of the entrances in the Campagna, with nothing but a torch and a thread for his guide. As he wandered on through gallery and passage, pausing from time to time to decipher an inscription or sketch a monument, he gradually became so absorbed in

his study that the thread slipped from his hand, and he had already gone some distance before he perceived his loss. Immediately he turned back and tried to retrace his steps. But how should he distinguish amidst the passages that opened on every side the one which had brought him there. He had gone but a few steps when his taper began to fade, and in a few minutes went out. He was standing before an open grave, and the last object that met his eye was the outstretched skeleton. All was darkness



THE ARTIST IN THE CATACOMBS.

and silence. Advance he dared not, for there were pits and openings in the path like those we have seen so many of this morning. And then what had he to gain by plunging deeper into the hopeless labyrinth? He thought he heard a sound, and listened. But all was still. He shouted, and his voice rang through the vaults with a lugubrious knell that chilled his soul. Should he lie down by these bones and die? Should he rush blindly forward and meet a quicker death? Oh, for a ray of the sunlight that was shining so brightly above; only a few feet, perhaps ten or twelve feet, and there were the green grass, and the pure heavens, and the sweet light! And now all his life came back to him, as they say it does to drowning men; all, all, with its evil deeds, and its vain thoughts, and its idle hours, and talent misapplied, and fond hearts wantonly wounded; all, all came back fearfully magnified, knocking awfully at his soul as he stood alone where none but God could see him. And so young, and with such hopes, to die this lingering death! But a few hours ago he had set forth so cheerfully to his day's work, and now— He could bear it no longer. His brain whirled, his breath came

thick and painfully, his limbs trembled, and he sank hopeless upon the ground. But as he sank, his hands touched something there unlike the cold earth. Can he believe it? He draws it cautiously toward him, raises it from the ground—it is his thread! Slowly now and watchfully, step by step, clinging fast to the precious ball, feeling his way with hands and feet, lest a mistep should precipitate him into some helpless pit, he winds his course back toward the entrance; and oh, how kindly did the stars look upon him—for day was long past—and how sweet was the air that came laden with the scents and sounds of life!"

"And is the story of the collegians true also?"

"Too true. There were sixteen of them in all, and they went in as a holiday's excursion. It was several hours before any alarm was excited, and then men set out to look for them. I fear they did not do as much as they might have done; but still I know the difficulties of these labyrinths too well to cast my reproaches heedlessly. All that we can say is, that the poor collegians were never heard of again."

The Padre rose as he spoke and returned to the gallery. We continued our walk nearly

two hours longer, sometimes in the first, sometimes in the second tier, and then for a while still deeper in the bowels of the earth. At last, weary almost with our sensations, and silent as the graves around us, we turned upon our steps and ascended to the day.

"There are the mountains again!" cried Cole. "From their stern heights they have looked down upon Roman, and Goth, and mediæval knight, and still they stand there the same calm emblems of duration!"

And still they stand there in the glorious sunlight, or pointing upward to the stars, as when we stood and gazed upon them together. But thou, friend and companion of happiest hours, from whose sweet converse I drew hopes and thoughts that make life a double blessing, how can I think of them without remembering thee! Years have past since last we met, years checkered with life's strange vicissitudes, and thou hast long been sleeping in an untimely grave. And when, a few weeks ago, I sat in the chair where thou didst love to sit, and gazed upon the last touches of thy pencil, and then went forth to the hillside to look upon thy grave, the memory of the hours we had passed together in the homes of the dead came back to me like a dream of yesterday. The awful veil that shuts out the living from the knowledge of all beyond the boundaries of life has been rent, and the mystery of the grave is no longer a mystery for thee. Thou hast stood side by side with those whose bones we touched in veneration and awe, and made thy home with their glorified spirits around the throne of the Almighty. For in heart thou wast of them even here, and the path by which thou walkedst on earth was like that of thine own Pilgrim, the steep and difficult path of the Cross. Peace to thy remains! Peace to the sweet spot where they lie! Other mountains—thine own dear Catskills—look fondly upon thy slumbers from their calm and majestic heights. The stream thou lovedst flows near; and hard by, with its pine groves and shady bowers, stands the home of thy affections. And thy gentle spirit perrades them all, shedding over the landscape the hallowed influences of purifying thought, and making that modest tomb on the hillside a shrine for every sincere admirer of the beautiful and the true.

DARIEN EXPLORING EXPEDITION,*
UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. ISAAC C. STRAIN.
BY J. T. HEADLEY.

THE following is a narrative of the proceedings of the main body of the Expedition, from a Journal kept by Mr. Kettlewell, under the supervision of Passed-Midshipman Truxton, actually in command of the party:

On the morning of the 13th, after Lieutenant Strain, with his party of three, had left, the main body, under charge of Mr. Truxton, also took up his march, and slowly followed down the stream.

The feeble seemed more lively, as the marching was good along the banks of the river and through the forest, and early in the day they thought they would make a longer journey than had been accomplished for some time. But this crooked river so doubted upon itself that they frequently retraced their steps. For instance, if the stream was running west, it would take a turn in the almost level forest and come back for miles to the east. Returning on this, the party would often get a glimpse of the river a little way off in the wood, and supposing it was farther down, cross over, and at length discover they had struck it up-stream.

Depressed in spirits, the weak and sick were soon unable to advance; and after making some two miles, they were forced to go into camp on a high bank where water was obtained with difficulty. It being still early in the afternoon, Truxton and Maury went ahead to clear a path for the next day's march through the undergrowth, where every step had to be cut with the macheta. The only food which they had was a very inferior species of nuts. During the night Vermilyea (one of the best men) suffered very much from acute pain.

On the following morning, the party left camp 25 at a quarter-past nine. The trail cut on the preceding evening was through a dense jungle, which was thickly festooned with vines, crossing and recrossing in every direction, and filled with thorns and prickles. After cutting and forcing their way in this manner for nearly a mile, they found that the edge of the stream beneath them furnished better walking; and catching hold of the vines, they slid down one by one to the beach. Here Mr. Castilla threw away his carbine, declaring he could not carry it any further. The journal says, "The necessity for the advance of Captain Strain becomes the more evident as we proceed, and is displayed in the frequent breaking down of the men, the slowness and constant halts during the march, and the increasing suffering, attributable to our diet of acid nuts, the fibres of which, remaining undigested, produce painful effects."

On the river bank, about two miles from the last camp, they found some palmetto and some nuts, which were divided among the party. Mr. Truxton shot an iguana, which was given to the sick and feeble, and an hour granted them to recruit. A handsome scarlet-blossomed tree relieved the eye from the sameness of the ordinary forest growth.

At four o'clock they went into their 26th camp, and made a scanty supper on "pulsely" and nuts.

The next morning they left camp at half past eight, and on climbing the river bank started a fawn, which, however, disappeared in the wood as an unsuccessful shot was fired, carrying the very hearts of the hungry travelers with him. After advancing about a mile and a quarter, Lombard became very faint, and compelled them to halt. While awaiting his recovery, they cut down some acid nuts, which by roast-

* Continued from the March Number.

ing they made out to eat. A little later, Mr. Truxton shot a crane in a wet ravine. During the day heavy reports were frequently heard of falling trees, which sounded like distant guns; and every time the deep echo rolled away, the men would look at each other and exclaim—"The Captain must be through, and is firing guns on board the British ship for us." The river became wider and deeper as they advanced, and the current slower.

Soon after, Harrison, one of their best men, broke completely down, and they were compelled to encamp, after having made less than five miles from their last resting-place. These were short marches; but this fact, at the time, caused but little uneasiness, as they supposed Strain was making long ones.

A slight shower fell toward morning, and a little before ten o'clock, Mr. Castilla breaking down, they halted; and while waiting for him to recover, cut down some palmetto and nut trees. Mr. Castilla getting no better, declared he could march no farther, and so they went into their 28th camp, not having made more than a mile and a quarter. He always broke down when they came to any food. In this case, however, it was fortunate, otherwise they would have passed a note written by Captain Strain, which was found near the bank. The party at the time were a little back from the river, and Truxton, speaking to Maury, said, "Jack, push in and find the river." In doing so, the latter came upon this note stuck in a split stick. He immediately called out, "*Here's a note from Strain!*" They all rushed together, when Truxton read it aloud. The following was the note:

"DEAR TRUXTON—We encamped here the night we left you (Monday night). Look out for a supply of palm-nuts, as they appear to grow scarce as we descend. We are off at once, and hope to make a very long march to-day. This river appears to me more and more like the 'Iglesias,' and I have strong hopes of popping out suddenly in Darien Harbor. You may rely on immediate assistance, as I will not lose one moment.

"Your friend, I. C. S."

After the reading, Truxton called for three cheers, and "*Hurra! hurra! hurra!*" rang in excited accents through the wilderness. "Now, my lads," said Truxton, "You see how far the Captain has got ahead; he'll be back in a few days." This cheered up the spirits of all the party, and especially the sick, who now felt that the probabilities of assistance from below were very strong. Owing to the debility of Mr. Castilla and the inflamed condition of Holmes's foot, they did not attempt to march the next day, and subsisted solely on palmetto, "pulsely," and palm-nuts.

The third day poor Holmes could not lift his swollen foot from the ground, and the order to march was not given.

The men lay scattered around on the ground,

with the exception of a few who went out hunting. Harwood shot a turkey, Harrison and Mr. Maury each a hen buzzard, while Mr. Maury brought in some palmetto. The men then gathered round the fire, and began to pluck the buzzards and turkey. The entrails were given as an extra allowance to the shooters.

The next day was Sunday, and owing to the debility of Mr. Castilla and continued illness of Holmes, no attempt was made to advance, and early in the morning Harrison went out to hunt.

The men lay under the trees listening; and as each report echoed through the woods would exclaim, with the eagerness and delight of starving men, "*There's something!*" The spot where they were now encamped was a little tongue of land, running out into the river, overshadowed by trees, and presented, with its location and surroundings, a most picturesque aspect. Truxton lay on his back, pondering the condition and prospects of his party, when Harrison returned with his haversack loaded down. Looking up, he said to the latter, "What have you killed?" "The devil," replied Harrison; and pulling out an animal weighing some eighteen pounds, he threw it down, exclaiming, "Tell me what *that* is, if you please." "A wild hog," replied Truxton. This windfall filled the men with high spirits, and they fell to cutting up the animal. Truxton took the liver for himself, and soon all hands were gathered round their fires, toasting each his piece of wild hog on a stick. By the time the meat was done the bristles had all disappeared. This was a good substantial meal, and proved very opportune; as the men, covered with boils and suffering from hunger, had become very desponding. They named the place "*Hospital Camp*," from the number of sick in it. No one thought of marching, for Holmes could not move unless he was carried, and the party was too weak to do that. They had only, therefore, to wait till death should relieve him from his sufferings. The next day the hunters got only two buzzards and some palmetto, which were divided among the fourteen and soon consumed. About sunset a heavy report came booming through the forest, electrifying the men into life. "*There's a gun! there's a gun from the Virago!*" was shouted by one and another. "The Captain's safe, and will be here in a day or two." The British steamer *Virago* was known to be in Darien Harbor, waiting to give assistance to any of the parties that might need it on the Isthmus, and they supposed that Strain was on board and fired a cannon to let them know of his safe arrival. The cheering announcement was like life to the dead; but like many other suddenly excited hopes, this one also was doomed to bitter disappointment. What was taken for the report of a cannon proved to be the heavy crash of a falling tree—falling without wind or ax, eaten down by the slowly corroding tooth of decay. The next day two hen buzzards and a little palmetto, "pulsely," and nuts were all they had to subsist

on. Even the buzzards gave out the day following. They were revived, however, by the sound of what appeared to be the report of three heavy guns. The night, however, wore away in silence, but at daybreak another report was heard, kindling hope only to deepen despair. Parties went out hunting during the day, but were unsuccessful in obtaining game, so they were obliged to subsist upon nuts and palmetto this day also.

Says the journal: "*Thursday, February 23.* Holmes still unable to walk. Harrison had a chance at a piccary, but unfortunately his cap missed. About 5.30 all in both camps simultaneously exclaimed, 'A heavy gun from S.W.' At sunset, Harrison shot a small animal called a 'coingo' by the natives, although it bears no resemblance whatever to a rabbit. 'It was very small, with flat ears, nose and teeth squirrel-like, color gray, long-backed, short-tailed, and with four claws on its fore-feet and three on its hind-feet; its weight was about ten pounds.' Harrison slept out in a ravine during the night to watch for game, but obtained nothing.

"*Friday, February 24.* Holmes's foot still very sore, and Mr. Polanco suffering from a swollen leg. No food but nuts and palmetto."

During these days of darkness and famine, rendered still worse by the want of occupation, thus giving them time to reflect on their forlorn condition, the two young officers, Truxton and Maury, as soon as the camp got quiet, would crawl away into the bushes, and discuss, in a low tone, their prospects, and the probable fate of Strain. The journal continues:

"*Saturday, February 25.* Mr. Maury and Harrison out hunting early in the morning, but returned unsuccessful. Holmes somewhat better, and hopes to be able to march to-morrow.

"*Sunday, February 26.* Holmes pronouncing himself better, the party moved on about half a mile, which was as far as he could walk. Although the distance attained was small, an object was gained in removing the party from a camp which had been so long occupied. During the march we cut some nut and palmetto trees. Our new camp, which was in the wood near the river, was named *Hospital Camp*, No. 2, owing to continued sickness and debility in the party, and we were now below the rapid, the noise of which would have intercepted the sound of guns, which we still hoped to hear from Darien Harbor." The effort of Holmes to walk was so painful and difficult, that when Truxton had made the half mile the former had moved but a few rods, while the debilitated party was strung along the whole distance. Holmes soon gave out, and the report of his condition passed along the line. Truxton lay down, declaring he would not go back, and so Holmes hobbled and was lifted along, and the new camp cleared away. The day was a sad one—no meat, and but a few nuts.

The next day Holmes was very ill. At nine in the evening they again fancied they heard a sharp report, not the booming sound

of a heavy cannon, and they were cheered with the hope that the Captain fired on his way up the river. They talked it over a long time by the flickering fires, but at last lay down in gloomy disappointment.

When Mr. Kettlewell went to the men's camp on this morning to see Holmes, he was informed that the Granadian commissioners had been attempting to induce some of the party to leave the officers and return with them to the *Cyane*. The men generally appeared to be discouraged; some doubtful of Captain Strain's return, others whether this river entered at all into Darien Harbor. Mr. Truxton remonstrated strongly with Mr. Castilla for tampering with the men. The latter denied the accusation, but promised Mr. Truxton any amount of money if he would only return.

Mr. Maury shot a hawk, which was given to Holmes, who, without more animal food, it was apparent could not long survive, as he was totally prostrated, and continued so all the day. Taciturn, and apparently resigned, he said but little, but lay stretched, a mere skeleton, on the ground, from which it was evident he would never arise. Says the journal:

"*Thursday, March 2.* Mr. Maury, and a party who went out to hunt this morning, returned with some palmetto and a turkey, which, though when divided it gave each one but a small portion, somewhat revived them. Some small, round black berries, resembling chincapins, were found and eaten. They were few in number, and proved to be a purgative, for which some of the party afterward used them, to counteract the effects of the acid nuts.

"A singular species of worms, called by the natives '*Gusano del Monte*'—Worm of the Woods, was found under the surface of the skin, and covered over like a blind boil. As to the manner in which it was deposited no information could ever be obtained; but it appeared to grow rapidly, in some subsequent cases attaining the length of one inch, and was extremely painful, especially when in motion.

"The party subsequently suffered very much from these worms, and, in some cases, were obliged to have them cut out by the surgeon after the journey had terminated."

"*Friday, March 3.* Early this morning Lombard, Parks, and Johnson left the camp without permission; and it being discovered that they had taken their blankets and cooking-utensils, it was supposed that they intended to desert, and attempt, by following up the river, to regain the *Cyane*. Previous to this Lombard and Parks would, every day, go a short distance into the woods and pray—the burden of their prayer being the return of Strain. After prayer they remained to talk matters over, and finally matured a plan to hide away till Holmes died and the party left, and then return and dig up the corpse, and filling their haversacks with the flesh, start for the Atlantic coast. But after an absence of some two or three hours, and losing their way, and getting fright-



LOMBARD AND PARKS AT PRAYER.

ened, they commenced firing signals. Truxton, however, forbade his men to return the fire, and for a long time left them to wander about. Sometimes they would come close to the camp, and he could hear them talk, but the thick brushwood concealed the party. At last he ordered the signals to be returned, and they came into camp alarmed beyond measure, and most penitent. Parks confessed that Lombard, who at various times during their distressed condition had shown symptoms of alienation of mind, and himself had formed the diabolical plan mentioned above.

"Nothing can give a more vivid conception of the forlorn condition of the party than this horrible proposition; and both of those who entertained it afterward expiated most fearfully their intended outrage against military discipline and against human nature." But it must be remembered that men grow mad with famine. During the day they found a dead iguana half eaten up by flies and worms; on this they fell like wolves, and devoured it raw. Three eggs were found inside, over which some of the men quarreled.

Holmes was very low to-day, and scarcely able to articulate. Mr. Maury went out to hunt, and returned with some of the best nuts which had been for a long time seen in camp. The journal adds: "We can not surmise what has become of Captain Strain, now absent nineteen days. Nuts, palmetto, and game become daily more scarce."

On Saturday, Holmes sent for Mr. Truxton at an early hour, and, though his speech was

already indistinct, he expressed hopes that he might recover. He confessed that his name was fictitious, and that he formerly belonged to the marine corps. He was the one who had made a fife out of bamboo, and in the early part of the expedition used to make the company merry with its music.

About eleven o'clock a loud call from the men's camp of "Mr. Truxton! Mr. Truxton!" carried all over to see Holmes breathing his last. It is inserted in the journal: "After death he presented, even to our debilitated party, a most emaciated appearance; while his left foot, which had been pierced by a thorn many weeks before, was in a condition which threatened decomposition, if it had not already taken place." Allusion has been made, in a previous part of this narrative, to his having lost his boot while attempting to obtain an iguana, which had been shot on the opposite side of the river. Through the moccasin with which his boot had been replaced he was pierced by a thorn, and being in a high degree of a scrofulous habit, the puncture never healed, and the disease which it produced, added to bad diet, no doubt produced his death.

It was thought best to bury him immediately; but they had great difficulty in digging the grave, as they had no implements but an ax, hatchet, and their knives. Mr. Maury, assisted by Corporal O'Kelly, succeeded at length in scooping out with a knife a grave about twelve inches deep, and, at sunset, all who were in camp attended the body to its last resting-place.

Truxton, deeply moved, offered up an extemporaneous prayer, and then the attenuated corpse, with the musket which he had carried so long placed beside it, was deposited in the shallow opening, and the dirt flung back with the hand. The whole party were seriously and deeply impressed with the solemn scene, and turned from the grave to talk of Captain Strain, and to wonder at his long absence. The journal adds:

"*Sunday, March 5.* We have now been waiting twenty-one days for Lieutenant Strain's return, and the party seems generally impressed with the idea that something has happened to prevent it, as he expected to be back in four or five days. The conclusion forces itself upon us, that if he, with three strong men, could not reach the settlements in twenty-one days, that our dispirited, debilitated, and suffering party of sixteen could never get through. A council of the officers was therefore held, and it was determined to return to the ship."

This was a painful determination to take, for Truxton's express orders were to keep down the stream till met by Strain with boats and relief. But that order was based on the certainty of the latter reaching the Pacific. His return with boats would occupy but a few days, and it did not seem possible, if he were alive, that so long a time could have elapsed without relief being sent, even if he himself were not able to accompany it. For twenty-one days those seventeen men had lain there in the wilderness, gradually wasting away with famine

and now death had come to claim the first victim. Day after day, and night after night they had waited, and watched, and listened, now cheered by the apparent report of a distant gun, which they believed their commander had fired in Darien Harbor, to tell them he was through, and to bid them be of good courage, for help was at hand, and again quickened into sudden joy as they thought they heard the nearer sound of his carbine, till hope had given way to settled gloom. The silent forest still shut them in, the sullen echo of its falling trees only making them more desolate, by reminding them of the cannon of their own ship, whose roar for so long a time had made the sunset welcome. To the oft repeated question, "Where is Captain Strain?" had now succeeded the melancholy response—"He is dead!" To push on was madness, for all said if Strain with three strong men could not get through in twenty-one days, they, encumbered with the sick and feeble, could never get through. It had taken them, when much stronger, three days to reach his first encampment after he left them. Whether he had perished with famine, or been devoured by wild beasts, or slain by Indjans, could only be conjectured. It was simply evident that no safety lay in that direction. To stay where they were, around the grave of their partially covered comrade, was also certain death, for game could no longer be found, while the nuts and palmetto were every day becoming more scarce. Besides, the long rainy season was fast approaching, when marching in any direction would be im-



MURIAL OF HOLMES.

possible. The return seemed equally hopeless, for if when starting fresh with ten days' provisions on hand they had encountered such suffering and want in reaching the spot they then occupied, how could it be possible to retrace their steps in their present enfeebled condition? The only gleam of hope remaining to them was that they might reach the plantain and banana fields they had left far up the river, and there recruit. Still, Strain had left no conditions with his orders, so certain did he feel of getting through; and if he should yet return and find his command gone, and trace them up by their dead bodies scattered along through the forest, Truxton felt that heavy blame might attach to him. On the other hand, should Strain never return, he might be blamed for not assuming more responsibility. It was a most trying position in which the young commander found himself, and long and painfully he revolved it. "Oh, for light to direct me!" was his constant prayer. Of himself he scarcely thought. If his death could purchase the safety of those intrusted to his care, the sacrifice would be cheerfully made. Could he only see clearly what was duty, his chief anxiety would be over. But turn which way he might, not a ray of light visited him. Thrown back upon himself, he was compelled to rely on his own judgment and that of his brother officers. Lieutenant Maury, who looked at all these grim dangers with a cool and steady gaze, and met them with an iron will and unshaken courage, also felt that sound reason counseled the attempt to return. Besides, the other officers and the men, and Granadian commissioners, pleaded earnestly for it. He therefore determined, now Holmes was dead, to commence his backward march immediately. Before leaving, however, he wrote the following letter, in case Strain returned, and placed it in a detonating cap-pouch, which he hung on a cross erected over Holme's grave:

"March 5, 1854, No. 2 Hospital Camp.

"DEAR STRAIN—This is Holme's grave. He died yesterday, March 4, partly from disease and partly from starvation. The rapidly failing strength of my party, combined with the earnest solicitation of the officers and men, and your long-continued absence, have induced me to turn back to the ship. If you can come up with provisions soon, for God's sake try to overtake us, for we are nearly starving. I have, however, no doubt of reaching the plantain patches if the party be able to hold out on slow marches, and reaching them, I intend to recruit. Since you left I have been detained in camp eighteen days by the sickness of Holme and the Spaniards.

"I trust I am right in going back, and that when you know all more fully, you will approve of my conduct in the course, the more particularly as even the palm-nuts and palmetto are no longer sufficiently abundant as we advance for our sustenance, and as I am now convinced that something most serious has happened to yourself and party to prevent your return to us.

After long and serious deliberation with the officers, I have come to the conclusion that the only means of securing the safety of the party, of saving the lives of several, if not all, is at once to return in the way and to the place of provisions.

"With the kindest remembrances and best wishes of the party for your safe return to the *Cyane*, and a happy meeting aboard, I am, yours truly,

W. T. TRUXTON.

"To Captain I. C. Strain, U.S.N.,
"In Charge of the Isthmus Darien Party, etc."



HOLMES'S GRAVE.

Harrison, Harwood, and Vermilyea, who had been out all day hunting, returned in the afternoon, and reported that Parks had left them at daybreak with a supply of palmetto for the party. He had, however, not arrived in camp, and from his continued absence they concluded that he had lost his way or deserted. Many signals were made from camp for him, and a council held to consider whether to remain longer or proceed the next day. The latter course was determined upon in consideration of the dearth of provisions and general and increasing weakness of the party.

The next morning, March 6, Lombard's whistle piped the exciting strain, "*Up anchor for home!*" the one always used when the order to return is given by the commander of a ship. To its stirring notes the seamen tread round the capstan with a will; and on no other occasion does the heavy anchor lift from its muddy bed with such a swift and steady pull as then. So now, gathering up their empty haversacks and rolling up their blankets, and flinging aside useless pistols and muskets, they soon stood

ready to march. This was the last time poor Lombard's whistle roused up the famished wanderer, or woke the echoes of the forest with its music. They felt sad on leaving Parks wandering about alone in the forest; but the prospect of return quickened every heart, and in *two hours* they made a distance which it had taken them three days to accomplish in their downward march. Here, at "Indian Camp," as they had previously named it, they halted, and breakfasted on some nuts. They remained here for three hours and a half, firing signals for Parks. A council was then called, to determine what course to pursue, when it was unanimously decided that the welfare of the whole required them to leave him to his fate; and about mid-day they recommenced their march. Mr. Maury, a little after, shot a marmoset, which being divided into four parts, was given to the weakest, and soon after some large red nuts were discovered; "*Providence*," says the journal at this point, "*smiling graciously on our return.*"

Mr. Polanco was all day very feeble, and delayed the party very much, which, though weak, was enlivened by the idea of progress, after lying so long idle in camp. Formerly the order "Halt," passed down the line, was heard with pleasure; but it now seemed to take so many hours from the time that should intervene between them and a bountiful supply of food. Having accomplished some seven or eight miles, they encamped on the river, a short distance above the twenty-seventh camp of their downward progress. This was No. 1 Return Camp, and marked the longest march that was made while ascending the river.

The next morning, at a little after six, breakfastless, and with no food in prospect, they started cheerfully off, cutting their way as they went. Mr. Maury, the chief hunter of the party, shot a hawk during the forenoon, and cut down some nut trees, which afforded a slight breakfast. At two o'clock Mr. Polanco was suddenly seized with fainting and cold extremities, while his eyes became glassy and fixed. His illness from this time continued to delay the return very much. His prostration increasing hourly, he was assisted along by the sailors during the afternoon, and with much difficulty the party reached the second return camp, which was about one mile below the twenty-sixth on the downward march.

It is entered in the journal: "*Wednesday, March 8.* Left camp at 6.30 a.m., proceeding slowly, in consequence of Mr. Polanco's continued illness. During the morning march some acid nuts were obtained; and, after many delays, the camp was reached at which the advance party had separated from the main body.

"At 1.30, with gloomy anticipations, we left the parting camp. Miller was permitted to throw away his carbine, owing to his inability to carry it. Mr. Polanco again failed after leaving this camp, and delayed the party a long time. A tree was finally met with which pro-

duced a species of the palm-nut, the covering of which resembled mangoes. As it was too large to cut down, as many as possible were obtained by firing into the clusters. Revived somewhat by this food, the party reached No. 3 Return Camp at 4.50 p.m."

It was sad to see the eagerness with which the men watched each discharge of the carbine into the tree-tops.

After suffering much annoyance from mosquitoes during the night, the party commenced their painful march at eight in the morning, but owing to the illness of the Granadians, little progress was made. "Halt, halt!" rang continually along the line, and the men lay down to wait for the commissioners. Two turkeys were seen, but neither could be obtained. Mr. Castilla being unable to proceed, a woodpecker which had been shot was given to him, which he ate raw, before the feathers were half plucked away. James (landsman) was permitted to abandon his carbine, in order to assist the two Granadians, who hourly grew worse. Overcome with fatigue, they would throw themselves on the ground and weep, bitterly mourning, in their native language, for the friends at home they were destined never to see. Their frequent fainting fits obliged the party to encamp, after repeated stoppings, at half past three.

Nearly all were very weak, and the distance marched could not be very accurately estimated, owing to the frequent halts, but was probably about three miles and a half.

The next morning the Granadians appeared very feeble, while Lombard and Harrison also suffered exceedingly; but at eight o'clock they left camp, and staggered on. Little progress, however, was made, owing to the increasing illness of Messrs. Castilla and Polanco. The traveling, too, in the early part of the day was very trying, being for the most part through a thick jungle, that flogged and tore the men as they floundered on. During the day a few acid nuts were found. Mr. Truxton used every means—persuasion, promises, fear—to induce the Granadians to move on, but Mr. Castilla still grew worse, and would not get up. A lofty tree, filled with a multitude of cranes, was discovered, and several shots were fired into it. Mr. Maury killed one and wounded another, which escaped. Encamping at four o'clock, the party feasted upon the crane (the largest bird yet killed) and some "pulselly" which was gathered near the camp. During the night there was a heavy dew, and the party were much annoyed by mosquitoes.

The next morning the men seemed somewhat improved by the animal food of the night previous, although Lombard, being rather aged, appeared to derive but little benefit from it. Harwood was permitted to throw away his injured carbine, to enable him to carry his blanket and hammock. Since the debility of the party, especially that of the Granadians, had become so great, all hands were called early every morning to prepare some "pulselly" water, acid-nut tea,

or other warm beverage, with which to sustain the stomach while marching. The delays were solely attributable to the weakness or want of energy of the Granadians, though every assistance was given them that the men could bestow. Corporal O'Kelly and M'Guinness were allowed to throw away their carbines, to assist them. Leaning heavily on the shoulders of these two men, who were scarcely able to take care of themselves, these commissioners limped slowly along. As one skeleton, with its arms thus thrown around another for support, begged for delay and still more aid, a most striking illustration was furnished of the difference in endurance and courage between the two races. But even this assistance soon ceased to be of avail; and shortly after leaving camp, Mr. Castilla fell down, apparently insensible, and remained in that state for two hours. Cold water was thrown over him, and every means used to revive him; and at length he opened his eyes. Mr. Maury, in the mean time, having shot a dove, the half of it was given to him, and eaten raw, which enabled him, after much difficulty, to reach the river, where they halted.

Just before dark, while the men lay stretched around their fires and all was quiet in camp, Truxton strolled out into the woods to see if he could obtain any nuts. He had not proceeded far when he observed something breathing in the grass. At first it looked like a negro baby lying there; then he thought it must be a wild cat. He had nothing but his knife with him, and drawing that, he crept stealthily toward the mysterious object. But before he got near enough to strike it, the animal arose, and stretching its wings flew with a heavy swinging motion across the river. It was the crane that Maury had previously wounded. Cursing his stupidity in not making a rush for the bird at once, and thus secure food for his starving men, he saw it slowly fly away, and gazed after it as a wrecked mariner strains his eye after the vanishing sails of a ship. Heretofore the officers had given all the meat to the men to enable them to march, but being compelled to do all the cutting through the jungles themselves, and soon after prepare all the camp fires, they began to feel the necessity of something more nourishing than nuts, or they too would speedily give out. So after this, when a buzzard, or lizard, or any form of animal life was obtained, they first sucked the blood themselves, and then distributed the food to the men. At this time Truxton and Maury would often go forward together to clear a path, or one to cut and the other to shoot. Lieutenant Garland then took charge of the rear-guard, and it required all the arguments of persuasion, and all the power of his authority, to keep the stragglers moving. The distant prospect of food ahead could not overcome the desire of present rest. The prospect now looked gloomy enough. Castilla was getting deranged, and had become fearfully changed. His eyes were glassy, and glared like those of a wild beast from their sunken sockets. He said but little, and when

he spoke his sepulchral cry was, "*Meat! meat! give me some meat!*" A small bird being divided between him and the junior commissioner, he devoured his portion voraciously, and then, as senior in rank, fiercely demanded of the latter his half. Among officers and men there was now but one object—*food*. One thought filled every breast, one desire animated every heart. There seemed but one object in the universe worth seeking after—*food*. The eye was open to only one class of objects, the ear to one class of sounds, some article of food and some cry of animal or bird. Wan and haggard, they looked like spectres wandering through the woods, yet no rapacity marked their conduct—at least that of the Americans. None hid their food. One sentiment of honor actuated every heart, and each divided cheerfully with the other, furnishing a striking illustration of the power of example in officers over their subordinates. Had the former claimed a larger share, or allowed suffering and famine to render them selfish, those men would have become wild beasts. Lieutenant Maury especially exhibited the noblest traits that adorn human nature; I say especially, because he was the chief hunter, and could at any time, unknown to the rest, have appropriated to himself at least some of the nuts he obtained. But that most demoralizing of all things, famine, had no power over him. Forgetting his own destination, he hunted only for others, and his joy at success, sprung from the consciousness that he could relieve the suffering men who looked to him for food. Undismayed, composed, and resolute, he, with the other officers, moved quietly on in the path of duty, and all by their example effected more than any mere authority could ever have accomplished. When men see officers toiling for their welfare, refusing even to share equally with them, forcing on them the larger and better portion, and then each, with his meagre allowance, turn away to get more food, they will die rather than be untrue or disobedient. Such example ennobles them by keeping alive within their bosoms the sentiment of honor, and enables the soul, even amidst the extremities of human suffering, to assert its superiority to mere animal desires and physical pain.

Says the journal here: "Providentially, as we had no other means of subsistence, Mr. Truxton found the body of the crane which Mr. Maury had wounded yesterday. It had fallen on the opposite bank of the river, and ate all the better for being a little gamy." The colored man, Johnson, swam the river for it, and it was soon devoured, entrails and all. Owing to the mosquitoes and sand-flies none could sleep, and the camp resounded with the moans of the men.

The next morning was Sunday, and at seven o'clock the order to march was given, but in a quarter of an hour Mr. Castilla fainted again, and it soon became evident that his suffering journey had ended. Every effort to revive him proved abortive, and a little after noon, without making a sign, he died. A ring taken from his

finger, a lock of hair, together with all the property found on his person, were given to the junior commissioner, Mr. Polanco. He had for a long time complained of his knee, which he kept bandaged with his handkerchief. This was unbound to examine the cause of his suffering, but though dwindled away to a skeleton, neither limb showed any symptoms of disease. Maury and Corporal O'Kelly, with their sheath knives, dug a shelf in the bank and stretched the Granadian commissioner upon it. The attenuated forms of the men, but half covered with rage, then gathered round the grave, and gazed with haggard features on their dead comrade, while Truxton offered up a short prayer to Him who alone seemed able to save them. Polanco would not go near, but stood a little way off, weeping bitterly, and declaring he could not leave his friend. The dirt was flung back over the form scarcely yet cold, and with sad, melancholy forebodings the party turned away, and the order to march passed down the line. Death had begun to claim its victims, and it was evident, from the appearance of the men, that it would now traverse their file with a more rapid footstep than it had hitherto done. The sudden energy inspired by the thought that they were returning to the ship had given way before present famine and weakness, and as one after another yielded to his fate, the moral and physical force which hope imparts, also left them. This was the case especially with Mr. Polanco, the junior commissioner. Grief at the loss of his friend and companion, added to the increased desolation of his position, was evidently fast sapping his remaining strength.

Whether because absorbed in the calamity that had overtaken them, or from some casualty, does not appear, but they had not proceeded more than three quarters of a mile when they lost the river and became completely entangled in the jungle.

At this juncture, a return of Mr. Polanco's illness obliged them to encamp for the night, nearly destitute of provisions and utterly without water. This was the only night during the whole Expedition that the party encamped without water; and, independent of the physical suffering, the circumstance spread a gloom over the minds of all. They had kept marching until very late, in hopes of reaching again the river; and when the word was passed from the rear to van that Mr. Polanco had fainted, and the order to halt was given by Mr. Truxton, he, Mr. Maury, and some of the men were a quarter of a mile in advance. As they halted, the weak and debilitated party laid down where they found themselves in the matted forest, and for the first and only time it displayed the characteristics of a rout. This was the blackest night yet experienced, not only from the death-scene they had just witnessed, and the absence of water and provisions, and loss of the river, but from the fact that the men were too far apart to converse with each other. The officers, however, moved backward and forward to cheer

them, and by great effort succeeded in kindling two fires, about a quarter of a mile apart, which somewhat relieved the gloom of the night, and served as beacons to the stragglers along the path. This was Sunday; and next morning, after a night of torture, owing to the myriads of mosquitoes which infested the forest, the party, without breakfast or water, started from camp at half past six. Mr. Polanco was scarcely able to move at all; and, after having proceeded about half a mile, fainted, and only returned to consciousness to give himself up to complete despair. He requested that a paper might be drawn up, giving to Corporal O'Kelly and James M'Ginness, who had assisted him during the march, all the money which he had left on board the *Cyane*. He also stated that Mr. Castilla had expressed a similar wish prior to his death. This paper being drawn up, was signed by Mr. Polanco, and witnessed by Midshipman Garland and Mr. Kettlewell, after which it was placed in the hands of Mr. Truxton.*

The party halted a long time to satisfy every one as to the possibility of Mr. Polanco's recovery. If they had been by the river, or known of its whereabouts, they might have delayed longer; but they were without water or provisions, for both of which the men were suffering exceedingly, and knew not how long a time might elapse before they could be obtained. One thing was certain, these must be reached soon or not one but many would be left in the forest to die. Under these painful circumstances, a council of war was called, and it was submitted, "Whether the life of one man who could not survive many hours should be regarded before the lives of the fourteen now remaining?" The opinions of all being taken, it was unanimously resolved to leave him to his fate and proceed. Poor Polanco then rose and tried to march; but after staggering a few steps he sunk heavily to the earth. Each one in succession of those nearest him then went up and bade him good-by. As Truxton turned away, Polanco shrieked after him, begging most piteously not to be abandoned there in the forest. Three times Truxton, at his beseeching cries, which thrilled every heart with agony, went back to bid him farewell; and at last, with streaming eyes, gave the order, "Forward." Poor Polanco lay doubled up on the ground, moaning piteously; but soon the last sounds of the retiring footsteps of his comrades faded away in the forest, and he was left alone to die. How long he lay there was never known; but it was afterward discovered that he succeeded in crawling back to the grave of his friend, and stretching himself upon it, died; for his skeleton was found lying across it by Strain. Even a grave was a better companion than solitude.

The party, after floundering for a long time

* This order upon Commander Hollins, of the *Cyane*, was never presented, their property on board having been previously turned over to their relatives at Carthagena, when the fate of the party was uncertain. The amount of money was small.

through the thick brushwood, at length struck the river again, but below Castilla's grave. Refreshed by the water of the stream, they began once more slowly to climb its banks. Suddenly Truxton caught sight of Castilla's grave, and became deeply affected. Maury, who was in advance with him, noticed it, and said, "Truxton, you are strangely moved—what is the matter?" The latter replied, that he feared the effect of that grave on his men. He therefore halted and addressed them, bidding them be of good cheer, and saying that their prospects now were brighter, for all their past delays had been occasioned by the Granadian commissioners, and they could now proceed more rapidly. It was evident, however, from the furtive glances which the men cast at that rude grave, and the melancholy expression of their countenances, that each one was thinking of the probable doom that awaited himself. Many could hardly stagger along, and the pain which the effort to march caused them was written in legible lines on their features. Five carbines were flung away to-day, with the permission of Mr. Truxton. Nothing can show the perfection of our naval discipline more than the conduct of these men under their accumulated sufferings. Scarcely able to drag along their own weight, each attenuated form continued to toil under the burden of its carbine until his commander permitted him to abandon it. Obedient under all—obedient and submissive even to death.

Several men now suffered severely from the "Guzanos de Monte"—wood worms, heretofore alluded to, which were extracted with much pain from different parts of the body. During this day's march a soft vegetable, full of seeds, was found, which, when boiled, tasted like a potato. Toward evening, five who had eaten the seeds were seized with violent pains and vomiting, which lasted several hours, and in some cases all night. Harrison here made his will, under the expectation of being left in the morning.

The journal of next days says: "*Tuesday, March 14.* Left camp at 7.30 a.m. After marching about half an hour, Edward Lombard (seaman), who had delayed the party very much yesterday, threw himself on the ground, declared his utter inability to proceed, and begged to be left to his fate. He had made the same request every day for several days previous.

"After much persuasion, Mr. Truxton led him along, allowing him to throw away his blanket and other effects. Among other reasons for refusing his request was the fear that he would go back and dig up and eat the Granadian commissioner.

"Miller, a landsman belonging to the *Cyane*, who suffered intensely from a bad ulcer, wept bitterly during this day's march. He uttered no complaint, but the scalding tears trickled incessantly down his face. He showed a brave and noble spirit, but his terrible sufferings would have some outlet. He declared it to be his belief that he would not march on the morrow."

Mr. Boggs was also very much debilitated, owing to frequent vomiting. The progress of the party was painful and slow on this day, by the illness of so many of its members, and the advance very tedious; but fortunately some three or four dozen of yellow, richly-flavored nuts were procured on the way, by which all were much revived. Three nuts to a man had at last become a refreshing meal. These nuts were the more prized, as all hands had been affected by the late constant use of acid palm-nuts. Mr. Truxton's carbine burst upon being fired on the march, leaving but one carbine and a double-barreled fowling-piece among the fourteen men now remaining. A little after four, they arrived at Return Camp No. 9, an old Indian hunting-lodge, which was not seen on their march down the river. Midshipman Garland had suffered exceedingly all day from the effects of the "Guzanos de Monte," or wood worms.

It is one of the striking peculiarities of the journal before me that all these revolting, painful visitations, so dreaded by man, are chronicled like the common events of every-day life. To me, nothing can show more vividly how fearfully familiar they had become with human suffering.

Lombard became very desponding in camp this evening, and it was exceedingly mournful to look upon the old man, evidently so near his end. Mr. Maury was also very sick, owing to the seeds above alluded to, of which he had partaken freely. Says the journal:

"*Wednesday, March 15.* The party were called this morning at an early hour, but Edward Lombard immediately and despondingly declared his utter inability to proceed, and desired the party should be assembled in order that he might make a statement of his position to them, and abide the result of their determination.

"All having assembled, he set forth clearly and distinctly his utter and entire inability to march any further.

"He also gave his opinion upon the importance of speedily reaching some place where provisions might be obtained; and remarked that as Mr. Polanco had been left to perish to insure the safety of the greater number, he had no right to expect any more consideration. Having finished his remarks, Mr. Truxton addressed himself to the men and officers, stating clearly the case which Lombard had set forth, and then asked that each one, in the presence of Lombard, should give his vote.

"He was earnestly persuaded to try and move a little further, in hopes of reaching some nuts or something of the kind that might revive his drooping strength; but he was utterly prostrated."

Nothing can more clearly illustrate the difference between the Spanish and Anglo-Saxon races than the conduct of the Granadian commissioner and that of Lombard, an American. The one clinging to life with a selfishness and tenacity painful to behold—not a thought for

the welfare of the others; not a moment's manly consideration of the trying duties and exigencies of the case. Lombard, on the other hand, begging day after day to be left, and finally demanding that a council should be called to listen to the sound reasons he could give why his request should be granted.

As he peremptorily refused to make another effort, it was unanimously resolved to leave him. Each one, as he gave his vote aloud, advanced, weeping, and divided with him the few nuts he might have on his person. Lombard received them thankfully, and asked them to kindle a fire beside him, which was done; and that a pot and knife and hatchet might be left. These requests were all silently fulfilled. As he sat, leaning against a tree, with these few articles beside him, so calmly, so methodically preparing for his abandonment, every heart was moved with the deepest pity, and his was the only dry eye there. Each one then bade him an affectionate farewell, with streaming eyes, and took his place in the file in marching order. He then requested that Mr. Kettlewell might write down his last wishes and pray with him. Kettlewell took down his few requests, and then kneeling, offered up a short prayer. Lombard, to whom the parting, now that it was to be taken forever, grew more agonizing, requested him to ask Truxton to come back once more, and bid him good-by. The latter slowly traversed the silent, motionless file, to the head, till he came to Truxton. Emaciated and wan, his clothes patched with bark, and hanging in tatters about him, this noble young commander stood leaning on his carbine, the tears one by one trickling down his haggard face. All his sympathies were aroused, and every pulse quickened into momentary action under the excitement of sorrow, but he refused to go back. He dared not trust himself again. Besides, the scene was too painful to continue—the sooner it terminated the better. The order to march was therefore passed down the file, and the party—dwindled to thirteen—mournfully moved away, and left Lombard alone in the wilds of Darien. That was the last ever seen of him. How long he lived—whether he ever struggled again for life, or whether he flung himself into the river, on the very verge of which he insisted on being placed, was never known. His boatswain's silver whistle, worth some four or five dollars, was government property, and when some one advanced to take it from him, he begged earnestly that it might remain, saying he had carried it the whole route, and could not bear to part with it now. It was the last companion that remained to him, and it was left in his possession. It had sounded its last call, and rests by the bones of its owner in those rarely-trod solitudes.

He had come on from Norfolk, for the express purpose of accompanying Strain in this expedition. The latter told him he was too old to attempt it, and offered to get him some petty office on board ship, but he would not take a re-

fusal, and now sleeps where the sound of civilization will probably never be heard.

That day's march was a silent and sad one; but the feelings of the depressed and debilitated party were much relieved in the after part of the day by coming on the "CAMP BEAUTIFUL" of their downward march. Shout after shout went up as they entered it, and the bright green bank and scarlet blossoms that enlivened the forest presented such a contrast to the gloomy wilderness they had so long traversed, that they seemed to be entering once more the borders of civilization. Besides, this was the first downward camp they had met for several days, and it seemed like the face of an old friend.

Miller, Boggs, and Garland were the last to straggle in; and being prostrated, and scarcely able to move, it was resolved to rest here for an hour and recruit. A fire was kindled on the old spot, and many reminiscences recalled of the time they last encamped there. Strain and his party naturally became again the topic of conversation, and many regrets uttered over his probable doom. A few unripe acid nuts had been gathered on the way, which were divided; while a terrapin, caught by Corporal O'Kelly, was made into soup, and given to the three sick men. Revived by this, the latter announced themselves ready to march, and slowly struggling to their feet, fell into order. From this time on it was with great difficulty the officers could induce the men to rouse in the morning. Threats, and kicks even, were resorted to, to induce them to stir; and but for the tea which the officers made for them, it would have been almost impossible to have succeeded with any efforts.

Continuing the march about sunset, some palmetto was obtained, which being the first which had been met since the 6th instant, was thankfully welcomed. Soon after, the party encamped near the river, though access to it was difficult. "Mr. Garland still suffering severely, and applying cold water. Mr. Boggs very sick; not Miller's thigh much excoerated"—is the remark noted on the journal of the condition of things in this camp. The party supped on palmetto and roasted nuts. The time had now nearly arrived when rain might be anticipated; and the journal kept by the main body remarks in this place—"We have remarked for some days the cloudy state of the atmosphere, and rain has fallen at intervals, but not in such quantities as to excite uneasiness in regard to the approach of the rainy season: if that catches us on the Isthmus our knell is knolled. The weather now reminds us of Indian summer at home."

"*Thursday, March 16.* At daylight, all who were able went to work to cut down some palmettoes which were found in the vicinity of the camp. The trees were small, and the scanty supply which they yielded was carried until breakfast time." During the march Mr. Truxton lost his revolver from the holster, while cutting a path for the party through the jungle. The journal states, during the first portion

of this day's journey, "Mr. Garland still suffering, and extremely distressed marching; Miller a little better; and Boggs very weak, and unable, as he has been for some days, to carry any thing." Between 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. the party halted for rest and breakfast. Resuming its march, five Indian hunting-lodges were passed, in one of which was found the head of a catfish, nearly fresh. "Saw," says the journal "a large dark snake, about six feet long, but could not catch him!" Indians appeared to have visited this vicinity since the downward march; and on this day some baskets were seen made of twigs recently cut.

Mr. Maury shot a bird of the toucan tribe—bill about three and a half inches long, one and three quarters thick, dark green, yellow tipped, and slightly curved; color of plumage golden yellow, shaded by blue, blue and gray, speckled white, grayish, and grayish tinted from head along the back. The principal part of this bird was eaten by Messrs. Boggs and Maury, who were quite unwell—the latter from the effect of the seed before alluded to; and it should be mentioned, for the credit of the men composing the expedition, that they insisted upon Mr. Maury taking a large share of the bird himself.

As remarked before, the officers hunted game for the party, rarely reserving any thing for themselves. It was for this reason, and fully appreciating the generous devotion of these officers, that when Mr. Maury became ill, the men insisted on his eating a sufficiency of the bird which he had killed, to restore the tone of his stomach. When such a feeling exists between officers and men, and when it is displayed under such trying circumstances, it affords the strongest evidence of the perfect discipline which generally prevails among organized bands of our countrymen, who are the most subordinate and amenable to law of any people whom it becomes the duty of a naval officer to control.

During the progress of the party the remainder of this day some palmetto was obtained, and a fruit resembling the May apple in form and color, but with a pulp something less pungent than the monkey pepper-pod.

At five o'clock they went into camp on a high bank near the river. The journal states that in this camp "the mosquitoes were not so ravenous as usual." The next day they started at half past six. The weather was cloudy, and apparently threatening rain. Mr. Garland suffered very much from inflammation, attributable to the worms which could not be extracted, in addition to his debility from starvation and fatigue. Miller, owing to his ulcer, which had assumed a malignant aspect, also suffered exceedingly, and walked with great difficulty. Mr. Boggs was weak, but better than the day before, and marched until nine o'clock, when they boiled some palmetto for breakfast. Mr. Maury shot a thrush, which was cooked for Mr. Boggs. Resting till one o'clock, they again started forward, although Miller was suffering acutely from increasing in-

flammation. The day, on the whole, did not prove so overcast as they expected, which encouraged them. They followed the river bank closely during all the return march, thinking it safer than to attempt to cut off the bends. Besides, it was utterly impossible, with men who so frequently fainted on the route, to go far from the water, for this was their only restorative. At half past two a good camping ground was found, where it was deemed best to halt for the night, especially as some palmetto trees were found in the vicinity. The whole party were revived in spirits by the food which the palmetto afforded, and with the idea that they were approaching the banana plantations. The two palmetto trees which were cut down gave a supper to the whole band, while enough was left for breakfast in the morning. The mosquitoes made this night a sleepless one, even to the fatigued and nearly starved men.

"March 18. Left No. 11 Return Camp at 6 A.M.; the marching was found very difficult, owing to the density of the jungle. Harwood's continued illness compelled a halt at 9.15, when a scanty breakfast was made upon nuts. Mr. Boggs better; Mr. Garland barely able to walk. The sky much overcast, and evident signs of an approaching change of weather, which will probably ensue about the 21st of March. Left breakfast camp at 12 M. Stopped at 1.30 P.M. to cut down some palmetto, and moved on at 3.15. Halted again at 4 to cut down some more palmetto, the first supply having proved insufficient. Toward sunset the atmosphere more clear and pleasant. Harwood still very weak. Miller suffering less, but his ulcer shows symptoms of spreading. The men who were employed in cutting down palmetto suffering very much from their exertions.

"There is no small difficulty, in the present exhausted state of the party, in procuring voluntary laborers; nor can the responsibility and energies of Mr. Truxton and Mr. Maury, so incessantly are they called into play, ever be sufficiently felt by the party, or remunerated by the service to which they belong. Mr. Truxton had three wood worms extracted to-day—one from his throat, and two from his shoulders."

Mr. Kettlewell also had a very large one taken from his leg.

The next day was Sunday, and it was thought best to breakfast before traveling, as the men were completely worn out from cutting down the palmetto the day before. Besides, several other trees were seen near at hand, from which Truxton determined to obtain provisions for the future, as they were not certain of meeting any more during the day.

Harwood appeared now to be the weakest of the party, though all were evidently gradually but surely sinking. Miller kept constantly calling out to halt, and appeared wild and delirious. It was stated by some of the men that he had been previously subject to epileptic attacks, which the officers thought very probable. At this point the journal remarks, in a spirit of

thankfulness: "This is the most cheerful day we have had for some time; weather clearer, and fine, pleasant breezes. Not so much worried by sand-flies and mosquitoes. God's providence, it would seem, ought to operate feelingly on the heart of each. Clouds drifting from northwest."

The five—all that were left able to cut down trees—procured five palmettoes; but the yield was very small. "It is now evident," says the journal, "that so exhausted are the members of the party that provisions can not be obtained except with much delay. At 5 P. M. heard a sound strikingly like a report of a carbine; but we may have been deceived, as we frequently have been before, by the sound of falling timber. Supped on palmetto and a few roasted nuts. Mosquitoes as usual very troublesome at night, and relieved at daylight by myriads of sand-flies."

This was Sunday, and the next day they started at a little past six; the weather clearer than usual, and more breeze stirring. Mr. Boggs was still very weak; Harwood also nearly gone, and both suffering very much for want of animal food; but Miller continued to bear up wonderfully against disease and debility. At ten they halted to breakfast, and rested until half past one, when the march was resumed. A very deep dry ravine and two smaller ones crossed their path this afternoon, down and up the banks of which they were compelled to struggle. "Still," says the journal, "much general complaint and debility; and it is no easy matter to muster strength and energy enough to provide the amount of subsistence absolutely necessary to enable the men to march." The weather—which was now narrowly watched—grew more unsettled and threatening. At 5 P. M. the party reached an Indian fishing-station, where abundance of wood was found; but the water was difficult of access, owing to the steepness of the river banks.

The morning of the 21st of March broke beautiful beyond conception after the dull, heavy, and depressing weather of the day before. The breeze, strong and refreshing, proved most grateful to the weary party; the more so, from the fact that the forest was generally close and stifling, owing to the density of the undergrowth. During the night all were aroused by a sound like the report of a heavy gun from the northward and eastward, and anxious looks and inquiries were exchanged; for they supposed it to be the nine o'clock gun of the *Cyane*. "This may be," says the journal; "but we now distrust our ears, having been so often deceived by the falling timber."

There is something inexpressibly mournful in these detached sentences, entered by a weak and half-starved man in his journal. The absence of all attempt at description; the resigned, almost humble, way of recording their sufferings and their steadily-increasing prostration, are more touching than the most elaborate narrative. It is like quietly counting our

own failing pulses as they beat slower and slower to the end. No mention is made of the cries and moans that made the whole atmosphere melancholy; no description of the long sleepless night under the stars, even the refreshment of sleep denied to the famished sufferers. Every day was a picture of woe and sadness indescribable. The piteous aspect of the wan face as it leaned against a tree for temporary support; the beseeching call to halt for a moment as the stronger disappeared in the forest; the hopeless prayer for food, and sometimes for death itself, made each day's journey more sad than a funeral procession. Unmanned by debility and protracted suffering and destitution, these strong men would, one after another, fling themselves on the ground and burst into a paroxysm of tears. But these sudden exhibitions of feeling did not seem to be the result of failing hope or despair, but the mere relief demanded by overtasked nature. Wound up to the last pitch of endurance it dissolved in tears. Truxton and Maury seemed to view them in this light; for when the paroxysm came on the men they would halt, and, leaning on their carbines, let it pass, and then order the march to be resumed. It was not death they feared; it was the desolate fate of being left alone in the woods that made those more suffering and feeble attempt to march. Again and again a poor wretch would sit down, declaring he could go no further; but as the forms of his comrades vanished in the forest, he would struggle up and stagger on after them. The weaker they grew, of course the less able they were to get food, and thus hunger and weakness acted on each other. Some of them wished they might get an Indian to eat him; and though the horrible thought may have occurred to some of devouring each other, it had as yet found no outward expression; nor could it, for still true to their high obligations, those officers retained their lofty character, and through it their supreme authority. Maury and Truxton especially, though but the wrecks of men, still cheered up the sufferers by words of hope; still hewed away at the undergrowth to clear a passage; still gathered nuts, wherever they could be found, to revive their sinking natures; and still kindled fires for them by night to enliven the gloom. Nothing more vividly displays the terrible straits to which they were reduced than the following incident. Truxton, one day, in casting his eye on the ground, saw a *toad*. Instantly snatching it up he bit off the head and spit it away, and then devoured the body. Maury looked at him a moment, and then picked up the rejected head, saying, "Well, Truxton, you are getting quite particular; something of an epicure, eh? to throw away the head;" and quietly devoured that himself. After his return, one, in questioning him about it, remarked, "Why, Maury, I thought that the head of a toad was poisonous?" "Oh," he replied, "that is a popular fallacy; but it is d—sh *bitter!*" It doubtless strikes every one as strange that

gentlemen, brought up in luxury, with refined tastes and fastidious as any of us, could be reduced to a state that would make such repulsive, loathsome food acceptable. But there is something stranger than all this to me; it is the extraordinary self-denial, and high sense of duty and honor, which, under circumstances so distressing, made them rob themselves to feed the men, and work on when all else had given out. To eat such disgusting food was strange, but to *refuse to eat palatable* food when in their possession, and bestow it on others, was far more strange and surprising.

Starvation reveals many curious psychological facts. As a rule, I think, it develops in an unnatural degree the strongest qualities that a man possesses; but circumstances modify this rule much. Among undisciplined masses ferocity and demoralization are certain results; but when its approaches are gradual, and directed and governed by noble example and the strong hand of authority, its effects are quite different. One phenomenon in this expedition, especially as it was not confined to one, but was exhibited by all the officers, not excepting even Strain at the last, deserves especial notice. From the time that food became scarce to the close, and just in proportion as famine increased, they did not gloat over visions of homely fare, but reveled in gorgeous dinners. So strangely and strongly did this whim get possession of their minds, that the hour of halting, when they could indulge undisturbed in these rich reveries, became an object of the deepest interest. While, hewing their way through the jungles, and wearied and overcome, they were ready to sink, they would cheer each other up by saying—"Never mind, when we go into camp we'll have a splendid supper," meaning, of course, the imaginary one they designed to enjoy. Truxton and Maury would pass hours in spreading tables loaded with every luxury they had ever seen or heard of. Over this imaginary feast they would gloat with the pleasure of a gourmand, apparently never perceiving the incongruity of the thing. They would talk this over while within hearing of the moans of the men, and on one occasion discussed the propriety of giving up, in future, all stimulating drinks, as they had been informed it weakened the appetite. As hereafter they designed if they ever got out to devote themselves entirely and exclusively for the rest of their lives to eating, they soberly concluded that it would be wrong to do any thing to lessen its pleasures or amount.

The journal continues: "Left No. 13 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M., after suffering less than usual from mosquitos. Vermilyea very poorly; lay down frequently, wandering in mind. After giving way to despair, threw away his blanket, and could not assist to carry a machete.

"Stopped at 9.15 to breakfast on palmetto, and started again at 1.30 P.M. Soon after starting Mr. Boggs was seized with a violent sickness at the stomach, and his frequent vomiting de-

layed the march very much, and little more than a mile has been made. Near camp crossed a very deep ravine. Neither on the march or in camp is there any disposition on the part of the men to assist in any thing requiring exertion, and but for the untiring efforts of the principal officers, neither provisions, fuel, or fire, could be had. Their strength is overtaxed, and *stand it much longer they can not.*

"They now light every fire, procure water, and collect fuel to cook either palmetto or nuts. Owing to the very debilitated condition of officers and men, no watches have been kept during the return march. About 10.30 P.M. a light sprinkling of rain, which lasted, with intervals, about three quarters of an hour. The remainder of the night clear, and passed with less annoyance from mosquitoes than usual."

"Wednesday, March 22. Clear beautiful morning. Left 14 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M. After marching a few yards Mr. Boggs became excessively ill, and was unable to move. Soon after Mr. Maury shot a bird, which was cooked for him." Only 600 yards had been made from camp, and even this distance he had with great difficulty and suffering accomplished. Having rested until mid-day he again attempted to move on, but immediately broke down. The principal officers then held a council on the course to be pursued in the event of the continued feebleness and helplessness of Mr. Boggs. It was apparent to all that he never would rally. The tone of his stomach and his physical strength were both entirely gone. As other members of the party were necessarily reduced while rendering him assistance in marching, it was deemed prudent to advise with Mr. Boggs on the resolution of the party to leave him, which had been unanimously carried. This course was the more imperative, as the taste for palmetto was fast declining with most of the men, some of whom with difficulty swallowed the tea made from it, while palm-nuts were getting scarcer every day. "It is now," says the journal, "becoming a point involving life and death to reach the banana plantation, and, indeed, some Indian village from whence to communicate the wants, suffering, and broken down condition of the party to the *Cyane*, if, as we fondly hope, she is still at Caledonia Bay. Mr. Kettlewell was deputed to speak seriously to Mr. Boggs without delay, and prepare him for being left behind should he not be able to proceed without further delaying the party. Mr. Boggs seemed somewhat prepared for this warning, and though he imparted to Mr. Kettlewell his last wishes in such case, yet with a remarkably strong tenacity for life, he did not despair entirely of future deliverance from consequences of abandonment." How touching this simple announcement. The day of grace, however, was lengthened, for just as they were about to leave him, Mr. Truxton, who had borne up against disease for some weeks, and avoided causing any delay of consequence, was suddenly attacked, and the party compelled to halt.

The journalist adds: "Mr. Boggs is respited until to-morrow, when, if he can not advance more steadily, he is to share the fate of former sufferers. He is the first officer we have been called upon to abandon. After frequent delays we reached camp about one mile ahead, where Messrs. Boggs and Truxton were attended to. Here we cut down some sour nut-trees, with great fatigue to the few who were able to assist. The fires enlivened the gloom of the forest until a late hour.

"*Thursday, March 23.* Left 15 Return Camp at 6.30 A.M. Mr. Truxton better, but dreading the effects of the march. Mr. Boggs hopeful of his ability to proceed. Mr. Garland suffering acutely, and Harwood fearful of not being able to accomplish the day's march.

"Philip Vermilyea requested Mr. Kettlewell to mite down his last requests, and then laid himself down in despair; and at another time requested that a tin pot, some nuts, and a blanket and a batchet might be given him. All of these requests were complied with, though the different articles were so necessary to the party, and with the most melancholy presentiments leave was taken of the dying man, when the march was continued.

"Nearly half a mile from camp, two hunches of ripe nuts were found, which the party with few exceptions greedily devoured, reserving for the future those which were not absolutely necessary to appease their immediate hunger."

While plucking these nuts Vermilyea came staggering up. The gloom and desolation of the forest as he found himself alone and abandoned, were more than he could bear, and rousing himself by a desperate effort, he had pushed on in the track of the party. As he joined them they gave him a part of the nuts they had gathered, which revived him much, and he declared he was able to go on. Further on some acid nut-trees were found, but as it would take a long time in their feeble state to cut them down, and as the entire party, with the exception of Maury and Kettlewell, were exceedingly prostrated, it was determined to encamp at this point, solacing themselves for the little distance they had made by the strange delusive promise that on the morrow they would proceed by longer marches to the plantations, but seven camps distant. Cherishing this delusive dream they stretched themselves on the ground, while Maury and Kettlewell built the fire in which to roast the few acid nuts which had been obtained. These two officers, with two or three more not so much prostrated, then went down the bank to cool the fever of their sores, and refresh themselves with a bath. To a mere looker on, the camp this night would have presented a most heart-rending spectacle. It was plain that not more than two or three could ever reach the banana plantations, while four or five must be left in the morning to starve and to die. Three knew that their fate was sealed, and looked forward to their abandonment the next day with the calm, stern eye of

despair. Their young commander, Truxton, would in all human probability never lead them again. Weighed down with the terrible responsibility of so many lives resting on his exertions—taking on himself the toil which properly belonged to the men, and at the same time denying himself food for their sustenance, he had borne nobly up till the sudden attack produced by eating some unknown berries. His gallant spirit and courage would naturally keep him up to the last moment, and when he broke down the prostration would be sudden and complete. That catastrophe had now arrived, and no one was so much aware of it as himself. As he lay with his head resting against the root of a tree—his clothes in rags, his face wan, his dark eye sunken and sad, while the blood streamed from his hands, which the thorns had pierced as he cut a path through them with his knife—he presented a spectacle that would draw tears from stones. He felt that the sands of life were almost run, and that those whom he had struggled so hard to feed must leave him to starve and to die. Boggs, a young man of fortune, and who had joined the expedition as an amateur, lay near him. It was plain that he had made his last march. He was engaged to be married to a young lady in Illinois, and visions of her, together with the thronging memories of the past and gloomy forebodings of the future, swept over his spirit as he pondered the morrow. Tall and well formed, he lay a wasted skeleton along the ground. His doom was sealed. A few steps off, in the men's camp, the spectacle was still more harrowing. Some were sitting on the ground with their heads doubled to their knees, so as to press the stomach together, and lessen the gnawings of hunger; while others lay upon their backs, gazing sadly on the sky. The smoke of their fire curled peacefully up amidst the trees, whose tops glittered in the golden light of the tropical sun, as he sunk away toward the Pacific, which had been so long the goal of their efforts, and the only hope of their salvation. Harwood, a young man, twenty-two years of age, was also sitting up, and doubled together—a mere bundle of rags. His eye, which was black and piercing, had sunk far away into his head, and, with his long-neglected hair hanging down over his shoulders, gave an unearthly aspect to his whole appearance. He knew that his marching was over. Beside him, in the same posture, and almost naked, sat another young man, named Miller, who was also to be left in the morning. But little was said between them, but that little related to the dreadful fate before them. A short distance from these sat Harrison, leaning against a tree. He was about thirty-two years of age, a tall, powerful man, but now wasted to a skeleton, and but half covered with rags. His features, originally, were strongly marked, and now the shriveled skin, drawn tightly over the large lines of his face, gave to his countenance the expression of intense anguish. He had been one of the best men of the party, but starvation

had done its work, and he too had taken his last step toward the banana plantations. A little farther off lay Vermilyea, also a tall man, with light hair, and, when in health, possessed of handsome features. He had been a true and faithful man to the last, and borne up with a spirit and resolution that astonished every one. He lay with his skeleton arms flung out upon the ground, from which he could not rise even to a sitting posture. The last vestige of strength had been exhausted in the effort to rejoin the party, after he had been left an hour before to die. Thus they sat and lay around—a skeleton group—watching the declining day, and thinking of the dread to-morrow. To them, and to the stronger, the thought of separation was bitter in the extreme. A common suffering had bound them together, but stern necessity must now divide them.

All was silent and sad as the setting sun sent long shadows through the forest, save an occasional moan, or a half-stifled sob, or a low prayer for food or for death. There was no keenness to their anguish, for the energies of nature were so wholly exhausted that the heart and soul had become benumbed, and almost stupefied. A settled gloom, a still despair, an appalling resignation, characterized each man, as he sat and brooded over his fate. But in this darkest hour of their trials, and just as night was descending on the forest, a report like that of a musket was heard down the river. Maury, who was standing on the shore, shouted, "Truxton, I hear a gun; shall I fire?" "Yes," replied Truxton, but never stirred. "But I am loaded with slugs" (the ammunition was getting low). "Never mind—fire away," said Truxton; and the sharp report rung through the forest. In a few moments Maury exclaimed again, "*I see boats and Indians!*" "Do you see *Strain!*?" eagerly inquired Truxton, still refusing to rise. "*I see white men!*" shouted Maury, the exclamation piercing like lightning every wasted frame. "*Do you see STRAIN?*" was still the agonized question of the young commander, as he lay stretched on the ground. There was a moment's pause, when the bewildering cry—"I see *Strain!* I see *Strain!*" brought Truxton, like an electric touch, to his feet, and he staggered toward the shore. Oh, who can describe the delirious excitement of that moment, as poor human nature attempted to struggle up the steeps of despair to hope and life once more!

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.

THE DOG, DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

IT would seem to be the beneficent order of Providence, that man should be surrounded with inferior animals under his control, which, by their capacities, make up for the defects of his physical power. He has the horse, and can command his strength; and, more than all, he has the dog—the most intelligent of animals—to become his servant and friend. In order that the dog should belong wholly to man, he has been form-



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

ed eminently for friendship and devotion, even at the sacrifice of much of the instinctive passions all animals have for their own kind; for the dog cares more for the society of his human friends than he does for that of his own species.

Abel, the second son of Adam, is mentioned as a keeper of sheep; the dog, therefore, was probably the second animal tamed by man, for, as the companion of the shepherd, he has been known in all time. The race undoubtedly originated in the family of the wolf and the jackal; and even now, when circumstances have occurred to cause the dog to live in a wild state, he assumes more or less the wolfish form and expression. In fact, dogs belonging to our Indian tribes and those which so infest the suburbs of Oriental cities, appear to be but little removed in physical form from the supposed original type. It has been suggested, with apparent truth, that the dog being coeval with man in the East, must have aided in a very great degree in the superior early civilization of Asia. Having the dog, the indigenous races had time to spare from the



THE JACKAL.

painful labors of the chase to create the blessings of industry. Hence the origin of the arts and trades, and a key to the difference in the civilization between the old and new continents; for the dog was unknown to America before it was introduced by European discoverers.



THE WOLF.

Although there exists a strange animosity between the dog and wolf, yet their habits are not dissimilar, and circumstances occur in which they form friendly relations and live in brotherhood. The wild dog—or, rather, the dog by accident returned to a wild state—will unite with the wolf to attack a beast, when the combination is necessary to insure victory. The dog and the wolf pursue the same system in hunting; while some are in ambuscade, others lead and give voice on the trail, to indicate to their accomplices the direction of the animal pursued. The half-savage hunters of the wilds of the Cape of Good Hope and of the forests of America, hold in high estimation the dogs which are runaways from civilization, and try by every art in their power to get possession of their leaders. The wolf cub can be trained to the service of man, and evidence exists that they are capable of the strongest attachment, and highly susceptible of cultivation.

The first dog that hunted in company with man, following the mighty Nimrod, was unquestionably a species of tawny greyhound, still to be seen in Syria and Egypt, and powerful enough to seize and strangle the wild boar. All nations of classic antiquity have in turn claimed the honor of the birth-place of the hunting-dog. The Greek mythology has many legends, the most striking of which is, that the twins of Leda first followed game, and we have Castor and Pollux among the stars still engaged in their favorite pursuits.

The type of the primitive animal is best preserved, among those familiar to us, in the European shepherd dog. It is a light animal, cut for the course, with eyes piercing, ears fine and straight, air alert and spiritual. Its coat of hair is rough, and its tail sweeps the ground. All hunting-dogs that we now possess proceed from this breed. In the ear of the dog we most discover the effects of domestication. The finer,

more hanging and tremulous is this organ, the more the animal departs from the original type. (See how truly artificial are the dogs given in the illustration on the preceding page, copied from Landseer.) In the jackal, the wolf, and the purest shepherd dog, the ears are erect and pointed as a cat's; in fact, no wild animal of prey has pendent ears. The butcher-boy, with the instinct of a savage nature, trims up the ears of his bull-dog, and destroys with the knife the evidences of long slavery and civilization, thus restoring the head of his favorite to the truly ferocious expression, originally impressed by the Creator himself.

The dog is nowhere spoken of with kindness in the Old Testament or the New; and the Jews in the Eastern countries retain their dislike to the animal even to this day. Their example has not been lost upon the Turks; for with them the dog has no owner, and is simply permitted to exist as the scavenger of the streets. The consequence is, that the dog of the East has degenerated below the standard of the true savage; for, in his questionable position, like the half-civilized Indian, he retains none of the virtues of his original state, and acquires all the vices of artificial society. "In the East," says a distinguished traveler, "the dog loses all his good qualities; he is no longer the faithful animal, attached to his master, and ready to defend him even at the expense of his life; on the contrary, he is cruel and blood-thirsty—a gloomy egotist, cut off from all human intercourse, but not the less a slave."

Homer has used the faithfulness of the dog to give point to one of his most beautiful episodes. Ulysses, for many years a wanderer, returns to his home so altered in his appearance that the most beloved of human friends did not recognize him.

"The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew;
Him when he saw, he rose and crawl'd to meet—
"Twas all he could—and fawn'd, and kissed his feet."

In the great church at Delft, in Holland, is a magnificent mausoleum, erected in 1609, to William, first Prince of Orange; at the feet of the statue reclines a dog, which, tradition says, received such honor because he died of grief at the murder of his master.

Lord Byron had the rare experience, he writes, of having a once faithful dog forget him after a long separation. We doubt the fact, and ascribe the incident to that morbid misanthropy that discolored every thing in the poet's mind. It is probable, that returning to Newstead Abbey, his face darkened by passion and his disposition soured, he, unconsciously to himself, repulsed the first advances of his canine friend, and afterward magnified the incident, and used it to close a couplet written in the darklings of his saddest muse. We are confirmed in this opinion, because later in life he says:

"The poor dog! In life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend:
Whose honest heart is still his master's own;
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him alone."

In treating of dogs, and in giving anecdotes of their sagacity, the question is powerfully forced upon the mind of the most casual thinker as to where instinct ends and reason begins. The great difference between animals and plants is the presence of the mental system; for we think that whenever a dog, or any other animated creature, sees, hears, or remembers, he evinces the possession of mind, which is another term for the action of the brain and nervous system. The term instinct is vague and unsatisfactory; it is the dark hiding-place of all who do not, or care not to think; for it is almost as difficult to separate the acts of instinct from the acts of the mind in human beings as it is in the lower orders of animals.

Every created thing that has a brain, has a memory, has a past, and applies its experience for the benefit of its future happiness. An old dog in a bear-hunt is as cautious of Bruin's teeth as an old broker is of suspicious stocks; and both act on the same principle—the recollection of being *bitten* "in a previous transaction." Insects, even, show memory and force of habit. Destroy a hive and its inhabitants—obliterate every vestige of its having been, and the few straggling bees that escape the general destruction, will for days hover over the very spot in which they were accustomed to deposit their honey, and be indefatigable in trying to hunt up their old home. Ants have friendships and antipathies; and is it therefore strange that the dog, formed for the companion of man, should have a correspondingly high development of mind? He is therefore indeed intelligent, and appears only to lack voice to give evidence of having a soul.

The dog is grateful, chivalrous, patient under adversity, and the truest of friends. He is subject to seasons of joyous exhilaration and fits of despondency. He appreciates refined society, and will often die rather than accept the company inferior to his caste. Upon comprehending the value of having a broken limb set by a surgeon, he can impart his knowledge to his fellow dogs, and bring the unfortunate of his race limping to the doctor's door. He can distinguish the intention of the knife cutting into his flesh to remove a tumor, and, amidst his pain, give forth the most affecting signs of gratitude. He does a thousand things which often display even more capacity than is manifested by some of the unfortunate sons of the human race. Where, therefore, we repeat, does reason begin and instinct end? What is the intrinsic difference between Carlo and Newton?

Man, and man alone, understands the properties of matter, and from induction as well as experience, provides for the necessities of life. In all things which most display the sagacity of animals, man is his superior. In endurance, he can tire down and kill the horse; on the trail he is more sagacious than the hound; by knowing all the laws of nature, he swims with the fish, flies with the bird; by delicate instruments, he rivals the insects in the knowledge of the

changes in the atmosphere; and by arms, he overcomes the fiercest beasts of prey. The reason of animals, it is said, is limited to memory enlightened by experience—yet we may well repeat—

"Remembrance and reflection how allied,
What thin partitions sense from thought divide."

The intelligence of man, on the contrary, has no limits—the past and the present conduct him into the future; and herein he so immeasurably surpasses the brute creation. The quality of mind is the same, it differs only in the extent.

John Randolph, who was the acutest of metaphysicians, said he knew a dog once that, in pursuit of his master, came to a place where three roads branched off—the dog ran down one road and carefully scented the earth, then ran down the second road and carefully scented it, without further hesitation he rapidly took the third road and accomplished his purpose. Randolph said the argument in the dog's mind was as follows: "My master, I perceive, when he came to these forks, did not take either of the two roads I examined; therefore, he must have taken the third"—thus affording an example of absolute induction, the highest effort of the reasoning power.

In giving portraits and histories of dogs, we shall commence with the lowest grade of the race, and proceed to those justly remarkable for their reasoning powers.



THE BULL DOG.

The Bull Dog is the most brutal and the least intelligent of its species; its depressed forehead, its underhanging jaw, and bloodshot eyes, unite in forming the very personification of the savage. Although capable of some attachment, it can not be relied upon as a friend. So utterly without intellect is the courage of the bull dog, that it will attack any thing that gives offense. This dog has never been a pet in the United States; but in England, among a large class of citizens, it is carefully raised, and employed in bull-baits—exhibitions that find no parallel for brutality in any other country, savage or refined. In these bull-baits the dog, while fastened to the nose of some unfortunate bull, has had one leg after another cut off with a knife, to test its courage; and this display has been hailed by the plaudits of the "rural population," and by the

encouragement of the scions of the nobility! History relates that Alexander once witnessed a bull dog attack a tamed lion, and being willing to save the lion's life, ordered the dog to be taken off, "but the labor of men and all their strength was too little to loosen those ireful and deep-biting teeth." The dog was then mutilated by its keeper after the English fashion, and not only its limbs, but its body were severed from the head; "whereat the king was wonderfully moved, and sorrowfully repented his rashness in destroying a beast of so noble a spirit"—a very natural feeling, one would suppose, to every generous mind.

Many years ago an English ship was at one of our docks, on board of which was a bull dog. The animal was so ferocious that he gained an extensive reputation. Chained at the gangway of the ship, he spent the livelong day in the hopeless task of springing at every person who passed along, either on pleasure or business. The owner, first mate of the vessel, would sit for hours and detail the wonderful deeds of this mighty dog. Crowds of idlers daily collected, and there stood the hero, or rather, there raved the insane creature at the multitude, each individual indulging the vague hope, that he would presently break loose and pitch into somebody, and thus show his prowess.

Among the idlers was an Indian who occasionally visited the city, and made a few pence by shooting an arrow at pennies stuck in the end of a stick. Upon the very appearance of the Indian, the bull dog was particularly violent, greatly to the amusement of the fellow, who took a malicious pleasure in irritating the animal. The mate finally interfered, and told the Indian to go away, lest the dog might break loose and eat him up. The Indian, not the least alarmed, in broken English announced to the crowd that if the dog was brought down to the ground, and chained to a post, he would, for five dollars, fight the dog with nothing but his hands and teeth. The money was raised, and the mate, after expressing much reluctance at the idea of having the Indian killed, brought the dog down from the ship, and fastened him to a post. The Indian put away his bow and arrow, his knife, laid his neck bare, and rolled up his shirt sleeves. A ring was formed, and the battle commenced.

The Indian approached the dog crawling on all fours, barking and growling, as if he was one himself. The bull dog meanwhile jumped and fumed at the end of his chain, gnashed his teeth, foamed at the mouth, while his eyes beamed living fire with irritation. The Indian, however, kept up his pantomime, and gradually brought his face in fearful proximity to the dog's teeth. The mate now interfered, for he felt confident the Indian would get killed; but the crowd had

become excited, and insisted upon "seeing the thing out." A mutual silence ensued between the combatants, the dog straining his chain in his anxiety to reach the Indian, until it was as straight and solid as a bar of iron. Suddenly the Indian seized the bull dog's under-lip between his teeth, and in an instant whirled himself with the dog, over on his back. So unexpected was the attack, and so perfectly helpless was the dog, with his feet in the air and his jaw imprisoned, that he recovered his astonishment only to give forth yells of pain; whereupon the Indian shook him a moment as a cat does a mouse, and then let go his hold. The dog, once so savage, putting his tail between his legs, retreated from his enemy, and screamed with terror to get beyond the reach of the chain.

The Mastiff is familiar and widely celebrated



THE MASTIFF.

as the popular watch-dog. He was known in England in the earliest times, and attracted the attention of her Roman conquerors, who selected the most powerful, and sent them to the "Eternal City," where they enacted prominent and bloody parts in the Amphitheatre, in tearing down wild beasts, and human victims sacrificed for the amusement of the population. The mastiff is deeply attached to his master, but implacable to strangers. His hearing must be very fine, for he instantly distinguishes between the tread of the inmates of the household which he guards and intruders, and will announce by his sharp bark the arrival of the burglar or thief, the instant they touch the premises, however cautious they may be. The mastiff, when treated with kindness, becomes affectionate and intelligent, without losing any of its qualities as a valuable guardian of property.

The Terrier is a small, delicate dog, some of them being of exquisite symmetry. They are famous for their courage, and also for their intelligence. Almost equal to the spaniel in attachment, they are great pets with young people, and



THE TERRIER.

join in the sports of the juveniles with a glee that is quite inspiring. Terriers seem to have been designed especially to kill rats, for they are indefatigable in their pursuit, and will do an incredible amount of hard labor to unearth the vermin. Their courage is wonderful; they attack the fox and the otter in their holes, and generally come off victors. On one occasion we were engaged in a bear hunt, and among the pack of stout hounds was a little terrier, that ran off from the plantation, and, apparently out of pure mischief, kept up with the running dogs. Bruin was finally brought to bay, and when the hunters came up they found him on his hind-legs, the hounds forming a circle at a respectful distance from him, while the ridiculous little terrier was inside of the ring, snarling and growling, and occasionally rendering the bear perfectly insane with fury, by attempting to seize his legs.

The dexterity of the terrier in destroying rats is illustrated by exhibitions, where a dog is matched to kill a certain number of rats in a given time. A ring is prepared, the vermin are brought in bags, and, to the amount of a hundred, put into it. The dog is then set over the railing. The rats—most ferocious animals when cornered—finding escape impossible, will turn *en masse* on the dog, and seize hold of him, and hang on, until the terrier's head and shoulders



SCOTTISH TERRIER.

are absolutely concealed from view. Meanwhile the courageous little creature, with immense rapidity and certainty, selects his victims, and, giving them a single bite in the loins, continues his work until all the rats are dead, finishing the hundred in seven or eight minutes.

The Scotch Terrier is similar in habits to the one already noticed, but very different in personal appearance. His hair is long and wiry, concealing his eyes and symmetry of form. The principal beauty of some of these coarse-haired terriers consists in their ugliness. They are all faithful and useful, and can appeal to every one for sympathy, on the poetical principle, that "handsome is who handsome does."

The Greyhound is the fleetest of all dogs; his form indicates his power of speed, being more light and airy than even the deer. He is principally used in "coursing," when he chases, by sight, the hare over the open country. The speed of the greyhound is very little inferior to



THE GREYHOUND.

the best horses, and in a broken country would probably outstrip the fleetest of them. Although this graceful animal hunts by sight only, his scent is very exquisite, as will be seen in the following anecdote: A hound, quite celebrated, was brought from Glasgow to Edinburgh in the boot of a coach, a distance of forty-two miles. A few days afterward she made her escape, and returned to her kennel. This hound must have followed the track she scented in the air in her journey to Edinburgh. The greyhound was the favorite of the ancient Greeks; his form frequently appears upon their best sculptures; he was the inmate of their houses, and fed from the family table. The beauty of the form of the greyhound is wonderfully harmonious with the delicate sentiment so peculiar to all Grecian art, and under the training of that wonderful people their qualities were more fully developed than in modern times.

The group of dogs claiming the most attention is the one known as Spaniels, including specimens of the race most remarkable for their docility and affectionate disposition. These good qualities are eminently combined with such unexceptionable beauty, that they are al-

ways favorites. Their fur is long and silky, sometimes curled or crisp; the ears are large and pendent, and the expression of the countenance pleasing and intelligent.



THE WATER SPANIEL.

The Water Spaniel belongs to this group, and is remarkable for his fondness for water. He is the able assistant of sportsmen in hunting the wild duck. It is supposed he was originally from Spain, and is probably descended from the large water-dog and English setter. From the moment he attaches himself to his owner, the intensity of his affection is scarcely conceivable; and he is apparently never happy unless near his master's person, resting his head upon his foot, lying upon some portion of his apparel, with his eye intently fixed upon his master, and even studying the slightest expression of his countenance.

The Setter is supposed to be the spaniel, improved in size and beauty, and by many is preferred to the pointer, in pursuit of small game. He is one of the most artificial of dogs, not enthusiastic in his disposition, and is somewhat forgetful of his training. Toussnel, who is very meritorious and very French, speaking of the setter, has the following rhapsody, in which is concealed a great deal of truth: "The setter is a product of art, as much as the Queen Claude plum or double rose; he is a dumb dog, grafted on the running dog, and which returns to the wild stock, like the double rose, when the graft fails to take effect." The setter has in his favor elegance of form, vigor of muscles, and power of thought; but he is not faithful, as has been too often asserted. The setter allows himself to be beloved by greenhorns, but he never loves any other than the accomplished hunter. We remember in our youth of having often suffered from the contempt of a setter named Ajax, whom we courted every day with wings of fowls and other delicate attentions, and who flattered us in return by every expression of his good-will while at the table, but in the field he no longer knew us.

The Pointer is used by field sportsmen to find

out the spot where the game lies. He ranges the fields ahead of his master, scents the partridge and quail, and then remains with his head pointing to the spot where the game may happen to be, with an inflexible purpose, that makes him appear for the time as if carved in stone. In this attitude he continues until the gun is discharged, reloaded, and the sportsman has reached the place whence the bird "sprung." It is related that a pointer accompanying a shooting party proceeded to a wall, leaped on it, but apparently got her leg fastened among the stones, and thus remained until the gentlemen came up. Upon examination, it was found that the intelligent creature had got the scent of some partridges on the opposite side of the wall, and fearing lest her rude appearance in the adjoining field should flush them before the sportsmen were within shooting distance, she suspended herself by her fore-paws until they came up. The moment, however, she was satisfied that the sportsmen understood her *ruse*, she leaped into the field, and the game was thus secured.



THE POINTER.

The Fox Hound and Beagle are not very dissimilar in form and habits. They both follow their game by the scent. The fox hound, as



THE FOX HOUND.

its name implies, is used for hunting Reynard, and in every country where this exciting sport is followed, is raised with the greatest care, and immense sums of money are lavished to keep up "packs." The speed of the fox-hound is quite equal to that of the best horses, which shows how perfectly it is adapted to the chase. In England the fox-hound is so much a favorite, that it is no figurative expression to say that more books have been written upon its training, and more attention has been paid to its proper development, than ever was lavished upon the poor people of the same country. The man who has charge of a gentleman's dogs, is of more importance than the teacher of the gentleman's sons; the poor curate may be a very brute, if he only knows Latin and Greek; but the gentleman who has charge of the dogs, Mr. Beckford says, "must be young, strong, active, bold, and enterprising. He should be sensible, good-tempered, sober, exact, and cleanly—a good groom, and an excellent horseman. His voice should be clear and strong, with an eye so quick as to perceive which of his hounds carries the scent when all are running, and an ear so excellent as to distinguish the leading hounds when he does not see them. He should be quiet, patient, and without conceit. Such are the qualities which constitute perfection in the man who takes care of the dogs. He should not," continues Mr. Beckford, "be too fond of displaying them until called forth by necessity, it being a peculiar and distinguishing trait in his character, to let his hounds alone while they hunt, and have genius to assist them when they can not." Here are qualities that sum up all human perfection, requisites demanded that have never been deemed necessary to train the heir to a throne, but which are positively essential, to get a fox-hound fairly up to its Cambridge and Eton degree.

Our space will not permit us to particularize the residences of the English fox-hound. They are really as splendid as art and human ingenuity, brought down to the level of a dog's wants, can make them—even the most ordinary specimens having the corners of the doorways rounded, lest they should injure the dog as he passes in and out. We have seen plans and directions for building kennels that provide for palaces, lawns, and all the "modern improvements" in house warming and ventilation, and which sink into sublime nothingness the much-cherished American work dedicated to the protection of human beings, and known as "Downing's Landscape Gardening."

The Beagle, although (as we have already observed) similar in its habits to the fox-hound, yet is very diminutive, being scarcely ten inches high, and a running pack is much admired, because they keep close together—a trait of beauty and utility combined. The beagle is slow, and is sometimes followed by hunters on foot, and its principal game is the hare. The animated manners of the little beagle, flourishing among



THE BEAGLE.

the hedges and out-of-the-way places in search of game, is exceedingly interesting, and affords juveniles, as well as older hunters, never-ending amusement. The custom in England has been to carry the beagle pack to "the ground" in bags borne by a horse; this was to keep them from forming any attachments, or from being attracted with things "met by the way."



THE KING CHARLES.

This diminutive little creature has received much of its celebrity from the fact that it was a great favorite with the merry monarch, Charles II., and frequently appears upon the pictures of the court beauties painted by Kneller and Lely. The King Charles dog is nothing but a pet, and beyond its silken ears, lustrous eyes, and soft covering, has nothing to recommend it, as it possesses none of the intelligent traits so peculiar to the larger representatives of its species.



THE BLOOD-HOUND.

The fearful Blood-hound has a scent keener than any other dog; for it is less particular than

any other of its species what it pursues, and seems to readily acquire a passion for hunting human beings. These dogs have obtained an infamous reputation, by the abuse made of them in early times by the Spaniards, who, by their assistance, hunted down and killed the unoffending natives of their American possessions. Two or three centuries ago, it was much used in England and Scotland, not only to track felons, but to pursue the victims of political offenses. They were kept at one time in great numbers on the borders of Scotland, and not only set on the trail of moss-troopers, but upon fugitive royalty. Bruce was repeatedly tracked by these dogs, and, on one occasion, only escaped death from their jaws by wading a considerable distance up a brook, and thus baffling their scent. A sure way of stopping the dog was to spill blood, and thus destroy its discriminating powers: a captive was sometimes sacrificed on such occasions. A story of William Wallace is related as follows: The hero's little band had been joined by an ally, a dark, savage, suspicious character. After a sharp skirmish at Black-erneside, Wallace was forced to retreat with only sixteen followers. The English pursued with a Border blood-hound. In the retreat the ally tired, or affected to do so, and would go no further. Wallace having in vain argued with him, in hasty anger struck off his head, and continued his retreat; the English came up, but the hound refused to leave the dead body, and thus the fugitive escaped.



DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

This magnificent breed is peculiar to the Alps, and to the country between Switzerland and Savoy. The passes over these mountains are exceedingly dangerous; a precipice of many hundred feet is often on one side, and perpendicular rocks on the other, while the path is glazed with, or hidden by, snow and ice. Often, indeed, the overhanging rocks are suddenly relieved of their superabundant snow, and it comes down in huge avalanches on the traveler beneath. Should he escape these dangers, his pathway is obliterated, and he wanders amidst the dreary solitudes until night overtakes him.

The hand of death approaches under the insidious guise of desiring to sleep, and if he indulges in the boon he will wake no more. On the top of Mont St. Bernard, and near one of the most dangerous passes, was a convent in which was preserved a breed of large dogs, trained to search for and relieve the benighted wanderer. On any threatening and stormy night these faithful guardians were sent out, and by their exquisite scent they could discover the hapless and perhaps already snow-covered traveler. Having thus succeeded, they would fall to work with their huge paws and soon clear away the snow; and by continually uttering a deep bark, that would echo among the mountains, the monks would soon learn that some wretch was in peril, and hastening toward the sound, often succeed in rekindling the vital spark ere it had gone out forever. One of these noble dogs obtained a European reputation, and always wore a medal round his neck, as a sign of honorable distinction; for he had saved the lives of forty persons. Some of the most effective pictures of Swiss artists are scenes in their native mountain-passes of groups of peasantry lost in the snow, and hailing the appearance of the Bernardine dog. Most of our readers will remember the popular engraving representing the animal, with a flask about his neck, solicitously licking the face of a dead man he has just dug from the shroud of the avalanche.

Recently, the Mont St. Bernard has been "turned" by a railroad; the ancient pass, so celebrated by tourists, and so wrought into the history of Napoleon, need no longer be pursued to take the wayfarer from the north to the sunny plains of Italy. The deserted monks have moved their hostelry down the side of the mountains, to administer to the luxurious tastes rather than to the terrible necessities of travelers. We very much fear that they will degenerate from the stern virtues so long their heritage in the inhospitable regions of the upper air, and that their noble race of dogs, now no longer necessary to save life, will also be conquered by effeminate habits; and, losing the admirable qualities of their ancestors, sink into ignoble obscurity.

The favorite dog—the Newfoundland—is one of the largest of his race. He is said to have originated (though we can see no reason for the supposition) in the country bearing his name, where he is used and abused by the humbler classes of the inhabitants, in hauling carts filled with fish in the summer, and drawing sleds loaded with wood in the winter. They are ever faithful and good-natured; in fact, the pleasantest, and one of the most useful animals to be met with in seaport towns. In England he is highly appreciated, and individuals have become quite celebrated for saving people from drowning in the Thames, or from ships wrecked at



THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

sea. A large portrait of a Newfoundland dog is quite popular even in this country. The dog is represented with a medal round his neck, upon which is inscribed "A distinguished member of the humane society." Illustrative of his usefulness in saving life, is the well-authenticated anecdote of a vessel that was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help, but no boat could live in endeavoring to go to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by a Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning; springing into the sea, he fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The noble creature dropped the one in his mouth, and seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master; a line of communication was thus formed with the boat, and all on board were saved.

But the most interesting and useful of all the class of dogs we have been describing, and of all dogs whatever, is the companion of the shepherd. As a guardian of sheep he is more perfect than in any other pursuit, for the shepherd dog frequently acts independently of his master, and takes at times entire control of his helpless charge. Sheep are the favorite food of all wild dogs and of wolves; and it is also a fact, that the shepherd dog is nearer the original type of his race than any other. With this knowledge we can form some idea of the immense power the shepherd dog's education has over his original nature, to make him not only

forego destroying the tender lamb, but also sacrifice his entire life to its protection. In Scotland and Spain, the shepherd dog forms a prominent object of rural life, and is appreciated as one of the greatest blessings of a beneficent Providence. In Scotia, Hogg and Burns both commenced life upon their native bleak hills, watching their flocks, with no other constant companion than the faithful dog; it is not only truly interesting, but really affecting to read the passionate outpourings of these two sons of song in his praise. With all their imagination and heartiness, they never found language sufficiently strong to do justice to their feelings of admiration. Hogg acknowledges that he "never felt so grateful to *any creature* under the sun as he did to his honest Sirrah!"

Burns, in equally passionate language, writes, "that the master is the soul of the dog; all the powers and faculties of its nature are devoted to his master's service; and these powers and faculties are ennobled by the intercourse." He concludes, "Divines tell us that it ought just to be so with the Christian; but the dog puts the Christian to shame."

That the shepherd dog was specially designed for the purposes to which it is devoted, is powerfully suggested in the singular trait of its history; that more than any other of its species it retains, in spite of every circumstance, its peculiar character. While other dogs degenerate or improve, or have their radical qualities obliterated, the shepherd dog seems to have innate energy enough to overcome every other blood, and ever remain the same, confirming the opinion, that the shepherd dog stock is the most perfect of the whole species.



THE SHEPHERD DOG.

It is safe to say that commerce is indebted for the wool which appears in so many costly fabrics to the watchful care of the shepherd dog, for the master could not raise the staple, so as to supply it at reasonable prices,

without the animal's assistance. A single shepherd and one dog will do the work of twenty men; and yet, while thus occupying a position so important, absolutely feeding and clothing his protectors, the dog is satisfied with the hardest fare and most meagre food, living and rejoicing alone in the approving smiles of his master's eye.

The shepherd dogs of Spain and Mexico are the finest in the world, and, armed with an iron collar covered with points, are a match for the most savage wolf. One thousand sheep require the attention of two men and two dogs. The manner of training them in the countries alluded to is interesting: the puppies, at their birth, are taken from their mother and suckled by a ewe previously deprived of her lambs. The consequence is, that the dogs associate at once with the sheep, become attached to particular flocks, and seem to feel a degree of affection that would naturally spring up in generous minds toward those to whose fostering care they were so much indebted.

Landseer—who devotes his great genius to painting the few domestic animals of England—has produced portraits of hounds, pointers, and shepherd dogs that vie favorably, in good looks and intelligence, with many of the representatives of another class of “the English nobility.” His great triumph has been a picture of two shepherd dogs, lying on a rock, just beneath which is sheltered an ewe and twin lambs. These dogs are, indeed, the protectors of the flocks—one is gazing in the distance for his master, the other looks down, with silken eyelash and beaming eye, upon the helpless charge beneath, expressing a tenderness and concern that has rarely been surpassed in the thousand *Madonnas* which have been the pride of art, and considered the acme of human maternity.

Having completed our list of dogs, illustrative of the best known varieties, we add two by way of ornament: one, the envy of certain beaux; the other, famous for its intelligence. “The ladies’ pet” is the modern King Charles spaniel; but so degenerate from the original breed as to retain little else of its excellences than



THE LADIES' PET.

the soft coating of fur and silken ears. The short muzzle and round vulgar forehead of the bull-dog makes it decidedly repulsive. The eye has increased in size until it has become a deformity, and its stupid expression corresponds with the mental development of this happy creature. Such are the dogs that noble dukes and duchesses make companions of, and humble people imitate the example. They can be seen in England, and occasionally in our own country, lolling their unmeaning heads out of a carriage-window, and casting looks of apparent contempt upon the poor passers-by. What is the charm about them to ladies is past our comprehension. The example attending the devotion of the sex to such pets injures society; for bipeds, anxious to gain a smile from lips so often buried in the lap-dog's fur, descend themselves into imitations of the veriest puppies, making it questionable which is most degraded—the ambition, or the taste that demands such qualities in the conventional lords of the creation. We can not admire too much the lady, who congratulated herself that her lap-dog escaped any serious injury from biting the extremities of her accepted lover.



JUNO.

Juno was a dog in which were mingled the blood of the spaniel and Newfoundland, and descended from a family remarkable for intelligence; for with dogs, even more than with men, talents are hereditary. This playful, intelligent creature, without any instruction, performed so many feats that she won a wide celebrity. So fond was she of her reasoning playmates, that she would at any time abandon her puppies to have a romp with the children. As a nurse, she took care of “the baby,” and would follow it about, pick up its playthings, rock its cradle, and carefully restore to its hands the “chicken bone,” for the moment dropped on the floor. Having once accompanied her master on a fishing excursion, she afterward would dig angle-worms, draw the fishing-rod from its hooks, and insist in the stable that the horse should be saddled, and then lead the animal by the bridle up to the door. Her kind care extended to the chickens and ducks, and if any of the little ones were lamed or died, she at nightfall took them

to their respective owners, and thrust them under the maternal wings. When the garden was made Juno seemed to admire the nicely-arranged beds, and throughout the whole summer, looked through the palings with indignation at what she supposed to be the intruding plants in the nicely-prepared ground.

Juno never would allow the servants to possess in peace any property once belonging to her master, mistress, or their children, which was not formally given away in her presence; in that case, she never noticed the articles at all. In New Orleans this dog attracted a great deal of attention, because she would not touch the poisoned sausages thrown into the streets. She did not confine her useful labors exclusively to those who owned her, but would restore lost property, when she met with it, that belonged to any of the neighbors. She appeared to understand the meaning of words, and would instantly show by her manner how perfectly she comprehended the passing conversation. If any subject was alluded to in which she took an interest, she would bark and caper about, and designate as far as possible the different things alluded to. She would remain perfectly quiet, with an affectionate eye alone upon her master, through long discussions on politics or philosophy; but let anything be said about angling or hunting, about the poultry in the yard, or kindred subjects, and she would go almost crazy with delight. This dog, combining within herself the qualities of the two most intelligent breeds of her kind, seemed but little removed from a reasoning, intelligent being; there were, at times, expressions in her eye, of affection, of thought, of sorrow, of joy, so very human that it was painful, and startled the imagination for the moment with the idea that Pythagoras was indeed correct, and that the souls of former men were imprisoned in the bodies of animals; for it was easy, in contemplating this remarkable dog, to suppose that she was possessed of a hidden intelligence not properly belonging to brute life. And yet Juno was only one of the many intelligent beings so frequently to be met with among the dogs, who, in their humble sphere, teach us lessons of devotion, disinterestedness, and friendship.

India is remarkable for wild dogs, among which is the poor Pariah, an inhabitant of the confines of civilization, and yet is never fairly adopted into human society. This dog, naturally gentle, a British officer relates, was caught by the natives in great numbers, and used to feed a tiger, kept in the garrison for the amusement of visitors. On one occasion, a pariah, instead of yielding to fear, stood on the defensive, and as the tiger approached he seized him by the upper lip. This continued to be done several days, when the tiger not only ceased his attacks but divided his food with the poor dog, and became his friend, and the two animals occupied the same cage for many years. An old lion, in the Tower of London, conceived a liking for a little dog that accidentally got into his cage, and the two animals be-

came inseparable. It was a source of great amusement to observe the impudence of the little puppy, who would bark at visitors while the old lion would look dignifiedly on, seemingly determined to assist his little friend out of any difficulties his presumption might lead to.

At the battle of Palo Alto there were two dogs belonging to the officers of Ringold's battery, which amused themselves in the battle by watching at the mouths of the pieces for the discharge of the balls, and then chased them across the plain as long as they were in sight. Things got a little too hot finally for one of them, and he retreated back to Point Isabel. The soldiers in that intrenchment saw Carlo coming across the prairie, and indulged the idea that he had brought a letter of "how fared the day." A French officer, engaged in the war of Algiers, owned a dog who conceived a great taste for the carnage of battle, and watched his master's gun, and ran among the enemy to find "the victim," the same as if the wounded man had been a bird. This habit, together with another of holding on the "game" with a determined tooth when found, cost the dog his life. An Arab chief happened only to be "winged" by his master's weapon, and when the dog seized the son of the desert, he was instantly stabbed to the heart.

Some years ago, it was not uncommon in Connecticut to employ dogs as motive-power to light machinery. A Mr. Brill had a pair of dogs which he employed together on a sort of tread-mill. After a while the motion of the machinery was noticed from time to time to be considerably retarded, when the tender would go to the mill to see if the dogs were doing their duty, and every thing appeared to be right. Another and another interruption would occur, and so continued, until the owner began to suspect that his dogs were playing some trick upon him. Accordingly he placed an observer where all the movements of the animals could be seen, and the mystery was thus explained. After the two dogs had wrought together for some time, one of them was seen to step off the tread-mill and seat himself where he could catch the first warning of any approaching foot-step. After he had rested awhile he took his place at the wheel again, and allowed his associate to rest: thus these sagacious creatures continued to bear each other's burdens.

A Miss Childs, a keeper of a tavern in London, quite recently possessed a black and white spaniel which performed tricks almost surpassing belief. This dog could play at games of whist, cribbage, and dominoes. In playing these games the dog was placed behind a screen, and had the cards all arranged before him; over this screen he watched his antagonist, and reached with his mouth the snite required. Out of a pack of cards he would instantly select the best cribbage and whist. On the names of any city, county, or town being placed by printed cards before him, the dog would, without hesitation, fetch the one requested, and at the bidding of

any one present, and in the absence of his mistress. He could, by the aid of printed cards, tell how many persons might be in the room, how many hats, or the number of coins any one might throw on the floor. After being taken out of the room, if any one present touched a card, the dog on his return would designate it. So numerous, indeed, were the evidences of intelligence exhibited by this dog, that it was impossible to resist the impression that he was possessed of reason.

An unfortunate dog, in order to make sport for some fools, had a pan tied to his tail, and was sent off on his travels to a neighboring town. He reached his place of destination perfectly exhausted, and lay down before the steps of a tavern, eying most anxiously the horrid annoyance fastened behind him, but unable to move a step farther to rid himself of the torment. Another dog, a Scotch shepherd, laid himself down beside him, and, by a few caresses, gaining the confidence of the afflicted cur, proceeded to gnaw the string by which the noisy appendage was attached to his friend's tail, and with about a quarter of an hour's exertion, severed the cord, and started to his legs, with the pan hanging from the string in his mouth, and after a few joyful capers, departed on his travels in the highest glee at his success.

Dogs are superstitious, and easily alarmed by any thing that is strange or wonderfully incomprehensible to their experience. We knew a very fine mastiff once to issue out upon a little negro. The child, in its alarm, stepped back and fell into a hole at the root of a tree. The dog perceiving the sudden disappearance of its object of hatred, became alarmed, and finally, with the utmost terror depicted in its actions, retreated back to its hiding-place.

Some years ago, while traveling up the Mississippi river, in common with other passengers on the steamer we were attracted by the docility and intelligence of a pointer dog. This excellent animal would voluntarily return mislaid books, hats, or other trifles to their owners, and seemed to desire to render himself popular by doing such kindly offices. The trick he performed, however, which created most surprise, was taking notes from gentlemen to their wives in the ladies' cabin. This he would do whenever called upon. The person sending the note, would simply call the dog, and his master would give him the directions what to do, and we believe he never made a mistake. The dog would take the paper in his mouth, go among the lady passengers and hunt around, and finally put the note in the lap of the person for whom it was intended. This apparently extraordinary mark of intelligence, created a great deal of amusement, yet it was the most simple exhibition of the dog's power that could be given, for it will be found on examination that it is still more strange that a pointer should perceive the vicinity of partridges at many yards distance, than that he should discover a gentleman's wife sitting within touching distance of his nose.

"One of the most interesting exhibitions of the half-civilized dog is witnessed in polar countries, where he performs the office of the horse, and draws heavy sledges over the wastes of snow. The faithful pack flees over the hard ribbed ice, and, by their speed, make the cutting wind of the north sting as if broken glass were entering the eyes. The storm sighs along the expansive waste, and the snow-clouds, like winding-sheets, seem closing in on the weary travelers. No star is seen aloft to give a ray of hope—man, immortal, powerful man, is at the mercy of his canine friends. 'God save us!' exclaim the alarmed voyagers. The prayer had been answered 'in the beginning,' for they were in the charge of the faithful dog, who could find his way where there were no roads, no trace of vegetation to mark the path. Suddenly the pack appears at fault—the leader questions the air, asserts his full voice, and dashes on. Urged by his encouraging example, his comrades joyfully resume their work—space flies, and the hours wear away. At last, as the night is closing in, a thin pennon of dark smoke detaches itself upon the distant horizon: the sign betrays the dwelling of man, the journey is accomplished. The four-footed guides ask for no wages—an oral expression of satisfaction, and they are content; yet human guides over the less dangerous passes of the Alps and Pyrenees would have, for similar services, demanded exaggerated sums."

An artist who had had a great deal of trouble to please a rather captious duchess, finally consented that the truthfulness of the picture should be left to the decision of the lady's pet spaniel. The picture was sent home, the aristocratic lady hid herself away behind the window curtains, and the little dog-critic was ushered into the room. Without much hesitation the animal approached the picture, wagged its tail as if in joy, and fell to licking the face. The duchess was delighted, complimented the artist on his skill, and paid him a high price for his labor. It was afterward discovered that the face of the portrait had been covered over with *lard*, and that the dog's nose was sharper than the critic's eyes.

When some of our troops, taken prisoners by Santa Anna, were passing from Bucna Vista to the city of Mexico, they were, in common with all travelers in Mexico, astonished at the number of dogs they met in the streets of the villages. At Saltillo, on one occasion, the American prisoners were detained in the highway by their guards stopping to look at a dog fight. The spectators were very numerous, brought together by the rare show of the "captured North Americans" and the canine battle. The dogs seemed to be unequally matched; one was a large brindle, of ferocious aspect and braggadocio appearance; the other was a little compact animal, of undistinguished personality, but which attended to his fighting with steady pertinacity. The "grasers" named the big dog "Santa Anna;" and the Americans the little one "Old Zack." After a

severe struggle, in which "Old Zack" was rolled in the mud, and pretty severely handled, he got his competitor down, and seizing him by the throat, held on until "Santa Anna" roared with pain. A general shout of exultation ensued among the Mexicans. The chivalrous conduct of the little dog even won upon their sympathies, and they joined, much to the mortification of the "regular troops," in giving three cheers for General Zachariah Taylor.

Innumerable anecdotes might be given of dogs which not only saved human beings from death, but have anticipated approaching evil, and thus guarded their master in advance. Travelers, dreaming of no evil, have gone to bed at night at hotels, when their dogs have discovered among the people of the inn suspicious circumstances, and given the alarm. The son of Dr. Dwight relates, that his father, the greatest theological writer our country has ever produced, was indebted to a dog for his life, the faithful animal obtruding in his pathway, and compelling his horse to turn out of the road he was traveling. In the morning the Doctor discovered that if he had pursued his journey according to his intent, he would have been dashed down a precipice, where to escape with his life would have been an impossibility.

It is no uncommon circumstance for certain persons to keep dogs and guns for hire. So intelligent are some pointers, that they will go with any stranger who has a fowling-piece they are familiar with. It is not uncommon for persons to hire these necessities of hunting, who know nothing of the use of either. In such cases the dog will often flush the game, and discovering that "the gentleman" does not know how to shoot, will abandon the hunt altogether, and go home in disgust.

In man, the brain forms one-thirtieth part of his whole body—in the Newfoundland dog one seventieth—in the bull-dog one three-hundredth part.

An English gentleman discovered, one morning, that some miscreant had cut off the ears and tail of a favorite horse. A blood-hound was brought to the stable, which at once detected the scent of the villain, and traced it more than twenty miles. The hound then stopped at a door, whence no power could move him. Being at length admitted, he ran to the top of the house, and, bursting open the door of a garret room, found the object he sought in bed, and would have torn him to pieces, had not the huntsman, who had followed the dog on a fleet horse, rushed to the rescue.

Some extraordinary data exist of the fleetness of fox-hounds. A match race was once run over the Beacon Course, Newmarket, England—a distance of four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-two yards. The winning dog performed the distance in eight minutes and a few seconds; but of the sixty horses that started with the hounds, only twelve were able to run in with them.

A gentleman was missed in London, and it

was supposed he had met with some foul play. No clew could be obtained to the mystery, when his dog was discovered sitting before an attractive shop. No inducement could be held out that would cause the animal to leave the place. It was finally suggested that he might be *waiting for his master*. The house, always above suspicion of wrong, was searched, and there was not only discovered the body of the missing gentleman, but also other bodies of people who had been murdered in the same house. The guilty parties were arrested, and acknowledged their crimes—and one of the most terrible of all the dens of London was broken up by the "police knowledge" of the dog.

Dogs are extensively used on the Belgian frontiers for smuggling. The animals trained to these "dishonest habits," are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier, where they are kept without food for many hours; they are then heaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abode of their masters, which is generally two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated and provided with a quantity of food. These dogs are represented to be of large size, and do much mischief to property, inasmuch as, in going to their place of destination, they take the most direct course across the country.

A Western gentleman being very much annoyed all night on a steamer by a barking dog, in the morning hunted up its owner, and proposed to purchase a half or quarter interest in the animal. The owner seemed surprised, and asked the gentleman "what he would do with a partnership of that kind." "I think," said the "hoosier," with great solemnity, "that if I did own an interest in that dog, I should kill my share immediately."

Dogs sometimes join a fire-company, and run regularly with the engines. Several of this kind have been known in New York. There was a famous fire-dog in London, which lived indiscriminately with the firemen—sometimes choosing to live with one, sometimes with another. He was a regular attendant at every fire; and was always seen in the thickest crowd and where the press was the greatest. One day a magistrate happened to hear of the dog, and expressed a wish to see him. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, and Tyke made his appearance borne in the arms of a policeman. He was not easily persuaded to leave his house, and the only way was to make a fireman run in a hurry up the street. Tyke immediately set out after him; but on seeing the man slacken his pace, he knew there was no fire, and turned indignantly back. The messenger found that he could be induced to go no farther; so he was obliged to pick him up and carry him. Tyke lived for many years, following the engines to the fires, and was always fed and kindly cared for by the firemen. He was of the terrier breed, of rather a grim, tattered appearance, no doubt resulting from his manner of life.

A French merchant having some money due him, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, to receive it. Having accomplished his business, he tied the money-bag before him and began his journey home. The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived this error, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to be determined to remind his master of his loss. The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, and conceived the alarming apprehension that the dog had gone mad. Deeply lamenting the necessity of parting with his dog, and constantly more and more impressed that he was really rabid, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and, turning his head away, fired. The aim was but too true—the faithful animal fell wounded to the earth, and the merchant rode on. Some time after, involuntarily reaching out his hand, he discovered his loss. In an instant he comprehended his rashness and folly, and turning his horse, galloped back to the place where he stopped. He discovered the traces of blood, but he looked in vain for the dog—he had crawled, wounded as he was, to the forgotten bag, and lay down beside it as a guard. When he saw his master, he testified his joy by wagging his tail; and in attempting to caress his master, he cast his last look of affection in his face, and fell back, and died.

A writer in a London paper mentions that he saw a blind man look with much apparent interest at the prints in Dolnagli's window. "Why, my friend," said he, "it seems you are not blind?" "Blind! no, thank God, your honor," replied the man; "I have my blessed sight as well as another." "Then, why do you go about led by a dog with a string?" asked the gentleman. "Why, because I dedicate dogs for the blind," was the satisfactory reply.

To show that this education is effective, mention is made by a traveler in Europe, who saw a good-looking poodle-dog, which came to the coach-door and sat upon his hind legs with the air of one begging for something. "Give him a cent," said the carriage-driver, "and you will see what he will do with it." The money was thrown; the dog picked it up, ran to a baker's and brought back a piece of bread, which he ate. The dog had belonged to a blind man lately dead, and having no master, begged alms on his own account. There are dogs in Rome who can distinguish between charitably-disposed persons and others not so inclined, and who will lead their masters up to houses where they feel assured something will be given, and avoid those at which the rude repulse will be met with. An English officer mentions a case of a beggar's dog that belonged to a shoe-black in Paris. The animal, in his desire to serve his master, would

roll in the gutters, and then manage to throw some mud on the shoes of the passers-by. A gentleman having had his feet soiled two or three times the same morning, taxed the shoe-black with the imposition. The man acknowledged that he had taught the dog the trick, and that it was the chief means of obtaining him a livelihood.

Hammond, of the *Albany Register*, describes a dog who might be termed one of the bboys. He was a shaggy, crop-eared, wiry, keen-eyed cur; an animal that might be bet on, as being ever ready for a fight, or for any sort of canine devilment, at the shortest possible notice, and probably did run "wid de machine," and cultivate a "soap-lock" over the left "blinker." The owner of this dog wore a jaunty cap that one might safely swear had been acquainted with the weight of a butcher's tray. His outer garment was a sort of shaggy cross between a monkey-jacket and a frock-coat, in making up of which a large allowance had been made for at least two years' growth. His pants were of the same material, and at the bottom were rolled half-way up to his knees, through which his lean shanks protruded, the extremities of which were incased in a pair of stogy shoes, that seemed to have been made with special reference to the creation of corns.

The dog and his owner, having quietly encamped themselves on top of a pier-post, the two took a dignified survey of the people round.

"Speak to the gentlemen," ordered the master; whereupon Pomp opened his mouth and gave forth three or four distinct bow-wow.

"Gentlemen," said the occupant of the post, "this is one of the dogs you've hearn tell of. He's a great dog, wonderful dog, a dog that shouldn't belong all to one individual. He's too valuable a property for a single man to own. He ort to be made a stock-dog of—to be divided into shares, and owned by a company—he should. A corporation as owned that dog would make a noise in the world. There would be a big dividend on the stock, you may bet high on that. There'd be no hush up about it. 'Twould be a safe investment, and sure pay."

The dog seemed to understand the compliment of his master; and the two, at the conclusion of the speech, formed a couple of as independent and impudent specimens of "city life" as could be found this side of any where.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CONSULATE.

JULIUS CÆSAR was a Consul, and the first Bonaparte, and so was I.

I do not think that I am possessed of any extraordinary ambition. I like comfort, I like mushrooms (truffles I do not like). I think *Le-fitto* is a good wine, and wholesome. Gin is not to my taste, and I never attended *canevas*. Therefore, I had never entertained great expectations of political preferment, and lived for a considerable period of years without any hopes

in that way, and with a very honest indifference.

And yet, when my name actually appeared in the newspapers, as named by appointment of the President Consul to Blank, I felt, I will confess (if I may use such an expression), an unusual expansion. I felt confident that I had become on a sudden the subject of a good deal of not unnatural envy. I excused people for it, and never thought of blaming or of resenting it. My companions in the every-day walks of life, I treated, I am satisfied, with the same consideration as before.

In short, I concealed my elation of spirits as much as possible, and only indulged the playful elasticity of my spirits in a frequent private perusal of that column of the *New York Times* which made the announcement of my appointment, and where my name appeared in print, associated with those of the distinguished Mr. Soulé, Mr. Greaves (I believe), Mr. Daniels, Mr. Brown, Mr. Mekeo, and a great many others.

I can not accurately describe my feelings when the postmaster of our town (a smart gentleman of great tact, but now turned out) handed me a huge packet from the Department of State, franked by Mr. Marcy (evidently his own hand had traced the lines), sealed with the large seal of the Department, and addressed to me, Mr. Blank, Consul of the United States for Blank.

I took the postmaster by the hand and endeavored to appear cool. I think I made some casual remark about the weather. Good Heavens, what a hypocrite!

I broke open the packet with emotion. It contained a notice (I think it was in the Secretary's hand) of my appointment to Blank. It contained a printed list of foreign ministers and consuls, in which my name was entered in writing. In the next issue I was sure it would be in print. It contained a published pamphlet (quite thin) of instructions. It contained a circular, on paper of a blue tinge, recommending modest dress. I liked the friendly way in which the recommendation was conveyed; not absolutely compelling, but advising a black coat, black pantaloons. In the warmth of my grateful feelings at that time, I think I should have vowed compliance if the Secretary had advised saffron shorts and a sky-blue tail-coat!

There was, beside, in the packet a blank of a bond, to be filled up in the sum of two thousand dollars, as a kind of guarantee for the safe return of such consular property as I might find at Blank.

I was gratified at being able to return such a substantial evidence of my willingness to incur risks for the sake of my country and of the Administration. It was necessary, however, that two good bondsmen should sign the instrument with me. I knew I should have no difficulty in finding them. I asked two of my friends to come forward in the matter. They came forward promptly; and without an *arrivés-pensée* (to make use of an apt foreign expression) they

put their names to the bond. I should be tempted to give their names here, did I not know their modesty would be offended by public notice.

I sent the instrument to Washington in a large envelope, with a mention in one corner, in my own handwriting, "*Official Business.*"

I did not drop it into the outside box of the office, but presented it with my own hands through the trap to the clerk. The clerk read the address, and turned toward me with a look of consideration that I never saw upon his face before. And yet (so deceitful is human pride), I blew my nose as if nothing of importance had happened! I knew that the clerk would mention the circumstance of the "Official" letter to the second clerk, and that both would look at me with wonder when they next met me in the street, or gazed on me in my pew at the church. In short, I can not describe my feelings.

A few days after I received one or two letters in handwriting unknown to me; they proved to be applications for clerkships in my consular bureau. I replied to them in a civil, but perhaps rather stately manner, informing the parties that I was not yet aware of the actual income of the office, but if appearances were favorable I promised to communicate farther.

A friend suggested to me that perhaps, before assuming so important a trust, it would be well to make a short trip to the seat of government, and confer personally with the members of the Cabinet.

The suggestion seemed to me judicious. I should in this way be put in possession of the special views of the Administration, and be better able to conduct the business of my office, in agreement with the Government views of international policy, and the interests of the world generally.

It is true, the cost of the journey would be something, but it was not a matter to be thought of in an affair of so grave importance. I therefore went to Washington.

In a city where so many consuls are (I might say) annually appointed, it was not to be expected that my arrival would create any unusual stir. Indeed it did not. If I might be allowed the expression of opinion on such a point, I think that the inn-keeper gave me a room very near the roof—for a consul.

I called almost immediately on my arrival at the office of the Secretary of State. I was told that the Secretary of State was engaged, but was recommended by his door-keeper to enter my name at the bottom of a long list in his possession, in order that I might secure my turn of admittance.

I represented my official character to the door-keeper. I could not discover that his countenance altered in the least; he, however, kindly offered to present me at the door of the consular bureau.

The gentlemen of that department received me graciously, and congratulated me, I thought, in a somewhat gleeful manner, considering their

responsible positions, upon my appointment. At my request they showed me some communications which were on file from the consular office I was destined to fill. There were a few letters on foolscap, and a few on note paper. They did not seem to me to come up altogether to the "Instructions." I made a remark to that effect, which appeared to be unobserved.

Among other papers was a list of the effects belonging to the consular office at Blank. It read, if I remember rightly:

- "One Small Flag.
- "One Brass Stamp.
- "Ooe Pewtor do.
- "Two Books of Record.
- "Nine Blank Passports.
- "One broken-legged Table.
- "Two Office Stools (old).
- "One 'Arms' (good condition)."

I must say I was surprised at this list. It seemed to me there was some discrepancy between the two thousand dollar bond I had signed and the value of the effects of which I was to come into possession. It seemed to me, however, that furniture and things of that sort might be dear in so distant a country. I had no doubt they were. I hinted as much to the clerk in attendance.

He said he thought they might be.

"*Nous verrons*," said I, at which he smiled and said, "Oh, you know the language, then?"

I said I should know it; only the place was Italian, and the remark I had just made was in the French language.

"Oh dear; well," said he, "I don't think it makes any difference."

I told him "I hoped it wouldn't."

"It's rare they know the language," said he, picking a bit of lint off from his coat-sleeve.

I felt encouraged at this.

"Only take a small dictionary along," continued he.

I asked if there was one belonging to the office?

He thought not.

I asked him, then, how much he thought the place was worth?

At this he politely showed me an old account of "returns." It seemed to be a half-yearly account, though some of the half-years were skipped apparently, and the others, I really thought, might as well have been skipped. Indeed, I was not a little taken aback at the smallness of the sums indicated.

I daresay I showed as much in my face, for the clerk told me, in a confidential way, that he doubted if the returns were full. He thought they might be safely doubled. I thought, for my own part, that there would not be much safety in doubling them even.

The clerk further hinted, that within a short time such positions would be of more value; there was to be a revival of the consular system.

I told him I had heard so; as, indeed, I had, any time and many times within the last ten or fifteen years.

Beside which—there was my country!

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"

(to quote a popular piece of poetry), who would not serve his country, even if the fees are small?

And again, the returns were doubtless misrepresented: indeed, I had heard of a private boast from a late incumbent of the post, to the effect that "he had lived in clover." I had no doubt, in my own mind, that the Government had, in some way, paid for the clover.

I was disappointed, finally, in respect to an interview with the Secretary of State. I had the honor, however, while at Washington, of a presentation to the Under-Secretary. I do not think that he was aware of my appointment, or, indeed, that he had ever heard of me before; though he made a kind effort to recall me to remembrance; and, in any event, was pleased (he said) to make my acquaintance. He expressed himself to the effect that men of character were needed for Government offices.

I told him I thought they were.

The instructions ordered that I should give information to the Department of the time of my sailing for my foreign destination, with the name of the port at which I was to embark, and of the ship.

This I did—as the instructions enjoined—upon foolscap. I must not omit to mention, that I was provided with a special passport—not, indeed, bearing the usual insignia of the eagle and stars, but an autograph passport, designating in good English my rank and destination, and inviting foreign Governments generally to show me that attention due to my official capacity.

I put this in my portmanteau, together with a pocket edition of *Vattel On the Law of Nations*, for private reference, and also a small dictionary.

With these, I bade my friends adieu, shaking them cheerfully by the hand, and from the poop of the ship waved a farewell to my country.

The professed travel-writers—such as Bayard Taylor—describe these things a great deal better. I can only say that, with a very bitter feeling in my chest, I went below, where I remained the most of the time until we reached the other side.

When I arrived in France—where I was not personally known—I trusted very much to the extraordinary passport which I carried, and which I had no doubt would make considerable impression upon the officials. Indeed, a timid man who had made the voyage with me, and who was in some way made aware of my consular capacity (though I never hinted it myself), ventured to hope that I would give him my assistance in case his papers were not all right. I promised I would do so. I may say that I felt proud of the application.

I walked with great confidence into the little receiving-room of the police, guided by two soldiers who wore caps very much like a reversed tie-kettle, and presented my special passport.

The chief of the office looked at it in a very hard manner, and then passed it to his neighbor. I was certainly prepared for a look of consideration on their part. On the contrary, I thought they examined me with a good deal of impertinent scrutiny.

At length one of them said, with an air of confidence, "*Vous êtes Anglais?*"—You are English?

I could not help saying—using the French form of expression—" *Mon Dieu!*—no!"

And I proceeded to tell him what I really was, and that the passport was an American passport, and of an official character.

The officers looked at it again, and seemed to consult for a while together; at length one said, "*C'est égal*"—"It's all the same"—asked me my name, and, with some hesitation, placed his seal upon the instrument.

In this way I was let into France. The timid man who had voyaged with me had, meantime, sidled away. I suspect he must have gone up to Paris by an early train, for I did not meet with him again. I hope he had no trouble.

There was not very much made of my dignity in any part of France; but not being accredited to that country, I felt no resentment, and enjoyed Paris perhaps as much as any merely private citizen could do. To prevent, however, any mistake in future about my passport, I printed, in large characters and in the French language, upon the envelope, "Passport of Blank, Consul of the United States of America for Blank."

This was a good hit, and was, I found, readily understood. The landlord with whom I staid while in Paris (an obliging man) made up his bill against the title in full. It was pleasant to have recognition.

I continued my journey in excellent spirits. I think it was on the road through Switzerland that I fell in with a chatty personage in the *coupe* of the diligence; and having at one time to hand my passport to a soldier at a frontier station, the paper came under the eye of my companion of the *coupe*. He was charmed to have the honor of my acquaintance. He expressed an excessive admiration for my country and my fellow-members of the Government.

I asked him if he had ever been in the United States. He said he had not; but he had a friend, he told me, who once touched at Guadaloupe, and found the climate delightful.

I told him, in all kindness, that the United States did not reach as far as that.

"*Comment?*" said he.

I repeated, that at the time I left, the West Indies were not included in the United States.

"*Où, où arrivera!*" said he; and he made a progressive gesture with his two hands, as if he would embrace the flank of the diligence horses.

He asked me if the country was generally fat.

I told him it was a good deal so.

"But, *mon Dieu!*" said he, "what fevers and steamboats you have!—*vous avez la bas!*"

In short, he proved a very entertaining companion; and upon our arrival at the station of the Customs, he presented me, with a good deal of ceremony, to the presiding officer as the Consul of the United States.

It was the first time (indeed, one of the few times) upon which I had received official recognition. The Customsman bowed twice, and I bowed twice in return.

The presentation proved very serviceable to me, as it was the means of relieving me from a very serious difficulty shortly after.

My passport, as I have already remarked, was wholly in manuscript; and the only characters at all conspicuous in it were those which made up the name of "Wm. L. MARCY." I do not mean to attribute to that gentleman the vanity of wishing to appear more important than the Consul, even in the instrument with which I was fortified. But the truth was, that the Secretary of State's signature, being in his stout autograph, was quite noticeable in contrast with the light, clerly flourishes by which it was surrounded.

In short, it was presumed at the guard-house that my papers gave protection—if they gave protection to any body (which seems to have been doubted)—to Mr. Wm. L. Marcy. I was entered, therefore, upon the police record under that name. But on discovery of the fact that my baggage bore a different address, it was farther presumed that Mr. Marcy had pilloined the baggage of another party; and, under this apprehension, I came very near being placed in confinement.

I explained the matter eagerly, but had considerable difficulty in making the officials understand that I was really not Mr. Marcy; and not being Mr. Marcy, could not be accused of any misdeeds attributable to that gentleman. I furthermore explained, as well as I was able, that Mr. Marcy was a *grand homme* (and here the French came gracefully to my aid)—that he was, in short, a man of great distinction—highly esteemed in the country from which I came, and absolutely retained there by his official duties, making it utterly impossible for him to be traveling just now upon the Continent of Europe, even with his now luggage—setting aside the calumny of his having taken possession of another man's.

I fear, however, that all would have been of no avail, if the Customsman had not been sent for, and came gallantly to my relief. I was indebted to him—under Providence—for my escape.

Upon arrival at my port of destination, I was evidently regarded with considerable suspicion. In common with some fifty others, I was packed in a small barrack-room until decision should be made upon our papers of admission. After very much earnest study of my passport, both within and without, the chief of the examining department (who was a scholarly man, deputed for that employment) seemed to understand that I had come in the professed quality of Consul.

He asked me, in a solemn tone, if the fact was as he had surmised.

I told him, eagerly, that he was quite correct.

Upon this he gave me a ticket of admission, authorizing me to enter the town, and advising me to apply in two days' time at the bureau of police for my passport or a permit of residence.

I took lodgings at a respectable hotel, and was presently found out by a shrewd fellow (a Swiss, I think), who executed the languages for the house. He wished to know if I would like to engage him for "the sights."

I replied in a playful way—disguising as much as possible my dignity—that I was to stop some time—that I was, in short, Consul for the United States, and should probably have many leisure opportunities.

He felt sure I would. He took off his hat, and showed tokens of respect for the office which I never met with before—nor since.

I beg to recommend him to any party traveling in that direction: his name is, I think, Giacomo Guarini; aged forty-five, and broad in the shoulders, with a slight lisp in his English.

By his advice I called at the bureau of the police, where I made known my quality of Consul. They were sorry, they said (the officials), that they had no information of that kind. I expressed some surprise, and stated that I had the honor to bring the information myself—alluding to the passport.

They observed that, though this information was very good for me, as coming from my Government, it was hardly so good for them, who awaited all such information from their Government. Not having yet consulted Vattel very thoroughly, I did not deem it prudent to reply hastily to this first diplomatic proposition. If, indeed, there had been an eagle on the passport—!

The officials informed me that, if I wished to stay in the town, I could do so by paying ten *zucanigers* (about a dollar and a half our money) for a permit.

I asked how it would be if I purchased no such permit.

In that case I must leave (though it was very kindly expressed).

I reflected that, all things considered, it would be better to stay. My experience with my passport, thus far, had not been such as to warrant any great reliance on that instrument. Indeed, I think I should advise a friend anticipating travel (for pleasure), to provide himself with a private passport.

This point being settled, I looked over my official papers and found a letter addressed by the Secretary of State to the "Present Incumbent" of the office, requesting him to deliver into my keeping the seals, flag, stools, and arms of the office.

I made inquiries regarding him. No body about the hotel seemed to know him, or, indeed, ever to have heard of him. I had fortunately a private letter to a banker of the town

(exceedingly useful to me afterward). I called upon him, and renewed my inquiries.

He regretted, he said, to inform me that Mr. —, the late acting Consul, had only the last week committed suicide by jumping out of his office-window into the dock.

I must confess that I was shocked by this announcement. I hoped it was not owing to any embarrassments arising out of his official position.

The banker, who was a polite man, regretted that he could not inform me.

I must not omit to mention that the letter of the Secretary of State, requesting the supposed incumbent to deliver up the papers, the seals, the stools, etc., contained (through some error of the clerk) the name of some other person than myself as the proper recipient; so that I had, from the time of my landing in Europe, entertained considerable doubt about the success of my application. It was then with a feeling of some relief—tempered by humane regrets—that I learned of the untimely fate of the individual to whom the official demand was addressed. I at once destroyed the letter which might have invalidated my claim, and pursued my inquiries in regard to the papers, the flag, the stamps, and the stools.

Through the kindness of my banker I succeeded in tracing them to the office of a Jewish ship-broker, whom I found wrapped in a bear-skin coat, and smoking a very yellow *weerschau*.

He spoke English charmingly. He said he had succeeded (I could scarce tell how) to the late incumbent.

I asked about the suicide.

The Israelite tapped his forehead with his skinny fore-finger, waved it back and forth for a moment, and left me in a very distressing state of perplexity.

I asked after the flag, the sign-board, the table, etc. He said they were deposited in his garret, and should be delivered up whenever I desired. He informed me further that he knew of my appointment through a paragraph in *Galigiani's Messenger*. It seemed an odd way of establishing my claim, to be sure; but from the experience I had already found with my passport, I thought it was not worth while to shake the Jewish gentleman's belief by referring him to that instrument.

I borrowed the ship-broker's seal—the consular seal—and addressed a note to the chief authority of the port (in obedience to home instructions), informing him of my appointment. I furthermore addressed a large letter to the Department, acquainting them with my safe arrival, and with the sad bereavement of the State in the loss of the late acting Consul. (I learned afterward that he had been a small ship-broker, of Hebrew extraction, and suspected of insanity.)

The governor of the port replied to me after a few days, informing me, courteously, that whenever the Central Government should be

pleased to recognize my appointment, he would acquaint me with that fact.

My next object was to find lodgings; and as the instructions enjoined attendance from ten until four, it was desirable that the office should be an agreeable one, and, if possible, contiguous to sleeping quarters.

The old Jewish gentleman, indeed, kindly offered to relieve me of all the embarrassments of the business; but I showed him a copy of the new instructions, which would not admit of my taking into employ any other than a naturalized citizen.

I thought he seemed amused at this; he certainly twisted his tongue in his left cheek in a very peculiar manner. Still he was courteous.

I succeeded at length in finding very airy quarters, with a large office connected with the sleeping apartment by a garden. A bell-rope was attached to the office-door, and the bell being upon the exterior wall, within the garden, could be distinctly heard throughout the apartment. This arrangement proved a very convenient one. As only three or four American ships were understood to arrive in the course of the year, and as the office was somewhat damp and mouldy—being just upon the water's side—I did not think it necessary (viewing the bell) to remain there constantly from ten until four. I sincerely hope that the latitude which I took in this respect will be looked on favorably by the Home Government. Indeed, considering the frequent travel of my fellow-diplomats the past season, I think I may without exaggeration presume upon indulgence.

I remained quietly one or two weeks waiting for recognition. Occasionally I walked down by the outer harbor to enjoy the sight of an American bark which just then happened to be in port, and whose commander I had the honor of meeting at the office of the Jewish ship-broker.

After six weeks of comparative quietude—broken only by mailing an occasional large letter* to the Department—I assumed, under official sanction, the bold step of taking possession of the seals, the papers, the stools, the flag, and the arms.

They were conveyed to me, on the twelfth of the month, in a boat. I shall not soon forget the occasion. The sun shone brightly. The "arms" filled up the bow of the boat; the papers, the stools, and the flag were lying in the stern-sheets. I felt a glow at sight of the flag, though it was small and somewhat torn. If the office should prove lucrative, I determined to buy another at my own cost. The sign-board, or "arms," was large—larger than any I had yet seen in the place; much larger than the Imperial arms over the Governor's doors.

* It should be mentioned that Government now generously assumes the cost of all paper, wax, ink, and steel pens consumed in the consular service. I believe the consular system is indebted for this to the liberal administrative capacity of Mr. Edward Everett, late of the State Department.

I should say it must have been six feet long by four broad. The eagle was grand, and soared upon a blue sky; the olive branch, in imitation of nature, was green; the darts of a lively red.

And yet, I must admit, it seemed to me out of all proportion to the flag and to the shipping. I thought it must have been ordered by a sanguine man. It reminded me of what I had heard of the United States arms, erected in the Crystal Palace of London. I feared it was too large for the business. I never liked, I must confess, that sort of disproportion. If I might use a figurative expression, I should say that I had always fancied those sorts of nuts which have a kernel bigger than the shell.

If the "arms" had been of ordinary size, I should have raised it upon my roof. My serving-man was anxious to do so. But I reflected that only one American ship was then in port; that it was quite uncertain when another would arrive. I reflected that the office-furniture was inconsiderable; even one of the stools alluded to in the official list brought to my notice at Washington, had disappeared; and instead of nine blank passports there were now only seven. I therefore retained the sign in my office, though it filled up valuable space there. I gave a formal receipt for the flag, the stamps, the arms, the stool, the table, the record books, and for a considerable budget of old papers in a very tattered condition.

Two days after I received a bill from the late Jewish incumbent to the amount of twenty-five dollars for repairs on flag and "arms." Having already given a receipt for the same, and communicated intelligence thereof to the seat of government, I felt reluctantly compelled to decline payment; I proposed, however, to forward the bill to the Department with all the necessary vouchers.

The Jewish broker finding the matter was assuming this serious aspect, told me that the fee was a usual one on a change of consulate; and assured me jocularly, that as the consulate was changed on an average every eighteen months, the sign-board was the most profitable part of the business.

I observed, indeed, that the paint was very thick upon it; and it appeared to have been spliced on one or two occasions.

There arrived, not long after, to my address, by the way of the Marseilles steamer, a somewhat bulky package. I conjectured that it contained a few knick-knacks, which I had requested a friend to forward to me from a home port. By dint of a heavy bribe to the customs men, added to the usual port charges, I succeeded in securing its delivery without delay. It proved to be a set of the United States Statutes at Large, heavily bound in law calf. A United States eagle was deeply branded upon the backs of the volumes. There was evidently a distrust of the consular character. The thought of this, in connection with the late suicide, affected me painfully. I thought—looking upon the effects

around me—that I should not like to be re-duced so far as to rob my consulate!

I found many hours of amusement in looking over the records of the office; they were very brief, especially in the letter department. And on comparing the condition of the records with my consular instructions, I was struck with an extraordinary discrepancy. The law, for instance, enjoined copies to be made of all letters dispatched from the office; but with the exception of three or four, dated some fifteen years back, I could not find that any had been entered. Indeed, one of my predecessors had taken a very short, and, as it seemed to me, a very ingenious method of recording correspondence—in this way:

"April 1. Wrote Department informing them of arrival.

"June 5. Wrote the Governor.

"June 7. Received reply from the Governor, saying he had got my letter.

"June 9. Wrote the Governor, blowing up the post-office people for breaking open my letters.

"July. Wrote home for leave of absence, and quit the office."

I think it was about a week after the installment of the flag and arms in my office, that I received a very voluminous packet from a native of the port, who gave me a great many titles, and informed me in the language of the country (in exceedingly fine writing), that he was the discoverer of a tremendous explosive machine, calculated to destroy fleets at a great distance, and to put an end to all marine warfare. He intimated that he was possessed of republican feelings, and would dispose of his discovery to the United States for a consideration.

After a few days—during which I had accomplished the perusal—he called for my reply.

I asked, perhaps from impertinent curiosity, if he had made any overtures to his own government?

He said he had.

I asked, with what success?

He said they had treated him with indignity; and from the explanatory gestures he made use of to confirm this statement, I have no doubt they did.

He said that genius must look for lucrative patronage beyond the ocean, and glanced wistfully at the "arms."

I told him—turning my own regard in the same direction—that the United States Government was certainly a rich and powerful government. But, I added, they were not in the habit of paying away large sums of money even to native genius; not even, I continued sportively, to consular genius. I told him, if he would draw up a plan and model of his machine, I should be happy to inclose it in my budget of dispatches, for the consideration of the distinguished gentleman at the head of the Navy Department.

He asked me if I would add a strong opinion in its favor?

I told him that I had not long been connected

with the shipping interests of my country, and was hardly capable of forming an opinion about the merits of the marine machine he was good enough to bring under my notice. I was compelled further to observe, that I did not think a very high estimate was placed by government upon consular opinions of any sort.

The poor man seemed satisfied—looked wistfully again at the "arms," as if they implied very extensive protection—bade me good morning, and withdrew.

The weeks wore on, and there was no American arrival; nor did I hear any thing of my recognition by the Central Government. I drew up in a careful manner, two new record books in obedience to law, and transcribed therein my various notes to the Department and foreign personages, in a manner that I am sure was utterly unprecedented in the annals of the office. I prepared the blank of a passport for signature—in case one should be needed—thus reducing the effective number of those instruments to six. I even drew up the blank of a bill against Captain *Blank* (to be filled up on arrival) for *blank* charges. Most of my charges, indeed, may be said to have been *blank* charges.

On one occasion, about three weeks after full possession of the "effects," there was a violent ring at the office bell. I hurried down with my record books and inkstand, which I had transferred for security to my sleeping quarters. It proved, however, to be a false alarm: it was a servant who had rung at the wrong door. He asked my pardon in a courteous manner, and went away. I replaced the record books in the office drawer, and retired to my apartment.

I think it was some two or three days after this, when I heard of a large ship standing "off and on" at the mouth of the harbor. I was encouraged to think, by a friendly party, that she might be an American vessel. I even went upon the tower of the town to have a look at her with my spy-glass (a private spy-glass). There was no flag flying; and she was too far off to make her out by the rig. She came up, however, the next day, and proved to be a British bark from Newcastle.

Matters were in this condition, the office wearing its usual quiet air, when I was waited on one morning by a weazen-faced little gentleman, who spoke English with pertinacity, and a slight accent. He informed me that he had been at one period incumbent of the office which I now held. He asked, in a kind manner, after the Government.

I thanked him, and told him that by last advices they were all very well.

He said that he was familiar with the details of the consular business, and would be bappy to be of service to me.

I thanked him in the kindest manner; but assured him that the business was not yet of so pressing a character as to demand an assistant. (Indeed, with the exception of four or five letters dispatched in various directions, and the preparation of the blanks already alluded to, I

had, in the course of two or three months, performed no important consular act whatever.)

My visitor diverted consideration as gracefully as his English would allow, to the climate, and the society of the port. He said he should be happy to be of service to me in a social way; and alluded to one or two government balls which, on different occasions, he had the honor of attending in a consular capacity.

I thanked him again, without, however, preferring any very special request.

After musing a moment, he resumed conversation by asking me "if I had a coat?"

I did not fully understand him at first; and replied at a venture, that I had several.

Very true, said he, but have you the buttons?

I saw that he alluded to the official costume, and told him I had not.

Whereupon, he said that he had only worn his coat upon one or two occasions; and he thought that, with a slight alteration, it would suit admirably my figure.

I thanked him again; but taking from the drawer the thin copy of consular instructions, I read to him those portions which regarded the new order respecting plain clothes. I told him, in short, that the blue and the gilt (for I had not then heard of the re-introduction of the dress system in various European capitals) had utterly gone by.

He seemed disappointed; but presently recovered animation, and remarked, that he had in his possession a large American flag, which he had purchased while holding the consular office, and which (as the Government had declined paying for the same), he would be happy to sell to me at a great reduction on the original cost.

I told him that the affairs of the consulate were still in an unsettled state; but in the event of business turning out well, I thought that the Government might be induced to enter into negotiations for the purchase. (I had my private doubts of this, however.)

At my mention of the Government again, he seemed disheartened. He soon asked me, in his broken manner (I think he was of Dutch origin), "If the Gouvernment vass not a little mean about those tings?"

I coughed at this; very much as the stationer, Mr. Snagsby, used to cough, when he made an observation in Mrs. Snagsby's presence. But collecting myself, I said that the Government had shown great liberality in the sign-board, and doubted if a larger one was to be found in Europe.

He surprised me, however, by informing me in a prompt manner, that he had expended a pound sterling upon it, out of his own pocket!

I hoped, mildly, that he had been reimbursed. He replied, smartly, that he had not been. He continued courteous, however; and would, I think, upon proper representations on the part of the Government, be willing to resume negotiations.

A fortnight more succeeded, during which

several bills came in—for the record books, post-ages, hire of an office boat, rent of office, beside some repairs I had ordered to the office table. I had even gone so far as to buy a few bottles of old wine and a packet of Havana cigars, for the entertainment of any friendly captains who might arrive.

Affairs were in this condition when I heard, one morning, upon the public square of the town, that an American vessel had been seen some miles down the gulf, and it was thought that she might bear up for this harbor.

I went home to my rooms in a state of excitement it is quite impossible to describe. I dusted the record books, and rubbed up the backs of the United States Statutes at Large. (I should have mentioned that I had added my private copy of Vattel to the consular library; together, they really made an imposing appearance.)

I took the precaution of oiling the pulley to the office bell. My servant-man had hinted that it had sometimes failed to ring. I ordered him to give it repeated trials, while I took up a position in my apartment. It rang distinctly, and so vigorously that I feared the occupants of the adjoining house might be disturbed. I therefore approached the window, and, giving a concerted signal, ordered my serving-man to abstain.

He was evidently in high spirits at the good order in which matters stood. He renewed his proposal to place the sign-board upon the roof of the house. I found, however, upon inquiry, that it would involve the labor of three men for half a day; I therefore abandoned the idea. I authorized him, however, to apply a fresh coating of varnish, and to place it in a conspicuous position upon the side of the office fronting the door.

He wiped his forehead, and said it was a "*disegno meraviglioso*"—a wonderful little design!

The wind continued for some days northerly, and no vessel came into port. On the fourth day, however, I received a note from a friendly party, stating that an American bark had arrived. I gave a dollar to the messenger who brought the news. I saw the intelligence confirmed in the evening journal. I was in a great trepidation all the following day.

At length, a little after the town clock had struck twelve, the captain came. I hurried into the office to meet him. He was a tall, blue-eyed man, in a damaged black beaver with a narrow rim, tight-sleeved black dress-coat, and cowhide boots.

I greeted him warmly, and asked him how he was?

He thanked me, and said he was "pretty smart." I regretted that I had not some rum-and-water. The old wine I did not think he would appreciate. In short, I was disappointed in my countryman. I should not like to have sailed with him, much less to have served under him.

Before leaving the office, he cautioned me against a sailor who might possibly come to me

with his "cussed" complaints: he said he was an "ugly devil," and I had best have nothing to do with him.

True enough, the next morning a poor fellow presented himself, speaking very broken English, and complaining that he was sadly abused—showing, indeed, a black eye, and a lip frightfully bloated.

I ordered my serving-man to prepare him a little breakfast. This was not, perhaps, a legitimate consular attention, but it proved a grateful one; and the man consumed two or three slices of broiled ham with extraordinary relish. After this he told me a long story of the abuses he had undergone, and of his desire to get a discharge.

I asked him if he had an American protection? He said he had bought one upon the dock in New York, shortly before sailing, and had paid a half-eagle for it, but it was lost.

This was unfortunate; and upon referring to the ship's crew-list, I found that the customs' clerk had dispatched the whole subject of nationalities in a very summary manner. He had written the words "U. States" up and down the sheet in such an affluent style as to cover two thirds, or three quarters, or (reckoning the flourishes of his capitals) even the whole body of the crew. Now, as some four or five of them were notoriously, and avowedly, as foreign as foreign birth, language, and residence could make them, I was compelled to think lightly of the authority of the customs' clerk.

The Consular Instructions, moreover, I found were not very definite in regard to the circumstances under which a discharge might be granted. But the most trying difficulty of all was the fact that I was not as yet—in the eyes of the authorities—a Consul at all. Although I might discharge the poor fellow, I could neither procure him admittance to the hospital, or furnish him with such papers as would be counted valid. I could, indeed, protect him under the shadow of the arms and the flag; but should he tire of the broiled ham, and venture an escapade, he might, for aught that I knew, be clapped into prison as a vagabond.

I stated the matter to him cautiously; alluding, with some embarrassment, to my own present lack of authority; advising him of the comparative infrequency of American vessels at that port; and counseling him, in sober earnest, to stick by the ship, if possible, until he reached an adjoining port, where he would find a recognized consul and more abundant shipping.

The consequence was, the poor fellow slunk back to his ship, and the captain assented me, in a gay humor (I fear it was his habit to joke on such matters with brother Consuls), that "he got a good *lumming* for his pains."

When the vessel was ready to leave, I made out her papers. I doubt very much if any ship's papers were ever made out with nicer attention to formalities. I warmed up the stamp and printer's ink for some hours by a low fire, in order to secure a good impressinn of the con-

sular seal. Without vanity, I may say that I succeeded. I doubt if such distinct impressions were ever before issued from that office. The bill was, I think, a model in its way; it certainly was so for its amount; for though I strained it to the full limit of the Instructions, it fell at least one-third short of the usual bills upon the record.

Upon the day of sailing (and I furnished my serving-man with an extra bottle of wine on the occasion), I presented myself at the office of the Port Captain, with the usual vouchers respecting the ship and crew under my charge. To my great vexation, however, that gentleman politely informed me that he was not yet advised officially of my appointment—that my seal and signature in short (so elaborately done) were of no possible service.

The skipper who attended me, rubbed his hat with his elbow in a disturbed manner.

What was to be done?

The Captain of the Port suggested that he was himself empowered to act as Consul for such powers as were unrepresented; and he instanced, if I remember rightly, some of the Barbary States.

I withdrew my papers, and my charges for services which had proved so unavailing. I am afraid I was petulant to the serving-man. Thus far the Consulate had not come up to expectations. I began to distrust the value of the place.

I wrote off a sheet full of expostulations to the Governor; another to the authorities at home; and a third to our representative at the Court.

This last promised very strenuous exertion in my behalf; and he was as good as his word; for a week after, I was gratified with the sight of my name, regularly gazetted under the official head of the daily journal of the place.

The same evening the Governor of the Port addressed to me an official note, upon an immense sheet of foolscap, giving me the information already conveyed to me in the Gazette.

Nor was this the end of my triumph; for the next day, or shortly afterward, a band of street performers on various instruments (chiefly, however, their lings), came under my windows in a body, and played several gratulatory airs to my success in securing recognition. They even followed up the music by shouting in a most exhilarating manner. It showed kind-feeling; and I was just observing to myself the hospitable interest of these people, when my serving-man entered in great glee, and informed me that it was usual on these occasions to pay a small fee to the performers.

I can hardly say I was surprised at this; I asked how much; he said he would count them, and thought about three shillings apiece (our money*) would be sufficient. As there were but fifteen, I did not think it high. I wondered

* I mean by this, of the value of our Government money; and not, literally, Government money; of which, indeed, I saw very little—very.

if it had been the habit to charge this matter in the stationery account?

The day after (for now I seemed to be growing rapidly in importance), I received a very bulky package from the chief of police, inclosing the passport, unpaid bills, subscription papers, recommendations, and police description of one David Humfries, who, I was informed, was in the port prison, for various misdemeanors—chiefly for vagabondage; and who, being an American citizen, was at my disposal. The chief of police expressed a wish that I would take charge of the same, and put him out of the country.

I examined the papers. They were curious. He appeared to have figured in a variety of characters. An Italian subscription list represented him as the father of a needy family. A German one of about the same date, expressed a desire that charitable people would assist a stranger in returning to his home and friends at the Cape of Good Hope. Among the bills was a rather long one for beer and brandy.

I thought it would be patriotic to call upon my countryman. I therefore left a note "absent on business," in the office window, and called at the prison. I was ushered, under the charge of an official, into a dingy, grated room upon the second floor, and was presented to a stout negro-man, who met me with great self-possession, apologized for his dress (which indeed was somewhat scanty), and assured me that he was not the man he seemed.

I found him indeed possessed of somewhat rare accomplishments, speaking German and French with very much the same facility as English. He informed me that he was a native of the Cape of Good Hope, though a naturalized citizen of the country I represented. His passport was certainly perfectly in order, and signed by a late *Chargé*, Mr. Foot of Vienna. He assured me farther, that he was of excellent family; and that his father was a respectable man, well known in New York, and the head of a large school in that city. I told him of the application of the police, and of their wish to be rid of him.

He did not appear to manifest resentment; but said he would consent to any reasonable arrangement. He had no objection to go to New York, provided his wardrobe was put in a proper condition. He should be sorry, he said, to meet the old gentleman (meaning the school-master), in his present guise.

I told him I was sorry that the law did not warrant me in finding him a wardrobe, and that only by a fiction could I class him among seamen, and provide him with a passage home.

Upon this, he avowed himself (in calm weather) a capital sailor, and said he had once served as cook.

I accordingly wrote to the authorities, engaging to ship him by the first American vessel which should touch the port. By rare accident this happened a fortnight after; and having given a receipt for the black man, beside supply-

ing him with a few flannel shirts at my own cost, I succeeded in placing him on board a home-bound ship, by giving the captain an order on the Treasury for ten dollars; the captain intimating meantime, that he would get thirty dollars worth of work out of him, or take off his black skin.

I did not envy the black man his voyage: I have not had the pleasure of hearing from Mr. Humfries since that date.

I have spoken of the arrival of a second American ship; such was the fact. I need not say that the papers were made out in the same style as the previous ones; I had now gained considerable facility in the use of the seal. Upon the payment of the fees I ventured to attach the seal to my receipt for the same. It was not necessary—it was not usual even; still I did it. If the occasion were to be renewed, I think I should do it again.

Not long after this accession of business, which gave me considerable hopes off—in time—replacing the flag, I received a visit from an Italian gentleman just arrived from New York, where he had been an *attaché* to an opera troupe. He informed me with some trepidation that the authorities were not satisfied with his papers, and had given him notice to return by sea.

I asked him if he was an American: whereupon he showed me a court certificate of his intentions to become a citizen, dated a couple of days before his leave, and with it an imposing-looking paper, illustrated by a stupendous eagle. This last, however, I found upon examination, was only the instrument of an ambitious Notary Public, who testified, thereby, to the genuine character of the court certificate, and at the same time invited all foreign powers to treat the man becomingly. The paper, indeed, had very much the air of a passport, and, by the Italian's account, had cost a good deal more.

I told him I should be happy to do what I could for him, and would cheerfully add my testimony to the *bona fide* character of the court certificate.

The man, however, wished a passport.

I told him that the only form of passport of which I knew (and I showed the six blanks), involved a solemn declaration on my part, that the party named was an American citizen.

The Italian gentleman alluded to M. Koszta.

I expressed an interest in both; but told him that I had as yet no knowledge of the correspondence in the Koszta affair; that there had been no change in the consular instructions (and I showed him the little pamphlet).

I promised, however, to communicate with the *Chargé*, who might be in possession of later advices; and, in addition, offered to intercede with the authorities to grant permission to an unoffending gentleman to visit his friends in the country.

Upon this I undertook a considerable series of notes and letters, by far the most elaborate and numerous which had yet issued from my consular bureau. I will not presume to say how

many there were, or how many visits I paid to the lodging-quarters of the suspected gentleman. I found it requisite, to secure him any freedom of action, to become sponsor for his good conduct. I need not say (after this) that I felt great solicitude about him.

The notice of "absent on business" became almost a fixture in the office window. I had written previously to the Department for instructions in the event of such application; I had never received them; indeed, I never did. The *Chargé* flatteringly confirmed my action, and "relied on my discretion." I was sorry to find he relied so much upon it.

It seemed to me that an office involving so much should, at the least, have better furniture. The stool, though now repaired, was a small stool. I sat upon it nervously. The "Statutes at Large" I looked on with pride and satisfaction. I had inaugurated them, so to speak, in the office. I placed my little *Vatuel* by the side of them; I hope it is there now—though there was no eagle on the back.

To return to the Italian gentleman, I at length succeeded in giving him a safe clearance. I think he was grateful: he certainly wore a grateful air when he left my office for the last time; and I felt rewarded for my labor.

It was the only reward, indeed, I received; if he had offered a fee, I think I should have declined. Was I not there, indeed, for the service of my countrymen, and of my intended countrymen? Of course I was.

The day after the Italian gentleman left I paid my office rent for the current month, besides a small bill the serving-man brought me for the caulking of the office boat. It appeared that it had grounded with the tide, and without our knowledge (there being no American ships in port), had remained exposed for several days to the sun.

I should have mentioned before this that the Consulate was not very profitable. And this reminds me that, when I was at Washington, there was a tight little Irishman, who had come up from Tennessee with a budget of testimonials, and was very elated, when I saw him, with the hope of getting the consulate at Cork. The fees of Cork are, I understood, very much the same with those of my own port. I have not heard if the little Irishman succeeded; but I honestly hope that he did not, and that he went back to his work (which I understood was cooperating). I am sure it must be more profitable than the Cork consulate.

Keeping the office in business trim, and sitting upon the office stool (there being no American ships in port), I received, one day, a very large packet, under the seal of the Department. I had not heard from Washington in a long time, and it was a pleasant surprise to me. Possibly, it might be some new and valuable commission; possibly, it might bring the details of the proposed change in the Consular system. Who knew?

In such an event I wondered what the probable salary would be at my post; something hand-

some, no doubt. I glanced at the "arms" of my country with pride, and broke open the packet.

It contained two circulars, embracing a series of questions, ninety in number, in regard to ship-building, ship-timber, rigging, hemp, steamships, fuel, provisioning of vessels, light-house dues, expenses of harbor, depth of ditto, good anchorages, currents, winds, cutting of channels, buoys, rates of wages, apprentices, stowage facilities, prices current, duties, protests, officers of port, manufactures, trade facilities, leakages, wear and tear, languages, pilots, book publication, etc., etc.; on all of which points the circulars requested full information, as soon as practicable, in a tabular form, with a list of such works as were published on kindred subjects, together with all Government orders in regard to any, or all of the suggested subjects, which were in pamphlet form; and if in a foreign language, the same to be accurately translated into American.

The accompanying letter stated that it was proposed to allow no remuneration for the same; but added, "faithful acquittal of the proposed task will be favorably viewed."

I reflected—(I sometimes do reflect).

A respectable reply even to the questions suggested, would, supposing every facility was thrown in my way by port officers and others, involve the labor of at least six weeks, and the writing over of at least ninety large pages of foolscap paper (upon which it was requested that the report should be made).

I reflected, farther; that the port officer, as yet effecting a large share of his old ignorance, would, upon presentation of even the first inquiries as to the depth of the harbor, send me to the guard-house as a suspicious person; or, recognizing my capacity, would report the question as a diplomatic one to the governor; who would report it to the Central Cabinet; who would report it back to the maritime commander in an adjoining city; who would communicate on the subject with the police of the port; who would communicate back with the marine intendant; who would report accordingly to the Central Government; who would in due time acquaint the *Chargé* at the capital with their conclusions.

I reflected—that I had already expended, on behalf of the Government, more of time and of money than I should probably ever receive again at their hands.

I reflected—that life was, so to speak, limited, and that in case I should determine to give it up to gratuitous work for my country, or, indeed, for any party whatever, I should prefer that the object of my charity should be a needy object.

I reflected—that I had given bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars (with sound bondsmen) for the stool, the blank passports, the pewter and brass seals, the small-sized flag, and the "arms;" and I examined them with attention.

I reflected—that these things being in a capital state of preservation, and my health still unimpaired, I had better withdraw from office.

I therefore sent in my resignation.

I do not think there has been any omission in the performance of my consular duties; it involved, indeed, a more expensive charity on my part than I am in the habit of extending to the indigent. I trust that the Government is grateful.

In overlooking my books I find charges against the Government for nineteen dollars and sixty-three cents for postages and stationery. To make the sum an even one I have drawn on the Government (after the form prescribed in the consular instructions) for twenty dollars, making an over-draft of thirty-seven cents, for which I hope the Government will take into consideration my office and boat rent, my time and repairs to the consular stool.

Finding the draft difficult of negotiation upon the great European exchanges, I may add that I have carried it for a long time in my pocket. Should it be eventually paid, I shall find myself in possession, by adding the thirty-seven cents to sums received in fees during the period of my consulate, of the amount of some thirty dollars more or less.

I have not yet determined how to invest this. I am hoping that Mr. Powers, who, I hear, wears the title of Consul, will find some pretty Florentine model-woman to make an "America" of. If he does so, and will sell a small plaster cast at a reasonable price, I will buy it with my consular income, and install the figure (if not too rude) in my study as a consular monument.

I shall be happy to welcome my successor; I will give him all the aid in my power; I will present him to the ten-penny reading-room, and shall be happy to inscribe his name in advance at either of the hotels. I will inform him of the usual anchorage ground of American ships, so far as my observation has gone. I shall be pleased to point out to him, through the indulgence of my serving-man, the best grocer's shop in the port, and another where are sold wines and varnish.

Should the office stool require repair, I think I could recommend with confidence a small journeyman joiner in a neighboring court.

He will have my best hopes for lucrative employment in his new position, and for happiness generally.

For myself, consular recollections are not, I regret to say, pleasant. I do not write "Ex-United States Consul" after my name. I doubt if I ever shall.

All my disturbed dreams at present take a consular form. I waked out of a horrid nightmare only a few nights since, in which I fancied that I was bobbing about fearfully in a boat—crashing against piles and door-posts—waiting vainly for an American captain.

I have no objection to serve my country; I have sometimes thought of enlisting in the dragoons. I am told they have comfortable rations, and two suits of clothes in a year. But I pray Heaven that I may never again be deluded into

the acceptance of a small consulate on the Mediterranean!

The writer of the present paper begs to say a serious word at the end.

First of all, he has intended no disrespect to those members of the present Administration who kindly bestowed upon him a consular appointment, in the belief (equally indulged in by the writer), that it would facilitate his investigations in a literary task upon which he was engaged. He begs here to express his gratitude for the kind intention; and he does this all the more sincerely because, as non-combatant in the political ranks, he had no claim to consideration.

The writer begs to assure the reader, farther, that he has not drawn up this pitiful story of a consulate, which is true in all its essential particulars, merely for the sake of making a joke of his misfortune.

He wishes to draw public attention to the beggarly condition of our present consular system, which compels its lesser agents to a subsistence (if they subsist at all) by pillage on American travelers and captains. He wishes to express his mortification and shame, that the foreign agency of a State so rich and so prosperous as our own—upon which, in the hazards of Continental change, important business may devolve—should have no better support than a few paltry fees—no worthier representative, at times, than a chance broker of the wharves—and no better basis for dignity and consideration than a tattered flag and a vulgar sign-board.

He wishes to call attention to the imperfect Consular Instructions, consisting of a careless accumulation of old Congressional Acts, showing little precision, and defining powers most imperfect just upon those points where authority should be most explicit.

He wishes to direct attention specially to the looseness of Government orders, as they stand at present, with regard to what constitutes nationality, and what limits belong to those marketable papers known as sailors' "protections."

He wishes to deplore, in virtue of his own experience, that system of constant change in foreign consular appointments, by which American captains and sailors, for whose benefit the office is specially created, are left at the mercy of a man who, in nine cases out of ten, is a stranger to the customs of the port—to its laws, its business, and its language.

He wishes to suggest the propriety of making our consular appointments such, and so well supported by a sufficient salary, and by permanence of tenure, that they may do effective service to our countrymen abroad, and reflect honor upon the State. And he ventures to suggest that a national representative, who, by his firmness, his dignity, and his capacity, can command respect, will be quite as able to protect the rights of a compatriot as if he commanded "Greytown" guns.

THE LOST SON OF ICHABOD ARMSTRONG.

IN one of the wildest sections of Orange County, in the State of New York, a solitary farmhouse stands—or stood at the period of which I now write—in lonesome beauty, shaded by two magnificent oak-trees, the growth of more than a century. For miles in every direction the rugged, rocky land and abrupt hills afforded means of livelihood to only a half dozen poor and hard laboring families, who starved on their rocky possessions. No house was within a mile of the Rocky Glen farm, but around this quiet spot were evidences of the toil of many years, perhaps many generations. There was a lawn in front of the house, on which grew fruit-trees, such as are usually found nearest the house. A fine orchard was on a hillside and over the hilltop close by. Patches of smooth land here and there, from which every stone had been carefully picked, indicated the ability of the farm in the way of clover and timothy, while in the summer time many garden spots, rich with waving grain, lit up the otherwise dark and sombre aspect of the four hundred acres which were included within the farm of Ichabod Armstrong.

Some men might with plausibility maintain actions against their parents for damages sustained by reason of acts at the baptismal ceremony. Why he was called Ichabod no one could explain, nor his mother or father any more than others. His mother had a recollection of selecting a Scripture name, and that there was something about this that struck her fancy. Certainly she had no idea that the glory of his family was lessened by his birth. But those who knew him forgot his name; and at the period of which we now write he had grown to be an old man, having followed in the footsteps of his fathers, and under his culture the old farm had vastly improved, while there was much other manifest good that the world had derived from his life in it.

I say much other manifest good; and there were more good deeds of Ichabod Armstrong which were not manifest here, but which will one day be made brilliant in the eyes of those who despised him in his humility.

In his early life he was educated in a manner superior to the ordinary course, in those days, with the sons of farmers in Orange County; and after graduating, it was said that he traveled for several years. But after his parents' death he returned and took charge of the farm, and was soon married to a young lady in the neighborhood, whom, rumor said, he had loved in former years, and would have married but for her parents' objections. He had been in fact a wild boy in youth and at college, and their objections were, perhaps, well founded. However that may have been, the love of maturer years was none the less ardent or faithful, and they lived together on the farm for forty or fifty springs and autumns, alone, but not lonely, and, meanwhile, the oak trees over the

house grew very old, and the house itself creaked and shook in the winter tempests.

As Ichabod grew old he grew to feeling deeply his responsibility as a man; and when he was elected an elder in the church at —, he seemed to be unable for a while to bear the load thus placed on him. But time, and a good stout soul, full of faith and hope and reverent humility, sustained him, and his heart grew more and more gentle, more and more tender of the faults of his fellow-men, more and more affectionate, earnest, and pure.

Every one loved him. Not infrequently he was called on to occupy the desk in front of the pulpit, when the old clergyman was absent or ill; and it was pleasant, beyond description, to hear the old man's quaint and simple explanations of the passages he read from Holy Writ.

His wife lived with him, fondly and faithfully, grew old with him, grew gentle with him, and was very like him in all things. They were childless. And so the name Ichabod to some appeared as if given in an ignorant prophetic moment, for with him his family seemed extinct. As age came on he had felt much the necessity of a support to his declining years, and still more to those of his wife, for whom he cared most tenderly, and who began to fail long before he felt the weakness of age. They accordingly sent to distant relatives who had many children, and asked for one of their boys; and the boy came. But he was a wild, turbulent youth, and the old man had not strength to manage him, and, after a year's trial, sent him back with a present and an apology to his parents.

The evening after the old couple were again left alone they were seated by the large hearth fire, silent as was their wont of late, and a sense of lonesomeness began to creep over them both.

"Sarah, I am some way restless, and I think not quite well this evening," said the farmer.

"You have worked too hard at the threshing, Ichabod; you are not as able to swing a flail as you used to be. We are growing old."

"Yes, that is it, I suppose. We are getting to be old folk. Do you remember that hand when we were young, Sarah?"

"It was smooth on the back then."

"It is rough, brown, and wrinkled now."

"God's sun, and winds, and work have done it all, my husband."

"Ay—so. Let us thank Him. We have lived long and happily. It is Saturday night. Let us sing."

It was curious to hear those two old people. Their voices were musical, if broken; and as they had sung together for fifty years, they sang now, without book or note, sitting in the fire-light of the Saturday night, and their voices were audible out on the lawn, and even down to the road, where a passing traveler heard them and paused.

She was a woman, young, with much of her young beauty still left about her. She led by

the hand a little girl of twelve years old, who paused with her and listened to the music. A sudden impulse appeared to seize the mother, and she entered the gate and hastened up the lawn, dragging the surprised child, as if she feared her resolution might give out before she accomplished her errand. She pushed open the door of the old kitchen, and entered where the aged couple sat.

"In the name of the merciful Son of God, will you, who sing his praise, help a poor and dying woman?"

"Let that name never be pleaded in vain under this roof," was the calm answer of the old man; "but who are you that use it so freely and lightly?"

"Oh! not freely, neither lightly, for I was brought up to reverence it, though sadly have I forgotten it in these late years. I am poor, homeless, and a wanderer. My child is my all. I am dying away from her. I heard your voices as I passed along the road, and I dared enter to ask a great favor. Greater, I know now, than I dare ask or you could give."

"Speak on. What was it?"

"No. It is too much. A little food, if you please, and we will go on; a crust of bread, a cup of water."

"Where are you going?"

"To—to— The good God knows where I shall find—"

She paused, and a violent fit of trembling overcame her. By some sort of intuition the old elder knew what was the woman's wish when she entered; and when a hastily-warmed supper had been set before the mother and child, he called his wife out into the next room, and found her heart full of the same idea that was filling and gladdening his.

"She has such soft brown eyes," said the old lady.

They talked a little while, and on their return to the kitchen found the mother already gathering her thin, but clean shawl around her shoulders, and making the child ready for the road.

"Sit down a moment," said the old man, solemnly. They both obeyed.

"My good woman, my wife and I are aged and alone. The world has gone well with us, but it grows lonesome as we grow old and cold. We want company and love. Will you part with that child of yours?"

The question was abrupt, and startled the mother. "Oh, Sir!" said she, "you have divined my thoughts. It was for that I came in. I so longed to leave her in such a home."

"You consent? There is much to speak of, then. You will stay with her here to-night, and to-morrow we will talk of it. Take off your shawl and bonnet."

There was a rare elegance and symmetry of form, which, indeed, there was no one present to appreciate, when the mother appeared in her simple and poor dress. A broad forehead was marked about the temples with lines of aristo-

cratic beauty. Her eye was like the child's, deep brown, almost to blackness, and its glance, though restless and roving, was, nevertheless, thoughtful, and indicative of a soul within. It is not every eye that shows a soul.

When the old man read the words of Holy Writ, she listened with devout attention; and when he prayed, a low, stifled sob indicated her deep emotion.

That was a solemn night at the Rocky Glen farm, and there was little sleeping done within the old house. The aged couple, resting in their own room, had much to think of the future, and many anxious and troubled thoughts. The mother knelt by her child, who alone slept peacefully, and prayed the long night through. Bitter prayers were hers, and yet hopeful; and in the morning her dark eye was as calm as if she had slept serenely all the hours.

All the preliminaries were readily arranged, and the mother's story was confided to the old elder's ear, who carefully wrote it down for preservation. It was the old story. She was the daughter of a poor scholar, and she had been educated in all his learning. Their home had been a happy one, and was so even after she had been won to love a man many years her senior, but who was of noble appearance, of refined and elegant tastes, and of strangely winning manners and voice. They lived several years in the cottage with the old man, and her husband was kind and affectionate beyond description. As time passed on he grew restless and uneasy. He was absent often for days, weeks, and at length he went and never returned. Her father died. She was poor, homeless, starving with her child. She lived in an inhospitable neighborhood, and at length, after years of poverty, she took her child by the hand and wandered away in search of some distant relatives, and perhaps her husband.

Having finished her story, she prepared to go, and embracing her child once closely, but calmly, she would have departed on her wandering journey, seeking the father of her child. But the good elder interposed. Doubtless his keen eye saw that she would not journey far before her feeble strength would fail her forever; and even while he was commanding her in his firm and gentle voice to remain with her child, the excitement of the thought produced another of those nervous fits of trembling which indicated her exceeding weakness, and she yielded and remained.

A fortnight later she was dying. The winter winds were howling around the old house when she was departing. The scene within strangely contrasted with that out of doors; for a calm, an indescribable peace was on the mother's forehead, and in her heart, and with a long look into the eyes of her child, a kiss of parting joy and agony, a smile of gratitude to the old elder, and a single glance toward heaven of the brown eyes that even then closed forever on the scenes of earth, and opened forever on other and more joyful scenes, she went from the dark

wintery night that was wailing around the farmhouse into light and rest.

We pass over a period of six years, during which the inhabitants of the Rocky Glen farm grew older—one to the beauty of girlhood and womanhood, and the others to the weakness and the trustfulness of older age.

Ichabod Armstrong's mind now began to give indications of a peculiarity which proved not a little painful to his wife and daughter; for such was the title given to Katharine, who also was called by the name of her adopted father, that of her mother being generally unknown. This peculiarity consisted in a fear that Kate would some day marry and leave him, and a determination on his part that this should never occur. For a year or two Kate laughed gayly enough at this; but then there was a change, and she sought to reason against it. But reason did not operate. It only exasperated the old man. He even grew angry at her, and though he repented it afterward, yet he used language so harsh as to bring tears to her eyes. She ceased to talk with him; but the visits of a young man from the village, which now grew more and more frequent, so worked on the old man's mind that he became nearly insane, and talked furiously of Kate's ingratitude. The young man was a son of Mr. Irving, the clergyman, who had been educated at one of the best colleges in the country, and was now a law-student in the city. During his frequent visits at home he found his way almost daily out to the farm.

This state of affairs continued for three years, and the old elder seemed to have become a chaotic man. He was harsh, morose, fretful, or abusive in his house, and the men in his fields were afraid of him. His wife watched all this with deep sadness, and frequent tears, while Kate's eyes grew dim, and her cheek pale, and her step feeble.

One winter evening (it was the anniversary of Kate's birth in the family) they were seated together by the fire, in the sorrowful stillness which now took the place of the former cheerfulness of that hearth, when Ichabod suddenly rose to his feet, and faced his wife with a look of intense emotion. "I must make an end of this, and I will do it now. I believe," said he, "that God is visiting me for the sins of former years. Sarah, listen to me. I have somewhat to say that you have never before heard. It will astonish you. Mayhap it will estrange you, and I shall then be alone as I deserve. When we were married I had loved you for long years of anxious waiting. When your father sent me off so abruptly, and you, even you, Sarah, looked coldly on me, I loved you with my whole soul, as every hour since, and as I love you now."

The wife stared curiously in her husband's countenance, and he continued slowly, and as if with pain.

"But in the interval after I left you, and before you saw me again, I had been married to another."

She started, but was calm again instantly.

"It was a strange affair that I never wholly understood myself. I determined to leave home and assume a false name. I sought my fortune in the city, where, wandering about the streets one evening, I met a man who seized me by the arm and asked me if I wished to be rich. I laughed, and said I did. 'Then come with me,' said he, and half-led, half-dragged me, through a dozen streets, to the door of a large house, which we entered. I was left alone for an hour, and then four persons entered the room where I sat. One was my former acquaintance, and another lady leaning on his arm. The third was a clergyman, as I knew by his dress. The fourth was a young and strangely beautiful woman. I can not tell what followed. It snited my wild feelings, this strange occurrence. I was ready for any thing, and, though astounded, I was calm, and in five minutes I was the husband of the beautiful girl, whose countenance was all the time motionless and devoid of interest in the ceremony or the persons around her.

"The next morning I found a wardrobe provided for a journey, and we—a party of four—left the city for long travel. My wife was an idiot. Her parents had determined to find her a husband, and they had taken this course. A year later we were in Paris, and my wife was sane, and a child—my child—was in her arms. The mother and child were alike rarely beautiful, and the boy was named with the name I had given as mine—Richard Delavan—my mother's family-name, and the name too, by-the-way, of the mother of our Kate.

"One morning I awoke in the hotel where we were staying, and found myself alone—wife, father, mother, child, all were gone. A slip of paper in an envelope said, 'Send your address in America to A. and A., Bankers, London.' My address! I had none. I must make one now. All search was vain. I got no clew to the deserters. My life was left suddenly a black blank. I wandered about the streets for weeks, and finally determined to go back to the old farm and the waiting arms of my dear old father and mother. I sent my address as directed, and hastened home. Home! Yes, the rocks, the trees, the house were the same, but the father and mother that so loved me were in the church-yard, and I felt as if my home were there. A year passed, and I received a note bidding me hasten to New York, to a certain house. I obeyed the summons. I was admitted by a servant, who led me directly up to a cold, dark room, which, in the dim light of the retiring day, I recognized as our bridal-room, and the bed, and curtains, and costly ornaments all strangely contrasted with my cottage-home. But as my eyes became accustomed to the light, I saw on the bed the form of my wife awfully calm and still. She was dead! I never saw her so splendidly beautiful. But I had never loved her, and I wept no tear now. I felt only that the intelligence

had been properly communicated to me as one interested in knowing of her death, and in seeing her dead, and I turned away. Her father was standing watching me. I spoke but a sentence to him. "Our child?" "Dead!" was his solemn reply. I walked down to the door, and out into the air, and I felt as a prisoner feels—escaped, freed, enfranchised. I was relieved of a load of pain, of chains. I was a boy again. I blotted those years out of my life. I felt that they were to be forgotten, and I forgot them. I met you again. Your father was dead. Your love was unchanged. I had wronged you in thinking otherwise. We were married, and have lived how happily! Can you forgive me my silence—my long-kept secret?"

"If there were ought to forgive, it was forgiven the day we were married. Those years were your own. I was cold in dismissing you. I was a dutiful child to a father I feared."

"But more, my wife. All this long time I have believed my son living. I have no confidence in the story of his death in childhood. And I have longed to see him with unutterable longing. It is over now. I am content to die. And I have to-night resolved to do, what I have long feared to do, lest I should forever cut off my son; I mean, to make my will, and give Kate all I have. Is this right?"

"She is a darling child. I think you are right."

"I begin to think I have wronged her. She seems to love me. Think you she does really love the old man?"

Kate answered the question on her knees by his side, and they knelt and prayed.

Next day the elder came to New York to consult me about his will, and brought Kate to pass a few days in the city, to endeavor to recover the bloom of her cheek which had somewhat faded.

The face of Katharine Armstrong, once seen, was not to be forgotten: not so much on account of its remarkable beauty, as of the splendid expression of her eyes, under very long lashes, and the unusual prominence of her eyebrows. The latter feature was one of those marks of countenance that often distinguish families and family connections. I heard her history from the old man with great interest, and though I dismissed it for the time, it repeatedly returned to my mind during the few days they were in town.

In the course of our conversation he related to me the particulars of his first marriage, and I was interested in this almost as much as in Miss Armstrong. On the morning after their arrival, I called, with some members of my family, on the young lady, and engaged her for the evening to go with us to a concert.

Evening came. As we entered the hall, I observed Miss Armstrong exchanging bows and smiles with a young gentleman, who, to my surprise, I saw was a clerk in my own office—a valued and promising young man, whom I immediately beckoned to approach. He joined our party very willingly, and we passed to our

seats. The concert was about half over when my attention was called to a gentleman across the room, who most pertinaciously directed his gaze and his glass at our group; and I leaned over to ask Miss Armstrong if she knew him. Young Irving instantly looked at the man with a frown on his face, and the next moment the stranger rose and left the hall. There was something that I did not like about his countenance, and yet something peculiarly attractive. It haunted me till the concert was over. We entered our carriage, and Irving bowed to us on the pavement. As the horses sprang forward there was a slight confusion and delay in the crowd, so that we were backed to the spot of starting. At this moment I saw Irving meet the stranger, and it was evident that ill-tempered words were exchanged; and the next instant Irving parried a blow, and returned it so willingly that his opponent went down like a stone, while my young friend quietly strode away. The next morning he was arrested for the assault, and I attended him on a preliminary examination held by a justice.

The complainant was now sufficiently near me to be examined carefully, and I was struck with the peculiar beauty of his forehead, and the equally strange fury and fire of his eyes, which lay far back under prominent and very heavy brows. He gave his name as Richard Strong, and related his version of the circumstances which had led to the assault, all highly colored of course. I was not present as counsel, but as a witness. Irving conducted his own defense. He had, in the course of the day, learned all he could of his antagonist's history. His cross-examination was rapid and amusing to any stranger, but some points in it struck me with great force.

"What is your business?"

"I am a merchant."

"Is not that a lie? You are billiard marker in ——'s rooms, are you not?"

"I was—but I have left there."

"What other names have you lately gone by?"

"I do not understand your meaning, Sir."

"Keep cool, and reply calmly. You were Richard Smith at Baltimore, were you not?"

"I am not here to reply to impertinent questions."

"You were Richard Thornton at Philadelphia last week, were you not?"

"Am I to answer this man's impudence?" said the complainant furiously to the Justice.

"The questions seem proper, to show the character of a witness. You must answer them," said the magistrate.

"You were Richard Scoresby ten years ago in New York, were you not?"

I started. Irving was going on in his tantalizing way, without waiting for answers, when I whispered, "Press him on that name Scoresby; I wish it." It was the name of Armstrong's first wife, and there was, to say the least, a curious coincidence here. The question was repeated.

"I do not know what names men may have called me."

"What is your real name? Come, let us know?"

"I have given you my name."

"Yes, you have given us your name. But what we want just now is your father's. Come, give us your father's name?"

An expression more devilish than human passed over his countenance. A friend and companion of his own approached Irving, and whispered, "Be careful! It is a touchy subject with him. He never mentions his father, and has once or twice answered that question with a pistol-hall."

We had no desire for such a reply, but proceeded with the examination, and compelled him to admit that he had gone under these different names; and on my testimony, and that of a friend of Irving's, he was discharged, to the manifest anger of his opponent, who retired muttering oaths of revenge.

The same day, when Ichabod Armstrong had left the hotel, a person called and sent up a card to his daughter, requesting to see her.

"Richard Strong," said she, musing. "There must be an error. I never heard of such a person," and she sent down a message declining to see him. The next morning Irving brought the card to me, explaining that he had called on Miss Armstrong the previous evening, and learned of this curious attempt to see her.

This pertinacity in his desire to see Miss Armstrong confirmed in my mind suspicions which had begun to arise; and, though it was none of my business, I bothered my brain not a little to imagine what connection there could be between Miss Armstrong and the son of her protector and adopted father. Sitting and pondering on this matter, I called in young Irving, and was surprised at his active interest in the subject, until his frank confession of an engagement of marriage explained his feelings. The next day, when Mr. Armstrong came to execute his will, I ventured to open the subject to him, and to ask him whether he had ever connected his ward, or adopted child, in any way with his own lost son? The idea, he replied, was not new to him, for her name was Delavao, and this had directed his mind that way. But he had gotten to consider it a fancy of his own old brain, and dismissed it. But I could see, and I rather regretted, that the old man was disturbed by what I said, and I had aroused an old train of thought. I did not mention our meeting with the opponent of Irving, but determining to keep a lookout on his course, and, if opportunity offered, to investigate the matter, I sent the old man home. Here ceased all my connection with him or his family.

Time waits not for lawyers or lawyers' investigations. Ichabod Armstrong having lived his threescore years and ten, with the usual amount of evil and good intermingled, was now close to the path that is on the other side of the dark veil, and was about to pass through,

though he knew it not, to walk with men of older times.

Within a week after his return to the Rocky Glen farm he was dying. Indistinct memories of boyhood thronged around him. Clearer visions of more mature years made themselves visible. The face and features of his dead wife—the dead wife of those years of pain and imprisonment—were constantly before him. Later, calmer, holier years would not efface that memory. Not even when his beloved wife Sarah leaned over him, and spoke gently and peacefully of their long journey side by side. It was pleasant to hear her speak of it; pleasant to see her there, so calm, so gentle, so lovely in her serene age; it was pleasant to remember that long fond love, that pure and faithful affection, and all its joys. The springs of forty years, their golden autumn, the mornings bright with joy, the evenings by the hearth fire—the hearth, whereon never more for them should blaze the round logs or glow the ruddy coals—all these were pleasant memories; but even as they came, back of them lay that dark remorseful thought of his long silence, and how he had deceived that faithful soul through all the years; and he could not bear to remember even their morning and evening prayers together, in the long succession of mornings and evenings through nearly half a century.

But at length he talked it all over with his wife, and grew calm; and then the old man regained his composure, and a higher state of happiness than he had known for years. All his moroseness and peevishness were gone. He was no longer opposed to Kate's marriage, but bade her make ready before he should die, so he might see her safe in the old house with a protector. Irving was at the first opposed to this. He had not designed marriage until he was better off in this world's goods. But this was overruled.

Another winter evening gathered around the Rocky Glen farm with a tempest. The snow was driving wildly on a northeast wind that shook the branches of the oak-trees over the house, until they wailed in anguish.

Within again was a contrast with the storm. The quiet marriage ceremony had been finished an hour previously, and now all the family were gathered around the bed of the dying elder.

His eye flashed with the light of bright hope, and bright memory; for now memory became bright. Far away in the distance now, like a faint star in the deep recesses of a blue and glorious sky, there was a face shining dimly on his memory. It was the face of his dead wife. But that was a momentary vision, flashing out but an instant, and then disappearing, as other and more magnificent memories swept over his soul.

There was one of rare and matchless glory. It was of a dark shadow under the pine-trees, where a spring gushed out and went leaping with musical voice down the rocks. The moon stole in on the water-drops and transformed them into diamonds. One star, brilliant

and beautiful, peered through the branches of the trees, and lost its radiance in the dark gloom beneath, or found a fitting place in which a starbeam could love to die, in a dark and tear-brightened eye. "Tear-brightened" I wrote, for tears oftentimes are diamonds before they fall and seem to be lost; and such tears are not really lost, but are to be regathered one day when the soul, out of a dark and dreary past, full of hideous wrong, and sin, and deformity, gathers its few jewels. Among the pine-trees was lingering a summer breeze, entangled there and piteously seeking release. Sometimes there was a moan of pain; and then, as if knowing what was occurring beneath, the wind forgot its quarrel with the pines, and shouted a gay exulting song. Moon, stars, and spring, and wind, heard alike their vows of love, and moon, stars, and spring, after a lapse of fifty years, bore witness to the faith of both the lovers. And like the wind, the vision swept from the mind of the dying old man, and another took its place. He saw the babe that lay on its mother's knee, and something seemed to whisper, to thunder in his ear, that his boy, his son, the last of his name, was living on the face of the inhospitable earth from which he was departing. And as the thought took possession of him, a heavy step was heard in the front of the house, and a man entered, whom no one but Irving recognized. The old man lay in the large room, into which the front door opened directly, so that the stranger advanced at once toward the group around the bed.

His harsh face seemed in ill-keeping with the faces by which he was surrounded, and as he recognized Irving, a gleam of anger made it appear ten-fold worse. The latter was the first to break the silence, and advancing a step, demanded the business of the intruder.

"I have come for one of my family," was the cool and quiet reply.

"None of your family are here."

"Are you quite certain?"

There was a sneer in the tone of the question that was provoking beyond endurance.

"There is no one here who would admit the possibility of a connection with you."

"Possibly I may convince you otherwise. Whose family does that young lady belong to?"

"To mine." It was the deep voice of the old man that replied. Irving for the moment seemed inclined to dispute this, but paused as the stranger (who, it is of course understood, was his former antagonist) again spoke.

"Whose daughter is she? Not yours, old man, certainly."

"By what right do you come here to question thus?" demanded Irving, now growing excited.

"By what right do you question me?" was the reply, again with a sneer.

"By the right of the stronger over the weaker," said Irving, seizing him by the throat, and shaking him furiously as he dragged him toward the door. "Out of this house," and he

dashed the door open and sent him flying into the darkness. But with the fierceness of a tiger he sprang back, before the door was closed, and spoke, or rather shouted,

"I will go, but not without my daughter."

All were startled; but the old man most of all. He raised himself with difficulty, but with unusual strength, and gazed into the face of the visitor.

"That face, those eyes, that brow, that strangely-marked forehead—all were hers and her father's—all alike. And Kate. Strange that I never saw it before. It must be so!"

He was muttering all this to himself, and then spoke aloud:

"Who are you, that have so little respect for an old man's death-bed?"

"Ask that boy yonder. He keeps track of me better than I of myself. What was my last name, young man?"

"Who is he, George?"

"Richard Strong, alias Smith, alias Thompson, alias Scoresby. The Scoresby is his oldest name."

The old man trembled as if in an ague, but at length resumed his questioning.

"By what right do you claim my child?"

"As her father."

"And how?"

"Much the usual way. I was her mother's husband."

"Who was her mother?"

"The daughter of the school-teacher in M——, old Jonathan Strong."

"Right," said the old man; "and where did you leave her?"

"I saw her last in A——."

"Right again. What led you to desert her?"

"Desert is a harsh word. I was poor, out of money. I went to look for some. When I returned she was gone."

"Your search was long. Four years' absence might well excuse her for believing you had abandoned her. What became of her?"

"I know not."

"Did you make no inquiries?"

"Yes; but in vain."

"How know you that this is her child?"

"By her perfect likeness to her mother. I saw her in a concert-room in New York last week. I knew her then as my child. I found your address on the hotel books. I came here. On my way I learned that she was your adopted child. Then I knew of a certainty that she was mine. I can not mistake that face."

"Her mother was very beautiful. You must have loved her once?"

The dark features of the visitor had relaxed into an expression of interest during this conversation, and at this question he was visibly startled, and his hand sought a chair, whereon he leaned as he replied somewhat musingly, and in a more gentle voice,

"Yes, I loved her. God knows I loved her.

Once—yes, always. I know not under what strange delusion I left her. She loved me too

well; better far than I deserved. Her whole soul was mine. For me she forgot father, mother, God. And I forgot her. Yes, I loved her. Can any of you tell me her fate?"

There was a pitiable beseeching in his face and voice as he looked now around him. He was changed wholly for the time.

"She died in this house, in yonder room."

He staggered as if he had received a blow, and then for a minute looked wildly around as if he saw a ghostly presence.

"May I go in there?"

Mrs. Armstrong silently led the way, without thinking of a light. He followed, and she left him alone. For a few minutes there was deep silence in the room. The elder did not sink back on his pillow, but remained watching the door, from which at length the visitor issued, walking as if unaware of where he was, or whither he was going. As his roving eye beheld Katharine, who stood trembling with painful horror at the discovery of such a father, he started suddenly, looked wildly at her, and fell into a chair, sobbing violently. The strong man was apparently heart-broken. The elder's voice interrupted the silence.

"You are moved strangely."

"Not strangely. For I have found the grave of all my early hopes; I have found a dead wife and a living child."

"Richard Delavan—" He started at the name, and the old man, now convinced of his correct surmise, and trembling anxiously at the strange position in which he found himself, continued: "You have found more. Look in my face. I am old—very old. More than eighty years are weighing on me here, but my memory is clear and bright. It is now sixty years since I held an infant in my arms, but for one instant, and then it was stolen from me, and I never saw my child again. For the mother of that child I had no affection. She had no intellect to win love. But the child I loved in memory. For sixty years I have loved that child with growing affection. They told me he was dead, and for awhile I believed it. But instinctive love denied the story, and I sought him long and with tears. I married my first love, my only love, my good and faithful wife yonder, who has been to me an angel of comfort all these long sad years. I concealed this story from her. I concealed from her that I had ever held another in my arms; that I had a son somewhere on earth. She has forgiven me my sin. But God has punished me. Even as the light of heaven is bursting on me, I have found that son, and I leave him, a deserter of his wife and child, a traitor to his family, an enemy to his God."

"Who—where—what does he mean?" exclaimed the stranger, springing to his side, as the old man sank on his pillow. No one else understood, but in a low whisper, husky, and inaudible to others, he told the story to Delavan, or Richard Armstrong, as he seemed now entitled to be called, and who recognized his father in the dying old man.

It was now painfully evident that the excitement of this scene was too great for the elder, and that the hour of departure had arrived.

The wife was seated on the bedside, with her white, thin hand on her husband's forehead, while large tears were fast dropping from her eyes. The old man smiled on her a glorious smile, and whispered, while she leaned forward to hear:

"Sarah, before God and his angels, in whose presence I now stand, though you see them not, I never loved, but you, and I have loved you with faithful love."

She leaned forward and kissed his forehead, and said some words inaudible to any but his ears, whereat he smiled again.

"Kate, my darling child, may God keep you safe forever!" and he looked at her, and she understood all that he would have said more.

"Richard!"

He knelt at the bedside.

"My son"—and the old man paused as he uttered those words, which he might have used for sixty years, but now spoke for the first time in all his life, and they sounded so pleasantly that he repeated them again and again. "My son—my son—my son—I—God—Richard—Our Father—which—art—in—heaven—" And a smile now took rapturous possession of his countenance, and he looked at his wife, his dear old wife, and went away with her face last in his memory; last of the years of his waiting, laboring, sorrowing; last of his earthly vision—sole earthly possession that he took with him to heaven.

The remainder of this history is brief. The farm passed by the will to the possession of Kate, who, with her husband, took up her residence on it. The widow, amply provided for, lived peacefully with her child for a few months, and then departed to the company she loved better. Richard Delavan, humbled and subdued, broke down in health and intellect. Already advanced in years, he entered prematurely into a second childhood, and, after a few years of imbecility, died in his daughter's house, and was buried at the side of his wife.

LADY BLESSINGTON AND COUNT D'ORSAY.*

FOR a period of some twenty years, ending in 1849, the most coveted entrée in London was that of the brilliant and fashionable circle over which Lady Blessington presided at Seasmore Place and Gore House. Though Holland House still opened its hospitable doors to all whom fame or talent raised above the crowd, and the splendid gifts so beautifully commemorated by Macaulay still graced the host and hostess of that noble mansion; though Lady Charlesville had her set of lions and celebrities, chosen from every party in politics and every walk in art; both were for a time eclipsed by

* A Memoir of the Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. H. MADREN. 2 vols. Portrait. Just published by Harper and Brothers.

the attractions of Seamore Place. Laboring under the heavy disadvantage of exclusion from female society, and unable to cope with her rivals in expenditure, Lady Blessington had contrived from the start to rob them of the brightest stars of their firmament, and to fill her own rooms with all that was best worth knowing in the London world. There, in salons overflowing with art and luxury, were to be seen the poets whose books lay on every table; there travelers who had explored the farthest recesses of the earth; there statesmen at whose nod armies were ready to march, fleets to sail; there were Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, good-humoredly bantering each other, or chatting over a plot for a new novel. That tall handsome man, conversing in so *expressed* a manner with Henry Bulwer, the brother of the novelist, is the great Russian, Demidoff, as distinguished by his talents as by his wealth. Beside him sits alone, staring gloomily from under thick eyebrows at the guests, the French exile, Louis Napoleon, the friend and protégé of the Countess; and not far distant may be seen the elegant figure of Count D'Orsay, like George IV., "the most perfect gentleman of his time." Asia is represented by a genuine Indian prince, the Baboo Dwarakanauth Tajore, the descendant of one of the five Brahmins of Bengal; cheerfully promising, as usual, to head a subscription to rebuild a church or relieve distress; soon to die, and to be buried in orthodox England like a dog, without funeral service, or even a mourner save his son. Lolling on a sofa, playing with his crutch, "Rejected Addresses" Smith lets off puns and jokes by the score; while, at the opposite side of the room, Monsieur Julien *le jeune*, once Robaspierre's secretary, now a poor old exile, and a favorite hott of D'Orsay's, reads, for the twentieth time, his "Chagrins Politiques" with tearful eye and broken voice, to a knot of listeners choking with internal mirth. Strangers are there too, Americans, Italians, Germans, every one who has soared above the common herd of mankind, and has come to London to lionize and see the lions. Surrounded by a group of eager listeners, in a deep arm-chair sits the Countess herself, with a footstool at her feet, on which Tom Moore is privileged to perch himself. Her beauty is not dazzling; winning is the better word. A smile plays on her features, and her rich Irish lips part constantly in merry laughter. Her figure inclines to embonpoint; but such is its faultless symmetry, that even a Greek sculptor would have found it hard to criticise. Her dress is, of course, perfect; with Count D'Orsay as an adviser, how could it be otherwise?

Such was Marguerite, Countess of Blessington, in the hour of her glory, and as she appeared to those who visited her between 1881 and 1848. If her position was enviable, not so were the years which preceded or followed it. Her life had three phases; it is doubtful whether the happiness and fame of the second stoned

for the misery of the first or the anguish of the last.

She was born at a place called Knockbrit, in Tipperary County, Ireland, and was the daughter of a "country gentleman" named Power, who was as unlike a gentleman as possible. Her mother's family, who had been staunch Roman Catholics, and foes to the union of Ireland and England, had paid the usual penalty of their opinions by being hunted, or shot, or hanged, when the Protestants had nothing better to do. On the other hand, her father was a fierce partisan of the union, and carried his prejudice so far as to taunt his wife with being "the daughter of a convicted rebel." He was, we are told, "a fair sample of the Irish country gentleman of some sixty years ago;" loved horses, dogs, claret, and poteen; was "much given to white cravats and top-boots;" never paid his debts, or spent an evening at home when he could help it; and was known throughout the country by the expressive nickname of "Shiver-the-frills Power." He had been a Catholic, but became a Protestant to please the English party, and again reverted to his early faith when he had nothing more to expect from his patrons. In his youth he had sold butter and flour; afterward he set up a newspaper; failed in that, and got an appointment as magistrate; was removed for brutality; finally relapsed into a mere drunken sot, dependent on his daughter for support, and died boasting that he had drunk five tumblers of punch the night before.

An incident in his magisterial career paints the man, and illustrates the country and the times. The county of Tipperary swarmed with what were called "rebels;" and Power, in his full-blown dignity, was particularly active in hunting them down. Near his house lived a widow and her son, whom he suspected. One night the latter started to go to the smith's to mend his pitchfork. "Johnny dear," said his old mother from her door, as he went, "it's too late to go, maybe Mr. Power and the yeomen are out." "Never fear, mother," replied the lad, "I'll only leave the fork and come back immediately; you know I can't do without it to-morrow." On the road, the first person he met was the redoubtable Power, on horseback, accompanied by his son and a servant. Terrified at the sight, the lad began to run; whereupon Power took deliberate aim at him with a horse-pistol, and shot him through the body. The magistrate then placed his captive on horseback behind his servant, bound him to the saddle, and rode into Clonmel. Lady Blessington "long remembered with horror the sight of the wounded man mounted behind the servant as the party entered the stable-yard of her father's house; pale and ghastly, his head sunk on his breast, his strength apparently quite exhausted, his clothes steeped in blood." The poor creature died during the night; and next morning, according to custom, the body was exposed at the court-house "as a warning to other rebels." The widow, his mother, waited hour after hour

for his return in anguish inexpressible; when morning came, she set out on foot for Clonmel, to seek tidings of her lost son. The first sight that met her eye was his bleeding body hanging on the rebels' stand. With a shriek, she fainted, and was carried to the house of a charitable neighbor. "She had," says a writer, touchingly, "no one now of kin to help her, no one at home to mind her, and she was unable to mind herself. Scarcely any one, out of Ryan's house, cared for her or spoke about her. Nothing more was heard of her or hers." Some gentlemen in the neighborhood, by great exertions, had Power brought to trial for the murder; but he was acquitted without hesitation by the honest jury.

With such a father, and a mother who appears to have been a weak, helpless woman, little Marguerite Power owed little to her family. A poor little, pale, sickly child, she grew to girlhood without any of the pleasures or comforts most children find in their home. Her imagination was vivid, and she loved to collect other children around her to tell them stories; but her parents sneered at the amusement. The morning the family left Knockhrit, she ran out into the garden and picked a bunch of flowers, to carry away in remembrance of the place; but she knew so well and dreaded so much the temper of her father and his friends, that the little memento was carefully hidden in her pocket. The only friend she had was a Miss Dwyer, a governess, who appears to have been a sensible woman, and tried, as best she could, to sympathize with the lonely, precocious child.

At the age of fourteen her father sold her to a captain in the British army, named Farmer. There was a refreshing honesty about the whole transaction. Farmer knew she disliked him; her father knew it, and knew, moreover, that he was a half-mad, brutal wretch, who ought not to have been intrusted with the happiness of a dog. All the parties understood each other perfectly. Power wanted money, Farmer was rich, and the marriage was celebrated—the present Lord Hardinge, commander-in-chief of the British army, officiating as groomsman. As Mrs. Farmer, little Marguerite soon became a woman under the hot-house pressure of misery and ill-treatment. At times, her husband was quite insane, and she trembled at the sight of him; at others, apparently from sheer brutality, he would "strike her on the face, pinch her till her arms were black and blue, lock her up when he went abroad," and while he was drinking at the mess, would "leave her without food till she was almost famished." Driven to despair by his cruelties, she at length fled for refuge to her father's, and was received most ungraciously by her worthy parent. Her husband, compelled to sell out shortly afterward, determined to go to India, and commanded his wife to accompany him thither. On her positive refusal, he gave it out that their separation had been owing to her misconduct—an atrocious calumny; for

however imprudent she may have been afterward, her demeanor while under Captain Farmer's roof was irreproachable. Twelve years afterward, this fellow was carousing in the debtors' prison at the Fleet, in London, with a party of jovial companions. They had drunk four quarts of rum, and Captain Farmer rose to go. One of the party, by way of a joke, locked the door; Farmer opened the window, and threatened to jump to the ground. While on the window-ledge he lost his balance. For some instants he hung by his fingers to the ledges, calling loudly for help; but his friends were too drunk to render any assistance, and he fell heavily to the ground. Four days afterward he died in hospital.

Husband and father had many points in common. Poor Mrs. Farmer endured almost as much at the hands of the one as the other. She was accomplished and attractive; and was consequently "looked upon as an interloper in the house, who interfered with the prospects and advancement in life of her sisters." After a time she was so plainly made to feel this, that she left her father's, and led a somewhat vagabond life for a period of nine years, living first with one friend, then with another; thankful for any home, and accommodating herself to any companions. In 1817, the period of her husband's death, she was living with her brother in London. There she had met Mountjoy, Count of Blessington, an Irish nobleman, with a dashing person, an old title, and an exceedingly moderate allowance of brains. "He had been led to believe his talents were of the first order for the stage;" and accordingly affected theatricals, haunted green-rooms, lived among actors and actresses, and spent his time in designing and superintending theatrical costumes. He had his picture taken as one of the heroes of Agincourt—probably in Shakspeare's Henry V.—and filled his rooms with stage properties of every kind. He was fond of "parts which required to be gorgeously appareled;" played the green knight in "Valentine and Orson;" and was remembered by his tenants as "a fine actor," whether comic or tragic they could not say, but "the dresses he wore were very grand and fine." Some years previously he had been much annoyed by the perverse vitality of a Major Brown, who would not make his wife a widow, preparatory to becoming Lady Blessington: thus compelling his lordship to go to the expense of separate apartments for her. However, in 1812, the obnoxious Brown did give up the ghost, his affectionate relict became Lady Blessington, and died shortly afterward. Mountjoy's grief was equal to anything on the modern or ancient stage. He had a room "fitted up at enormous cost" in his residence at Dublin, in which the coffin, "sumptuously decorated," was placed by "a London undertaker of eminence, attended by six professional female mourners, suitably attired in mourning garments, and grouped in becoming attitudes admirably regulated;" when his friends called, the

undertaker, having "gone through the dismal ceremony" of conducting them to the catafalque, "in a low tone expressed a hope that the arrangements were to the satisfaction of the visitor." Three years and a half after this splendid affliction, and four months after Captain Farmer's death, Lord Blessington led his widow to the altar.

It was a startling change for Marguerite. From poverty and friendlessness she found herself in a moment elevated into the highest society, surrounded by elegance and luxury, and worshiped by a man who, whatever were the faults of his head, possessed a warm and generous heart. With an income exceeding \$100,000 a year, a person whose charms were even ten years afterward regarded as irresistible, and wit and powers of fascination that have rarely been excelled, Lady Blessington seemed to have passed from the lowest depths of domestic suffering to the highest pinnacle of worldly happiness. The world smiled on her. She complained of the sumptuousness of the boudoir Mountjoy had prepared for her use. Canning and Castlereagh, Palmerston and Russell, Kemble and Wilkie, Dr. Parr, and the poet Rogers, were constantly guests at her table. Her reputation as a hostess was already established.

Among the crowds of notabilities who thronged her drawing-room, none could compare, as a man of fashion, with an exceedingly handsome youth who had just crossed from Paris, and was making his debut in English society. This was Alfred, Count D'Orsay; whom Byron has described as a *Cupidon déchaîné*, and who vies, in point of accomplishments, with "the Admirable Crichton." His extraordinary beauty, joined to fascinating manners, and wit far above the average even in Paris, rendered him even at this time—he was barely twenty-one—a lion at the West End. Half the ladies in London fought about him. Lady Blessington carried off the prize, and bore him in triumph with her to Italy. So captivating was the Count that the lady's feelings were shared by her husband; it was hard to say whether "Alfred" were the greater favorite with Mountjoy or with his wife. The latter never suffered him to wander from her side; the former would not rest till the Count became a member of his family. By his first wife, the lady Brown, Lord Blessington had two daughters, then at boarding-school in Ireland, the eldest of whom was fourteen; he made a will, in which he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to Count D'Orsay, on condition that he married one of them. He was unrestricted in his choice. Pressed by the solicitations of the infatuated father, D'Orsay chose the younger, who had been born in wedlock; she was sent for, and arrived at Naples, where the Blessingtons were staying, prepared to obey her father's orders. Such perfect gentlemen as Count D'Orsay seldom condescend to be good husbands: little Harriet, pale and reserved in her manner, was treated like a school-girl both by her husband and her family, slighted in society,

and repelled by all from whom she had a right to expect sympathy and confidence. Not a word of complaint did she utter when her fascinating husband suggested a quiet separation, and drove her into solitude, while he reveled in the delights of fashionable life with her father and her mother-in-law. This was the man of whom Charles Dickens said, that "the world of fashion left his heart unspoiled."

After several years of elegant *loisirs* in Italy, the Blessingtons and Count D'Orsay returned to Paris. His lordship—still exercised by his craving for display—furnished his residence "in a style of more than Eastern magnificence," as Mr. Marshall would have it. For the guidance of ambitious residents of Fifth Avenue, it may be said that "Lady Blessington's bed, which was silvered instead of gilt, rested on the backs of two silver swans, so exquisitely sculptured that every feather was in *alto relievo*, and looked as fleecy as those of the living bird. The recess in which it was placed was lined with white fluted silk, bordered with blue embossed lace. A silvered sofa stood opposite the fire-place, and near it a most inviting *bergère*. An *escritoire* occupied one panel, a bookstand the other; and a rich coffer for jewels formed a pendant to a similar one for lace or India shawls. A carpet of uncut pile of a pale blue, a silver lamp, and a *Psyche glass*—the ornaments silvered to correspond with the decorations of the chamber—completed the furniture."

A bedroom for a queen, assuredly. Alas! hardly had "my most gallant of gallant husbands" put the last touch to this bower of taste, when a fit of apoplexy carried him off, and Lady Blessington found herself within an ace of insolvency. Like most Irish noblemen, Blessington had lived far above his means. His widow contrived to secure a jointure of \$10,000 a year, and with this and Count D'Orsay she removed to London, leaving her magnificent establishment at Paris and the Mountjoy estates to her husband's creditors.

She had set her heart upon ruling society—not mere dancing and dinner-eating society, but men of fashion, intellect, and fame. Accordingly she took a handsome house in Seamore Place, furnished it splendidly, and began, as of old, to draw around her all that was notable or distinguished in the English metropolis. Her invitations soon became the rage. Statesmen, poets, orators, novelists, painters, foreign noblemen, ate off her mahogany, and clustered round her chair of an evening. A stranger had seen nothing till he had been received at Seamore Place; an author was not sure of fame till he had been presented to Lady Blessington, and had been assured of her approval. Though ladies would not visit her, and scandal was rife on the subject of Count D'Orsay, she reigned supreme over the most intellectual men in England.

It was impossible to live as she did on \$10,000 a year. Count D'Orsay could not assist her, for he too was in difficulties, led an idle life, and was constantly obliged to dodge writs obtained

agalost him by angry boot-makers and tailors. Lady Blessington resolved to eke out her income by literary labor. Ten years before, when in the height of her splendor, she had published a couple of books, containing sketches of society, which had realized between them a profit of about a hundred dollars. She now related her "Conversations with Lord Byron," in a series of papers in *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*, for which she was well paid. Immediately afterward, she published a couple of three-volume novels of slender merit; but Longman complained that they would not sell. She was more fortunate in an humbler walk of letters. At that time (1833) annuals were all the rage. An enormous demand had sprung up for handsome-looking books, with gilt edges, rich binding, and steel plates; the contents were immaterial, but those sold the best which contained the most prose or poetry by "persons of quality." Judging from the prices paid for manuscripts, these annuals must have been very profitable to the publishers; when Moore was in the height of his glory, the proprietor of *The Keepsake* offered him \$3000 for one hundred and twenty lines of verse. Lady Blessington began to write for annuals, and had no difficulty in obtaining the editorship of two of the most successful—*The Keepsake*, and *Heath's Book of Beauty*. Her literary associations and her claims on her guests enabled her to secure a far higher class of contributors than usually wrote for periodicals. When she edited the *Book of Beauty*, such authors as Bulwer, Barry Cornwall, Disraeli, Bernal, Lady E. Stuart Wortley, W. S. Landor, Marryatt, Grace Aguilar, Viscount Castlereagh, Lord Morpeth, and others of equal note contributed regularly to its pages. We find in her correspondence Sir William Gell apologizing for having sent nothing in the shape of manuscript "for the annual," but promising a sketch of Moorish poetry, etc. By thus taxing her friends, who were only too happy to oblige her, the Countess contrived to make what to a person of more simple tastes would have been a fair income. Jerdan supposes that she "enjoyed from her pen, for many years, an amount somewhere midway between £2000 and £3000 per annum." This is probably exaggerated; but her sister, Miss Power, states positively that her income from letters often exceeded £1000 a year. When Hood starved, Moore almost begged, and Charles Lamb compared embracing letters as a profession to throwing one's self from the Tarpeian rock, this was not so bad for a lady who never pretended to any thing higher than taste, grace, and liveliness. Besides her receipts from the annuals, she wrote sketches for magazines and three-volume novels, none of which appear to have been profitable to the publishers, though the authoress was well paid. They were in general illustrations of the society in which she had moved, not devoid of a certain piquancy, but decidedly feeble in characters and plot. "Strathern," for which she received \$3000, had a brief success; so had "Marmaduke Herbert;" but the best books she

wrote were her "Idler in Italy" and "Idler in France," which showed her best parts to advantage, and are still read. Latterly, however, the publishers were shy of works from her pen. She writes to a friend who solicited her to sell a manuscript of his, that she can not persuade the trade to undertake her own.

We have reached the close of the second period of Lady Blessington's life. The rest is gloomy enough. In 1844, the mania for annuals died out, and the editor of the *Book of Beauty* found herself \$5000 a year poorer by the change in the public taste. Retrenchment seems never to have occurred to her. She had removed to Gore House, and improved on the magnificence of Seamore Place; her salons were still crowded by literati and politicians; Count D'Orsay was still the same lazy, splendid, useless, accomplished gentleman, driving the London ladies and the London tradesmen to distraction, and assisting Lady Blessington to do the honors of her drawing-room. She had lost a large sum by a robbery; nearly as much by the failure of Heath the engraver. Colburn wrote to say that he had lost forty pounds by her last work, and must decline publishing any thing more from her pen. Energetic and industrious as ever, she obtained a sort of connection with the *Daily News*, and agreed to furnish fashionable intelligence; but the arrangement did not last six months. She wrote a tale for a Sunday paper, but the remuneration was too small to be of any service to her. Misfortune had marked her for its own. Little thought they who assembled each evening in her splendid salon, and did homage to the wonderful charm of her conversation, and the winning grace of her manner, that her heart was still sore from the cares of the morning, and that behind the luxury profusely scattered around them lurked poverty and ruin. There were few to whom was intrusted the painful secret that Gore House was in a state of blockade by sheriff's officers, and that D'Orsay dared not walk out in daylight for fear of being arrested. The evil day, however, could not always be postponed. An execution for \$20,000 was put in by a dealer in lace and fancy goods, and though a temporary arrangement was effected by friends, hosts of other creditors pressed equally for payment, and the crash came. Twenty-seven years before, Lady Blessington had commenced her literary career by describing an auction of furniture at a fashionable residence in the West End of London; her description was now verified at Gore House. The collection of objects of art and virtu which it contained were hardly surpassed in any palace in the land; and very many of them were endeared to their owner by associations of friendship and affection. She could not bear to see them sold, and fled to Paris. Count D'Orsay had preceded her with a single portmanteau. Of all her friends Thackeray was the only one who seemed really affected by the scene at the auction.

She had sull her jointure of \$10,000 a year, which might have been amply sufficient for her wants. But one who has filled the position of leader of society for nineteen years, requires something more than food, dress, and shelter. She "employed her time in furnishing new apartments, buying luxuries, embellishments, and comforts;" and doubtless found her means scanty enough. Moreover, the usual consequences of loss of fortune awaited her. Old friends forgot her. Those who had been constant guests at her table spoke of her as the defunct Lady Blessington. Every one knows that the world always deals thus with the unfortunate; but no one feels it the less keenly. Lady Blessington's heart broke under her sorrows. In the strength of her youth she had endured the brutality of a savage husband, and the unkindness of a wretched father; but her spirit had lost its elasticity. She could bear up no longer. The hour of atonement for a life of splendid sin had come.

The brilliant D'Orsay was living in Paris, devoting himself to art, and expecting preferment of some kind from his former friend, Prince Louis Napoleon, then President of the French republic. It came not. The President paid many attentions to Lady Blessington, but made no offer of assistance to D'Orsay. This neglect preyed upon her mind as well as his, and added a pang to the sufferings caused by her own troubles. She had long suffered from disease of the heart; in June, 1849, anxiety brought the malady to a crisis, and she died in a few hours.

D'Orsay never recovered the blow. His health had already been affected by chagrins and disappointment; from the day of Lady Blessington's death it declined visibly. He lingered for three years, a prey to a severe spinal complaint, and much straitened in his circumstances; having lost with his life's friend the best part of himself, and vainly endeavoring to seek from art "surcease of sorrow." Mr. Madden visited him a few weeks before his death, and says he "found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there. He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception-room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death; but all the time with tears pouring down his pale, wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken. He said, with marked emphasis, '*In losing her I lost every thing in this world—she was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!*' While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, '*You understand me, Madden.*'" Death finally released him, in August, 1852, a few weeks after Louis Napo-

leon had appointed him Director of the Fine Arts.

He was generous, manly, good-natured; possessing talents of a high order and taste that has long served as a standard. Yet he was a party to a nefarious marriage which blighted the happiness of an innocent child, abandoned his wife, cheated his creditors, and lived scandalously. She had a most kindly disposition, warm feelings, exquisite tact, and remarkable *talents de société*. Her faults are before the reader.

It seems to have been her destiny to illustrate her own books. One of the most successful of her novels is entitled "*The Victims of Society.*"

THE SECOND BABY.

BETWEEN the first baby and the second what a falling off is there, my countrywomen! Not in intrinsic value, for the second may chance to be "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina," but in the imaginary value with which it is invested by its nearest kin and more distant female belongings. The coming of the first baby in a household creates an immense sensation; that of the second is comparatively a common-place affair. The first baby is looked for with anxiety, nursed with devotion, admired with enthusiasm, dressed with splendor, and made to live upon system. Baby Number Two is not longed for by any one, except, perhaps, the mother; is nursed as a matter of course, and admired as a matter of courtesy; is dressed in the cast-off clothes of Number One, and gets initiated into life without much ceremony or system.

Such was my reflection the other day as I watched the assembled family welcome the little stranger—the second in our household: I am but a bachelor uncle, and my opinion on such matters may be little worth, but it seemed to me that this second child was a great deal superior to the first, seeing that it was larger, quieter, and not nearly so red as his elder brother. Thereupon, retiring to my accustomed corner of the spacious family parlor, I indulged in various lucubrations apropos of babies generally, and second babies in particular, which I took care not to deliver *viva voce* at the time, but which I amused myself afterward by committing to paper, and which I now offer to the reader.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of joy," saith a modern philosopher. He speaks from experience, doubtless; and the saying shows that he hath never had misgivings about getting the daily bread for the babe, or for the mother that should give it suck. Yes, to people with health, peace, and competence, a babe in the house is a well-spring of joy; but to people who are indigent, harassed, and of doubtful health, I fear it is a well-spring of something very different.

I know I shall seem like an old brute of a bachelor to sentimental ladies, married and single, for saying such things; but this is a land of freedom of speech, where "a man may speak the thing he will." And this I *will* say, on be-

half of the poor babies themselves, that if they had any sense at all, they would wish they had never been born—at all events, the *second* would, and every succeeding baby of the aforesaid unhopeful parentage. The *first* baby is generally welcome, even to parents who are doubtful about the morrow's meal. It flings a poetry over their poverty; they look on it with unutterable love, with tender respect, as a charge committed to their trust by God himself, as a renewal of their own lives—a mystic bond of love that no time, and perhaps not even eternity itself, can untie. It is a new and wonderful thing! They can't get familiar with the wonder of it! Its whole little being is a marvelous work; and the hearts of the parents, especially of the mother, glow with the purest ecstasy when they take it in their arms, and think: "This is my child, my own flesh and blood! From the care and the love of this creature nothing, I thank God, can set me free!" So it is with the first child. Indeed, one would think no child had ever been born into the world before, when one listens to a couple talking of their first-born during its first year. To them it is as it was to Adam and Eve when they hung together over their infant Cain: it is a new and grand experience. Thoughts of God and Paradise are in it: God is near above them, smiling his blessing; the gates of Paradise are close at hand, and wide open; and the angels look forth with sympathizing eyes upon their joy. Ah! there is scarcely any joy in life equal to that joy at the birth of a first child! It never comes again: there is never another *first* child. Of course, parents will say and will feel that the second "is very precious;" that "indeed they love it as well as the first;" that "each child brings its full share of love with it;" and that

True love in this differs from gold and clay—
That to divide is not to take away:

so that they can love a dozen as much as one. But let them compare their sensations at the first birth with their sensations at the second, and if they have any faculty of self-observance, be sure they will acknowledge a wide difference; to the love of the child itself, in the one case, is superadded the novelty of parentage.

But it by no means follows, that because the first child creates so much more vivid a sensation in the household than the second, it deserves to be loved more. As a general rule, you will find the second child, in various ways, superior to the first—often superior to all the succeeding children, where the family is numerous. The law and society give the preference to eldest sons and daughters; fairy tales invariably give the preference to the youngest. I set myself, in this particular, against both the existing social system and the wont and usage of fairyland, and think the second child is generally the best, physically, intellectually, and morally. With all due consideration for the Octavius and Septimus, for Sextus and Quintus, and with the usual undue consideration for Mr. Primus and my Lady Una, I contend that their second

brother or sister is likely to excel them all. I am not prepared to go to the stake as a martyr for this opinion, but I am prepared to wield a pen in its defense, and now add a few of the strongest arguments in its favor.

In the first place, a second child of ordinary parents, tolerably well off, benefits in infancy and childhood by the experience they gained with the first. They try experiments with the first; ask advice of doctors and old ladies; and are so anxious to help nature, that they often hinder her operations. The child is never left alone; it is always being taken notice of by some admiring nurse or relative. Now the proverb of the kitchen, that "a watched pot never boils," applies, *mutatis mutandis*, to the nursery, and it may be said that "a watched baby never thrives." But the second child profits by the experiments made with the first. The parents, having discovered that "let well alone" is a safer maxim than "trust nothing to chance" in the case of an infant, are content to let Baby Number Two lie on the floor sometimes, instead of being always in the arms; are not anxious to coax it to walk before it can get up on its little feet and stand; will allow it to ask for food, instead of forcing food down its throat; are not frightened into foolishness because it looks up to the open sky without a hat on. So, when it can run about, they do not mount guard over every motion, remove from the child's path every obstacle, and help it to overcome every small difficulty; they have learned that all these acts of love are not so good for the child as its acquiring habits of self-help and self-reliance. If they have any faculty of provision, they will see that a child who requires to be watched and helped all day long, will probably want watching and helping when he grows a man.

Baby Number Two escapes most of the medicines administered to Number One, and a great deal of the dressing—in which respects Baby Number Two has decidedly the advantage.

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of flattering tongues, which tell Number One twenty times a day that it is "the sweetest little thing that ever was seen."

Baby Number Two escapes the evil effects of jealous suggestions, such as, "Ah! *your* nose is put out of joint. You're not the only one now! The new baby is the darling now."

Baby Number Two has the advantage of the company of an elder brother or sister: he learns a thousand things more easily in consequence. His own voluntary imitation is worth all the direct teaching mothers and nurses can give.

Then, again, if Baby Number Two be followed by more of his kind, he is sure to take to them kindly; as he has never been the *only* one, he sees no harm in the coming of "another, and another, and another."

It is also an advantage to him to play the protector and the teacher in his turn: he cares for the little ones, and is patient with them. I don't deny that *this* advantage he shares with his socially-favored elder brother.

"But," says some reader, and with considerable show of reason, "do not all these advantages which you attribute solely to the second son, belong also to the rest of the younger children?" I think not, and for these reasons:

After the second child is born, parents get quite familiar with the birth and infancy of their children; and whereas the first child attracts too much attention, it often happens that the third, fourth, and fifth, do not attract enough. They are cared for well, in a general way, but they do not get that particular care and attention which the eldest child got, and which was too much; nor the half of it, which was bestowed on the second child, and which was just enough. Parents with limited income—as if any incomes were unlimited—find that to educate the younger children at as great a money-cost as the two elder, is more than they can manage; and so the younger children are not so well off as the second child. Of course, I speak only of average children; here and there you have a genius born among the younger members of a numerous family—a Wellington a Nelson, a Scott, a Napoleon; such children arrive at their destination in life, whether they be eldest, second, or younger children. The exceptions may prove the rule, but they do not weaken its truth.

In conclusion, I invite my readers to study the family history of their friends and acquaintances, and see if they do not find my assertion good. The second child is generally the best of the family. I ought to know, for I am a second child myself, and on that ground alone I began to turn my attention to the subject; and having come to the foregone conclusions, I make a point of watching the career of a second baby.

THE NEWCOMES.*

MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER LII.

FAMILY SECRETS.

THE figure cowering over the furtive tea-pot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered; and an old voice said—"Ho, it's you!"

"I have brought you the notes, ma'am," says Barnes, taking a packet of those documents from his pocket-book. "I could not come sooner; I have been engaged upon bank business until now."

"I dare say! You smell of smoke like a courier."

"A foreign capitalist: he would smoke. They will, ma'am. I didn't smoke, upon my word."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never get any thing out of me whether you do or don't. How is Clara? Is she gone to the country with the children? Newcome is the best place for her."

"Doctor Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight. The boy has had a little—"

"A little fiddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and makes that fool, Bam-bury, advise her not going away. I tell you to



send her to Newcome. The air is good for her."

"By that confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew?"

"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to stay Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them is shameful, it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I propose to manage my own affairs without your ladyship's assistance," cries Barnes, starting up, "and did not come at this time of night to hear this kind of—"

"Of good advice. I sent for you to give it you. When I wrote to you to bring me the money I wanted, it was but a pretext; Barkins might have fetched it from the city in the morning. I want you to send Clara and the children to Newcome. They ought to go, Sir. That is why I sent for you; to tell you that. Have you been quarreling as much as usual?"

"Pretty much as usual," says Barnes, drumming on his hat.

"Don't beat that devil's tattoo; you *agacez* my poor old nerves. When Clara was given to you she was as well broke a girl as any in London."

Sir Barnes responded by a groan.

"She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natured a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but you men like dolls for your wives; and now in three years you have utterly spoiled her. She is restive, she is artful, she flies into rages, she fights you and beats you. He! he! and that comes of your beating her!"

"I didn't come to hear this, ma'am," says Barnes, livid with rage.

"You struck her—you know you did, Sir Barnes Newcome. She rushed over to me last year on the night you did it, you know she did."

"Great God, ma'am! You know the provocation," screams Barnes.

"Provocation or not, I don't say. But from

* Continued from the March Number.

that moment she has beat you. You fool, to write her a letter and ask her pardon! If I had been a man I would rather have strangled my wife, than have humiliated myself so before her. She will never forgive that blow."

"I was mad when I did it; and she drove me mad," says Barnes. "She has the temper of a fiend, and the ingenuity of the devil. In two years an entire change has come over her. If I had used a knife to her I should not have been surprised. But it is not with you to reproach me about Clara. Your ladyship found her for me."

"And you spoiled her after she was found, Sir. She told me part of her story that night she came to me. I know it is true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, Sir."

"I know that she makes my life miserable, and there is no help for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. "Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to sleep after her journey? What do you think, ma'am, I have brought for her? A proposal."

"*Bon Dieu!* You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was in earnest!" cries the dowager. "I always thought it was a—"

"It is not from Lord Highgate, ma'am," Sir Barnes said, gloomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was not in earnest; and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You have not? That would be the very thing to make the world talk," says the dowager, with some anxiety.

"No," answers Barnes. "He knows well enough that there can be no open rupture. We had some words the other day at a dinner he gave at his own house; Colonel Newcome, and that young beggar, Clive, and that fool, Mr. Hobson, were there. Lord Highgate was confoundedly insolent. He told me that I did not dare to quarrel with him because of the account he kept at our house. I should like to have massacred him! She has told him that I struck her—the insolent brute!—he says he will tell it at my clubs; and threatens personal violence to me there, if I do it again. Lady Kew, I'm not safe from that man and that woman," cries poor Barnes, in an agony of terror.

"Fighting is Jack Belsize's business, Barnes Newcome; banking is yours, luckily," said the dowager. "As old Lord Highgate was to die, and his eldest son, too, it is a pity certainly they had not died a year or two earlier, and left poor Clara and Charles to come together. You should have married some woman in the serious way; my daughter Waiham could have found you one. Frank, I am told, and his wife go on very sweetly together; her mother-in-law governs the whole family. They have turned the theatre back into a chapel again; they have six little plowboys dressed in surplices to sing the service; and Frank and the Vicar of Kewbury play at cricket with them on holidays. Stay, why should not Clara go to Kewbury?"

"She and her sister have quarreled about this very affair with Lord Highgate. Some

time ago it appears they had words about it, and when I told Kew that by-gones had best be by-gones, that Highgate was very sweet upon Ethel now, and that I did not choose to lose such a good account as this, Kew was very insolent to me; his conduct was blackguardly, ma'am, quite blackguardly, and you may be sure but for our relationship I would have called him to—"

Here the talk between Barnes and his ancestress was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Ethel Newcome, taper in hand, who descended from the upper regions enveloped in a shawl.

"How do you do, Barnes? How is Clara? I long to see my little nephew. Is he like his pretty papa?" cries the young lady, giving her fair cheek to her brother.

"Scotland has agreed with our Newcome rose," says Barnes, gallantly. "My dear Ethel, I never saw you in greater beauty."

"By the light of one bedroom candle! what should I be if the whole room were lighted? You would see my face then was covered all over with wrinkles, and quite pale and woe-begone, with the dreariness of the Scotch journey. Oh, what a time we have spent! haven't we, grandmamma? I never wish to go to a great castle again; above all, I never wish to go to a little shooting-box. Scotland may be very well for men; but for women—allow me to go to Paris when next there is talk of a Scotch expedition. I had rather be in a boarding-school in the Champs Elysées, than in the finest castle in the Highlands. If it had not been for a blessed quarrel with Fanny Follington, I think I should have died at Glen Sbornhorn. Have you seen my dear, dear uncle, the Colonel? When did he arrive?"

"Is he come? Why is he come?" asks Lady Kew.

"Is he come? Look here, grandmamma! did you ever see such a darling shawl? I found it in a packet in my room."

"Well it is beautiful," cries the Dowager, bending her ancient nose over the web. "Your Colonel is a *galant homme*. That must be said of him; and in this does not quite take after the rest of the family. Hum! hum! Is he going away again soon?"

"He has made a fortune, a very considerable fortune for a man in that rank in life," says Sir Barnes. "He can not have less than sixty thousand pounds."

"Is that much?" asks Ethel.

"Not in England, at our rate of interest; but his money is in India, where he gets a great per centage. His income must be five or six thousand pounds, ma'am," says Barnes, turning to Lady Kew.

"A few of the Indians were in society in my time, my dear," says Lady Kew, musingly. "My father has often talked to me about Barwell, of Stanstead, and his house in St. James's Square; the man who ordered 'more curricles' when there were not carriages enough for his guests. I was taken to Mr. Hastings's trial. It was very stupid and long. The young man, the painter,

I suppose will leave his paint-pots now, and set up as a gentleman. I suppose they were very poor, or his father would not have put him to such a profession. Barnes, why did you not make him a clerk in the bank, and save him from the humiliation?"

"Humiliation! why he is proud of it. My uncle is as proud as a Plantagenet; though he is as humble as—as what? Give me a simile, Barnes. Do you know what my quarrel with Fanny Follington was about? She said we were not descended from the barber-surgeon, and laughed at the Battle of Bosworth. She says our great grandfather was a weaver. Was he a weaver?"

"How should I know? and what on earth does it matter, my child? Except the Gaunts, the Howards, and one or two more, there is scarcely any good blood in England. You are lucky in sharing some of mine. My poor Lord Kew's grandfather was an apothecary at Hampton Court, and founded the family by giving a dose of rhubarb to Queen Caroline. As a rule, nobody is of a good family. Didn't that young man, that son of the Colonel's, go about last year? How did he get in society? Where did we meet him? Oh! at Baden, yes; when Barnes was courting, and my grandson—yes my grandson, acted so wickedly." Here she began to cough, and to tremble so, that her old stick shook under her hand. "Ring the bell for Ross. Ross, I will go to bed. Go you too, Ethel. You have been traveling enough to-day."

"Her memory seems to fail her a little," Ethel whispered to her brother; "or she will only remember what she wishes. Don't you see that she has grown very much older?"

"I will be with her in the morning. I have business with her," said Barnes.

"Good night. Give my love to Clara, and kiss the little one for me. Have you done what you promised me, Barnes?"

"What?"

"To be—to be kind to Clara. Don't say cruel things to her. She has a high spirit, and she feels them, though she says nothing."

"Doesn't she?" said Barnes, grimly.

"Ah, Barnes, be gentle with her. Seldom as I saw you together, when I lived with you in the spring, I could see that you were harsh, though she affected to laugh when she spoke of your conduct to her. Be kind. I am sure it is the best, Barnes; better than all the wit in the world. Look at grandmamma, how witty she was and is; what a reputation she had, how people were afraid of her; and see her now—quite alone."

"I'll see her in the morning quite alone, my dear," says Barnes, waving a little gloved hand. "By-hy!" and his brougham drove away. While Ethel Newcome had been under her brother's roof, where I and friend Clive, and scores of others had been smartly entertained, there had been quarrels, and recriminations, misery, and heart-burning, cruel words, and shameful strug-

gles, the wretched combatants in which appeared before the world with smiling faces, resuming their battle when the feast was concluded, and the company gone.

On the next morning, when Barnes came to visit his grandmother, Miss Newcome was gone away to see her sister-in-law, Lady Kew said, with whom she was going to pass the morning; so Barnes and Lady Kew had an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, in which the former acquainted the old lady with the proposal which Colonel Newcome had made to him on the previous night.

Lady Kew wondered what the impudence of the world would come to. An artist propose for Ethel. One of her footmen might propose next, and she supposed Barnes would bring the message. The father came and proposed for this young painter, and you didn't order him out of the room!

Barnes laughed. "The Colonel is one of my constituents. I can't afford to order the Bundelcund Banking Company out of its own room."

"You did not tell Ethel this pretty news, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't tell Ethel. Nor did I tell the Colonel that Ethel was in London. He fancies her in Scotland with your ladyship at this moment."

"I wish the Colonel were at Calcutta, and his son with him. I wish he was in the Ganges. I wish he was under Juggernaut's car," cried the old lady. "How much money has the wretch really got? If he is of importance to the bank, of course you must keep well with him. Five thousand a year, and he says he will settle it all on his son? He must be crazy. There is nothing some of these people will not do, no sacrifice they will not make, to ally themselves with good families. Certainly you must remain on good terms with him and his bank. And we must say nothing of the business to Ethel, and trot out of town as quickly as we can. Let me see. We go to Drummington on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Barkins, you will keep the front drawing-room shutters shut, and remember we are not in town, unless Lady Glenlivet or Lord Farintosh should call."

"Do you think Farintosh will—will call, ma'am?" asks Sir Barnes, demurely.

"He will be going through to Newmarket. He has been where we have been at two or three places in Scotland," replies the lady, with equal gravity. "His poor mother wishes him to give up his bachelor's life—as well she may—for you young men are terribly dissipated. Rosemont is quite a regal place. His Norfolk house is not inferior. A young man of that station ought to marry, and live at his place, and be an example to his people, instead of frittering away his time at Paris and Vienna among the most odious company."

"Is he going to Drummington?" asks the grandson.

"I believe he has been invited. We shall

go to Paris for November, he probably will be there," answered the Dowager, casually; "and tired of the dissipated life he has been leading, let us hope he will mend his ways, and find a virtuous, well-bred young woman to keep him right." With this her ladyship's apothecary is announced, and her banker and grandson takes his leave.

Sir Barnes walked into the city with his umbrella, read his letters, conferred with his partners and confidential clerks; was for a while not the exasperated husband, or the affectionate brother, or the amiable grandson, but the shrewd, brisk banker, engaged entirely with his business. Presently he had occasion to go on Change, or elsewhere, to confer with brother capitalists, and in Cornhill behold he meets his uncle, Colonel Newcome, riding toward the India House, a groom behind him.

The Colonel springs off his horse, and Barnes greets him in the blandest manner. "Have you any news for me, Barnes?" cries the officer.

"The accounts from Calcutta are remarkably good. That cotton is of admirable quality, really. Mr. Briggs, of our house, who knows cotton as well as any man in England, says—"

"It's not the cotton, my dear Sir Barnes," cries the other.

"The bills are perfectly good; there's no sort of difficulty about them. Our house will take half a million of 'em if—"

"Your are talking of bills, and I am thinking of poor Clive," the Colonel interposes. "I wish you could give me good news for him, Barnes."

"I wish I could. I heartily trust that I may some day. My good wishes, you know, are enlisted in your son's behalf," cries Barnes, gallantly. "Droll place to talk sentiment in—Cornhill, isn't it? But Ethel, as I told you, is in the hands of higher powers, and we must conciliate Lady Kew if we can. She has always spoken very highly of Clive; very."

"Had I not best go to her?" asks the Colonel.

"Into the north, my good Sir? She is—ah—she is traveling about. I think you had best depend upon me. Good morning. In the city we have no hearts, you know, Colonel. Be sure you shall hear from me as soon as Lady Kew and Ethel come to town."

And the hanker hurried away, shaking his finger-tips to his uncle, and leaving the good Colonel utterly surprised at his statements. For the fact is, the Colonel knew that Lady Kew was in London, having been apprised of the circumstance in the simplest manner in the world, namely by a note from Miss Ethel, which billet he had in his pocket while he was talking with the head of the house of Hobson Brothers.

"My dear uncle" (the note said), "how glad I shall be to see you! How shall I thank you for the beautiful shawl, and the kind, kind remembrance of me? I found your present yesterday evening on our arrival from the north. We are only here *en passant*, and see *nobody* in Queen Street but Barnes, who has just been

about business, and he does not count, you know. I shall go and see Clara to-morrow, and make her take me to see your pretty friend, Mrs. Pendennis. How glad I should be if you *happened* to pay Mrs. P. a visit about *two*. Good night. I thank you a thousand times, and am always your affectionate

E.

"Queen Street. Tuesday night. Twelve o'clock."

This note came to Colonel Newcome's breakfast-table, and he smothered the exclamation of wonder which was rising to his lips, not choosing to provoke the questions of Clive, who sat opposite to him. Clive's father was in a woeful perplexity all that forenoon. Tuesday night, twelve o'clock, thought he. Why, Barnes must have gone to his grandmother from my dinner-table; and he told me she was out of town, and said so again just now when we met in the city. (The Colonel was riding toward Richmond at this time.) What cause had the young man to tell me these lies? Lady Kew may not wish to be at home for me, but need Barnes Newcome say what is untrue to mislead me? The fellow actually went away simpering, and kissing his hand to me, with a falsehood on his lips! What a pretty villain! A fellow would deserve, and has got, a horse-whipping for less. And to think of a Newcome doing this to his own flesh and blood; a young Judas! Very sad and bewildered, the Colonel rode toward Richmond, where he was to happen to call on Mrs. Pendennis.

It was not much of a fib that Barnes had told. Lady Kew announcing that she was out of town, her grandson, no doubt, thought himself justified in saying so, as any other of her servants would have done. But if he had recollected how Ethel came down with the Colonel's shawl on her shoulders, how it was possible she might have written to thank her uncle, surely Barnes Newcome would not have pulled that unlucky long bow. The Banker had other things to think of than Ethel and her shawl.

When Thomas Newcome dismounted at the door of Honeymoon Cottage, Richmond, the temporary residence of A. Pendennis, Esq., one of the handsomest young women in England ran into the passage with outstretched arms, called him her dear old uncle, and gave him two kisses, that I dare say brought blushes on his lean sun-burnt cheeks. Ethel clung always to his affection. She wanted that man, rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her. When she was with him, she was the amiable and simple, the loving, impetuous creature of old times. She chose to think of no other. Worldliness, heartlessness, eager scheming, cold flirtations, marquis-hunting, and the like, disappeared for a while—and were not, as she sat at that honest man's side. Oh me! that we should have to record such charges against Ethel Newcome!

"He was come home for good now? He would never leave that boy he spoiled so, who was a good boy, too; she wished she could see him oftener. At Paris, at Madame de Florac's

—I found out all about Madame de Florac, Sir," says Miss Ethel, with a laugh: "we used often to meet there; and here, sometimes, in London. But in London it was different. You know what peculiar notions some people have; and as I live with grandmamma, who is most kind to me and my brothers, of course I must obey her, and see her friends rather than my own. She likes going out into the world, and I am bound in duty to go with her," etc., etc. Thus the young lady went on talking, defending herself whom nobody attacked, protesting her dislike to gaudy and dissipation—you would have fancied her an artless young country lass, only longing to trip back to her village, milk her cows at sunrise, and sit spinning of winter evenings by the fire.

"Why do you come and spoil my *tête-à-tête* with my uncle, Mr. Pendennis?" cries the young lady to the master of the house, who happens to enter. "Of all the men in the world the one I like best to talk to! Does he not look younger than when he went to India? When Clive marries that pretty little Miss Mackenzie, you will marry again, uncle, and I will be jealous of your wife."

"Did Barnes tell you that we had met last night, my dear?" asks the Colonel.

"Not one word. Your shawl and your dear kind note told me you were come. Why did not Barnes tell us? Why do you look so grave?"

"He has not told her that I was here, and would have me believe her absent," thought Newcome, as his countenance fell. "Shall I give her my own message, and plead my poor boy's cause with her?" I know not whether he was about to lay his suit before her; he said himself, subsequently, that his mind was not made up, but at this juncture, a procession of nurses and babies made their appearance, followed by the two mothers, who had been comparing their mutual prodigies (each lady having her own private opinion)—Lady Clara and my wife—the latter for once gracious to Lady Clara Newcome, in consideration of the infantine company with which she came to visit Mrs. Pendennis.

Luncheon was served presently. The carriage of the Newcomes drove away, my wife smilingly pardoning Ethel for the assignation which the young person had made at our house. And when those ladies were gone, our good Colonel held a council of war with us his two friends, and told us what had happened between him and Barnes on that morning and the previous night. His offer to sacrifice every shilling of his fortune to young Clive seemed to him to be perfectly simple (though the recital of the circumstance brought tears into my wife's eyes)—he mentioned it by the way, and as a matter that was scarcely to call for comment, much less praise.

Barnes's extraordinary statements respecting Lady Kew's absence puzzled the elder Newcome; and he spoke of his nephew's conduct with much indignation. In vain I urged that

her ladyship desiring to be considered absent from London, her grandson was bound to keep her secret. "Keep her secret, yes. Tell me lies, no!" cries out the Colonel. Sir Barnes's conduct was in fact indefensible, though not altogether unusual—the worst deduction to be drawn from it, in my opinion, was, that Clive's chance with the young lady was but a poor one, and that Sir Barnes Newcome, inclined to keep his uncle in good humor, would therefore give him no disagreeable refusal.

Now this gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and every thing a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once roused in his simple mind, and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudices gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent, and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness.

As ill luck would have it, that very same evening, at his return to town, Thomas Newcome entered Bays's club, of which, at our request, he had become a member during his last visit to England, and there was Sir Barnes as usual on his way homeward from the city. Barnes was writing at a table, and sealing and closing a letter, as he saw the Colonel enter: he thought he had been a little inattentive and curt with his uncle in the morning; had remarked, perhaps, the expression of disapproval on the Colonel's countenance. He simmered up to his uncle as the latter entered the club-room, and apologized for his haste when they met in the city in the morning—all city men were so busy! "And I have been writing about that little affair, just as you came in," he said; "quite a moving letter to Lady Kew, I assure you, and I do hope and trust we shall have a favorable answer in a day or two."

"You said her ladyship was in the north, I think?" said the Colonel, dryly.

"Oh, yes—in the north, at—at Lord Wallsend's—great coal-proprietor, you know."

"And your sister is with her?"

"Ethel is always with her."

"I hope you will send her my very best remembrances," said the Colonel.

"I'll open the letter, and add 'em to a post-script," said Barnes.

"Confounded liar!" cried the Colonel, mentioning the circumstance to me afterward, "why does not somebody pitch him out of the how-window?"

If we were in the secret of Sir Barnes Newcome's correspondence, and could but peep into that particular letter to his grandmother, I dare say we should read that he had seen the Colonel, who was very anxious about his darling youth's suit, but pursuant to Lady Kew's desire, Barnes had stonily maintained that her ladyship was still in the north, enjoying the genial hospitality of Lord Wallsend. That of course he should say nothing to Ethel, except with Lady Kew's full permission: that he wished her a pleasant trip to —, and was, etc., etc.

Then if we could follow him, we might see him reach his Belgravian mansion, and fling an angry word to his wife as she sits alone in the darkling drawing-room, poring over the embers. He will ask her, probably with an oath, why the— she is not dressed? and if she always intends to keep her company waiting? An hour hence, each with a smirk, and the lady in smart raiment with flowers in her hair, will be greeting their guests as they arrive. Then will come dinner and such conversation as it brings. Then at night Sir Barnes will issue forth, cigar in mouth; to return to his own chamber at his own hour; to breakfast by himself; to go city-ward, money-getting. He will see his children once a fortnight: and exchange a dozen sharp words with his wife twice in that time.

More and more sad does the Lady Clara become from day to day; liking more to sit lonely over the fire; careless about the sarcasms of her husband; the prattle of her children. She cries sometimes over the cradle of the young heir. She is awary, awary. You understand, the man to whom her parents sold her does not make her happy, though she has been bought with diamonds, two carriages, several large footmen, a fine country-house with delightful gardens and conservatories; and with all this she is miserable—is it possible?



CHAPTER LIIII

IN WHICH KINSMEN FALL OUT.

NOT the least difficult part of Thomas Newcome's present business was to keep from his son all knowledge of the negotiation in which he was engaged on Clive's behalf. If my gentle reader has had sentimental disappointments, he or she is aware that the friends who have given him most sympathy under these calamities have been persons who have had dismal histories of their own at some time of their lives, and I conclude Colonel Newcome in his early days must have suffered very cruelly in that affair of which we have a slight cognizance, or he would not have felt so very much anxiety about Clive's condition.

A few chapters back and we described the first attack, and Clive's manful cure: then we had to indicate the young gentleman's relapse, and the noisy exclamations of the youth under this second outbreak of fever—calling him back after she had dismissed him, and finding pretext after pretext to see him. Why did the girl encourage him, as she certainly did? I allow, with Mrs. Grundy and most moralists, that Miss Newcome's conduct in this matter was highly reprehensible; that if she did not intend to marry Clive she should have broken with him altogether; that a virtuous young woman of high principle, etc., etc., having once determined to reject a suitor should separate from him utterly then and there—never give him again the least chance of a hope, or re-illuminate the extinguished fire in the wretch's bosom.

But coquetry, but kindness, but family affection, and a strong, very strong partiality for the rejected lover—are these not to be taken in account, and to plead as excuses for her behavior to her cousin? The least unworthy part of her conduct, some critics will say, was that desire to see Clive and be well with him: as she felt the greatest regard for him, the showing it was not blamable; and every flutter which she made to escape out of the meshes which the world had cast about her, was but the natural effort at liberty. It was her prudence which was wrong; and her submission, wherein she was most culpable. In the early church story, do we not read how young martyrs constantly had to disobey worldly papas and mammas, who would have had them silent, and not utter their dangerous opinions? how their parents locked them up, kept them on bread and water, whipped and tortured them, in order to enforce obedience?—nevertheless they would declare the truth: they would defy the gods by law established, and deliver themselves up to the lions or the tormentors. Are not these Heathen Idols enshrined among us still? Does not the world worship them, and persecute those who refuse to kneel? Do not many timid souls sacrifice to them; and other, bolder spirits rebel, and, with rage at their hearts, bend down their stubborn knees at their altars? See! I began by siding with Mrs. Grundy and the world, and at the next turn of the seasaw have lighted down on Ethel's side, and am disposed to think that the very best part of her conduct has been those escapades which—which right-minded persons most justly condemn. At least that a young beauty should torture a man with alternate liking and indifference; allure, dismiss, and call him back out of banishment; practice arts to please upon him, and ignore them when rebuked for her coquetry—these are surely occurrences so common in young women's history as to call for no special censure: and, if on these charges Miss Newcome is guilty, is she, of all her sex, alone in her criminality?

So Ethel and her duenna went away upon their tour of visits to mansions so splendid, and

among hosts and guests so polite that the present modest historian does not dare to follow them. Suffice it to say, that Duke This and Earl That were, according to their hospitable custom, entertaining a brilliant circle of friends at their respective castles, all whose names the "Morning Post" gave; and among them those of Dowager Countess of Kew, and Miss Newcome.

During her absence Thomas Newcome grimly awaited the result of his application to Barnes. That baronet showed his uncle a letter, or rather a postscript, from Lady Kew, which had probably been dictated by Barnes himself, in which the Dowager said she was greatly touched by Colonel Newcome's noble offer; that though she owned she had very different views for her granddaughter, Miss Newcome's choice of course lay with herself. Meanwhile, Lady K. and Ethel were engaged in a round of visits to the country, and there would be plenty of time to resume this subject when they came to London for the season. And, lest dear Ethel's feelings should be needlessly agitated by a discussion of the subject, and the Colonel should take a fancy to write to her privately, Lady Kew gave orders that all letters from London should be dispatched under cover to her ladyship, and carefully examined the contents of the packet before Ethel received her share of the correspondence.

To write to her personally on the subject of the marriage, Thomas Newcome had determined was not a proper course for him to pursue. "They consider themselves," said he, "above us, forsooth, in their rank of life (Oh, mercy! what pigmies we are! and don't angels weep at the brief authority in which we dress ourselves up?), and of course the approaches on our side must be made in regular form, and the parents of the young people must act for them. Clive is too honorable a man to wish to conduct the affair in any other way. He might try the influence of his *beau* *year*, and run off to Græna with a girl who had nothing; but the young lady being wealthy, and his relation, Sir, we must be on the point of honor; and all the Kews in Christendom shan't have more pride than we in this matter."

All this time we are keeping Mr. Clive purposely in the background. His face is so woe-begone that we do not care to bring it forward in the family picture. His case is so common that surely its lugubrious symptoms need not be described at length. He works away fiercely at his pictures, and in spite of himself improves in his art. He sent a "Combat of Cavalry," and a picture of "Sir Brian the Templar carrying off Rebecca," to the British Institution this year; both of which pieces were praised in other journals besides the "Pall Mall Gazette." He did not care for the newspaper praises. He was rather surprised when a dealer purchased his "Sir Brian the Templar." He came and went from nur house a melancholy swain. He was thankful for Laura's kindness and pity.

J. J.'s studio was his principal resort; and I dare say, as he set up his own easel there, and worked by his friend's side, he bemoaned his lot to his sympathizing friend.

Sir Barnes Newcome's family was absent from London during the winter. His mother, and his brothers and sisters, his wife and his two children, were gone to Newcome for Christmas. Some six weeks after seeing him, Ethel wrote her uncle a kind, merry letter. They had been performing private theatricals at the country house where she and Lady Kew were staying. "Captain Crackthorpe made an admirable Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind.' Lord Farintosh broke down lamentably as Fushee in 'Bombastes Furioso.'" Miss Ethel had distinguished herself in both of these facetious little comedies. "I should like Clive to paint me as Miss Plainways," she wrote. "I wore a powdered front, painted my face all over wrinkles, imitated old Lady Griffin as well as I could, and looked sixty at least."

Thomas Newcome wrote an answer to his fair niece's pleasant letter: "Clive," he said, "would be happy to bargain to paint her, and nobody else but her, all the days of his life; and," the Colonel was sure, "would admire her at sixty as much as he did now, when she was forty years younger." But, determined on maintaining his appointed line of conduct respecting Miss Newcome, he carried his letter to Sir Barnes, and desired him to forward it to his sister. Sir Barnes took the note, and promised to dispatch it. The communications between him and his uncle had been very brief and cold, since the telling of those little fibs concerning old Lady Kew's visits to London, which the Baronet dismissed from his mind as soon as they were spoken, and which the good Colonel never could forgive. Barnes asked his uncle to dinner once or twice, but the Colonel was engaged. How was Barnes to know the reason of the elder's refusal? A London man, a banker, and a member of Parliament has a thousand things to think of; and no time to wonder that friends refuse his invitations to dinner. Barnes continued to grin and smile most affectionately when he met the Colonel; to press his hand, to congratulate him on the last accounts from India, unconscious of the scorn and distrust with which his senior mentally regarded him. "Old boy is doubtful about the young cub's love affair," the Baronet may have thought. "We'll ease his old mind on that point some time hence." No doubt Barnes thought he was conducting the business very smartly and diplomatically.

I heard myself news at this period from the gallant Crackthorpe, which, being interested in my young friend's happiness, filled me with some dismay. Our friend the painter and glazier has been hankering about our barracks at Knightsbridge (the noble Life Guards Green had now pitched their tents in that suburb), and pumping me about *la belle cousine*. I don't like to break it to him—I don't really, now.

But it's all up with his chance, I think. Those private theatricals at Fallowfield have done Farintosh's business. He used to rave about the Newcome to me, as we were riding home from hunting. He gave Bob Henchman the lie, who told a story which Bob got from his man, who had it from Miss Newcome's lady's maid, about—about some journey to Brighton, which the cousins took. Here Mr. Crackthorpe grinned most facetiously. Farintosh swore he'd knock Honeyman down; and vows he will be the death of—will murder our friend Clive when he comes to town. As for Henchman, he was in a desperate way. He lives on the Marquis, you know, and Farintosh's anger or his marriage will be the loss of free quarters, and ever so many good dinners a year to him. I did not deem it necessary to impart Crackthorpe's story to Clive, or explain to him the reason why Lord Farintosh scowled most fiercely upon the young painter, and passed him without any other sign of recognition one day as Clive and I were walking together in Pall Mall. If my lord wanted a quarrel, young Clive was not a man to hank him; and would have been a very fierce customer to deal with, in his actual state of mind.

A pauper child in London at seven years old knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish or the nicest ham-bone, to nurse Mary Jane of three—to conduct a hundred operations of trade or housekeeping, which a little Belgravian does not perhaps acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness on the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shop-lifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I dare say little Princes know the laws of etiquette as regards themselves, and the respect due to their rank at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us according to his degree can point to the Princekins of private life who are flattered and worshiped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon ground.

It is a wonder what human nature will support, and that, considering the amount of flattery some people are crammed with from their cradles, they do not grow worse and more selfish than they are. Our poor little pauper just mentioned is dosed with Daffy's Elixir, and somehow survives the drug. Princekin or lordkin from his earliest days has nurses, dependents, governesses, little friends, school-fellows, school-masters, fellow-colleagues, college tutors, stewards and valets, led-captains of his suite, and women innumerable flattering him and doing him honor. The tradesman's manner, which to you and me is decently respectful, becomes straightway frantically servile before Princekin. Honest folks at Railway Stations whisper to their families, "That's the Marquis of Farintosh," and look hard at him as he passes. Landlords cry, "This way my lord; this room for your lordship." They say at public schools

Princekin is taught the beauties of equality, and thrashed into some kind of subordination. Pshaw! Toad-eaters in pinafores surround Princekin. Do not respectable people send their children so as to be at the same school with him? don't they follow him to college, and eat his toads through life?

And as for women—Oh, my dear friends and brethren in this vale of tears—did you ever see any thing so curious, monstrous, and amazing as the way in which women court Princekin when he is marriageable, and pursue him with their daughters? Who was the British nobleman in old, old days who brought his three daughters to the king of Mercia, that His Majesty might choose one after inspection? Mercia was but a petty province, and its king in fact a Princekin. Ever since those extremely ancient and venerable times the custom exists not only in Mercia, but in all the rest of the provinces inhabited by the Angles, and before Princekins the daughters of our nobles are trotted out.

There was no day of his life which our young acquaintance, the Marquis of Farintosh, could remember on which he had not been flattered; and no society which did not pay him court. At a private school he could recollect the master's wife stroking his pretty curls and treating him furtively to goodies; at college he had the tutor simpering and bowing as he swaggered over the grass-plot—old men at clubs would make way for him and fawn on him—not your mere *pique-assiettes* and penniless parasites, but most respectable toad-eaters, fathers of honest families, gentlemen themselves of good station, who respected this young gentleman as one of the institutions of their country, and admired the wisdom of the nation that set him to legislate over us. When Lord Farintosh walked the streets at night he felt himself like Heroun Alraschid (that is, he would have felt so had he ever heard of the Arabian potentate)—a monarch in disguise affably observing and promenading the city. And let us be sure there was a Mesroul in his train to knock at the doors for him and run the errands of this young calif. Of course he met with scores of men in life who neither flattered him nor would suffer his airs; but he did not like the company of such, or for the sake of truth to undergo the ordeal of being laughed at: he preferred toadies, generally speaking. "I like," says he, "you know, those fellows who are always saying pleasant things, you know, and who would run from here to Hammersmith if I asked 'em, much better than those fellows who are always making fun of me, you know." A man of his station who likes flatterers need not shut himself up: he can get plenty of society.

As for women, it was his lordship's opinion that every daughter of Eve was bent on marrying him. A Scotch marquis, an English earl, of the best blood in the empire, with a handsome person, and a fortune of fifteen thousand a year, how could the poor creatures do otherwise than long for him? He blandly received

their caresses: took their coaxing and cajolery as matters of course: and surveyed the beauties of his time as the calf the moonfaces of his harem. My lord intended to marry certainly. He did not care for money, nor for rank: he expected consummate beauty and talent, and some day would fling his handkerchief to the possessor of these, and place her by his side upon the Farintosh throne.

At this time there were but two or three young ladies in society endowed with the necessary qualifications, or who found favor in his eyes. His lordship hesitated in his selection from these beauties. He was not in a hurry, he was not angry at the notion that Lady Kew (and Miss Newcome with her) hunted him. What else should they do but pursue an object so charming? Every body hunted him. The other young ladies, whom we need not mention, languished after him still more longingly. He had little notes from these: presents of purses worked by them, and cigar-cases embroidered with his coronet. They sang to him in cosy boudoirs—mamma went out of the room, and sister Ann forgot something in the drawing-room. They ogled him as they sang. Trembling, they gave him a little foot to mount them, that they might ride on horseback with him. They tripped along by his side from the Hall to the pretty country church on Sundays. They warbled hymns: sweetly looking at him the while mamma whispered confidentially to him, "What an angel Cecilia is!" And so forth and so forth—with which chaff our noble bird was by no means to be caught. When he had made up his great mind that the time was come and the woman, he was ready to give a Marchioness of Farintosh to the English nation.

Miss Newcome has been compared ere this to the statue of Huntress Diana at the Louvre, whose haughty figure and beauty the young lady indeed somewhat resembled. I was not present when Diana and Diana's grandmother hunted the noble Scottish stag of whom we have just been writing; nor care to know how many times Lord Farintosh escaped, and how at last he was brought to bay and taken by his resolute pursuers. Paris, it appears, was the scene of his fall and capture. The news was no doubt well known among Lord Farintosh's brother dandies, among exasperated matrons and virgins in May Fair, and in polite society generally, before it came to simple Tom Newcome and his son. Not a word on the subject had Sir Barnes mentioned to the Colonel: perhaps not choosing to speak till the intelligence was authenticated, perhaps not wishing to be the bearer of tidings so painful.

Though the Colonel may have read in his "Pall Mall Gazette" a paragraph which announced an approaching MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE, "between a noble young marquis and an accomplished and beautiful young lady, daughter and sister of a northern baronet," he did not know who were the fashionable persons about to be made happy, nor until he received a letter

from an old friend who lived at Paris was the fact conveyed to him. Here is the letter, preserved by him along with all that he ever received from the same hand:

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris, 10 Feb.

"So behold you of return, my friend! you quit forever the sword and those arid plains where you have passed so many years of your life, separated from those to whom, at the commencement, you held very nearly. Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they inlaced together? Ah, mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is as across a grave I review them. Yet another parting, and tears and regrets are finished. *Tenez*, I do not believe them when they say there is no meeting for us afterward, there above. To what good to have seen you, friend, if we are to part here and in Heaven too? I have not altogether forgotten your language; is it not so? I remember it because it was yours, and that of my happy days. I *radote* like an old woman, as I am. M. de Florac has known my history from the commencement. May I not say that, after so many of years, I have been faithful to him and to all my promises? When the end comes with its great absolution, I shall not be sorry. One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded; ah! when shall they be over?

"You return and I salute you with wishes for parting. How much egotism! I have another project which I please myself to arrange. You know how I am arrived to love Clive as my own child. I very quick surprised his secret, the poor boy, when he was here it is twenty months. He looked so like you as I repeat me of you in the old time! He told me he had no hope of his beautiful cousin. I have heard of the fine marriage that one makes her. Paul, my son, has been at the English Embassy last night, and has made his congratulations to M. de Farintosh. Paul says him handsome, young, not too spiritual, rich, and haughty, like all, all noble Montagnards.

"But it is not of M. de Farintosh I write, whose marriage, without doubt, has been announced to you. I have a little project, very foolish, perhaps. You know Mr. the Duke of Ivry has left me guardian of his little daughter Antoinette, whose *affreuse* mother no one sees more. Antoinette is pretty and good, and soft, and with an affectionate heart. I love her already as my infant. I wish to bring her up, and that Clive should marry her. They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only company—I live but of the past; and play with its souvenirs as the detained caged little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the hap-

pineas; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of Heaven I oppose myself. It is man, who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

"This marriage of the young Scotch marquis and the fair Ethel (I love her in spite of all, and shall see her soon and congratulate her, for, do you see, I might have stopped this fine marriage, and did my best and more than my duty for our poor Clive) shall make itself in London next spring, I hear. You shall assist scarcely at the ceremony; he, poor boy, shall not care to be there! Bring him to Paris to make the court to my little Antoinette; bring him to Paris to his good friend, COMTESS DE FLORAC.

"I read marvels of his works in an English Journal, which one sends me."

Clive was not by when this letter reached his father. Clive was in his painting-room, and lest he should meet his son, and in order to devise the best means of breaking the news to the lad, Thomas Newcome retreated out of doors; and from the Oriental he crossed Oxford Street, and from Oxford Street he stalked over the roomy pavements of Gloucester Place, and there he bethought him how he had neglected Mrs. Hobson Newcome of late, and the interesting family of Bryanstone Square. So he went to leave his card at Maria's door: her daughters, as we have said, are quite grown girls. If they have been lectured, and learning, and black-boarded, and practicing, and using the globes, and laying in a store of ologies, ever since, what a deal they must know! Colonel Newcome was admitted to see his niece, and Consummate Virtue, their parent. Maria was charmed to see her brother-in-law; she greeted him with reproachful tenderness: "Why, why," her fine eyes seemed to say, "have you so long neglected us? Do you think because I am wise, and gifted, and good, and you are, it must be confessed, a poor creature with no education, I am not also affable? Come, let the prodigal be welcomed by his virtuous relatives: come and lunch with us, Colonel!" He sat down accordingly to the family tiffin.

When the meal was over, the mother, who had matter of importance to impart to him, besought him to go to the drawing-room, and there poured out such an eulogy upon her children's qualities, as fond mothers know how to utter. They knew this and they knew that. They were instructed by the most eminent professors; that wretched Frenchwoman, whom you may remember here, Mademoiselle Lenoir, Maria remarked parenthetically, turned out, oh, frightfully! She taught the girls the *worst* accent, it appears. Her father was not a colonel; he was—oh! never mind! It is a mercy I got rid of that *stupid woman*, and before my precious ones know *what* she was! And then followed details of the perfections of the two girls, with occasional side-shots at Lady Ann's family, just as in the old time. "Why don't you bring your boy, whom

I have always loved as a son, and who avoids me? Why does not Clive know his cousins? They are very different from others of his kindwomen, who think best of the *heartless world*."

"I fear, Maria, there is too much truth in what you say," sighs the Colonel, drumming on a book on the drawing-room table, and looking down sees it is a great, large, square, gilt peerage, open at FARINTOSH, MARQUIS OF. Fergus Angus Malcolm Mungo Roy, Marquis of Farintosh, Earl of Glenlivet, in the peerage of Scotland; also Earl of Rosemont, in that of the United Kingdom. Son of Angus Fergus Malcolm, Earl of Glenlivet, and grandson and heir of Malcolm Mungo Angus, first Marquis of Farintosh, and twenty-fifth Earl, etc., etc.

"You have heard the news regarding Ethel?" remarks Mrs. Hobson.

"I have just heard," says the poor Colonel.

"I have a letter from Ann this morning," Maria continues. "They are of course delighted with the match. Lord Farintosh is wealthy, handsome; has been a little wild, I hear; is not such a husband as I would choose for my darlings, but poor Brian's family have been educated to love the world; and Ethel no doubt is flattered by the prospects before her. I have heard that some one else was a little *épris* in that quarter. How does Clive bear the news, my dear Colonel?"

"He has long expected it," says the Colonel, rising; "and I left him very cheerful at breakfast this morning."

"Send him to see us, the naughty boy!" cries Maria. "We don't change; we remember old times: to us he will ever be welcome!" And with this confirmation of Madame de Florac's news, Thomas Newcome walked sadly homeward.

And now Thomas Newcome had to break the news to his son, who received the shot in such a way as caused his friends and confidants to admire his high spirit. He said he had long been expecting some such announcement: it was many months since Ethel had prepared him for it. Under her peculiar circumstances he did not see how she could act otherwise than she had done. And he narrated to the Colonel the substance of the conversation which the two young people had had together several months before, in Madame de Florac's garden.

Clive's father did not tell his son of his own bootless negotiation with Barnes Newcome. There was no need to recall that now; but the Colonel's wrath against his nephew exploded in conversation with me, who was the confidant of father and son in this business. Ever since that luckless day when Barnes thought proper—to give a wrong address for Lady Kew, Thomas Newcome's anger had been growing. He smothered it yet for a while, sent a letter to Lady Ann Newcome, briefly congratulating her on the choice which he had heard Miss Newcome had made; and in acknowledgment of Madame de Florac's more sentimental epistle he wrote a reply which has not been preserved, but in which

he bade her rebuke Miss Newcome for not having answered him when he wrote to her, and not having acquainted her old uncle with her projected union.

"To this message, Ethel wrote back a brief, hurried reply; it said—

"I saw Madame de Florac last night at her daughter's reception, and she gave me my dear uncle's messages. Yes, *the news is true* which you have heard from Madame de Florac, and in Bryanstone Square. I did not like to write it to you, because I know one whom I regard as a brother (and a great, great deal better), and to whom I know it will give pain. He knows that I have done *my duty*, and *why* I have acted as I have done. God bless him and his dear father.

"What is this about a letter which I never answered? Grandmamma knows nothing about a letter. Mamma has inclosed to me that which you wrote to her, but there has been no letter from T. N. to his sincere and affectionate

"Rue de Rivoli. Friday."

"E. N.

This was too much, and the cup of Thomas Newcome's wrath overflowed. Barnes had lied about Ethel's visit to London; Barnes had lied in saying that he delivered the message with which his uncle charged him; Barnes had lied about the letter which he had received and never sent. With these accusations firmly proven in his mind against his nephew, the Colonel went down to confront that sinner.

Wherever he should find Barnes, Thomas Newcome was determined to tell him his mind. Should they meet on the steps of a church, on the flags of 'Change, or in the newspaper-room at Bays's, at evening-paper time, when men most do congregate, Thomas the Colonel was determined upon exposing and chastising his father's grandson. With Ethel's letter in his pocket, he took his way into the city, penetrated into the unsuspecting back parlor of Hobson's bank, and was disappointed at first at only finding his half-brother Hobson there engaged over his newspaper. The Colonel signified his wish to see Sir Barnes Newcome. "Sir Barnes was not come in yet. You've heard about the marriage," says Hobson. "Great news for the Barnes's, ain't it? The head of the house is as proud as a peacock about it. Said he was going out to Samuels, the diamond merchants; going to make his sister some uncommon fine present. Jolly to be uncles to a marquis, ain't it, Colonel? I'll have nothing under a duke for my girls. I say, I know whose nose is out of joint. But young fellows get over these things, and Clive won't do this time, I dare say."

While Hobson Newcome made these satiric and facetious remarks, his half-brother paced up and down the glass parlor, scowling over the panes into the bank where the busy young clerks sat before their ledgers. At last he gave an "Ah!" as of satisfaction. Indeed, he had seen Sir Barnes Newcome enter into the bank.

The Baronet stopped and spoke with a clerk, and presently entered, followed by that young gentleman into his private parlor. Barnes tried

to grin when he saw his uncle, and held out his hand to greet the Colonel; but the Colonel put both his behind his back, that which carried his faithful bamboo cane shook nervously. Barnes was aware that the Colonel had the news. "I was going to write to you this morning, with—with some intelligence that I am—very—very sorry to give."

"This young gentleman is one of your clerks?" asked Thomas Newcome, blandly.

"Yes; Mr. Boltby, who has your private account. This is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Boltby," says Sir Barnes, in some wonder.

"Mr. Boltby, brother Hobson, you heard what Sir Barnes Newcome said just now respecting certain intelligence which he grieved to give me?"

At this the three other gentlemen respectively wore looks of amazement.

"Allow me to say in your presence, that I don't believe one single word Sir Barnes Newcome says, when he tells me that he is very sorry for some intelligence he has to communicate. He lies, Mr. Boltby; he is very glad. I made up my mind that in whatsoever company I met him, and on the very first day I found him—hold your tongue, Sir; you shall speak afterward, and tell more lies when I have done—I made up my mind, I say, that on the very first occasion I would tell Sir Barnes Newcome that he was a liar and a cheat. He takes charge of letters and keeps them back. Did you break the seal, Sir? There was nothing to steal in my letter to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town, whom he goes to see in the next street, after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half an hour before he lies to me about their absence."

"D—n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk. "Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room, I shall—I shall—"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man, and my father's brother, or you know very well I would—"

"You would what, Sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo cane came from the rear and formed in the front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. I repeat, Sir, that I consider you guilty of treachery, falsehood, and knavery. And if ever I see you at Bays's Club, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the west end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, Sir; and it shall be my business to make men of honor aware of your character. Mr. Bokby, will you have the kindness to make out my account? Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I should deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, Sir." And the



Colonel twirled his mustaches, and waved his cane in an ominous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its dangerous circle.

What Mr. Bolby's sentiments may have been regarding this extraordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure—whether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected with the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to himself, I can not say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B.'s subsequent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers; and let us presume that Barnes *thought* Mr. B. had told all the other clerks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us imagine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt was rejoiced at Barnes's discomfiture; he had been insolent and domineering beyond measure of late to his vulgar, good-natured uncle, whereas after the above interview with the Colonel, he became very humble and quiet in his demeanor, and for a long, long time never said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an account of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in Bryanstone Square; for Sam

Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, called the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly; asked after Clara and Ethel; and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays's; of course Tom Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had been beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the committee in a complaint which he made about the Club-cookery, Sir Barnes Newcome never came to Bays's, and at the end of the year took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes, though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ready with an impromptu reply to the Colonel and his cane, could not allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indited a letter which Thomas Newcome kept along with some others previously quoted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows:

"Colonel Newcome, C. B., *private*.

"Belgrave St., Feb. 15, 18—.

"SIR—The incredible insolence and violence of your behavior to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own)

can not be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession, a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion, that considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew when you uttered them I could not call you to account."

"There is some truth in that," said the Colonel. "He couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I could not help speaking my mind."

"I gathered from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ toward a disarmed man, the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me, that I deceived you in stating that my relative, Lady Kew, was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

"To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

"I declare upon my honor as a gentleman, that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you intrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

"Our books show the amount of ££ *vs. zd.* to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as of course all intercourse must cease henceforth between you and

"Yours, etc.,
"B. NEWCOME NEWCOME."

"I think, Sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Pendennis remarked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

"It would be a good case if I believed a single word of it, Arthur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old gray mustache. "If you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges against you, I should cry *mea culpa*, and apologize with all my heart. But as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is a lie, what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would not believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and if he lied till he was black in the face. Give me the walnuts. I wonder who Sir Barnes's military friend was."

Barnes's military friend was our gallant ac-

quaintance General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who a short while afterward talked over the quarrel with the Colonel, and manfully told him that (in Sir George's opinion) he was wrong. "The little beggar behaved very well I thought, in the first business. You bullied him so, and in the front of his regiment, too, that it was almost past bearing; and when he deplored, with tears in his eyes, almost, the little bumping! that his relationship prevented him calling you out, ecod, I believed him! It was in the second affair that poor little Barney showed he was a cocktail."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcome.

"Don't you know! He! he! this is famous!" cries Sir George. "Why, Sir, two days after your business, he comes to me with another letter and a face as long as my mare's, by Jove! And that letter, Newcome, was from your young 'un. Stop, here it is!" and from his padded bosom General Sir George Tufto drew a pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a copy of a letter, inscribed, Clive Newcome, Esq., to Sir B. N. Newcome. "There's no mistake about your fellow, Colonel. No, — him!" and the man of war fired a volley of oaths as a salute to Clive.

And the Colonel, on horseback, riding by the other cavalry officer's side, read as follows:

"George Street, Hanover Square, Feb. 16.

"Sir—Colonel Newcome this morning showed me a letter bearing your signature, in which you state—1. That Colonel Newcome has uttered calumnious and insolent charges against you. 2. That Colonel Newcome so spoke, knowing that you could take no notice of his charges of falsehood and treachery, on account of the relationship subsisting between you.

"Your statements would evidently imply that Colonel Newcome has been guilty of ungentlemanlike conduct, and of cowardice toward you.

"As there can be no reason why we should not meet in any manner that you desire, I here beg leave to state, on my own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honor and courage, is another willful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

"And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt reply,

"Believe me, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"CLIVE NEWCOME.

"Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., M.P., etc."

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take

any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually, just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about—a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and dispatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so you say, General, the Baronet did not like the *poulet*?"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal pretty sister of his, who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantness to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it's an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel, sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine. It is curious how we have disliked that Barnes ever since we set eyes on him."

"Well, Newcome," Sir George resumed, as his nettled charger suddenly jumped and curvetted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry-seat to perfection. "Quiet, old lady!—easy, my dear! Well, Sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way, I said to him, 'Dash me, Sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me? Yesterday you talked as if you would bite the Colonel's head off, and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, Sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman. A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome.' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very night."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel, quite peaceably, "any more than he can make himself six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for me?" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice; and presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting-room. We knew our lad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days; we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from

some favorite verses of mine and George's; those charming lines of Scott's:

"He turned his charger as he spake,
Beside the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out

"Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to the painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful, inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustache.

"And—and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said, slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father!" says he, "what a—what an—old—trump you are!" My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced.



CHAPTER LIV.
HAS A TRAGICAL ENDING.

CLIVE presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter, by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of Cavendish now, but on which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote, "that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary, in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons which prevented Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's shameful and ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive Newcome very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was offered, or outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should

resort to the police for protection; that he was about to quit London, and certainly should not delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's monstrous proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an odious subject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat with kindness, but from whom, from youth upward, Sir Barnes Newcome had received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill-will."

"He is an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Penderina. "I don't think he has ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

"Pooh! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive; "Barnes wanted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined: in fact, I think he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely on his shins, and that wasn't fair in war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me!" cries the Colonel; "I have always felt the fellow was my enemy: and my mind is relieved now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypocrisy with me to shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct; and I have been struggling against it these two years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice, and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instincts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what friend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villain as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere, and away from his contemplation. He ill treats every one he comes near; or, if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been contemplating his ways with wonder and curiosity. How much superior Nature's rogues are, Pen, to the villains you novelists put into your books! This man goes about his life business with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a lung crawls, and stings, and stinks. I don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat that runs away with a mutton chop. I recognize the Evil Spirit, Sir, and do honor to Ahrimanza, in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town—~~is~~ it not natural? deserted her and her children—don't you recognize the beast? married for rank—could you expect otherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgate to his house in consideration of his balance at the bank—Sir, unless somebody's heel shall crunch him on the way, there is no height to which this aspiring vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist, and an exalted Peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument, and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a Divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome,

Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, with proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honored father!'

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the story about the deserted children."

"How should you? Oh, you guileless man!" cries Warrington. "I am not in the ways of scandal-hearing myself much; but this tale I had from Sir Barnes Newcome's own country. Mr. Batters, of the 'Newcome Independent,' is my esteemed client. I write leading articles for his newspaper, and when he was in town last spring he favored me with the anecdote; and proposed to amuse the member for Newcome by publishing it in his journal. This kind of writing is not much in my line; and, out of respect to you and your young one, I believe, I strove with Mr. Batters, and entreated him and prevailed with him, not to publish the story. That is how I came to know it."

I sat with the Colonel in the evening, when he commented on Warrington's story and Sir Barnes's adventures in his simple way. He said his brother Hobson had been with him the morning after the dispute, reiterating Barnes's defense of his conduct; and professing on his own part nothing but good-will toward his brother. Between ourselves the young baronet carries matters with rather a high hand sometimes, and I am not sorry that you gave him a little dressing. But you were too hard upon him, Colonel—really you were. Had I known that child-deserting story I would have given it harder still, Sir, says Thomas Newcome, twirling his mustache; but my brother had nothing to do with the quarrel, and very rightly did not wish to engage in it. He has an eye to business has Master Hobson, too, my friend continued: for he brought me a check for my private account, which of course, he said, could not remain after my quarrel with Barnes. But the Indian bank account, which is pretty large, he supposed need not be taken away? and indeed why should it? So that, which is little business of mine, remains where it was; and brother Hobson and I remain perfectly good friends.

"I think Clive is much better since he has been quite put out of his suspense. He speaks with a great deal more kindness and good-nature about the marriage than I am disposed to feel regarding it; and, depend on it, has too high a spirit to show that he is beaten. But I know he is a good deal cut up, though he says nothing; and he agreed willingly enough to take a little journey, Arthur, and be out of the way when this business takes place. We shall go to Paris: I don't know where else besides. These misfortunes do good in one way, hard as they are to bear: they unite people who love each other. It seems to me my boy has been nearer to me, and likes his old father better

than he has done of late." And very soon after this talk our friends departed.

The Crimean minister having been recalled, and Lady Ann Newcome's house in Park Lane being vacant, her ladyship and her family came to occupy the mansion for this eventful season, and sate once more in the dismal dining-room under the picture of the defunct Sir Brian. A little of the splendor and hospitality of old days was revived in the house: entertainments were given by Lady Ann: and among other festivities a fine ball took place, where pretty Miss Alice, Miss Ethel's youngest sister, made her first appearance in the world, to which she was afterward to be presented by the Marchioness of Farintosh. All the little sisters were charmed, no doubt, that the beautiful Ethel was to become a beautiful Marchioness, who, as they came up to womanhood one after another, would introduce them severally to amiable young earls, dukes, and marquises, when they would be married off and wear coronets and diamonds of their own right. At Lady Ann's

ball I saw my acquaintance, young Mumford, who was going to Oxford next October, and about to leave Rugby, where he was at the head of the school, looking very dismal as Miss Alice whirled round the room dancing in Viscount Bustington's arms; Miss Alice, with whose mamma he used to take tea at Rugby, and for whose pretty sake Mumford did Alfred Newcome's verses for him and let him off his thrashings. Poor Mumford! he dismally went about under the protection of young Alfred, a fourth form boy—not one soul did he know in that rattling London ball-room; his young face was as white as the large white-tie, donned two hours since at the Tavistock with such nervousness and beating of heart!

With these lads, and decorated with a tie equally splendid, moved about young Sam Newcome, who was shirking from his sister and his mamma. Mr. Hobson had actually assumed clean gloves for this festive occasion. Sam stared at all the "Nobs:" and insisted upon being introduced to "Farintosh," and congrats-



bated his lordship with much graceful ease: and then pushed about the rooms perseveringly hanging on to Alfred's jacket. "I say, I wish you wouldn't call me Alf," I heard Master Alfred say to his cousin. Seeing my face, Mr. Samuel ran up to claim acquaintance. He was good enough to say he thought Farintosh seemed devilish haughty. Even my wife could not help saying, that Mr. Sam was an odious little creature.

So it was for young Alfred, and his brothers and sisters, who would want help and protection in the world, that Ethel was about to give up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her life on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting herself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful, moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that, with my lord's lordly relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially; faintly smiling as he spoke now and again, doing the honors of her mother's house. Lady after lady of his lordship's clan and kinsfolk, complimented the girl and her pleased mother. Old Lady Kew was radiant (if one can call radiance the glances of those darkling old eyes). She sat in a little room apart, and thither people went to pay their court to her. Unwillingly I came in on this levee with my wife on my arm: Lady Kew scowled at me over her crutch, but without a sign of recognition. "What an awful countenance that old woman has!" Laura whispered as we retreated out of that gloomy presence.

And Doubt (as its wont is) whispered too a question in my ear, "Is it for her brothers and sisters only that Miss Ethel is sacrificing herself? Is it not for the coronet, and the triumph, and the fine houses?" When two motives may actuate a friend, we surely may try and believe in the good one, says Laura. But, but I am glad Clive does not marry her—poor fellow!—he would not have been happy with her. She belongs to this great world: she has spent all her life in it: Clive would have entered into it, very likely in her train; "and you know, Sir, it is not good that we should be our husband's superiors," adds Mrs. Laura with a courtesy.

She presently pronounced that the air was very hot in the rooms, and in fact wanted to go home to see her child. As we passed out, we saw Sir Barnes Newcome, eagerly smiling, smirking, bowing, and in the fondest conversation with his sister and Lord Farintosh. By Sir Barnes presently brushed Lieutenant General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who, when he saw on whose foot he had trodden, grunted out, "Hm, beg your pardon!" and turning his hack on Barnes, forthwith began complimenting Ethel and the Marquis. "Servod with your lordship's father in Spain; glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," says Sir George. Ethel

bows to us as we pass out of the rooms, and we hear no more of Sir George's conversation.

In the cloak-room sits Lady Clara Newcome, with a gentleman bending over her, just in such an attitude as the bride is in Hogarth's *Marriage-a-la-mode* as the counselor talks to her. Lady Clara starts up as a crowd of blushes come into her wan face, and tries to smile, and rises to greet my wife, and says something about its being so dreadfully hot in the upper rooms, and so very tedious waiting for the carriages. The gentleman advances toward me with a military stride, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Poddennis? How's our young friend, the painter?" I answer Lord Highgate civilly enough, whereas my wife will scarce speak a word in reply to Lady Clara Newcome.

Lady Clara asked us to her ball, which my wife declined altogether to attend. Sir Barnes published a series of quite splendid entertainments on the happy occasion of his sister's betrothal. We read the names of all the clan Farintosh in the *Morning Post*, as attending these banquets. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in Bryanstone Square, gave also signs of rejoicing at their niece's marriage. They had a grand banquet, followed by a tea, to which latter amusement the present biographer was invited. Lady Ann and Lady Kew, and her granddaughter, and the Baronet and his wife, and my Lord Highgate, and Sir George Tufto attended the dinner; but it was rather a damp entertainment. "Farintosh," whispers Sam Newcome, "sent word just before dinner that he had a sore throat, and Barnes was as sulky as possible. Sir George wouldn't speak to him, and the dowager wouldn't speak to Lord Highgate. Scarcely any thing was drunk," concluded Mr. Sam, with a slight hiccup. "I say, Poddennis, how sold Clive will be!" And the amiable youth went off to commune with others of his parents' guests.

Thus the Newcomes entertained the Farintoshes, and the Farintoshes entertained the Newcomes. And the Dowager Countess of Kew went from assembly to assembly every evening, and to jewelers and upholsterers, and dress-makers every morning; and Lord Farintosh's town house was splendidly re-decorated in the newest fashion; and he seemed to grow more and more attentive as the happy day approached, and he gave away all his cigars to his brother Roh; and his sisters were delighted with Ethel, and constantly in her company; and his mother was pleased with her, and thought a girl of her spirit and resolution would make a good wife for her son: and select crowds flocked to see the service of plate at Handyman's, and the diamonds which were being set for the lady; and Emea, R. A., painted her portrait, as a *souvenir* for mamma when Miss Newcome should be Miss Newcome no more; and Lady Kew made a will leaving all she could leave to her beloved granddaughter, Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Brian Newcome, Baronet; and Lord Kew wrote an affectionate letter to his cousin,

congratulating her, and wishing her happiness with all his heart; and I was glancing over the *Times* newspaper at breakfast one morning, when I laid it down with an exclamation which caused my wife to start with surprise.

"What is it?" cries Laura, and I read as follows:

"DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KEW.—We regret to have to announce the awfully sudden death of this venerable lady. Her ladyship, who had been at several parties of the nobility the night before last, seemingly in perfect health, was seized with a fit as she was waiting for her carriage, and about to quit Lady Pallgrave's assembly. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and her ladyship was carried to her own house, in Queen Street, May Fair. But she never rallied, or, we believe, spoke, after the first fatal seizure, and sank at eleven o'clock last evening. The deceased, Louisa Joanna Gaunt, widow of Frédéric, first Earl of Kew, was daughter of Charles, Earl of Gaunt, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Marquis of Steyne. The present Earl of Kew is her ladyship's grandson, his lordship's father, Lord Walham, having died before his own father, the first earl. Many noble families are placed in mourning by this sad event. Society has to deplore the death of a lady who has been its ornament for more than half a century, and who was known, we may say, throughout Europe for her remarkable sense, extraordinary memory, and brilliant wit."

THE PARADISE OF BACHELORS AND THE TARTARUS OF MAIDS.

I. THE PARADISE OF BACHELORS.

IT lies not far from Temple-Bar.

Going to it, by the usual way, is like stealing from a heated plain into some cool, deep glen, shady among harboring hills.

Sick with the din and soiled with the mud of Fleet Street—where the Benedick tradesmen are hurrying by, with ledger-lines ruled along their brows, thinking upon rise of bread and fall of babies—you adroitly turn a mystic corner—not a street—glide down a dim, monastic way, flanked by dark, sedate, and solemn piles, and still wending on, give the whole care-worn world the slip, and, disentangled, stand beneath the quiet cloisters of the Paradise of Bachelors.

Sweet are the oases in Sahara; charming the idle-groves of Angust prairies; delectable pure faith amidst a thousand perfidies: but sweeter, still more charming, most delectable, the dreamy Paradise of Bachelors, found in the stony heart of stunning London.

In mild meditation pace the cloisters; take your pleasure, sip your leisure, in the garden waterward; go linger in the ancient library; go worship in the sculptured chapel; but little have you seen, just nothing do you know, not the sweet kernel have you tasted, till you dine among the banded Bachelors, and see their convivial eyes and glasses sparkle. Not dine in

bustling commons, during term-time, in the hall; but tranquilly, by private hint, at a private table; some fine Templar's hospitably invited guest.

Templar? That's a romantic name. Let me see. Brian de Bois Gilbert was a Templar, I believe. Do we understand you to insinuate that those famous Templars still survive in modern London? May the ring of their armed heels be heard, and the rattle of their shields, as in mailed prayer the monk-knights kneel before the consecrated Host? Surely a monk-knight were a curious sight picking his way along the Strand, his gleaming corselet and snowy sarcoat spattered by an omnibus. Long-bearded, too, according to his order's rule; his face fuzzy as a pard's; how would the grim ghost look among the crop-haired, close-shaven citizens? We know indeed—sad history recounts it—that a moral blight tainted at last this sacred Brotherhood. Though no sworded foe might outskill them in the fence, yet the worm of luxury crawled beneath their guard, gnawing the core of knightly truth, nighling the monastic vow, till at last the monk's austerity relaxed to wassailing, and the sworn knights-bachelors grew to be but hypocrites and rakes.

But for all this, quite unprepared were we to learn that Knights-Templars (if not all in being) were so entirely secularized as to be reduced from carving out immortal fame in glorious battling for the Holy Land, to the carving of roast-mutton at a dinner-board. Like Anacreon, do these degenerate Templars now think it sweeter far to fall in banquet than in war? Or, indeed, how can there be any survival of that famous order? Templars in modern London! Templars in their red-cross mantles smoking cigars at the Divan! Templars crowded in a railway train, till, stacked with steel helmet, spear, and shield, the whole train looks like one elongated locomotive!

No. The genuine Templar is long since departed. Go view the wondrous tombs in the Temple Church; see there the rigidly-haughty forms stretched out, with crossed arms upon their stilly hearts, in everlasting and undreaming rest. Like the years before the flood, the bold Knights-Templars are no more. Nevertheless, the name remains, and the nominal society, and the ancient grounds, and some of the ancient edifices. But the iron heel is changed to a boot of patent-leather: the long two-handed sword to a one-handed quill: the monk-giver of gratuitous ghostly counsel now counsels for a fee; the defender of the sarcophagus (if in good practice with his weapon) now has more than one case to defend; the vowed opener and clearer of all highways leading to the Holy Sepulchre, now has it in particular charge to check, to clog, to hinder, and embarrass all the courts and avenues of Law; the knight-combatant of the Saracen, breasting spear-points at Acre, now fights law-points in Westminster Hall. The helmet is a wig. Struck by Time's chanter's ward, the Templar is to-day a Lawyer.

But, like many others tumbled from proud glory's height—like the apple, hard on the bough but mellow on the ground—the Templar's fall has but made him all the finer fellow.

I dare say those old warrior-priests were but gruff and grouty at the best; cased in Birmingham hardware, how could their crimped arms give yours or mine a hearty shake? Their proud, ambitious, monkish souls clasped shut, like horn-book misals; their very faces clapped in bomb-shells; what sort of genial men were these? But best of comrades, most affable of hosts, capital diner is the modern Templar. His wit and wine are both of sparkling brands.

The church and cloisters, courts and vaults, lanes and passages, banquet-halls, refectories, libraries, terraces, gardens, broad walks, domicils, and dessert-rooms, covering a very large space of ground, and all grouped in central neighborhood, and quite sequestered from the old city's surrounding din; and every thing about the place being kept in most bachelor-like particularity, no part of London offers to a quiet wight so agreeable a refuge.

The Temple is, indeed, a city by itself. A city with all the best appearances, as the above enumeration shows. A city with a park to it, and flower-beds, and a river-side—the Thames flowing by as openly, in one part, as by Eden's primal garden flowed the mild Euphrates. In what is now the Temple Garden the old Crusaders used to exercise their steeds and lances; the modern Templars now lounge on the benches beneath the trees, and, switching their patent-leather boots, in gay discourse exercise at racquet.

Long lines of stately portraits in the banquet-halls, show what great men of mark—famous nobles, judges, and Lord Chancellors—have in their time been Templars. But all Templars are not known to universal fame; though, if the having warm hearts and warmer welcomes, full minds and fuller cellars, and giving good advice and glorious dinners, spiced with rare diversions of fun and fancy, merit immortal mention, set down, ye muses, the names of R. F. C. and his imperial brother.

Though to be a Templar, in the one true sense, you must needs be a lawyer, or a student at the law, and be ceremoniously enrolled as member of the order, yet as many such, though Templars, do not reside within the Temple's precincts, though they may have their offices there, just so, on the other hand, there are many residents of the hoary old domicils who are not admitted Templars. If being, say, a lounging gentleman and bachelor, or a quiet, unmarried, literary man, charmed with the soft seclusion of the spot, you much desire to pitch your shady tent among the rest in this serene encampment, then you must make some special friend among the order, and procure him to rent, in his name but at your charge, whatever vacant chamber you may find to suit.

Thus, I suppose, did Dr. Johnson, that nominal Benedict and widower but virtual bachelor,

when for a space he resided here. So, too, did that undoubted bachelor and rare good soul, Charles Lamb. And hundreds more, of sterling spirits, Brethren of the Order of Celibacy, from time to time have dined, and slept, and tabernacled here. Indeed, the place is all a honeycomb of offices and domicils. Like any cheese, it is quite perforated through and through in all directions with the snug cells of bachelors. Dear, delightful spot! Ah! when I bethink me of the sweet hours there passed, enjoying such genial hospitalities beneath those time-honored roofs, my heart only finds due utterance through poetry; and, with a sigh, I softly sing, "Carry me back to old Virginy!"

Such then, at large, is the Paradise of Bachelors. And such I found it one pleasant afternoon in the smiling month of May, when, sallying from my hotel in Trafalgar Square, I went to keep my dinner-appointment with that fine Barrister, Bachelor, and Benchor, R. F. C. (he is the first and second, and *should be* the third; I hereby nominate him), whose card I kept fast pinched between my gloved forefinger and thumb, and every now and then snatched still another look at the pleasant address inscribed beneath the name, "No. —, Elm Court, Temple."

At the core he was a right bluff, care-free, right comfortable, and most companionable Englishman. If on a first acquaintance he seemed reserved, quite icy in his air—patience; this Champagne will thaw. And if it never do, better frozen Champagne than liquid vinegar.

There were nine gentlemen, all bachelors, at the dinner. One was from "No. —, King's Bench Walk, Temple;" a second, third, and fourth, and fifth, from various courts or passages christened with some similarly rich resounding syllables. It was indeed a sort of Senate of the Bachelors, sent to this dinner from widely-scattered districts, to represent the general celibacy of the Temple. Nay it was, by representation, a Grand Parliament of the best Bachelors in universal London; several of those present being from distant quarters of the town, noted immemorial seats of lawyers and unmarried men—Lincoln's Inn, Furnival's Inn; and one gentleman, upon whom I looked with a sort of collateral awe, hailed from the spot where Lord Verulam once abode a bachelor—Gray's Inn.

The apartment was well up toward heaven. I know not how many strange old stairs I climbed to get to it. But a good dinner, with famous company, should be well earned. No doubt our host had his dining-room so high with a view to secure the prior exercise necessary to the due relishing and digesting of it.

The furniture was wonderfully unpretending, old, and snug. No new shining mahogany, sticky with undried varnish; no uncomfortably luxurious ottomans, and sofas too fine to use, vexed you in this sedate apartment. It is a thing which every sensible American should learn from every sensible Englishman, that glare and glitter, gimcracks and gewgaws, are not in-

dispensable to domestic solacement. The American Benedick snatches, down-town, a tough chop in a gilded show-box; the English bachelor leisurely dines at home on that incomparable South Down of his, off a plain deal board.

The ceiling of the room was low. Who wants to dine under the dome of St. Peter's? High ceilings! If that is your demand, and the higher the better, and you be so very tall, then go dine out with the topping giraffe in the open air.

In good time the nine gentlemen sat down to nine covers, and soon were fairly under way.

If I remember right, ox-tail soup inaugurated the affair. Of a rich russet hue, its agreeable flavor dissipated my first confounding of its main ingredient with teamster's gads and the raw-hides of ushers. (By way of interlude, we here drank a little claret.) Neptune's was the next tribute rendered—turbot coming second; snow-white, flaky, and just gelatinous enough, not too turtleish in its unctuousness.

(At this point we refreshed ourselves with a glass of sherry.) After these light skirmishers had vanished, the heavy artillery of the feast marched in, led by that well-known English generalissimo, roast beef. For aids-de-camp we had a saddle of mutton, a fat turkey, a chicken-pie, and endless other savory things; while for avant-couriers came nine silver flagons of humming-ale. This heavy ordnance having departed on the track of the light skirmishers, a picked brigade of game-fowl encamped upon the board, their camp-fires lit by the ruddiest of decanters.

Tarts and puddings followed, with innumerable niceties; then cheese and crackers. (By way of ceremony, simply, only to keep up good old fashions, we here each drank a glass of good old port.)

The cloth was now removed; and like Blucher's army coming in at the death on the field of Waterloo, in marched a fresh detachment of bottles, dusty with their hurried march.

All these manœuvres of the forces were superintended by a surprising old field-marshal (I can not school myself to call him by the inglorious name of waiter), with snowy hair and napkin, and a head like Socrates. Amidst all the hilarity of the feast, intent on important business, he disdained to smile. Venerable man!

I have above endeavored to give some slight schedule of the general plan of operations. But any one knows that a good, genial dinner is a sort of pell-mell, indiscriminate affair, quite baffling to detail in all particulars. Thus, I spoke of taking a glass of claret, and a glass of sherry, and a glass of port, and a mug of ale—all at certain specific periods and times. But those were merely the state bumpers, so to speak. Innumerable impromptu glasses were drained between the periods of those grand imposing ones.

The nine bachelors seemed to have the most tender concern for each other's health. All the time, in flowing wine, they most earnestly expressed their sincerest wishes for the entire well-being and lasting hygiene of the gentlemen on

the right and on the left. I noticed that when one of these kind bachelors desired a little more wine (just for his stomach's sake, like Timothy), he would not help himself to it unless some other bachelor would join him. It seemed held something delicate, selfish, and unfraternal, to be seen taking a lonely, unparticipated glass. Meantime, as the wine ran apace, the spirits of the company grew more and more to perfect genialness and unconstraint. They related all sorts of pleasant stories. Choice experiences in their private lives were now brought out, like choice brands of Moselle or Rhenish, only kept for particular company. One told us how mellowly he lived when a student at Oxford; with various spicy anecdotes of most frank-hearted noble lords, his liberal companions. Another bachelor, a gray-headed man, with a sunny face, who, by his own account, embraced every opportunity of leisure to cross over into the Low Countries, on sudden tours of inspection of the fine old Flemish architecture there—this learned, white-haired, sunny-faced old bachelor, excelled in his descriptions of the elaborate splendors of those old guild-halls, town-halls, and stadthold-houses, to be seen in the land of the ancient Flemings. A third was a great frequenter of the British Museum, and knew all about scores of wonderful antiquities, of Oriental manuscripts, and costly books without a duplicate. A fourth had lately returned from a trip to Old Granada, and, of course, was full of Saracenic scenery. A fifth had a funny case in law to tell. A sixth was erudite in wines. A seventh had a strange characteristic anecdote of the private life of the Iron Duke, never printed, and never before announced in any public or private company. An eighth had lately been amusing his evenings, now and then, with translating a comic poem of Pulei's. He quoted for us the more amusing passages.

And so the evening slipped along, the hours told, not by a water-clock, like King Alfred's, but a wine-chronometer. Meantime the table seemed a sort of Epsom Heath; a regular ring, where the decanters galloped round. For fear one decanter should not with sufficient speed reach his destination, another was sent express after him to hurry him; and then a third to hurry the second; and so on with a fourth and fifth. And throughout all this nothing loud, nothing unmannerly, nothing turbulent. I am quite sure, from the scrupulous gravity and austerly of his air, that had Socrates, the field-marshal, perceived aught of indecorum in the the company he served, he would have forthwith departed without giving warning. I afterward learned that, during the repast, an invalid bachelor in an adjoining chamber enjoyed his first sound refreshing slumber in three long-weary weeks.

It was the very perfection of quiet absorption of good living, good drinking, good feeling, and good talk. We were a band of brothers. Comfort—fraternal, household comfort, was the grand trait of the affair. Also, you could plainly see

that these easy-hearted men had no wives or children to give an anxious thought. Almost all of them were travelers, too; for bachelors alone can travel freely, and without any twinges of their consciences touching desertion of the fire-side.

The thing called pain, the bugbear styled trouble—those two legends seemed preposterous to their bachelor imaginations. How could men of liberal sense, ripe scholarship in the world, and capacious philosophical and convivial understandings—how could they suffer themselves to be imposed upon by such monkish fables? Pain! Trouble! As well talk of Catholic miracles. No such thing.—Pass the sherry, Sir.—Pooh, pooh! Can't be!—The port, Sir, if you please. Nonsense; don't tell me so.—The decanter stops with you, Sir, I believe.

And so it went.

Not long after the cloth was drawn our host glanced significantly upon Socrates, who, solemnly stepping to a stand, returned with an immense convolved horn, a regular Jericho horn, mounted with polished silver, and otherwise chased and curiously enriched; not omitting two life-like goat's heads, with four more horns of solid silver, projecting from opposite sides of the mouth of the noble main horn.

Not having heard that our host was a performer on the bugle, I was surprised to see him lift this horn from the table, as if he were about to blow an inspiring blast. But I was relieved from this, and set quite right as touching the purposes of the horn, by his now inserting his thumb and forefinger into its mouth; whereupon a slight aroma was stirred up, and my nostrils were greeted with the smell of some choice Rappee. It was a mull of snuff. It went the rounds. Capital idea this, thought I, of taking snuff about this juncture. This goodly fashion must be introduced among my countrymen at home, further ruminated I.

The remarkable decorum of the nine bachelors—a decorum not to be affected by any quantity of wine—a decorum unassailable by any degree of mirthfulness—this was again set in a forcible light to me, by now observing that, though they took snuff very freely, yet not a man so far violated the proprieties, or so far molested the invalid bachelor in the adjoining room as to indulge himself in a sneeze. The snuff was snuffed silently, as if it had been some fine innocuous powder brushed off the wings of butterflies.

But fine though they be, bachelors' dinners, like bachelors' lives, can not endure forever. The time came for breaking up. One by one the bachelors took their hats, and two by two, and arm-in-arm they descended, still conversing, to the flagging of the court; some going to their neighboring chambers to turn over the Decameron ere retiring for the night; some to smoke a cigar, promenading in the garden on the cool river-side; some to make for the street, call a hack, and be driven snugly to their distant lodgings.

I was the last lingerer.

"Well," said my smiling host, "what do you think of the Temple here, and the sort of life we bachelors make out to live in it?"

"Sir," said I, with a burst of admiring candor—"Sir, this is the very Paradise of Bachelors!"

II. THE TARTARUS OF MAIDS.

It lies not far from Woodolor Mountain in New England. Turning to the east, right out from among bright farms and sunny meadows, nodding in early June with odorous grasses, you enter ascendingly among bleak hills. These gradually close in upon a dusky pass, which, from the violent Gulf Stream of air unceasingly driving between its cloven walls of haggard rock, as well as from the tradition of a crazy spinster's hut having long ago stood somewhere hereabouts, is called the Mad Maid's Bellows-pipe.

Winding along at the bottom of the gorge is a dangerously narrow wheel-road, occupying the bed of a former torrent. Following this road to its highest point, you stand as within a Dantean gateway. From the steepness of the walls here, their strangely ebon hue, and the sudden contraction of the gorge, this particular point is called the Black Notch. The ravine now expandingly descends into a great, purple, hopper-shaped hollow, far sunk among many Plutonian, shaggy-wooded mountains. By the country people this hollow is called the Devil's Dungeon. Sounds of torrents fall on all sides upon the ear. These rapid waters unite at last in one turbid brick-colored stream, boiling through a flume among enormous boulders. They call this strange-colored torrent Blood River. Gaining a dark precipice it wheels suddenly to the west, and makes one maniac spring of sixty feet into the arms of a stunted wood of gray-haired pines, between which it thence eddies on its further way down to the invisible lowlands.

Conspicuously crowning a rocky bluff high to one side, at the cataract's verge, is the ruin of an old saw-mill, built in those primitive times when vast pines and hemlocks superabounded throughout the neighboring region. The black-mossed bulk of those immense, rough-hewn, and spike-knotted logs, here and there tumbled all together, in long abandonment and decay, or left in solitary, perilous projection over the cataract's gloomy brink, impart to this rude wooden ruin not only much of the aspect of one of rough-quarried stone, but also a sort of feudal, Rhineland, and Thurnberg look, derived from the pinnacled wildness of the neighboring scenery.

Not far from the bottom of the Dungeon stands a large white-washed building, relieved, like some great whitened sepulchre, against the sullen background of mountain-side firs, and other hardy evergreens, inaccessibly rising in grim terraces for some two thousand feet.

The building is a paper-mill.

Having embarked on a large scale in the seed-man's business (so extensively and broadcast, indeed, that at length my seeds were distributed through all the Eastern and Northern States, and even fell into the far soil of Missouri and the Carolinas), the demand for paper at my place became so great, that the expenditure soon amounted to a most important item in the general account. It need hardly be hinted how paper comes into use with seedsmen, as envelopes. These are mostly made of yellowish paper, folded square; and when filled, or all but flat, and being stamped, and superscribed with the nature of the seeds contained, assume not a little the appearance of business-letters ready for the mail. Of these small envelopes I used an incredible quantity—several hundreds of thousands in a year. For a time I had purchased my paper from the wholesale dealers in a neighboring town. For economy's sake, and partly for the adventure of the trip, I now resolved to cross the mountains, some sixty miles, and order my future paper at the Devil's Dungeon paper-mill.

The sleighing being uncommonly fine toward the end of January, and promising to hold so for no small period, in spite of the bitter cold I started one gray Friday noon in my pung, well fitted with buffalo and wolf robes; and, spending one night on the road, next noon came in sight of Woedolor Mountain.

The fur summit fairly smoked with frost; white vapors curled up from its white-wooded top, as from a chimney. The intense congelation made the whole country look like one petrification. The steel shoes of my pung clattered and grinded over the vitreous, chippy snow, as if it had been broken glass. The forests here and there skirting the route, feeling the same all-stiffening influence, their inmost fibres penetrated with the cold, strangely groaned—not in the swaying branches merely, but likewise in the vertical trunk—as the fitful gusts remorselessly swept through them. Brittle with excessive frost, many colossal tough-grained maples, snapped in twain like pipe-stems, cumbered the unfeeling earth.

Flaked all over with frozen sweat, white as a milky rain, his nostrils at each breath sending forth two horn-shaped shoots of heated respiration, Black, my good horse, but six years old, started at a sudden turn, where, right across the track—not ten minutes fallen—an old distorted hemlock lay, darkly undulatory as an anaconda.

Gaining the Bellows'-pipe, the violent blast, dead from behind, all but shoved my high-backed pung up-hill. The gust shrieked through the shivered pass, as if laden with lost spirits bound to the unhappy world. Ere gaining the summit, Black, my horse, as if exasperated by the cutting wind, slung out with his strong hind legs, tore the light pung straight up-hill, and sweeping grazingly through the narrow notch, sped downward madly past the ruined saw-mill. Into the Devil's Dungeon horse and cataract rushed together.

With might and main, quitting my seat and robes, and standing backward, with one foot braced against the dash-board, I rasped and churned the bit, and stopped him just in time to avoid collision, at a turn, with the bleak nozzle of a rock, couchant like a lion in the way—a road-side rock.

At first I could not discover the paper-mill.

The whole hollow gleamed with the white, except, here and there, where a pinnacle of granite showed one wind-swept angle bare. The mountains stood pinned in shrouds—a pass of Alpine corpses. Where stands the mill? Suddenly a whirling, humming sound broke upon my ear. I looked, and there, like an arrested avalanche, lay the large whitewashed factory. It was subordinately surrounded by a cluster of other and smaller buildings, some of which, from their cheap, blank air, great length, gregarious windows, and comfortless expression, no doubt were boarding-houses of the operatives. A snow-white hamlet amidst the snows. Various rude, irregular squares and courts resulted from the somewhat picturesque clusterings of these buildings, owing to the broken, rocky nature of the ground, which forbade all method in their relative arrangement. Several narrow lanes and alleys, too, partly blocked with snow fallen from the roof, cut up the hamlet in all directions.

When, turning from the traveled highway, jingling with bells of numerous farmers—who, availing themselves of the fine sleighing, were dragging their wood to market—and frequently diversified with swift cutters dashing from inn to inn of the scattered villages—when, I say, turning from that bustling main-road, I by degrees wound into the Mad Maid's Bellows'-pipe, and saw the grim Black Notch beyond, then something latent, as well as something obvious in the time and scene, strangely brought back to my mind my first sight of dark and grimy Temple-Bar. And when Black, my horse, went darting through the Notch, perilously grazing its rocky wall, I remembered being in a runaway London omnibus, which in much the same sort of style, though by no means at an equal rate, dashed through the ancient arch of Wren. Though the two objects did by no means completely correspond, yet this partial inadequacy but served to tinge the similitude not less with the vividness than the disorder of a dream. So that, when upon reining up at the protruding rock I at last caught sight of the quaint groupings of the factory-buildings, and with the traveled highway and the Notch behind, found myself all alone, silently and privily stealing through deep-cloven passages into this sequestered spot, and saw the long, high-gabled main factory edifice, with a rude tower—for hoisting heavy boxes—at one end, standing among its crowded outbuilding- and boarding-houses, as the Temple Church amidst the surrounding offices and dormitories, and when the marvelous retirement of this mysterious mountain nook fastened its whole spell upon me, then, what memory lacked, all trib-

tary imagination furnished, and I said to myself, "This is the very counterpart of the Paradise of Bachelors, but snowed upon, and frost-painted to a sepulchre."

Dismounting, and warily picking my way down the dangerous declivity—horse and man both sliding now and then upon the icy ledges—at length I drove, or the blast drove me, into the largest square, before one side of the main edifice. Piercingly and shrilly the shouted blast blew by the corner; and redly and demoniacally boiled Blood River at one side. A long wood-pile, of many scores of cords, all glittering in mail of crusted ice, stood crosswise in the square. A row of horse-posts, their north sides plastered with adhesive snow, flanked the factory wall. The bleak frost packed and paved the square as with some ringing metal.

The inverted similitude recurred—"The sweet, tranquil Temple garden, with the Thames bordering its green beds," strangely meditated I.

But where are the gay bachelors?

Then, as I and my horse stood shivering in the wind-spray, a girl ran from a neighboring dormitory door, and throwing her thin apron over her bare head, made for the opposite building.

"One moment, my girl; is there no shed hereabouts which I may drive into?"

Pausing, she turned upon me a face pale with work, and blue with cold; an eye supernatural with unrelated misery.

"Nay," faltered I, "I mistook you. Go on; I want nothing."

Leading my horse close to the door from which she had come, I knocked. Another pale, blue girl appeared, shivering in the doorway as, to prevent the blast, she jealously held the door ajar.

"Nay, I mistake again. In God's name shut the door. But hold, is there no man about?"

That moment a dark-complexioned well-wrapped personage passed, making for the factory door, and spying him coming, the girl rapidly closed the other one.

"Is there no horse-shed here, Sir?"

"Yonder, to the wood-shed," he replied, and disappeared inside the factory.

With much ado I managed to wedge in horse and pung between the scattered piles of wood all sawn and split. Then, blanketing my horse, and piling my buffalo on the blanket's top, and tucking in its edges well around the breast-band and breeching, so that the wind might not strip him bare, I tied him fast, and ran lamely for the factory door, stiff with frost, and cumbered with my driver's dread-naught.

Immediately I found myself standing in a spacious place, intolerably lighted by long rows of windows, focusing inward the snowy scene without.

At rows of blank-looking counters sat rows of blank-looking girls, with blank, white folders in their blank hands, all blankly folding blank paper.

In one corner stood some huge frame of ponderous iron, with a vertical thing like a pis-

ton periodically rising and falling upon a heavy wooden block. Before it—its tame minister—stood a tall girl, feeding the iron animal with half-quires of rose-hued note paper, which, at every downward dab of the piston-like machine, received in the corner the impress of a wreath of roses. I looked from the rosy paper to the pallid cheek, but said nothing.

Seated before a long apparatus, strung with long, slender strings like any harp, another girl was feeding it with foolscap sheets, which, so soon as they curiously traveled from her on the cords, were withdrawn at the opposite end of the machine by a second girl. They came to the first girl blank; they went to the second girl ruled.

I looked upon the first girl's brow, and saw it was young and fair; I looked upon the second girl's brow, and saw it was ruled and wrinkled. Then, as I still looked, the two—for some small variety to the monotony—changed places; and where had stood the young, fair brow, now stood the ruled and wrinkled one.

Perched high upon a narrow platform, and still higher upon a high stool crowning it, sat another figure serving some other iron animal; while below the platform sat her mate in some sort of reciprocal attendance.

Not a syllable was breathed. Nothing was heard but the low, steady, overruling hum of the iron animals. The human voice was banished from the spot. Machinery—that vaunted slave of humanity—here stood mentally served by human beings, who served mutely and cringingly as the slave serves the Sultan. The girls did not so much seem accessory wheels to the general machinery as mere cogs to the wheels.

All this scene around me was instantaneously taken in at one swooping glance—even before I had proceeded to unwind the heavy fur tippet from around my neck. But as soon as this fell from me the dark-complexioned man, standing close by, raised a sudden cry, and seizing my arm, dragged me out into the open air, and without pausing for a word instantly caught up some congealed snow and began rubbing both my cheeks.

"Two white spots like the whites of your eyes," he said; "man, your cheeks are frozen."

"That may well be," muttered I; "'tis some wonder the frost of the Devil's Dungeon strikes in no deeper. Rub away."

Soon a horrible, tearing pain caught at my reviving cheeks. Two gaunt blood-hounds, one on each side, seemed mauling them. I seemed Actæon.

Presently, when all was over, I re-entered the factory, made known my business, concluded it satisfactorily, and then begged to be conducted throughout the place to view it.

"Cupid is the boy for that," said the dark-complexioned man. "Cupid!" and by this odd fancy-name calling a dimpled, red-cheeked, spirited-looking, forward little fellow, who was rather impudently, I thought, gliding about among the passive-looking girls—like a gold

fish through hullless waves—yet doing nothing in particular that I could see, the man bade him lead the stranger through the edifice.

"Come first and see the water-wheel," said this lively lad, with the air of boyishly-brisk importance.

Quitting the folding-room, we crossed some damp, cold boards, and stood beneath a great wet shod, incessantly showering with foam, like the green barnacled bow of some East Indian in a gale. Round and round here went the enormous revolutions of the dark colossal water-wheel, grim with its one immutable purpose.

"This sets our whole machinery a-going, Sir; in every part of all these buildings; where the girls work and all."

I looked, and saw that the turbid waters of Blood River had not changed their hue by coming under the use of man.

"You make only blank paper; no printing of any sort, I suppose? All blank paper, don't you?"

"Certainly; what else should a paper-factory make?"

The lad here looked at me as if suspicious of my common-sense.

"Oh, to be sure!" said I, confused and stammering; "it only struck me as so strange that red waters should turn out pale chee—paper, I mean."

He took me up a wet and rickety stair to a great light room, furnished with no visible thing but rude, manger-like receptacles running all round its sides; and up to these mangers, like so many mares haltered to the rack, stood rows of girls. Before each was vertically thrust up a long, glittering scythe, immovably fixed at bottom to the manger-edge. The curve of the scythe, and its having no math to it, made it look exactly like a sword. To and fro, across the sharp edge, the girls forever dragged long strips of rags, washed white, picked from baskets at one side; thus ripping asunder every seam, and converting the tatters almost into lint. The air swam with the fine, poisonous particles, which from all sides darted, subtly, as motes in sunbeams, into the lungs.

"This is the rag-room," coughed the boy.

"You find it rather stifling here," coughed I, in answer; "but the girls don't cough."

"Oh, they are used to it."

"Where do you get such hoats of rags?" picking up a handful from a basket.

"Some from the country round about; some from far over sea—Leghorn and London."

"Tis not unlikely, then," murmured I, "that among these heaps of rags there may be some old shirts, gathered from the dormitories of the Paradise of Bachelors. But the buttons are all dropped off. Pray, my lad, do you ever find any bachelor's buttons herabouts?"

"None grow in this part of the country. The Devil's Dungeon is no place for flowers."

"Oh! you mean the *flowers* so called—the Bachelor's Buttons?"

"And was not that what you asked about?"

Or did you mean the gold bosom-buttons of our boss, Old Bach, as our whispering girls all call him?"

"The man, then, I saw below is a bachelor, is he?"

"Oh, yes, he's a Bach."

"The edges of those swords, they are turned outward from the girls, if I see right; but their rags and fingers fly so, I can not distinctly see."

"Turned outward."

Yes, murmured I to myself; I see it now; turned outward; and each erected sword is so borne, edge-outward, before each girl. If my reading fails me not, just so, of old, condemned state-prisoners went from the hall of judgment to their doom: an officer before, bearing a sword, its edge turned outward, in significance of their fatal sentence. So, through consumptive pallors of this blank, raggy life, go these white girls to death.

"Those scythes look very sharp," again turning toward the boy.

"Yes; they have to keep them so. Look!"

That moment two of the girls, dropping their rags, plied each a whet-stone up and down the sword-blade. My unaccustomed blood curdled at the sharp shriek of the tormented steel.

Their own executioners; themselves whetting the very swords that slay them; meditated I.

"What makes those girls so sheet-white, my lad?"

"Why"—with a roguish twinkle, pure ignorant drollery, not knowing heartlessness—"I suppose the handling of such white bits of sheets all the time makes them so sheezy."

"Let us leave the rag-room now, my lad."

More tragical and more inscrutably mysterious than any mystic night, human or machine, throughout the factory, was the strange innocence of cruel-heartedness in this usage-hardened boy.

"And now," said he, cheerily, "I suppose you want to see our great machine, which cost us twelve thousand dollars only last autumn. That's the machine that makes the paper, too. This way, Sir."

Following him, I crossed a large, bespattered place, with two great round vats in it, full of a white, wet, woolly-looking stuff, not unlike the albuminous part of an egg, soft-boiled.

"There," said Cupid, tapping the vats carelessly, "those are the first beginnings of the paper; this white pulp you see. Look how it swims bubbling round and round, moved by the paddle here. From hence it pours from both vats into that one common channel yonder; and so goes, mixed up and leisurely, to the great machine. And now for that."

He led me into a room, stifling with a strange, blood-like, abdominal heat, as if here, true enough, were being finally developed the germinous particles lately seen.

Before me, rolled out like some long Eastern manuscript, lay stretched one continuous length of iron frame-work—multitudinous and mystical, with all sorts of rollers, wheels, and

cylinders, in slowly-measured and unceasing motion.

"Here first comes the pulp now," said Cupid, pointing to the highest end of the machine. "See; first it pours out and spreads itself upon this wide, sloping board; and then—look—slides, thin and quivering, beneath the first roller there. Follow on now, and see it as it slides from under that to the next cylinder. There; see how it has become just a very little less pulpy now. One step more, and it grows still more to some slight consistence. Still another cylinder, and it is so knitted—though as yet mere dragon-fly wing—that it forms an air-bridge here, like a suspended cobweb, between two more separated rollers; and flowing over the last one, and under again, and doubling about there out of sight for a minute among all those mixed cylinders you indistinctly see, it reappears here, looking now at last a little less like pulp and more like paper, but still quite delicate and defective yet awhile. But—a little farther onward, Sir, if you please—here now, at this further point, it puts on something of a real look, as if it might turn out to be something you might possibly handle in the end. But it's not yet done, Sir. Good way to travel yet, and plenty more of cylinders must roll it."

"Bless my soul!" said I, amazed at the elongation, interminable convolutions, and deliberate slowness of the machine; "it must take a long time for the pulp to pass from end to end, and come out paper."

"Oh! not so long," smiled the precocious lad, with a superior and patronising air; "only nine minutes. But look; you may try it for yourself. Have you a bit of paper? Ah! here's a bit on the floor. Now mark that with any word you please, and let me dab it on here, and we'll see how long before it comes out at the other end."

"Well, let me see," said I, taking out my pencil; "come, I'll mark it with your name."

Bidding me take out my watch, Cupid adroitly dropped the inscribed slip on an exposed part of the incipient mass.

Instantly my eye marked the second-hand on my dial-plate.

Slowly I followed the slip, inch by inch; sometimes pausing for full half a minute as it disappeared beneath inscrutable groups of the lower cylinders, but only gradually to emerge again; and so, on, and on, and on—inch by inch; now in open sight, sliding along like a freckle on the quivering sheet; and then again wholly vanished; and so, on, and on, and on—inch by inch; all the time the main sheet growing more and more to final firmness—when, suddenly, I saw a sort of paper-fall, not wholly unlike a water-fall; a scissory sound smote my ear, as of some cord being snapped; and down dropped an unfolded sheet of perfect foolscap, with my "Cupid" half faded out of it, and still moist and warm.

My travels were at an end, for here was the end of the machine.

"Well, how long was it?" said Cupid.

"Nine minutes to a second," replied I, watch in hand.

"I told you so."

For a moment a curious emotion filled me, not wholly unlike that which one might experience at the fulfillment of some mysterious prophecy. But how absurd, thought I again; the thing is a mere machine, the essence of which is unvarying punctuality and precision.

Previously absorbed by the wheels and cylinders, my attention was now directed to a sad-looking woman standing by.

"That is rather an elderly person so silently tending the machine—end here. She would not seem wholly used to it either."

"Oh," knowingly whispered Cupid, through the din, "she only came last week. She was a nurse formerly. But the business is poor in these parts, and she's left it. But look at the paper she is piling there."

"Ay, foolscap," handling the piles of moist, warm sheets, which continually were being delivered into the woman's waiting hands. "Don't you turn out any thing but foolscap at this machine?"

"Oh, sometimes, but not often, we turn out finer work—cream-laid and royal sheets, we call them. But foolscap being in chief demand, we turn out foolscap most."

It was very curious. Looking at that blank paper continually dropping, dropping, dropping, my mind ran on in wonderings of those strange uses to which those thousand sheets eventually would be put. All sorts of writings would be writ on those now vacant things—sermons, lawyers' briefs, physicians' prescriptions, love-letters, marriage certificates, bills of divorce, registers of births, death-warrants, and so on, without end. Then, recurring back to them as they here lay all blank, I could not but bethink me of that celebrated comparison of John Locke, who, in demonstration of his theory that man had no innate ideas, compared the human mind at birth to a sheet of blank paper; something destined to be scribbled on, but what sort of characters no soul might tell.

Pacing slowly to and fro along the involved machine, still humming with its play, I was struck as well by the inevitability as the evolution-power in all its motions.

"Does that thin cobweb there," said I, pointing to the sheet in its more imperfect stage, "does that never tear or break? It is marvellous fragile, and yet this machine it passes through is so mighty."

"It never is known to tear a hair's point."

"Does it never stop—get clogged?"

"No. It *must* go. The machinery makes it go just so; just that very way, and at that very pace you there plainly see it go. The pulp can't help going."

Something of awe now stole over me, as I gazed upon this inflexible iron animal. Always, more or less, machinery of this ponderous, elaborate sort strikes, in some moods, strange

dread into the human heart, as some living, panting Behemoth might. But what made the thing I saw so specially terrible to me was the metallic necessity, the unbudging fatality which governed it. Though, here and there, I could not follow the thin, gauzy veil of pulp to the course of its more mysterious or entirely invisible advance, yet it was indubitable that, at those points where it eluded me, it still marched on in unvarying docility to the autocratic cunning of the machine. A fascination fastened on me. I stood spell-bound and wandering to my soul. Before my eyes—there, passing in slow procession along the wheeling cylinders, I seemed to see, glued to the pallid incipience of the pulp, the yet more pallid faces of all the pallid girls I had eyed that heavy day. Slowly, mournfully, beseechingly, yet unresistingly, they gleamed along, their agony dimly outlined on the imperfect paper, like the print of the tormented face on the handkerchief of Saint Veronica.

"Halloa! the heat of the room is too much for you," cried Cupid, staring at me.

"No—I am rather chill, if any thing."

"Come out, Sir—out—out," and, with the protecting air of a careful father, the precocious lad hurried me outside.

In a few moments, feeling revived a little, I went into the folding-room—the first room I had entered, and where the desk for transacting business stood, surrounded by the blank counters and blank girls engaged at them.

"Cupid here has led me a strange tour," said I to the dark-complexioned man before mentioned, whom I had ere this discovered not only to be an old bachelor, but also the principal proprietor. "Yours is a most wonderful factory. Your great machine is a miracle of inscrutable intricacy."

"Yes, all our visitors think it so. But we don't have many. We are in a very out-of-the-way corner here. Few inhabitants, too. Most of our girls come from far-off villages."

"The girls," echoed I, glancing round at their silent forms. "Why is it, Sir, that in most factories, female operatives, of whatever age, are indiscriminately called girls, never women?"

"Oh! as to that—why, I suppose, the fact of their being generally unmarried—that's the reason, I should think. But it never struck me before. For our factory here, we will not have married women; they are apt to be off-and-on too much. We want none but steady workers: twelve hours to the day, day after day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days, excepting Sundays, Thanksgiving, and Fast-days. That's our rule. And so, having no married women, what females we have are rightly enough called girls."

"Then these are all maids," said I, while some pained homage to their pale virginity made me involuntarily bow.

"All maids."

Again the strange emotion filled me.

"Your cheeks look whitish yet, Sir," said the

man, gazing at me narrowly. "You must be careful going home. Do they pain you at all now? It's a bad sign, if they do."

"No doubt, Sir," answered I, "when once I have got out of the Devil's Dungeon, I shall feel them mending."

"Ah, yes; the winter air in valleys, or gorges, or any sunken place, is far colder and more bitter than elsewhere. You would hardly believe it now, but it is colder here than at the top of Woodolor Mountain."

"I dare say it is, Sir. But time presses me; I must depart."

With that, remuffling myself in dread-naught and tippet, thrusting my hands into my huge seal-skin mittens, I sallied out into the nipping air, and found poor Black, my horse, all cringing and doubled up with the cold.

Soon, wrapped in furs and meditations, I ascended from the Devil's Dungeon.

At the Black Notch I paused, and once more bethought me of Temple-Bar. Then, shooting through the pass, all alone with inscrutable nature, I exclaimed—Oh! Paradise of Bachelors! and oh! Tartarus of Maids!

THE HIGHWAYMAN'S BRIDAL.

THE early years of the reign of George III. were the time of those gallant robbers, whose fine clothes, high bearing, reckless hardihood, and (frequently) good birth, took away from the superficial observer much of the darkness of the crime actually surrounding their deeds and lives. You were divested of your rings and purses, often with a demeanor so polished, that really it rather resembled paying a toll to good manners than submitting to a highway robbery; a robbery, it is true, yet still it was more soothing to the feelings at the time, than being knocked down with the butt-end of a pistol, or bullied as well as plundered. Fashion, too, capricious in this as in all else, affected some knights of the road above others, and fine ladies interested themselves amazingly about the deeds of highwaymen, conspicuous for handsome persons and brave conduct, or rather, daring villainy. These fair dames also were much concerned in their heroes' final incarcerations and exits at the fatal tree of Tyburn. But highwaymen had, as every body knows, been still more popular in the preceding reign; yet ever and anon as the profession seemed to be on the verge of decay, and likely to dwindle down into mere commonplace theft and murder, some new candidate was sure to start up and revive the dying embers of the road chivalry. One in particular was notorious enough in his brief day for most of the qualities I have described, as sometimes attributes of these knights of the road. He was well-connected, too, his uncle being a clergyman in a high church appointment. His person was elegant, his manners courtly, and he was rash in an extraordinary degree. Mingling freely in fashionable society in his real name, his deeds of robbery were the talk of the town under his assumed one. His proper designation was Rich-

ard Mowbray—that belonging to the road, his sole source of revenue, was Captain de Montmorency—a patronymic high-sounding enough. I do not mean, however, to infer that any suspected the man of fashion and the highwayman to be one and the same person; that was never known till the event which I am going to relate took place.

Richard Mowbray had spent his own small patrimony, years before the period at which this narrative commences, in the pleasures of the town; it had melted in riotous, play-houses, fairs, horse-flesh, and hazard; he had exhausted the kindness and forbearance of his relations, from whom he had borrowed and begged, till borrowing or begging became impracticable. He had known most extremes of life; and, moreover, when debts and poverty stared him grimly in the face, he knew not one useful art by which he could support existence, or pay dividends to his creditors. What was to be done? He eluded a jail as long as he could, and one eventful night, riding on horseback, and meditating gloomily on his evil fortunes, he met—covered by the darkness from all discovery—a traveler well mounted—plethoric—laden with money-bags, and bearing likewise the burden of excessive fear.

It was a sudden thought—acted upon as suddenly. Resistance was not dreamed of. Mowbray made off with his booty, considerable enough to repair his exhausted finances, and to pay his most pressing creditors. It was literally robbing Peter to pay Paul. And so by night, under shelter of its darkness, did the ruined gentleman become the highwayman. People who knew his circumstances whispered their surprise when it became known that Richard Mowbray had paid his debts, and that he himself made more than his customary appearance. Now his fine person was ever clad in the newest braveries of the day; and in his double character many a conquest did he make, for he disburdened ladies of their jewels and purses with so fine a manner, that the defrauded fair ones forgot their losses in admiration of the charming spoiler; and Richard, in both his phases, drank deep draughts of pleasure, till he drained the Circean cup to its veriest dregs. Just as even pleasure became wearisome, when festive and high-bred delights palled on his sated passions, and the lower extremes of licentiousness and hard drinking, ruffing and fighting, diversified by the keen excitement and threats of danger, which distinguished his predatory existence began to satiate, a new light broke on the feverish atmosphere of his life. He loved. Yes! Richard Mowbray, the ruined patrician. De Montmorency, the gallant highwayman, who had hitherto resisted every good or evil influence which Love, pure or earth-stained, offers to his votaries, succumbed to the simple charms of a young, unlearned, unambitious girl; so youthful, that even her tastes and habits, childish as they were, could be scarcely more so than suited her years. Flavia Hardcourt had just attained her sixteenth year—had

never been to a boarding-school, and loved nothing so much—even her birds and pet rabbits—as her dear old father, an honest country gentleman, and a worthy magistrate. Flavia had never been even to London, for Mr. Hardcourt resided at Aveling—a retired village, about twenty miles from the metropolis. Barring fox-hunting and hard drinking, the old gentleman, on his side, took pleasure only in the pretty, gentle girl, who, from the hour of her birth—which event terminated her mother's existence—had made her his constant playmate and companion. And it was to this simple wild flower that the gay man of pleasure, haughty, reckless, unprincipled, improvident, irreligious, and rash, presumed to lift his eyes, to elevate his heart; and, oh, stranger still! to this being, the moral antipodes of her pure self, did Flavia Hardcourt surrender her youthful, modest, inestimable love. It must have been her very childishness and purity that attracted the desperate robber—the hardened libertine, now about to commit his worst and most inexcusable crime. He had accidentally met Mr. Hardcourt at a county hunt—had, with others of his companions, been invited by that honest gentleman to a rustic fête, in honor of little Flavia's natal day—a day, he was wont to observe, to him remarkable for commemorating his greatest misfortune, and his intensest happiness; and then and there the highwayman vowed to win and wear that pure bud of innocent freshness and rare fragrance, or to perish in the attempt. Master Richard Mowbray! unscrupulous De Montmorency! I will relate how you kept your vow.

He haunted Aveling Grange till the chaste young heart, the old father's beloved darling, surrendered itself into the highwayman's keeping. Perhaps Mr. Hardcourt was not altogether best pleased at Flavia's choice; but then she was his life—his hope—and he trusted, even when he gave her to a husband, that her love and doting affection would still be his own: besides, Mowbray was well connected—boasted of his wealth; whereas a very moderate portion would be hers—was received in modish circles, into which the good old magistrate could never pretend to penetrate; and, in short, what with his high bearing, his handsome person, and insinuating tongue, Mr. Hardcourt had irrevocably promised to bestow his treasure into the keeping of the profligate, who numbered himself almost years enough to have been the father of the young girl, whom he testified the utmost impatience to call wife.

It was during the time that Mr. Mowbray was paying his court at Aveling, that the neighborhood began to be alarmed by a series of highway robberies, which men said could have been perpetrated but by that celebrated knight of the road—Captain De Montmorency. No one could stir after nightfall without an attack, in which numbers certainly were not wanting.

"Cudgel me, but we'll have him yet," said old Mr. Hardcourt. "I should glory myself in going to Tyburn to see the fellow turned off.

Ay, and I would take my little Flavia to see him go by in the cart, with a parson and a nosegay; ah, my little girl?"

"Oh, no, father," said Flavia, "I could not abide it, though he is such a daring, wicked man, whose name makes me shrank with fear and terror whenever I hear it. I could never bear to see such a dreadful sight—it would haunt me till my death."

Does the gift of prophecy, involuntarily though it be, lurk within us yet? Does the soul dimly shadow out its own fate, or rather that of its frail and perishable habitation? Sweet Flavia! unsuspecting, innocent girl! your lips then pronounced your own doom, as irrevocably as though you had been some stern Sibyl, delivering inscrutable, unquestioned oracles, not a fair child as you were when I first saw you in your girlish frock and sash. Your brown hair curling down your straight glossy shoulders, your soft eyes shining through your blushes, like diamonds glittering among the freshest of roses. Sweet Flavia, I have lived to see my kindred dust heaped on your fresh young form, and old and withered now, I can not but remember the glow of your sweet, unstained youth, radiant in unforeseeing love, happiness, and joy.

The betrothed pair were together to visit London.

"But I shall not dare," said the girl, as walking together in the old-fashioned Dutch garden, she leant her young sinless head on her guilty lover's breast; "I shall not dare take such a journey, for fear of the highwayman, De Montmorency."

"Fear not, my sweet Flavia; this breast shall be pierced through ere De Montmorency shall cause one fear in thine."

"Richard, sweetest, why do you leave us so early every evening? At sunset, I have remarked. These are not London habits. Ah, does any other than your poor Flavia attract you? Oh, Richard, I must die if it should be so! I could not live, and know you were false."

"Sweetest, and best! my purest love, could any win me from you? were it a queen, think it not. I—I—the truth is, Flavia, I have a poor sick friend not far from here; he is poor, ill, and—I—I—"

"Say no more, dearest. Oh, how much more I love you every day! How good, how noble, thus to sacrifice!" And the blushing girl threw herself into her lover's arms.

Ah! how differently beat those two human hearts. One pregnant with love, goodness, charity, sympathy; the other rank with hypocrisy, dark with unbelief.

They came to town, unmolested, you may be sure; the stranger, because a few days previously a terrible affair had occurred. Old Lord St. Hilary, the relic of the *beau-garçons* of former days, had been robbed and maltreated. Men were by no means so favored as the *beau-sire*. Above all, a family jewel of immense value had been taken from his person; and on recovering

his wounds and fright, he swore vengeance. He took active measures to fulfill his vow.

Flavia came to us, to be measured for wedding clothes. She was then the impersonation of radiant happiness. I was much struck with her, and with the handsome, dark-browed swarthy gentleman who accompanied her and her friend, an old lady cousin to her father, at whose house the nuptial ceremony was to take place. The clothes were finished; saffron satin robes, according to a fancy of the bridegroom's, who was fond of the classics in his youthful days; orange blossoms wreath.

The wedding was to take place at the old relation's, Mrs. Duchesne's house; and on lagging wings, that day at length arrived. The marriage was celebrated, and the happy pair were in the act of being toasted by the father of the bride, when a strange noise was heard below; rude voices were upraised; oaths muttered; a rush toward the festive saloon. The company rose.

"What is it?" said Mr. Hardcourt.

The door was broken open for answer. The officers of justice filled the room. Two advanced. "Come, Captain," said they, "the game is up at last. It's an awkward time to arrest a gentleman on his wedding-day; but duty, my noble Captain, duty, must be done."

Entranced, frozen beyond resistance or appeal, the bridegroom was fettered; and the bride! she stood there, her hazel eyes dilating, till they seemed about to spring from her head.

"My Richard! what is this?"

"Scoundrels!" said Mr. Hardcourt, "release my son."

The men laughed. One of them was examining the necklace of Flavia; it contained a diamond in the centre, worth a ransom. "Where did you get this, miss?" he said.

Her friends answered, for the terror-stricken girl was inarticulate, "Mr. Mowbray's wedding-gift."

"Oh, oh! This was the diamond Lord St. Hilary was so mad about. By your leave," and the gem was removed from the neck it encircled.

She comprehended something terrible. She found speech: "Whom do you take Mr. Mowbray for?" said she.

"Whom? why the renowned Captain de Montmorency."

A shriek—so fierce in its agony as to cause the criminal to rebound—struck on the ears of all present: insensibility followed, and Flavia was removed. So was her bridegroom—to Newgate.

The trial was concluded—justice was appeased—the robber was doomed. And his innocent and unpolluted victim—. For days her life had hung on a thread. But youth and health closed for a short time the gates of death. She recovered. Reviving as from a dreadful dream, she could scarcely believe in the terrible event which, tornado-like, had swept over her. She desired her father to repeat its circumstances. Weeping, and his venerable gray hairs

whiter with sorrow, Mr. Hardcourt complied. She heard the recital in silence. Presently clasping her father's hand, "Dear parent," she said, "when—when?" She could utter no more; nor was it necessary; he comprehended her meaning but too well.

"The day after to-morrow," he replied.

"Father, I must be there."

"My Flavia, my dearest daughter!"

"Father, I ~~must~~ be there! Do you remember your jest? Ah, it has come to pass in bitter earnest. I must be there!"

Nor would she be pacified; she persisted. Her physician at length urged them to give her her way. It would, he said, be less dangerous than denial.

Near Tyburn seats were erected. Windows, balconies to be let out on hire. One of these last, the most private, was secured; and on the fatal morning Flavia was taken thither in a close carriage, accompanied by her parent and her aged cousin. She shed no tears, heaved not a single sigh, and suffered herself to be led to the window with strange immovable calmness. Soon shouts and the swelling murmur of a dense crowd reached her ears. The procession was arriving. The gallows was not in sight, but the fatal cart would pass close. It came on nearer, nearer—more like a triumph, that dismal sight, than a human fellow-man hastening to eternity.

She clenched her hands, she rose up, straining her fair white throat to catch a glance of the criminal. Yes, there he was, dressed gayly, the ominous nosegay flaunting in his breast, dull despair in his heart, reaching from thence to his face. As the train passed Flavia's window, by chance he raised his hot, bleared eyes; they rested on his bride, his pure virgin wife. The wretched man uttered a yell of agony, and cast himself down on the boards of the vehicle. She continued gazing, the smile frozen on her face, her eyes glassy, motionless, fixed.

They never recovered their natural intelligence. Fixed and stony, they bore her, stricken lamb, from the dismal scene. Her old father watched for days by her bedside, osgerly waiting for a ray of light, a token of sense, or sound. None came. She had been stricken with catalepsy, and it was a blessing when the enchained spirit was released from its frail habitation—when the pure soul was permitted to take its flight to happier regions. Poor Mr. Hardcourt sunk shortly after into a state of childish imbecility, and soon father and daughter slept in one grave.

VAMPYRES.

OF all the creations of superstition, a Vampyre is, perhaps, the most horrible. You are lying in your bed at night, thinking of nothing but sleep, when you see, by the faint light that is in your bed-chamber, a shape entering at the door, and gliding toward you with a long sigh, as of the wind across the open fields when darkness has fallen upon them. The thing

moves along the air as if by the mere act of volition; and it has a human visage and figure. The eyes stare wildly from the head; the hair is bristling; the flesh is livid; the mouth is bloody.

You lie still—like one under the influence of the night-mare—and the thing floats slowly over you. Presently you fall into a dead sleep or swoon, returning, up to the latest moment of consciousness, the fixed and glassy stare of the phantom. When you awake in the morning, you think it is all a dream, until you perceive a small, blue, deadly-looking spot on your chest near the heart; and the truth flashes on you. You say nothing of the matter to your friends; but you know you are a doomed man—and you know rightly. For every night comes the terrible Shape to your bedside, with a face that seems horrified at itself, and sucks your life-blood in your sleep. You feel it is useless to endeavor to avoid the visitation, by changing your room or your locality: you are under a sort of cloud of fate.

Day after day you grow paler and more languid; your face becomes livid, your eyes leaden, your cheeks hollow. Your friends advise you to seek medical aid—to take change of air—to amuse your mind; but you are too well aware that it is all in vain. You therefore keep your fearful secret to yourself; and pine, and droop, and languish, till you die. When you are dead (if you will be so kind as to suppose yourself in that predicament), the most horrible part of the business commences. You are then yourself forced to become a Vampyre, and to create fresh victims; who, as they die, add to the phantom stock.

The belief in Vampyres appears to have been most prevalent in the southeast of Europe, and to have had its origin there. Modern Greece was its cradle; and among the Hungarians, Poles, Wallachians, and other Slavonic races bordering on Greece, have been its chief manifestations. The early Christians of the Greek Church believed that the bodies of all the Latin Christians buried in Greece were unable to decay, because of their excommunication from that fold of which the Emperor of Russia now claims to be the sovereign Pope and supreme Shepherd. The Latins, of course, in their turn, regarded these peculiar mummies as nothing less than saints; but the orthodox Greeks conceived that the dead body was animated by a demon who caused it to rise from its grave every night, and conduct itself after the fashion of a huge mosquito. These dreadful beings were called *Brucolacs*; and, according to some accounts, were not merely manufactured from the dead bodies of heretics, but from those of all wicked people who have died impenitent. They would appear in divers places in their natural forms; would run a muck indiscriminately at whomsoever they met, like a wild Malay; would injure some, and kill others outright; would occasionally, for a change, do some one a good service; but would, for the

most part, so conduct themselves that nothing could possibly be more aggravating or unpleasant. Father Richard, a French Jesuit of the seventeenth century, who went as a missionary to the Archipelago, and who has left us an account of the Island of Santerini, or Saint Irene, the Thera of the ancients, discourses largely on the subject of Brucolacs. He says, that when the persecutions of the Vampyres become intolerable, the graves of the offending parties are opened, when the bodies are found entire and uncorrupted; that they are then cut up into little bits, particularly the heart; and that, after this, the apparitions are seen no more, and the body decays.

The word Brucolac, we are told, is derived from two modern Greek words, signifying, respectively, "mud," and "a ditch," because the graves of the Vampyres were generally found full of mud. Voltaire, in the article on Vampyres in his Philosophical Dictionary, gives a similar account of these spectres. He observes, in his exquisite, bantering style: "These dead Greeks enter houses, and suck the blood of little children; eating the suppers of the fathers and mothers, drinking their wine, and breaking all the furniture. They can be brought to reason only by being burnt—when they are caught; but the precaution must be taken not to resort to this measure until the heart has been torn out, as that must be consumed apart from the body." What a weight of meaning and implied satire is there in that phrase, "They can be brought to reason only by being burnt!" It is a comment upon universal history.

Pierre Daniel Huet, a French writer of Ana, who died in seventeen hundred and twenty-one, says, that it is certain that the idea of Vampyres, whether true or false, is very ancient, and that the classical authors are full of it. He remarks, that when the ancients had murdered any one in a treacherous manner, they cut off his feet, hands, nose, and ears, and hung them round his neck or under his arm-pits; conceiving that by these means they deprived their victim of the power of taking vengeance. Huet adds, that proof of this may be found in the Greek Scholia of Sophocles; and that it was after this fashion that Menelaus treated Deiphobus, the husband of Helen—the victim having been discovered by Xenus in the infernal regions in the above state. He also mentions the story of Hermitimus of Clazomene, whose soul had a power of detaching itself from its body, for the sake of wandering through distant countries, and looking into the secrets of futurity. During one of these spiritual journeys, his enemies persuaded his wife to have the body burned; and his soul, upon the next return, finding its habitation not forthcoming, withdrew forever after. According to Suetonius, the body of Caligula, who had been violently murdered, was but partially burned and superficially buried. In consequence of this, the house in which he had been slain, and the garden in which the imperfect cremation had

taken place, were every night haunted with ghosts, which continued to appear until the house was burned down, and the funeral rites properly performed by the sisters of the deceased emperor. It is asserted by ancient writers that the souls of the dead are unable to repose until after the body has been entirely consumed; and Huet informs us that the corpses of those excommunicated by the modern Greek Church are called *Toupi*, a word signifying "a drum," because the said bodies are popularly supposed to swell like a drum, and to sound like the same, if struck or rolled on the ground. Some writers have supposed that the ancient idea of *Harpies* gave rise to the modern idea of Vampyres.

Traces of the Vampyre belief may be found in the extreme north—even in remote Iceland. In that curious piece of old Icelandic history, called *The Eyrbyggja-Saga*, of which Sir Walter Scott has given an abstract, we find two narrations which, though not identical with the modern Greek conception of Brucolacs, have certainly considerable affinity with it. The first of these stories is to the following effect:—Thorolf Bægfot, or the Crookfooted, was an old Icelandic chieftain of the tenth century, unenviably notorious for his savage and treacherous disposition, which involved him in continual broils, not only with his neighbors, but even with his own son, who was noted for justice and generosity. Having been frustrated in one of his knavish designs, and seeing no farther chance open to him, Thorolf returned home one evening, mad with rage and vexation, and, refusing to partake of any supper, sat down at the head of the table like a stone statue, and so remained without stirring or speaking a word. The servants retired to rest; but yet Thorolf did not move. In the morning, every one was horrified to find him still sitting in the same place and attitude; and it was whispered that the old man had died after a manner peculiarly dreadful to the Icelanders—though what may be the precise nature of this death is very doubtful. It was feared that the spirit of Thorolf would not rest in its grave unless some extraordinary precautions were taken; and accordingly his son Arnkill, upon being sent for, approached the body in such a manner as to avoid looking upon the face, and at the same time enjoined the domestics to observe the like caution. The corpse was then removed from the chair (in doing which, great force was found necessary), the face was concealed by a veil, and the usual religious rites were performed. A breach was next made in the wall behind the chair in which the corpse had been found; and the body, being carried through it with immense labor, was laid in a strongly-built tomb. All in vain. The spirit of the malignant old chief haunted the neighborhood both night and day; killing men and cattle, and keeping every one in continual terror. The pest at length became unendurable; and Arnkill resolved to remove his father's body to some other place

On opening the tomb, the corpse of Thorolf was found with so ghastly an aspect, that he seemed more like a devil than a man; and other astonishing and fearful circumstances soon manifested themselves. Two strong oxen were yoked to the hier on which the body was placed; but they were very shortly exhausted by the weight of their burden. Fresh beasts were then attached; but, upon reaching the top of a steep hill, they were seized with a sudden and uncontrollable terror, and, dashing frantically away, rolled headlong into the valley, and were killed. At every mile, moreover, the body became of a still greater weight; and it was now found impossible to carry it any farther, though the contemplated place of burial was still distant. The attendants therefore consigned it to the earth on the ridge of the hill, an immense mound was piled over it, and the spirit of the old man remained for a time at rest. But "after the death of Arnkill," says Sir Walter Scott, "Bægifot became again troublesome, and walked forth from his tomb, to the great terror and damage of the neighborhood, slaying both herds and domestics, and driving the inhabitants from the canton. It was therefore resolved to consume his carcase with fire; for, like the Hungarian Vampyre, he, or some evil demon in his stead, made use of his mortal relics as a vehicle during the commission of these enormities. The body was found swollen to a huge size, equaling the corpulence of an ox. It was transported to the sea-shore with difficulty, and there burned to ashes." In this narrative, we miss the blood-sucking propensities of the genuine Vampyre; but in all other respects the resemblance is complete.

The other story from the same source has relation to a certain woman named Thorgunna. This excellent old lady having, a short time previous to her death, appointed one Thorodd her executor, and the wife of the said Thorodd having covetously induced her husband to preserve some bed-furniture which the deceased particularly desired to have burnt, a series of ghost-visits ensued. Thorgunna requested that her body might be conveyed to a distant place called Skalholt; and on the way thither her ghost appeared at a house where the funeral party put up. But the worst visitations occurred on the return of Thorodd to his own house. On the very night when he reached his domicile, a meteor resembling a half-moon glided round the walls of the apartment in a direction opposed to the apparent course of the sun (an ominous sign), and remained visible until the inmates went to bed. The spectral appearance continued throughout the week; and then one of the herdsmen went mad, evidently under the persecutions of evil spirits. At length he was found dead in his bed; and, shortly after, Thorer, one of the inmates of the house, going out in the evening, was seized by the ghost of the dead shepherd, and so injured by blows, that he died. His spirit then went into partnership with that of the herdsman, and togeth-

er they played some very awkward and alarming pranks. A pestilence appeared, of which many of the neighbors died; and one evening something in the shape of a seal-fish lifted itself up through the flooring of Thorodd's house, and gazed around.

The terrified domestics having in vain struck at the apparition, which continued to rise through the floor, Kiartan, the son of Thorodd, smote it on the head with a hammer, and drove it gradually and reluctantly into the earth, like a stake. Subsequently, Thorodd and several of his servants were drowned; and now their ghosts were added to the spectral group. Every evening, when the fire was lighted in the great hall, Thorodd and his companions would enter, drenched and dripping, and seat themselves close to the blaze, from which they very selfishly excluded all the living inmates; while, from the other side of the apartment, the ghosts of those who had died of pestilence, and who appeared gray with dust, would bend their way toward the same comfortable nook, under the leadership of Thorer. This being a very awkward state of affairs in a climate like Iceland, Kiartan, who was now the master of the house, caused a separate fire to be kindled for the mortals in an out-house, leaving the great hall to the spectres; with which arrangement their ghostships seemed to be satisfied. The deaths from the pestilence continued to increase; and every death caused an addition to the phantom army.

Matters had now reached so serious a pitch, that it was found absolutely necessary to take some steps against the disturbers of the neighborhood. It was accordingly resolved to proceed against them by law; but, previously to commencing the legal forms, Kiartan caused the unfortunate bed-furniture, which had been at the bottom of all the mischief, to be burnt in sight of the spectres. A jury was then formed in the great hall; the ghosts were accused of being public nuisances within the meaning of the act in that case made and provided; evidence was heard, and finally a sentence of ejection was pronounced. Upon this, the phantoms rose; and, protesting that they had only sat there while it was lawful for them to do so, sullenly and mutteringly withdrew, with many symptoms of unwillingness. A priest then damped the room with holy-water—a solemn mass was performed, and the supernatural visitors were thenceforth *non est inventus*.

The incident of the seal in this narrative will remind the reader who has properly studied his Corsican Brothers—and (as it is customary to ask on these occasions) who has not?—of the appearance of the ghost of the duelist as he comes gliding through the floor to the tremulous music of the fiddles. The whole tale, in fact, falls in a great measure into the general class of ghost stories; but the circumstance of each person, as he died, adding to the array of the evil spirits, and thus spreading out the mischief in ever-widening circles, has no affinity to the

distinguishing feature of the Brucolac superstition. Still, for the perfect specimen of the genus Vampyre, we must revert to the southeast of Europe.

Sir Walter Scott says that the above "is the only instance in which the ordinary administration of justice has been supposed to extend over the inhabitants of another world, and in which the business of exorcising spirits is transferred from the priest to the judge."

Voltaire, however, in treating of Vampyres, mentions a similar instance. "It is in my mind," says the French wit and philosopher, "a curious fact, that judicial proceedings were taken, in due form of law, concerning those dead who had left their tombs to suck the blood of the little boys and girls of the neighborhood. Calmet relates that in Hungary two officers appointed by the Emperor Charles the Sixth, assisted by the bailiff of the place, and the executioner, went to bring to trial a Vampyre who sucked all the neighborhood, and who had died six weeks before. He was found in his tomb, fresh, gay, with his eyes open, and asking for food. The bailiff pronounced his sentence, and the executioner tore out his heart and burnt it: after which the Vampyre ate no more."

Voltaire's levity has here carried him (inadvertently, of course) with a smiling face into a very appalling region. It is an historical fact that a sort of Vampyre fever or epidemic spread through the whole southeast of Europe, from about the year seventeen hundred and twenty-seven to seventeen hundred and thirty-five. This took place more especially in Servia and Hungary; with respect to its manifestations in which latter country, Calmet, the celebrated author of the History of the Bible, has left an account in his Dissertations on the Ghosts and Vampyres of Hungary. A terrible infection appeared to have seized upon the people, who died by hundreds under the belief that they were haunted by these dreadful phantoms. Military commissions were issued for inquiring into the matter; and the graves of the alleged Vampyres being opened in the presence of medical men, some of the bodies were found undecomposed, with fresh skin and nails growing in the place of the old, with florid complexions, and with blood in the chest and abdomen. Of the truth of these allegations there can be no reasonable doubt, as they rest upon the evidence both of medical and military men; and the problem seems to admit of only one solution. Dr. Herbert Mayo, in his Letters on the Truths contained in Popular Superstitions, suggests that the superstitious belief in Vampirism, acting upon persons of nervous temperaments, predisposed them to fall into the condition called death-trance; that in that state they were hastily buried; and that, upon the graves being opened, they were found still alive, though unable to speak. In confirmation of this ghastly suggestion, Dr. Mayo quotes the following most pathetic and frightful account of a Vampyre execution from an old German writer: "When

they opened his grave, after he had been long buried, his face was found with a color, and his features made natural sorts of movements, as if the dead man smiled. He even opened his mouth as if he would inhale the fresh air. They held the crucifix before him, and called in a loud voice, 'See, this is Jesus Christ who redeemed your soul from hell, and died for you.' After the sound had acted on his organs of hearing, and he had connected perhaps some ideas with it, tears began to flow from the dead man's eyes. Finally, when, after a short prayer for his poor soul, they proceeded to hack off his head, the corpse uttered a screech, and turned and rolled just as if it had been alive—and the grave was full of blood." The wretched man most assuredly was alive; but Superstition has neither brain nor heart; and so it murdered him.

A story similar to the foregoing has been preserved by Sergeant Mainard, a lawyer of the reign of Charles the First; and may be here repeated as a curious instance of the hold which the most puerile superstitions maintained in England at a comparatively recent period, and the influence which they were allowed to exercise even in so grave a matter as a trial for murder. In the year sixteen hundred and twenty-nine, somewhere in Hertfordshire, a married woman, named Joan Norcot, was found in bed with her throat cut; and, although the inquest which was held upon her body terminated in a verdict of *felo-de-se*, a rumor got about that the deceased had been murdered. The body was accordingly taken out of the grave thirty days after its death, in the presence of the jury and many other persons; and the jury then changed their verdict (which had not been drawn into form by the coroner), and accused certain parties of willful murder. These were tried at the Hertford Assizes and acquitted; "but," says the Sergeant, "so much against the evidence, that the Judge (Harvy) let fall his opinion that it were better an appeal were brought than so foul a murder should escape unpunished." In consequence of this, "they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandfather, and aunt, and her husband, Okeiman; and, because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice of it. It was as followeth, viz.: After the matters above mentioned and related, an ancient and grave person, minister of the parish where the fact was committed, being sworn to give evidence, according to the custom, deposed, that the body being taken out of the grave, thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required, each of them, to touch the dead body. Okeiman's wife fell on her knees, and prayed God to show token of their innocence, or to some such purpose; but her very [i.e., precise] words I forgot. The appellers did touch the dead body; whereupon, the brow of the dead, which was of a livid or carrion color (that was the verbal expression in the terms of the witness),

began to have a dew or gentle sweat, which ran down in drops on the face, and the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh color, and the dead opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring or marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again; and the finger dropt blood from it on the grass." This being confirmed by the witness's brother, also a clergyman; and other evidence (of a more human character, but, as it appears to us, very insufficient) having been adduced, Okeman was acquitted, and the three other prisoners were found guilty: a result which there can be little question was mainly brought about by the monstrous story of the scene at the exhumation. That the details of that story were exaggerated, according to the superstitious habit of the times, seems obvious; but the query arises, whether the body of the woman might not really have been alive. It is true that thirty days had elapsed since her apparent death; but some of the alleged Vampyres supposed by Dr. Mayo to have been buried alive had been in their graves three months when their condition was inspected. Not being possessed of the requisite medical knowledge, we will forbear to pronounce whether or not life could be sustained, under such circumstances, for so great a length of time; but what seems fatal to the supposition, in the last instance, is the fact of the woman having had her throat cut.

Vampyres have often been introduced into romance. There is an old Anglo-Saxon poem on the subject of a Vampyre of the Fens; and the Baron von Haxthausen, in his work on

Transcaucasia, has told a story of one of these gentry, which may be here appended as a sort of pleasant burlesque after the foregoing tragedies: "There once dwelt in a cavern in Armenia a Vampyre, called Dakhanavar, who could not endure any one to penetrate into the mountains of Uimish Altötem, or count their valleys. Every one who attempted this had, in the night, his blood sucked by the monster from the soles of his feet until he died. The Vampyre was, however, at last outwitted by two cunning fellows. They began to count the valleys, and when night came on they lay down to sleep—taking care to place themselves with the feet of the one under the head of the other." (How both could have managed to do this, we leave to the reader's ingenuity to explain.) "In the night the monster came, felt as usual, and found a head; then he felt at the other end, and found a head there also. 'Well,' cried he, 'I have gone through the whole three hundred and sixty-six valleys of these mountains, and have sucked the blood of people without end; but never yet did I find any one with two heads and no feet!' So saying, he ran away, and was never more seen in that country; but ever after the people have known that the mountain has three hundred and sixty-six valleys."

In South America a species of bat is found which sucks the blood of people while asleep (lulling them with the fanning of its wings during the operation), and which is called the Vampyre bat from that circumstance. If this creature belonged to Europe, we should be inclined to regard it as the origin of the Vampyre fable.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES

CONGRESS closed its session on the 4th of March. On the 17th of February the President sent in a message vetoing the bill providing for the payment of claims of American citizens for spoliation committed by the French prior to 1801. The President denies that there is any just indebtedness on the part of the United States to these claimants, and rehearses somewhat in detail the history of the treaties upon which the claims are supported. The President insists, as the result of his examination of the whole subject, that the government of the United States has never renounced any of the claims of American citizens against France, and that they are still to be presented and urged against that government if they are just at all; but he does not concede that any such claims exist which have not already been liquidated. In the House of Representatives on the 20th, after some discussion of the message, the vote taken on the passage of the bill, notwithstanding the President's objections, resulted as follows: ayes 113, nays 80; the ayes not reaching two-thirds, the bill was lost.—A bill passed the House of Representatives on the 18th, making an increase in the annual appropriation from \$386,000 to \$850,000 to the proprietors of the Collins line of Liverpool steamers for mail service, and repealing that clause

of the present contract, which puts it in the power of Congress to terminate the engagement upon giving six months' notice of its intention; the vote on the passage of the bill was 92 to 82. It came up in the Senate on the 27th, and was discussed through the day. On the next day a motion to strike out the clause depriving Congress of the power to terminate the contract was negatived, 25 to 24, and the bill was then passed by a vote of 26 to 22. On the 3d of March the President sent in a message vetoing the bill. In this document it was stated that the whole amount paid by the government to the proprietors of the line since the commencement of the service in April, 1850, was two millions six hundred and twenty thousand dollars, while the amount of postages paid into the Department was only seven hundred and thirty-four thousand. By the act of 1852 the compensation of the Company was largely increased, and they were at the same time released from some of the stipulations into which they had entered for the advantage of the government in this service. Congress reserved to itself the right to repeal this contract upon giving six months' notice; and this right the President thinks is one which ought not to be surrendered. The bill, he says, would bestow additional privileges upon the contractors without any corresponding advantage to the government, which receives no

sufficient return for the immense outlay involved, which could obtain the same service of other parties at a less cost, and which, if the bill should become a law, would pay an immense sum of money without any adequate consideration. To provide for making a donation of such magnitude would be, in his judgment, to deprive commercial enterprise of the benefits of free competition, and to establish a monopoly in violation of the soundest principles of public policy, and of doubtful compatibility with the Constitution. On receipt of the message in the Senate, Mr. Seward moved as an amendment to the Naval Appropriation Bill, the bill just vetoed, omitting the repeal of the clause which gives Congress the right to discontinue the extra allowance on giving six months' notice; this amendment prevailed by a unanimous vote. When the message was read in the House it occasioned great excitement, and was vehemently denounced as an unwarrantable interference on the part of the Executive with the legislation of Congress. On putting the question whether the bill should pass in spite of the veto, the result was—ayes 28, nays 79; less than two-thirds in favor. The bill, as passed in the Senate, was afterward agreed to, and thus became a law. The Senate also added to the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, an amendment reducing the duties on various articles, especially wool and railroad iron; but it was stricken out in the House. Various bills of considerable importance were passed during the closing days of the session. Prominent among them was one reorganizing the Consular and Diplomatic service of the United States—fixing the salaries of the several Ministers at rates graduated according to the relative importance of their posts, and substituting salaries for fees in the case of Consuls. A bill was also passed organizing a Board for the purpose of hearing and adjudicating claims upon Congress—which will not only save a great deal of time usually devoted by Congress to this delicate and difficult duty, but will also prevent the injustice to which meritorious claimants are often exposed. Judge Gilchrist, of New Hampshire, Hon. Isaac Blackford, of Indiana, and Hon. Joseph H. Lumpkin, of Georgia, constitute the Board. A bill was also passed providing a retired list for the Navy; and two regiments of infantry and two of cavalry were added to the Army. The sum of seven and three quarter millions of dollars was appropriated to meet the claims of the creditors of Texas who may hold bonds for the payment of which the revenues of the State were pledged. By a bill for the protection of emigrant passengers, the owners and masters of vessels bringing emigrants to this country are required to make better provision for their comfort, and to make themselves responsible to a greater extent for their health. A private Company was authorized to build a line of Telegraph from the Mississippi to the Pacific, receiving from the Government, in aid thereof, the right of way two hundred feet in width. The Postage Bill has been amended by the addition of a provision for the registry of letters containing money, in accordance with the suggestions in the annual report of the Postmaster-General. An appropriation of twenty-five thousand dollars was made for statutory to be executed by Hiram Powers.—A debate of considerable interest took place in the Senate upon a bill introduced by Mr. Toucey, of Connecticut, authorizing the transfer to a United States Court of any proceedings that might be com-

menced in State Courts, under authority of State laws, against officers of the United States while acting in the execution of laws of the General Government. The passage of the bill was resisted with earnestness, especially on the ground that it was designed to aid in the execution and enforcement of the law for the restoration of fugitive slaves—a design which was vindicated by its friends, on the ground that it had been rendered necessary by the action of several of the States in making laws to prevent the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. Senator Seward, on the 23d of February, spoke against it, resisting it as one of the usurpations of slavery, to which of late we have become accustomed, and pointing out the extent to which it encroached upon the rights and powers of the individual States, which had been jealously guarded by the founders of the Republic as essential to the protection of personal freedom. The law, he said, was an innovation upon the legal system of the country, and would involve even its friends in evils infinitely greater than they imagined. The bill was eventually passed in the Senate, by a vote of 29 to 9, but was not acted upon in the House of Representatives.—In addition to the laws enacted, several joint resolutions of considerable public interest and importance were appointed. One of them, approved on the 15th of February, authorized the President to confer the title of Lieutenant-General by brevet, in a single instance, for eminent services. The President, in accordance with the intent of Congress, conferred the title upon General Scott.

On the last day of the session the President transmitted to Congress a very large collection of diplomatic correspondence relating to a conference of American Ministers held at Ostend in October of last year, with regard to the foreign policy of the country, and especially the purchase of Cuba. The documents are quite voluminous, and, although they are highly important, it will be impossible in this place to do more than state their general tenor. The first letter in the collection is from Mr. Marcy to Mr. Soulé, dated July 23, 1853, directing him to urge upon the Spanish Government the cession or sale of Cuba; and to protest against any interference on the part of other European powers; and suggesting that Spain might profitably grant Cuba a more independent government, retaining some commercial advantages for herself. On the 2d of July, Mr. Marcy had written to Mr. Buchanan complaining of the conduct of Great Britain in maintaining large fleets on the coast of Cuba, and directing him to endeavor to induce the British Government to abandon any arrangements into which it might have entered with Spain detrimental to our interests in regard to Cuba. On the 11th of March, 1854, Mr. Marcy instructs Mr. Soulé to demand redress from the Spanish Government for the *Black Warrior* outrage; and, in a letter dated the 17th of the same month, fixes the indemnity at \$300,000. On the 3d of April he writes that fears are entertained of a design to introduce a new system of agricultural labor into Cuba, and gives Mr. Soulé full powers to negotiate for the purchase of the island. On the 18th of August the Secretary suggests a meeting of Messrs. Buchanan, Mason, and Soulé, at some convenient point, for the purpose of adopting measures for a perfect concert of action in aid of the negotiations in progress at Madrid. This conference was commenced at Ostend on the 10th of October, and was

transferred to Aix la Chapelle in Prussia, continuing until the 18th, the day on which the official report of its proceedings and conclusions is dated. The three Ministers, in this report, state that they have arrived at the conclusion that an immediate and earnest effort ought to be made to purchase Cuba from Spain at any price not exceeding a maximum sum not mentioned, but which subsequent indications prove was one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The proposal, in their judgment, ought to be made in such a form as to be laid before the Supreme Constituent Cortes, which was then about to assemble; and all our proceedings in regard to it should be, they said, open, frank, and of such a character as to challenge the approbation of the world. The Ministers proceed to state the various reasons, growing mainly out of its geographical position, which convince them that the United States ought to purchase Cuba with as little delay as possible. It is next urged that the commercial nations of Europe would be greatly benefited by a transfer of Cuba from Spain to the United States, inasmuch as their commerce with the island would be greatly increased; and the dispatch next urges at length the benefits which Spain herself would derive from the proposed sale. Two-thirds of the purchase-money, employed in the construction of a system of railroads, would stimulate beyond calculation the industry and prosperity of the country; and the remaining third would satisfy the demands now pressing so heavily on her credit, and create a sinking fund which would gradually relieve her from the enormous debt which now paralyzes her energies. Cuba, in its best days, never yielded to the Spanish exchequer more than a million and a half of dollars annually; and her expenses have of late so largely increased as to create an annual deficit of six hundred thousand. Under no probable circumstances can Cuba yield to Spain one per cent. upon the sum the United States are willing to pay for the island. But it is furthermore urged that Spain is in imminent danger of losing Cuba without remuneration. The oppression of her government has created a feeling which will inevitably lead to insurrection, and, in case of such an event, in spite of our Neutrality Laws, it will be impossible to prevent the people and government of the United States from taking part in such civil war. And, finally, after we shall have offered Spain a price far beyond its value, and this shall have been refused, the question will remain whether Cuba, in the hands of Spain, does not endanger our internal peace, and the existence of our Union. If so, the Ministers urge, we should be justified by every law, human and divine, in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power.—The President did not deem it advisable to follow the course indicated in this dispatch; and, in consequence of this hesitation, Mr. Sould, in a letter, dated December 17, 1854, resigned his office as Minister at Madrid, saying he had no alternative but to take that step, or linger in languid impotence at the capital.

From *California* we have intelligence to the 16th of Feb., but the advices are without special interest.

From the *Sandwich Islands* we learn that the new king has ordered the discontinuance of the negotiations which were commenced by his predecessor for the annexation of the islands to the United States. At his reception, on the 16th of January, he addressed the officers of the English,

French, and American vessels of war, and declared that they represented the three great maritime powers of the earth—the three greatest supporters of his kingdom.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Our last Record mentioned the resignation of Lord John Russell from the Ministry, which he justified in the House of Commons, by saying that he could not conscientiously resist the resolution for inquiry into the conduct of the war, of which notice had been given by Mr. Roebuck. The resignation was announced by the Earl of Aberdeen, in the House of Lords, on the 26th of January. The Earl said he was not aware of all the motives that had prompted it; he knew that Lord John had been dissatisfied with the conduct of the war two months previously, but supposed he had waived his opposition. In the House of Commons, on the same day, Lord John Russell spoke at length upon the subject, the main point of his remarks being that the Duke of Newcastle had not met with cordial acquiescence his suggestions looking to a more vigorous prosecution of the war. Lord Palmerston, who followed him in debate, thought he should have resigned sooner, so as to give the Ministry an opportunity of supplying his place, or else have remained, and shared the fate of the government with which he had been connected. Mr. Roebuck then rose and made his motion for a Committee of Inquiry, which he supported briefly, and was followed by several speakers on both sides, Mr. Sidney Herbert making the most elaborate attempt to vindicate the government. The debate was then adjourned until the 29th, when it was renewed—Mr. Stafford leading off with a detailed and very touching narrative of what he had himself seen of the results of mismanagement in the army of the Crimea, and of the sad scenes that had met his view there. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton also spoke eloquently in support of the motion, insisting that the expedition to the Crimea had been undertaken in utter ignorance of the country they were to invade, the forces they were to encounter, and the supplies they might expect. Mr. Gladstone followed, censuring Lord John Russell for abandoning the Ministry at so critical a moment, after he had himself written to the Prime Minister that he had abandoned the views he had formerly pressed on the Cabinet in regard to the conduct of the war. As for the inquiry proposed, he did not believe it would benefit the army, or tend in any degree to alleviate the evils complained of. The disorganization of the army, he thought, had been exaggerated, although he admitted the defective administration of the war departments at home. Mr. Disraeli renewed the attack, declaring that the blame of acknowledged evils ought not to be thrown upon the Duke of Newcastle alone—the whole Cabinet was responsible. The course of Lord John Russell he censured as being akin to what in the eighteenth century would have been styled a profigate political intrigue. Lord John replied to this, denying that there had been anything in his acts to which such a term could be applied. Lord Palmerston accepted the issue made by Mr. Disraeli, but said that a resolution of inquiry was not a frank or proper mode of declaring lack of confidence in the Ministry. If it were adopted and carried out, it would set a dangerous precedent—and the country would be disappointed if it were not. Several other members spoke briefly, and, upon a division, there were for Mr. Roebuck's mo-

tion, 905; against it, 148; majority against the government, 157. Of those voting with the majority, 99 were members who had previously been Ministerialists; 84 Ministerialists, 37 of the Opposition, and 64 who had paired off, were absent. On the 1st, Lord Palmerston announced that the Ministry had resigned. The same announcement was made in the House of Lords by the Earl of Aberdeen, who took occasion to say that he was not surprised at the result; serious misfortunes had occurred, and it was perfectly natural that the censure they involved should fall upon the Government. But the sufferings of the army had been greatly exaggerated, and, instead of seeing any cause for discouragement in the present condition of affairs, he indulged sanguine hopes of ultimate success. The French Emperor was still able to send large reinforcements to the Crimea; a treaty with Sardinia would place 15,000 Piedmontese troops under Lord Raglan's command; and an understanding had been had with Austria which engaged her military aid if peace were not restored. The present want of the country was a strong Government, and he trusted such a one might be formed. The Duke of Newcastle followed in a full and not unsuccessful vindication of his own zeal and devotion to the service—denying that he had withheld due deference from Lord John Russell's suggestions, or that he had shown any desire whatever to retain office if it could be better filled. The Earl of Derby spoke sarcastically of the internal dissensions in the government which these events had revealed, and said he had been invited by the Queen to undertake the formation of a Cabinet, but had not succeeded in doing so. On the 6th, the debate was still further continued, Lord John Russell making a full reply to various imputations that had been made public against him, and especially to the charge that he had at any time been anxious to retain office in the Cabinet, as the Duke of Newcastle had intimated. Considering, he said, that he had been Prime Minister for five years and a half, and that he had consented to take a subordinate position in Lord Aberdeen's ministry, he thought such an intimation, especially from the Duke, was entirely misplaced. He admitted freely that he had made a mistake in not resigning at an earlier day—at the moment, indeed, when he became satisfied that the war was not conducted in a manner which he could defend. But having committed the error of remaining too long, he could not admit that he ought to have staid still longer, and awaited the result of the motion for inquiry; for that, he said, would have involved a still greater error—an error of morality. Mr. Gladstone replied to a portion of Lord John Russell's remarks, and disavowed emphatically any belief in the charges of political treachery or cowardice that had been brought against him. These discussions were continued until the 9th, when it was announced in the House of Lords by the Earl of Granville that Lord John Russell had attempted the formation of a Ministry but without success, and that Lord Palmerston had then been invited to undertake it and had succeeded. The principles of his Cabinet would be identical with those of the late Government. The Duke of Newcastle was succeeded by Lord Panmure in the War Department, and the Earl of Clarendon would still remain in charge of the department of Foreign Affairs. This arrangement, however, proved to be but temporary. When it was ascertained that the

inquiry authorized by Mr. Roebuck's resolution was actually to be instituted, Mr. Gladstone, Sir James Graham, and Mr. Sidney Herbert withdrew from the Ministry. Mr. G. C. Lewis succeeded as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord John Russell took the Home Department, intending first to perform the duties of Envoy to Vienna, to which he had been appointed. We have no space for a sketch of the debates on the occasion of this change.—Joseph Hume died on the 20th of February, at the age of seventy-nine.—At the Lord Mayor's dinner on the 6th, Sir Charles Napier made a speech, declaring that he had been dismissed from the service, vindicating his conduct in the Baltic, demanding a committee of inquiry, and stigmatizing the treatment he had received from the Admiralty as insulting to the last degree. Admiral Berkeley in taking notice of this speech in the House of Commons, gave a decided and distinct denial to every material statement which Sir Charles had made.—The Earl of Elgin was cordially welcomed in Scotland on his return, and made a striking speech at Dunfermline on the 2d. He said he returned with stronger faith than ever in his countrymen's power of self-government, and with a profounder conviction that the English constitution was the most nearly perfect in the world. In England the head of the state represents the national unity, while in the United States he represents a party; and while in England an unpopular Government can be overthrown at once by a simple vote of censure, in the United States it must be endured four years.

THE CONTINENT.

Very few incidents of importance have occurred on the Continent during the month. In *France* the camp at Boulogne is to be increased to two hundred thousand men; its officers have received orders to march at short notice. Rumors are afloat that the Emperor intends to proceed to the Crimea in person for purposes of observation.—In *Germany* affairs are still in doubt.—*Prussia* maintaining her equivocal position, declining to pledge herself to act with the Western Powers, and still insisting upon being admitted to share in the conferences at Vienna. Hanover has pledged herself to act with Austria; but Bavaria refuses to declare her intentions.—In *Spain* the Cortes are still discussing the new Constitution. A motion declaring that all public powers emanate from the nation was rejected, on the 1st, by a vote of 214 to 18. Espartero has made an appeal to the country, insisting on the necessity of maintaining order and regularly paying the taxes. Mr. Soulé, the American Minister, had an audience of the Queen, on the 31st of January, and took leave.—From *Russia* reports are received of active efforts on the part of the Government to push on preparations for the war. Immense supplies have been ordered to be ready in the early spring, and the total forces in the field amount to six hundred and ninety-five thousand men.

From the *Crimea* we have no intelligence of special interest. Active operations on the part of the Allies against Sebastopol have been entirely suspended by the severity of the weather. The condition of the English army, in point of health and comfort, has been somewhat improved, but it is still far from satisfactory. The Russians make frequent sorties, which are marked by increasing boldness and vigor, but have been hitherto without much success.

Editor's Table.

THE SELF-MADE MAN—Who is he? What is he? and what his true position for good or for evil among the powers of the age? In laying this subject for dissection upon our Editorial Table, it is first of all important that we should see clearly what is before us. The phrase is an ambiguous one. It may include characters alike in some outward traits, yet essentially and widely different. In one import of the term, we can not help regarding the self-made man as the great nuisance of the age. For the sake of truth, then, as well as to avoid giving unnecessary offense, it becomes proper to define him with the utmost strictness. The language is often employed to denote not so much the inward state or culture, as the outward manner through which it has been attained. In this sense, it would represent nothing essential, nothing strictly entering into that peculiar spiritual constitution which it is our object to describe, and to which alone, in logical strictness, the term in question may be rightly applied.

To clear the field, then, it may be necessary, in the first place, to determine who the self-made man is not. The name is sometimes given to the truly noble individual who has received an education in the schools, but through pecuniary means acquired by his own exertions, or through the still harder struggle of patient privations for so honorable an end. This is not the self-made man. The term so applied is a gross misnomer, denoting a mere accident of life instead of essential character. This essential element of the spiritual state does not depend at all upon the fact of a man's having gone through college, as the phrase is. He may have had this advantage, and yet come forth one of the most odious specimens of the mischievous genus. He may have gone through college, and yet have been *made*, or *made himself*, through the newspaper, and the political debating club, instead of close converse with those studies which bring the individual mind in communion with the best thinking of the race and of the age. Our colleges are beginning to turn out a good deal of this self-made article. He may, on the other hand, have never been within the walls of a literary institution, and yet be possessed of an extensive, a thorough, and, at the same time, a most conservative culture, in all respects the opposite of that obtained by many a one who flaunts his bachelor's or master's degree.

Again, the term is sometimes applied to one whose education, or mental culture, has come through strictly *private study* without the aid of schools in any way. But neither can this mere accidental circumstance give us the essential difference of which we are in search. The culture thus acquired may, in truth, have come from *without*, just as much as though it had been obtained through the drill of the recitation-room, or the discipline of the office. A well-selected course of reading may have brought such a one in closest connection and sympathy with the best thinking of the best and most cultivated minds. It may have moulded his spirit into a catholic communion with such thinking, and thus produced in him that essential feature of soul which distinguishes between the true conservative and the mischievous self-made man in the worst aspect of the character. The one thus educated may have well used his

"private judgment" in procuring from the best books the best outward teaching. And this was pre-eminently the case with the oft cited and wrongly cited Franklin. This remarkable man was most remarkable in this, that his mind had been formed by closest converse with the best thinking and best writing, of the classical age of English literature. Franklin, although he lived in a revolutionary period, was eminently conservative in his modes of thought and feeling. Not that he was an admirer of aristocracy; for we know that all his tastes were republican; but in the higher and purer sense of the term he was conservative in all that respects those long settled ideas of government, those fundamental moral truths, and above all, those social and domestic institutions, which had grown out of the very constitution of humanity. There never was a man, we say it boldly, whose well-cultivated common sense would have more heartily despised that gabble about "ideas," and "movements," and "radical reforms," which characterizes your modern self-made railer at Society and the Church. Franklin is often claimed as an example of the uselessness of classical education; but any one who carefully examines his literary history must see that the legitimate inference from it is all the other way. It is true, he had not received such education directly, and yet he possessed its benefits in a more substantial manner than many who have graduated with college or university honors. The predominant conservatism of his literary tastes led him to see where the true excellence lay, and hence those efforts to form his style after the most classical English models—we mean those who were themselves most familiar with the sound thinking, the clear, manly, lofty spirit of the ancient classical authors. The admirer of Addison and Butler would never have been found among those "movement" men who now so falsely claim him. With all his well-known hatred of domestic oppression, he would have abhorred the doctrine of "woman's rights." His philanthropy would have held no fellowship with Garrison abolitionism. Although not distinguished for evangelical views in religion, he would have stood aghast at Parker, and found himself utterly puzzled to know what to make of New England and German transcendentalism. He knew too well what human nature was, and what it most needed, to believe for a moment that any of the "new phases of faith" that come floating up from these "children of the mist" could ever exert a moral power to be compared with that of the old homely "doctrines of grace." He was too truthful a spirit to have condemned Paine as he did, and yet to have had any respect for that deeper and more poisonous unbelief, that more faith-destroying denial of a personal Deity which is now openly vented in the lecture-room of the Young Men's Association, or finds a free passage in the columns of the widely-circulated daily newspaper. He was too honest a man to have understood why the Age of Reason should be banished to some obscure hole in Chatham Street, while a book of Mr. Newman, or a discourse on the "Mistakes of Jesus," or rank atheism in the form of German philosophy should command the most respectable publishers in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. Simple republicanism he loved with all his soul, but socialism,

Fourierism, all that beastly herding together of men and women to which we may apply the term communism, would have been an abomination to our republican sage. The pretended reasoning and the unhealthy sentiment of the school that supports it, with all its kindred ideas, would have been utter loathsomeness to the sound common sense, the conservative historical knowledge of such a mind as that of Benjamin Franklin.

But it may be said that such a man is, after all, self-made, because his selection of books, his choice of teachers, and thus, in some measure, the determination of the ideas suggested or received, may certainly be called his own. So it might seem on a superficial view of the case, and yet even here there must be the conservative character as a condition precedent. This is a state of mind rather than the possession of any certain dogmas or ideas. It is, in other words, the simple love of truth in distinction from the love of originality, or the vain conceit of "thinking for one's self." This love of truth will guide him, like an instinct, to the best sources of truth. Once upon the track, every step becomes more and more sure. One good book will lead him to another. That docility of soul which is the surest foundation for subsequent mental independence, as well as mental greatness, will be sure to bring him and keep him in the stream of soundest authority. And so his education is from without, however he may have come by it. Place such a mind in the most extensive library, and leave it to its own free roving. Order will soon arise out of the apparent chaos. He will soon get upon the track of catholic truth, because its consistency is in harmony with his own inward spiritual tastes. He will soon begin to separate the chaff from the wheat, the precious from the vile. He loves truth however old, and this preserves him from being led away by that apparent originality, but real monstrosity, of error, which in its great charm to the opposite state of soul.

There is another and modern example that is sometimes cited, but with still less propriety. The renowned Hugh Miller is brought forward as a fair specimen of the self-made man. Any one, however, may disabuse himself of the absurd notion, by merely comparing Hugh Miller with known examples of men among ourselves who are undoubtedly entitled to the name in all the merit or demerit of its most radical significance. How striking the difference between the sound, clear, conservative, religious, Bible-loving Scotchman, and the men whose idea the term most readily calls up! Who would venture to compare this sober believer in the soberest dogmas of the sober Church of Scotland with the apostles of the so much talked of Church of the Future? What sympathy has such a mind with the orators of Woman's Rights Conventions, and Hartford Conventions for disseminating the claims of the Scriptures, and Conventions of Spiritual Rappers, and all other conventions that have grown out of what are called the "movements" of the day? Besides, we may say of Hugh Miller, as we said of Franklin—Although his education was of the most private kind, in one respect, yet it was, after all, by communion with the best outward teaching. He was a man made from without, notwithstanding his hours of study were snatched from the labors of the quarry, and his school-room was the shanty of the stone-mason. There was first of all among his teachers the old conservative Church of Scotland. Her catechisms

were his first text-books; her faithful catechizing ministers his first instructors. This basis of truth once securely laid, he had an anchor that would hold him fast, or bring him back, however wide his after roamings. The next educational influence was his well-selected course of reading, as so graphically set forth in his own autobiography. His early training gave him a right start here, and then the causes we have already mentioned secured, for such a mind, that his way would become clearer, firmer, safer, at every step in his moral and intellectual progress.

We might dwell upon other uses of the phrase. There is the self-made man in business, the maker of his own fortune, as he is styled. All credit be awarded to him for the example he gives the world of energy and successful perseverance. But he is not the character of which we are in search. He is not our self-made man. But where, then, is he to be found? If not Franklin, or Hugh Miller, or such a man as Astor or Girard, who and what is he? We beg the reader's patience. The man is a reality, a most mischievous reality. He is in the midst of us, doing his work of spiritual disorganization. The males and females of this noxious species are daily vending a spiritual poison more harmful to the souls of men, especially the young, more injurious to the ultimate health of society, than all the bad liquor that is retailed from the dens, and cellars, and bar-rooms that the righteous Maine Law is soon about to close. The name of this self-made man is not one but legion. He is to be found in almost all the departments of life—in the office, in the lecturer's desk, in the editorial closet, in the school-room sometimes, and occasionally even in the pulpit. We have dwelt long enough on the negative side; let us proceed to describe him positively. He is the man who boasts of having done all his own thinking, who utterly despises that teaching by authority, which, when made the beginning of education, either religious or secular, will ever be found to be the surest foundation for clear, manly, independent thought in all after-life. He is the man who professes to have thought out of himself, and by himself, and for himself, and in his own right, all the difficulties in morals and politics, to have solved all the hard problems in theology. He is the man who claims to reopen all questions, and to regard nothing as settled. With him any established opinions are but fetters on the human mind. The world has been all wrong; but instead of the humbling feeling such a conviction of human weakness ought to produce and would produce in the truly thinking soul, it only fills him with the inflating conceit that the rectification of all this error, the enlightenment of all this ignorance, is his allotted mission. Society has failed, the State has failed, the Church has failed, and now he, modest man, would try alone. They have rather covered the earth with darkness; it is his office to dissipate it. Truth has not yet been found in a search of six thousand years; it is his mission to draw her up from the dark well in which she has lain so long concealed. This is the man; and in this sense of the term so carefully defined, may it be truly maintained that the individual who has thus made himself, has made a very narrow, a very concealed, and a very mischievous thing.

Directly opposed to this is the conservative mind, and the conservative man. As his name implies, he is for holding together all the world has ever learned. The conservative loves to think with

others as far as he possibly can. He loves to hold with the wise and good of past ages. He may not be able always to do this, for he acknowledges the infallibility of nothing human; but when compelled to differ, it is with pain and great reluctance. He loves to think with the most serious minds that have represented the unearthly teaching of the Church; he loves to agree with the soberest intellects that have adorned the State. If he finds the course of his own speculations leading in a different direction, he would examine and re-examine opinions apparently the most plausible, rather than hold them at such a sacrifice of communion with the head and heart of all past humanity. He holds to the noble aphorism of Burke, "The individual indeed is weak, but the race is strong." He knows from history that each age has its immense amount of froth, and scum, and useless dross, borne down by its swollen torrent, and yet that every age leaves its small *residuum* to be added to the general stock of human wisdom. It is this he reverences; not that noisy, empty, explosive effervescence, which never can be rightly estimated until it has passed away—not the "*spirit of the age*," but the higher, the more abiding, the more divine *spirit of the ages*.

Hence we may boldly assert what will strike some minds as a paradox. The radical may wonder at it as a sort of invasion of a prescriptive right, and yet it is none the less certain, that the conservative is the true humanitarian, none the less certain that radicalism, or this so-called self-culture, is the grand disorganizer. The reason comes directly from our fundamental definition of the man. The state of soul which constitutes him what he is, is the most intense form of selfishness. And hence that monstrous result which some chapters in modern history have so strikingly shown—a movement commencing with the cant of fraternity and philanthropy, yet ending in a demon cruelty, of which, had not the experiment been tried, human nature might well have been thought incapable. The actors were doubtless sincere in a certain sense; they doubtless believed in their "mission" as patriots and reformers; and yet it is none the less certain that they knew no more of themselves than Hazeel did when he said to the prophet, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" "We may well ask—Are the same species of men now on the stage of action any more to be trusted?"

But let us proceed to some of the distinctive traits of the character we are discussing. In the first place, then, we say, that our self-made man may be known by his intolerance. This, too, may sound paradoxical; and yet who that studies him well can doubt its most literal truth? Experience here most abundantly confirms the conclusion which might have been derived from the elemental analysis of the character. If you wish to find bigotry of the rankest kind, go to the men who are making the age ring with their talk of progress and new ideas. If you wish to find the narrowest intolerance toward all other men's thinking, go to those who are claiming for themselves the widest license to depart from all doctrines that have been held most sacred among mankind. If you wish for examples of coarse vituperation, of bitter railing, of impudent impeachment of other men's motives, go to those who are the most keenly sensitive lest their own claim to the most disinterested philanthropy should be called in ques-

tion, and who erect themselves into martyrs on the least appearance of opposition to any of their favorite dogmas.

And here, too, the explanation of the paradox is found in the same elementary constitution of character. The self-made man's opinions are *his own*. He has made them; he has begotten them; he has nursed them; he has thought them all out, and without any external aid. He has got them neither from books nor from the schools. Hence, whoever calls them in question is invading a private right, an individual peculium, and he turns upon the assailant with the growl of the mastiff; he denounces him with a wrathfulness to which the hottest war of ecclesiasticism can hardly be compared. The world has experienced the evils of spiritual despotism; it has yet, perhaps, to try that harder experiment, the tender mercies of an infidel radicalism, when it has become the predominant influence in society. The true conservative, on the other hand, believes his fundamental character, if he be not long-suffering toward error, and charitable even to the intolerant. He knows too well with what effort truth is gained and error shunned. He sees too keenly the difficulties that hang round all those questions which the self-taught radical disposes of so flippantly. He understands too well that all such questions have two sides to them, and that the plausible aspect that presents itself to the man who does all his own thinking is in most cases the same that has ever deceived this class of minds. Their strikingly new and original truths are ever old errors coming over and over again, although perhaps in ever-varied and deceptive forms.

The self-made man boasts of his independence. It would be easy to prove him the veriest slave. His avoidance of any thing like settled truth through fear lest he should be regarded as not thinking for himself on all subjects, puts him under a servile yoke which has all the constraint without any of the dignity of true authority. The conservative, on the other hand, can afford to maintain a settled dogma; he has the moral courage to say things that are not original; he can afford to hold trite opinions, if they are but sound and salutary. In his eyes truth loses none of its beauty through age. The purer, the brighter, the holier it becomes, in proportion to the number of souls it has guided to the haven of spiritual rest. The conservative can afford to have a creed. His maligner knows nothing of the hard thinking, the mental throes through which the mind may have been brought to repose upon it. He treats lightly the symbols and confessions of the Churches, and sometimes he is joined in this by the man who would even be esteemed orthodox and evangelical; but neither of them has any true conception of the real nature of the authorities they so love to revile. To such men the Confessions and Articles of sober Christendom are nothing more than results of individual thinking; and hence their foolish clamor about the *right* and freedom of private judgment. One man's opinion, they say, is as good as another's. Besides, thinking is a *right* instead of a high and responsible *duty*, with truth, however obtained, for its only aim. It is a *right*, say they, like the right of speech, or the right of the press, or the right of suffrage. It is a right, and therefore every man has a right to think as he pleases, whether he thinks right or not. He has a right to be absurd, if he fancies he can be original in that way. Thus

viewed, to be sure, nothing could be more preposterous than to have one man's thinking controlled by another's thinking. But the intelligent conservative knows better than all this. He sees in the common symbol or confessions of the Church of which he is a well-instructed member, the collective instead of the individual mind, and therefore he reverences even where he does not deem them infallible. They are the religious thinking of the ages that has assumed these outward forms. They are the thinking of the most pious, the most wise, the most learned, ever converging to a communion both of idea and expression on the great truths presented by revelation. They are like the old melodies which were never made by any individual composer, although he may have arranged them and given them their artistic form, but have grown out of the heart of the nation, no one knows when nor how. Who that has a soul to his ear would not feel how much better their music than that which is manufactured expressly for the orchestra? He is the true reformer who revives these old harmonies. He is the true reformer who stamps anew, bright and clear, the old coins whose images had become obscured through abuse, or debased by a corrupt authority. Or, to change the metaphor, he is the true reformer who digs up old truths, who restores them to their true place in the catholic thinking, and cleanses them from the rubbish under which they may have been buried in the world's false progress.

To the conservative mind such articles and confessions, thus representative of the best thinking of the ages and of the Church, are *prima facie* evidence of truth. He most rationally takes them as starting positions, to be called in question only when another and higher authority imperatively demands that he should do so. More truly independent than the radical, he yet loves to think as the best in the world have thought before him. It gives him pain when compelled to differ from them. He shrinks from that in which the other man finds his supreme pleasure. To him there is darkness, and skepticism, and almost despair, in the thought that all are wrong while he alone is right, if, indeed, in such circumstances, he can bring himself to believe that right and truth are attainable by the human mind.

The difference between the two characters is a moral one. It springs from the presence or absence of the humanitarian spirit. It is all the difference between the pure love of truth and the love of opinion. Clear, certain, established truth, in respect to the great relations of the soul to other souls, and to the Father of spirits; this is the rest, the beatific vision for which the conservative longs, and which he prizes above all progress. It is such truth he loves all the better for its being old. Its preciousness is in proportion to the number of dark souls it has enlightened, the number of weary souls it has refreshed. He loves truth for its own sake; but he despairs of finding it, if it has not yet been found, or revealed to the world. If now six thousand years, at least, since the creation of man, the very prime articles of moral and political philosophy are unknown; if, eighteen hundred years after the Light Himself has come, the question may yet be asked, What is Christianity? he has no hope in any individual discovery; no faith in any individual solutions of the great problems of the ages.

The reader, of course, can not fail to see that our remarks are not applicable, or intended to be ap-

plied, to physical discovery, but to the great truths of mental, moral, political, and theological science. Here steamboats, and telegraphs, and even printing-presses, give one age no advantage over another. Here arise the great questions with which the best minds of the world have been ever intently occupied—the great questions on which revelation professes to have come to our assistance. And now to think of a man ignoring all this, either because he knows no better, or because he chooses to make a merit of it, and gravely telling his readers, or an audience like himself, that in one or all of these departments he has thought out for himself what all other minds had failed to see before; that the world and the Church, for example, had been all darkness heretofore in respect to the right idea of moral obligation, or the nature of sin, or the true idea of punishment; that men had never possessed any proper notion of the nature or end of Government; that the nations had remained profoundly ignorant of the laws of social organization until Fourier revealed it to them; that Christianity had never been understood until the days of Maurice, and that the Bible had remained a dead letter until some modern interpretation unlocked its secret cabala, and revealed its long hidden cipher.

The most melancholy part of the spectacle is the unconscious ignorance often exhibited in respect to what has been done before by stronger and better minds in all these departments. A man writes a book, for example, on the "Nature of Evil," or he tries his hand, nothing daunted by a thousand failures, on the awful question of its "origin." To one familiar with the history of this question it is quite clear that he has explained evil only by denying its existence. He, however, is sure of having "solved the problem." He is quite certain he has made predestination as plain as the drawing of a lottery, and original sin as easy to be understood as a bond and mortgage. He has found out the radical error of the Church, and right where St. Paul, although he meant well and had some glimpse of the truth, did not fully understand himself. But the real wonder is his perfect ignorance of the fact that the world has been told all this before, many times before. What is there in it all which one schoolman has not dreamed of, and another schoolman abundantly refuted. We make bold to affirm that it can all be found in Thomas Aquinas, either as answer or objection, and plenty more of the same kind beside. And so we may say of the most acute productions of our self-taught metaphysics, or self-inspired transcendentalism. The latest New England speculation was refuted by Anselm one thousand years ago. Go to the Astor library. Turn over the clasped pages that have slumbered for centuries, and you will find it all. Make allowance for the difference between the modern pretentious style and the concise technical logic of the old scholasticism or the old mysticism, and it will be seen that every thought which the modern writer puts forth, all his "keys" and "problems," his new discoveries in Christianity, his metaphysical eclecticism, all thought out by himself and bran-new as he supposed them to be, may all be found substantially, somewhere in these old worm-eaten, dust-covered memorials of controversies which the world can never settle, yet never suffer to repose.

This unconscious ignorance is absurd enough; but there is an absurdity beyond it all, when such

writers, and such lecturers, gravely talk of their being martyrs—martyrs for their new ideas forthwith—and complain of the persecution they encounter from an ungrateful world and a bigoted Church. With what modesty, too, will they not sometimes compare their opponents to Scribes and Pharisees, thereby hinting at no very obscure parallel between themselves and the Saviour of the world! They work no miracles it is true, but then the higher rationality of their doctrines gives them a better claim to the world's deference than those bare dogmas of authority which demand so unphilosophical a support.

But what then of the Protestant Reformation? it may be said. We have already characterized it. It was an age in which old truths were brought to light and re-established as old truths. It was a most serious age; it was a modest age; and in all these respects, especially in the latter, it differed widely from our own. Not less foolish than the opposing radicalism is that conservatism which would deny the present century great and peculiar merits in some most important departments of knowledge. But, certainly, modesty is not one of its excellences. In the Protestant Reformation there was deep earnestness; there was keen excitement; there was intense thinking on fundamental truth; there was a wide waking up of the human soul; but it was because of all this deep earnestness that there was no time or thought of boasting. It was a true reforming age, and had work to do which would not allow it to be forever talking about itself, and "its mission," and keeping up an eternal din about what it was going to do, and contemptuously asserting its immense superiority over all others, and foolishly maintaining that in coming to its birth time had actually made a leap and released it from all connection with the past. We are only asserting what every one at all acquainted with the history of that period knows to be true. The reader is left to draw the only inference that can be drawn in its bearing upon our own age. In all the voluminous theological works of the Reformers there is not so much talk of high views, and deep views, and new views, as in one modern sermon. All the writings of every kind during that remarkable period, and, we may even say, the century that followed it, would not present so much of this frothy self-laudation, as may be heard in one Hope Chapel meeting of "strong-minded women" and "self-made" men.

Editor's Easy Chair.

JOHN did not send Jemima a Valentine this year, as he has been in the habit of doing. Jemima was surprised; and when he came in the evening, she displayed a little natural displeasure.

"Why have I not received a Valentine?" she asked, at length; and hinted darkly that she feared the faithlessness of man.

"My dear Jemima," said John, "it is a vulgar thing. How could I send you what Sambo was going to send to Miranda? I am very sorry, but every boot-black now sends a Valentine to every chamber-maid, and I have too profound a respect for my Jemima to insult her by doing what every bumpkin could do."

John thus expressed the philosophy of the decline of the honor for this happy festival. Every few years the ardor revives, and the postman groans

under the sweet misdeeds, as tables are said to groan under the delicacies of the season. It is a sad defection. All youths and maidens naturally sigh. John secretly curses Sambo; and Jemima wishes Miranda wouldn't. It is a decline in which we are all interested.

Our elegant young friends in the city have long since outgrown this weakness, however. They remember to have read of this festival, and to have sent pictorial sugar-plums, at an earlier day, to the queen of the moment. They are astonished now, being nineteen years of age, that they could ever have condescended to such folly. Life is a draught so soon drained! They are content to quote Ophelia now, when Valentine's Day comes round, and to suffer silence in their muse. Sambo can send a Valentine, Miranda can receive a rose. What Sambo can send, and Miranda can receive, is not for John and Jemima. It is hard, because it cuts them off from a good deal. But they resign themselves with pure heroism, and endure like martyrs.

There are certain things, to be sure, which an irrevocable fate will not allow them to avoid. They are compelled to breathe the same air, to see the same sky, to smell the same odors, and to hear the same sounds as Sambo and Miranda. There is no exclusiveness of the senses. It is amusing to see John's inability to perceive that a gentleman shows himself, not in what he does or avoids doing, but by the manner in which he does or refrains from doing. A gentleman is not an affair of fine broadcloth and small boots. He is a being who wears coarse clothes and large boots, if necessary, in such a way that your exquisite pedestals, dear Adonis, seem to be trivial and feeble. If all the Sambos in creation make a vulgar bow, bowing does not thereby become vulgar; but when Sir Phillip Sidney salutes a friend, the act is a most graceful and courteous recognition.

It is hard for Adonis to learn this. He will not believe it. Adonis tries to be fine by not doing what his valet does. But he can not help it. He must eat and drink, and sleep, and talk, and love Venus. His French valet does no less. When will Adonis learn that if he be a gentleman, and his valet only a valet, there can be no more real resemblance between them than between a star and the sun, which are both light-giving bodies.

Ah! gracious reader, forgive a grave old Easy Chair, that moralizes even on St. Valentine's Day. It will be long past when you hear this moralizing; gone with the summer walks and the remembered dances of years and years ago. Such distance is there in a few days! So far and so fatally a little time severs us from what we believed to be immortal!

These happy holidays belong to youth in this country, and youth enjoys them with a half shame and a doubtful glance over the shoulder, and seems a little ashamed to enjoy. This, too, is an affectation that we have carefully imported from England, and it is also deeper and sadder than an affectation, for it is grounded in our national character. The affectation comes from an imitation of the English habit of not suffering the conversation to rise above the level of the lowest capacity, which—if we may believe Mr. Willis, whom the English have never forgiven for what he saw and said in England—is the grand principle of British conversation. This was a fineness of observation, a subtlety of criticism, which we do not pretend to justify. We beg indignant John Bulls not to break the legs

of our Chair. We are not responsible for the remark.

Contemporary with this, of course, was the impatient indifference which the American Adonis conceives to be the height of elegance. Where general social stuper reigned, there was a natural torpidity of manner. Gradually this grew into a desire to avoid all appearance of excitement. Hence came the indifference, and hence, in due season, the affectation of indifference.

These are all presumptive results, based upon the Willis theories of English society. If those theories are false, or foolish, it makes the task of defining the origin of the well-bred young American dullness more difficult.

But, whatever be its origin, its influence is plain. Enthusiasm—ardor of every kind—is not the thing. Bumpkins have had holidays, but what will the gentleman do with a holiday? Peasants dance with vigor; will the gentleman forget himself into enjoyment? In the South, in Italy, upon sunny days, the bright-jacketed *contadino* dances the Tarantella or the Saltarella with his dark-eyed partner. Eyes flash, feet twinkle, bosoms heave, and graceful hands play in the sparkling air. It is a movement and a melody which are not forgotten; which forever restore Italy to the most treacherous memory, when they are seen and heard. The air, the sky, and the scene, have each their part in it. The waters of the bay, and the fragrance of the orange groves, and the glistening of the olives, have their share in the Tarantella and the Saltarella. Manliness and agility unite in the man; picturesque beauty and bold grace in the woman. A handsome Italian peasant dancing is sculptured on memory like a faun upon a vase.

Behold the American Adonis! With what grave sadness, with what sweet melancholy, he moves through the swift waltz! The solemnity of life strikes him at that moment! The profound grief of many misdeeds confounds him. Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of Fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of Hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, ponder the dancing of the American Adonis.

You will not wonder, when you see him, that our fairest festivals languish, that the postman groans under no sweet messages, and that the good Bishop Valentine sways his mild crozier over heretics. But looking away from him, even into the national character, you find a deeper and more real gravity, a sombre dullness, which sufficiently explains the gloom of our holiday calendar.

It is hard for us to enjoy. We do not taste the exhilaration of wine, which the Temperance Society holds to be its worst foe, but we get drunk. We can not have cheap pleasures. We estimate delight, as we do a dinner, by its cost. Charles Lamb entertained upon toasted cheese and gin-toddy. But we must have the rarest game and the costliest wines. Therefore we meet less frequently, and we treat our enjoyment as we do our best furniture. Once in a while we take off the covers, and then sit dismally still lest we should soil the damask. Epaminondas—that sharp observer of men and manners, and our special friend—says that in Germany he has so often seen a man with his pipe and mug of beer and newspaper, and his *frau* with her knitting and coffee, sit for a long evening and listen to the best music, performed as

we can not hear it even by engaging front seats at a premium, and all for a mere song, that he pitia his friends who pay heavily for the privilege of sitting solemnly in good places for poor sights and sounds.

The Germans are much inferior to the independent American citizen in many things, but the capacity of enjoyment is not one of them. That is one of the things in which Europeans generally are superior to him.

But it is foolish to rail at it; it is foolish to make fun of fate. National character is not to be laughed into a radical change. Manners may change, and morals may yield to sly satire and delicate reproof, but complexion remains the same. Into the Italian music you can not import the grave splendor of the German, nor can you kindle the later with the airy sparkle and the passionate touch of the south. The Yankee can not play. If he goes to Rome and tries the Carnival, he flings handfuls of blinding *confetti* at every passenger, supposing that to be the fun. He does not know that the Italian used to fling a handful of light sugar-plums to his mistress upon the balcony, to attract her attention before tossing her a bouquet; and that the grim Englishmen and sad Yankees have spoiled the sport and the poetry by the baskets of lime which they shower blindness upon Rome.

Jonathan must let the *fiats* and holidays go. They have their gentle laureates, who have embalmed their memory in poetry and prose—which is, perhaps, almost as fine a pleasure as the festivals themselves. All the rites of rustic England live for us in Gay; and Charles Lamb is at least Arch-Deacon of Bishop Valentine. Only let the children enjoy while they may. Be as little surly as possible when they are noisy and romping in their games. There is sweeter music in the boy's loud shout in the nursery—in which it sounds as if the wardrobe had tumbled into the bedstead, and both had simultaneously smashed in great agony—than in the hushed sob of the mother at your side and the unnatural silence up stairs.

Ah! if we can't be merry, let us be as merry as we can.

Mr. MUMM, the great lecturer, stepped in the other day, and wished us good-morning. Mr. Mumm has a pleasing air of importance. He has a genial patronizing air which seems to say cheerfully to every body, "You didn't know I was Mumm—the eminent Mumm—did you?"

But he has a right to put his hands in his pocket and laugh at the world. Mumm is in demand. Mumm has innumerable invitations to lecture. He makes his choice among all the leading lyceums. He views life from the lecturing point of view. All the world's a lyceum, and all the men and women merely audience. He districts the country. He has his beat, his parish, let us rather say his diocese.

A mild diocesan is Mumm. He fulminates no anathemas; but gently, and with regard to the weaklings of his charge, he gets off his smooth sentences, his calm platitudes.

Sitting in this Easy Chair, we can smile at Mumm, and crack jokes, that go off without much report, about Mumm's head. He smiles too, and receives his nightly fee. Perhaps several men could be hired as butts at a liberal salary. At least it is unfair to make them so before you have concluded a bargain. In the case of Mumm, you never know distinctly whether you or he is the mark of a butt. He has such a placid way of

taking your thrusts, that you feel your own breast to see if you are yourself wounded, and remember vaguely the ingenious headsmen of the Sultan who removed heads so smoothly that not until a sudden movement made it fall did the victim know that he was headless.

Mumm has just returned from a long tour, and he exasperates Adonis—who passes for a man of talent, upon the score of a kind of supercilious sarcasm in which he indulges—by talking rather loftily of his success.

"My dear Mumm," says Adonis, "do you know the difference between you and me?"

Perhaps it would not be difficult to interpret Mumm's smile, but he says placidly:

"No; I wish there were no difference. It grieves me to be different from my dear Adonis."

"The difference is, that you have given your guage to the public and I have not. Every body knows just what you can do. Now they don't know but that I am capable of Miltonic or Shakspearian performances. At least, dear Mumm, I have the advantage of obscurity."

"That is true," replies the lecturer, musing, "that is very true. Perhaps I have made a mistake. But, dear Adonis, I can advise you one thing very sincerely."

"Well?" said Adonis, serenely triumphant.

"Never give your guage to the public, and you will be sure of its good opinion," says Mumm.

Adonis trips gracefully away, and Mumm answers his lecture invitations.

We turned to read some of the anonymous letters which are sent to us by the indignant gentlemen who do not chance to agree with us in our comments upon life around us—letters which frighten us so much, and inspire such admiration of the courage of their authors; for, of all heroes, certainly the writer of an anonymous letter is the most remarkable—when Mumm looked up and said, in effect:

"The truth is, that the popular lecture is an American and a Yankee institution. In Europe they have learned lectures, and college lectures, and occasional lectures before lyceums of workingmen; courses of lectures before Academies of Science, Literature, and Art; but there is nothing corresponding to our popular lecture, which is delivered a hundred times in a season, from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, which is by far the best paid literary work, and by which a reputation may be made.

"The lecture with us takes the place of the theatre in Europe. The theatre is not indigenous in America. The managers are usually foreigners, and the actors and the plays are the same. We hear London jokes, and Cockney slang, and a general humor which would seem to imply some knowledge of London for its full enjoyment; and we have French vaudevilles, in which the delicate wit of the Gaul suffers in the English as Ariel suffered in the pine, and which shrinks and shudders outside of Paris. There has never been an American theatre. Americans have written plays which have been popular—but the sceptred pall has passed us by. The whole spirit of the drama with us is foreign.

"But the lecture has all the freshness and success of a native growth. It began some twenty or thirty years ago in New England. The vicinity of Boston was first lighted by this rising power; and Boston, with poetic gratitude, now furnishes a

greater proportion of the best and most popular lecturers than any other city. Most of the young professional men, and all who love the Muses, try it, at least. New England is dreadfully bel lectured. Every evening of the week usually brings some 'entertainment' of the kind, as it is courteously termed. The Mercantile Library of Boston, like an immense corporation doing a tremendous business, runs, as it were, two express trains of lectures during the week. The huge Tremont Temple is crowded, and all the noted men of the moment pass in review before the sad, hard eye of Boston and its neighborhood. It is not often deceived. It has had such long experience, and is so impervious to quips that would set a Western audience into roars of hilarity, that, while it cheerfully welcomes, that sad, hard eye discreetly measures, every aspirant.

"I should say," said Mr. Mumm, probably remembering some joke of his own which hung fire, "I should say that the New England audience was blood.

"Yet nothing," he continued, "can be pleasanter than to watch the differences of audiences. There are always two sides to a lecture—the lecturer's and that of the audience. The elders go to judge—but they are also judged. The youth go to admire—but they are in turn admired. Some audiences are sensitive as a young girl. They betray the slightest emotion, as her cheek flushes and pales with fitting feeling. They smile where even I, Mr. Mumm, hardly expected a smile; and to every well-directed joke they pay the homage of the loudest laughter."

"And tears?" interrupted we—

"Are rarely shed in the lyceum," responded Mr. Mumm.

"Yet," said he, after a pause, "I am not sure that silence is not the best applause.* An audience will often laugh at a joke when they care nothing for the lecture, as in the dulllest political speech they will cheer any favorite allusion. To hold a hundred or a thousand people eagerly interested, 'breathless,' as the enthusiastic newspapers say the next morning, is a satisfaction which only the speaker or singer can know. To sway them magnetically to and fro; to make them half-draw their swords, as Hungarian orators have done; or to listen to the clank of chains, with Patrick Henry; or to throw rings and ribbons into the charity-box, as with Whitfield and Bossuet—these are the rare and lofty triumphs of oratory; these are the incidents that elevate eloquence to a fine art.

"Some of our lecturers have made the great mistake of supposing that success was sure, if they could only make the audience laugh. They have disapproved their own theory by not being asked again. In every audience there is a nucleus of sense and judgment which passes the final decree. The Rev. Dr. Azote comes up to the lecture-desk wrapped in a prodigious mantle of theological fame; but the wise men yawn and sleep in their hearts, and the Rev. Dr. Azote is immensely complimented, and is not asked next year. Dr. Azote's 'solempnity' does not impose upon the lyceum. Young Farr Niente, who came home from Europe yesterday, goes out to the Codtown Literary Institute this evening, and lectures upon the present state of the war, with a general glance at history

* "Mr. Mumm has some dreadfully dry lectures."—From private correspondence of *Amanda M.*, in —, State of —, addressed to this Easy Chair.

and a theory of the future. Farr thinks it is rather a brilliant thing, although he threw it off one morning between the third and fourth cigars. But the sensible young men of Codtown don't happen to agree with Niente, and he is cheerfully paid, praised—and dropped. It is the same with Rident, the funny man, who was drull for an hour. The next morning the shoemaker asked the baker what the lecture was about. "Well, I declare I've forgotten," said the baker. It is prophetic; and Rident arrides the baker no more.

"A lecture," continued Mr. Mumm, holding fast to the arm of our Easy Chair, so that polite escape was hopeless, "is neither a sermon, nor a speech, nor an essay. It partakes of the pith of a sermon, the fluency of a speech, and the ease of an essay. But it must hit a hundred audiences and please all. It is not the easiest thing to write; and a man used to writing to be read will be surprised to find how much he must change and modify—how he must heighten his lights and deepen his shadows before the work is appreciated as he wishes it to be.

"It is my opinion," said Mr. Mumm, as if he were about saying a pretty good thing, "that a lecture is like a picture which must be painted up to the general tone of the gallery, in which it is hung. When it is finished in the studio, it may fall of its proper effect in the exhibition; and as the artist is admitted upon 'varnishing day' to paint up his picture, or paint it down, as may chance, so ought the lecturer to have a rehearsal or two, not of friends—those inconsiderate flatterers—but of strangers. Let him go quietly out to the dullest village he knows and try his weapon. If the audience goes out, or goes to sleep, or talks loud, there is one verdict. If it whispers and yawns at intervals, there is another. If it rustles, that is good. If it is still, without sleep, and scrapes its feet a little at the end, that is best of all, and the lecture will do.

"Lecturing is becoming a profession," said Mr. Mumm, jingling the loose coin in his pocket. "I said that no literary work was so well paid. A man writes a single lecture, and delivers it forty, fifty, or a hundred times. He receives emolument, therefore," said Mr. Mumm, slowly, as if calculating. "During all this time he is traveling, and may do nothing else, if he has nothing else to do. If he has, it will be hard to find the time to work. Fragments of days, sudden odd hours after long travel and fatigue, and subject to the irruption of committees, are not the best times nor conditions for working. But he sees many people and many things in the most intimate and agreeable way. If he is fond of incense, he has a chance of sniffing it. If he thinks he is a great man, and that every body in the reading-room of the village tavern is looking over the top of the paper, and nudging his neighbor with the hot whisper, 'That is Mumm!' he has one chance of being undecieved. If he listens slyly, he will overhear, 'And who is Mr. Mumm?' On the whole, I consider lecturing good to bleed a man's vanity. The newspapers have a chance at him. 'Mr. Mumm, of whom we have heard such astounding reports, will probably not set the river on fire. His voice is monotonous, his manner uninteresting, and his matter trivial. The stalwart stomachs of a Codtown audience requira something stronger than *sweet truth*.'

"When you open the paper in the morning, it

is not so pleasant to suppose that the other people are looking over the top of the sheet, having just read the notice of last evening's lecture, and saying, 'that's Mumm!' It is not so pleasant to be Mumm the next morning.

"Then time goes in lecturing, and valuable time. I, Mr. Mumm, who am married, hear plaintive requests from Mrs. Mumm, when I return after a month's tour, that I would stay at home a little.

"My dear Mrs. Mumm," I always say, with, I hope, pardonable levity, "I do stay at home a little; and a very little, my fond Amelia Jane," I exclaim, clasping that person to my bosom.

"But if I were a bachelor even, I should regret this constant travel in winter. A lecturer becomes a Bedouin, a 'vagrom' person, a tramp; and his mind tramps too. He loses the good habit of regular work. He feeds upon a gentle excitement. He strikes for immediate and palpable results—forgetting that the foundations of great works, like those of great temples, are laid out of sight. He wants applause, or admiration, or, at least, appreciation. This, I mean, gets to be the tendency.

"But it is hard to make lecturing a profession, because the public is capricious. It tires of its favorites. They must retire and refresh. They must not try to live always in its eye. Besides, it summons lecturers to look at them. Having walked across the street upon your elbow, you are mentioned in the papers—and the Codtown Literary Institute immediately invites you to lecture. You appear, and discourse upon the esoteric doctrines of Plato. The Literary Institute is indignant, for it wanted you, somehow, to walk on your elbow in the lecture. The Literary Institute always wants a man to do in his lecture the particular thing which made him famous enough to be asked.

"Ah! well, I am afraid that even I, Mr. Mumm, am sometimes only invited as a phenomenon.

"This caprice is not unnatural when you consider that the lyceum is usually a resort for amusement. It is the theatre, the opera, the assembly, the exchange of the town. Girls go there to flirt; young men go to help them. Mothers go because they want to break up the intolerable monotony of staying at home, and fathers go because their wives do. If you can amuse, you are fortunate; yet, if you only amuse, you have not succeeded. Under cover of your fun you must say what you have to say.

"Meanwhile the lecture is growing to be one of the great powers of this country. The lecturer is a preacher, with perfect freedom to make fun or to draw tears. The audience sit before him willing and open-hearted, not mailed in the sense of habit and a tacit resistance as in church. People go to church, and expect to hear trite moral truths put in a commonplace way, and they curl up easily in the corner and doze pleasantly through the sermon. But the same truth flashing and sparkling in the lecture-desk, comes home with a force they had not dreamed of. It takes them unawares. The appeal is from man to man, and as man to man, which it is not always from the pulpit.

"It is remarkable, also, that the men who are the most popular and the most eagerly sought as lecturers, are those who have been marked a little, either in the pulpit or out of it, for freedom and generosity of thought and the warmest sympathy with all humane movements. It shows that the public mind is alive and throbs with noble emotion. But the audience grows also in its re-

quirements. It insists upon a constantly higher excellence in the lecturers. The standard rises, and the man who pleased last year will not satisfy this season, unless he does better than then.

"In fine," said Mr. Mumm, "to hear a thinker tell his thoughts, and a traveler his travels, and an observer of life and society his criticisms, is among the purest of social pleasures, because it is man imparting his individuality to man. Nor will the fame of one consume that of another. Doe need not be jealous of Roe; there is plenty of fame for every body who can make a name, just as there is plenty of light for any number of dark holes. If the mammoth cave should be suddenly opened and light let in, the air of Kentucky would not be a shade darker. There is light enough, and fame enough, and love enough, for all objects.

"True love is this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away."

"And yet," said Mr. Mumm, after a pause, "those lines were written by Shelley, who despaired, when he heard some cantos of Byron's Don Juan. He knows now that it is as true of fame as of love, and that the Cenci and the Odes, the Alastor and the Adonais, are not less dear because Child Harold is fine and Don Juan the saddest and most sparkling social epic of its era.

"But I forgot that I was not in the lecture-desk," said Mr. Mumm, releasing the arm of the Easy Chair.

We lately rolled our Easy Chair into a railroad car, and saw more sights and went farther than we had paid for. For we went back into the past century, and saw groups with which the old novelists were familiar; scenes that are rare with us Americans, and which recall Fielding, Smollet, and the Beggars' Opera. It is by such odd and out-of-the-way incidents that the *actuality* of the old authors is proved. Their *reality*, of course, is self-evident. A man who reads Goldsmith's essays observingly, is surprised to find how entirely different in the details London life is from our own. And yet he will understand the jokes, and sympathize with the general spirit of the scene. Few men in Boston, or New York, or Cincinnati, or New Orleans, have ever met such a charming vagabond as Goldsmith's friend, the poor player, in the park. And yet what man in all these cities, who observes life and the play of character, does not know him perfectly well? As for his little man in black, he is one of our especial friends, and we mean to introduce him, in good time, to the other friends of this Easy Chair.

But this time our adventure is with a party of players, which we met in the cars, genuine "players," travelling together, not strolling about the country with a covered wagon, as in last century times, and yet "strolling" as much as was possible in cars.

We were scarcely seated before we knew our company. They occupied about a quarter of the car, and talked constantly with a loud laugh in their voices, not as if any thing in particular amused them, but as if they had a habit of jollity. One voice was sweet; the others were coarse and hard. The sweet voice was called "Miss Beverley," and they were all named just as players should be, precisely as Cairo looks as a city of the Arabian Nights ought to look. There were "Miss Beverley," and "Mr. De Wolfe," and "Mr. Mortimer," and "Frederick," and "Julia." It was hard to

say whether these names were real or only translated from the stage. There is some subtle magic by which a player's life is just reversed. Seen by daylight it is tawdry, and glittering, and pallid, like his cheeks and dress. But by lamp-light, and upon the stage, it becomes harmonious and proper.

Miss Beverley, and Julia, and the other ladies were quietly dressed. Their kid gloves were soiled, and their collars were not fresh, and their mouths were not beautiful. But there was nothing flashy nor obtrusive in their appearance. "Miss De Vere" had a low brow and serpent eyes, like the model Grazia in Rome, and could have well done the Lady Macbeths and Queen Catherines. Miss Beverley, with her sweet voice and sparkling eye, would have brought down the house as Julia or Rosalind. Miss Julia could have filled all parts equally well.

But the gentlemen were very fine. Mr. De Wolf had a smooth black hat with the under part of the rim roughed up, and a cloak draped Hamlet-wise upon his shoulders. Mr. Mortimer's black eyes languished in a jungle of hair curled by the barber into resistless ringlets; and all the gentlemen wore impressive buttons and heavy chains—generally not gold—while full fancy trowsers and gay cravats completed the effect. Sing, O Muse! that their cheeks had the chalky pallor of old and dry rouge-beds; that there was a general odor of pomatum and essential oils; that the hair of each was curled and glistened; that their fingers had a slightly "grimé" aspect; and their feet were large enough to support any possible future corporeal increase.

They had pet dogs and Guinea pigs, which ran about the cars, making friends every where, climbing up and leaning over, nosing about for choice bits of cake, or standing, suppliant, upon hind legs and eating peanuts.

The lively players did all the talking in the car. Solemn students of newspapers gazed up from the other end, and evidently wondered what wild race was defying the respectable and grim Yankee silence. Yankees in a railroad car always seem to be going to their own funerals. It is so very fast and very solemn a business. But the merry Theatians babbled on like children. They had nothing to say, but they said it cheerfully.

"Miss Harcourt will never die of consumption," said Mr. Mortimer, alluding to her power of sustained conversation.

"No. Your lungs are too strong for that," replied the fair Harcourt, with the air of *repartee*.

The general company took it at her own estimate, and laughed gayly at Mr. Mortimer's discomfiture. But no one laughed so much as Mr. Mortimer himself.

"Now don't," said he, "don't be so drefful smart;" and another peal greeted his witty rejoinder.

They were well called players, for every thing was play. They talked all at once, and laughed at the cross answers.

"Oh, dear me! I must stop, or my tongue will drop out," said Miss Julia, throwing herself back.

"No fear of that," said Frederick; "your tongue is hung in the middle."

There was immense hilarity at this burst, and De Wolfe threw pieces of cookey at the ladies

with—"I beg your pardon, I forgot to offer you the cake."

So the happy hours and smiles flew by, and we looked at the troop, and tried to determine the probable distribution of parts.

"Who," said we, "who can be the great tragedian, the Mr. Folair of this dramatic company?"

"D— — — — —!" There came a furious torrent of oaths which sufficiently answered the question. The incautious Frederick had risked an inquiry of Mr. Mortimer's whereabouts the previous morning, and that gentleman retorted in a way that was very expressive of his general estimate of Frederick's character, but hardly conveyed much information.

"Ho! ho! that's gentlemanly!" said Miss Beverley.

Mortimer only turned round and shook his fist at the unhappy Frederick, who had entirely withdrawn from conversation.

But the little gust whiffed by. The sun shone again, and even the thunderous Mortimer smiled. Miss Harcourt studied the cover of one of Dewitt and Davenport's novels, and read out the list of new publications. Mr. De Wolfe devoted himself to the young Emily, who hugged the most cottony of the lapdogs to her bosom. The gentlemen sat upon the arms of the seats and chatted at large. The car was made a booth, a barn. It was any thing but New England and a railroad.

Yet we thought of old actresses and sighed. Here went the light-hearted company undreaming of the future, untouched by the past. The house was pretty good last night. Perhaps it will be better to-morrow. It was a troop of gentle, social outlaws, strutting in pomatum pride and gewgaw glory. "The times" tighten or relax, but they are unaffected. Mr. Mortimer or Miss Julia leaves the company, goes to the South or the West. The remainder laugh at them with the lips, but their eyes drop an honest tear of regret for them. The Thespians are out of place and lost. The American's plan of life has not included them; and they serve only to show some idle passenger how true old stories are, and how unchanging are certain characters.

Yet how often in the midst of a comic actor's greatest triumph the mind wanders to his future; and—if it be a woman—how the face saddens in its smile! As we sat gazing at Miss Julia, and heard the really sweet voice of Miss Beverley, we could not but recall an evening of our youth, when we saw in London the farewell and charitable benefit of an old actress.

She had seen seventy years, and for more than fifty of them had been a hard worker in the theatre. She was a good stock actress of available talent, and the Green Room tried to sustain a tradition of her descent from Betterton. At length she became too infirm for longer service, and after fifty years of labor in amusing the public, she had only a prospect of immediate starvation. So several of the influential London theatre lovers arranged a complimentary benefit. The poor old actress had been very ill, and it was feared that she could not perform. But she defied the doctors, and resolved to die, if it must be so, at her post.

The evening came. It was in the height of the London season, and old Drury Lane was crowded with such an audience as now rarely assembles there. The play was Sheridan's *Rivals*, and the

old actress was to take her favorite part of Mrs. Malaprop.

She came on, led by old Farren, himself half paralytic, and the house rose as they advanced down the stage. Tears were in the eyes of both of them. There was something pleading and pitiful in their aspect as they stood there hand in hand and bowing to the tumultuous crowd before them. There was no pleasure, there was nothing but sadness in the old faces. "Thank you," they seemed to say, "but what is it now?"

The play proceeded. It was too touching to be funny. The *Rivals* was never before so seriously received. Helen Faucit was Julia, and her tenderness toward Mrs. Malaprop was evidently real, as if she felt in her heart, "This may be my future." We were all glad when the curtain fell, and the play was over, and we were to have Charles Matthews and Madame Vestris.

But before they came, the audience called for the old actress. The house shook and roared with applause and impatience. But the curtain did not rise. The tumult became fearful; until suddenly the prompter's bell was heard. Then, in profound silence the curtain rose, and revealed a group upon the stage. In the centre, facing the audience, sat the old actress, with old Farren leaning over her on one side, and all the company of the theatre gathered beside and behind her chair. The house shouted, and rose, and roared again, and heaps of bouquets were piled upon the stage. But the old actress did not smile, nor bow. Her eyes were closed, and her head lay gently upon one side. She was utterly exhausted and had fainted away. The actors gathered the flowers and placed them in her lap, and strewed them about her feet.

The spectacle lasted but for a moment; then, amidst the pitying stillness of the vast audience, the curtain fell slowly, and for the last time, over the old actress; and within a few days she died.

After a weary life she had at least the pleasure of an ovation of the kind she loved. But you, O Miss Beverley, and ye, O Julia and Miss De Vere, will your sweet voices, or your low brows, secure you even as much? How lavishly you bought from the fluent young peddler the thimbles that grow on trees,* and the hickersome candy and cookey. The gallant De Wolfe gayly tossed the cake about. The sun shone and ye were making your hay. Blithe Thespians, remember the evil day and the falling of the curtain; reflect that even Dumas's comedies have an end, and that the sad face of the old actress said so piteously, "Thank you, but what is it now?"

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

We delight in these famous "league-boots" of ours—paper-soled indeed—with which we traverse, in a day or a week, wide-away countries; making naught of a trip on water in the storm-days of February, and caring not one iota for all the mud and slough in which the poor Crittenden adventurers struggle and grow hungry, despair and die.

We go from Balaklava to camp—always in our paper-soled boots—as dry as the maiden-slippers which, in the carnival of the year, have pattered their waltzes out upon the *parquetteric* floors of the Parisian *Hôtel de Ville*. We nudge the old sergeants—off duty—who smoke their pipes on the sunny side of the hospital at Scutari, and listen to their prosy stories of the campaign; and in the

* Vide the peddler's card.

next hour we clink our glass—wet with Inniskowen—against the brimming one of Russel of the *Times*. Anon, we hob-nob with the body-servant of the one-armed Raglan, and watch him as he stirs up the camp-bed of the old general, and receives his orders for a “curry” and a “grilled fowl” at noon.

We listen to Bulwer Lytton in the “House,” most anxious to be orator, as he was once to be poet, but lacking, with his thin face and fine voice, the “presence” of a man who makes his spoken opinions weigh like the stroke of a hammer. We see dark-eyed Disraeli, with his impetuous language and flashes of satire, out-matching altogether the novelist Baronet, and launching out strains of invective which, however you may disapprove, will win and keep your ear until, with a euphonious period—like the last fire-flash of a rocket—he closes and “subsides.”

We hear good Mr. Stafford, who, in the opening of the year of desolation, wrote so many letters for the dying soldiers in the Turkish hospitals, now telling the story of what he saw to a House which forgets eloquence, and business even, in the heart-touching tales of an eye-witness.

We see all London agog with a ministerial crisis, and knots of people, on the Square of the Royal Exchange and on the door-steps of Thread-and-Needle Street, discussing eagerly the great wargrief which is hanging now more heavily than ever over the hearts and homes of England. And it has ceased now to be only a grief which enters into private houses, and which brings tears to families of mourners: it has spread to the proportions of a national woe and shame; and England, that was so grand and proud in her strength, has been driven to the reluctant confession that, with all her wealth, and all her civilization, and all her practical ability, there are yet other peoples in the world who can more than match, even upon her own ground of practical economy and effective military execution.

It is not the money only, or the lives, which Great Britain has recklessly swamped in the South Russian campaign; she has swamped, besides, a very great measure of that national influence to which she has heretofore laid claim by a sort of prescriptive right. A country which can make its manifestoes effective in no better way than she has done in the Baltic or on the Euxine, must needs have a new interpretation put upon all her future manifestoes; and it is ten to one if the world tremble at them so much as they once did. The truth is, Great Britain has made too great a stride toward liberalism in her Government, to admit of a resort to that energy and unity of administration which belongs to an Imperial despotism; and, on the other hand, she has not yet purged herself enough of old-time privileges of caste and prescriptive worship of titles, to admit that vitality of administration which characterizes a people utterly free from aristocratic dogmas, and which calls men to places of trust for their practical capacity, and not for their position on any feudal roll.

If we might broach so sober a subject in this place, we should say that the faults of the war were working a revolution in England; and that, with the *Times* for a leader, thinking men are perceiving, and acting upon the perception, that their army system is a very expensive nursery for the younger sons of nobles, and that it is time now to cut off the premium which has been paid these many generations to aristocratic names and to

their Moloch of primogeniture. Is not this the real tendency of the questions at issue between the administration and the country? And to cope energetically with the representatives of despotism in Europe, must not England make herself and her fighting sons either more free or less free?

But we are trenching on the province of the political papers, and must slide away to the unimportantancies which mark the European life and which make up the talk at the tables.

WHILE so near to our mention of the fatuity of English hereditary privilege, we make a merit of citing a piece of barbarity which belongs to their kindred “antiquity” of “Church and State” dispensation.

Our authority lies in Paris journalism, and is confirmed by “foreign correspondents” for our home papers.

A poor gentleman, of British birth, living in Paris, lost, not long ago, a little child. Cold and fever, and maybe want of somewhat of the luxuries of life, made way with it, and brought desolation to the islander’s home. A few friends, Americans among them, offered their services in forwarding the last sad arrangements before the child should be dropped forever in the stranger’s grave.

A poor woman—a neighbor—stole a few hours from her labor for that mournful office which comes immediately after death—the making ready for the grave. She did it quietly and quickly. Nothing was neglected; and the child looked “well” as it lay ready for burial.

The same good neighbor sent a little boy next day to know if any thing further was wished; and the boy, with the grave curiosity common to us all in such times, wished to see the dead child. He came to the coffin, looked over, dropped upon his knees, and, after the manner of his religion, said a prayer.

It was enough in itself—simple and true as was the manner of it—to consecrate the burial, and to draw Heaven’s mercy upon the dead one.

But the mother, roared in the faith of another church, wished naturally enough that the holy offices might be filled by a Protestant clergyman of her own church.

Appeal was made through a friend, to the chaplain of the British Embassy; and at the same time a hint was dropped of the narrow circumstances of the family, and of the expenses which sickness had brought in its train.

The rosy-faced chaplain, very pompous in his manner, never made bargains; if it was desired that he should attend the funeral, he would be ready the next day at eight.

The next day a thick snow was falling; but the little child was made ready—the last look taken—the coffin closed. A humble bier bore the body away, with a few mourners in the train. By appointment with the friend who had gone for the clergyman, they were to meet over the grave. But when the little convoy arrived there was no clergyman to be found. The attendants were waiting—patiently at the first; but another funeral was expected; the burial could not be long delayed; so at length the body was lowered, and the ground closed over it.

The father met his friend at the gate; but no clergyman was with him. His story was this: he had called according to appointment upon the chaplain; that official had appeared in his robes,

but objected strongly to the flimsy one-horse cab in which he was to drive to the graveyard. By dint of urgency, however, this objection was overcome, and they set out—the clergyman in very ill-humor with himself for the degraded task he had undertaken.

They had driven half the distance, when the horse missed footing and fell; the carriage was broken by his fall.

The friend had set off immediately to find another coach; but owing to the icy state of the streets the stable-keepers near by one and all refused the drive. The friend returned to the chaplain, quite at ease in the cab, and implored him to go on with him on foot to the burial-ground—the distance not being greater than to his own door. The British chaplain, however, was shocked by the demand: he "never walked;" all the urgency of the friend was unavailing. The chaplain, however, did not scruple to demand and to pocket a fee of a guinea—"his usual fee on such occasions."

He generously proposed, moreover, if the weather was fine, and nothing prevented, to say prayers at the house of the parents on the next day.

The next day, indeed, he sent his servant with his card, with the announcement that a wedding was coming off, which would forbid his attendance; but he should have no objection to make an arrangement for some future day.

The guinea disturbed the chaplain's conscience.

And all this while the poor child's body, with the hearty prayer of the neighbor's boy sanctifying its grave, was resting calmly where they laid it, in a corner of the great field of Montmartre.

The name of this precious chaplain of the British Embassy—who never fails an invitation to a dinner or a wedding—is given as the "Rev. Dr. Hale."

Like the staff in the British army, the staff among the British clergy, as a general thing, know better how to adorn a dinner, than to do their duty.

FROM one crime to another the transition is easy. The scene is still in Paris. The name of the criminal is, or was, Arsène Rémoud Lescure. He was twenty-seven years old, and was tried in November last, before the criminal court of the Seine, for his participation in at least three murders, and frequent robberies. A girl of the name of Montagu, his mistress, was tried with him as an accomplice, but—whether winning by her tears upon the sympathies of the jury, or by her weakness upon their mercy—she was acquitted.

Lescure was born in Paris, and was bound out at an early age to learn the trade of a tailor. He succeeded very well at this, and bore the reputation of a good workman, when, one day, the conscription for the army changed his lot, and made him a soldier. He showed spirit and energy, and speedily rose from the ranks to the place of sergeant. At Nancy, where he was quartered some time after, he was guilty of some act of brutal violence toward one of his men, which occasioned him the loss of his grade. He was constantly in difficulties with his officers from this time forth until his dismissal from the army in the year 1852. Returning to Paris, he brought with him the girl Montagu, and led a disorderly life; sometimes working at his former trade, but oftener hanging about the low ball-rooms and drinking-places on the outskirts of Paris, and associating very intimately with a certain Gousset, a *concierge* of the Rue Neuve des

Petite Champs, who bore a *strong personal resemblance* to Lescure.

It was observed by the lodgers in the house, that these two men often entered late at night, bringing with them large packages, which disappeared as mysteriously as they had come. At times Gousset passed the night away from home altogether; on which occasions he told his wife, who acted as porter in his absence, that he "went fishing" with Lescure, and being belated staid with him over night.

In March, 1854, there was found upon a waste plain in the neighborhood of Paris, the body of a man who had been strangled by a cord passed several times tightly around his neck, and abandoned at a little distance from the high road. Upon investigation, it was found that the man was named Bonhomme, and that he had been in possession of certain jewels and moneys at the time of his death, of all which he had been rifled.

Certain circumstances appeared to direct suspicions against the *concierge* Gousset; his rooms were searched, and an inquiry set on foot, but none of the missing jewels were found, nor any evidence sufficient to warrant his being brought to trial.

Not a very long time after, an industrious carpenter, Chauvin by name, who worked in the environs of Paris, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared upon the day following the one on which he usually received his week's salary. It was known that he had attended a ball at a barrier of Paris on the night before his disappearance; that he danced with a girl named Montagu; that the same night he had been seen walking in her company; but the most active investigation could not discover any trace of the missing man; nor did a most searching inquiry to which the girl was subjected bring forward any incriminating evidence against her. She admitted having been in his company; she described circumstantially the place and time of their meeting and of their parting; none of his money or effects could be found upon her; it was not even positively known that he was dead.

Hardly had the rumor of this sudden disappearance ceased to be talked of, among those who had known Chauvin, when a telegraphic message was sent up from Sens to the prefect of Paris, informing him that a fearful murder had just been committed in the outskirts of that city, and that suspicion rested upon two unknown persons who, it was supposed, had gone up by a night train to Paris.

The victims at Sens were an old man and his wife, who kept together a little ale-house and billiard-room, frequented by laborers and cartmen. Upon a certain Sunday morning it was observed that the shutters of their shop remained closed. A neighbor, who had knocked vainly at their door, prying in through a hole in the shutters, was shocked to see the old man who kept the shop lying lifeless upon the floor of the billiard-room. The alarm was at once given, and, on forcing an entrance, it was found that both the old man and his wife had been foully murdered, and all the money and valuables of the establishment carried off.

Gousset, the *concierge* already spoken of, was a relative of the murdered man at Sens. It was found, besides, that he had been upon a visit to that city at the date of the crime, but was there

no longer. It was conjectured that he was one of two unknown men who had taken passage in a night train, at a station four miles away from Sens, for Paris. Through their disguise, or by neglect of the officials, these men had not been identified on their arrival.

Upon application at the house of Gousset, it was learned that nothing had been heard of his whereabouts. A close watch being kept up, however, a message from him was intercepted a few days after, informing his wife that he had arrived and was staying at a certain house in the suburbs. The police presented themselves at the place designated, and found that Gousset had left. A bundle of half-made clothing, for which he had engaged to call again, was all that gave a clue to him.

Not many days after report came to the police that two suspicious men had taken lodgings in a house upon Montmartre. A bevy of officers approached the place just as one of the suspected persons was leaving; a violent struggle, on his part, to escape seemed to confirm suspicions, and he was arrested. Ascending to the chamber which the men had occupied, an officer found the door closed; and, as he forced it open, he heard the report of a pistol, and found the other lodger quite dead. The body was speedily recognized as that of Gousset, who had anticipated justice by committing suicide.

The arrested man was Lescuré. He was arraigned for trial, as we have said, in November last, in company with his mistress, the girl Montagu.

From the revelations made by the last, upon this trial, the actual murder of Chauvin the carpenter was made certain, and his body discovered in a deserted quarry-pit near to Paris, with a cord about his neck, seeming to show that he was the victim of the same murderers who made way with Bonhomme. Her testimony, moreover, implicated Lescuré in the crime; and she avowed that it was only her fear of his brutality which had forbidden her before from bearing the same evidence.

Lescuré persisted in asserting his innocence; and he charged all the alleged crimes upon Gousset, who had committed suicide. Notwithstanding the direct testimony of various witnesses, he solemnly swore that he had never visited Sens, and that the witnesses had been deceived by the strong resemblance existing between Gousset and himself.

Before the Court, when asked at the close of the trial if he had any thing to add to the defense made out by his advocate, he replied that he had nothing.

Thereupon the judge condemned him to death.

Lescuré grew pale, and passing his hand in a disturbed manner over his forehead, passed out of the Court chamber to the prison of Roquette.

An appeal was made, at his instance, against the finding of the Court, but was rejected.

After this he grew sullen and moody in his cell, and attempted to starve himself; but upon the representations of the parish priest, or from the pains of hunger, he broke over his resolution, and, with renewing strength, seemed to gain a hope of ultimate pardon, or at least of some commutation of his sentence. He avowed a great horror of dying on the scaffold. He even professed sincere repentance for such crimes as he might have committed; and made some revelations with respect to accomplices in his various robberies, which were the occasion of further arrests.

Finally, on the 31st of January, 1855, at seven o'clock of a cold, snowy morning, the Abbé who officiated at the prison chapel announced to him that his last hour was come. The guillotine had been erected at midnight on the high road before the prison gates.

Lescuré exclaimed "My God!" and gave way for a moment to utter prostration. Recovering, however, he swore frightfully against society, his accusers, and the Court which had condemned him.

Being partially calmed by the Abbé, he followed him to the prison chapel, and went through the last religious ceremonies with an air of penitence.

He passed from here into the area of the prison, where the executioner arranged his toilet, by removing his coat and vest, rolling his collar low down upon his neck, and binding his hands tightly behind him by a leathern thong. He asked permission to say a word to those about him, who were mostly men of the police, or employes of the prison.

He protested again solemnly his innocence, and assured them that his accusers had been misled by his resemblance to the dead man Gousset. He even looked about appealingly, as if even at this late hour he had hope of pardon.

It was now within three minutes of eight, the time fixed for his execution. He walked with firmness out of the prison gates, and kissing the crucifix which the Abbé extended before him, ascended the steps of the scaffolding which supported the instrument of death.

A corps of two hundred soldiers of various arms were drawn up at a little distance around the guillotine, and behind them a motley crowd of perhaps a thousand spectators. In a moment he was thrown down in proper position, and his head almost in place, when, to the astonishment of the throng, he gave a sudden side-spring, raised his brawny shoulders, seized the hand of the executioner in his teeth—lacerating it severely—and for a few seconds in which the fearful struggle lasted, seemed to defy the efforts of the attendants. But other officials having come to the aid of the executioner, the poor wretch was thrust under the fatal knife, and with a crash it fell—putting an end to all his fears and his crimes at a blow.

At the risk of giving a very sombre tinge to the pages of this month, we must attach to this sad story of crime another almost as dark in its coloring, about a favorite paragraphist of Paris, Gerard de Nerval, who on one of the bitter mornings which closed the Paris January, was found hanging by the neck to a window-grating, in one of the most obscure streets of the city, quite cold and dead.

Did he himself choose so strange a place and time to finish his *feuilleton* career (giving thus a rich subject for Guinot and Gautier, and the rest), or was he the victim of a crime?

Even now the question is not wholly determined. There was, indeed, nothing about the man to tempt assassination for robbery's sake; and his irregularities of life (with which his life was full) were of too gross a level to expose him to the vengeance of any rival. But, on the contrary, it was observed that the body, swinging as it did upon the outer wall of a crazy old hotel, was dressed as usual, even to the hat! Could a man commit suicide with his hat on? The question has been mooted by the journalists, not so much in its rela-

tions to etiquette (as the reader might suppose) as to mechanical laws. We can not learn that any definite decision has been arrived at.

But who was Nerval? We will tell all we know. He was a man of forty and odd years, born in Paris, under the name of Labrunie. His father was an army surgeon, who wished nothing more than that his son should accomplish himself in hospital practice, and in deft management of the scalpel. But the son, Gerard Labrunie, loved poetry more than his father's physic, and so came to make stolen visits in the corners of journals, under the name of Gerard de Nerval. His grace of expression, and his dainty fancies, soon made his papers remarked, and he received a rare and welcome aid in the voluntary praise of Goethe, whose Faust had been rendered into French by the son of the surgeon.

All this while he was scarce eighteen, and enrolled in the classes of the Collège Charlemagne. His vacations were spent in this time at the home of an uncle, who lived in the little village of Ermonville; here Gerard lent himself to the village frolics with the warmth of young blood and the dreams of a poet. He danced with the village girls; he made madrigals, in which some bare-ankled Sylvie became a nymph; and he astounded the village curé by the richness and the wantonness of his muse.

Once when they danced in the season of the vintage, Gerard coquetting with his Sylvie, there appeared upon the lawn a strange girl, with light complexion and hair, whom they called Adrienne, and with whom Gerard, as the special ornament of the fête, danced again and again, feeling his blood run high when the flaxen ringlets of the fair Adrienne touched his cheek, and listening to her voice when she sang an old song of melancholy and of love in the dusk of the evening, with an earnestness which, they say, never wholly left him till it ended on the window-grating, where he hung in January.

The girl Adrienne, true to a good romance, was of a noble family, and had come for the day only from a neighboring chateau, to have her last familiar look at the world; for within a month, the story ran, she was to enter a convent, and her flaxen ringlets were to give place to the cap of a novice.

Gerard de Nerval brooded over the memory of that dance upon the lawn—of the golden curls which waked wild dreams in him—of the low voice, plaintive and soft—of the moon rising over the towers of Ermonville—of the rustle of the night-air in the elm-trees—of the dew gathering into crystal drops upon the grass!

But the chateau gates closed upon the figure of Adrienne, and on his next visit she was nowhere to be seen, except by her sister novices.

Meantime Nerval grew mystic over Faust, and very dreary, with his memory of Adrienne. The passing years found him a regular *collaborateur* in the journals of Paris. The death of parents brought him a little fortune, which he soon squandered in the purchase of rare and ancient bits of furniture, such as a carved bedstead, which at one time had served the queen of France, or a jeweled watch of some old date, whose only value lay in its history. He stored these quaint purchases in various garrets of the town, which he rented for the purpose, sometimes passing the night in one, and sometimes in another; but oftener wandering

widely from house and from home, he lingered for days together in the worst haunts of the city.

Always, as his friends say, there seemed to float tenderly over him the memory of the figure of Adrienne; and with all his waywardness was blended a refined sensibility, which made friends cling to him even amidst his vice.

One day—it was now many years after he had passed his autumn vacations at Ermonville—he was startled by the sight of Adrienne (or so it seemed to him) upon the stage of a metropolitan theatre.

Could it be so? He went to Ermonville to inquire among those who knew her; but he gained little satisfaction. Her religious life had, indeed, taken a bad turn; she was no longer a nun. She had, doubtless, broken away from the cruel restraints around her, and meeting no sympathy among her natural protectors, had thrown herself wantonly upon the world.

Even now, flaring as he was with the old fire re-lit, Gerard de Nerval did not suddenly venture to approach the lost and found Adrienne. He would write a play for her; he would be present at the rehearsals; he would be thrown near her; he would be happy; the matter would arrange itself; there would be no demand upon his sensitive nature; he would escape the effort of boldness.

So he wrote the play, with Alexandre Dumas to aid him, and he saw Adrienne; but his castle toppled down to the ground. She had learned *fieri*; he was timid and sensitive as a boy. He was really farther from any approaches when in her presence than when dreaming of her in his garret.

She had a hundred admirers—the least of them bolder than poor Gerard. He lamented his weakness, and he nursed it. He strolled by night around the house where she slept; he drank deeply, and wrote drunken madrigals about her, which pained him when he was sobered. His little fortune wasted by degrees, and with it his confidence grew ever less.

Finally, with only a bit of ribbon, which he had worn, to tie up his bruised heart withal, he started away from France. He traveled through Germany and Switzerland, sometimes without a penny in his pocket, and living upon charity; sometimes finding friends who got him employment, to which he would remain very steadfast for ten days together; then, before they could know any thing of him, he was gone.

In this way he went through Italy and Turkey, writing back letters which had great beauty, and which were published in the reviews of Paris. In some of these he details the strange adventures which befell him in company with a Moslem slave which he had purchased in the market of Cairo; in others he describes, with wonderful force and accuracy, the luxurious modes of the Eastern life, and his periods seem heated with an Oriental blaze.

Yet before he had gone from France, and on his return, his more intimate friends had seen traces in him of the intellectual breaking-up, to which Faust and Adrienne had contributed each their share, and which, at the last, very probably occasioned his singular death.

At one time he whispered in confidence that he was the natural son of the first Napoleon; at another he told, as a great secret, the story of his being elected Sultan of the East. Yet all this while

he was making up material for the reviews, which compared well with that of the keenest Paris paragrphists, and which only brought him less of wealth or of renown from a certain over-refinement of style and of thought, which buoyed him always above the tamer level, where the popular *feuilletonistes* made their gains.

Adrienne died while he journeyed in the East, but the ribbon she had worn he cherished still; and there were those among his friends who thought always that from the first sight of her, and the bruised hopes that came in the train of that gay twilight dance, his mad melancholy began.

It was, at any rate, a queer French life he lived; having no home at all—now sleeping in a garret, upon the floor, for fear of doing dishonor to some quaint couch which had borne, in its day, a worthier man or woman—now stopping with a friend—again buying a loathsome bed, at the cost of five sous for the night; and, in summer weather, lying at times under the open sky, upon a shock of grain, in the fields that skirt Paris.

When the officers of the police cut him down, they found in his pocket a fragment of an unfinished paper publishing in the *Revue de Paris*, called "Dream and Earnest." They say, moreover, that the cord by which he was suspended was the faded ribbon which Adrienne once wore.

This looks as if it had been suicide.

The poor fellow's body was taken to the Dead House, and for three days lay exposed there, to whosoever might choose to look on the "talented author." Fancy reading one of his graceful stories, and going there with the memory of his pleasing fancies dancing on the brain, to look at the wretched hulk which held them and which bred them!

His friends—only literary friends, however, for long ago he seems to have been deserted by all others—gained a dispensation, in virtue of which he might be buried in consecrated ground; and his body, with Dumas, Gauthier, Méry, Arsène Houssais, and others following after it, was carried to Notre Dame, where it rested a little time (longer, we dare say, than in many years before), and thence was borne on, over the icy pavements, by a long road (past the very scene where Lescaure suffered a few days before), to Père la Chaise. There the Literary Fund people had purchased a spot of ground for him to lie upon—the only home he ever knew; and when he quits it we shall all see him.

In contrast with the dismal things we have put down (for which the journals are in fault, and not we), and the still more dismal actualities which make a cloudy veil for the Crimes, we read stories of strange gayety in Paris palaces and streets. The Imperial receptions have drawn their throng of carriages to the gates of the Tuilleries, and their throng of worshippers and wonderers around the Imperial throne of the anxious Napoleon. But whatever may be the throng, that perfect system and organization which seems to run through every representation of French life, whether in camp or in salon, does not admit of confusion or of disorder. Every guest has his or her appointed place, and every nationality has its appointed chamber of assemblage; every carriage has its direction given by a guard stationed, maybe, a half mile from the palace; and whatever may be the delay, the guest may rest always assured that it arises from the throng, and from no want of foresight or of management.

A gossipy girl, redolent of her first winter in Paris (we hope she may be as happy always!), writes thus of the receptions:

"Such a world of people! And the toilets were magnificent; not so showy, but *recherché*; the French do dress well. It was a morning reception, you know, and the Empress wore a charming light silk hat, with the prettiest flowers (but I can't tell what kind) in the world; she wore a light watered silk, of a charming shade, with a single sounce, reaching almost from the basque down; I think she wore a rich lace mantilla. Her form is very graceful, saving the shoulders, which—let the prints say what they will—are certainly round, as round as M——'s. She is not so pretty either as the pictures, looking very thin and ill, and careworn (I wonder if he treats her well?). Yet there is a something about her eye (and you get that in the best pictures) which is very gazelle-like. It has a pleading, tending, look-through-you look, that I should have thought might have carried off the heart of the Emperor.

"Such a face as he has! He looks like an elephant; and yet one can't help admiring him, he keeps such good order here in Paris, and things go on so nicely, what with the soldiers, and music, and palace-building; the workmen are so content, never making a row, and things *managing* themselves, as it seems. Oh, I think Napoleon is a great man, whatever you may say!

"But he *hasn't* a good nose; and his color is like a bit of yellow sheep-skin; and his eye, so gray and heavy, with not a sparkle of any sort in it, whether of pleasure or vexation. They told me it is always so—never pleased and never vexed. What a man to live with, to be sure!

"They say Eugenie loves him: *Dieu le sait!*

"To come back to the reception, it was very funny to see how frightened some people were! And so afraid, too, when they were fairly there, lest their dress was not quite right—looking at each other so curiously as they did, as much as to say—Pray, madame, is that the fashion?

"Of course, rich velvet and lace mantillas were the properest things a body could wear. Mine you know of last winter—well, it has gone to the palace now; but I put upon it first three yards of black lace, half a yard deep, so you would hardly have known the 'old customer.'

"The Empress speaks English very well, you know (isn't she Scotch partly?) and said a word or two, I think, to almost every one. It is funny to see some of our New York beaux (not very *marital*, you know) wearing a sword and cocked hat—as they are compelled to do at these receptions. Such a figure as little Willy — cut! I would give any thing to have D—— see him and put him in one of his queer sketches!

"Then there was old Doctor — (isn't he a clergyman, or what?). Well, he was there, in a blue velvet cut-away, with a little sword dangling at his belt, and a yellow vest, making his scrubby little face look droll enough!

"T—— was in full velvet dress, with collar and sleeves of Honiton, and looked admirably. You know her figure?—they say the Emperor even was waked into looking after her. It is to be hoped she didn't open her lips!

"I was at the ball, too, at the Hôtel de Ville—the most brilliant thing you can imagine. I will tell you all about it in my next."

If her future paragraphs are as *scintillatingly* uttered

as these, we shall certainly lay them before our readers.

EVEN as we write, some one whispers in our ear a story of a great book-exhibition which that inveterate patron of literary exchanges and international "hyphen," M. Vattemare, is arranging for the coming world's show in Paris; and all in the interest of America. It appears that these seven or eight years he has had at heart the establishment of an American library in the city of Paris; that so, in the centre of Europe and of Old-World learning, the servants, of whatever name, nation, or degree, might have in their eye an exposé of the intellectual growth and riches of our great Republic.

The idea was certainly a grand one, and worthier of happier auguries than have thus far attended it. But, at length, one grand object—the appropriation of a proper and elegant hall to the object, in the Hôtel de Ville—has been gained. An accumulation of books, too, numbering some ten thousand, in every branch of inquiry, are now in M. Vattemare's hands, waiting installment.

With the American feeling strong in him, M. Vattemare wants to make this show such an one as Americans may look on boastfully, and such as may retrieve our name and credit in the eyes of those over-ocean people who have rated us simply as the killers of Mexicana, the growers of great wheat-crops, and the blowers-up of huge steam-boats!

M. Vattemare proposes that this library installment shall take place at some day near to the opening of the Crystal Palace, with such simple ceremony of commemoration as shall mark the date of the new establishment and call the attention of the reading world. Is it not a matter which comes near to the pride of every thinking Republican of us all? and is it not worth a little effort, to the end that we may wear such face on the shelves of the Hôtel de Ville, as shall gain us the respect of those who read and of those who think?

For ourselves, when we write a book (if we ever do), we will present it, through M. Vattemare, to the city of Paris! Then, what a charm in regaling ourselves (if in future years we travel) with the sight of our offspring, calf-bound and gold-lettered, three thousand miles from home, in the very eye of the great capital of the European world!

We may further hope that such a library may set the French literary chiffonniers right in many points, in regard to which they are now certainly laboring under violent prejudices. We may hope, without exaggeration, to see them recognize the fact that Daniel Webster did not write a Universal Dictionary—that Alabama planters do not feed terrapins with young negroes—that "Capt. Mayne Read" is not the daughter of Fennimore Cooper—that the "Reverend Beecher" is not Under-Secretary of State, and that "Miss Queechy" is positively not the sister-in-law of Miss Wetherell, or the "Lamp-lighter" a shrewd hit at the "foolish virgins!"

Editor's Drawer.

APRIL, "the month of showers, the month of flowers; the month that cheers, the month of tears," is here, and while the young, and some of the old, are making themselves merry at the expense of each other, let us look up the origin of

that custom; "more honored in the breach than the observance," of making the First of April ALL-FOOLS' DAY!

In a sketch of the religion of the Hindoos, Mr. Maurice tells us that "the First of April was accidentally observed in Britain as a high and general festival, in which an unbounded hilarity reigned through every order of its inhabitants; for the sun, at that period of the year, entering into the sign Aries, the New Year, and with it the season of rural sports and vernal delight, was then supposed to have commenced." The proof of the great antiquity of the custom of celebrating this day is abundant, and Colonel Pearce, in his Asiatic researches, proves it to have an immemorial practice among the Hindoos. Mr. Maurice shows that the boundless hilarity and jocund sports prevalent on the first day of April in England, and during the Huli Festival in India, have their origin in the ancient practice of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the New Year of Persia anciently began. We have a poem which was published in an English newspaper forty-five years ago, entitled

"THE ORIGIN OF ALL-FOOLS' DAY,
Which happened in the Isle of Chiekoeh, on the 7th
of the moon Ne-ada, which, in the European Calendar,
makes the first of April."

It begins:

"Ye sportive nymphs who on Parnassus play,
Though old as ages, young and ever gay!"

And after the invocation, the poet tells a tale of an Eastern prince who was magically changed into a lake; and there arose a custom, on the part of parents and husbands, of sending their children or their wives to this lake to see the prince, and they always returned having been sent on a fool's errand:

"The daughter goes, no soothing power appears,
And soon returns, dissolved in doubtful tears."

This story got abroad and reached Japan, and traveled into the "islands of the Western world,"

"And thus the legend of two thousand years,
The cause of April All-Fools' Day appears."

So the custom of "making fools" is derived from the East, and in England was all but universal fifty years ago. All ranks and classes, ages and conditions, entered into it with a zest becoming a better cause. Some of the tricks were very silly, such as sending children for dove's milk, or servants to the apothecary's for a grain of common sense. Sometimes every undertaker in town has received an order to send a coffin to the same house, where the family have been first alarmed, and then tormented all day by their arrival. Invitations have brought a hundred guests together to a feast where not one was expected, and many a lover has received the letter he or she had long been looking for; but, alas, it has proved to be an April fool!

But all these are foolish jests compared with the trick which was played about thirty years ago upon the credulous London public. A Frenchman had heard much of their fondness for new things, and the greediness with which they run after every wonder that came along. He determined to put it to a practical test, and at the same time to have the amusement of seeing the result of the experiment. He caused to be inserted an advertisement in the newspapers, setting forth a newly invented mode of taking portraits, which he said was to be done by placing the subject before a mirror, and then, by a

process known only to the advertiser, he would make the portrait permanent upon the mirror. All who desired to see the operation were invited to call the next day at twelve o'clock, at No. 25 in the Strand. This number was a barber's shop opposite the windows of his lodgings, where he sat the next day and laughed at the crowds who flocked in carriages and on foot, to the dismay of the barber, who was amazed at the rush into his humble apartments, and who could make no other explanation of the advertisement than the intimation of its being the First Day of April! But the most wonderful part of the story remains to be told. What this roguish Frenchman announced as a joke, was in a few years reduced into an actuality, and all the splendid promise of the humbug was performed by the most beautiful invention of the age, which has given immortality to the name of Daguerre. In this art of sun-painting, the subject is placed before a mirror, and the image is fastened there: the very thing which was selected as the richest joke of the day.

We are happy to say that the custom is fast disappearing from America, and we presume it is less common now than formerly in England. April is no fool of a month.

"To see thee smile all hearts rejoice,
And warm with feelings strong;
With thee all nature finds a voice,
And burns a waking song.
The lover views thy welcome hours,
And thinks of summer come,
And takes the maid thy early flowers,
To tempt her steps from home."

DR. FRANKLIN, we know, was somewhat of a wag as well as a philosopher. We have before us a letter of his, written from Paris, in 1779, when he was seventy-three years old, to his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache, whom he calls his dear Sally, in which he speaks of himself in this humorous strain:

"The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others have been made since of different sizes; some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings; and the numbers sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints (of which copies upon copies are spread every where), have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon; so that he durst not do any thing that would oblige him to run away, as his phiz would discover him wherever he should venture to show it. It is said by learned etymologists that the name *doll*, for the images children play with, is derived from the word *tool*. From the number of *dolls* now made of him, he may be truly said, in that sense, to be *i-doll-tized* in this country."

The old philosopher had a vein of sarcasm as well as humor about him; witness the following question and answer:

"*Question.* I am about courting a girl I have had but little acquaintance with—how shall I come to a knowledge of her faults, and whether she has the virtues I imagine she has?

"*Answer.* Commend her among her female acquaintance."

His daughter had written to him to send her from Paris some lace and feathers, which extravagance, on her part, he says "disgraced me as much as if you had put salt into my strawberries."

And he adds: "As you say you should 'have great pride in wearing any thing I send, and showing it as your father's taste,' I must avoid giving you an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail."

Writing to Mrs. Catherine Greene, he begins: "My dear old friend: don't be offended at the word *old*. I don't mean to call you an old woman; it relates only to the age of our friendship." And then he goes on to tell her that he hopes the war is nearly over; "for though the wickedness of the English court and its malice against us are as great as ever, its horns are shortened, its strength diminishes daily, and we have formed an alliance here (in France), and shall form others that will help to keep the bull quiet and make him orderly."

While he was one of the American Commissioners in Paris, and the war still going on in this country, he received a secret proposal to make peace. The offer he believed to come from the British ministry, and it proposed to give offices or pensions for life to "Franklin, Washington, Adams, Hancock," etc., and to make these persons or their descendants "peers of the realm," if American peers should ever be created. Franklin replies to this infamous overture in terms of warm and honest indignation; but can not close without his own pleasantry. "You will give us *pensions*, probably to be paid out of your expected American revenue, and which none of us can accept without deserving, and perhaps obtaining, a *sub-pension*. *PEERAGES!* Alas! Sir, our long observation of the vast servile majority of your peers, voting constantly for every measure proposed by a minister, however weak or wicked, leaves us small respect for that title. We consider it a sort of *tar-and-feather* honor; or a mixture of foulness and folly, which every man among us, who should accept it from your king, would be obliged to renounce or exchange for that conferred by the mobs of their own country, or wear it with everlasting infamy."

DR. COX, lately of Brooklyn, has a mind of extraordinary make, and the brilliancy of his corruptions is unsurpassed by those of any man living. He baffles all attempts at reporting; and the best things he has ever said fall to the ground for the want of a painter capable of catching a sunbeam or a streak of lightning. His written performances bear no comparison to his oral. With an inventive word-faculty exceeding Carlyle's, and a far happier arrangement, with a slight impediment in his speech that always gives piquancy to what he is saying, he never fails, when speaking *extempore*, to keep the attention of his audience, either in the social circle or the crowded hall. He is as well aware as any other man of his peculiarities, and is quite as willing to speak of them. When it was told him one day that the Rev. Caleb Colton had said that Dr. Cox would be a very great man, if it were not for his *Coxisms*, the Doctor replied, "Very likely; if it were not for my Coxisms, I should be the Rev. Caleb Colton!"

We remember hearing him in a speech on the Church of Rome. He had inveighed with great power against the Pope, and suddenly checking himself, he said, "But I am sure I wish him well; I wish him *b-b-better!*"

When Dr. Cox was preaching over a great ecclesi-

astical meeting, one of the rural clergy was speaking in terms of contempt of Doctors of Divinity. Dr. Cox called him to order, saying, "The brother should not speak disrespectfully of Doctors of Divinity, he does not know to what he may come himself!"

One of the Doctor's peculiarities is a habit of using a free sprinkling of Latin in his public discourses and prayers, of which a thousand specimens could be given; but we recall nothing more characteristic than his invocation—"O Lord, thou art the *se plus ultra* of our thoughts, the *sine qua non* of our blessings, and the *ultima thule* of our desires." To turn these expressions into equally epigrammatic English would be impossible, however pedantic the Latinity of the prayer may appear.

JONES, the chorister in one of our Eastern churches, is very fond of getting up new music, and tinkering the hymns to suit the tunes. He thinks that words are nothing, the notes are every thing. He gave a grand concert about the holidays, professedly for the benefit of the poor, really to the honor and glory of Chorister Jones. On one of the anthems he had laid himself out, and wishing to make it a permanent piece of music for Sunday morning, he adapted to it the words of one of Watts's Psalms:

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize me here.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!"

Taking the music and the words to the minister, he said that he wished to alter the last two lines for the sake of more elegant expression, so as to read:

"Oh, may my heart be tuned within,
Like David's sacred violin!"

The minister has a streak of humor in him, and not wishing to offend the conceited music-man, expressed his approbation of the new version, and then added that he would venture to suggest yet another change, so that the verse will read:

"Oh, may my heart go diddle diddle,
Like unto David's sacred fiddle!"

Mr. Jones accepted the amendment, but dropped the anthem altogether.

This psalm-tinkering has been carried to such a frightful extent, that now it is as hard to tell the true reading of one of Watts's or Wesley's Hymns as of a play of Shakspeare. And the worst of it is, that the best hymns are tinkered the most, their beauties ruined, and the wretched ones, unfit to be put into any Christian book, are preserved with pious care, as if it were sacrilege to do them the justice of capital punishment. Thus, in the *Village Hymns* we have a composition of which the following is a fair sample:

"Oh, how the resurrection light
Will clarify believers' sight;
How joyful will the saluta arise,
And rub the dust from off their eyes!"

The book goes through hundreds of editions, and such stuff is treasured as if it were a gem. We commend it to Jones and his minister.

To watch the operations of our own minds is what very few of the multitude pause to do. Coleridge says, "If you are not a thinking man, to what purpose are you a man at all?" "Of all animals," said the same philosopher, "man alone was endued by the Creator with self-consciousness." A wide-awake man is not always the most conver-

sant with what is going on in his own mind, and a man asleep is sometimes keeping up a wonderful thinking. Locke says, "When we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, while we sleep; and from the moment wherein we leave off to think till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance. And so, no doubt, it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind without variation and the succession of others."

But now that we are among the philosophers, read what Malebranche says: "It is possible that some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years, or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute as an hour, a week a month, or a whole age."

And Todd adds, that "if Locke's theory be correct, it follows that time will seem long or short, just in proportion as our thoughts are quick or slow. Hence he who dies in the very morning of life not unfrequently lives longer than another who falls at three score and ten. Hence, too, the prediction of the prophet may be literally true, 'The child shall die an hundred years old.'"

Even the Orientals imagine that time in paradise flies swiftly, and Todd cites the illustration of Ad-dleon "In the Koran it is said that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed out of his bed one morning, to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of, and, after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Koran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mohammed on his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel carried him away, before the water was all spilt!"

And that is a very beautiful thought of Tom Moore:

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each into endless years,
One minute of heaven exceeds them all."

So Emerson says: "The spirit sports with time—

'Can crowd eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour out to eternity.'

We are often made to feel that there is another youth and age than that which is measured from the year of our natural birth. Some thoughts always find us young, and keep us so."

A WESTERN correspondent writes to the "Drawer" of a sad blunder, showing that the best signs fail sometimes. He says that old Mr. Spoon kept a cake and beer shop in the village, and made a fortune in the business, leaving his money and the stand to his only son, who has long been flourishing on his father's profits, and turning up his nose at the baking business as altogether beneath a sprig of his quality. As soon as the old man was fairly under the sod, the rising son fitted up the shop on the corner, put in a show-window, through which a heap of bills and shining gold was seen, and over the door he spread a sign in handsome gilt letters, BANKING HOUSE. He was now in a new line adapted to his taste and genius.

One day as he was lolling over the counter, a stranger drove his horses close to the door, and called out to the new broker:

"I say, Mister, got any crackers?"

Spoon (very red and indignant): "None at all. You've mistaken the place."

"Any cakes, pies, and things?"

"No, *Sir*" (accompanied by a look intimated as an extinguisher).

Stronger (in turn growing red): "Then what on sirth makes you have BAKIN' HOUSE writ in sich big letters over your door for? Tell me that!"

The difference between baking and bombing was not so great as young Spoon supposed.

"It's awful hot," said the client, as he stepped into his lawyer's office. "What do you keep it so all-fired hot for?"

"Because I bake all my bread here," replied the lawyer.

Another from the same region of country sends us the following, which is not bad:

"The 'Sons' of Temperance had a grand turn out. In their beautiful regalia they made a fine show, marched through the village and into the church. It was a cold day, and while the exercises in the house were in progress, a smart rain set in, which froze as it fell, covering the steps of the church with a sleet more slippery than glass. A crowd of boys stood on the outside to see the procession come forth with music and banners. The men in front, with some caution, managed to get down safely, with only a slip here and there, till at length a very short "son," with very short legs and long regalia, a doughty round figure and one of those unfortunate red faces which the most temperate of men do sometimes wear, stepped forth bravely, and apparently strong in the faith that his feet would never slip, now that he was in the path of the faithful. On the top step his feet shot out ahead, and he came bumping down step by step to the bottom, to the infinite amusement of the boys, one of whom cried out, "I say, Jim, I guess that fellow's just jined."

To which Jim replied: "I call him the setting son."

Not bad, was it, for two boys out West!

"THE death of an old man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its care and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered—as if one wing of an eagle was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which might have smoothed his passage to the grave."

OUR landlords are getting mighty particular about their tenants, as well as their rents. If a body has half-a-dozen children, and of course more need of a house than if he had none at all, he is very coolly told that he can not have the premises.

"Have you children, madam?" inquired one of these sharpeners, of a lady in modest black who was looking at one of his houses just finished and in perfect order.

"Yes," said the gentle mother, "I have seven, Sir, but they are all in the church-yard." A sigh and the dew of a tear gave impressiveness to the

painful remark, and without further parley the bargain was closed. Her little flock were waiting for her in the church-yard around the corner, and were delighted to hear that she had found a snug house so speedily. The landlord says he shall never trust a woman in black after this.

JOE DOVETAIL had a wife, a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North River steambost, who ventured to object to some of her arrangements for travel, when she shut him up suddenly by telling him in the hearing of a dozen passengers, "Why, what is it to you? If I had known you were going to set so, I wouldn't have brought you along." But Joe and Mrs. Joe Dovetail never traveled. They were always at home, though Joe was rarely seen there or elsewhere. She had long trained him to the habit of retiring under the bed when company called, and so familiar had he become with that retreat, it was a question whether, in default of personal service, a warning to a militia training would hold him, unless left under that bed, as being his "last usual place of abode." During the stay of Mrs. Joe's friends, he occasionally thrust out his head, like a turtle, but one glance of the loving eye of his spouse would send him under with cold shivers running up his back. One day, as she was bob-nobbing over the fire with a friend and a social glass, Joe thrust out his figure-head, and defied the shakes and frowns of his wife, till growing vallant and desperate, he sung out—"My dear, you may shake your head just as much as you please, but, I tell you, as long as I've got the *spirit of a man*, I will peek."

"I CALLED at Doctor Phyzic's office one day," writes a Philadelphia friend, "and found one of the most noted of our sexton-undertakers lying on a settee, waiting for the return of the doctor. The easy familiarity of his position, and the perfect at-homeastiveness indicated, led me to say:

"Why, Mr. Plume, have you gone into partnership with the Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied, as he raised himself up; "we've been together some time—I always carry the Doctor's work home when it is done."

"I ADVISE tapping," said the Doctor, after having exhausted all the powers of his healing art on the case. The father of a family, a hard drinker, was bloated with the dropy to the size of a barrel. He had drunk nothing but whiskey for years, but the doctor said he was full of water nevertheless, and advised him to be tapped. The old man consented, but one of the boys, more filial than the rest, blubbered badly, and protested loudly against it.

"But why don't you want father to be tapped?"

"Cause nothing that's tapped in this house ever lasted more than three weeks."

The same doctor had another patient of the same sort, and when he found him near his end, he sought to break the news to his wife in a gentle way, by telling her that her husband would probably soon be in the *world of spirits*.

"And won't he be glad when he gets there?" she said, "for sure he never could get enough here."

Is there a better specimen of *pooning* than is found in the last two lines of Hood's "Faithless

Sally Brown?" Indeed the whole stanza is perfect. Ben was a sailor:

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty odd befall;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell."

A GENTLEMAN stepping on board the boat at the Brooklyn Ferry, a short time ago, stumbled against the pail which, as usual, a woman was using in cleaning the floor when the people were flocking into the cabins. A by-stander remarked,

"He has kicked the bucket."

"Oh, no," said another, "he has only turned a little pail."

That is better than the noted one of Charley Lamb, who, on being pointed—or rather having his attention turned—to a church spire in which several gentlemen were said to have dined, remarked that they must have been sharp set.

Most of the conundrums are plays upon words, and some say the worse they are, the better. We never understood why. Here are two or three as good as new:

When two men are running a race, which one has no legs?—The one whose legs are a head.

What slight difference is there between a duck with one wing and a duck with two?—Only the difference of *opinion*.

The Scotch parson was betrayed into more puns than he meant to make. When he prayed for the Council and the Parliament, that they might hang together in those trying times, a countryman standing by cried out,

"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; it's the prayer of all good people."

"But, my friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does; but I pray that they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," the inveterate fellow sung out again, "so it's only a strong one."

In the old town of Windsor, in Connecticut, is a tomb-stone bearing this quaint inscription:

"HERE LYETH EPHRAIM HWY,
SOMETIMES TEACHER TO THE CHURCH OF WINDSOR,
WHO DYED SEPTEMBER 14, 1644.

Who when Heo lived, we drew our vital breath,
Who when Heo died, his dying was our death.
Who was the stay of State, the Church's staff—
Alas! the times forbid an Epitaph."

In Springfield, Massachusetts, is a grave over which is written,

"HERE LYETH THE BODY OF MARY,
THE WIFE OF ELLEUR HOLYOKE,
WHO DIED OCTOBER 26, 1657.

She that lies here was while she stood
A very glory of womanhood;
Even here was sown most precious dust,
Which surely shall rise with the just."

HERNE TOOKE, on being asked by George III. whether he played cards, replied, "No, your Majesty; I can not tell a knave from a king."

SPRINKLING of cards reminds us of what Sir Walter Scott said was the shrewdest reply he ever heard. Doctor Gregory, of Edinburgh, was a witness on a trial of vast importance, to prove the in-

sanity of a very distinguished man. It was shown by his counsel that that he was very skillful in playing cards.

"And do you seriously say," said the learned counsel to the doctor, "that a person having a superior capacity for a game so difficult, and which requires in a superior degree memory, judgment, and combination, can be at the same time a deranged man?"

"I am no card-player," replied the doctor, "but I have read in history that the game of cards was invented for the amusement of an insane king."

We never had sympathy with the spirit that makes light of old maids. The most of those whom it is our joy to know are lovable people, as all loving people are. Hence we can not imagine any thing more despicable than to put up such an epitaph as this, which is copied from an old newspaper (1750):

"*Epitaph on a talkative Old Maid.*
"Beneath this silent stone is laid
A noisy, antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talked till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath."

Or this:

"Here lies, return'd to clay,
Miss Arabella Young,
Who on the first of May
Began to hold her tongue."

In the New England Primer (Boston, 1691), is the following quaint heading to one of the chapters, a short catechism for children:

"SPIRITUAL MILK, FOR AMERICAN BABES,
Drawn out of the Breasts of both Testaments, for
their Souls' Nourishment. By JOHN COTTON."

Lord Lindsay, in his *Lives of the Lindsays*, ascribed to his kinsman, the elder David, a posthumous work under the title:

"The Heavenly Chariot layde open for transporting the New-borne Babes of God from Rome infected with Sin, towards that Eternitie in which dwelle Righteousness; made up of some Rare Pieces of that purest Golde, which is not to be found but in that Richest Thesaurie of Sacred Scripture," etc. Imprint at Sanct Androis, by E. Hagan, Printer to the Unversitie, 1622."

Three years afterward a similar work was published, with this title-page:

"The Godly Man's Journey to Heaven, containing Ten severall Treatises, viz.: 1 and 2. An Heavenly Chariot; 3. The Blessed Chariotman; 4. The Lanthorn for the Chariot; 5. The Skillful Chariot-driver; 6. The Gard of the Chariot; 7. The Sixe Robbers of the Chariot; 8. The Thres Rockes layd on the Way; 9. The only Inne God's Babes aime at; 10. The Ghosts of the Inne. By Maister D. Lindsay, Minister of God's Word at Leith. 12mo. London, 1625."

SOME curious particulars might be collected respecting quaint texts and sermons, such as that of the Dean of St. Stephen's, when Vienna was relieved by King John Sobieski of Poland, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John" (St. John, i. 6); and that of Dr. South before the Merchant Tailors' Company: "A remnant shall be saved," *Romans*, ix. 27.

About the year 1640 a controversy occurred in London, which called out a variety of pamphlets; several of the titles are annexed:

"Messe of Pottage, very well seasoned and

crumbed with bread of life, and eas'd to be digested, against the Contumelious Slanderers of the Divine Service. A Pottage, set forth by Giles Calfine. London, 1642, 4to."

"Answer to lame Giles Calfine's *Messe of Pottage*, proving that the Service Booke is no better than Pottage, in comparison of divers Weeds which are chopt into it to poison the taste of the Children of Grace, by the Advice of the Harlot of Babylon's Instruments and Cooks. London, 1642, 4to."

"Answer, in Defence of a *Messe of Pottage*, well seasoned and crumb'd, against the last, which falsely says the Common Prayers are unlawful, and no better than the Pope's Porrage. London, 1642, 4to."

"Fresh Bit of Mutton for those fleshly-minded Cannibals that can not endure Pottage; or, a Defence of Giles Calfine's *Messe of Pottage*, against the idle yet insolent exceptions of his monstrous Adversary. London, 1642, 4to."

About those days and for many years afterward, running down through Cromwell's time, we have much of this sort of nomenclature for books and also of people. The first name on the list of Cromwell's Parliament was Praise-God Barebones. Others quite as peculiar were given to children by the Puritans in Old England and New. It was not an unusual thing to confer upon a child a whole text of Scripture. A good old lady died, within our circle, not many years ago, who was familiarly known as Aunt Tribby, but who was baptized with the more extended title of "Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-heaven Crabb." In their fondness for Scripture names, some parents have not been sufficiently discriminating; one we remember, in Vermont, having named his son Most Noble Festus. Another, having complimented the four evangelists by naming a son after each of them, called his fifth "Acts of the Apostles," as he did not wish to be partial.

General Taylor said it was unwise to name a child after a living man, as it was quite uncertain what he might turn out to be; and on the same principle, he thought it unsafe to honor a general until after the war was over. We perceive that our English friends have not adopted this sagacious suggestion, but are already naming their children after the heroes of the Crimea. One little Bull already rejoices in the sophonious cognomen, Raglan Inkermann. The Countess of Trapani, in Naples, has lately honored the great event of the present year, by naming her new-born daughter, Maria Theresa Ferdinanda Immaculate-Conception Sabatia Luciana Philomena, the Queen of the Two Sicilies being her sponsor.

But let us get out of these quiddities and close by singing a song, perfect in its kind, characteristic of the time. It is from a work entitled *An Hour's Recreation in Music*, by Richard Alison, published in 1806:

"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly Paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, that none may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry
These cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow;
Yet these no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry.

"Her eyes, like angels, watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry ripe themselves do cry."

An up-country reader and writer says: "Our people were afflicted badly with an organ-ic fever. Some of them had been "to" Albany, and were so much astonished with the magnificent organ peals in the church which they attended, that nothing would do but we must have one of our own. To pay three or four thousand dollars was, however, quite as much of an impossibility as to do without, or to build a pyramid. At last they heard of a small second-hand organ, quite out of repair, which would be put in order and sold for five hundred dollars. They bought it. The gem of an organ was set up in our neat little church. The long expected day for its first performance arrived. It was a summer Sabbath, and among our people was a lady from the city with a pet boy of three years old, who had often seen and heard the music-grinders in the streets with a monkey to amuse the children. Instantly, as the organ opened its throats, the boy turned and looked into the gallery. Then he stretched his neck; then he mounted the seat.

"Sit down," said his mother. "Sit down, I say!" she repeated.

"No I won't," said the anxious child, "I want to see the monkey!"

"The remark was heard by all the good people in the vicinity, who were thus reminded that our organ sounds more like a street-machine than one of the noble instruments they had heard of in Albany."

"THE good time coming," which the prophets have been promising, is just at hand. We feel quite certain of it. And the doctors, not of the law nor of theology, are to bring it in. The pills are to do the business. We find an advertisement in all the papers headed "UNHAPPINESS," and are there assured that to secure its perfect cure the unhappy individual has but to take *Brandreth's pills*. But there are some who prefer homeopathy, and we have a book of prescriptions, in which the symptoms are described, and the medicines adapted to each case are indicated. Among them we find the following: "For anxiety of mind about business or the soul's salvation—sulphur."

These assurances that the sources of misery may be dried up by the free use of Brandreth's pills under the old practice, or of sulphur under the new, will be a joyful announcement to all the wretched sons and daughters of men. Whenever we "feel bad," without looking into the cause, we have only to look to the cure, and dispose of the matter at once by taking a pill; and even anxiety of mind about this world, or the world to come, is to be cured by swallowing a few grains of brimstone! *Vive la bagatelle!*

HEAR an old veteran, of seventy-five years of age, in a communication to "The Drawer:"

"Having a little business, I was called to the place of my nativity not long since—one of the numerous pleasant towns on the banks of the beautiful Connecticut river. There the sober and saddened summer-light of 1779 first broke upon my now dimmed eyes. After I had finished my busi-

ness, I walked a mile to the burying-ground; first casting my eyes around to discover, if I could, the earliest stone or stones. I think I succeeded, for I found red sandstones as far back as 1650. By scratching away green moss and mould, I managed to make legible a good many names. There were 'Ralph,' 'Hufus,' 'Edith,' 'Matilda;' and from these names I inferred their Norman and Saxon descent. Pursuing the same course of thought, I looked for the old Puritans. I soon found 'Preserved,' 'Recompense,' 'Tribulation,' 'Overcome' (a fact), 'Hope,' 'Patience,' 'Charity,' etc. 'Now,' thinks I to myself, 'I will look for the veterans of the old French War and the Revolution.' I soon found 'Sergeants,' 'Ensigns,' 'Lieutenants,' 'Captains,' 'Majors,' 'Colonels,' 'Generals'—a noble company of heroes—to say nothing of 'Drummers,' 'File-majors,' and 'Corporals.' An imposing stone proclaimed one to be a branch of nobility; it bore only the name—

'HUNTER.'

"Passing on, I may say I was literally 'arrested' by one inscription, which ran as follows:

'In Memory of
LIEUTENANT ———;
DIED 1763.
Death and the Grave—
Without any Order.'

"I wish I knew the meaning of this inscription. Should you think my brain so worn by seventy-five years of use as to be unable to comprehend it, please say so, and give me the light of your better judgment."

The idea intended to be conveyed appears to us to be, that Death and the Grave await no "orders" to seize and bear away their captives.

SOMEBODY has been amusing himself and his readers with the following "backward readings," or rather readings that, backward or forward, are precisely the same—that is, have all the letters, and nearly all the entire words:

"Name no one man."

And the other:

"Snug and raw was I ere I saw war and gun."

This last "curiosity of literature," doubtless many a wasted, wounded young recruit, toiling and bleeding in the Crimea, can avouch to be but too true.

It will task the nerves of most readers to avoid laughing at the following most amusing account of the "Epile of being Near-sighted," involving also an instance of the whimsical good-nature and politeness of the French character:

"I was passing down Broadway one pleasant morning, when my dog—as I thought, but, alas! it was another's—rushed between my legs, and nearly threw me down. Although naturally, or rather commonly, a good-natured man, I was not, at that precise moment, in my smoothest mood. The tranquil current of my mind had been agitated by more than one circumstance that day, and the little dog rendered me absolutely angry. With an exclamation of wrath I gave this member of the canine race a kick, which sent him howling to the opposite side of the street.

"'Sare!' said a tall, swarthy, Frenchified, ferocious-looking personage, bowing until his very mustaches brushed my nose; 'you 'ave kink my dog! What for you 'ave done dis for, oh?'

"'My dear Sir,' I exclaimed, terribly discom-

posed, 'I beg ten thousand pardons! I really thought it was my own dog.'

"'Ah! you 'ought it was your dog, ah? No, Sare! It was my little dog zat you 'aves kick!'

"'Sir, I am exceedingly sorry; I mistook him for my own dog. I assure you I thought it was my own dog at the time.'

"'But, by gar, Sare, dere is not de resemblance dere. De one dog is of ze white, and de oder dog is of ze black color. Besides, Sare, de one 'aves got ze ear ver' wide, and de oder ver' short. Yes; and ze one 'aves got de tail ver' moch, and ze oder 'aves less de tall ver' moch! Dere is not no resemblance, Sare! Non!'

"'But, Sir, I am near-sighted; my eyes are impaired. I could not see the difference between the dogs.'

"The foreigner looked steadily in my face for a moment, but perceiving nothing there but truth, his countenance became calm and comparatively pleasant.

"'Ah! you 'aves den, Monsieur, ze vision not very far, eh?'

"I assented.

"'Ah! den zat is all de apology zat I shall demand;' and, with a graceful adieu, he passed on.

"How fortunate for me," soliloquized I, "that he was a Frenchman! Had he been one of 'our folks,' I might have figured in the gutter before I could have an opportunity to explain, or excuse myself. My apology would have been laughed at by a Yankee. 'Alas!' sighed I, pausing, and wiping the glasses of my spectacles, 'who ever pitied a near-sighted man?'

WE scarcely remember to have read a more simply-touching record, in a long time, than the following description, by the author of "Europe is a Hurry," of the death of a banjo-player attached to a company of stable melodists, recently at San Francisco, from the Atlantic States. The sketch is from a new but promising magazine, "The Pioneer." We annex a single extract—a fair "sample" only of the beauty of the whole:

"You'll never see the like of poor Tom Briggs again! He was different from most other players, Tom Briggs was. They seldom take any pride in their business, and are generally satisfied with any cheap instrument which they can get. But Tom was very particular. He never stood upon the price of a banjo, and when he got a good one, he was always studying some way to ornament it, and improve it.

"He had a light one, and a heavy one, for different kinds of work; and he played so strong, that he had to get a piece of steel made for the end of his finger, as a sort of shield, like, to prevent his tearing off his nails. He was very fond of playing the heavy one; and when we were coming up the coast (it is one of his brother-players who is speaking), he would sometimes strike his strongest notes, and then turn round to me, so proud, and say:

"'Ah, Eph! what will they say in San Francisco, what will they think, when they hear the old Cremona speak like *that!*'"

"It didn't make any difference even when he took sick. He played away all the same. Only after he got here to 'San Fran,' he could play only the light one. He used to have it hanging against the wall, so that he could reach it in bed. Most any time you went in, you'd hear him talking to 'the old Cremona,' as he called it, and making it

talk back to him. But by'm-by, he got so weak he could scarcely hold on to it; and I have sat beside his bed and watched him till the sound became so faint that it seemed as if he and the banjo were both falling into a dream. All the while, though, he kept a good heart, poor fellow! and we kept encouraging him along, too; and every now and then he'd raise himself up and say:

"Ah! how I'll make 'em look around when I get strength enough once more to make the old banjo speak!"

... "But at last, he felt that he was gone; and after some straight, sensible talk, he told us when he died, to take the two banjos and pack them up carefully, and send them home to his father and mother. An hour before he went, he asked me to hand him his banjo. He took hold of it and looked at it for a moment, as if he was looking at a person he was going to part with forever, and then he tried to strike the chords. But he could merely drop the weight of his thin fingers on them. There was no stroke to his touch at all. He could just barely make a sound, and that was so fine that it appeared to vanish away, like the buzz of a fly. It was so dim, that I don't believe he heard it himself, and he dropped his head as if he gave it up. Then he looked at me as if he understood every thing in the world, and shaking his head, said:

"It's no use—hang it up, Eph; I can't hit it any more!"

"These were the last words that poor Tom Briggs ever spoke!"

MAN Y reader, if he has arrived at the mature age of manhood, will recall to mind some remote Sabbath-scene, kindred to his feelings, on reading the following:

"I shall never forget a scene in which deep pathos was a principal characteristic, which I once saw at a country church in the interior of the State of New York. A pious clergyman, whose three-score years and ten had turned his hair to snow, and given to his limbs the tremulousness of age, was to preach his farewell discourse to his little congregation, over whom he had presided for nearly half a century.

"The place itself, and the time, were accessories to the 'abiding effect' which was left upon the minds of all who were present.

"It was the afternoon of a mild day in October, and the bare leaves of the trees which shaded the church were falling in slow eddies by the opening windows. After recapitulating his long labors among his congregation—his "teachings publicly, and from house to house," like Paul; the number he had married, christened, baptized—after these affecting reminiscences, which touched an answering chord in the bosoms of all his hearers—he adverted to that day wherein all the actors in the drama of life must enter at the last scene, to complete and make up the sublime catastrophe, and warned them to prepare for its momentous solemnities.

"For myself," said he, 'I can say, standing upon a narrow point between two worlds, that I account myself as nothing until I was my Saviour's, and enrolled in the register of the Redeemer.'

"Here, raising his trembling, attenuated hands to heaven, his dim eyes streaming with tears—for although he had all along struggled successfully with his emotions, his feelings now entirely over-

came him—he repeated these lines in the most melting cadence:

"E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor flapping, trembling tongue
Lies silent in the grave.'

"The look which followed these touching verses—the subdued emotion, the pious hope, the spiritual fervor which beamed in the countenance of the venerable father—will never be banished from my memory."

"POLITE and elegant to the last!" was our thought as we read the following in a miscellaneous column of the London "*Dispatch*" weekly newspaper:

"In the year 1792, Lieutenant Campbell, of the Middlesex militia, was found guilty of forgery, and as the penalty then existed, he was condemned to die for the offense.

"On the eve of his hanging, he sent invitation-cards to many of his brother officers, couched in the following language:

"Lieutenant Campbell's compliments to ———: he requests the pleasure of his company to-morrow morning, to take a cup of chocolate, and to do him the honor to accompany him to Tyburn, to be present at his execution."

Now, if this had been an invitation to attend a marriage in state, could it have been more "characteristically" penned?

ALTHOUGH it is quite certain that the Chinese fowls known as *Shanghai* have fallen into some disrepute, from the alleged fact that they

"Grow largely to legs,
And eat up their own eggs,"

yet they are not without their defenders, even after they are dead and gone. For example, read the subjoined affecting notice of the death of a Shanghai rooster, from the pen of his former afflicted owner:

"His voice, when heard amidst the crowing of other roosters, was like the trombone in an orchestra of violins, or the gigantic leas of rumbling thunder amidst the hum of a dozen spinning-wheels:

"Farewell, faithful servant! a lasting farewell;
From thy feet let all roosters take warning:
No more will thy notes, in a long and loud swell,
Awake us to get up and go to work about half-past
three o'clock in the morning!"

From this last line, which is liberally constructed so far as "any quantity" of "feet" are concerned, we infer that the *Shanghai*, among their other defects, are somewhat too early risers to suit the "generality of customers in general."

ANY one whose memory can go back some twenty years ago, will recognize the condensed picture which we abridge below, of what was then "*The Ancient and Modern Book-auctioneer*."

The "Ancient Book-auctioneer" had an "apartment" on the ground-floor of a store on Broadway, or in the near vicinity of that great thoroughfare, on a cross-street. That was the Temple of the "Intellectual Knight of the Hammer." His stores were all well-thumbed; a stray work of the mod-

erns, in faded, garish gilt binding, was only rarely to be seen.

Here sat the "Ancient Book-auctioneer," on a tall, three-legged stool, "knocking off" (what a desecration of genius and intellect is that word!)—*knocking off* philosophy, poetry, science, metaphysics, cataphysics, geology, mineralogy, syntax and prosody, with no more immediate idea of what he was doing than if he were an automaton figure (like Maelzel's Chess-Player) with a small hammer in his hand, moved by cunning machinery, adroitly concealed below. But listen to him for a moment: what time he addresses seedy literateurs of the last century—embryo authorings—idlers of all and every grade—respectably-dressed mechanics and ill-dressed laborers—sickly students, with pale countenances, and learned *sarcons*, in quest of some rare work. Hark, for a moment, to the Ancient Book-auctioneer:

"Gen-tell-men! here's a copy of—a mag-nif-icent copy, gen-tell-men—of Plutarch's Lives. 'Poor old Plute,' we used to call him, I remember, in college. 'Twas a woy we had; boys will be boys, you know, gen-tell-men. We did so with all of 'em. Venus we called 'Weeny'—Apollo, 'Poll'—and Cicero, 'Cis?' Well—how much for our old friend 'Plute'—sometimes called Pluto—one of the very biggest of the heathen gods, who came down to earth in the shape of a most tremendous Tom-cat! How much, gen-tell-men, for our old college friend Plute, or Pluto? How much 'm offered for Plute? Say ten dollars to start him, gen-tell-men!"

The Ancient Book-Auctioneer embodied the very romance, the poetry of the literary or intellectual rostrum. His admiration of Milton approached idolatry. You might revile all the saints in the calendar, and meet only his calm rebuke; but doubt the infallibility of the Bard of Paradise, and the vials of his wrath were immediately poured out. Milton was a "stock-book" with him. One night some unlucky wight hid *stirpese* for it.

"SIXPENCE!" shouted the Ancient, "for the legacy of the sublime MILTON!—S—Y—X—P—E—N—C—E!" Boy, put out the lights! No more sales to-night! No premises in my possession shall ever shelter an audience who can stand tamely by and permit such a literary sacrifice!"

And out the lights went, sure enough, and the grumbling auditory groped their way to the street.

THERE is something a little ludicrous in the straits which an Old Bachelor may be put to, when we find him, in the absence of other companions, making love to his tea-kettle:

"I have been so often and so unprofitably in love, I have serious thoughts of paying my addresses to my Tea-Kettle. I have found her a very warm friend. She sings, too; and you know how fond I am of music. She sings a very cheerful tune: I have heard a voice a thousand times more unpleasant than hers. On a winter's night, after a well-spent day with a volume of old poetry—Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser—a volume of Dr. Johnson, or a new novel; when the wind is blowing and pattering the rain against one's window—then sweet is the song of the kettle—much sweeter to a studious man than a crying child or a scolding wife. However, I must consider seriously before I offer her my hand—lest she should burn it!"

A very beautiful illustration of the *External In-*

fluence of the Sabbath is contained in this brief isolated passage, which we find in a "lower depth" of our capacious "Drawer."

"Every Sabbath morning, in the summer time, I thrust back my curtain to watch the sunrises stealing down a steeple which stands opposite my chamber window. First the weather-cock begins to flash; then a fainter lustre gives the spire an airy aspect; next it encroaches on the tower, and causes the index of the dial to glisten like gold as it points to the gilded figure of the hour.

"Now the loftiest window gleams, and now the lower. The carved frame-work of the portal is marked strongly out. At length the morning glory, in its descent from heaven, comes down the stone steps one by one; and there stands the steeple, glowing with fresh radiance, while the shades of twilight still hide themselves among the nooks of the adjacent buildings.

"Methinks, although the same sun brightens it every fair morning, yet the steeple has a peculiar robe of brightness for the Sabbath."

On the beautiful Lake George, or "Lake Horicon," as the late Colonel Stone named it, is a charming scene called "Sabbath-Day Point." There is a similar "point" in the mind of all who look upon nature in its loveliness on a bright Sabbath-day in Spring.

A WORKMAN at a Lunatic Asylum in England, left a chisel, more than three feet long, on a recent occasion, in one of the wards. A furious patient seized it, and threatened to kill with it any one who approached him. Every one then in the ward immediately retreated from it. At length the attendant opened the door, and balancing the key of the ward on his hand, walked slowly toward the dangerous madman, looking intently at it. "His attention," said the attendant, "was immediately attracted. He came toward me, and asked:

"What are you doing with that?"

"I'm trying to balance this key on my hand," said I, "and I can do it; but you can not balance that chisel in that way on the back of your hand."

"Yes, I can," said he; and he immediately placed it on the back of his hand, balancing it carefully, and extending it toward me.

"I took it off very quietly, and without making any comment upon it. He seemed a little chagrined at having lost his weapon, but he made no attempt to regain it, and in a short time all irritation passed away."

By-THE-WAY, "speaking of chisels," that was an affectionate way of applauding an actor, when on the stage, which was adopted in the case of a popular performer at New Orleans, the younger Placide:

A lady, a great favorite with the New Orleans public, was performing on the same evening, it being for her "benefit." At the close of the performance she was called out, and bouquets, and other and more costly tokens of approval, were liberally bestowed upon her. Nor was Mr. Placide not remembered. He was enthusiastically applauded in an after-piece; and while he was engaged in his part, amidst applause, something very bright came whizzing and flashing upon the stage, passing only a little distance above his head, and going through a scene in the rear of the stage, and disappearing from view.

"Turn him out! turn him out!" said a hundred

voices at once; and the vociferators looked up to the quarter of the house whence the missile, or whatever it was, had proceeded.

But at length all was still, and the play proceeded to the end without interruption. The man who had created the disturbance was removed (struggling, to be sure, but simply remonstrating, without other resistance).

As Mr. Placide was in his *un-dressing-room*, preparing to leave the theatre, a man appeared at the stage-door, inquiring for him.

"Show the gentleman up," said Mr. Placide. And up he came.

"Play-side," said he, almost with tears in his eyes—for he was in a maudlin mood—"Play-side, you have always been a very great favor-ite of mine—always. Now I've been cruelly treated here to-night, and I was determined not to go home till I had seen you, and *told* you about it—for, Play-side, you have always been a great favor-ite of mine."

"But, my friend, what is your cause of complaint? Who has insulted you?"

"Well, you see, when I see 'em throwing flowers, and diamond-pins, and little pocket-books down to that pretty Mrs. H——, thinks I, I'll throw something to Play-side, for he's *my* favorite; and I *did* throw it!"

"What was it?" said Placide, having an inkling of a curious explanation.

"Why, it was *my best chisel!* I'm a cabinet-maker, and I'd had it put in first-rate order, and 'twas handy in my pocket; and I sent it, 'cause you was always a favor-ite of mine, Play-side! If it had been three times as good a one you should ha' had it, 'cause you was always a favor-ite of mine!"

Placide says that he likes cordial applause, but he doesn't want it to come "fall chisel!"

"We know not *what's resisted*," says Robert Burns, speaking of those who may never, by sad reverses—by want—have been *tempted* to do a *mean or dishonorable* action, which nothing could excuse, and which Burns never for a moment contemplated. The "resistance" of which he spoke was the resistance which *Feeling* offers against *Honest Pride*.

The Scottish poet Thom, a hand-loom weaver in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, was "hard beset" by poverty. He is out of employment, and sets out with his sick wife, with an infant, and two older, but also small children, to seek the means of keeping them "safe from hunger" by honest labor. On their sudden journey—for they have been "turned out of house and home" at a moment's warning—they set forth at nightfall on a sour, disagreeable November day. Poor Thom is a cripple, having had his ankle broken by the carriage of an English earl. Seeing a "comfortable-looking steading" by the roadside, "twixt the gloaming and the mirk," he seeks shelter, but is "denied the hospitality of even an out-house and straw." He returns to his little family without; the "wee things," weary and way-worn, "travel and foot-sore," and one little thing, who was "stupid and wasome-like," had fallen asleep. He announces to his weeping wife the result of his application, and then goes on to say:

"Few more words passed. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down

beside them. My head throbb'd with pain, and for a time became the tenement of thoughts I would not now reveal. They partook less of sorrow than of indignation; and it seemed to me that this same world was a thing very much to be hated; and on the whole, the sooner that one like me could get out of it, the better for its sake and mine own. I felt myself, as it were, shut out from mankind; inclosed; prisoned in misery; no outlook—none! My miserable wife and little ones, who alone cared for me, what would I not have done for their sakes at that hour!

"Here let me speak out; and be heard too while I tell it; that the world does not at all times know how unsafely it sits; when Despair has loosed Honor's last hold upon the heart; when transcend-ent wretchedness lays weeping Reason in the dust; when every unsympathizing on-looker is deemed an enemy; who *then* can limit the consequences? For my own part, I confess that, ever since that dreadful night, I can never bear of an extraordinary criminal, without the wish to pierce through the mere judicial view of his career, under which, I am persuaded, there would often be found to exist an unseen impulse; a chain with one end fixed in Nature's holiest ground, that drew him on to his destiny."

Doesn't this touching passage remind one of the admirable satire of Dickens upon "*Duty to Society*," always owed, but never paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath:

"Oh, erminent Judge! whose '*duty to society*' is now to doom the ragged criminal to punishment and death, hadst thou never, MAN, a duty to discharge, in *barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the portals to decent life?*"

"HAVE you ever included," writes a lady correspondent, from Richmond (Virginia), "the following lines, by Miss Hannah F. Gould, in your pages? If you have not done so, they will be found most acceptable to many a reader of your '*Drawer*.' I think them very beautiful."

They are so; but we take the liberty to correct one line, to the form it bore in the original, which is misquoted. The piece was entitled

A NAME IN THE SAND.

Alone I walked the ocean strand.
A pearty shell was in my hand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been, to be no more;
Of me, my fame, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame!

Literary Notices.

THE most important publication of Harper and Brothers, during the past month, is the *Statistical Gazetteer of the World*, by J. CALVIN SMITH, which is now completed in one large octavo volume, forming a copious repository of geographical knowledge, brought down to the latest dates, and especially full on the United States and British America. A gazetteer of this kind has been a desideratum for some time past, so great has been the progress of geographical discovery, and so rapid the development of regions and countries which have been almost called into existence within a few years, and assumed a place among the nations of the civilized world. The introduction of steam and electricity, as mediums of communication between distant places, has changed the relations of society, opened new fields for commercial enterprise, greatly enlarged our stock of international information, and rendered unavailable the standard works on geography and statistics on which we could heretofore rely without error. The present volume is the first to embody in a compact form the facts which have been scattered through a variety of works, and many of them too rare and expensive to permit their being consulted by the mass of readers. It presents the most important results of the late census of the United States, Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, furnishing complete returns of the social, agricultural, and industrial statistics of the people. The elaborate works that have recently been published on various specialties of geographical science, have been diligently consulted by the author; their essential points have been preserved, and their facts arranged in a convenient and lucid method. In treating of the countries of the Old World, the latest census returns have been employed, free use has been made of the researches of standard writers, and no pains have been spared to glean every particle of information which libraries could furnish; while, in regard to the Western Continent, personal recourse has been had to original sources of information that have not before been collected and arranged in a systematic form. By a skillful typographical method great economy of space has been attained, enabling the editor to offer a vast amount of facts without crowding the page, confusing the eye, or preventing the utmost facility of consultation. The type is of a medium size, but so clear and legible as to cause no inconvenience; the paper is of a substantial texture, and of unspotted white in its complexion; and the binding of the massive volume presents a workmanlike union of beauty and strength. It is believed that this gazetteer—which reflects so much credit on the diligence, sagacity, and knowledge of the editor, Mr. J. Calvin Smith—will be found indispensable, not only in the libraries of schools and other literary institutions, for occasional reference, but as a constant companion on the table of the merchant, the student, the editor, the artisan, and the professional reader, as well as in every family collection of standard works.

Questions of the Soul, by J. T. HUCKER (published by D. Appleton and Co.), is a statement of the answers presented by the Catholic Church to the religious inquiries proposed especially by the thinkers of the Transcendental school, represented by Emerson, Carlyle, W. H. Channing, and several popular modern poets. The interest of the

volume consists chiefly in its free discussions of topics of current interest, especially of those connected with social reform and progress. The writer strenuously maintains the importance of ecclesiastical authority against the latitudinarianism of the times; but aims to produce conviction by appeals to the imagination rather than by force of logic.

The Country Neighborhood is the title of a novel (published by Harper and Brothers) founded on incidents of Southern life, and illustrative of many striking features of society in the interior districts of that region. It deals in forcible contrasts of character, which it sets forth in high-wrought language—the style partaking more of the fervor and luxuriance of the tropics than of the severe precision of a colder clime. The plot includes several situations of exciting interest, portraying the lurid exhibitions of unbridled passion, in the form of vengeful and insatiate hate, combined with pictures of the most attractive features of feminine loveliness. A vivid imagination glows on every page of the story, and sometimes wreaks itself in an excessive intensity of expression.

Redfield has issued an edition of *Satire and Satirists*, by JAMES HANRAY, a series of lectures discussing, with considerable vivacity and point, the characteristics of the most celebrated satirical writers of ancient and modern times. The writer is never profound—his apparent originality often fails to prove genuine—but he is seldom dull, sometimes eloquent, and occasionally hits upon a vein of striking and suggestive remark. The principal persons that figure in his pages are Horace, Juvenal, Erasmus, Boileau, Dryden, Swift, Pope, and Byron. His volume is not one of great pretensions, but may furnish an hour of agreeable reading.

The Story of the Peasant-Boy Philosopher, by HENRY MAYHEW, is an ingenious and highly successful attempt to popularize the principles of natural science in a manner adapted to the comprehension of the youthful mind. It is founded on the early life of the celebrated shepherd-astronomer Ferguson, explaining, under the garb of an agreeable fiction, the methods by which he was initiated into a knowledge of physical laws. It is not often that the attempt to beguile the lrskness of study by the charms of a narrative is so skillfully accomplished as in the present case. However nicely the pill is sugared over, most children will retain the sweet and leave the medicine. Such experiments may serve to while away a tedious winter-evening; but, in general, they impart as little substantial instruction as the merest fiction. It is an old saying that there can be no royal road to science; and the wisest teachers have usually refrained from trying to conceal the difficulties of the path by covering them with flowers. This little work of Mr. Mayhew's, however, is an exception to the general rule. It is happily conceived and ably executed. His exposition of the principles of science is simple and attractive. In a style that is a model of descriptive composition for juvenile readers, he elucidates the methods of astronomy and mechanics, connecting the exact results of calculation with a pleasing dialogue, and just enough of a story to keep curiosity awake. He has judiciously avoided every thing that approaches to the detestable cramming system, always aiming to h-

pire the pupil with a love of the research in hand, and to tempt onward his uncertain steps from one attainment to another, until he almost unconsciously finds himself in possession of an ample fund of knowledge. This is in accordance with the processes of nature, and guarantees the excellence of the work. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Father Clark, or the Pioneer Preacher, is an interesting narrative of the adventures of one of the earliest religious pioneers in the valley of the Mississippi. He was a man of remarkable eccentricity of character, though of devoted piety and unquenchable zeal. The author has collected a variety of amusing anecdotes, illustrative of the personal peculiarities of "Father Clark," and of the primitive condition of society at the period of his labors. The volume is the first of a contemplated series, and gives favorable promise of its attractive character. (Published by Sheldon, Lampport, and Blakeman.)

The Physical Geography of the Sea, by M. F. MAURY, U. S. N. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The high scientific fame of the author will be enhanced by the issue of the present volume. It forms the natural sequel to the "Wind and Current Charts," that have so widely attracted the attention of both the philosophical and the commercial public. They were designed to collect the experience of every navigator as to the winds and currents of the ocean, and present the results thereof to the world in a convenient and instructive form. The practical success of these charts was immediate and complete. By the knowledge which they furnished the remote corners of the earth were brought closer together, in some instances by many days' sail. The passage to the equator alone was shortened some ten days. Before the preparation of the charts the average passage from New York to California was one hundred and eighty-three days; but, following their guidance, navigators have reduced the average to one hundred and thirty-five days. But, besides the maritime observations on which these charts were founded, a more extensive system is now in operation, which promises to result in a new department of science—the physical geography of the sea. This term includes a philosophical account of the winds and currents of the ocean—of its depth and temperature—of the wonders that are hidden in its bosom, and of the phenomena that are exhibited at its surface. The economy of the sea and its adaptations—its salts, its waters, its inhabitants—also pertain to the subject, and are amply treated in the present volume. The discussion, it will be perceived, is of a unique character, and opens details that are rarely touched in the records of science. In the hands of Lieutenant Maury it assumes a popular interest, no less than scientific importance. His descriptions of the phenomena of the Gulf Stream, of the Currents of the Sea, the Salts of the Sea, and other cognate topics, are singularly graphic in their style, besides containing a rich fund of curious and valuable information. It is rarely that a treatise on any branch of physical science is so attractive in its details or so fruitful in its instructions as the volume before us. It can not fail to awaken universal interest and admiration.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by AGNES STRICKLAND. The fifth volume of this series (published by Harper and Brothers) continues the romantic biography of Mary Stuart, and pleads with earnestness and emphasis for a favorable

judgment on the character of that unfortunate queen. Miss Strickland writes with exuberant feminine sympathies, but her glow of feeling has not enticed her from the careful research which is the first duty of the historical writer. She has faithfully consulted the contemporary documents pertaining to the subject—her opinions are sustained by a plausible show of authorities—and, if she does not always exhibit a rigid, judicial impartiality, she makes a skillful use of the evidence before her, but without permitting the zeal of the advocate to impair the honesty of the chronicler. The narrative in this volume, as usual, is flowing and graceful, and, in the long run, both piques and rewards the curiosity of the reader.

Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems, by HEW ARNOLD. (Published by Redfield.) The admirers of Scottish poetry will find much in this volume to gratify their taste. Its author, as he informs us in his neat preface, has long been a transient from the walks of literature, and now returns, in the "autumnal gloaming of life," with an offering in his native tongue, gathered in part during a long residence in the Far West, but every where glowing with native Scottish enthusiasm. Most of the pieces here printed betray a genuine poetical temperament, an impassioned love of nature, refined domestic sentiments, and an easy flow of versification. A glossary, on the margin of the page, will prove a great convenience to readers not familiar with the Scotch idiom.

The new Pastoral, by THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. (Published by Parry and M'Millan.) A succession of agreeable pictures of American rural life and scenery compose the substance of this latest production of a favorite native poet. It is a more ambitious performance than any of his former poems, and we think will not detract from his well-earned reputation. Many of its strains suggest a reminiscence of Cowper, whom Mr. Read resembles in his natural descriptions of rural scenes, his pleasing domestic allusions, and his vein of tender and pensive sentiment. The volume is not remarkable either for originality or vigor; but its fidelity to nature, its freedom from forced and gaudy coloring, and its general healthfulness of tone will commend it to the approval of judicious readers, and insure it a permanent place in American poetry.

THE London journals announce several rumors of interesting books that are expected to make their appearance early the present season. Among these, we notice a collection of his best narrative poems by LEIGH HUNT, the ever-youthful veteran of literature, who so well preserves the freshness both of his intellect and heart at an advanced age. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING and ROBERT BROWNING are each preparing new poems. Mrs. Browning's, it is understood, is a narrative poem; but no further details in regard to its character have as yet transpired. Miss JEWELL has a novel on the eve of publication. A volume of Selections from the Writings of THOMAS CARLYLE is said to be preparing by one who will do his work with taste and discrimination. The closing volume of GROTE's *History of Greece* is nearly ready for the press. A new English version of *Herodotus*, by the Rev. G. RAWLINSON, assisted by Colonel RAWLINSON and Sir GARDNER WILKINSON; Vols. IV. to VI. of Dean MILMAN's *History of Latin Christianity and of the Popes*; *Kämpfe Viser*; *Songs about Giants and Heroes*, translated from the

Danish; and *Songs of Europe*, by GEORGE BORNOW, Esq.; and, by the same author, a sequel to *Lavengro*, entitled *The Romany Rye*—are announced by Murray.

THE Russian War has called forth several volumes of new poetry. Among them is one by GERALD MASSEY, entitled *War Waits*, which exhibits the characteristic inequalities of that versatile but uncertain genius. It is thus spoken of by a leading critical journal: "Gerald Massey's descriptions of the scenes and events of the war are spirited, but at the same time so crude and irregular that they can not have more than a passing interest. Vigor without refinement, and genius without taste, will never achieve enduring success in poetry, though it is the fashion of the literary criticism of the day to depreciate and despise art in composition. So much flattery has been heaped on some of the young poets who have lately appeared that, we fear they will give little heed to the warnings and counsels of a severer taste. Time will test the real worth of works now inordinately praised. Of the poetry that passes under our review very small is the proportion that will live among our standard literature; and this not from want of genius and feeling, but of art and labor in composition."

OF recent English books, *The Life of Etty*, by ALEXANDER GILCHRIST, possesses considerable interest to art-students and the admirers of that distinguished painter; but is sadly disfigured by the affectation, pomposity, and Carlylese jargon of the writer. He is handled gently by most of the reviewers, but the *Athenæum* tells the truth about him with sufficient explicitness:

"The friends of William Etty have been unfortunate in their choice of a biographer; Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken a task which he is not qualified for, and the public, no less than the artist's memory, are no small sufferers through his incompetence. The author's style is hard and unintelligible, and his language—as in the opening paragraph of the second volume—not always grammatical. His punctuation is very erroneous throughout, and his use of italic and capital letters almost ludicrous. But the chief objection is to his style, and the manner in which the painter's letters are broken up and interpolated with foolish comments."

The first and second volumes of the *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery*, by JOHN HOLLAND and JAMES EVERETT, have been issued by Longman, bringing the biography of the poet down to the year 1812—the year after the publication of the "World before the Flood."

"His biography," says a London reviewer, "is that of a patriot and a Christian, as well as of a poet and a man of letters. The memory of such a man the world would not willingly let die, and the appearance of the present memoir has been looked for with much interest. Nor will the reader be disappointed. The biographers seem to have been intimately acquainted with the subject of their memoir, and display for his character a genial sympathy and a reverent admiration. The chief fault of the book, we fear, will arise out of the very excess of the esteem in which the memory of 'the bard of Sheffield' is held by his friends."

The History and Poetry of Finger-Rings, by CHARLES EDWARDS, is favorably noticed by *The Spectator*. It remarks:

"This volume is one of the best American books that has appeared of late. It is true that the subject is limited, perhaps narrow; for the history, archaeology, uses, curiosities, and sentiment of finger-rings, with the addition of personal anecdote or gossip, do not seem to promise much. Mr. Counselor Edwards, of New York, has, however, made an interesting book. He has collected an immense number of widely-scattered facts, arranged them well, and presented them concisely, constantly authenticating his statements by reference to authorities. It has the least of verbiage and the most of matter in a brief compass of any American books that we have met: the author's profession probably has contributed to this result. The most obvious fault of Mr. Edwards is insufficient discrimination as regards his authorities."

The Venerable JULIUS HARE, Archdeacon of Lewes, died during the last month, at the Rectory, HERRINGTON. It may almost be said that the venerable archdeacon was better known in England than in Sussex—in Europe than in England. His literary reputation is founded to a considerable extent, on his share in giving an English dress to the great German writer who revolutionized Roman story; and it is probably as the translator of Niebuhr that he is best known to the world. Seldom, however, has there been a more original or profound thinker than the Archdeacon of Lewes. Even when taking an active part in the questions of the day, he appeared to regard events with the calm impartiality of a historian treating of some by-gone age, or, rather, of a philosopher considering the policy of a foreign country. In the Church of England he was regarded by many, and was named in the celebrated "Edinburgh Review" article, as the leader of a party. "The Church of England is not high or low, but broad," said the "Times" once in a leading article; and it was as the leader of "The Broad Church" that Archdeacon Hare was designated in the northern quarterly. That this was a leadership which the archdeacon would have been the first to repudiate, we may confidently affirm. It was evidently always his wish to belong to no party, but to join with all parties in the Church of England in every good work. He was best known in this country by the admirable gems of wisdom entitled "Guesses at Truth," written in connection with his brother, the late CHARLES HARE, and by his "Life of Sterling," which so aroused the wrath of Carlyle as to provoke him to a rival biography. The following lines addressed to his memory have a melancholy interest, both on account of the subject and the author:

JULIUS HARE.

Julius! how many hours have we
Together spent with ages old!
In wisdom none surpassing thee,
In Truth's bright armure none more bold.
By friends around thy couch in death
My name from those pure lips was heard,
O Fame! how feeble all thy breath
Than Virtue's one expiring word!

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.



A HARD CASE.

STERN PARENT.—“There it goes into the Fire; and don't let me see any more pipes or tobacco in the House.”

AGGRIEVED YOUTH.—“But what's a fellow to do, when all the men of his own age smoke?”



GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

FIRST SWELL (who has just come out in the Costume of the Period).—“I say, Gus, this is about the thing. What shall we do now?”

SECOND SWELL.—“Well, a— a— I was a—a-goin' to show myself in Broadway. Come along, Old Fellow.”



SPRING FASHIONS FOR LADIES.



SPRING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.