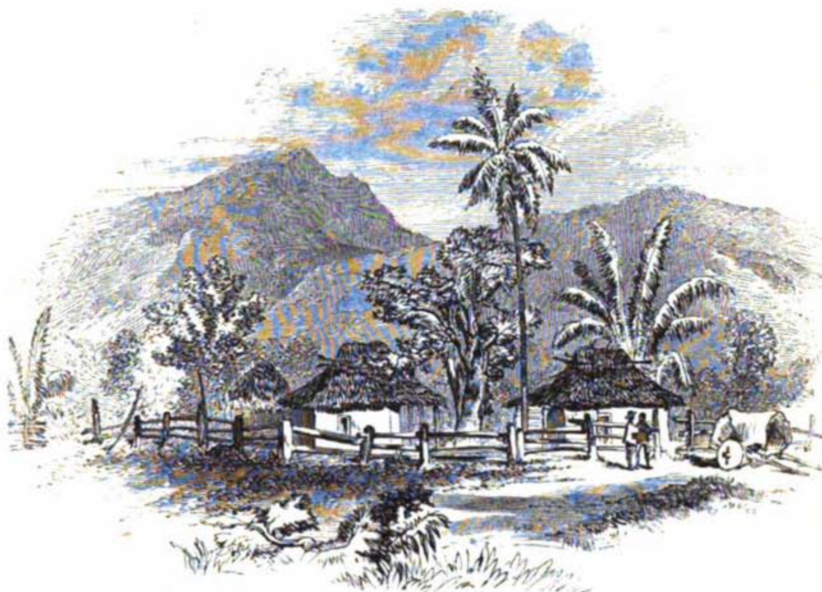
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. LXXII.—MAY, 1856.—Vol. XII.



HACIENDA OF LEPAGUARÉ.

A VISIT TO THE SILVER MINES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

IT was included in the instructions which marked out my course of travel in Central America, that I should examine the silver region of Honduras, where that State borders upon Nicaragua, and report to my employers the condition, yield, and probable value of the principal mines. In pursuance of this duty, I collected all the information that could be gathered by conversation during the month of my first sojourn in Tegucigalpa, before visiting the gold fields of Olancho; and on my return I made large additions to this knowledge by a personal inspection of the localities. On both occasions I enjoyed the hospitality of many distinguished gentlemen interested in the production of silver, more especially of the Señores Lozano and Ferrari, who are probably the owners of the finest and most accessible mines of silver on either continent.

The gold of modern discovery has widened the basis of our commerce, and, as an object of productive industry, has given birth to two new commercial centres, which will divide between them the wealth of the Pacific. These events are more important than revolutions.

But if GOLD has thus established for itself a new dignity and power, as a cause and instigator of progress, no less, in times near at hand, will the virtue of SILVER be acknowledged; when its production, like the sister metal, shall fall, once for all, into the hands of Anglo-Saxon industry, and under the ken of its prophetic intelligence. But I am not now permitted to predict, and must confine these pages to what I have merely seen and heard.

Nearly in the centre of the plain of Lepaguaré, fronting the great hacienda of Don Francisco Zelaya, there is a hill, or ridge, called *Cerro Gordo*, about eight hundred feet high. In this hill, which is a mass of primary rocks, there are veins of silver; but as they are in the centre of some of the richest gold fields of the continent, many years will have elapsed before the price of American miners' labor will allow their being worked. Beyond the Cerro Gordo I saw no silver ores until I arrived, on my home journey, at Tegucigalpa; for I did not take the road through Cedros or San Antonio, but chose a shorter route across the mountains, as shown in the map on the following page.

Tegucigalpa (the Department) contains within its boundaries ten *minerales*, as the Spaniards

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Digitized by Google

call them—mining districts—each of which has its group, or cluster, of important mines, most of them long since opened, and many in a good working condition. I shall begin this brief account of them with a narrative of my descent into an old and deep silver mine in the *mineral* of *Santa Lucia*.

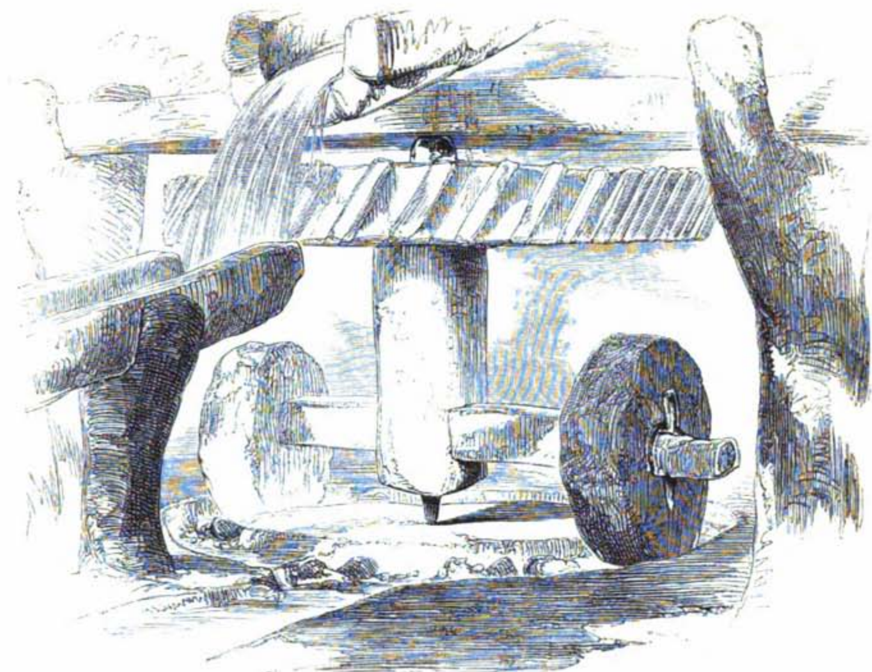
The map on page 726, which is the only one

I have seen, was made for me by the venerable Don Francisco Lozano, himself a rich mine of information on all that relates to silver and gold. His death, which happened during my absence in Olancho, was a serious loss to the silver interest of Honduras.

In company with Señor Ferrari, I started early in the morning for the *mineral* of Santa Lucia, half a day's ride from Tegucigalpa in a northeasterly direction, by a winding and ascending road. Half way to Santa Lucia we turned aside to take a passing look at the *Mina Grande*, celebrated for the breadth of its veins. It is a joint property of Ferrari and the heirs of the elder Lozano. The principal vein (*veta principal*) is 11 *varas* (33 feet) in thickness, and yields a good working per-centage to the ton of ore. Good ores yield from $80 to $200 per ton, and rich ores much more than that. The richness of an ore is governed by its chemical constitution, and can not exceed a certain average, unless, as in the Guayavilla mine, it contains threads of pure silver. Mina Grande belonged formerly to the wealthy royalist family of Rosas, who were driven out by the revolution of independence. The works are drained by subterranean channels (*taladras*). It yielded more than a million to the family of Rosas, whose enormous wealth and tyrannical oppression made them an object of hatred to the revolutionists.

The entrance of the principal vein is situated on a beautiful piece of well-wooded table-land, near the summit of a high mountain of limestone, on the *camina real* (royal highway) to Santa Lucia, more than 4100 feet above the sea. It was amusing, and really pitiable, to observe the excessive rudeness and inefficiency of the methods used for extracting the metal. Two old gray-headed Indians were slowly pounding up the rich ore between large stones; but even by this process they earned a fair living, and a profit for the proprietors. The best organized works employ rude machinery for pounding, which consists of two irregular mill-stones, dragged around in a circular stone water-trough, by mules or oxen pulling at a long beam which turned on a centre post, like old-fashioned cider-mills. One which I saw elsewhere in operation, moved by water, hobbled stupidly around, crushing, it may be, half a ton a day very imperfectly. The crushed ore, or mud, is treated by fire or quicksilver, or both, according to the nature of the ore. A good crushing machine of modern make, such as is used by the quartz miners, will do more than *fifty times* the work of these rumbling old mills, and with as little cost. A single mill would prepare ore enough on the Mina Grande to yield $5000 in silver every day, and on some mines $10,000. The manager, or *major domo*, told me, with a great deal of Spanish pathos, that they lost half their silver, and at least half the quicksilver used in amalgamation, by bad machinery and stupid management. I saw little mounds of refuse ore, each of which would be a fortune to a Yankee miner with his crushers and his "science." An unaccountable error prevails at present about the expenditure required upon silver mines. I saw here, in the Mina Grande, ore enough at hand to keep two crushers at work. A good mill can be had for five thousand dollars; ten thousand in all would

Digitized by Google



PRIMITIVE MILL.

erect the ovens, pay for the quicksilver, and set the miners at work. But the outlay of the same money by a Spaniard would yield only a very moderate return.

We descended from Mina Grande with one of the noblest landscapes in the world before us, through a growth of shrubbery and pitch pine. A sea of mountains, forested to their crowns, lay around us. Arrived at the foot of this eminence, we began to ascend another, at the summit of which is the village, or hamlet, of Santa Lucia. Our tough little mules struggled gallantly up the steep road, and at eleven o'clock we had reached the highest point, 4320 feet above the sea. The temperature, by my own thermometer, did not here exceed 72° Fahrenheit at noon. Our little party stopped at the door of a neat stone house, which belongs to Señor Fialles, and the servant, who was loaded with provisions, soon spread an excellent dinner, of which we gratefully partook after the toil of the morning. After dinner we resumed our journey, traversing by a good road a dense forest for several miles, and arrived at two o'clock before a small hamlet of four *adobé* houses, the property of Señor Ferrari, one of which covered the entrance of the great San Martin mine, said to be the richest in the district. One of the four houses was designated by Señor Ferrari as a store-house, where the more valuable ore is collected until it can be carried to the mill, three miles distant. A third house served as a residence for the *major domo*, or director of works, and a fourth for servants.

The entrance to the mine is on the brow of the mountain, looking northwestward against a spur of the Cordilleras, called the *Lepaterique*, which divides the department of Comayagua from that of Tegucigalpa, and some of its peaks are among the highest in the State. Through a "gap," or depression, in the Lepaterique, we saw the distant "peak of Comayagua," near the city of that name, rising like a cone of indigo in the clear evening air. The foliage of the immense valleys and hillsides which environed us was diversified with beautiful tints, the brighter shades of oak and shrubbery contrasting with the evergreen darkness of the pines.

After we had sufficiently enjoyed the splendor of this rare view, we prepared ourselves for a descent into the famous *Mina de San Martin*, by first taking each a "stiff horn" of *aguardiente* to keep off the subterranean cold. Then, with a naked Indian, bearing a tallow candle, to proceed us, and another in similar costume to bring up the rear, with slow and cautious steps we began our backward descent into the "cellarage."

My seven months' residence in Honduras had given me a tolerable command of the Spanish language; but during the explanatory conversation which took place between Señor Ferrari, the *major domo*, and myself—before we entered the mine—I was obliged frequently to ask for definitions of terms. The vocabulary of the miners includes a variety of technical expressions. The ore itself, which they call *brosa*, is

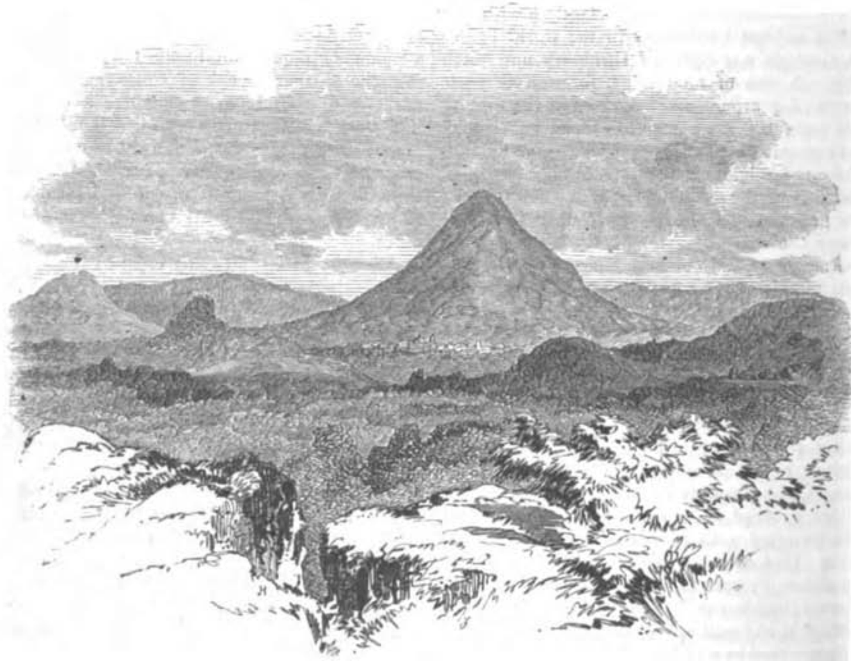
Digitized by Google

a combination or mixture of crystallized minerals—limestone, quartz, sulphuret of lead, sulphuret of antimony, of iron, of copper, etc., etc.—which fill up the irregular fissure, or break in the mass of the *raspalda*, or live-rock of the mountain. A vein of ore (*veta*) may lie between two beds of flat rock, like a sheet between two blankets; or it may be simply the contents of a crack or fissure, which descends into the lower regions of the earth to an incalculable depth. The metal (*metales*) is sometimes pure, in threads of silver, penetrating the crevices of the rock like the roots of a plant; but the quantity of this is never great, and the best mines are those which furnish a steady yield of rock-ore, or *brosa*. It is probable that the sulphurets of silver, antimony, copper, mercury, lead, iron, etc., which are found in these crevices, have risen up, either in the form of vapor or of lava (liquid rock), from volcanic furnaces in the deep chambers of the earth.

We entered first what is called a *fronton*, a horizontal chamber, or drift—in other words, a hole in the rock; but this terminated immediately over a perpendicular shaft or well; in mining language, a *pozo*. Down this, preceded by our guide, we commenced a slow and cautious backward climb, by means of an upright log of oak, with notches cut in it, by way of steps, for the feet and hands. These posts are called *escaleras*. An *escalera* is usually four *varas*, or eleven and a quarter feet in depth. At the foot of each *escalera* is a small platform of earth just wide enough for a landing-place; the drift is then horizontal for a few feet, and a second *escalera* commences. I think that no person would undertake alone, though he were the bravest man in the world, the descent into the gloom of one of these mines. The reflection that others have gone before, and go every day without danger, is hardly sufficient to assure him. At the foot of the second *escalera* the darkness became impenetrable, and here was the commencement of a *fronton*, or horizontal drift, with galleries branching out, their roofs supported on either side by walls of solid stone formed of the *raspalda*, or the natural rock, cut with great regularity, and the roof propped, in addition, with pillars of heavy oaken timber, between which glittered millions of bright reflections from the crystalline ore. The air of this cavern had the clammy dampness of a neglected dungeon. Continuing our way along the drift, we resumed, a little further on, our slow and cautious descent of the *escaleras*.

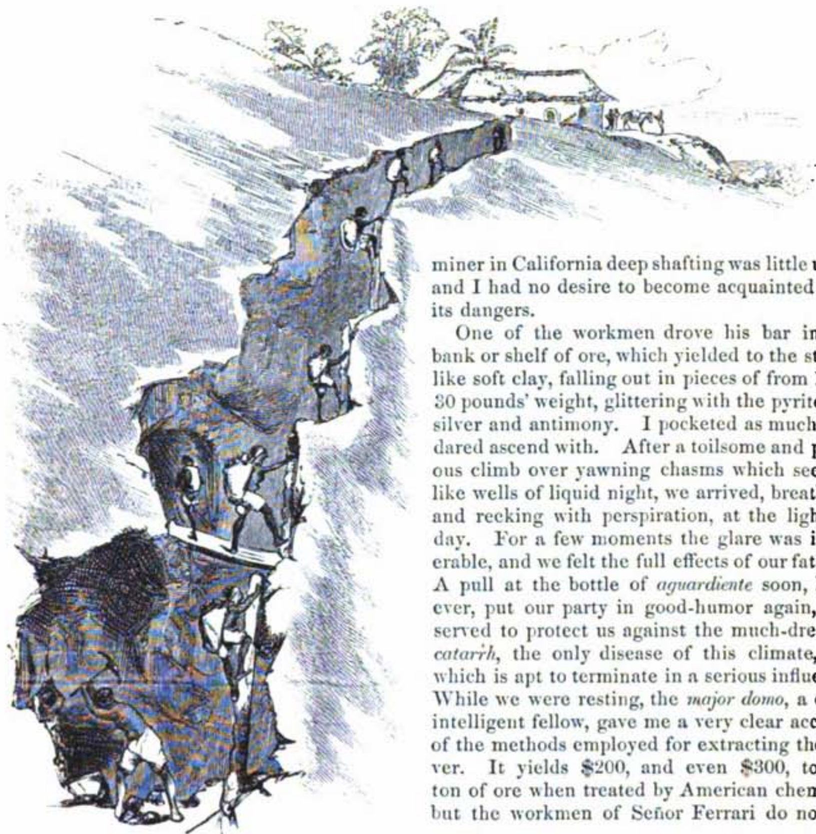
I began now to perceive a faint rumbling sound, like the echo of footsteps in a hollow vault. This arose from the blows of the miners sounding far below us.

After a fatiguing descent of 150 feet, in an air so close and palpably damp as to impede respiration, we found ourselves at the bottom of the mine: the temperature at this point was 68° Fahrenheit by my thermometer. From the bottom of the lower *escalera* the vein had taken a more horizontal direction, and was excavated in caverns with arched roofs, which now re-echoed to the blows of the miners, who struck the rock with pointed bars of iron, breaking off at every stroke portions of the rich and spark-



THE CONE OF COMAYAGUA.

Digitized by Google



SECTION OF A SILVER MINE.

miner in California deep shafting was little used, and I had no desire to become acquainted with its dangers.

One of the workmen drove his bar into a bank or shelf of ore, which yielded to the stroke like soft clay, falling out in pieces of from 10 to 30 pounds' weight, glittering with the pyrites of silver and antimony. I pocketed as much as I dared ascend with. After a toilsome and perilous climb over yawning chasms which seemed like wells of liquid night, we arrived, breathless and reeking with perspiration, at the light of day. For a few moments the glare was intolerable, and we felt the full effects of our fatigue. A pull at the bottle of *aguardiente* soon, however, put our party in good-humor again, and served to protect us against the much-dreaded *catarrh*, the only disease of this climate, but which is apt to terminate in a serious influenza. While we were resting, the *major domo*, a civil, intelligent fellow, gave me a very clear account of the methods employed for extracting the silver. It yields $200, and even $300, to the ton of ore when treated by American chemists, but the workmen of Señor Ferrari do not re-

ling *brosa*, and emitting from the chest, as they struck, a peculiar hollow groan, very painful to hear, for one unaccustomed to the sound, but which a tall Herculean fellow assured me was "necessary to the miner, and materially eased his labor." The echoes of these caverns gave back a dense and muffled sound. It seemed as though the palpable darkness—compared with which the blackness of the night is twilight—had poured itself into the hollows of my ears and deadened their sensibility. The cold damp, the haggard appearance communicated to all our countenances by the candle-light reflected from the shining ores, the wild and unnatural look of the subterranean workmen, the dark opening which led away to unknown depths and distances into the solid heart of the earth, the idea which continually haunted me of the mountain hanging overhead, which might at any moment fall in and exclude us from the light of day—an accident for which the miner has a word in his dialect, *campana*—these thoughts made me take an inward resolve that my descent into the Mina de San Martin should be the last of my adventures of this kind. To the perils of the sea and of the wilderness I had been already reconciled by experience; but when I was a

CAMPANA, OR CAVING IN.

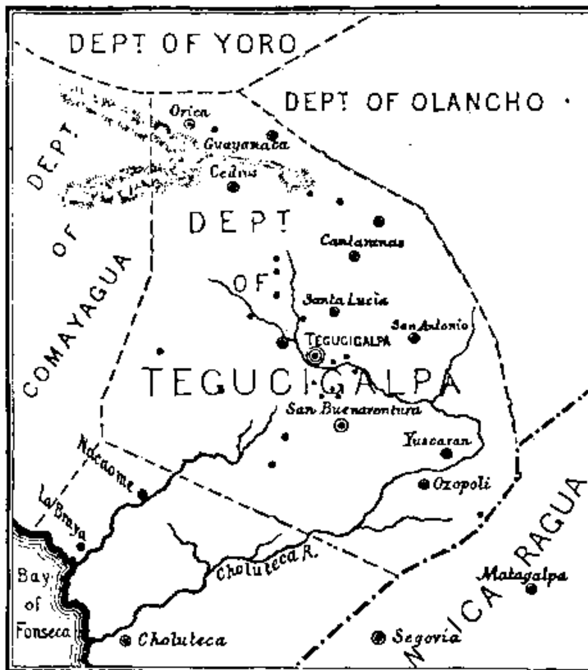
Digitized by Google

alize half that amount from it. Some very ordinary specimens, which I picked up and took with me to San Francisco, were analyzed by my friend Mr. Hewston, of the Mint, and gave $218 to the ton; Ferrari's results do not reach half that amount. The *major domo* appeared to be fully aware of the great loss incurred by the inferior processes in use in Honduras. "Trabajamos aqui ciegos, Señor," he exclaimed, "no hay intelijentes, no hai brazos, ni fundos, ni nada—absolutamente nada, Señor—Perdimos la mitad de la plata porque nadie sabe estraerle."*

To my surprise the proprietor of the mine corroborated the statement, and joined in the complaints of the *major domo*, and then told me that he was so thoroughly disgusted with the miserable management of the native metallurgists, he would freely give me a quarter of the proceeds of the mine—which is one of the best in Honduras—if I would, of my own knowledge, or with the assistance of a good chemist, enable him to save his enormous losses in silver and quicksilver by the introduction of a good modern process.

Nature does every thing for Honduras, man—at least during the present age—almost nothing. A silver mine in Connecticut or Virginia yielding $20 of silver to the ton, would be a valuable property. The Germans work ores of argentiferous galena, which yield only $5 or $7 to the ton; and they are not unprofitable; large investments of capital are made in mines of an inferior quality in the United States, and roads constructed to reach them, which cost twice what will be required to control the access to the mines of Santa Lucia. It is our gross ignorance of Honduras, its geography, and its metallic wealth, which has allowed us to leave it so long a hidden and useless treasure. Not many years can pass before this darkness will have been dissipated by the press; and I regard even the slight and superficial information contained in this article, scattered as it will be, like wheat from the hand of the sower, over vast surfaces of active and fruitful mind, as the first in a series of events which will end in opening to all the world a new and inexhaustible source of commercial prosperity.

Although we know that, under Spanish rule, millions of silver were taken annually from these mines, we are not therefore to suppose that the methods of mining were in those days any better, or the arts of metallurgy more advanced. The secret of the great yield lay in the number of workmen employed in taking out the ore, and the number engaged in breaking and crushing it. The aim of American miners is to save labor by machinery; machinery, *first*, to draw the ore up from the mine; *next*, to break and crush it into fine dust, rapidly and without waste; and, *finally*, skillful metallurgy, in amalgamating and refining, which should not only save, as in Germany, every ounce of silver, but economize the quicksilver now dissipated and lost. Where there is a profit of *ten* dollars by the old process, there should be a *hundred* by the new.



The operation of breaking ore for the mill is now done by a lazy naked native, with a hammer or a stone. A hundred of these fellows would hardly supply the trough of an American quartz-mill. The *tanateros*, indeed, who are a class of workmen employed to bring up the ore in sacks from the bottom of the mine, do their work manfully, and are, physically, a superior kind of laborers. They climb nimbly up the slippery *escaleras* with a load of 125 pounds attached to their backs. The enormous development of their muscles proves the violence of the exercise. These men are Indians or half-breeds, and are beautiful in form, mild, industrious, and obedient. The same labor would be much better and more economically performed by a small steam-engine, such as would cost only three or four hundred dollars; and

* "We work in the dark here, Sir; no intelligence, no workmen, no funds, nothing—absolutely nothing, Sir. We lose the half of the silver, because we are ignorant of the means of extracting it."

ENTRANCE TO A MINE.—TIMBER PROPS.

yet by the slow methods in present use, more than two millions, it is said, have been netted since it was first opened, long previous to the Revolution, from the San Martin mine; corresponding with more than *thirty thousand tons* of good ore, allowing the usual losses, from a mine only 150 feet in depth! This is certainly the largest yield on record. Not less than 60,000 tons of rock and ore together must have been carried up on the backs of *tanateros!* Consequently, *one million* sacks of stone and ore have been taken out through the mouth of the mine! *If steam were applied, the annual yield of this mine, in pure silver, would be limited only by the number of men who could work abreast in its subterranean galleries.*

From the San Martin we rode over the same evening, not a mile distant, to the *Gatal*, another celebrated mine, also the property of Señor Ferrari. Our road lay through a forest of stunted oaks, mingled with large pines, very suitable for mine-timber, and terminated at a small settlement resembling the one already described. Notwithstanding my resolution, I made a second descent into the earth at this point, and found the excavations of the Gatal much more extensive and imposing than those of the comparatively modern San Martin. Galleries branch off to the right and left to a great distance, following the course of a second intersecting bed of ore, which traverses the plane of the larger or perpendicular vein. One of these, called the *veta azul*, or blue vein, is apparently conformable with the stratification—like a bed of trap interposed between two layers of sandstone—while the other (*veta principal*) is a perpendicular fissure. All the fissures of the mountains, and consequently the beds of ore in this *mineral*, run north and south, except the *veta azul*.

I am not a professional geologist, and can not explain, even hypothetically, the causes of these fissures, through which the precious metals have oozed up to the surface from the interior metallic-lava lakes of the earth. Did they arise in vapor, condensing upon the walls of the fissures? Were they dissolved in water, heated far beyond the temperature of white-hot iron, and prevented from evaporating by the pressure of solid miles of rock above them? Were the fissures made by ancient earthquakes, themselves occasioned by the bulging of the crust of the earth as it cooled? Did the metals rise molten, in the form of lava? Of one thing I am convinced, however, that the causes—whatever they may have been—pervaded a wide extent of territory, and were deep-seated in the earth. Silver mines in this region never give out; they vary in width, but are indefinitely continued. Their supply is inexhaustible.

While examining the interior of the Gatal, I observed more carefully the method of propping the roof of the excavation. Wherever the roof is shaky, or of loose stone, heavy masses of unhewn timber—oak is preferred—are set under, as supports. The weight of the roof pressing slowly and insensibly downward, will sometimes bend these columns like reeds. Fragments are continually dropping from the roofs of the galleries. The miners grow accustomed to the danger. As I was standing in one of the caves which are left where large masses of ore are taken out, I looked up, and saw over my head a mass of at least five tons' weight hanging in the crevice, and ready at any moment to

Digitized by Google

fall. The echo of the voice or the sound of a hammer might have brought it down. One of the miners touched me, without speaking, and pointed to the rock. I stepped quietly out of the way, with a sensation like sea-sickness.

A *campaña*, or "caving-in," is not so dangerous an affair, however, as might be imagined. Before the roof comes down—more especially when the strata above are horizontal, or moderately inclined—the mine gives out a sound, quivering and grumbling; each timber prop—set close to its fellow—begins to sigh and struggle against the roof like a weary Hercules. The crash comes on slowly. A wind blows out of the mine; the miners run to the main gallery, which is always secure, and a sound is heard for a few moments, not loud, but awfully significant of the forces at work.

After the flight of the Rosas family, in 1831, the Gatal was neglected, and the galleries fell to decay; but recently they have been cleared, and are now worked with considerable results. The works are placed, as usual, upon the brow of a steep hill, perhaps 300 feet above the general table-land of the district. Penetrating the flank of this eminence is a subterranean conduit, or water-drift, called by the miners a *taladro*. The entrance of the mine is certainly not less than 200 feet perpendicularly above the mouth of the *taladro*. Out of this runs all the natural drainage of the mine, and the excess poured into it during the rainy season. The drain penetrates horizontally and upward to the galleries, with which it is connected by wells, or shafts, sunk in the remote interior. This *taladro* is estimated to have cost the Rosas $30,000, when labor under an arbitrary government was far less expensive than at present. American miners would have incurred an outlay of at least $100,000 in the boring of this tunnel, and without it the Gatal mine would be comparatively valueless. There are several mines in the *mineral* of Santa Lucia drained in the same manner. *Taladros* are the principal expense in silver mining. Without them the only resource would be a powerful steam-pump, and it is for this reason that all the mines of the department are opened on heights, which gives an opportunity for subterranean drainage. Farther to the north, on the summit of the hill, is a *lumbrera*, or air-hole, which must have been equally expensive, as it penetrates to the lower galleries.

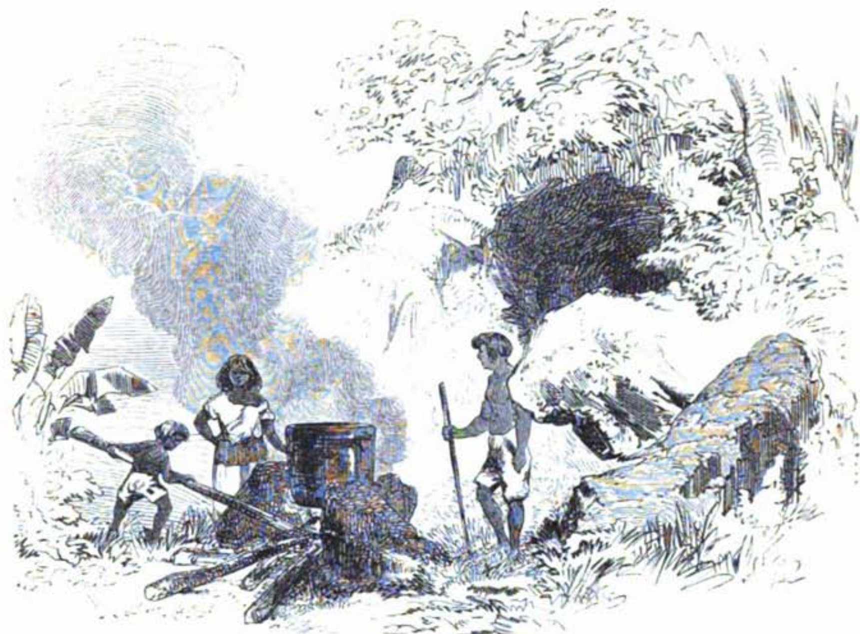
As we rode over the country many places were pointed out to me by my companions where silver veins had been traced; and there is no doubt that a net-work of silver penetrates all the mountains of this district. It will always be impossible to estimate the amount of silver contained in these hills, but it is not saying much to affirm that the present waste and wear of silver in arts and commerce might be readily supplied from them.

Having filled a sack with the glittering ore of the Gatal, I mounted with the rest, and we

TALADRO, OR DRAIN.

TANATERO—ORE CARRIER.

Digitized by Google



INDIAN SILVER MINER.

turned our faces homeward. At the roadside I saw a mound of not less than 1000 tons of refuse, or medium ore, mingled with rubbish, too poor for transportation by mules to the mill. This will yield $20 or $30 to the ton, and can be had for the asking. Señor Ferrari assured me that he does not raise more than half a ton a day from the Gatal, employing ten workmen. This daily half ton gives full employment to his mill, and yields an average of 12½ *marcs*, equal to 100 ounces of silver. A *marc* is worth $9 of good coined money in Tegucigalpa. There is not a mine in Santa Lucia which does not *average* four *marcs* to the quintal of 500 pounds. The native miners, nearly all of them out of employment, haunt the old mines, and by a rude smelting process, in earthen pots, obtain buttons of crude silver, worth intrinsically about $1 the ounce. These are every day brought into Tegucigalpa, and sold to the retail traders at a large discount. This is one source, and at present the principal one, of the silver carried from Belize and San Miguel to London.

While riding in company with a friend in the vicinity of Tegucigalpa, I happened upon a group of Indians near the entrance of a deserted mine. It was a gloomy cavern in the side of the hill, overhung with aged trees. An old woman, with a couple of naked children, was boiling a pot over a fire of pine-knots. The father of the family, with a bar of iron in his hands, stood at the entrance of the cavern, waiting until the strangers should pass by. Several masses of very rich ore lay at his feet. Wishing to see this primitive metallurgist at work, I alighted, and remained awhile in the shade observing the process. A bag of copper dollars and a few words of encouragement were all that was required to induce him to begin again for me. He entered the low drift, creeping on his hands and knees, and soon the muffled blows of the bar announced that he had discovered a mass of ore by the twilight of the mine. In half an hour, or less time, he came out, dragging behind him in a sack about twenty pounds of the shining *brosa*. The man and woman then selected each a flat stone, and began pounding the ore, which was thus gradually reduced to the condition of a gravelly dust. The fire, meanwhile, was fed largely by the children; a smaller earthen pot, holding a portion of the *brosa*, was set deep in a bed of coals. The wood was piled over it, sulphureous vapors escaped, and when the whole had burned fiercely awhile and fallen to ashes, our son of Tubal Cain drew forth the pot and turned out upon the ground a mass of gray, black, and red slag and ash, out of which I drew with a stick a button of red-hot silver, weighing, perhaps, two ounces. For this button I gave the miner a silver dollar, and he seemed well satisfied with the price, which was less than half its value in the market. These wandering miners form a considerable portion of the country population. Their occupation yields them a meagre subsistence. With them also rests the knowledge of many rich veins in the recesses of the mountains, to which they resort at certain seasons, transmitting the secret through many generations. It is, however, only the best ores that can be treated in such a primitive fashion, and the loss is excessive.

The riches of this wonderful region are not

Digitized by Google

confined, however, to the precious metals. Lead in the form of sulphuret is almost too common to attract attention, more especially in the *mineral* of El Plomo, the ores of which are a mixture of lead and silver, the former in so large a proportion as to make them unprofitable by the native methods of working.

The hill called "El Chimbo," two leagues S.S.W. from the city, is a mass of copper dust. The surface of this hill must have been once a solid rock of copper pyrites (sulphuret), now decayed and converted into a blue rotten-stone. While standing on the side of the hill I kicked away the sod with the heel of my boot, and turned up the copper earth in lumps like potter's clay. From a quantity of this clay, which was carried home for me by the *mozo*, I washed out clean grains of native copper. The entire hill seemed to be composed of it. Here, then, are thousands of tons of pure copper to be had for the washing, and a waterfall near by to do it with.

Tegucigalpa should have been called Arguropolis—the Silver City—since there is none other in the world so well entitled to the name. Its grand cathedral, massive public buildings, and well-paved streets testify to its former wealth and prosperity. Many of its private dwellings must have been occupied by men of vast wealth and aristocratic habits; but the day of these has gone by, and never will return. *Non bis in idem*—the same fortune will not twice happen to the same people. The Spanish race are outworn; their own servants have thrown down the tools, and now they sigh for us to come and help them.

Las Minas de la Plata, *San Juan de Cantaranos*, *La Mineral de Guascaran*, where there is a mine now in operation yielding silver; *La Mineral de Plomo*, where, in any part of the district, ten or twelve feet of digging uncovers flat layers of argentiferous ores conforming to the strata; *Villa Nueva*, *Santa Lucia*, with its six grand mines in a circle of less than twelve miles diameter; *Yuscaran*, with nine valuable mines, all well situated and drained, and from one of which, the Guayavilla, $500,000 was taken in four months during President Ferrara's administration; *Cedros*, on the road to Olancho, where the silver is pure in threads; *San Antonio*, where there are vast horizontal layers of ore, yielding native silver, only a few yards beneath the surface, where $16,000 was taken out from Señor Gardela's mine (the *Veta Azul*) in ten days, and where the *Mairena* mine, in the years 1804–1808, yielded an immense fortune to its proprietors; all these *minerales* lie open to the enterprise of Americans, who have the good-will of the government and the proprietors, to introduce machinery and the best methods of extracting the ore.

In the year 1805 Señor Mairena, with a portion of the proceeds of his own, the Mairena mine, built a church in San Antonio, at a cost of $600,000, and, at the feast of dedication, when the edifice was completed, threw away

BREAKING ORE.

thousands in pieces of silver among the crowd. In 1816 the mine which yielded such enormous wealth was abandoned, all the workmen having been taken for military service. The *mineral* of San Antonio, though less than a quarter of a league square, has produced millions of dollars. At present, silver is taken from it only by a few wandering miners, who get out bars worth from five to ten dollars to sell to the traders.

I found the climate very cool and pleasant during most of the time in this elevated region. Its general height above the sea, which exceeds 4000 feet, makes it temperate, and the thermometer ranges some fifteen or twenty degrees lower than on the coast. The soil and air are both favorable in the highest degree to agricultural labor, and with an industrious population it would have no occasion to import any kind of food. The dullness of the lower class of people here is only equaled by that of negroes, but they will work when they are well paid and fed. Of machinery their ideas are limited to an ox-mill, and in these days they can not even build that. The general insecurity of property since the beginning of revolutions in 1821, has so thoroughly demoralized the people that they are even afraid openly to accumulate riches. It was related to me that a German miner, who came up from Nicaragua, having discovered a good vein of silver in a recess of the mountains, began working at it in the Indian fashion, and in two seasons he had accumulated what we call in California "a pile"—several thousand dollars—which he hid carefully away in the shrubbery of a cañon or gorge. He made periodical journeys to the nearest settlement—twenty miles distant

—for provisions. At length, grown weary of his solitary life and the danger attending it, he went down to San Miguel, on the Pacific, and persuaded a merchant of that place to go with him and assist in the removal of the treasure. Such incidents are entirely possible, and of the many that were related to me, I have no doubt a good number were truly told. Three adventurers from Nicaragua, in the same manner, going up into the mountains, lighted on a cinnabar mine, and, working all by themselves, carried off seven or eight thousand dollars in quicksilver before the proprietors discovered them.

I will endeavor, before closing this article, to give my readers a rough description of the various metallurgic processes now in use in Honduras; but before doing this I must make sure to place on record the history of an enterprise undertaken some years ago in Yuscaran—the exploration of the celebrated Guayavilla mine.

The causes of the decay and neglect of silver mining in Honduras are not perceived by Americans only. My esteemed friend, the elder Lozano, whose knowledge of silver mines exceeded that of any person I have met, was truly sensible of the faults and misfortunes of his countrymen in their political and mining economy. His death, during my absence in Olancho, deprived me of many advantages; but I took the precaution during my first visit to note down several conversations with him, and to procure all the information which the time permitted.

"My countrymen," he would say, "have gained many things by throwing off their allegiance to Spain; but they have also deprived themselves of great benefits by not establishing a firm and lasting government."

"Why, then," I asked, "have you not cultivated a good understanding with powerful and well-governed nations—Great Britain for example, or France? Have not they always shown a willingness to trade with you, and to develop the wealth of your mines?"

"Their intentions," he replied, "may have been good, but their efforts have not resulted favorably. I do not know why they are so unlucky, unless it be that their manner of treating our people has been too arbitrary, and too openly selfish. They think it necessary always to terrify and overawe us; or perhaps, as in the case of Nicaragua, instead of cultivating just and friendly relations, their agents have aggressed and trampled upon us at every opportunity. We are not the less sensible of injustice because we are weak. Besides that, Señor, they carry too much away with them. *We wish those who develop the mines to remain with us, and give us a portion of the benefit.*"

"And have all these enterprises proved unsuccessful?"

"By no means. Mr. Bennett's management of the Guayavilla mine in Yuscaran was eminently successful, for a time. That, you know, was broken up by a revolution."

"I should like to hear more about it."

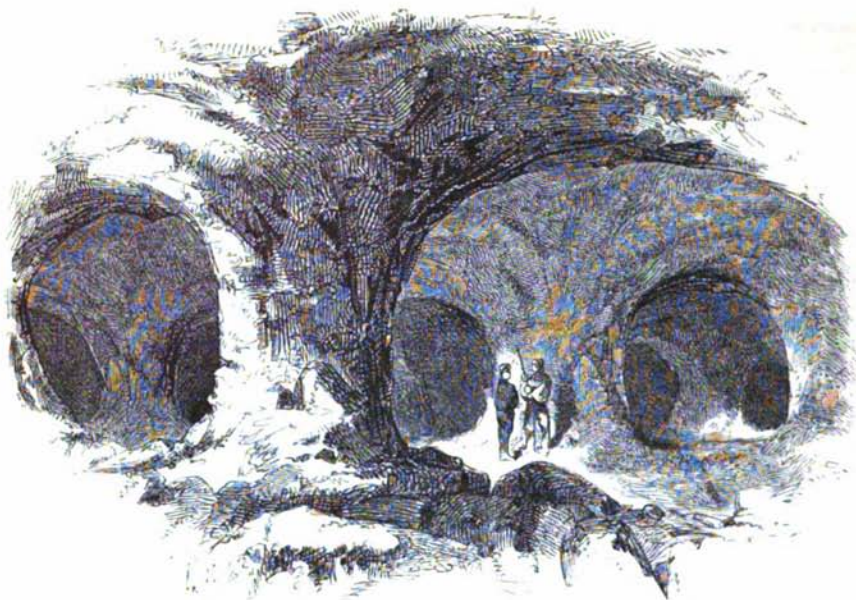
"Mr. Bennett was at one time the partner in business of your consul, Señor Follin, at Omoa. A very intelligent gentleman is Señor Follin, who has rendered eminent services to Honduras. Well, as I was saying, Bennett went afterward to Omoa, and died there, I have been told, in 1847. He came to Tegucigalpa in 1838, and re-opened the Guayavilla mine in Yuscaran, near by here, with Cornwall miners, who were sent for from England; coarse, quarrelsome men, hard-headed brutes, but good miners—very good miners, Señor; and I wish Señor Ferrari and I had a hundred of them. Long before this, the Guayavilla mine had been worked. Previous to the year 1821—the year of revolution—Tegucigalpa was a rich capital, and the mining business made us all rich, prosperous, and proud. When the two factions, the Conservatives and the Democrats, began their civil wars, now happily términated by President Cabañas, each in its turn seized upon the miners and pressed them into the army. The estates were confiscated, the foreign and Spanish proprietors driven out of the country. Industry fell dead. There was no capital, no credit, no exchange. Confusion, misery, and distrust prevailed, and extinguished even avarice and ambition, passions in which we are not deficient, Señor. The export of silver fell off to less than half a million.

"At length, after seventeen years of distrust and inactivity, Mr. Bennett made his appearance, and we were again delighted with the sound of business and the dawn of better days. Many citizens of Honduras joined Mr. Bennett and his English associates, and the Guayavilla mine was re-opened. Its wealth in silver exceeded all expectation. The Cornish and native miners, paid weekly their regular wages, worked with energy and skill. Thousands of tons of rich ore, yielding one hundred and even five hundred dollars to the ton, were rapidly taken out. The stamping-mills, furnaces, and quicksilver machines, were soon erected and in full operation. Provisions in abundance poured in from the country. Every body in Tegucigalpa began to smile and look happy. Trade revived. The women bought luxuries, and enjoyed themselves. People danced and sang, and made jollifications, and all this quarter of Honduras was in a tumult of pleasure and prosperity. Every one was benefited and no one was jealous. Oh! Señor Guillermo," said the old man, pausing to draw a deep sigh in the midst of his narration, "if your countrymen, los Americanos del Norte, that great and happy people, would but come here and renew those good old times, how rich and happy we should become!"

The old gentleman paused to roll a fresh cigarito; then waving it gracefully in the air, he said,

"Do you believe, Señor, that the great railroad from Omoa to the Pacific will ever be built?"

"Certainly," I replied, "Señor Lozano, it will be finished; and, more than that, the mines will be re-opened by my countrymen."



CAVERNS IN THE GUAYAVILLA MINE.

"Ah, I am too old to see such happiness; is not this country a beautiful piece of earth?"

"But the Guayavilla mine," said I; "proceed, Señor."

"Well, as I was saying, the mine yielded enormously. Nothing like had been ever heard of before. The ore was often found coated over with threads of pure silver, and pieces yielded fifty per cent. Enormous ovens were constantly filled with it, from which streams of silver poured away day and night. Government, partially interested, gave us every help. All the proprietors and stockholders were enriched. No enterprise of industry ever yielded better or more constant returns. The fame of the mine extended even to England. The silver was shipped to that country through Belize. Here was a forcible illustration of the value of foreign labor, skill, and capital, in Honduras. I used to see the workmen paid off in lines, commencing at noon on Saturday, and not ending until dark."

"This prosperity had an end, however," said I.

"Yes, Señor, *la fatalidad del pais*, the curse of the people—revolution, killed it all. Ferrara, the murderous instrument of the aristocratic faction (*Serviles*), was elected by fraud to the presidency; property confiscated; rich men murdered, or driven away; all respectable and honest people banished; all affairs reversed and ruined. A gentleman of Guatemala, a large proprietor of Guayavilla stock, dying, the property went into the hands of his brother, a lawyer of the lowest character in the party of Ferrara. Hitherto the Guayavilla mine had been comparatively exempt from the outrages of the Servile faction. This was owing to the influence of foreigners, principally Englishmen, and some members of the faction of Ferrara who were interested in the property. The lawyer of Guatemala, Señor Don Philipe Janrégui, defrauded the heirs of his brother; and because he knew that at the close of Ferrara's administration he would be compelled to restore the property, resolved, meanwhile, to make the best of it.

There is a law which prohibits the removal of those natural columns of rock and ore which support the roof and arches of a mine. In the Guayavilla mine they were solid ore of immense value. President Ferrara was bribed by Señor Janrégui to procure a repeal of the law. Others of the owners agreed; the pillars were taken down, and in four months yielded more than half a million in pure silver; but the next rainy season the roof fell in, and the mine was ruined. The long galleries became choked with stones, timber, and mud; the machinery went to wreck, and the foreign proprietors, after expostulating in vain with Ferrara, abandoned the enterprise in disgust."

"The mine, then, is still in ruins?"

"Yes, a mere mud pit. The heirs recovered their property when Cabañas came in; but they have no capital."

"Señor, it is my opinion that my countrymen will re-open the Guayavilla mine."

"*Bueno!* if they will! Our department is full of silver veins. I will show you."

The old gentleman then took a pencil and, still retaining the inevitable cigarito, sketched with a trembling hand a rude map of the silver localities, or *minerales* of the department.

"Here," said he, " is coin for the world;

Digitized by Google

forty good mines, known to be rich, and which have already yielded great sums with little labor. Veins, as yet unopened, intersect every mountain from base to summit. I have marked out the *minerales* for you thus. Each has its group of mines. Many are already drained, and require but a small outlay to be made productive. We offer great riches to your countrymen, Señor Guillermo."

"They are a careful and considerate people," I replied; "and though they well know that it is a part of their future business to supply the world with *silver*, as well as with *ships*, *food*, and *gold*, they will not enter rashly upon these works. They wish to know before they undertake. Americans are not like some other nations I could speak of, who throw millions into the sea to catch a few poor little fish."

"That is right—I approve. But you shall be the first to inform them; they will believe you."

It remains only before closing this very meagre and, I fear, unsatisfactory abstract of my information regarding the silver region of Tegucigalpa, to add a few paragraphs explanatory of the metallurgic processes in use here for extracting the ore. In my report to the Honduras Mining and Trading Company, I have explained these methods at large, and with the assistance of Mr. Hewston's analysis of the ores, have given an estimate of the capital required to open new mines, and to clear out and work the old ones. This latter I believe to be much the best policy for those who engage in silver-mining in this region with a limited capital.

Mines are located upon high ground, as near as possible to the verge of a hill, to afford opportunity for drainage. It struck me that the American method of opening a mine at the foot of the hill, and making the entrance serve the double purpose of a drain and a level for ore-cars, would be far more profitable than the labor of *tanateros*. The ore and the water would then run out through the same channel by force of gravitation.

Ox-mills are in use in several parts of this region. They are slow and unserviceable. As mill-dams are too apt to be carried away by the vast torrents of the rainy season, small steam-engines, fed with pitch-pine, which is abundant, would be more manageable, and save a great expense in carrying the ore to the mill, as a steam-engine can be placed any where, even in the mine itself, if desired.

The Spanish year has one hundred feast-days, during which there is no labor. This is one-third of the time lost. A little discreet management, such as paying double wages a few times to those who will work, aided by a good understanding with the priests, would soon break down this custom. The example of a few foreign miners will also have a great effect.

The ore, ground to a paste by the rolling stones attached to the horizontal shaft, or cross-beam, of the ox or water-mill, flows out in mud through a set of seives, which retain the coarser particles, and settles in a huge stone vat. This paste is shaped into cakes of 100 pounds each, mixed with a quantity of salt, to detach the sulphur during the baking process. The heat of the ovens is very great. The burnt powder contained pure silver, separated and diffused. It is spread out on a stone floor and sprinkled with quicksilver, showered down from above through seives. This forms an amalgam. The amalgam is washed out and heated in iron retorts, which sublimes the mercury and leaves the silver in solid buttons. The mercury is condensed in cold receivers, but a great deal is lost in the dust of the burnt cakes.

Another method is to roll the baked ore with water, pieces of iron, and mercury, in barrels, revolving by machinery. Ores which contain a great deal of lead are burnt, so as to drive off the sulphur, and melt the lead and silver together. The lead is then burnt out by a steady blast of hot air. This is the ordinary "cupellation." All the operations of roasting, smelting, and "cupellation" are sometimes performed in one process by a powerful blast-furnace.

Quicksilver is, of course, in great demand; but the mines of quicksilver ore (cinnabar), though near at hand, are not worked for want of knowledge.

Germans would be probably the best operatives to employ on these mines, under American direction. They do not expect high wages, and are faithful to their engagements.

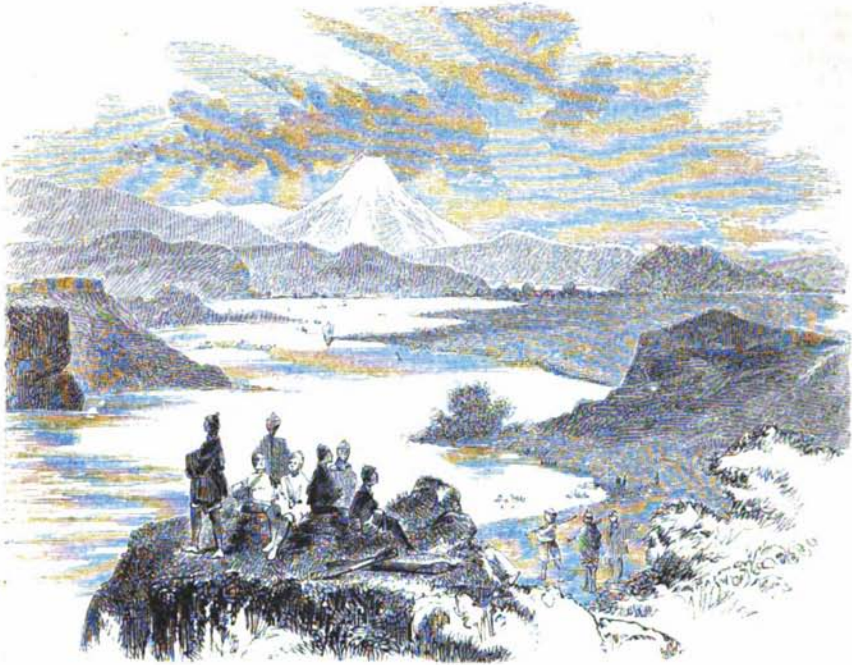
The ratio of profit in first-class silver mines is from $60 to $70 of gross receipts for $30 of outlay—an excellent return; but this is by the Mexican method of working, with a few German improvements. In American hands the profits should be doubled. That valuable cinnabar mines should remain unworked, within less than thirty miles of Tegucigalpa, is a fact that precludes the necessity of answering the usual question of overshrewd and ignorant people, "Why, if these mines exist, have they not been worked by those who own them?" To have acquired and to possess a good estate is the virtue and fortune of the Spaniard and of all his descendants; not to know how to draw from it a good revenue is his fault and his evil destiny.

COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.

"I am for bombarding all the exclusive Asiatics, who shut up the earth, and will not let me walk civilly and quietly through it, doing no harm, and paying for all I want."—SYDNEY SMITH.

SECOND VISIT.

AFTER Commodore Perry's first satisfactory visit to Japan, he returned to China in order to secure a thorough refitment of his ships, and to obtain such an accession to his squadron that he might present himself for the second time in the Bay of Yedo, with so formidable a force that the Japanese should be persuaded, however reluctantly, to accede to the rational demands of the United States. While the Commodore was disposed to proffer the hand



VIEW OF THE BAY OF YEDO.

of friendship, he was also determined to show that he had the power to strike, so that the Japanese, if disinclined to become friends, might fear to be enemies. A respectful hearing he was resolved to have; this he believed his country fully entitled to, and this he knew, with the force at his command, he could secure.

It was originally the intention of Commodore Perry to have delayed his second visit until the spring of 1854, but finding that some Russian and French government vessels were moving suspiciously in those Eastern seas, and fearing that their purpose was to proceed to Japan, and to forestall the proposed American negotiations, he determined to anticipate their manœuvres. The Commodore, accordingly, left Hong Kong in the middle of January, in the steamer *Susquehanna*, accompanied by the *Powhatan*, which had lately arrived from the United States, the *Mississippi*, and the storeships the *Lexington* and *Southampton*, and arrived at Napa, in Loo-Choo, on the 21st of January. Here he remained two weeks, and sailed again with the three steamers, on the 6th of February, for the Bay of Yedo; the sailing ships the *Macedonian*, *Vandalia*, *Lexington*, and *Southampton* having been dispatched five days previously for the same place. The Commodore directed his course, on leaving the harbor, to the southwest of Loo-Choo, with the hope of falling in with the *Saratoga* man-of-war, which had been expected to arrive from Shanghae and meet him at Napa. The three steamers had hardly stood out to sea when they fortunately fell in with the long-looked-for ship, which was ordered to proceed immediately to the rendezvous in Yedo Bay.

With smooth seas and prosperous winds, the steamers made a rapid run, and on the fifth day after their departure from Napa, in Loo-Choo, arrived off the mouth of the Bay of Yedo. A severe blow from the northward and eastward forced the vessels, however, to keep during the night under the lee of the island of Oho-Sima, in order to avoid the violence of the gale. The next day, however, opening more favorably, the three steamers stood up the bay. The outlines of the coast were recognized from the recollections of the previous visit, but a great change had come over the face of the landscape in consequence of the difference of season. The precipitous bluffs of Cape Sagami rose bleakly in the wintry atmosphere on the left, and the irregular coast of Awa, some twelve miles away on the right, showed dim and blue in the distance. The summit of Mount Fuzee-Yama peered high above the island of Niphon, and was now, with the surrounding mountains, completely clothed in a winter mantle of snow. The rich verdure of the land had lost its cheerful summer aspect, and looked withered, bleak, and sombre. The abundant vegetation of the valleys was stripped of its foliage, and the bare trees swayed to and fro in the wintry wind which swept through them. Along the shores every where thronged the villages and towns, which looked desolate and exposed in comparison with their former appearance of rural comfort

Digitized by Google

when nestling in the full-leaved groves of summer.

On the steamers closing in with the shore on the left, as they advanced up the bay, two square-rigged vessels were observed, apparently at anchor, within a bight of the land in the neighborhood of Kama-Kura. They were soon discovered to be the *Macedonian* and *Vandalia*, the former of which had got aground by mistaking the bearings of the coast, and was now being assisted by her consort, which had gone to her relief. With the aid of the steamers the *Macedonian* was soon relieved from her perilous position, but as the day was far advanced, the whole squadron, including the *Lexington*, which had arrived during the evening, anchored for the night.

Next morning (February 13th) the three steamers, the *Powhatan*, *Mississippi*, and *Susquehanna*, with the *Lexington*, *Vandalia*, and *Macedonian* in tow, moved up the Bay of Yedo, sailing in a line ahead. With the experience of the navigation acquired on the previous visit, there was no occasion for the ships to feel their way cautiously as before, and they now confidently advanced up the magnificent bay. As the squadron doubled the promontory of Uraga, and passed the old anchorage abreast of the town, a large number of government boats, with their athletic oarsmen sculling vigorously, and their little striped flags fluttering in the wind, pushed off to intercept the ships as on the previous visit. The squadron, however, moved on majestically without altering its course a line, or lingering a moment in its speed, until the anchorage was reached. The place in which the vessels came to anchor was the appointed rendezvous, termed on the previous visit the "American Anchorage," and where the *Southampton*, having arrived in advance of all the ships, was now found moored. The three steamers and four ships presented a formideble force. Such a vigorous manifestation of power on the part of a far-remote nation, within the very centre of Japan, and at the distance of only an hour's sail from the capital, must have greatly impressed the secluded Japanese with the wonderful energies and resources of the United States, and their own utter powerlessness to cope with them.

The "American Anchorage" is situated on the western side of the Bay of Yedo, in the bight embraced within two bold headlands, about twelve miles distant from each other. The position of the squadron was thus less than a dozen miles from the capital of Yedo itself, and at about the same distance up the bay from the town of Uraga, which had been the scene of the interview during the previous visit on the reception of the President's letter. Although the winter is not very severe in that part of Japan, the climate of which is similar to that of Carolina, yet there was a very apparent change of season in the aspect of the country, as, in fact, in the temperature of the atmosphere. The thermometer in the month of February did not often indicate a degree of cold less than 38°, but frequent blustering winds, prevalent fogs and rains, and occasional snow storms, made the weather chilly and uncomfortable. The surrounding country, in spite of the groves of ever-green pines, had a wintry look, and the vegetation even in the sheltered valleys was comparatively bare, while the distant hills and mountains were covered with snow. The island that had been called Perry's, which had presented such a picturesque appearance with its verdant groves during the summer, now lay within sight of the squadron comparatively winter-stricken, with many of its trees stripped of their foliage by the winds and frost, and with the fort which crowns the summit of the rising ground more plainly visible. The villages of Otsu and Torrigasko, within the bend of the bay, about a mile distant from the anchorage, now but partially sheltered by the pines, stood out, with the staring surfaces and sharp outlines of their peaked-roofed and unpainted boarded houses, more distintly defined.

Two of the government boats had followed in the wake of the squadron as it moved up to its anchorage, and the ships had hardly let go their anchors when the boats came alongside the flag-ship *Susquehanna*. The Japanese officials on board desired to see the Commodore, but as he was still determined to preserve a strict exclusiveness, and only present himself officially to the highest dignitaries of the empire, they were refused admission to the *Susquehanna*, and were directed to the steamer *Powhatan*. Here they were received by Captain Adams, when the members of the Japanese deputation were officially announced by their names, titles, and offices. The chief dignitary was Kurakawa Kahie, and his subordinates were two interpreters, who were recognized as those who had officiated on a former occasion, and three gray-robed individuals, who seemed to be making excellent use of their eyes and their note-books, and turned out to be *Metske Devantigers*—literally cross-eyed persons, or those who look in all directions—whose function was that of spies or reporters. Upon being admitted to an audience, the Japanese interpreters explained that the object of the visit of the deputation was to prevail upon the Commodore to move his ships to Uraga, where, as they stated, there were some high dignitaries appointed by the Emperor to meet the Americans. The Commodore had, however, resolved not to go back to Uraga, and Captain Adams so stated to the Japanese, who, however, insisted that the proposed interview, for the reception of the answer to the President's letter and for the arrangement of a treaty, must be held there, in accordance with the imperial command. They then were told that if the Japanese Commissioners would not consent to meet the Commodore at a point opposite to his present anchorage, he would move his ships further up the bay, and even to the capital itself, if it should be deemed necessary.

Day after day the Japanese officials repeated

VIEW OF YOKUHAMA.

their visits, and pertinaciously insisted upon the Commodore's going to Uraga, while he resolutely and emphatically reiterated his refusal. The Japanese, finding that the Commodore was not to be moved from his fixed resolve, at last yielded the point, and, giving up Uraga, appointed Yokuhama, a place much higher up the bay, for the proposed interview with the Commissioners. Ten days, however, had been spent in fruitless negotiations, and the Commodore had put his threat into execution of moving his ships toward Yedo, and had approached so near to the capital that the striking of its night-watches could be distinctly heard, before the Japanese dignitaries had shown any disposition toward concession.

Yokuhama is one of the numerous villages which succeed each other in an almost uninterrupted series along both sides of the Bay of Yedo, from the sea to the capital. It is situated at the head of what the Americans have called Treaty Bay, and is distant about nine miles from Yedo. The Japanese having hastily erected a temporary wooden building on the shore near the village, and the Commodore having anchored his squadron, consisting of three steamers and six sailing vessels, so as completely to command the position, the conference took place on the 8th of March.

The Americans proceeded in large numbers to the shore, and having formed an imposing procession, with their officers, marines, and sailors in uniform, and their bands playing, escorted the Commodore and his suite to the entrance of the building. There was less military display on the part of the Japanese than there had been on the occasion of the reception of the President's letter. There were, however, numerous groups of pikemen, musicians, and flag-bearers, in showy costume, with their coats emblazoned with armorial bearings, arrayed on either side of the approach. They were principally the retainers of the princes who were members of the Commission appointed to confer with the Commodore, and were only present to add to the show of the occasion. The building itself was tricked off with streamers and banners, and draped in front with a curtain, upon which was painted the arms of the Emperor, consisting of three clover-leaves embraced within a circle. Striped canvas was stretched on either side of the building for a long distance, and barriers were erected to keep off the multitude of Japanese who thronged about with eager curiosity.

The Commissioners had been observed from the ships to come down from the neighboring town of Kanagawa, at an early hour, in their state barge. This was a large and gayly-painted vessel, which, with its pavilion rising high above the hull, had very much the appearance of a Mississippi steamboat. White streamers floated from tall flag-staffs, variegated drapery adorned the open deck above, and a huge silken tassel fell from the prow nearly to the surface of the water. A fleet of row-boats towed the barge opposite to the landing, and the Commissioners then disembarked, while the crews of the thousand Japanese craft in the bay prostrated themselves as the dignitaries passed to the shore.

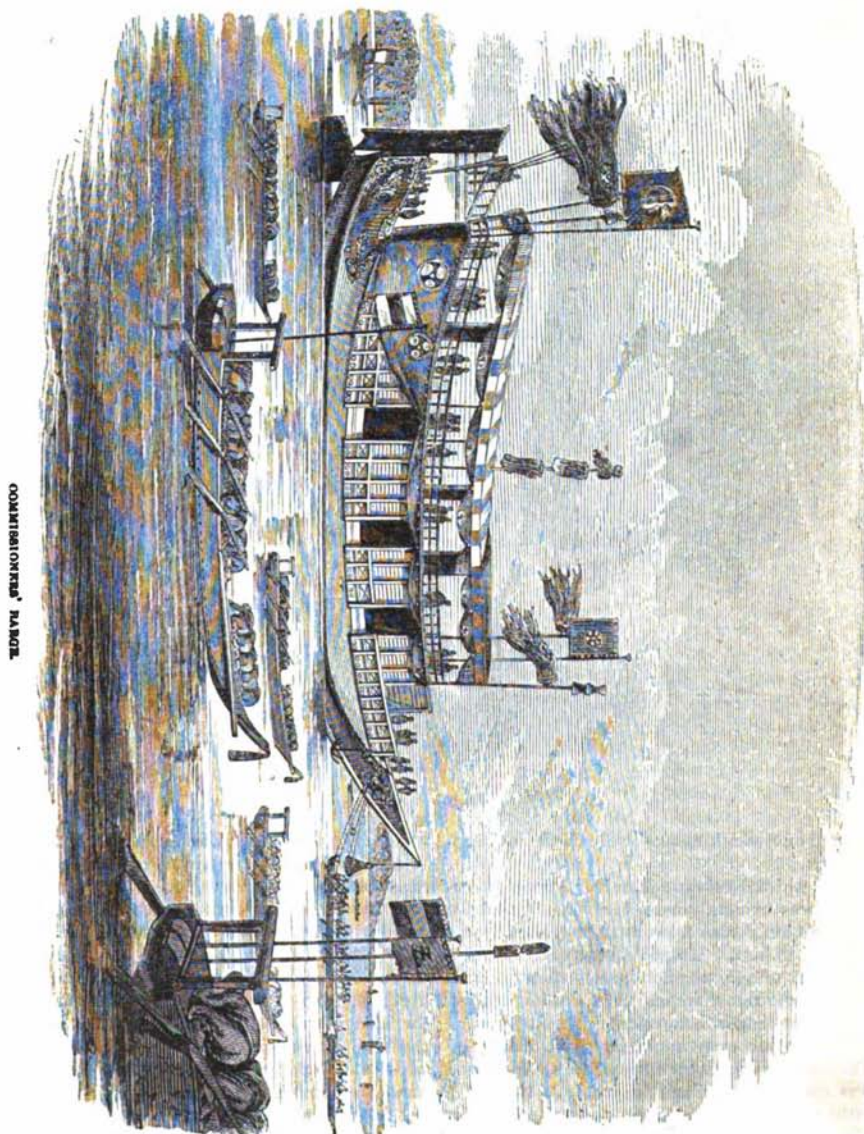
The apartment into which the Commodore and his officers first entered was a large hall, arranged in a similar manner to that at Gorihama. Thick rice-straw mats carpeted the floor; long and wide settees, covered with a red cloth, extended along the sides, with tables, spread with the same material, arranged in front of them. The windows were composed of panes of oiled paper, through which a subdued and mellow light illuminated the hall, while a comfortable temperature was kept up—for, although the spring, which is early in Japan, had already opened, the weather was chilly—by copper brasiers of burning charcoal, which, supported upon lacquered wooden stands, were freely distributed about. Hangings fell from the walls adorned with paintings of trees and representations of the crane, with its long neck, in every variety of strange involution.

The Commodore and his officers and inter-

Digitized by Google

preters had hardly taken their seats on the left, the place of honor, and the various Japanese officials, of whom there was a goodly number, theirs on the right, when the five Commissioners entered from an apartment which opened through an entrance at the upper end of the hall. As soon as they came in, the subordinate Japanese officials prostrated themselves on their knees, and remained in that attitude during their presence.

The Commissioners were certainly august-looking personages, and their long beards, their grave, but courteous manners, and their rich flowing robes of silk, set them off to the highest advantage. Their costume consisted of an under-garment somewhat similar to the antique doublet, and a pair of very wide and short trowsers of figured silk, which are characteristic of rank, while below, their legs were encased in white cotton socks, laced to some distance above the ankles. The socks were so contrived that the great toe was separated from the other four for the passage of the band which was attached to the sandal, and joined another from the heel at the ankle, where the two were tied together. Over the doublet and trowsers a loose gown of embroidered silk, somewhat of the shape of the clerical robe, with loose sleeves, was worn. This was secured to the waist, in which were thrust the two swords, a large and



COMMISSIONERS' BARGE.

Digitized by Google

JAPANESE NOBLES.

a small one, which mark the dignitaries of higher rank.

Hayashi-dai-gaku-no-Kami, or Prince Counselor, was evidently the chief member of the Commission, for all matters of importance were referred to him. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, was handsomely formed, with a grave and rather saturnine expression of face, though he had a benevolent look, and was of exceedingly courtly manners. Ido, Prince of Tousima, was probably fifty, or thereabout, and was corpulent, and tall in person. He had a rather more vivacious expression than the elder Hayashi. The third, and youngest of the princes was the Prince of Mimi-Saki, who could hardly be much beyond forty years of age, and was far the best looking of the three.

Udono, who, though not a prince, was a man of high station, and was known by the title of Mimbu-Shiyeyu, or Member of the Board of Revenue, was a tall, passable-looking man, but his features were prominent, and had much of the Mongolian cast. The fifth and last one of the five Commissioners was Matsusaki Michitaro, whose rank and title were not discovered. His precise business in the Commission it was difficult to fathom; he was always present at the conference, but took his seat constantly at

Digitized by Google

rather a remote distance from the other dignitaries, on the further end of the sedan. By him, there was—continually crouched upon his knees—a scribe, who was constantly employed in taking notes of what was passing. Matsusaki was a man of sixty years of age at least, had a long, drawn out, meagre body, a very yellow, bilious face, and an uncomfortable, dyspeptic expression, which his excessive short-sightedness did not improve, for it caused him, in his efforts at seeing, to give a very wry distortion to a countenance naturally not very handsome.

Moryama Yenoske was the principal interpreter who officiated on the occasion. As soon as the Commissioners had taken their seats, Yenoske took his position, on his knees, at the feet of Hayashi the chief, and humbly awaited his orders.

The crouching position in which an inferior places himself when in the presence of his superior in rank, seems very easy to a Japanese, but would be very difficult and painful for one to assume who had not been accustomed to it. The ordinary mode pursued is to drop on the knees, cross the feet, and cock up the heels, with the toes, instep, and calves of the legs brought together into close contact. Sometimes it is a mere squatting down, with the soles firm upon the ground, the knees bent, and the body crouched low. Yenoske was quite an adept in these manœuvres, as were his coadjutors, and especially the Prefect Kura-Kawakahei, who who was one of the subordinate functionaries present during the conference.

The Commissioners, after a momentary silence, spoke a word to the prostrate Yenoske, who listened an instant with downcast eyes, and then, by a skillful manœuvre, still upon his knees, moved toward the Commodore's interpreter, and having communicated his message, which proved to be merely the ordinary compliments, with an inquiry after the health of the Commodore and his officers, returned, with an appropriate answer, to his former position. An interchange of various polite messages having been thus borne backward and forward for several minutes, through the medium of the humble but useful Yenoske, refreshments, consisting of tea in porcelain cups, of cakes, and some confectionery, served on lacquered trays, were handed round.

It was now proposed by the Commissioners that an adjournment should take place to another room. Accordingly, the Commodore having consented, he, accompanied by the captain of the fleet, his two interpreters, and secretary, was conducted into another and much smaller room, the entrance to which was only separated from the principal hall by a blue silk flag, ornamented in the centre with the embroidered arms of Japan. On entering, the Commissioners were found already seated on the right, they having withdrawn previously to the Commodore, and arranged themselves in rank upon one of the red divans which extended along the sides of the apartment. The Commodore and his party took their seats on the left, and business commenced — the Commissioners having preliminarily stated that it was a Japanese custom to speak slowly.

The chief Commissioner now handed the Commodore a long roll of paper, which proved to be an answer to the President's letter delivered on the previous visit at Gori-hama, in July. After some conversation in regard to the negotiations under consideration, the meeting broke up, and the Commodore and his escort returned to the ships. Several prolonged conferences ensued, and the treaty was not finally agreed upon and signed until the 31st of March, 1854.

Business being over, there was now an opportunity for an interchange of courtesies, and for a friendly hobnobbing between the Americans and the Japanese, to which the latter, with all their supposed exclusiveness and reserve, were by no means indisposed. The Commodore had provided himself with a variety of presents for the Emperor and the Japanese dignitaries, and now took occasion to deliver them. He accordingly sent the telegraph apparatus and the diminutive railway on shore, and the American sailors, aided by the Japanese, were soon busy in putting them in working order. In addition to these there was a liberal supply of books, Colt's pistols, Champagne, whisky, and perfumery. The Japanese were not to be outdone in generosity, and, accordingly, had provided a quantity of articles of the manufacture of their country as return gifts. These consisted of rich brocades and silks, chow-chow boxes for carrying provisions, tables, trays, and goblets, all made of the famous lacquered ware; of porcelain cups, pipe-cases, umbrellas, and various specimens of the Japanese wardrobe. There was one article which deserves mention, as it is a universal accompaniment of all presents; it consisted of a bit of salt-fish, wrapped in sea-weed, and tied in an envelope of paper.

The presents having been duly arranged in the Treaty House at Yokuhama, the Commodore and his officers were invited by the Japanese Commissioners, on a certain day, to receive them. After the ceremony of the reception of the various gifts displayed on the occasion, the Commodore prepared to depart, when Prince Hayashi said that there was one article, intended for the President, which had not yet been exhibited. The Commodore and his officers were accordingly conducted to the beach, where one or two hundred sacks of rice were pointed out, piled up in readiness to be sent on board the ships. As such an immense supply of substantial food seemed to excite the wonderment of the Americans, who were naturally aghast at the idea of conveying such a stock of Japanese rice to the remote distance of the White House—and, moreover, loading themselves with so much coal for Newcastle — the interpreter, Yenoske, remarked that it was always customary for the Japanese, when bestowing presents, to include a certain quantity of rice.

WRESTLERS (FROM AN ORIGINAL JAPANESE PICTURE).

While contemplating these substantial evidences of Japanese generosity, and puzzling themselves with all sorts of impossible contrivances for storing them away on their arrival at Washington, in Mr. Pierce's quarters, and speculating upon the possible effects of a prolonged diet of rice upon the warlike characteristics of the President's kitchen cabinet, the attention of the Commodore and his party was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows who came tramping down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the Japanese princes, who keep them for their private amusement and for public entertainments. They were twenty-five in all, and were men enormously tall in stature and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume—which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes, and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whose service each belonged—revealed their gigantic proportions, in all the bloated fullness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before the astonished spectators. Some two or three of the huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of these, and paraded himself with conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was brought especially to the Commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The Commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The Commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the enormous neck, which fell, in folds of massive flesh, like the dew-lap of a prize-ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt, expressive of his flattered vanity.

They were all so immense in flesh, that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost directly set upon their bodies, with only folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the mere deposition of fat; for although they were evidently well-fed, they were not less well exercised and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. All the sacks weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds a piece, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not each carry two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground themselves and adjusting it, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, kept turning repeated somersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had

Digitized by Google

been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather.

After this preliminary display, the Commissioners proposed that the Commodore and his party should retire to the Treaty House, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves were most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and undressing. While at rest, they were ordinarily clothed in richly adorned robes of the usual Japanese fashion; but when exercising, they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. After the performance with the sacks of rice, their servitors spread upon the huge frames of the wrestlers their rich garments, and led them up to the Treaty House.

A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter had been inclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building; while in the portico divans covered with red cloth were arranged for the Japanese Commissioners, the Commodore, his officers, and their various attendants. The bands from the ships were also present, and enlivened the intervals during the performance with occasional stirring tunes. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number being divided into two opposing parties, tramped heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at each other, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting-books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress, and took their position on seats in front of the spectators.

The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds, presented themselves. They came in, one after the other, from behind the screens, and walked with slow and deliberate steps, as became such huge animals, into the centre of the ring. Here they ranged themselves, one against the other, at a distance of a few yards. They stood for a while eying each other with a wary look, as if both were watching a chance to catch their antagonist off his guard. As the spectator looked on and beheld these overfed monsters, whose animal natures had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them, glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a savage nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human creatures, and to persuade himself he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood.

They were, in fact, like a pair of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their look and movements. As they continued to eye each other, they stamped the ground heavily, pawing, as it were, with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handfuls of the earth, and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their massive palms or under their stalwart shoulders. They now crouched down low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon one another and watching each movement, and in a moment they had both simultaneously heaved their massive frames in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox. The equilibrium of their monstrous persons was hardly disturbed by the encounter, the effect of which was but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had flung their brawny arms about each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, with all their strength, to throw their antagonist. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated faces swelled up with gushes of red blood, which seemed almost to burst through the skin, and their huge bodies palpitated with savage emotion as the struggle continued. At last, one of the antagonists fell with his immense weight upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, he was assisted to his feet and conducted from the ring.

The scene was now somewhat varied by a change in the kind of contest between the two succeeding wrestlers. The heralds, as before, summoned the antagonists, and one having taken his place in the ring, he assumed an attitude of defense, with one leg in advance as if to steady himself, and his body, with his head lowered, placed in position as if to receive an attack. Immediately after, in rushed the other, bellowing loudly like a bull, and, making at once for the man in the ring, dashed, with his head lowered and thrust forward, against his opponent, who bore the shock with the steadiness of a rock, although the blood streamed down his face from his bruised forehead, which had been struck in the encounter. This manœuvre was repeated again and again, one acting always as the opposing and the other as the resisting force, and thus they kept up this brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood, and the flesh of their breasts rose in great swollen tumors from the repeated blows. This disgusting exhibition did not terminate until the whole twenty-five had successively, in pairs, displayed their immense powers and savage qualities. From the brutal performance of the wrestlers, the Americans turned with pride to the exhibition to which the Japanese Commissioners were now in their turn invited, of those triumphs of civilization—the telegraph and the railroad.

To celebrate the occasion of the signing of the treaty, invitations to dinner were exchanged between the Commodore and the Japanese Commissioners. The American feast was to

come off first, and accordingly on the day appointed the *Powhatan* was made resplendent, with all her streamers flying, and all the spare bunting tastily hung in fanciful devices about the decks and shrouds. A large number of officers from the various ships, in full uniform, gathered to assist as hosts during the festival, and the marines and sailors were dressed up and grouped in the most effective manner. As the Japanese party was to be large and composed of different ranks, it was found necessary to spread two tables, one in the cabin for the High Commissioners, and another on the quarter-deck, beneath the awning, for the minor officials and subordinates. The Japanese guests arrived in due time and in great numbers, there being no less than seventy in all, and were received with salvos of artillery from the various ships, and a cheerful burst of music from the bands.

The five Commissioners were conducted to the cabin, where they were entertained by the Commodore and several of his superior officers. Yenoske, the interpreter, was also allowed, by special favor, to eat and drink in the august presence of his superiors, but only at a side table, where, however, he showed, though inferior in dignity, that he was at least equal, if not superior, in appetite to his betters. The Commodore had long intended to give this banquet provided a successful result to his negotiations should justify such a conviviality, and had accordingly kept in reserve half a score of bullocks, a large supply of Shanghae fowls, and a flock of sheep or so, for the occasion. These, together with the ordinary cabin stores of *patés*, preserved game, various delicacies, and the unlimited resources of the Commodore's French cook, served to spread a feast that was not only substantial and abounding, but choice and appetizing. Wines, liqueurs, and other more potent drinkables, of course, abounded, and were by no means the least appreciated by the guests. The sweetness of the maraschino found great favor with the taste of the Commissioners, while its strength did not seem to raise any serious objection, although its effect was very perceptible. The Japanese dignitaries, with the exception of Hayashi-no-Kami, who ate and drank sparingly, proved themselves excellent trenchermen and "fair drinkers." The jovial Mimi-Saki was soon lost to all sense of Japanese reserve, and passed rapidly, under the combined influence of Champagne, maraschino, and Monongahela whisky, through all the gradations of bacchanalian delight, until he reached the stage of maudlin affection, which he demonstrated rather inconveniently by embracing his host, and very seriously damaging a new pair of golden epaulets.

The party on deck, which was much larger and more miscellaneous in rank and character, in the mean time, had become very uproarious, after having made way with unlimited supplies of solid food and numberless bowls of punch. Nor were the Japanese satisfied with what they so copiously and indiscriminately appropriated to their present appetite, but loaded their persons with provision for the future. The Japanese have a practice of carrying away with them portions of the feast where they have been guests, and whenever the Americans were entertained by them, they were expected to do likewise. Each Japanese carries in a pocket within the breast of his robe, a supply of paper for the various purposes of a pocket handkerchief—for he has no other—of taking notes, and of wrapping up the remnants of a feast. To the dinner succeeded an Ethiopian entertainment, got up by the sailors, and negro minstrelsy proved its catholicity of interest by being received by the Japanese with the same "unbounded applause" as in Broadway.

A few days subsequently the Commodore and his officers were invited to a return feast by the Japanese Commissioners. The banquet was spread in the Treaty House, in the principal hall of which were arranged narrow benches covered with red crape. The tables were the same as the benches, and were raised to a convenient height for eating by a square lacquered stand placed before each guest. The guests having taken their seats, in accordance with their rank, the Commodore and his suite being conducted to the dais where the Commissioners presided as hosts, and the other Americans being arranged along the tables in the lower apartment, the feast, after some preliminary compliments, began. A number of servitors at once thronged in, bearing upon lacquered trays several earthen cups. These contained a thick soup, which was accompanied by a supply of soy, or some other condiment. Soup succeeded soup, and soup followed soup again, which seemed to be the staple article of the entertainment. There was but little difference of taste distinguishable by an American palate in these various dishes, and most of them seemed to have fresh fish as a chief constituent, large portions of which floated in the thick liquid. Between the services of soup, various sweetened confections and an abundant supply of gingerbread and other cakes were handed round, while the silver vessels which contained the national drink of sakee—a kind of whisky distilled from rice—were kept diligently replenished. The sakee cups are mere thimbles in capacity, like those of Loo-Choo, but the Japanese have acquired by practice such a facility in filling and emptying them, that they evidently lose nothing for want of larger goblets. Toasts and healths were passed, and the whole assemblage soon became happy and friendly. At the end of the dinner, a dish containing a boiled craw-fish, a piece of fried eel, and a square-shaped, jelly-like pudding was served to each guest, with the explanation that he was to carry those articles with him, or that they would be sent after him, as in fact was done. The Japanese dinner, however, had left no such agreeable impressions upon the Americans that they cared to have any memorials to perpetuate its taste or memory.

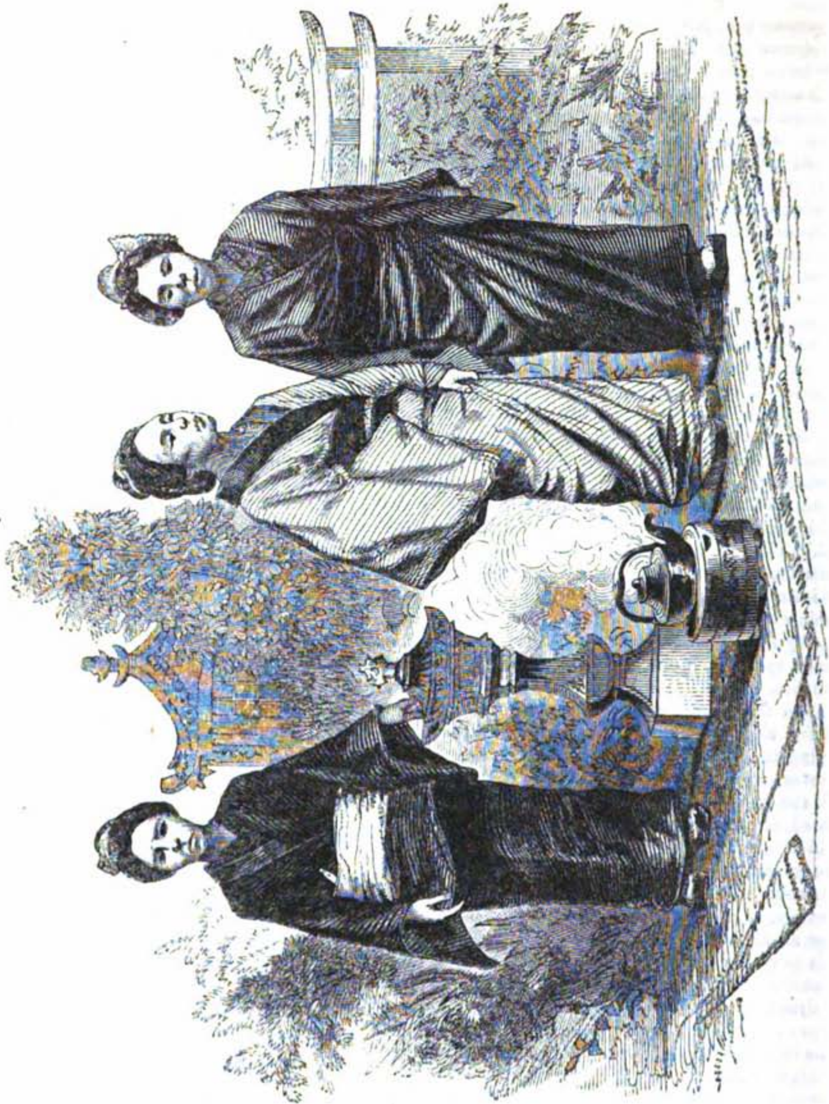
Japanese diet seemed particularly meagre in comparison with American fare, and soup, however desirable in its proper place, was found to be but a poor substitute for a round of beef or a haunch of mutton. The Prince of Tous-Sima, who had the character of being, like Talleyrand, not only an expert diplomatist but a finished gourmand, had brought all the resources of his own kitchen, under the immediate superintendence of his far-famed cook, to bear upon the dinner, and yet the result was by no means satisfactory to a vigorous nautical appetite.

The Commodore had now been nearly two months in the Bay of Yedo, most of which time had been spent in negotiations preliminary to the formation of the treaty. Although during this period there was but little opportunity, in consequence of the jealous interposition of the authorities, of having much intimate intercourse with the people, there were, notwithstanding, occasional opportunities of observation of their peculiarities. After the negotiations had terminated, the Commodore insisted upon the privilege being granted to his officers of visiting the land. This was accorded, but under severe restrictions, limiting the visits of the Americans to within certain fixed limits, and the Japanese people were so strictly watched on these occasions by the police and spies, that they did not dare to speak with, and hardly to look at, the strangers. In obtaining water and other supplies, in the conveyance of the presents back and fro, and putting up the telegraph, and arranging the miniature railroad, the Americans, however, were necessarily brought in contact with the natives. The common people always showed, on these occasions, a very friendly disposition toward their visitors; and although they were generally reserved about themselves and their country, as if constrained by fear of their superiors, they showed an intense curiosity to know all about the United States. It was difficult to satisfy their exceeding inquisitiveness, which seemed to be particularly directed toward the dress, every article of which they were desirous of handling and finding out the English name by which it was called. A button excited the highest interest, and the present of one was esteemed an immense favor. Their curiosity about the woolen clothing and the buttons of the Americans may be accounted for from the fact of the Japanese not having either.

The Japanese are naturally social, and freely mingle in friendly intercourse with each other. Woman, too, participates in the enjoyments of society with no more restriction than with us. Evening parties are common to both sexes, where, as in the United States, the friendly cup of tea is handed round, and the company is enlivened by the usual gossip and amusements, such as music and card-playing. It is the jealous watchfulness of the government alone which prevents the people from the exercise of their natural companionable disposition in a friendly communion with foreigners. Polygamy does not prevail in Japan as in other Oriental countries, and the natural effect is a high appreciation of the female sex, and a reverence for the domestic virtues. Little was seen of the women; but the Commodore, on one occasion, had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of a circle of Japanese ladies, a visit to whom is pleasantly described in the narrative published by the Government—a work from which we have condensed several descriptions for this article. After having been entertained at the Treaty House with the usual refreshments, the party (consisting of several American officers in company with the Commodore) set out on their walk, attended by Moryama Yenoske, the chief interpreter, and several of the Japanese officials. A circuit embracing some five miles was the extent of the field of observation, but this gave an opportunity of seeing a good deal of the country, several of the villages, and large numbers of the people. The early spring, in that temperate latitude, had now much advanced, and the weather, though never very severe, had become more warm and genial. The fields and terraced gardens were carpeted with a fresh and tender verdure, and the trees, with the full growth of renewed vegetation, spread their shades of abounding green foliage in the valleys and on the hillsides of the surrounding country. The camelias, with the immense growth of forty feet in height, which abound every where on the shores of the Bay of Yedo, were in full bloom, with their magnificent red and white blossoms, which displayed a purity and richness of color and a perfection of development unrivaled elsewhere.

As soon as a village or hamlet was approached, one of the Japanese attendants would hurry in advance, and order the women and the rabble to keep out of the way. The Commodore spoke to the interpreter, and took him to account, particularly for dispersing the women. Yenoske pretended that it was entirely for the benefit of the ladies themselves, as their modesty was such that it could not withstand the sight of a stranger. The Commodore did not believe a word of this, and plainly told Yenoske so. The imputation, though it expressed a doubt of his truthfulness, did not offend the interpreter, but was rather taken as a compliment to his duplicity, which is one of the most cherished accomplishments of a Japanese official. Yenoske promised that at the next town, where some refreshments had been ordered, the women should not be required to avoid the party. Accordingly, on entering this place, every one, man, woman, and child, crowded out to see the strangers.

The Commodore and his officers were conducted to the house of the mayor or chief magistrate of the town. This dignitary, with great cordiality, met and welcomed them to the hospitalities of his establishment. The interior was quite unpretending, consisting of a large room, spread with soft mats, lighted with oiled-paper windows, hung with rudely-executed cartoons, and furnished with the usual red-colored



JAPANESE LADIES OF DISTINCTION.

benches. The wife and sister of the town official were present, crouched on their knees in one corner of the apartment, and smiled a timid welcome to the visitors. These women were bare-footed and bare-legged, and were dressed very nearly alike, in dark-colored robes, with much of the undress look of night-gowns, secured by a broad band passing round the waist. Their figures were fat and dumpy, or, at any rate, appeared so in their ungraceful drapery; but their faces were not wanting in expression, for which they were very much indebted to their eyes, which were black as well as their hair, that was fastened up at the top of the head like that of the men, although not shaved in front. As their "ruby" lips parted in smiling graciously, they displayed a row of black teeth set in horribly corroded gums. The married women of Japan enjoy the exclusive privilege of dyeing their teeth, which is done with a mixture of urine, filings of iron, and sakee, termed *ohagur* or *camri*. This compound, as might be naturally inferred from its composition, is neither pleasantly perfumed nor very wholesome. It is so corrosive that, on applying it to the teeth, it is necessary to protect the more delicate structure of the gums and lips, for the mere touch of the odious stuff to the flesh burns it at once into a purple, gangrenous spot. In spite of the utmost care the gums become tainted, and lose their ruddy color and vitality. We should think that the practice

Digitized by Google

was hardly conducive to connubial felicity, and it would be naturally inferred that all the kissing must be expended in the ecstasy of courtship. This compensation, however, is occasionally lost to the prospective bridegroom, for it is not uncommon for some of the young ladies to inaugurate the habit of blacking the teeth upon the popping of the question. The effects of this disgusting habit are more apparent from another practice, which prevails with the Japanese as with our would-be civilized dames—that of painting the lips with rouge. The ruddy glow of the mouth brings out in greater contrast the blackness of the gums and teeth.

The worthy mayor had some refreshments prepared for his guests, consisting of tea, cakes, confectionery, and the never-absent sakee. With the latter was served a kind of hot waffle, made apparently of rice-flour. The civic dignitary himself was very active in dispensing these offerings, and he was ably seconded by his wife and sister, who always remained on their knees in presence of the strangers. This awkward position of the women did not seem to interfere with their activity, for they kept moving about very briskly with the silver sakee-kettle, the services of which, in consequence of the smallness of the cups, being in constant requisition.

As the officials no longer interfered with the

VILLAGE OF YOKUHAMA.

Digitized by Google

Japanese, there was a good opportunity of observing them, though hurriedly, as the Commodore and his party were forced to return early to the ships. Every where a scene of busy activity met the eye, in the towns, the villages, the fields, and the farm-yards. Some laborers, up to their knees in water, were hoeing the lands, artificially overflowed for the culture of the rice; some were pounding the grain into flour with their heavy mallets; and others were busy lading their pack-horses with baskets and bags of meal for the market. The only idlers were the mothers, and the babes they bore in their arms or carried upon their backs. The inferior people, almost without exception, seemed thriving and contented, though hard at work. There were signs of poverty, but no evidence of public beggary. The women, in common with many in various parts of over-populated Europe, were frequently seen engaged in field-labor, showing the general industry and the necessity of keeping every hand busy in the populous empire. The lowest classes even were comfortably clad, being dressed in coarse cotton garments of the same form, though shorter, than those of their superiors, being a loose robe just covering the hips. They were, for the most part, bare-headed and bare-footed—the women being dressed very much like the men, although their heads were not shaved like those of the males, and their long hair was drawn up and fastened upon the top in a knot or under a pad. In rainy weather the Japanese wear a covering made of straw, which being fastened together at the top, is suspended from the neck, and falls over the shoulders and person like a thatched roof. Some of the higher classes cover their robes with an oiled-paper cloak, which is impermeable to the wet. The umbrella, like that of the Chinese, is almost a constant companion, and serves both to shade from the rays of the sun and keep off the effects of a shower.

The Commodore had resolved to obtain a glance at the far-famed capital of Yedo, and accordingly moved his squadron so near to that city that, had it not been for one of those fogs so frequent in Japan, he would have obtained a distinct view. Enough, however, was seen to confirm the reports of the immense size of the capital, the houses and buildings of which were observed to cover many miles of land. These, however, seemed to be merely peaked-roofed, unpainted wooden houses, such as are found every where in the villages and towns thronging both sides of the bay. The country in the neighborhood was highly cultivated with gardens and terraced fields, and the projecting spurs of land, which are characteristic features of the scenery, were crowned with fortifications. Palisades, stretched for a long distance, were found protecting the approach to the harbor, but were supposed to be temporary structures put up to defend the city from the possible attack of the Americans. The Commodore's naval eye soon discovered that the capital, with all its parade of forts and palisades, could be readily made to yield to a few steamers of a light draught of water and a heavy armament; but as he was in the most friendly disposition, after the concession of the treaty, toward the Japanese, he was not inclined to test their weakness or to display his own power. The Japanese authorities were, however, in great trepidation, and earnestly protested against the Commodore's sail up the bay, and were much relieved when he considerately turned round to his old anchorage without mooring in face of the capital.

The Commodore having dispatched all his business in the upper part of the Bay of Yedo, took his departure, with the two steamers, the *Mississippi* and *Powhatan*. The steamer *Susquehanna* had been sent to China, the *Saratoga* to the Sandwich Islands, *en route* to the United States, with Captain Adams, bearing to Washington the new treaty, the *Macedonian* to the Bonin Islands, and the other ships to Simoda, where Commodore Perry followed them with his steamers on the 18th of April, 1854, and arrived in that port on the afternoon of the same day.

Among the more important concessions of the treaty, was the opening of the two ports of Simoda and Hakodadi to American vessels, and the Commodore was accordingly desirous of visiting these places, and making a thorough investigation of their facilities for the purposes intended. Moreover, certain details for the regulation of American intercourse, subordinate to the treaty, were yet to be agreed upon; and it was arranged that the Commissioners should meet the Commodore, for the purpose, at Simoda, after he had paid a preliminary visit to that place and Hakodadi.

Simoda is on the island of Niphon, and is situated on the southern end of the promontory of Idzu, near the mouth of the lower bay of Yedo. The town lies low—whence its name of Simoda, the Japanese word for low field—on a plain where the valley, that extends back between the hills, opens to the bay. The surrounding country presents the usual aspect of the scenery of the Gulf of Yedo, where alternate hills and valleys, richly cultivated, with terraced fields and gardens, succeed each other, bounded in the distance by a range of mountains, the loftiest summits of which were, in the month of April, covered with snow. A number of conical rocks and islands, here and there darkly shaded with groves of pine, project above the surface of the water of the harbor, and show the characteristic marks of volcanic agency. The town itself looks paltry enough, with the usual small, unpainted houses, but the eye is compensated by the richness and beauty of the surrounding landscape. The fleet of junks and other Japanese craft gathered about the mouth of the river, which flows through the town and empties into the harbor, give some appearance of commercial activity to the place. A considerable trade, in fact, is carried on between Simoda and the interior, by means of this stream,

which waters a valley populous with villages and rich with highly-cultivated farms.

Simoda is regularly built, with streets of about twenty feet in width crossing each other at right angles. Their condition surpasses any thing in our own country, being well paved, supplied with gutters and sewers, and kept thoroughly clean. The houses are small, and slightly constructed; some of them, in fact, are only thatched huts. There are a few stone houses, inhabited by the wealthier people, but most of the dwellings are first built up with a frame-work of bamboo, and then covered with a mud which, on exposure, becomes dry and impermeable to the wet. The surfaces of the houses have generally a curious checkered appearance, from being scored with narrow white mouldings, which cross each other. The roofs are covered with red earthen tiles, and project in front toward the street, where they are supported by posts. Between the posts there are movable shutters, or screens, made of oiled paper, and encased in a frame-work of wood. There are no glass windows, but occasionally there are mica ones, although paper is generally the material used. The screens are removed in the day time, allowing of free access below the projecting roofs, where, in the shops, the coarser articles for sale are displayed. The interior of the houses is composed of a platform raised about a foot from the ground, and is closed in with oiled-paper casements, and subdivided into compartments by movable screens of the same material. This platform is used for all possible purposes—for eating and drinking, trading and working, receiving visitors, entertaining friends, and sleeping at night, the movable partitions allowing it to be divided into a variety of small apartments, or opened into one large one.

BOILING THE POT.

HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS.

The furniture is exceedingly scanty. The floors are spread with mats of a uniform size of three feet by six, prescribed by law. These are made of rice-straw, and are so neatly put together that the apartments seem to be carpeted by a single uniform covering. As the ordinary practice of the Japanese is to kneel and crouch, and not sit, they have little occasion for seats or chairs, yet benches or divans, and a kind of camp-stool are sometimes seen. The common people generally crouch down in a sitting posture, while kneeling is affected by the would-be genteel. There are no beds, but a Japanese at night reclines upon the mat-spread floor, covers himself with an additional mat, and props up his head with a wooden block. There are no tables, but small lacquered stands of about a foot in height are used instead. One of these is placed at meals before each person, and he takes his tea, sips his sakee, or eats his soup from it, as he crouches on the floor. The household utensils are few and simple, consisting of a supply of wooden chop-sticks, an occasional earthen spoon, a few china bowls, some lacquered cups, and the ubiquitous tea-kettle. The kettle is of earthen-ware or of bronze, and sometimes, but rarely, of silver, and is always kept boiling over the charcoal fire, which burns in the centre of the apartment, where square

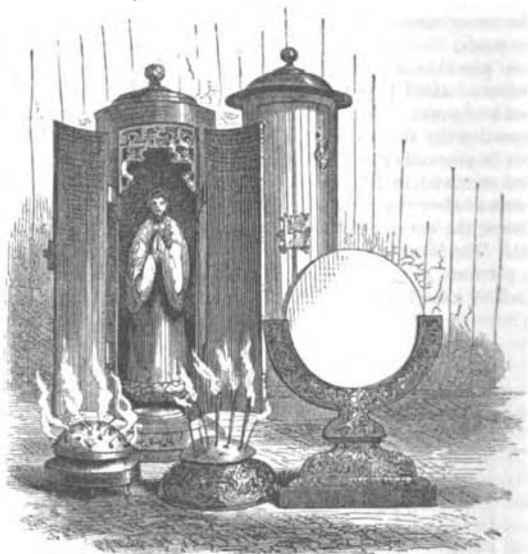
holes, lined with tiles and filled with sand, are made for the purpose. The tea is a universal article of consumption, and is infused, as in China, in each cup as it is wanted, and drank without sugar. The native sakee, which is a potent liquor, not unlike whisky, divides with the beverage "that cheers but not inebriates" the honors of a general appreciation. On the arrival of a guest, he is expected to accept of either tea or sakee, or of both. The chief meal of the day consists mostly of three dishes—hot stewed fish, of the consistency of a thick soup; cold fish, garnished with grated radish; and a heterogeneous compound, where hard-boiled eggs, cut in halves, are found mixed with fish, shrimps, and dried sea-weed. These are served up in covered bowls, and are always accompanied by two cups—one containing soy, in which the contents of each dish are dipped before being eaten; and the other sakee, which is used universally by all classes. The cooking is simple, and ordinarily performed over the charcoal fire in the sitting-apartment, though in the more imposing establishments there are kitchens in the rear of the house for the purpose.

Some of the wealthier people have suburban villas on the outskirts of the town. These are surrounded with walled gardens, which are laid out in the Chinese style, with fish-ponds, containing gold fish, miniature bridges, pagoda-like summer-houses, and private chapels or shrines. Dwarf fruit-bearing and shade trees, and beds of gayly-variegated flowers, camelias, chrysanthemums, and other choice varieties, adorn these retreats of the well-to-do Japanese citizen. The same simplicity of construction and scantiness of furniture generally characterize these as the more humble dwellings. There is greater spaciousness, however, in the apartments, and sometimes more regard to ornament. The cornices of the rooms occasionaly show carvings of wood which would have done credit to Grinling Gibbons, and the oiled-paper panels are not seldom adorned with paintings of birds, among which the sacred crane is a favorite subject, and with landscapes much superior to the gaudy frescoes of our Fifth Avenue palaces, and not surpassed by many of the pictures which hang from their showy walls. The various household utensils, too, in the better houses, are often of handsome pattern and skillful workmanship. The lacquered stands upon which food is served are gracefully carved, and very highly polished with the famous Japanese lacquer; the lanterns, which are of paper, are sometimes adorned with pictures, and supported upon well-executed bronzed branches; and the china tea-pots and cups are beautifully painted and enriched with gilt.

Simoda, like all flourishing towns, has its accommodations for travelers, but these differ little from the ordinary residences. The names of visitors are always recorded, as with us, but somewhat more conspicuously, being registered in large letters upon the door-posts in the street. The arrival of distinguished travelers is announced by the display of their coats-of-arms, in full emblazonry, in front of their stopping-places.

The people of Simoda have temples and shrines enough to entitle them to the character of being religious, although they are justly suspected of not being the most moral people in the world. It is true that they have nine Buddhist temples, several Sintoo ones, and innumerable shrines perched upon the mountain tops and hid away in the groves. It is no less true, however, that they have public baths in which the sexes indiscriminately wash and sport themselves, and a popular literature equally unreserved and demoralizing with this disgusting practice.

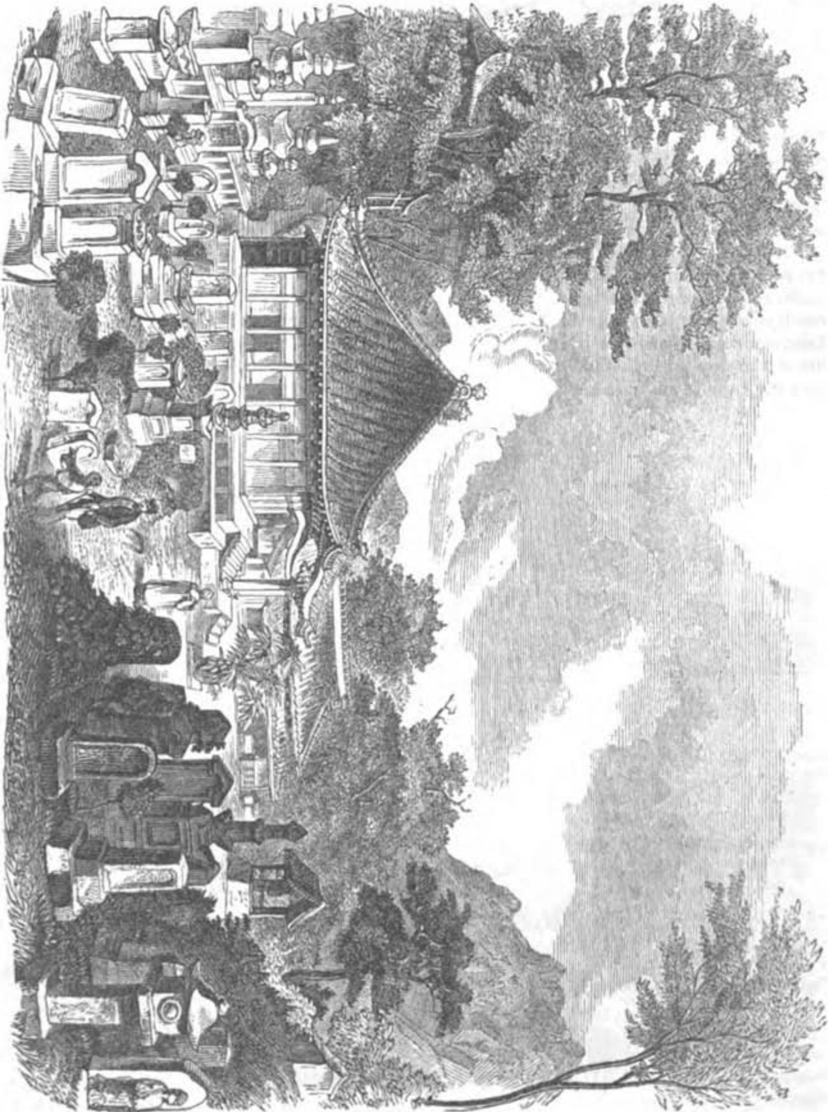
The temples are the most imposing structures in Simoda. Their general construction is similar to that of the houses, but their size is much larger and their ornaments more elaborate, there being often richly-carved architraves and cornices. The buildings are of wood, and covered with tiled roofs, which project in front, where they are supported upon wooden pillars, polished with lacquer. The interior is spread with mats, and has its shrines, its idols, its candlesticks, and its pictures. Gongs, drums, rattles, and other noisy musical instruments, bear an important part in the worship, and some of these are no less remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship than for the vileness of the music they produce. At the door of each temple there is a straw rope connected with a bell



SHRINES AND CANDLESTICKS.

Digitized by Google

and a drum, and the former is pulled and the latter beaten on the arrival of a devotee, in order to awaken the deity to a consciousness of the presence of a worshiper. There is a great resemblance between the shrines, images, and some of the ornaments of the Buddhist temples and those of our own Christian establishments; and a visitor to a religious edifice in Japan might almost fancy that he was within the dominion of his Holiness the Pope himself. The abounding offerings of bits of paper, bouquets of flowers, copper cash, and long queues, which are hung up on the walls or heaped before the idols, show the devotion of the people. Occasional boxes, like those which appeal to our charity in some of the old European cathedrals and churches, are seen; but when it is learned that the inscriptions on them often read, "For Feeding Hungry Demons," the Christian's benevolence will be proof against the appeal, unless he is as tender-hearted as Uncle Toby, who had a good word, and no doubt an obolus, for even the devil himself. The temples are generally situated in the outskirts of the town, on sites chosen evidently for their picturesqueness of position. Wide avenues, bordered with spreading pine-trees, lead to them, and the surrounding grounds are adorned with beds of flowers, artificial lakes, and miniature bridges. To each temple there is attached a burial-ground, where monumental stones are erected, as with us, to the memory of the dead. Inscriptions record the names of the



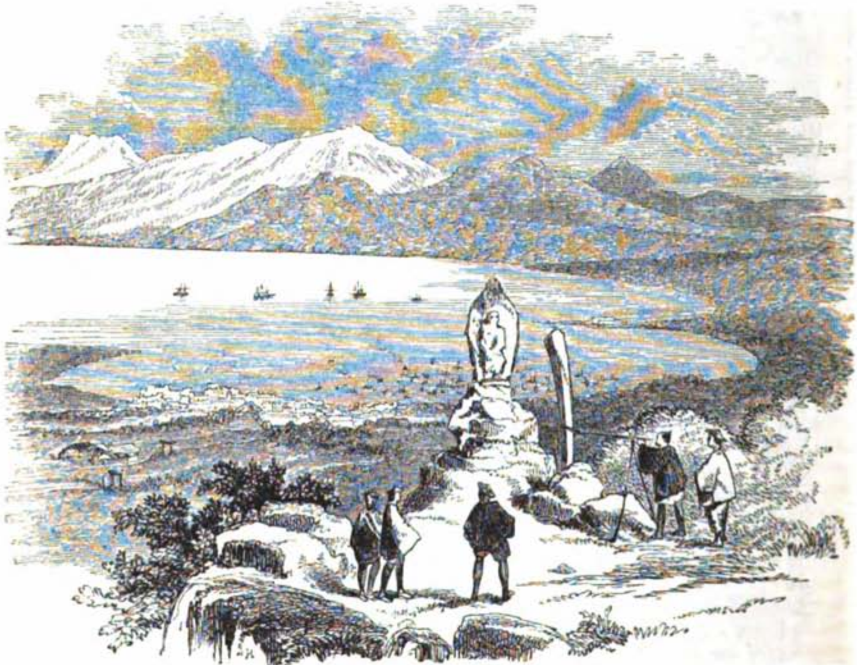
BUDDHIST TEMPLE AND BURIAL-PLACE.

Digitized by Google

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF WORSHIP.

deceased and their virtues, among which, the good work of having recited thousands of volumes of the canonical books is often recorded as entitling the departed to the "heavenly felicities of Buddha."

The Commodore, on his arrival at Simoda, was met with the usual obstructions, on the part of the authorities, to that freedom of intercourse which it was his desire to establish between the Americans and the Japanese. No sooner did one of the ship's officers land with the purpose of visiting the town, than he was surrounded by a squad of the native officials, who perseveringly clung to his steps wherever he moved. The people were beckoned away at his approach, and the shop-keepers ordered to shut up their shops and hide themselves from observation. This, however, was soon changed for the better through the resolute protests of the Commodore, who insisted that the treaty entitled the Americans to different treatment. One of the temples—for their establishments are not exclusively devoted to spiritual purposes—was appropriated, after repeated demands, as a place



VIEW OF HAKODADI.

Digitized by Google

of resort for the Americans, and the Japanese tradesmen soon gladly availed themselves of the permission of their superiors to sell their lacquered cups, their chow-chow boxes, and pipe-cases to the strangers. There was a good deal of difficulty at first in regard to the currency, but it was finally adjusted in a manner that ought to have been satisfactory to the Japanese, for they received the American dollar at a valuation of at least 50 per cent. less than its real worth. The laws of the Japanese are very strict in regard to the money of their own coinage, which is forbidden to be sent out of the country under the penalty of death. A full set of their coin of all denominations was, however, given by the Commissioners as a present to the Commodore. Though the Americans were allowed to select the articles wanted in the shops, the receipt and payment of them were made through the authorities alone, so jealous did the government seem to be of all commercial transactions between its subjects and foreigners. The treaty did not, as some eager American traders have claimed, guarantee the privilege of commerce with the Japanese; though it might be reasonably inferred that that instrument would lead, under a judicious policy, to future negotiations by which such a privilege might be secured. The treaty was one of amity, and was a formal surrender, on the part of Japan, of its absurd national exclusiveness. This important change of policy was due to the energetic conduct of Commodore Perry, whose service is proudly recognized by his country, and appreciated by all civilized nations, each of which equally shares in the benefits. The eagerness with which France, England, and Russia hurried to obtain from the Japanese treaties like that secured by Commodore Perry for the United States, is a striking proof of the great value at which it is estimated.

The Commodore remained three weeks at Simoda, during which the harbor was diligently surveyed, and the ships supplied with water and fresh provisions, of which an abundant quantity of fish, fowls, eggs, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables, was obtained. There was, however, no beef to be procured, as, although there are cattle at Simoda, they are only used as beasts of burden, and their flesh, in accordance with the religious doctrines of the people, is not eaten.

Early in the morning of the 13th of May, the two steamers, the *Powhatan* and *Mississippi*, sailed for Hakodadi. After coasting for three days along the shores of Niphon, and so close to the land that the terraced fields and the thronging villages were clearly visible, the steamers, on the fourth morning, sailed into the straits of Sangar, which divide Niphon from the northern island of Yesso. In a few hours the ships *Macedonian*, *Vandalia*, and *Southampton*, which had preceded the Commodore, were seen at anchor amidst an immense fleet of junks, to the northward of a low isthmus which stretches out from the main-land, and terminates in a peninsular mountain some twelve hundred feet in height. At the base of this mountain lies the town of Hakodadi, with its houses and temples, extending along the shore, and distributed among the groves of trees which shade the acclivity. The lofty mountains, with their summits covered with snow, looked gloomy in the distance, but the harbor, populous with its many hundred junks, the expanse of the straits crossed and recrossed by the numerous vessels plying between the towns on the opposing coasts, and the cultivated slopes of the hills, with the rice and other grain ripening in the sun, gave a cheerful aspect to the scene.

Great consternation was produced among the people of Hakodadi by the arrival of the American squadron in their waters. The inhabitants were seen to hurry out of the town with their backs and their horses loaded down with goods and valuables; and as soon as the steamers came to anchor, some of the Japanese officials pushed off and boarded the ships. They showed marks of great anxiety on their arrival, and asked, with very evident concern, the purpose of the visit of the Americans. Upon being told that a treaty had been made, they expressed much surprise, and declared that they had been kept in entire ignorance of the negotiations. The Commissioners had agreed to send a representative to meet the Commodore at Hakodadi, but no such personage had arrived. In the mean time the Commodore insisted upon the same privileges as had been reluctantly conceded to him at Simoda. After a long delay and a series of tedious daily negotiations, the Americans were allowed to visit the land, to have possession of several temples of resort on shore, and to obtain those articles and supplies they desired to purchase. The inhabitants of Hakodadi were soon reassured, and, returning to the town, resumed their routine of daily occupation, and became gradually familiarized with the presence of the strangers.

Hakodadi is situated in the straits of Sangar, at the south of the Island of Yesso, of which it is the largest town, with the exception of Matsmai. It is a place of considerable commercial importance, and carries on a large trade with various ports in Japan and the interior of Yesso. Fleets of junks are constantly engaged in carrying dried and salted fish, prepared sea-weed, charcoal, and deers'-horns, the products of Hakodadi and the neighboring country, and bringing back rice, sugar, tea, tobacco, silks, cloths, lacquered ware, cutlery, and whatever else there may be a market for in the town and in the interior. During the short stay of about two weeks of the American squadron, over a hundred junks sailed from Hakodadi for various southern ports in Japan. The inhabitants are mostly engaged in occupations connected with the water, and are either merchants, sailors, or fishermen. The bay and harbor abound in excellent fish, in salmon, salmon-trout, flounders, herrings, and in clams, crabs, and muscles. The ships were always sure of large draughts

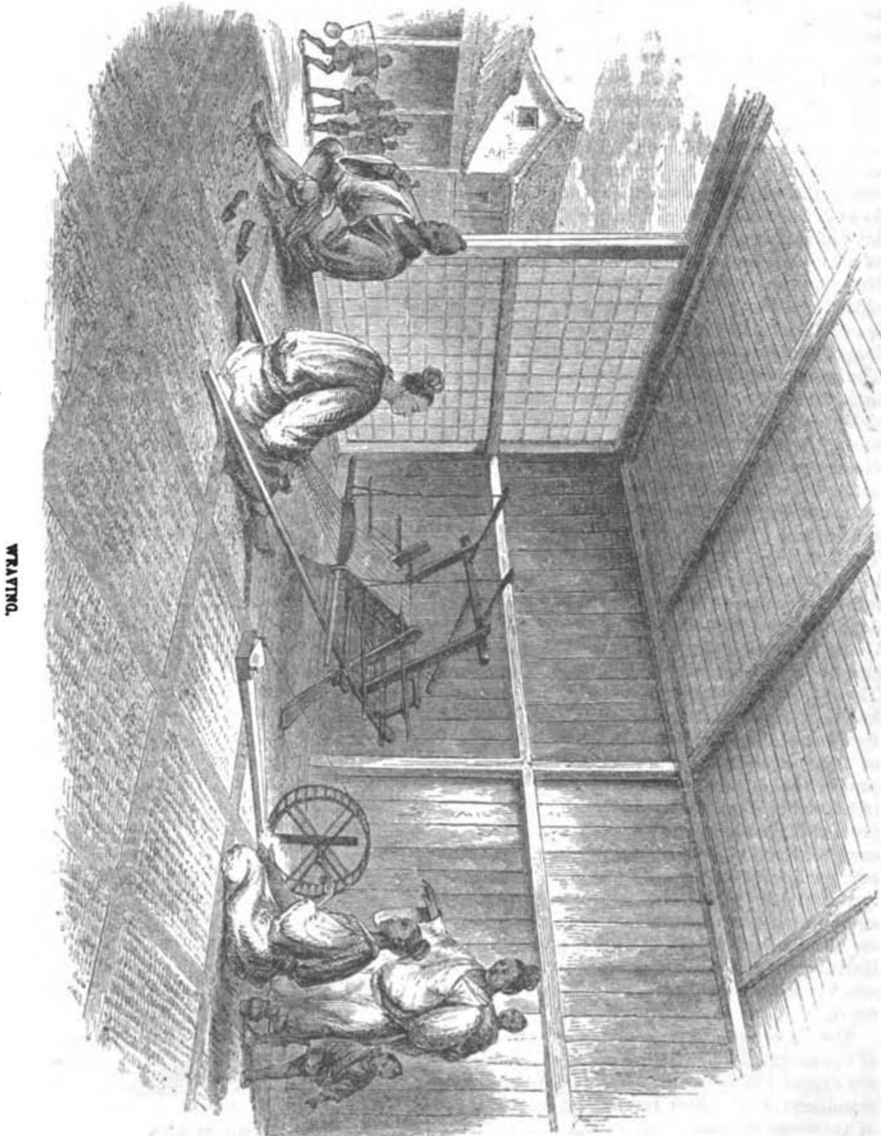
with their seines, and were thus never without a supply of excellent fish of all varieties. The fishermen were daily out in the bay with their nets; and groups of idlers, with their rods and lines, never failed to gather about the piers to pass the day in angling, as they squatted over the water and patiently waited for a bite.

Hakodadi is large, containing several thousand houses, which extend in a main avenue for a mile or more along the sea-shore, with cross-streets which ascend a short distance up the acclivity of the lofty hill at the base of which the town is built. The houses are similar in construction to those of Simoda, but have one peculiarity which strikes the stranger at first sight. On the front of the gable of each building, which, like that of the Dutch houses, faces the street, there is always a wooden tub wrapped in straw and filled with water. By the side of the tub there is a broom, which is kept there in readiness, in case of fire, to sprinkle the roof with, and protect it from the sparks. It would appear, from the careful provision against conflagrations, that there was great anxiety on this score. Along the streets every where, in addition to the tubs on the tops of the houses, there are wooden cisterns conveniently placed in all parts of the city; and, moreover, the town is as well-supplied with fire-engines as New York. These engines, though in appear-

FISHING AT HAKODADI.

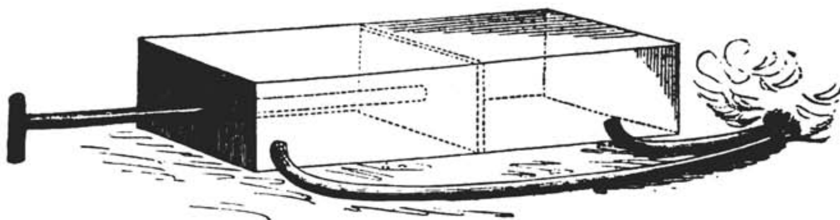
ance something like our own, are deficient in the important part of the machine called the air-box, and consequently are spasmodic in their efforts, and do not eject a continuous stream of water. Alarums, made of thick pieces of wood, hung upon posts, which are struck on the breaking out of a fire, are found at every corner, and watchmen, stationed in sentry-boxes, are always on the alert, by day and night. The streets of Hakodadi, like those of most Japanese towns, are subdivided into various wards by means of picket-gates, which cross from side to side, and are closed after dark. These several wards are so many separate communities governed by an alderman, who is called, in the Japanese language, an Ottona. This official is responsible for the condition of that part of the city under his administration, and each Ottona is held answerable for the bad conduct of his coadjutors —an extent of responsibility which would be quite insupportable in the corrupt municipal governments of our Christian country. The system apparently works well, for Hakodadi is perfectly well-ordered, being always quiet, clean, and wholesome.

The stillness of the town was very impressive to those accustomed to the din and turmoil of a city like New York, for example. There was none of the hum and apparent confusion of a place in the busy excitement of daily business



WEAVING.

Digitized by Google

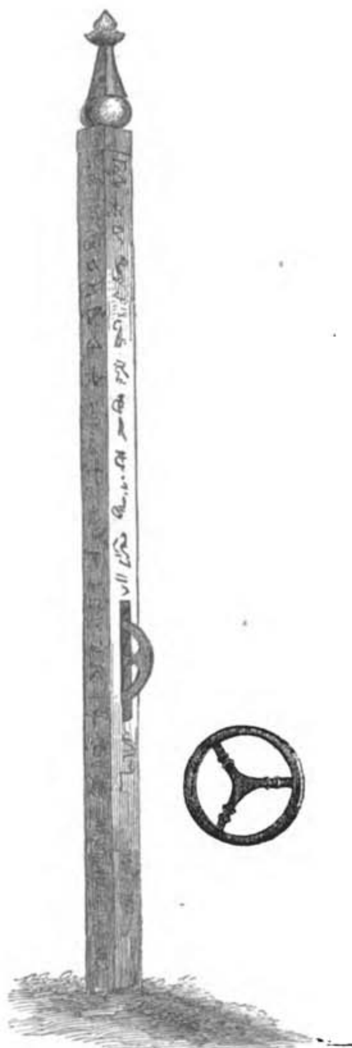


BLACKSMITH'S BELLOWS.

and pleasure. Hakodadi, though evidently carrying on a large trade—for the harbor, with its numerous junks and fishing-boats, presented a stirring scene—showed no outward marks of activity in the streets. There are no public market-places, and all business is carried on silently within the stores and shops. It is true, long trains of pack-horses, loaded down with goods, occasionally trot through the streets, but there are no wheeled carriages or carts to disturb the general silence. The *kago*, which is a square box, to the contracted capacity of which the suppleness of a Japanese back or knee can alone accommodate itself, is the only kind of carriage used. This is carried by means of a couple of poles, like those of a sedan-chair, borne by two men, and is the most uncomfortable kind of conveyance conceivable. The kago is occasionally made very ornamental when belonging to the wealthier and higher classes. The greater dignitaries generally travel on horseback, and their animals are often adorned with rich trappings. The Japanese horse is of small breed, but of a compact form, with delicate tendinous limbs, and is active, spirited, and of good bottom.

In a large town like Hakodadi, there are, of course, many engaged in the mechanical arts. The building of junks is carried on extensively in yards bordering the harbor. These vessels are seldom more than a hundred tons in burden, and are constructed very much like the Chinese junks. Canvas is, however, used instead of the bamboo as in China, for the sails. The Japanese are timid navigators, and never lose sight of the land, if possible, in their various voyages. Although, from the insular character of their country, they are naturally a maritime people, the government—so resolute is its isolated policy—has forbidden, for hundreds of years, all direct communication with foreign countries under the penalty of death. The construction of the junks is regulated by law as to size and form, so that, with their small tonage and open sterns, they are unfit to encounter the storms of the sea, and the people are fearful of venturing, in their ill-constructed vessels, beyond the limits prescribed by the government.

The Japanese are familiar with the working of the metals. Their jewelers and silversmiths are expert workmen, and the specimens of their manufacture are often tasteful in design and of excellent workmanship. Of the coarser metals copper is much used, and, as with us, for sheathing and bolting their vessels, and for the manufacture of various cooking and other household utensils. Iron is less frequently employed, and with great economy. It is seldom that their implements are entirely composed of



PRAYING MACHINE.

this metal, it being usual to make them of wood, and merely tip them with iron. The blacksmiths work, as with us, with a charcoal fire and a bellows. The latter, however, is peculiarly made, being a box with a piston working horizontally, and two holes at the side for the issue of the blast. Coopering is an important trade at Hakodadi, where immense quantities of fish are salted and packed for exportation in barrels. These are made of staves, and hooped as with us, but their form is peculiar, being somewhat conical in shape. The neatness of finish of the wood-work of the houses, proves the carpenters skillful workmen, and the cabinet-ware often inlaid, richly adorned, and covered with the exquisite lacquer polish, is unsurpassed by the finest *marqueterie* of Paris. Weaving and the manufacture of coarse cotton clothing are carried on in almost all the houses by the women, who use looms constructed very much like those familiar to our own people. In the higher arts the Japanese deserve a rank much beyond any Oriental nation. The carvings in wood with which many of the better houses and most of the temples are adorned, show an exact knowledge of form, particularly of that of familiar objects of nature, such as birds, fish, and flowers, and a skill of hand in the cutting almost perfect. In the Japanese paintings and drawings there is the freedom that belongs to great manual dexterity, and a correctness of outline which proves a close observation of nature. Some specimens of the illustrated books brought to this country by the Commodore, establish the fact hitherto denied, that the Japanese, unlike the Chinese, are familiar with the principles of perspective. These works also show, in their drawings of the human figure and of the horse, a well-directed study of the anatomy of form in its external developments.

The Japanese are great readers, and popular romances issue from their presses with the frequency of cheap novels with us. Their books are printed by means of wooden blocks, and it is said that they have separate type of the same material, while printing in colors, which is an art just beginning with us, but has been long practiced in Japan. Their paper is made of the bark of the mulberry and of other woods, and presents a good surface for the reception of the type, but is of so thin a texture that the printing is confined to one side only. The leaf of each book is accordingly double, with two blank surfaces inclosed within. A general system of public instruction extends its influence throughout the empire, and the commonest people can read and write.

The prevailing religions of the Japanese are Buddhism and Sintooism. The former, however, is the favorite form of worship, and all its ceremonies are carefully observed. Sculptured statues of Buddha abound every where, in the temples, in the roadside chapels, and in the shrines, which hang upon the acclivities of the hills, or lie hid away among the pine groves. The devotion of worshipers is shown in the bits of paper, the copper cash, the bouquet of flowers, and in the long queues of hair which are found offered up in great abundance. The Japanese have reached that perfection of religious formalism—machine praying. At Hakodadi certain posts were observed conveniently placed for the use of the pious passer-by. These were inscribed with prayers, and at a convenient distance from the ground were attached wheels, which worked on axles, passing through the posts. For each turn of the wheel the devotee is supposed to obtain credit in heaven for one of the inscribed prayers, and such is the facility acquired by some whose religious education has not been neglected, and whose pious diligence has been exemplary, that they succeed in spinning off the whole liturgy of the post in a single whirl.

The higher classes of the Japanese are supposed to be imbued with a wide philosophical skepticism, and to regard the religion of their country merely as a state institution. They are tolerant of all forms of worship but that of the Christian, which, since the interference of the Portuguese Jesuit missionaries, two hundred and fifty years ago, with the policy of the government, has been strictly excluded from Japan. The Americans, however, regularly per-

AMERICAN BURIAL-PLACE.

Digitized by Google

formed the Christian worship on board their ships, while floating within Japanese waters, and several of the sailors who died were buried in Japan with the usual ceremonies of our religion. The authorities, in fact, appropriated, both at Simoda and Hakodadi, places of interment for the American Christians.

The Commodore awaited more than two weeks the arrival of the expected representative of the Japanese Commissioners, who was to meet him at Hakodadi. After frequent conferences with the local authorities and the agent of the Prince of Matsmai, the Commodore, finding that no final arrangements could be made in regard to the limits and other details regulating the opening of Hakodadi to American intercourse, found it necessary to defer all further consideration of the subject until his return to Simoda. Just, however, as the squadron was about to sail, a Japanese functionary arrived from the court at Yedo, but as he did not seem to be fully authorized to act, his visit was received and considered as one purely of ceremony. On the 3d of June the Commodore sailed for Simoda, where he arrived on the seventh. The Commissioners were found there in readiness for negotiation, which was entered upon at once, and resulted, after a good deal of tedious diplomacy, in the agreement of certain regulations subsidiary to the treaty. These had reference particularly to the boundaries within which the Americans were to be confined in their visits to Hakodadi and Simoda, and to certain pilot and port arrangements essential to the navigator.

On the 28th of June, 1854, the Commodore took his final departure from Japan in the steamer *Mississippi*, accompanied by the *Powhatan*, and directed his course homeward, by the way of Loo-Choo and China. The sailing ships were dispatched to various places of destination in the East. On the arrival of the steamers at Hong-Kong, Commodore Perry took passage in the English steam-packet for India, thence by the Red Sea to Europe, and thus to the United States.

THE GNAWERS.

SPECIMENS of the rodentia, or gnawing animals, are familiar to every one in the destructive rat, the playful squirrel, and the harmless rabbit. The order is remarkable for intelligence, and has furnished our households with their greatest pests, as well as their most favored pets.

The peculiarity of the rodentia consists in having on each jaw two long, flat, and slightly curved teeth, which ingeniously work upon each other in such a way that they are kept sharp like chisels, and are used for cutting the bark and wood of trees, the hard shells of the different kinds of nuts, and, in some instances, the softer metals, such as tin and zinc. The constant labor which these teeth perform would rapidly wear them away if they were not constantly replenished from the roots, so that as fast as the upper surface is worn off, they are pushed forward from below, and thus kept continually upon a cutting edge and in their true position. If, however, an accident happens to these teeth, and those on either jaw have no corresponding ones to grind upon, and thus keep them at a proper length, they rapidly assume the form of tusks, and, if coming from the lower jaw, will curl upward over the lips, and finally produce such a deformity as to cause the animal's death.

The rat and the mouse, so familiar as household nuisances, are the most destructive, so far as man's interests are concerned, of all the gnawing animals, and therefore occupy so large a space in the history of civilized society, and so well deserve a chapter by themselves, that their eventful history will be reserved for a future occasion, while we proceed for the present to treat of other less known members of the family.

THE CAPYBÁRA.

The capybára, a native of South America, is the largest of the rodentia, and from its size and coarse hair might, upon superficial examination, be mistaken for a half-grown pig. It is a solitary, harmless being, living upon grass, vegetables, and fruits, and is rarely seen in the daytime even amidst its most favorite haunts. If alarmed, it retreats to the water for protection. The inhabitants of the country where it is found esteem the animal a great luxury, and the jaguar pursues it with never-tiring industry. The guinea-pig, also a native of South America, and always so great a pet among children, is a miniature specimen of the capybára.

THE AGOUTI.

The agouti is found in Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay. It is about the size of the rabbit, and resembles that animal in its habits. As a destroyer of sugar-cane, it is looked upon as a great pest by the planters. When pursued, it runs for a short time with rapidity, then endeavors to conceal itself from sight; if unsuccessful, it suffers capture without any other protest than a plaintive cry.

The jerboa is a native of Egypt, and is about

Digitized by Google

THE JERBOA.

the size of the common rat. It resembles in form the kangaroo of Australia, and like that animal, is remarkable for leaping, or rather flying over the plain, for so rapid are its movements that the swiftest greyhound is unable to overtake it.

THE CHINCHILLA.

The chinchilla is an inhabitant of cold countries, and is covered with the long, soft fur called after its name, and once so much esteemed as an article of dress. In its form we have the common characteristics of the squirrel and rabbit.

THE HAMSTER.

The hamster is native to the Valley of the Rhine, and burrows in the ground the same as a rabbit. It not only devours immense quantities of corn in summer, but by the aid of two pouches, one on each side of the jaw, manages to lay up incredible stores for winter use, its rich magazine of provisions being sometimes seven feet deep. It is a brave little animal, and will attack any thing, man or beast, that comes near its property. Rats, mice, lizards, birds, and even the helpless of its own kind, fall before its ravenous appetite. Its skin is of some value, but the hunter often finds its depository of food the greatest consideration, for in a single one has been found provision sufficient to last a peasant's family a month or more. The dwelling of the hamster, says an imaginative writer, is the perfect image of the social household and the cordial understanding of civilized married couples. The male and female at first get along harmoniously in pillaging the public in general, discord, as in civilization, only coming at the moment of dividing the spoils. The male, delighted to use the labor of his wife in filling the storehouse, the moment winter sets in, attempts to drive her from the conjugal abode. Obliged to run before superior strength, she appears to leave forever, but digs a sideway, and thus enjoys the treasure. So far the practice is too true of many latitudes, but the fanciful theorist locates his ideas and himself in France, when he adds, "The female does more, she obtains the assistance of a comrade, and the two, profiting by the torpor of the gorged husband inside, strangle and eat him, and thus set up housekeeping over his remains." The Archbishop of Mayence, so says an old German legend, bought up all the corn of the surrounding country, and stored it in his castle, situated upon one of the many beautiful islands in the Rhine. The famine he thus occasioned extended not only to the human inhabitants, but reached the greedy hamsters. Scenting the treasure of the wicked bishop afar off, they joined together in great multitudes, swam across to his palace, and in one night devoured him from off the face of the earth.

The porcupine, widely scattered over the world, unlike the rest of its family, is remarkably slow in its movements, and never attempts to get out of the way of an enemy: nature, however, has protected it from attack by covering its body with an impenetrable coat of mail, bristling with bayonets; but for this, its helplessness would soon cause it to be exterminated by the lynx and the cat. This harmless animal has been the subject of much fabulous exaggeration. It can not project its quills from its sides, as arrows from a bow, as some historians have gravely asserted; and, in spite of Shakspeare's insinuation to the contrary, it is not fretful in its disposition, for if left to its solitary haunts, no animal of the forests is more happy in the enjoyment of its humble life. Its quills vary from six to fourteen inches in length, and are much esteemed, both by savage and civilized people, for various useful purposes to which they can be applied. The Indians, particularly of Canada, by arts peculiar to themselves, dye these quills of various brilliant colors, and use them for the most attractive yet rude ornamentation of their moccasins, war-belts, and tobacco-pouches. As weapons of defense, they protect the animal from the prowess of the grizzly bear, as well as from the fox and minx. Audubon mentions meeting with a lynx that was dying from the effects of a number of these quills sticking in its mouth; for they are so nicely barbed on the ends that they constantly work into the flesh after they have made an entrance. This animal lives upon the bark of trees, and

Digitized by Google

THE PORCUPINE.

it seldom leaves one that it has selected for food until it strips trunk and limbs of their covering. So destructive are they on forest vegetation, that a small number will make a neighborhood appear as if it had been scathed with fire—one porcupine, in a single winter, destroying a hundred trees.

The hare and the rabbit so much resemble each other in their outward appearance, that they are often confounded together even by close observers; they differ, however, very widely in their individual characteristics. The hare is a timid, lonely creature, and will sit for hours without moving, crouched in what is termed its *form*. The rabbit, on the contrary, is lively and frolicsome, delighting to pop out from its burrow into daylight, bask for a few moments in the clear sunshine, and then, as if in very joy and capriciousness, throw its heels into the air, and suddenly sink into the ground and out of sight. The hare, when pursued, trusts to his speed for safety; the rabbit, on the contrary, rushes into his burrow as the only secure place of refuge. The nest of the hare is of the rudest construction, a few sticks and dried leaves spread upon the cold ground being all that is deemed necessary. The rabbit burrows in the earth, his nest is lined with the softest substances, the mother plucking the longest and softest materials from her own body to give its sides the proper protection and warmth. The young of the hare, at their birth, are covered with fur, and are capable of running with swiftness, have their ears erect, and their eyes perfect. The young of the rabbit are naked, their eyes are shut, their ear-flaps closed, their bodies feeble, and for some time they are entirely dependent upon their parent for support. The hare and the rabbit are both very prolific, bringing forth several litters annually; but for this, they are so harmless and incapable of self-defense, and have so many enemies, that the races would soon become exterminated.

THE HARE.

The rabbit shows no particular intelligence, and in its wild state, if it misses its burrow, it is easily killed, and the hunt, though short, affords immense sport for the exercise and amusement of juvenile hunters. As the rabbit generally runs into some hollow log, or hole in a stone wall, the boys pull him out by the screw of the ramrod, in the same way that they do hemp wadding from the barrel of their gun. No animal, the dog excepted, is more altered by domestication than

THE RABBIT.

the rabbit, and from its attractive appearance has become deservedly a favorite. Yet all the varieties of the tame rabbit are shown to have sprung from the common wild stock, from their constant tendency to return to the original form and appearance. Harmless as the rabbit is to its captors, they are remarkably quarrelsome among themselves, and apparently subject to gusts of uncontrollable passion. Their most effective method of doing injury is to spring up and strike their opponent with their hind feet, and this is done with such effect that not only the "fur flies," but injuries are sometimes inflicted of quite a serious nature.

The existence of the hare is a perpetual series of anxieties and terrors—of machinations and stratagems. Its eye, which is so placed that it can see, without moving the head, what is going on in its rear as well as in front, is never entirely closed even in sleep, while its speed of foot, its size considered, surpasses that of all other animals. Its intelligent efforts to escape its enemies, are worthy of all praise, and have ever been the theme of eulogy among admiring sports-

Digitized by Google

men, while its habits in this respect vary with every disposition of soil and climate. The least accident in the surface of the earth, a fresh-dug pit, a land slide, a tree felled by an ax or the storm, are all observed by the hare, and suggest new means of concealment. It clears its accustomed road to its lair of every rough blade of grass that will tear off its fur, and thus betray its haunts, often making this excess of caution its ruin, for the schoolboy and the poacher spread their treacherous snares in the habitual passage, and the fox and the weasel watch them to secure their prey.

OVERGROWN TEETH OF A RABBIT.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

Squirrels are among the most interesting inhabitants of the woods; and they are familiar to every one, because very numerous and easily tamed. The chisel-like teeth of the squirrel are remarkable among all the gnawers for their sharp, penetrating character, for they will in a moment chip off the flinty end of a hickory nut, and split it down the side with the precision of a penknife. The whole race, with one or two exceptions, inhabit the thick woods, and live and thrive upon the abundant seeds and nuts so peculiar to our forests. At times they become so abundant in certain sections of our country as to be a scourge to our farmers; then they will disappear, and hardly one will be met with in their favorite haunts. This is to be accounted for, no doubt, by the strange peculiarity the squirrel has, in common with many other wild animals, of periodical migrations. On such occasions the squirrels move forward in

THE SQUIRREL.

immense droves, and nothing can stop their onward progress. Much as they dislike water, and in a wild state they never quench their thirst except by lapping the dew-drops from the leaves, yet in these migrations they show their energy by boldly swimming the widest rivers. On such occasions thousands are drowned and killed, yet the host moves on, accumulating as it advances. In their train comes the wild turkey, and finally, at the close of the season, the black bear brings up the rear, showing that the God of nature inspired these creatures to seek new homes in the distant wilderness.

The familiar colors of these little animals are black, red, and gray; the varieties, however, differ very little except in size, the habits of all being very similar. The gray squirrel is the most common, and seems to possess in an eminent degree the power of self-preservation, for while other kinds disappear before the rifle and the ax, the gray squirrel will still be found in families and groups, maintaining itself in the vicinity of the farm and plantation-house, and sometimes growing comparatively tame by association with human beings. This squirrel differs from other kinds in building a nest of twigs and leaves in the forked branches of a high tree, which it occupies in the summer months, abandoning it in the fall for the more secure retreat in the hollow of the trunk.

The first thrilling joys of the boy-hunter are associated with the pursuit of the squirrel. Full of life, rejoicing in the blessings of a holiday, armed with a trusty fowling-piece, and perhaps —oh, joy of joys!—accompanied by some favorite and mischievous dog, no triumphs of manhood equal this first essay into the woods—this first consciousness of awakening power called forth as the doomed victim, following the musical echo of the just discharged weapon, comes dashing down from its airy abode and falls dead upon the ground. Then there is the excitement of the contest of wit—the squirrel instinctively dodges on the opposite side of the tree occupied by the tyro sportsman, and, by persevering in this course, will often baffle the inexperienced hunter; anon, the cunning creature will skip nimbly into some high branches, out of the reach of shot, and bark and chatter in derision at his enemy below; else, not badly frightened, will extend himself along some horizontal branch, and rely upon his gray coat to make his body undistinguishable from the surrounding mass. At this moment the hunter's eye, quickened by experience, will discover the ruse, and, with palpitating heart—with almost suffocating excitement, will "fire away," and bring down the prize.

The Western hunter—who uses nothing but the rifle, and scorns to shed the blood of an animal so insignificant and harmless as the squirrel—in the very spirit of chivalry introduced the method of *barking the tree*, and thus killing the game without any apparent wound. This is done by noticing the resting-place of the ani-

Digitized by Google

mal, and firing underneath it and into the bark, the concussion instantly suspending the beating of the heart, and blowing the dead body from the limb as if projected upward by exploding powder. Some hunters, even more expert, have killed their game by firing across the nostrils of the animal, and thus depriving it of breath, in the same way that a cannon-ball has been known to kill a soldier by passing in the immediate vicinity of his head.

Squirrels are possessed of great power, and the development of their muscles is unsurpassed for beauty and perfection. They leap from tree to tree with surprising agility, and, when hotly pursued, will, if necessary to effect their escape, drop themselves from tremendous heights to the ground, and then make off with inconceivable rapidity to the next favorable clump of trees that may stand in their path. Their claws are long and slender, and the nails are very acute and greatly compressed; they are thus enabled to grasp the smallest twigs, and seldom miss their hold. If this should happen to be the case, they have an instinctive habit of grasping in their descent the first object which may present itself, or, if about to fall to the earth, they spread their legs and bodies out in the manner of the flying squirrel, and are thus enabled to reach the ground without injury.

The squirrel is almost as provident as the ant, and, in the proper season, occupies all of its leisure time in industriously storing up food for winter. It has well-stocked graneries in the neighborhood of its nest, either in some hollow tree or crevice in the rocks. The quantities sometimes stored away are represented as enormous, one depository containing perhaps a bushel of hickory, beech, and chestnuts, together with acorns, chincapins, grains, etc. It is supposed that these collections are not made by one individual, but by several who join together for the general good.

Although the squirrel is so common in captivity, yet it is difficult to find an authentic case of its producing young in such a situation. We had a friend, some years ago, who became possessed of a couple of very young gray squirrels; they were carefully raised, and in time became so tame that they were permitted to run at random about the verandas and adjoining rooms, always returning, however, to their cage at night. In their perambulations one day they leaped from the gallery into the limbs of a cherry-tree that grew close to the house, and nothing could exceed their display of joy as this new world of life broke upon them. Gradually they abandoned their prison and formed themselves a bed in the cherry-tree, where they slept at night, took their gambols, but came to the house regularly for their food. The succeeding spring the family were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the pets, bringing with them their tiny but playful young ones, which followed their parents boldly into the dining-room, skipped merrily about upon the tables and chairs, and seizing upon the bread crumbs and other luxuries in their reach, mounted upon their hind-legs, and, with comical gravity, turned the choice bits about in their little hands, and then consigned them to their mouths. These squirrels grew up in a semi-wild state, and their progeny gradually extended over the neighborhood.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver is the most interesting of all the rodentia, and possesses so much intelligence, and is so remarkable in its habits, that it has ever been the subject of the most intense interest to naturalists. This animal was once familiar to European rivers; a few are still to be found upon the Rhone and Danube, but, while they resemble the American representative in anatomical structure, and are believed to be identically the same animal, yet their intelligence is in no way superior to the musk-rat, and their lodges nothing but burrows in the river banks. It is said that Buffon, when he first heard of the American beaver, and comprehended its superior talents as an architect and engineer, became very much excited, and expressed the sentiment that he would rather see a beaver village than any collection of palaces in Europe.

The teeth of the beaver are remarkable for their strength and sharpness, and in cutting wood, the chips it leaves are precisely such as are made by a carpenter when he uses a chisel; in fact, the Indians set these teeth in a rude handle, and by their assistance carve a variety of ornaments, and manufacture household utensils. The imbrocated tail serves as a trowel; the fore-paws have the intelligence and power of a hand; with these appliances, so imperfect compared to the facilities possessed by man, this wonderful animal performs extraordinary tasks of labor, builds houses larger and more perfect than the Laplander's hut, and erects immense dams through streams of running water, upon the most scientific principles of the engineering art.

The houses are composed of a mixed mass of wood, stones, and mud, the whole ingeniously wrought together so as to form a solid mass of great strength and firmness. After the structure is finished, which is sometimes twenty feet in diameter, it is covered over annually with

Digitized by Google

plaster, which is put on smooth, as if done by a mason's trowel; but as the beaver always works in the night, how this fine finish is accomplished has never been clearly ascertained. The entrance to these lodges is under the water, and placed so low that when the water freezes the door-way will be below the ice. The nests are placed in galleries running round the sides of the building, the centre being unoccupied. Most generally a number of families occupy the same lodge.

The object of the dam is to raise the water, so that the ice of winter and the heats of summer will not deprive them of a plentiful supply. Their form differs according to the demand of circumstances. If the current runs strongly, the dam is made to curve against the current, so that the fall occasioned by it resembles the horse-shoe of Niagara; but when the current is light, the dam is placed in a straight line across the stream. At the first construction a dam is sometimes three hundred yards in length, and from eight to ten feet high, with a base of twelve feet, the whole work gracefully narrowing toward the top. When it happens that a colony has uninterruptedly continued its labors for many years—end each member under all circumstances works on the dam every day—the structure becomes of gigantic size, seeds of the birch and other trees fall upon it, branches of the willow catch on its sides, and, in time, pleasant groves spring up filled with singing birds, and the whole assumes the appearance of a natural bank, rather than the original work of animal industry.

The beaver is proverbial for being a hard worker, nevertheless there are some drones—always males, by the way—which refuse to labor, and are therefore driven from the settlement. These idlers scrape a hole in a neighboring bank, and associate together, picking up a living as best they can. They seem to be particularly unpopular among the females, and are by them snubbed and ridiculed with impunity.

In catching the beaver the Indians storm their houses in winter, and watching their "retreating holes," kill them as they attempt to escape. The trapper on the contrary takes them, as his name implies, in traps, a manner, however, which requires the most patient labor, love of solitude, consummate skill, and the most intimate knowledge of the habits of the animal. The hunter desiring to set his trap, selects a steep, abrupt spot in the bank of the creek, near the beaver settlement, which he only approaches in a canoe or by cautiously wading up the stream; for the beaver is so sagacious that he readily discovers the presence of man, and shuns any thing that is contaminated by his touch. Having chosen a spot suitable for the purpose, the hunter excavates with his canoe paddle a place sufficiently large to hold the trap, and in such a way that, when the machine is set, it will be three inches under the water. Two feet above the trap is a stick three or four inches in length, stuck into the bank, on the end of which is placed a minute quantity of perfume, made by mingling the fresh castor of the beaver with an extract from the roots and bark of the spice-bush, of which they are excessively fond, and can smell at a great distance. The animal, in his desire to reach the aromatic charm, swims to the steep bank, and in his attempt to climb up necessarily comes in contact with the trap. In the struggle to get away the beaver usually drowns, but instances have been known of their cutting off the imprisoned limb, and thus making their escape.

In the life of that remarkable hunter and Rocky Mountain guide, Jim Beckwith, we find the following interesting reminiscences of this animal: "When hunting the beaver in the streams among the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, I have sat for hours to watch their proceedings when preparing to build their lodges. I have known them to fell cotton-wood trees seven and a half feet in circumference; and they always make choice of a tree having an inclination toward the stream they propose to employ it upon. The selection mede, a number set to work upon its trunk, gnawing it with their four sharp teeth, while one retires to a distance to watch the tree, and give warning to those employed upon it when it threatens to fall. He keeps his eye fixed constantly upon the tree top, until he sees it begin to waver; this is the time to call his fellows out of danger, and he brings his flat tail down upon the ground with a rap which is distinctly heard by all. Recalled by this summons, the labering beavers lose no time in retreating to their chief, where they await in silence the action of the tree. If its motion steadies, and it is found that it is not sufficiently gnawed away, one or two return, and renew their labors upon the trunk until again summoned away as before. They then watch it from their secure point of observation until it cracks and snaps, and finally falls; and if it falls in the required direction they all burst out into a jabbering of applause, reminding one strongly of boys at a ship launch.

"The tree felled, they again return to it, and examine it from root to branch, and then fall to work in lopping the limbs and reducing them to a suitable length for their use.

"The first steps they take in the construction of their dam is to drive their piles, which are generally willows; these they plant in the bed of the stream at proper distances apart. When a sufficient number are thus secured, they commence weaving in the filling, using for the purpose the twigs and lighter branches of the tree they have felled; and weaving it so closely as to render it almost, and in some cases entirely, impassable to the water, without the addition of any other material. They then proceed to fill in their compact wall with the application of a superincumbent mass of materials, using gravel, mud, clay, stones, or whatever comes first to hand, until it is rendered as stable and firmly set as any wall built by a mason of hewn stone.

"Their material is carried to the brink of the stream on their broad tails, and if reason does not guide them in the performance of this work, it is some innate intelligence that would answer very well the purpose. They select the place where the material best suited to build with is to be obtained: some of the party then expand their tails to their utmost limit, while others scrape on with their fore-paws a tail-load of the building material—pressing it down and smoothing its surface as handily as a workman would do it; while these are being similarly loaded by others in the rear of them. Their load received, they advance with it to tho dam, dragging their laden tails carefully over the ground; when they discharge the burden on the surface of the dam, and return to the quarry for more. This process is continued until the superstructure is completed. The water is never suffered to flow over the surface of the dam, but sluices are left, at certain intervals, sufficient to afford a channel for the egress of the superfluous accumulation, thus preserving the surface from damage by the passage of the stream. These dams are built for the protection of their store-houses, where they preserve their winter's provision; which consists of limbs of the cotton-wood tree, willow, pine, and other kinds of wood. When the bark is peeled, which they use for food, they bind it up in a bundle, and sink it before their dams to protect it from the winter frost; and from this they draw their supply to satisfy their daily wants. I have sometimes seen their dams swept by an extreme pressure of water; but I never saw them dissolve to pieces; they still hold together in the shape of basket-work, even when torn from their hold.

"The beavers build their lodges according to the size of their families, which is done in the following manner: They burrow a hole in the superstructure of their dams down to high-water mark, which serves them for their winter residence. For the summer they have more airy quarters, by weaving a conically-shaped lodge over the top of their cellar, formed of wood, and put together in the same manner as they built their dams; again interweaving willows and other brush, and then plastering their walls with a compost of clay and mud, until it is rendered perfectly air-tight. Their lodges are kept as free from dirt and all kinds of litter as the most tidy housewife could desire; every particle of chip or waste matter being cleaned out immediately after a meal, which all partake of together, having no second table for servants or children.

"Their beds are all placed round the sides of the lodge, one bed for every pair. These beds are composed generally of dry moss, and have a clean and comfortable appearance. They are exemplary in their matrimonial relations, the male scrupulously adhering to his female partner, as probably the maintenance of a larger family might be found inconvenient, since the gnawing down trees for their support is rather a laborious occupation. The usual increase is two at a time; and when the young are sufficiently grown to provide for themselves, and their lodges grow inconveniently crowded, the males all migrate together, leaving the females, with their offspring, in undisturbed possession of their homes. If a beaver dies in the lodge, they all remove from it and build another.

"The beavers, when domesticated, make very interesting pets; they are apt to be mischievous, but are remarkably sagacious, and can be taught almost every thing. Mr. M'Kenzie had a couple of tame ones at Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellow Stone. He raised several acres of corn one season, the sprouts or suckers of which his men used to pull off to feed the horses with. One day, when the corn was well tasled out, there came on a heavy rain, and the *water flowed in rivulets down the furrows of the corn-field.* During the rain-storm the two beavers were out in the field all day, and returned home just before night, bemired all over and tired to death. My friend, who was a broad-spoken Scotchman, broke out in a perfect rage at seeing his pets so dirty, and bade them repair to the river and wash themselves. They slunk away to obey his behest, and then quietly crawled into their beds. Shortly afterward a laborer came in from the field to say that the men had been cutting up more than an acre of corn for their horses, and M'Kenzie went forth, in a great rage, to scold his 'dom'd Frenchmen' for their waste. On examination, however, it was discovered that the corn had been cut with sharp teeth instead of sharp knives, and the truth then came out: Betty and Billy had been hard at work all day in building dams, and had *stopped up every furrow for over a mile in extent.*

"It is piteous to see the little ones after their mother has been caught; their cries can scarcely be distinguished from those of a child, and they wander disconsolately about in search of their missing parent. The trappers frequently take pity on them, and carry them into camp, where they feed them on bark chips and other dry vegetable diet. I presume it was a day of great rejoicing among the beaver tribe when French silk hats were first introduced into general use, as their pelts were then so little called for that it did not pay to trap them. There is not one trapper engaged in the business now where formerly there would be fifty or more. It is a rule with mountaineers that beaver skins are of the very best quality until the leaves of the trees become as large as the ears of the beaver, after which time the fur becomes coarse and comparatively valueless.

"Naturalists, I believe, have always overlooked the fact that the fore-feet of these animals are open clawed like those of the dog, while the hind-feet are webbed."

The beaver in captivity, as has already been noticed, soon becomes tame, and is a very amusing animal, but hard to keep confined; for by his powerful teeth no ordinary woodwork of our

habitations stops his progress from one place to another. Although the beaver is thus powerful with his teeth, felling sometimes trees of immense size by cutting them asunder near the butt, yet in eating a potato they will skin it with a precision that could not possibly be obtained by the human hand or by the blade of the most delicate knife.

Of one of these animals sent to England we have the following interesting account: "On his arrival in England he was in a most pitiable condition. Good treatment soon restored him to health, and kindness made him familiar. When called by his name 'Binny,' he generally answered with a little cry, and came to his owner. The hearth-rug was his favorite haunt, and thereon he would lie stretched out, sometimes on his back, sometime on his belly, but always near his master. The building instinct showed itself immediately after he was let out of his cage, and materials were placed in his way for its gratification. His strength was wonderful even when half grown. He would drag along a large sweeping-brush, or a warming-pan, grasping the handle between his teeth so that its head rested over his shoulder, and advancing in an oblique direction until he arrived at the point where he wished to place it. The long and large materials were always taken first, and two of the largest were generally laid crosswise, with one of the ends of each touching the wall, and the other sides projecting out into the room. The open places he filled up with hand-brushes, rush-baskets, boots, books, sheets, clothes, dried turf, and any thing portable. As the work grew high, he supported himself on his tail, which propped him up admirably, and he would often, after his work, sit up over against it, appearing to consider its fitness for the purposes designed. These pauses were sometimes followed by a change in the arrangement; sometimes no alteration was made. After he had completed what turned out to be his *dam*, he began another 'improvement' at a little distance off, taking advantage of the legs of a table for the uprights of what he designed to be his lodge, which he soon covered up with dried turf, hay, cloth, coal—in fact any thing he could pick up. Having completed his nest, he would sit near it and comb out his fur with the claws of his hind-feet. Binny generally carried small light articles between his right fore-leg and his chin, walking on the other three; large masses which he could not grasp readily with his teeth he pushed forward, leaning against them with his right fore-paw and chin. He never carried any thing on his tail, which he was fond of dipping in water: so long as it was wet he never drank, if it became dry, he seemed feverish, discontented, and would drink a great deal. Bread, milk, and sugar formed the principal part of Binny's food, but he was excessively fond of succulent fruits and roots; altogether he was a very entertaining little creature, and shed new light upon the varied character of the wonderful works of the creation."

MARTHA WYATT'S LIFE.

THERE are strange varieties of character in this round world of ours, unsuspected by the casual observer, even unappreciated by intimate friends; persons whose force and fire are kept down by the even and strenuous pressure of social circumstance, till the strength recoils upon itself with deadly power, and the unseen flame consumes its own dwelling-place with a true Smithfield fury.

Such a person was Martha Wyatt, an old schoolmate of mine at Shelton Academy. To most people she seemed a quiet, intelligent girl, pale and plain, with peculiarly cold manners; the only unusual thing about her being a rare smile that, once in an age, flashed across her face, and lit its colorless lines with the vivid splendor of lightning. She was nothing in any way to Shelton people, for her family consisted only of her father, her mother, and herself; were neither rich, poor, nor odd; and had no near relatives or particular friends out of the village. Gossip lost its foothold in such commonplace ground, and curiosity died of starvation. If ever any remarks were made about the Wyatts, they were generally a commiseration of Martha's feeble health, and a wonder as to what ailed her—for she never was tangibly ill, only weak and languid. Nor did I know her better; for though we had a school-girl friendship during the last year or two I lived in Shelton, she kept her reserve intact, so far as concerned her own thoughts and feelings, according to me rather the support of her advice, and the common-sense quiet of her exterior character, as became an older and more staid person. I have only since appreciated how old she must have been in feeling, so steadily to resist the overflow of an impulsive and hopeful character like mine, and to value, as I could not then, the smile which woke for me oftener than for any other creature. She had one very singular habit, as I knew long after. In any unusual excitement of thought or feeling she was in the habit of writing long letters to the only intimate friend she ever had, who had long been dead.

I transcribe three of these letters to complete my story, premising that they were addressed to Emily Barnes, who, at the date of the first one, had been lying three years in the grave-yard of Shelton church, with clove pinks and a sweet-briar growing over the record of her name and age on the little brown head-stone.

LETTER FIRST.

SHELTON, *June 5th*, 18—.

DEAR EMILY—I promised, you know, long, long since, to tell you if ever I was in love. I do not think I should have made the promise if I had supposed such a thing would happen to me; yet it is now a relief to keep it, since I made it, and to-night I am sitting, late as it is, by my open window, trying to begin. It is needless to tell you why I hover round the subject so long—you know why, for you did it once. Emily, it is no secret to you that I have not a happy, even a peaceful home; we are poor here, with that

worst poverty, the deadly struggle of pride and want. If only the world were a true, honest, self-sufficing world, where we need never have one needless ornament, but lived our lives by their actual measure, and despised shows, contented with the beauties that are in the reach of every man, how much real anguish, how much wear and tear of feeling might be saved; what pitiful subterfuges, what sickness, exhaustion, and cowardice, mental and moral, what useless struggles, what starvation of the soul to deceive in the body!

All these things dishearten and distress me, not only in their abstract insincerity and hollowness, but because they occasion discontent and bitter words in their daily routine. In such circumstances, how natural I should long for love—the elixir of young life, the alchemist's stone, that gilds all—how doubly natural that I should also make up my mind that I must some day love hopelessly. My plain face, my cold manner, my dreaming mind—what charm lay in these to attract any man I could love? My consciousness was prophetic; it is even so!

I can not stop to think where I first saw Adam Brooke, for I had seen him often before I knew him. I began to know him in Plymouth, where I was spending a day with your mother. He came in to tea, and walked over home with me in the evening, and that night I heard his name all night. It was—is—so strange! He was very kind to me—devotedly so; and kindness was new to me from a man and a stranger. Handsome he was not, but Saxon blood shone clear in his keen northern eye and bright brown hair, and he had a Saxon heart—cool, steadfast, yet not a little crafty, and self-controlled to the verge of hardness. I saw him often after that first time, and we became true friends; more was impossible, less I would not have; and I loved, love, shall love him! This sounds painfully school-girlish—sentimental; yet never was I farther from either phase. I knew with unwavering certainty what I did, to what I was coming. I knew he could not and would not love me, but I had foreseen that fate afar off, and I only went a step to meet it. There was a time in our earliest acquaintance when I might have ended it, and been what I was before it began, but I would not. I thought, in my self-sufficientness, that any thing was better than the life of weary pain and exhausting endeavor that I led. I would have a place of rest, a little sleep, if it was the precedent trance of mortal anguish—and I had it!

I do not know how long this bliss of feeling lasted—whether weeks or months went by. If I were to name it with any definiteness I should say it was all October—a time of lingering sunshine, golden, misty days; unearthly brightness on the world and its creatures, all softened, sublimed, made tender by the unspoken consciousness of winter at hand. My mother noticed a new strength in my slow steps, a deeper tint on my cheek, a fresher light in my eyes, wondering what had done me such good, and comforting herself with a new prospect of peace and cheer in a hitherto dull and sullen horizon. I had found the Fountain of Youth, and drank with insatiable lips. If you were here to speak, you would ask me why I loved Adam Brooke, and I could not tell you; it is a mystery to myself. I believe in fate—not fatalism. Perhaps it was because he treated me with care and tenderness, neither of which had visited me before from any but my mother. Perhaps it was that shadow of the primeval curse that gives every man a power over some woman not to be defined or analyzed—the divine and natural power of rule and subjection. I know I had never understood it before I felt it. I could have lain on the turf and felt his horse's hoofs trample over me, could it serve or save him, with inexpressible satisfaction. And yet he did not love me, nor did I yet ask love. Absorbed in the delight of my own overflowing and abundant emotion, I neither required nor expected its return. What was I, that this crown and glory should descend upon me? I wheeled and fluttered about the lighted torch, knowing well that it did not burn for me, content to bask in its light; not yet scorched, agonized, dying.

For two or three years this went on. Daily I learned to admire Mr. Brooke's character, or thought I did; daily I depended more and more upon his affection and aid. He rendered me a thousand little kind services that should have been done by a relative, had I possessed one. He taught the Bible class to which I had always belonged, and added to his height in my eyes the farther elevation of so sacred an office; while he raised me intellectually nearer and nearer his own level, and fed heart and mind alike till they achieved a fearful and tropical growth—all the greater for the outward pressure I was forced to lay upon them of silence and coldness.

Once only I came near betraying myself. I was walking home from church with him, as I often did—for our way home was the same for half a mile, through Isham's Lane—and in that green, silent path we had many a talk over the sermon and the day's lesson; but that day we were silent—it was too warm to breathe unnecessarily—and as we went through the trees, every ray of sunshine that fell on us where a branch was lost from the thick shadow, burnt like a stream of fire; and just where one fell, I discerned the glitter of a snake coiled in the worn foot-track. One thought only possessed me: I knew that a rattlesnake had been killed in that wood the week before—for so unusual a thing was proclaimed on the house-tops in Shelton—and I felt suddenly sure that this was the creature's mate; all this thought was but a moment's flash. I grasped Mr. Brooke's arm, drew him back as if he were a child, stepped before him, and touched the snake with my foot, never remembering it could harm me. It did not stir; it was dead; and a common striped snake at that. Mr. Brooke stepped aside, and, with a laugh, asked what he had done to be sent behind me in that way; and as he spoke,

saw the snake. He turned fairly round, looked in my face for a moment with his keen, penetrating eyes that I could not meet, and said, slowly,

"You thought it was a rattlesnake?"

"Oh, no, it is not!" said I, affecting to misunderstand him; "it is only a striped snake!"

He did not speak again, but stooped and picked a wild rose-bud from the bushes beside us, and put the stem in his lips; so he could not well say more, even to bid me good-by when our roads parted, and I don't know that he ever thought of the affair again. After a time his manner toward me changed, or I changed in my own; I can not separate one possibility from the other, but I began to be miserable. I had not asked myself any question as to the climax of this unresisted passion or its end. I had breathed it in as a man consumed with painful disease inhales the deadly sweetness of the drug that quiets alike nerve and pulse. I was unhappy; love was joy, rest, life; why should I not love, and enjoy my delicate, intellectual theories of an unrequited, self-forgetful passion, that asked no food for its support save its own tender overflow? I forgot that God had made me a woman; now this fact returned to me with awful force. I began to die, having lived; to hang on the sound of Adam Brooke's voice, the intonation of his words, the idlest speech he uttered in laughter or jest, for some other meaning than he expressed, some concealed significance that should guage his feeling toward me, and show how much or how little I was in his eyes, to his heart; and no mother ever trembled over her first-born with so speechless a rapture as I over the faintest shadow of affection, the most minute suggestion of interest or approval. I was like the man with the muck-rake in that world-wide treasure of Bunyan's; and I never wearied with the toil, strong in false hope.

Then came a bitterer phase. I grew mad with jealousy; my reason left me to be the prey of such pitiful suspicions, such wild surmisings, such distortions of the commonest act, the most unmeaning word, that I could scarce believe in my own identity. I had supposed myself generous, high-minded, charitable; but now this vain conceit fled. I would have condescended to the most palpable meanness to gain certainty; I would have been invisible to have dogged Adam Brooke's footsteps, watched his eye, heard his voice, and brought my fate to its culmination in despair or hope. I received from him no help; self-poised, he went on his own way, blind to the storm he had created—happily for me, blind.

How tired I am of writing all this! The moon glitters tranquilly on the silver poplar leaves, wherein a soft south wind whispers and shivers: all the world sleeps but me; and the awe of night, the mysterious, melancholy splendor of a waning moon, that casts its weird shining over earth and sky, soften to tenderness the hard and feverish beatings of my heart. How sad life is! how helpful the certain tread and all-consoling crown of death! I have loved and lived! Emily, Emily! Thekla did more—she died; that is, at least, left. Soon I will write the rest.

MARTHA.

LETTER SECOND.

20th July, 18—.

DEAR EMILY—I have a few hours now to write you, and I take up the dreary little history where I left it. So far as those three first years I had idealized and adored Adam Brooke; now I began to know him. Whether pain had rendered my eyes clear-sighted, or the more self-centred growth of my passion taught me to appreciate the same element in his nature, I can not tell. One thing is certain, I began to know him as he was—a real, hard-natured, strong-willed man; selfish, at times cruel; not practically high-minded, noble, or generous; merely a refined, cultivated, intelligent, and moderately kind-hearted man, who did not love me. Did that cure me? Not the least! I loved him more than ever; with more reality and fervor, more unchangeable and utter affection. He was at my side now, mine by all the affinities of human nature and human weakness—all the dearer, all the more loved, and I all the more miserable; with the cup trembling at my lips, and the water dripping past them. I hoped, prayed, and breathed for him; my life flowed out before him with unhesitating freedom. If I knew myself above the common range of women in thought or feeling, I was glad for his sake. I wore his favorite colors; read the books he praised; copied, as far as my own strongly-individual nature would permit, the women he admired; crushed down my faults by the strong hand; fed my virtues with the angelic food of his approval, and moulded myself after his mind, vainly hoping, longing thereby to reach his heart. I think at this time he began to perceive something of my feeling toward him. Certainly he knew I was attached to him, even as a friend and pupil, with unusual warmth; and he grew, by nice modulations of manner too gradual for any eye but that of love to perceive, cold, polite, repressive; his eye kindled no longer with tenderness or sympathy; he escaped from my care and attention in such a way as to make me smile, even through the pain his manœuvres excited, though the smile was more bitter than tears.

I could not suffer as I did, day after day, and month after month, the alternations of exquisite anguish with uncertain hope, and not show the effects of such excitement physically. My health, never of that robust type which characterizes many country girls, failed by slow and unmarked degrees. I could not eat; my food was utterly tasteless and insipid; nothing could tempt the languid forces of life to recruit themselves in this way, and soon I could not sleep. Then began a slow fever that consumed me with torturing thirst, and a total weariness not to be expressed, inasmuch as its climax was a restlessness only like that which I have seen pre-

cede death. Oh, how I longed and prayed to die! how I sat whole days by the small window of my room, my dull eyes weakly streaming with continuous tears, and gathered all the remaining energies of life to plead with God for its removal! yet I like to think now I never failed to add one clause to the prayer—"If it be Thy will." I was at least submissive.

As I grew so ill, of course my mother's fears were excited; she insisted on calling in a physician, but he could make nothing of my case, left a tonic, talked of dyspepsia, and went his way. I knew there was but one remedy left me, rather one alleviation—a diversion of my almost monomaniac mind from its solitary subject of thought, and I tried most thoroughly to do something to that end; but here came in the retaliative force of nature, weaker than the soul that had "o'er-informed" it—the body refused its aid. I could not exert myself, for I had no strength, and I fell back into a worse state than before. About this time my father was taken ill with a low fever; of course there was much for me to do, both for him and for my mother. This helped me in a measure, though it wore me out physically; but I have lived to learn that there is no time when a woman is utterly helpless to those who are utterly cast on her help. After three months' sickness my father died. His death produced no material change in our circumstances, except that my mother had only an annuity to depend on, and it became necessary that I should do something to support myself, in order to lay up a small sum yearly for future need. After a time of rest and preparation I succeeded in obtaining the post of teacher in our North District School, and entered on my duties the first week in April with twenty-five scholars. I was only too glad to have found a situation at first, and one so near my mother as not to separate me from her except through the day; but as time wore on, I found my strength and patience scarcely sufficient for my place. I was weak in mind and body, irritable, excitable, over all wretched, and life grew daily a more irksome burden. The natural tastes of my character rose up one by one from their long suppression to mock me in their starveling shapes. I was born indolent, luxurious, artistic. I had a love of all beauty set firmly among the radical traits of my nature; and an adaptativeness to every refinement of luxury and fastidious delicacy of art, that made me instantly more at home in the most careful appliances of a splendid house than I could be among the substitutions and rudenesses of a farm-house. I was a sybarite transmigrated into a New England country-school ma'am! The contact of the two was—not pleasant.

After I had taught school six months, in the October vacation came my tempting. I had gone over to Plymouth to spend a week with your mother, Emily. I had not seen Adam Brooke for two months; he was away on some business; and while I was resting my overstrained faculties in the quiet of dear Plymouth, I met one day a Mr. Hayton, from B——, who was also visiting in the village, and we were introduced to each other at a little tea-party given by Mrs. Smith, the minister's wife. After that we met often; for he staid in Plymouth till the middle of November, and after I returned, contrived to find business in Shelton every other day. Mr. Hayton was a refined, intelligent, and wealthy man, widowed, some five years before I saw him, of a wife he adored. I have never since known a man who so fully commanded my esteem and my regard as he did when I learned to know him. A thorough gentleman in heart and manner, he added to this a true artist's perception of beauty, and a generous overflow of feeling and action toward any suffering he saw or suspected. Every thing about him and his belongings was perfect in its way. He read as your true book-lover reads, every thing; and shared his literary possessions with any one of like taste most gladly and untiringly. How he came to like me I can not tell or imagine; I only know that I was surprised and terrified when the conviction flashed upon me as an inevitable truth. I well remember the day: it was a bright Saturday in the Indian Summer of early November. Mr. Hayton had driven over to bring me a new book that I had expressed a wish to see, and in the conversation which followed his arrival, was singularly confused and hurried, and once took from the closed book a letter, which he was about to offer me, but, startled by a footstep on the porch, he crushed it in his hand, and seizing his hat, left me. I sat a moment silent, and then the truth came into my mind like a sudden light. I can not deny that I was for an instant flattered and consoled, but only for an instant; my reason returned with unsparing vividness, and reproved me bitterly. I had led a man, my friend most truly, to the very painful and false position of an encouraged lover whom I did not love.

Conscience acquitted me of intentional wrong in this; but still I felt most deeply and keenly what I must yet make him feel. I must not only lose, but wound my friend, and lower myself in his memory. He would think of me only as a heartless, cold-blooded creature, scarce worthy of a woman's name. Then began a harder struggle. Some insidious voice, that was neither reason nor conscience, intruded its whispering counsel in my ear. Why should I not marry him? My mind, recoiling at first, returned to look at the idea. He was all I could ask in character; good, gentle, and cultivated; not too forcible, but all the more tender and affectionate for that. Besides, he was rich—I was weak and poor. A little rest, a ceasing of daily anxiety, quiet, care, how they would restore my own health, strengthen the inelastic springs of life within, and enable me to shake off the sluggish pain of a broken spirit. And my mother—how I could build around her latter days the strong help and consolation of my own prosperity, and obtain for her the thousand nameless weapons with which gold fights time,

and renews the youth of its possessors. She would be at ease, I better, and be happy. That was the last and strongest argument. He loved me, I knew, well and truly. I looked forward to the time when he should suffer at my hands a little of the pain I had known. I remembered his desolation in his widowhood; we were both bereft as it were—should we not console one another? And my mind went on in the misty sunshine of possibilities. I thought of an elegant, quiet home, my new strength and peace, my mother's joy, my husband's love. Ah! the dream went. I was free, for the tempter overpassed his power. I—I, with every living, glowing, rapturous pulse in my nature poured out as lavishly as the waters of a great river before another man—I, who was not my own, but as much belonging to Adam Brooke as his heart-beats—*I* had dared to contemplate the possibility, the chance of a life-long lie—an utter hypocrisy of soul and body! I was dumb with indignant self-contempt. I was abased to the dust before my own imaginings. I hated and despised my momentary vision with the morbid horror of an oversensitive and unhappy mind, till a paroxysm of quick, hot tears, like a sudden shower, cleared my inner atmosphere, and I went about my usual evening tasks very weak, very humble, but also very glad to know myself again—to feel my soul yet stainless in the integrity of its love, all hopeless as it was.

I must sleep now. The cool night-air kisses my burning eyes like a regretful spirit, and I hear in my thoughts the echo of that old Gregorian chant you and I learned of our singing-teacher. How consoling the grand harmonies of music become when time and suffering interpret their meaning to us! Good-night! for I desire to sleep in that sound. MARTHA.

LETTER THIRD.

DEAR EMILY—I feel that in my last letter I gave you but an inadequate idea of the temptation offered to me. I did not, indeed, care to be too frank—to admit the possibility of such a temptation touching me with any prospect of success, any inducement to dally with it for a moment. Yet it was too true. I had no present sweetness in life, no prospect of any future; I had a worn and aching physical nature, daily taxed to its extent; and I was all the time anxious for my mother: could I be human and not tempted momentarily by a hope so flattering? However, the struggle was but momentary; yet so earnest as to leave with me a bitter sense of shame at my own weakness, and a more enlarged charity for the thousand cases of convenient matrimony I had hitherto derided and despised.

But now nothing was left except to save Mr. Hayton the mortification of a refusal. To this end I devoted all my energies, since it was the only atonement I could make for the wrong I had unconsciously done him. I have heard it said that no woman can help knowing that a man loves her early enough for her to repel his affection before he commits himself openly. This may be true of most women, not of me. I had trained myself for years to think of such a thing as a man's loving me as an impossibility. I had dallied with no day-dreams of this nature—neither hope nor doubt disturbed the blank certainty of my consciousness—and, though I loved Adam Brooke with that force and entireness that seem almost to constrain, by the sympathetic powers of feeling, a recognition and a return, yet I know if he had loved me my first solitary feeling would have been dumb surprise. I was not equally astonished at the discovery I made of Mr. Hayton's affection for me, because I did not love him. Still I was sincerely surprised and more grieved, and I began in that very hour to devise measures for his good. Here opportunity favored me, as she favors ever her seekers. Every time Mr. Hayton called for the next week I was not at home, and my mother could not see him, and this from circumstances I did not control. The first time he met me I was walking in Isham's Lane, coming home from church, with Adam Brooke, who had returned but the day before from a long absence and joined me as usual. I think Mr. Hayton intended to meet me in that lane, as it was out of his way to Plymouth, and seeing him coming, I had time and chance to turn my face toward Mr. Brooke, in a little more earnest conversation than before, and, as it were, let go of my heart, so long held firmly, and permit its living, palpitating glow to suffuse every feature and glorify the plainness of my dark, dull face. This Mr. Brooke could not see, occupied in surveying the stranger in so unwonted a path, while Mr. Hayton saw that only—feeling rather than seeing the slight, preoccupied bow I granted him. His face I remember ever since—it was full of regret, a little tinged with contempt for me. From that I augured well. Not a year after he married a very lovely woman, far above me in personal graces and accomplishments; and, I doubt not, he is happy enough to have forgiven me entirely.

After that, I had no further temptation. Adam Brooke left Shelton in a month for the West. We had a singular parting, or it seemed so to me; possibly observers would have thought it simply blunt or unfeeling. It was Christmas night that he came to say good-by: there was a bright fire on the hearth in our little front room, and I was there alone, for mother had not left her room that day from a severe cold. I knew Mr. Brooke was going away, for he had told us in the Bible class on Sunday that he should not meet with us again, and this was Tuesday. I believe I was sewing when he came in, for he pulled off his gloves in such haste as to tear one, and asked me to mend it, saying he should like some of my sewing in Oregon to remember my quick fingers by; and I, jesting as pain jests, said he must remember me without any bribe; but I mended the glove. We talked an hour of the idlest and most indifferent matters, and then he rose to go. How tightly then I held the reins of my mad impulse! How I set

my teeth in the nervous effort to stifle the ache that possessed me to throw myself into his arms, and die there of shame and rest. I was terrified at myself, and subdued outwardly to such calm as is only wrought by the antagonism of a tempest working within: I held out my hand to him; it was cold and rigid, and the touch seemed to sting him, for he, too, subdued a start as he took it, but he folded his own over it and looked into my face with an expression I would have given my soul to see, yet dared not meet. I looked away, up at a rude engraving of the ascending Madonna that hung upon the wall; in that moment of agony, the dead climax of anguish, I noted every line and spot upon that picture, I measured its satisfied calmness with my own pulseless quiet. I saw myself, the alien and the seeker; set beside her, the home-coming, the fulfilled. I saw every thing except the living face before me. I felt nothing but the firm, equal pressure that inclosed my hand; and all this was but a few seconds: he dropped my irresponsive fingers with a light sigh, said "good-by," and left me—to a double winter—to a treble night! I shall not tell you what I did when the door closed behind him. I do not know—there I was, and there I staid, till some faint light crept in at the window from a new day. I rose then from the hearth, put away the fallen hair from my face, and crept to my pillow beside mother, who had not waked or missed me, and I slept one feverish hour, till the welcome drudgery of school and the day forced me through a routine without whose steady and inevitable requirements I might, possibly, have sentimentally died of that incredible ailment—a broken heart.

I remember very little about that winter; we lived through it, and in the spring a distant relative of my mother's, an elderly lady, possessed of some small property, desired to come and board with us, having an attachment to Shelton as her birth-place, and all her ties elsewhere having mouldered away one by one. In her society my mother found the little excitement necessary to render her silent life agreeable while I was away, and soon after spring came in I was offered a situation in Tennessee, at a much better compensation than I received in Shelton. I accepted the offer, as much for that reason as because I hoped a milder climate might strengthen my faltering life, and change of scene so entire give a new direction to the ever-recurring thoughts that preyed upon me day by day with no respite and no mercy. Also—let me confess that last and weakest foible—I should be nearer that farthest West. I was too weak to do battle with so vague an indulgence of feeling as this, when there were real and practical reasons for acceptance. So it is in Tennessee that I write to-day. I do not know that I am better; sometimes my life gives a flash of the old fire, but rarely. My duties here are all labor; the children I undertake to teach are rough, insolent, and neglected in every way; possibly, with health and strength, I might mould the untempered metal into some serviceable shape, but it is too hard work for a weary and lifeless person. I shall do my best for the year I am pledged to stay, and then return, how gladly, to my mother, and—home—ah! my home! it is not there. I know when the sunset glows broad and red over the low horizon that it rises upon my real home—but I have lost it; yet there is one other: "a rest remaineth to the people of God," and I have learned lately to be His; too late to serve here, except in the service of submission, but never too late to love. I think, perhaps, I am going back to Shelton to die, and I am not sorry to think so, for even in the strength of my new faith I dread life; my mother is cared for by her relative and will never want; for whom else am I needed to live? I shall die unknown to Adam Brooke, though my soul calls him night and day with the desperate cry of death in the wilderness—alone. Yet it is better so; his cool affection for me would suffer to know the fire I have trodden through. I shall die happy that he did not know I have loved. MARTHA WYATT.

This was the last of her letters. Martha returned from her year's life in Tennessee utterly worn out. No physician could discover any thing about her definite enough to cure; no nursing, however skillful and unwearied, seemed to restore her. I, myself, asked Dr. Brotherton, a gray-headed, kind old man, who had been the village doctor since my childhood, what ailed her.

"My dear," said the Doctor, "she is worn out. I can not tell how or where, but she has had some great suffering, and she is like ashes after a fire; of course, we can not cure her. Poor child! poor child! she must have suffered very much!"

At the time of Martha's return I was living in Shelton, after a long absence, and gladly renewed my old acquaintance with her. Time and its suffering experiences had quieted my natural character into a more sympathetic seriousness, and gradually this strangely reserved girl opened her heart to me during the long hours that I sat by her sofa, and the nights that I watched with her. After many months of languor and exhaustion, but little severe pain, the spirit that had lived so vivid a life leaped and flashed on its cold hearth-stone, and forsook the ashes of its consumed tenement forever. It was just moonrise when Martha Wyatt died; the full glory of the red harvest moon shone through an open window upon her white, moveless features; the sighing autumn wind lifted up and down the locks of her black hair; and one great moth, left in some sheltered corner of the undisturbed sick-room after its peers were dead of the frosts, flapped its wings slowly out into the leaf-scented air, and sailed upward through the moonshine; was I superstitious to think it her freed soul?

She left a little package of papers for me, which contained these three letters, long since

promised to me, and a brief outline of some little things she wished attended to, but would not mention to her mother, lest they should add another drop to the cup all ready to overflow. Among other matters, she desired me to receive and open any letters that might come to her from Tennessee, as the arrears of her salary were still due from her employer there, and she directed that I should take those arrears into my own hands, give a receipt for them, and devote a certain proportion to erecting a plain headstone above her grave in the church-yard. I explained to Mrs. Wyatt this arrangement, so far as my receiving of the letters was concerned, and in consequence, some ten days after Martha's funeral, she sent over to me a letter, having a very unintelligible post-mark, and I unhesitatingly opened it. A dried wild rose-bud fell out, and fluttered to the ground. I read the first few lines before I saw my mistake; but it was a mistake so natural Martha herself could not have blamed me. That letter was from Adam Brooke, and began: "If I did not know you to be the most patient, tender, and faithful of women, as well as the dearest in the world to me—" So far I read, and then turned to the signature. I re-sealed the letter carefully, and returned it to the post-office, appending to the original direction simply the word "Dead." I acknowledge now that I was altogether cruel and wrong to have done that, but I was full of indignation at the cold and self-regardant affection that could introvert itself so long and give no sign. I determined that Adam Brooke should feel the full force of those terrible little words, "too late." I only repented, when on my return after a long absence from Shelton, having in the mean time received her dues from Tennessee, I went on the first evening after my arrival to visit her unnoted sleeping-place. To my utter astonishment, the long slants of June sunshine fell upon a shaven turf, green as emerald, and gilded a shaft of pure marble, broken off abruptly, on whose base were inscribed these words (followed by her name and death-date): "God requireth that which is past." I desired no further pain for Adam Brooke, whose hands had written his own epitaph upon his heart's final sleep in her grave.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.*

EVER since Diedrich Knickerbocker put forth his famous history, the popular conception has represented a Dutchman as a ponderous individual, with broad-brimmed hat, voluminous doublet, and nether garments innumerable; smoking a perpetual pipe, fond of ease, and specially averse to giving or receiving hard knocks.

Quite different from the Dutchman of that pleasant romance is the Hollander of true history. Here he is pictured as wrenching a home from the jaws of the ocean; making that ocean his tributary; building up free institutions amid the morasses; defending them against kings, and lords, and priests; setting the first example in modern times of successful resistance to arbitrary power in the most unequal contest ever waged upon earth; and leading the van in the long series—not yet concluded—of popular revolutions. The Hollanders were the pioneers in the great march of human progress and republican liberty.

It was fitting that the History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic should be first worthily written by an American. In our veins flows blood kindred to that which has made the soil of the Netherlands sacred to freedom. We are the heirs of the Dutch republicans. William of Orange, not less than Washington, toiled for us. The story of the seven United Provinces of Holland is full of warning and instruction for the two-and-thirty United States of America. Sectional jealousy, and disunion of States that had stood side by side in the great agony, left half complete the noble work that had been begun in Holland. May the gods avert the omen! Let us learn wisdom as we follow our countryman in tracing the origin of the Dutch people, and the rise of the Dutch Republic.

For unknown ages, of which history takes no note, the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt had deposited their slime around the sand-banks flung up by the stormy Northern Ocean, forming a wide morass, in which here and there appeared muddy islands, overflowed by every rising of the rivers or swelling of the sea. "Whether the region be land or water," so writes the Roman historian, "one hardly knows. The wretched inhabitants dwell in huts pitched on the sand-hills or built on stakes. When the sea rises they look like vessels floating on the waves; when it falls, they seem to have suffered shipwreck." The country well deserved the name which it subsequently acquired and still bears—*Holland*—that is, the *Hollow*, or *Low Land.* Human industry was in time to render this the richest portion of Christendom.

In the heart of this region, the Rhine—double-armed, as the poet styled it—separates into two main branches, inclosing an island between them and the sea. About a century before Christ, a great inundation drove out or drowned the Celtic inhabitants of this island. Soon after, a civil war broke out among the Teutonic tribes dwelling in the great German forest. The weaker party, driven out, journeyed westward in search of new homes until they reached this vacant Rhine island. All traces of the inundation had passed away. The land looked fair in its robe of summer green. They resolved to make it their home, naming it "*Bet Auw*"—the "*Good Meadow.*" The Romans transformed the name into *Batavia*, calling the inhabitants *Batavi.* They and their kin spread from this centre over the northern parts of the Hollow Land, while the southern portion remained in possession of the Belgæ and other Celts. This partition of the land has lasted through all subsequent wars and migrations. Teutons in the north and Celts

* *The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. Harper and Brothers.

in the south, dwelt and still dwell, side by side, scarcely intermingling. Holland is Teutonic, Belgium is Celtic, to this day. In this fact lies the key to the history of the Netherlands. All history, in its ultimate analysis, is the history not of king and laws, but of races.

Teutons—or, to give them the name by which they are best known, Germans—and Celts were both savage enough, yet with a difference. Both were of huge stature, with brawny limbs, light hair, and fierce blue eyes. The Celt was fond of gay attire and showy trinkets; the German went almost naked, his sole ornament being an iron ring about his neck, and this he discarded when he had slain an enemy in battle: he had become a man and would put away childish things. The Germans formed a military democracy; the Celts were clannish, and in servile subjection to their chiefs. The religion of the Celts was ceremonial, sensuous, and, in a rude way, imposing; that of the Germans was austere, simple, and, in a rude way, spiritual. The German was chaste and continent; the Celt was lewd and lascivious. Permanent marriage was almost unknown to the Celt; the German had but one wife, whom he honored, in his rude way. Herein lies, perhaps, the distinctive characteristic of the Teutonic family. They have an instinctive perception of the worth of woman—that she is not a plaything, or an idol, or a slave, but a mate. In whatever other race this feeling exists it is the product of Christianity. The German had it while yet a pagan.

Each race had and has characteristics for good and evil which the other lacks. The nature of the one is hard, persistent, inflexible—Protestant. That of the other is eager, impressihle, sensuous—Catholic. The union of both is essential to our highest ideal of humanity. Once it seemed that this union of races was to be effected in the Netherlands. In the fiery furnace of Spanish persecution they seemed about to be fused together politically and socially. But this consummation was not to take place then; perhaps never in the Old World. It seems to have been reserved for this New World of ours to give birth to a new race, composed mainly of Teutonic and Celtic elements.

The Low Lands became absorbed in the Roman empire, and the Batavi furnished the choicest soldiery of the Imperial legions. Then the Empire grew feeble. The great migration of nations began. From the far slopes of the Altai Mountains appeared strange races in Europe. The hordes in the rear pressed those in the van upon the devoted south. The old civilization went down, trampled like seed into the soil by rude feet. Then came centuries of chaos, which we name the Dark Ages. A new civilization at length sprung up from the bloody soil, marked by one distinguishing feature: Christianity has supplanted Paganism. Its centre is Gaul, and it goes forth thence conquering—to the Netherlands as elsewhere.

Charles the Hammer crushes the Saracens at Tours, and carries his arms to the mouths of the Rhine. Charlemagne completes the conquest of the Batavi, or the "Free Frisians," as they are now called; yet leaves them to be ruled by their old laws, which declare that they shall be free so long as the wind blows out of the clouds and the world stands.

In the wreck and partition of the Empire of Charlemagne, the Netherlands fall now to the French King, and now to the German Emperor; sometimes they belong practically to neither. The sword is law, and whoso has the power takes the land. Dukedoms, marquisates, countships, and the like, are founded, of which we note but this, that the last Carlovingian monarch, surnamed the "Simpleton," bestows Holland, then a hook of barren sand and half-submerged morass, upon Count Dirk, whose descendants, father and son, hold their place for four centuries, then die out, and their heritage passes over to the Counts of Hainault. Of these the male line becomes extinct in 1417, and Hainault and Holland are heired by the fair and luckless Jacqueline, famous in song and story, who is dispossessed by her bad cousin Philip of Burgundy, surnamed "the Good."

So the great Dukes of Burgundy waxed greater. Charles the Bold, the son of Philip, determines to transform his ducal coronet into a regal crown. He tries to outwit the crafty Louis XI., and to conquer the indomitable Swiss. He is foiled in both attempts. Louis is too cunning, and the Swiss are too brave for him. He is routed at Morat and Granson, defeated and slain at Nancy. Louis clutches at his Burgundian dominions, while the Netherlands adhere to his daughter Mary, whom they give in marriage to Maximilian of Austria, soon to be Emperor of Germany. Their son, Philip the Fair, born Sovereign of the Netherlands, weds the mad Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, of whom is born, in the year of our Lord 1500, Charles, thus by birth King of Spain, Count of Holland, Marquis of Brabant: by the grace of the Pope and the sword of his conquistadors Lord of the New World; and by election Emperor of Germany. Charles V. held sway, real or titular, over wider realms than were ever gathered under a single sceptre. The Netherlands were hardly perceptible on the map of his dominions. Though the country of his birth, he cared little for them except as the main source of his revenues.

There is a history of a people as well as of princes. Through all these changing dynasties the national character of the Flemings—as the Netherlanders are now called—had developed itself in one direction. First came the power of the sword, dividing the land among the nobles, great and small. Next arose to view the ecclesiastical power, sometimes adverse to the people, but oftener hostile to the nobles. Wisdom entered into contest with brute force. Underlying these, and mightier than either, was the power of Industry. The people were at work. They levied tribute alike upon the ocean and the land which they had won from it. No sea-

men were as bold as those of Holland; no merchants were as enterprising as those of Antwerp; no soil was cultivated like that of Flanders; no artisans were as skillful as those of Brabant. The Flemings actually earned more than they spent. So wealth accumulated. The gold of Mexico, the silver of Peru, and the silks and spices of the East found their way to that corner of the land fenced from the sea by dikes and embankments. Upon the rivers arose cities and towns full of stormy, toiling, vigorous life. Burghers entered into alliance with burghers to curb the arrogance of their feudal chiefs. They win charters from their lords, sometimes by force, sometimes by cunning, sometimes by gold. They defend their privileges against the swords of dukes and counts, and the craft of bishops and abbots. A brewer of Ghent treats on equal terms with the Plantagenets three centuries before the Huntingdon brewer mounted the throne of the Stuarts. If fortune sends them a strong lord they yield for a while; but when a weak one arises, they regain their old privileges and demand new ones. The earliest charter on record dates in 1217. Before the close of the century the towns elected their own magistrates, and had a voice along with the nobles in the provincial assemblies. There was turbulence and tumult and uproar enough; but these were a manifestation of life; and the uproar of freedom is better than the quiet of slavery.

In spite of manifold checks and reverses, the wealth and power of the Estates increased during the Burgundian era. When the corpse of Charles the Bold was found stripped and frozen in a pool of blood after Nancy, the Estates would not allow his daughter to wed Maximilian until she had, for herself and her successors, solemnly given her sanction to the "*Groot Privilegie*"—the Great Charter—by which all the rights which they had slowly acquired were formally recognized.

Nowhere in that day, scarcely any where in our own, have so many rights been secured to the people as the Flemings claimed under the "Groot Privilegie." Natives of the country only could hold office; no offices were to be farmed out; cities and provinces should hold assemblies at will; and no ordinance of the sovereign should be valid if it conflicted with privileges of a city. No taxes could be imposed without the consent of the Estates; the sovereign must in person "request" all supplies; and no city should be bound to contribute toward a grant to which it had not agreed. The sovereign could not make war without the consent of the Estates; should he do so, they were absolved from contributing to defray its expenses. The power of regulating the coinage was taken from the monarch and vested in the Estates. The power of the purse was thus in their hands, and all history shows that this, sooner or later, involves the possession of all civil and military power.

For a while, indeed, the Great Charter was worth less than so much blank parchment. Maximilian refused to acknowledge it. Bruges and Ghent and Ypres tried in vain to enforce it, and were compelled to beg pardon on their knees, and pay a round sum by way of punishment. Charles V. wholly ignored it, and the terrible "humiliation of Ghent" warned the provinces to beware how they insisted upon their chartered rights. Yet the "Groot Privilegie" still lived in men's memories; and to it the great-grandsons of those who won it appealed for justification when they threw off the authority of the great-grandson of her who had granted it. They threw themselves for justification upon the written law. Behind this they never thought of going. It was reserved for a later day, and for other builders, to found a state upon the self-evident rights of man, lying far back of all written law—rights which no sovereign can give or take away. Yet let us not undervalue those old narrow parchments upon which the founders of the Dutch Republic based their right to throw off the yoke of Spain. They were weights of priceless value by which oppressed mankind impeded the march of despotism.

Despot though he was, Charles V. knew the importance of cherishing the industry and commerce of the Netherlands. Thence came half his revenues, while Spain and the New World furnished only a tenth each. The Netherlands were then the richest and most intelligent portion of Europe. Next after Paris and London Antwerp was the most populous city in Christendom, while it far exceeded either in beauty and wealth. The population of Brussels and Ghent and Bruges exceeded that of any English or French city except the capitals. Each town and province was famous for some special product. There were no cloths like those of Lille; no tapestry like that of Brussels. Antwerp was the commercial emporium and banking-house of Europe. The morasses of Holland and Zealand were converted into the richest meadow-lands. The Dutch had learned how to catch and cure herrings, and found in their countless shoals wealth greater than that of Mexico and Peru. Lawrence Coster (the Sexton) of Harlem invented movable types, and thus furnished the fulcrum for the lever with which Luther was to move the world.

The Reformation made early and rapid progress in the Netherlands; and Charles set himself vigorously at work to suppress it. As early as 1520 he issued his first "placard," or proclamation, against the heretics. This was repeated with increased vigor at different times during his reign, until in 1550 it took the form of the sanguinary edict, whose attempted enforcement by Philip was, as we shall see, the occasion of the revolt of the Netherlands. He also established an inquisitorial tribunal, which was hateful in itself, and still more so because the popular mind identified it with the terrible Spanish Inquisition. Indeed, if we are to credit the accounts of grave contemporary historians, none of whom place the victims of the Flem-

ish Inquisition during the reign of Charles at less than fifty thousand, while some double the number, it fully equaled in practical atrocity that of Spain.

Persecutor though he was, Charles was no blind fanatic, like his son and successor. He opposed the Reformation because his keen eye detected the political tendencies of heresy. He never hesitated to sacrifice his religious principles to his political interests. He waged war against the Pope with as little scruple as against Francis or Solyman. He signed the Peace of Passau establishing the equality of the Protestant and Catholic faiths in Germany, while he burned those suspected of heresy in Spain and the Netherlands. Lutheran preachers proclaimed the Word before his German regiments, while Flemish peasants were burned at the stake or buried alive for attending Calvinistic worship.

The end tries the work; and we may now pronounce the long reign of Charles to have been a failure. He left Spain weaker than he found it. He was unable to transmit to his son after him the Imperial crown of Germany which had been held by his father before him. France had risen with renewed strength from the fearful overthrow of Pavia. In vain had Charles crushed the Germanic Protestants at Muhlberg, for red-bearded Maurice of Saxony afterward foiled him in intrigue, defeated him in battle, and suffered him to escape captivity only "because he had no cage fitting for such a bird."

Charles had deliberately pitted himself against the spirit of the age, and had found it too strong for him. He felt that there was nothing left but to retire from the field with imposing dignity, and resign the contest to other hands. Hence his famous abdication in 1555.

Swift should have written the Convent Life of Charles. The second Charlemagne at the end of his career might almost have stood as the original of the immortal picture of the *Struldbrugs*. He was an old man at fifty-five—exhausted by toil and care and gluttony. He was a martyr to gout and asthma, and dyspepsia and gravel. He was crippled in every limb. Almost toothless, his heavy Burgundian lower jaw protruded so far that he could scarcely mumble out his words intelligibly, or masticate the food which his eager appetite craved and his feeble stomach refused. In his retirement at Yuste he played the statesman and politician, keeping up a show of managing affairs of state which he had pretended to abjure. For the rest, he spent his days in gormandizing sardine omelets, Estremadura sausages, eel-pies, pickled partridges, fat capons, and quince sirups, washed down with iced beer and Rhenish wines—paying the forfeit of his indulgence by copious draughts of senna and rhubarb; writing long dispatches, listening to long sermons; flagellating his poor old body for the good of his poor old soul; urging on the inquisitors to renewed activity, and exhorting his son and successor to cherish the Holy Office as the instrument for extirpating heresy; "and so"—thus he concludes his dying admonition to Philip—"shall you have my blessing, and the Lord shall prosper you in all your undertakings."

Philip needed no such prompting. All the energies of his sluggish nature were concentrated into a dull but determined hatred against heretics and heresy. Charles distrusted them on political grounds, Philip hated them with religious bigotry. But his hatred took its character from his own peculiar temperament. It was cold, bitter, and unrelenting. He might postpone the execution of his purpose to uproot heresy; he might creep toward it by tortuous ways; but he never lost sight of it. It lay in his mind as a fixed idea, a settled principle, an unwavering determination.

One of his earliest measures was to re-enact the edict of 1550. But an unlooked-for occurrence compelled him for a while to postpone its strict execution. Sorely against his will he became involved in a war with the Pope and with France, and he required the subsidies of the rich Netherlands to enable him to keep his armies on foot. The war lasted four years. The skill of Alva at length brought it to a successful close in Italy, and the victories of Saint Quentin and Gravelines laid France prostrate before him.

Philip was now at liberty to return to his beloved Spain, and from a safe distance to devote all his energies to the prosecution of his favorite scheme. In August, 1559, he assembled the Estates of the Netherlands, and presented to them as regent his illegitimate sister, Margaret of Parma. The King could not speak the language of the country, and smooth-tongued Antony Perronet, Bishop of Arras, soon to be known and hated as Cardinal Granvelle, acted as his mouth-piece. He expatiated upon his master's unbounded love for his Flemish subjects, asked for a large subsidy, and concluded by announcing that the Regent had orders rigidly to enforce the laws against heresy, in consideration of which God would undoubtedly vouchsafe all manner of blessings to her and his subjects.

The Estates responded in courtly style. Their lives and their wealth were at the disposal of his Majesty; but his Spanish troops were unendurable. They prayed that these might be withdrawn. The King smothered his wrath, returned a conciliatory answer in the main, but repeated that the burning and strangling of heretics should go on. He then took his departure from the Netherlands, never to return.

He landed in Spain on the 8th of September, having narrowly escaped shipwreck. To evince his gratitude for his preservation, a month after he attended a grand *auto da fé*, at which thirteen distinguished heretics were burned alive. "How can you permit me to be burned?" asked the noble young Carlos de Sessa. "I would carry the fuel to burn my own son were he as wicked as you are," was the savage response.

Among the council who were to assist Mar-

garet, the most prominent were the Count of Egmont, the Prince of Orange, and the Bishop of Arras.

Lamoral, Count of Egmont, was one of the most brilliant of the gay Flemish nobles. His military talents were of a high order. The victory of Saint Quentin was gained by his bravery and conduct, though Philip piously chose to attribute it rather to the ghostly aid of Saint Laurence, upon whose day it was gained, and in whose honor he built the magnificent palace of the Escorial, the ground-plan of which represented the gridiron upon which the saint suffered martyrdom. Egmont also gained the victory of Gravelines, which led to the peace of Cateau Cambresis, the most humiliating treaty to which France had submitted since Agincourt. He was a fervent Catholic and a zealous royalist; but his brilliant services could not atone for the brief and faint opposition which, under the influence of William of Orange, he offered to the execution of the royal purpose.

William of Orange was the grand centre about which the history of his country was soon to revolve. The richest of all the nobles of the Netherlands, he had been early taken by the Emperor into his own household. Though his father was a Protestant, William was thus brought up in the Catholic faith. Charles soon discovered the rare genius of the lad, and suffered him to be present when the gravest affairs of state were discussed. His inviolable secrecy early gained for him the sobriquet of "the Silent," by which he is known in history. Before he had fairly reached man's estate, he was appointed to the head of the army on the French frontiers. When Charles read his act of abdication, it was on the shoulder of William of Orange that he leaned for support. He was now a young man of seven-and-twenty, gay in manner, genial in humor, profuse in his expenditure, and liberal in sentiment. Catholic though he was, no heretic in peril of sword and fagot could have been more earnestly opposed to religious persecution. Already he had excited the suspicion of Philip, who had a dim instinctive feeling that he was to be the great obstacle in the way of the execution of his scheme of destruction, though he little suspected that the Silent One was even now in possession of the great state secret of a secret league between the French and Spanish monarchs for the extirpation of heresy and heretics in both their dominions. To the Prince also the eyes of the Estates and citizens were even now turning, almost unconsciously, as their future champion and leader.

The real administration of the Netherlands was confided to Granvelle. The King could not have found a more dextrous or unscrupulous instrument. He was a wonder of learning. At the age of twenty he spoke seven languages. At twenty-three he was named Bishop of Arras. At twenty-six his eloquence at the Council of Trent won him the favor of Charles V., who appointed him Councilor of State. He retained his credit under Philip. Bold, resolute, plausible, he ruled the slow and hesitating Philip under the show of the most profound submission. He insinuated his own ideas into the mind of his master so adroitly that the King verily believed them to be the suggestions of his own profound genius.

Philip and his minister were now at leisure to set about their work. The day of indulgence was past. The edict of 1550–55 should now be rigidly enforced. It was directed against all who should print or write, buy or sell, or give or have in possession any heretical writing; who should attend any heretical meeting; who, being laymen, should dispute upon matters of faith, or read or expound the Scriptures; who should openly or secretly teach or entertain any heretical opinions whatsoever. It embraced thoughts and opinions, as well as overt acts. All persons convicted of any of these heinous crimes were to be executed with fire unless they recanted; in which case they were to be —not pardoned—but simply beheaded, if men, or buried alive if women. In either event their property was to be confiscated to the crown. All persons suspected of heresy should be summoned to make public abjuration; and if they afterward fell under suspicion, though not proven guilty, they should be considered as relapsed heretics, and suffer accordingly.

Suborners and informers were encouraged by every motive that could be drawn from hope of reward or fear of punishment. A certain portion of the property of a convicted heretic was to be paid to the informer. Pardon was assured to any one who had been present at heretical assemblages, on condition of betraying his fellow-worshipers. Every person who knew of a heretic and failed to denounce him, or to point out his hiding-place, if concealed; or who should give food, or fire, or clothing, or shelter to a heretic, should himself undergo the extremity of punishment to which the offender himself was liable. No judge or official should alter or moderate the penalties prescribed by the edict. And to shut every possible avenue for mercy, it was further provided, that any person who should presume to petition the king or any one in authority, in favor of a condemned heretic, should be thenceforth incapable of holding any office, civil or military, and should be otherwise punished at the royal discretion.

A large increase in the spiritual machinery of the country was necessary to insure the fulfillment of this terrible edict. There were in the whole Netherlands but four bishoprics, and these were subject to foreign archiepiscopal jurisdiction. It was evident that this was insufficient to supply the spiritual wants of the people, and an augmentation, independent of any inquisitorial object, was manifestly desirable.

At the request of Philip a papal bull was issued for an increase in the number of bishops. "The harvest," so said the bull, with profane mockery of the words of peace, "is plentiful, but the laborers are few;" as though inquisitors

were the laborers whom the Lord of the Harvest was to be implored to send into his field. Three archbishoprics were therefore to be constituted, under which were comprised fifteen bishoprics. The new prelates were to be appointed by the king, subject to the confirmation of the Pope.

Thus far, on the face of the measure there was nothing objectionable, except that by the constitution of the provinces which Philip had twice sworn to maintain inviolate, he was expressly prohibited from making any increase in the clerical power. But the sting was in the tail. Each bishop was to appoint nine prebendaries, two of whom were themselves to be inquisitors, to aid him in the detection and punishment of heretics.

To do Granvelle justice, this was no scheme of his devising; and he opposed it as long as he dared, although the archbishopric of Mechlin, which was to be the primacy of the Netherlands, was reserved for him. But his opposition was based upon selfish grounds. It was better, he said, to be one of four, than one of eighteen; and besides, the revenues attached to the archbishopric were less than those of the bishopric of Arras, which he must give up. Several rich benefices were added to his see, and he withdrew his opposition, and entered heart and soul into the measure; he was therefore justly held responsible for it.

It was foreseen that the scheme of blood would be distasteful to the Netherlands; and that the aid of the Spanish troops might be required to secure its enforcement. So too the Estates had foreseen, and hence their urgent demand that the troops should be withdrawn. Here was the first point of attack. The demand for the removal of the troops was pressed with such vigor that the Government thought it best to yield, and they were sent away.

This concession availed little. The Inquisition was the real object of hatred. At the head of the opposition was William of Orange. Granvelle was too wise to quarrel about words. He was quite willing that some other word should be substituted in the edict for Inquisitors. But neither Prince nor people were to be duped by this paltry juggle. They opposed not the name, but the thing, and Granvelle as its chief supporter.

Orange, Egmont, and Horn wrote to the King, denouncing Granvelle, and demanding his removal. Philip faltered, quibbled, and above all delayed. He demanded specific charges. If one of the nobles would come to Spain, he would confer with him about the matter. Accompanying this reply was a letter to the Regent, advising her that this was but a pretext to gain time.

Granvelle meanwhile showed no lack of nerve or capacity. He confronted the nobles with a haughtiness equal to their own. They refused to attend the Council. He took all important business into his own hands. The Regent herself became a mere cipher. The nobles pressed their demands more and more strenuously. The state of affairs grew alarming. The Estates were in the interest of Orange. The public exchequer was bare. When the Regent asked for money she was met by a demand for the convocation of the States General —that ominous cry which two centuries later heralded the outburst of the French Revolution. Government was fast drifting upon bankruptcy, the rock upon which so many despotisms before and since have been wrecked.

But above all and through all was the demand for the dismissal of the Cardinal. Strong as he was in the confidence of Philip he grew alarmed. The Estates and nobles were against him. The Regent was beginning to waver. He had done his best to carry out the royal plan; but the success had fallen short of their expectations. Heretics multiplied in spite of burnings and beheadings. The inquisitors were sadly thwarted by the remissness of the magistrates. Doleful were the Jeremiads interchanged between King and Cardinal. "There are but few of us left in the world who care for religion," wrote the King, and from this text he preached a homily upon the necessity of zeal in ferreting out the heretics. The Cardinal replied that there was no need of ferreting; they were known by the thousand; adding, with grim levity, "Would that I had as many doubloons in my purse as there are open and avowed heretics." Now and then there was a word of good tidings for the royal ear. A preacher was burned, or something of the kind. But what did it all avail while the governors of the provinces were so slack? This one would not aid the inquisitors; that had eaten meat in Lent; while this other openly declared that it was not right to shed blood for matters of faith. "For the love of God, and the service of our holy religion," he adds pathetically, "put your royal hand to the work, otherwise we have only to exclaim, 'Help, Lord, for we perish.'"

For four years the Cardinal kept his place. The nobles urged his dismissal, and declared, in courtly phrase, their determination to abandon their posts if he was retained. Margaret urged the King to yield, for she could not carry on the government without them. Granvelle at length petitioned for leave to retire. Philip took long to consider, and at length came to a characteristic decision. To Granvelle he wrote directing him to ask the Regent for permission to leave the country for a short time, on pretext of visiting his mother. He directed Margaret to grant his request, but at the same time to write to himself, asking for his approbation of the step which he had just directed her to take. To the nobles he replied, directing them to resume their seats in the Council, and adding that the affair of the Cardinal was not decided. All these dispatches were prepared at the same time. Truly Philip was a master of the arts of kingcraft.

After the departure of the cardinal, Margaret undertook to carry on the government herself.

She was worthy to be a sister of Philip. She lacked his ferocious bigotry; but showed to the full all his duplicity and shallow cunning. Men said that it was not in vain that she had been a pupil of Ignatius Loyola. At first she seemed inclined to be guided by the counsels of William, and professed a deadly hatred toward the Cardinal.

But Philip, in dismissing his "second self," had in no wise wavered in his designs against heresy. The Council of Trent had now closed its long session, and Philip ordered that its decrees should at once be proclaimed and enforced in the Netherlands. Margaret was equally afraid to obey or disobey. As a middle course, Egmont was to go to Spain and lay before Philip a statement of the affairs of the provinces. William insisted that he should be instructed to demand that the whole system of persecution should be abandoned, and that the decrees of the Council should not be enforced. It was all in vain. Egmont was amused and flattered, and sent home with vague promises of amelioration. But with him came dispatches to the Regent, enjoining more energy in the inquisitors, and imposing new punishments upon the heretics. Instead of being burned in public they should be drowned in prison. And especially the decrees of the Council should be proclaimed and enforced.

Margaret laid these dispatches before the Council. Some of the members were in favor of further delay. But William calmly said that the orders were too explicit to admit of doubt. There was now no alternative except submission or rebellion. There can be little doubt that the "Silent" had by this time made up his mind which course was inevitable. But for the present he kept his own counsel. As the proclamation was prepared, he coldly said, "Now we shall see the beginning of a mighty tragedy."

A great cry of wrath and indignation arose from the Netherlands as the ultimate decree went forth. At one swoop their religious liberty and their civil privileges were gone. The prosperity of the country was founded upon its comparative civil freedom. It was this that had made Antwerp and Bruges and Ghent and Brussels and Amsterdam what they were. The barriers which had been built up between the citizens and arbitrary power were all thrown down. It was not merely that a man might be burned for reading a tract by Luther, or doubting the real presence in the eucharist. But all security was gone. The ordinary pursuits of life were suspended. The band of the artisan ceased to ply its craft. The hum of traffic ceased in Antwerp, the arm of industry was paralyzed in Ghent. Low murmurs of wrath were heard. Insurrectionary placards covered the walls, inflammatory pamphlets snowed down in the streets. It was not in vain that Lawrence the Sexton had invented printing. So in doubt and gloom and darkness closed the year 1565.

The year 1566 was the last year of peace which any man then living in the Netherlands was to see. It was a stormy time, and Margaret tried to set her sails to every breeze. Early in the winter a document was drawn up by which the signers bound themselves to resist the inquisitorial system, in every possible shape and form, and solemnly pledged themselves to stand by each other to the utmost extremity. The signers were soon numbered by hundreds and thousands. They soon undertook an open demonstration. A large body met at Brussels and presented a petition to the Regent, embodying the substance of these demands. Margaret was alarmed, and gave them vague promises of compliance; though one of her Council told her not to fear the beggars (*Gueux*). There was some truth in the sarcasm; not a few were young nobles of broken fortune and scanty hopes. But they must celebrate their fancied victory by a sumptuous banquet. The wine flowed freely, and they were gayly discussing a name for their confederacy. Some one repeated the jest of the councilor. "Ha!" said Brederode, their leader, a drunken, reckless young noble. "They call us *Gueux*—beggars. Let us accept the name. We will fight against the Inquisition, and for the king, though we wear the beggar's wallet for it. Hurrah for the *Gueux!*" The jest took. "Hurrah for the *Gueux!*" resounded through the hall. The wooden bowl of a mendicant was brought in, and deep draughts were quaffed from it to the health of the *Gueux*. The new party had found a name which was to be famous for ages; for in whatever language the history of the revolt was written, it was known as the "War of the *Gueux*."

This and no more was accomplished by this league of the "Compromise." Orange stood aloof from the movement. He foresaw that these were not the men by whom the Netherlands were to be saved.

Hitherto the Reformers had held their meetings only in the deepest privacy and in the dead of night. But now spring had hardly given place to summer, before heretical preaching in the full day and in the open air prevailed through the land. Through the long summer days thousands thronged and trooped together, armed with swords, pikes, arquebuses, scythes, and pitchforks, to listen to the preachers of the new faith. Some of these preachers were lowly men, who sought in rude phrase to utter the truths that burned in their hearts. Not a few were ignorant and turbulent declaimers. But there were others of higher pretensions. Monks who had forsaken their cloisters, priests who had renounced their tonsure, inveighed against the corruptions of the orders they had abandoned and ridiculed the doctrines they had abjured. Fiery Huguenots came from France; the keen disciples of Calvin from Geneva. There was Francis Junius, famed to our day as a profound theologian, who had preached while the fires that were burning his brethren flashed through the windows of the room. There was

the fiery Provençal, Peregrine La Grange, who galloped up on horseback to the place of assembly, and fired a pistol as signal that service was to commence. There was Ambrose Wille, with a price on his head, declaiming on the bridge of Ernonville to a congregation of twenty thousand; assuring them that if he was slain, there were better than he to fill his place, and fifty thousand men to avenge him. There was Peter Gabriel, once a monk, whose fragile body seemed unable to contain his ardent spirit, preaching for four hours in the fervid midsummer noon; then hurrying away, for he must travel all night to reach the place where he was to speak next day.

Thus was it throughout all the Netherlands. What could the Regent do? She orders the magistrates to suppress the gatherings. They reply that it is too late. The heretics are armed, and their meetings are military camps. She orders out the militia of the guilds. They have all gone to the meetings. She tries public prayers and processions; but spiritual weapons are of no avail. She has no troops upon whom she can rely, and no money to enlist new bands. Oh, for those grim Spanish veterans whom we foolishly dismissed three years ago. We might have known that we should need them. They would have swept away these undisciplined throngs like chaff. So they would, and yet shall; but not yet.

A perplexed Regent truly. Meanwhile, she will temporize. She will invoke the aid of the Prince of Orange to allay the tumult. She will promise much, and in the mean time send to Philip asking for instructions, for troops, for money, and most of all for his personal presence. Surely the King's name is a tower of strength.

A new whirlwind broke over the land, brief but terrible. The Netherlands were full of churches, and the churches were peopled with images which had once been sanctified by popular veneration. They were now but symbols of a hated worship, and upon them fell the storm of popular fury. It was August, the season when the great festival of the Assumption is celebrated. According to custom the image of the Virgin was borne through the streets of Antwerp, but not to receive its wonted reverence. "Molly, Molly (*Maykin, Maykin*), 'tis your last promenade. The city is tired of you!" was shouted after it. The ceremonies were cut short, and the image was taken back to the Cathedral, and deposited behind the iron railing of the choir. Next day and the day after curious crowds came to peep at and insult it. Some one raised the cry "*Vivent les Gueux.*" An old woman who sold tapers at the door was scandalized, and in shrill tones inveighed against the insulters of the image. Gibe begat gibe. Blows followed words. The magistrates made some feeble attempt to check the tumult, and then like sage Dogberry's they left the church, and advised the populace to follow their example.

It was the hour of evening mass. As if by concert, the crowd raised the words of a psalm in the native tongue. In a moment a gang seized the statue of the Virgin, tore its gorgeous robes to tatters, and broke the image into a thousand pieces. Then they fell upon the other images and the sacred paintings. The rich robes were flung over the beggars' rags; the consecrated bread was profanely devoured; the sacramental wine quaffed to the health of the *Gueux;* the sacred oil smeared over their clumsy shoes. It was a wild, a brutal drama, enacted on that midsummer night in the stately church of Our Lady at Antwerp, and in thirty other churches in the city. Let us derive what consolation we may from the fact that the rage was directed exclusively upon temples and pictures and statues. These were destroyed and mutilated by thousands; but not a man nor woman nor child was harmed. Those nobler statues "made in the image of God," that holier temple, "which are ye," was unprofaned. When history writes down the crimes which she has to record, perhaps she will reckon an *auto da fé*, or the burning of a witch, or the sacking of a town, as worse than the Antwerp iconoclasm.

From Antwerp the fury spread in every direction. It lasted but a little more than a week. In Flanders alone four hundred churches were sacked. The number in all the provinces no man knows. It is worthy of note that in Valenciennes the "tragedy" was enacted on Saint Bartholomew's day. Not many years were to elapse before that day was to be otherwise famous.

At first it seemed that this outbreak had secured the religious freedom of the land. The Regent was paralyzed with fear and anger. Not less indignant were all true patriots and Reformers. Margaret took counsel with the Prince and others, and in view of the alarming state of affairs an agreement was entered into, on the 25th of August, between the Regent and the leaders of the League, that liberty of worship should be allowed wherever it had been established, and that the confederates would abandon the League, and assist in maintaining the public tranquillity. The Prince of Orange exerted himself to preserve the public peace; Egmont signalized himself by the severity with which he pursued and punished the image-breakers.

Margaret had written to Philip an account of the League, and the banquet of the *Gueux* early in April. An embassy had also been sent to him urging him to abolish the Inquisition, mitigate the severity of the edicts, and grant an unconditional pardon to all offenders. It was July before the King came to a decision. He sent back word that he would so far yield as to suffer the papal inquisition to be superseded by that of the bishops, and permit the Regent to assure a free pardon to those who had been compromised by the League; but that the decision about the other matters must be reserved for further consideration. But hardly was the ink dry with which this permission was written,

before he summoned a notary and made a solemn declaration that he did not consider himself bound by the authorization of pardon. He also wrote to the Pope that as the Inquisition had been established by His Holiness, its promised suspension was invalid unless sanctioned by him. This, however, was to be kept a profound secret.

When tidings came to Philip of the image-breaking his wrath blazed out for a moment. But he soon suppressed all manifestations of it while he slowly revolved a project for the most tremendous vengeance ever wreaked by monarch upon a people.

The dispatches of Margaret were worthy of the sister of Philip. She said that, sick in body and soul, she had by the Accord of the 23d of August promised pardon to the confederates, and granted liberty to the heretics to continue to hold worship in places where they had already established it. These concessions were to be valid until the King, by and with the advice of the States General, should otherwise ordain. But she added, she had given this consent simply in her own name, not in that of the King. That consequently he was in no wise bound, and she hoped he would have no regard to her promise.

In the Netherlands a reaction soon followed the folly of the confederates and the outrages of the iconoclasts. Egmont, who had been secretly counted upon to head the opposition, went over heart and soul to the royal side, and succeeded in raising troops to garrison the cities within his government. Valenciennes alone refused, and was besieged. Some ill-considered attempts were made to relieve it by raw troops raised upon the spur of the moment. These were easily defeated and dispersed by the regular soldiers. The citizens meanwhile stoutly defended themselves for a while. It was evident that the tide was setting strongly in favor of the government. Margaret was now as much elated as she had been depressed a few months before. She demanded that every functionary in the land should take a new oath of allegiance, pledging himself to obey all orders of the government, without limitation or restriction. Hardly a man refused. Orange spurned the demand. He would never disgrace himself by a blind and unconditional pledge; and offered to throw up all his appointments. His services could not yet be dispensed with, and the resignation was not accepted. He set himself coolly down to watch the progress of events. As a last service to the government, he succeeded in preventing a civil conflict in the streets of Antwerp. "God save the King!" he cried, for the last time on the 15th of March, 1567.

A week after, Valenciennes surrendered with the single stipulation that the lives of the inhabitants should be spared, and the city should not be given up to sack. The pledge was ill-observed. The franchises of the city were revoked; the soldiers were quartered upon the inhabitants, whom they robbed and insulted at will; the principal citizens were thrown into prison, and their goods confiscated; hundreds of heretics were put to death by the sword and the halter. But the punishment of Valenciennes was only a foretaste of that which was in reserve for the whole country; for Philip had now matured his plan of vengeance, had selected his executioner; and the Duke of Alva was already preparing to assume the government of the Netherlands.

The triumph of the Regent was complete. By tacit consent the fate of the malcontents had hung upon the issue of the struggle at Valenciennes. No further opposition was made to the reception of royal garrisons; the heretics were crushed; the land was prostrate. The Prince of Orange withdrew to his estates in Germany to await the course of events. A last interview took place between him and Egmont. The Prince knew that not only his own death-warrant but that of his friend was signed in Spain, and urged him to withdraw from his impending fate. Egmont was sure that his early services and his recent devotion to the King would more than atone for his fault in opposing the Inquisition. He had put down field-preaching in his government; he had punished the image-breakers with unsparing severity; he had led the regiments, who were blindly devoted to him, to the siege of Valenciennes. "The King is good and just," said he, "and I have claims upon his gratitude." How much greater would have been his confidence had he known that letters were even then upon the way to him from Philip commending the course he had taken, and thanking him for his exertions. But William knew that he had to do with a master who might forget a service, but never forgave an injury. "You will be the bridge," he replied, "which the Spaniards will destroy as soon as they have passed over it to invade our country." And so the friends parted never to meet again.

Margaret lost no time in availing herself of the turn which affairs had taken. The privileges which had been granted to the heretics by the "Accord" were at once annulled. The new religion was banished from the cities. The conventicles of the heretics were broken up; the churches which they had begun to build were torn down, and from their timbers scaffolds were constructed upon which their teachers were hung. Hardly a village in the land was so small as not to furnish a crowd of victims. A great emigration from the country began. Every one who was able fled, and the property of the fugitives was confiscated. Those who had in bravado called themselves *Gueux* found that they were now beggars indeed.

In May the Regent issued a fresh edict on her own account. By it all heretical ministers and teachers were sentenced to be hung; all persons in whose houses heretical conventicles had been held were to be hung; parents who suffered their children to receive heretical baptism were to be hung; those who should act as sponsors were to be hung; those who sang

heretical hymns at funerals were to be hung; those who bought or sold heretical books were, after the first offense, to be hung. Margaret doubtless anticipated that the King would fully approve of this edict. It showed that she had quite as little regard for her pledged word as she wished him to have. She was sadly disappointed. She had wholly failed to understand her brother. Philip wrote to her that she had done wrong in issuing such an edict. It was illegal, unchristian, and must be at once revoked. It sent only to the gallows criminals who should be condemned to the stake. But it now mattered little how mild or how severe Margaret might be. Her successor was already on his way, charged with the full execution of the vengeance which Philip had been so long maturing. She had been always tyrannical, often treacherous, sometimes cruel; but men soon learned to look back upon her administration with regret, when it was exchanged for the horrors that characterized the government of the Duke of Alva.

Ferdinando Alvarez de Toledo, Duke of Alva, was a man and a general after Philip's own heart. He was a Spaniard of the Spaniards. His early career had been marked by romantic valor, and in middle life he could be prompt and daring enough when occasion demanded, as was shown by his famous passage of the Elbe at Mühlberg. But as he declined into the vale of years, the romantic elements in his character disappeared, leaving only the hard iron nature of the man remaining. He aspired to be a consummate general rather than a bold commander. His military profession was a means not an end. He studied it as a Jesuit studies casuistry, or as a lawyer pores over precedents and statutes. He had none of the fiery enthusiasm which risks all upon the fate of a single action. A Marlborough, or a Frederick, or a Napoleon, would have annihilated him in a week. But his slow and methodical tactics were never opposed to the rapid combinations of a great military genius; and he was justly regarded as the greatest captain of his day. His battles were won by delay rather than by fighting. No taunts from an enemy, no eagerness of his troops ever forced him into battle. No great captain ever performed so few brilliant exploits, yet no one was ever more uniformly successful in his campaigns. His very vices were of a hard, ungenial sort. He was cruel, not luxurious, avaricious, not debauched. His early hatred against the Moors, who had slain his father, was in course of time transferred into hatred still more bitter against the heretics. He was an inquisitor in mail. Stern, implacable, unbending, he was feared rather than loved by the troops whom he led to victory. The pencil of Titian has handed down to after ages his lineaments, and has so stamped the man upon the canvas as almost to supersede the task of analyzing his character. No enthusiasm lights up that stern brow; no weakness relaxes the iron lines of that rigid mouth; no gleam of pity shines from those haughty eyes. From the first he had counseled the severest measures for repressing revolt and heresy in the Netherlands. Long ago, when Ghent had shown signs of insubordination, he had urged Charles, with a grim play upon words, "to crush Ghent like a glove (*gant*)." And now, after years of delay, he was sent thither to work his own will. In the three years of his administration he won for himself immortal infamy. So long as the world stands the name of Alva will be a synonym for unrelenting cruelty and ferocious bigotry.

No resistance, it was presumed, could be attempted against the forces which Alva was to take with him to the Netherlands. The great armies of ancient and modern times were then unknown in Europe. The revenues of no monarch enabled him to keep a large standing army on foot. But little wealth had accumulated; and the pay of a few thousand men for a few months exhausted the treasury of a kingdom. The army with which Alva was to crush all opposition in the Netherlands numbered barely ten thousand men. It was, however, a select body, made up from the picked regiments of those indomitable bands which had given to Charles V. the supremacy in Europe. They were all men trained to war, at a time when war was a distinct profession. These were to be led from Italy, where they were to rendezvous, across the Alps, through Savoy, Burgundy, and Lorraine, along the very route—though in a reverse direction—by which, according to tradition, the great Carthaginian burst into Italy. It was a wonderful march—over rocky heights, through dense forests, and along perilous defiles. As the route led them within a few leagues of Geneva, the Pope wished Alva to turn aside and destroy that nest of heretics and apostates. But the Duke refused. His mission of vengeance was to the Netherlands; and till that was accomplished, he would seek no other victims. The strictest discipline was enforced during the perilous march. There were towns to be sacked and booty to be won in the Netherlands. But on the march thither no marauding was allowed. In only one instance was the order disobeyed. In passing through Lorraine three of the Spanish troopers seized a couple of sheep from a flock. This was brought to the knowledge of Alva, and the culprits were sentenced to be hung. The intercession of the Duke of Lorraine availed only to secure the pardon of two. The victim, appointed by lot, was executed upon the ground.

In August, 1567, the army entered the Netherlands. The inhabitants had a sure presentiment of the horrors that awaited them. In spite of the edicts that had been promulgated against emigration, every one who saw a possibility of escape from the doomed land thronged across the frontiers. In a few weeks a hundred and twenty thousand of the most industrious and wealthy inhabitants crossed the borders, and bore with them to other lands their indus-

try and such of their wealth as they could secure. The foreign merchants deserted the great marts of commerce; half the houses in Ghent were empty; the towns became as still as though stricken by the plague. Deputations from the cities met the Duke, bidding him a trembling welcome, and deprecating his anger. He gave cold and guarded replies, which might mean any thing or nothing. He well knew how hollow was the welcome, and he cared nothing for the hatred of which he was the object. "I have tamed men of iron in my day," he said, "and shall I not easily crush these men of butter? Here I am—so much is certain—whether I am welcome or not is to me a matter of little consequence." Among the foremost to meet the Duke was Egmont. His reception at first was cold; but Alva soon remembered that he had a part to play for a few days, and became cordial and affectionate, passing his arm confidentially over the stately neck which he had already devoted to the beadsman.

Upon his arrival at Brussels Alva at once assumed the virtual command in the country, to the sore grief and displeasure of Margaret, who thought it hard that she should be superseded after having so thoroughly pacified the country, and established the royal authority more firmly than ever before. But her remonstrances were unheeded by Philip, and the Duke proceeded to the execution of the work that had been marked out for him. Garrisons were placed in the principal towns to crush all resistance and overcome all opposition.

Thus, in the early days of September, the prologue was closed, and the curtain fell. In a few days it was to be raised upon the opening scenes of that great tragedy which William of Orange had foreseen. "When the curtain is again lifted," says Mr. Motley, "scenes of disaster and of bloodshed, battles, sieges, executions, deeds of unfaltering but valiant tyranny, of superhuman and successful resistance, of heroic self-sacrifice, fanatical courage, and insane cruelty, both in the cause of the Wrong and the Right, will be revealed in awful succession—a spectacle of human energy, human suffering, and human strength to suffer, such as has not often been displayed upon the stage of the world's events."

In another paper we propose to follow our author in his graphic details of the scenes of this great tragedy, of which William of Orange is the hero and the victim.

TWO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

I.

IN the year seventeen hundred and seventy-three, two young men took possession of the only habitable rooms of the old tumble-down rectory-house of Combe-Warleigh, in one of the wildest parts of one of the western counties, then chiefly notable for miles upon miles of totally uncultivated moor and hill. The rooms were not many, consisting only of two wretched little bedchambers and a parlor of diminutive size. A small building which leaned against the outer wall served as a kitchen to the establishment; and the cook, an old woman of sixty years of age, retired every night to a cottage about a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, where she had occupied a garret for many years. The house had originally been built of lath and plaster, and in some places revealed the skeleton walls where the weather had peeled off the outer coating, and given the building an appearance of ruin and desolation which comported with the bleakness of the surrounding scenery. With the exception of the already-named cottage and a small collection of huts around the deserted mansion of the landlord of the estate, there were no houses in the parish. How it had ever come to the honor of possessing a church and rectory no one could discover; for there were no records or traditions of its ever having been more wealthy or populous than it then was; but it was in fact only nominally a parish, for no clergyman had been resident for a hundred years; the living was held by the fortunate possessor of a vicarage about fifteen miles to the north, and with the tithes of the united cures made up a stately income of nearly ninety pounds a year. No wonder there were no repairs on the rectory, nor frequent visits to his parishioners. It was only on the first Sunday of each month he rode over from his dwelling-place and read the service to the few persons who happened to remember it was the Sabbath, or understood the invitation conveyed to them by the one broken bell swayed to and fro by the drunken shoemaker (who also officiated as clerk) the moment he saw the parson's shovel hat appear on the ascent of the Vaird hill. And great accordingly was the surprise of the population, and pleased the heart of the rector, when two young gentlemen from Oxford hired the apartments I have described—fitted them up with a cart-load of furniture from Hawsleigh, and gave out that they were going to spend the long vacation in that quiet neighborhood for the convenience of study. Nor did their conduct belie their statement. Their table was covered with books, and maps, and dictionaries; and after their frugal breakfast, the whole day was devoted to reading. Two handsome, intelligent-looking young men as ever you saw—both about the same age and height, with a contrast both in look and disposition that probably formed the first link in the close friendship that existed between them.

Arthur Hayning, a month or two the senior, was of a more self-relying nature and firmer character than the other. In uninterrupted effort he pursued his work, never looking up, never making a remark, seldom even answering a stray observation of his friend. But when the hour assigned for the close of his studies had arrived, a change took place in his manner. He was gayer, more active, and inquiring than his volatile companion. The books were packed away, the writing-desk locked up; with a

stout stick in his hand, a strong hammer in his pocket, and a canvas-bag slung over his shoulders, he started off on an exploring expedition among the neighboring hills; while Winnington Harvey, arming himself with a green gauze net, and his coat-sleeve glittering with a multitude of pins, accompanied him in his walk—diverging for long spaces in search of butterflies, which he brought back in triumph, scientifically transfixed on the leaves of his pocket-book. On their return home, their after-dinner employment consisted in arranging their specimens. Arthur spread out on the clay floor of the passage the different rocks he had gathered up in his walk. He broke them into minute fragments, examined them through his magnifying glass, sometimes dissolved a portion of them in aquafortis, tasted them, smelt to them, and finally threw them away: not so the more fortunate naturalist; with him the mere pursuit was a delight, and the victims of his net a perpetual source of rejoicing. He fitted them into a tray, wrote their names and families on narrow slips of paper in the neatest possible hand, and laid away his box of treasures as if they were choicest specimens of diamonds and rubies.

"What a dull occupation yours is!" said Winnington one night, "compared to mine. You go thumping old stones and gathering up lumps of clay, grubbing forever among mud or sand, and never lifting up your eyes from this dirty spot of earth. Whereas I go merrily over valley and hill, keep my eyes open to the first flutter of a beautiful butterfly's wing, follow it in its meandering, happy flight—"

"And kill it—with torture," interposed Arthur Hayning, coldly.

"But it's for the sake of science. Nay, as I am going to be a doctor, it's perhaps for the sake of fortune—"

"And that justifies you in putting it to death?"

"There you go with your absurd German philanthropies; though, by-the-by, love for a butterfly scarcely deserves the name. But think of the inducement, think of the glory of verifying with your own eyes the identity of a creature described in books; think of the interests at stake; and, above all, and this ought to be a settling argument to you, think of the enjoyment it will give my cousin Lucy to have her specimen-chest quite filled; and when you are married to her—"

"Dear Winnington, do hold your tongue. How can I venture to look forward to that for many years? I have only a hundred a year. She has nothing." Arthur sighed as he spoke.

"How much do you require? When do you expect to be rich enough?"

"When I have three times my present fortune—and that will be—who can tell? I may suddenly discover a treasure like Aladdin's, and then, Winnington, my happiness will be perfect."

"I think you should have made acquaintance with the magician, or even got possession of the ring, before you asked her hand," said Winnington Harvey, with a changed tone. "She is the nicest girl in the world, and loves you with all her heart; but if you have to wait till fortune comes—"

"She will wait also, willingly and happily. She has told me so. I love her with the freshness of a heart that has never loved any thing else. I love you too, Winnington, for her sake; and we had better not talk any more on the subject, for I don't like your perpetual objections to the engagement."

Winnington, as usual, yielded to the superiority of his friend, and was more affectionate in his manner to him than ever, as if to blot out the remembrance of what he had recently said. They went on in silence with their respective works, and chipped stones, and impaled butterflies till a late hour.

"Don't be alarmed, Winnington," said Arthur, with a smile, as he lighted his bed-candle that night. "I am twenty-one and Lucy not nineteen. The genii of the lamp will be at our bidding before we are very old, and you shall have apartments in the palace, and be appointed resident physician to the princess."

"With a salary of ten thousand a year, and my board and washing."

"A seat on my right hand, whenever I sit down to my banquets."

"Good! That's a bargain," said Winnington, laughing, and they parted to their rooms.

Geology was not at that time a recognized science—in England. But Arthur Hayning had been resident for some years in Germany, where it had long been established as one of the principal branches of a useful education. There were chairs of metallurgy, supported by government grants, and schools of mining, both theoretic and practical, established wherever the nature of the soil was indicative of mineral wealth. Hayning was an orphan, the son of a country surgeon, who had managed to amass the sum of two thousand pounds. He was left in charge of a friend of his father, engaged in the Hamburg trade, and by him had been early sent to the care of a Protestant clergyman in Prussia, who devoted himself to the improvement of his pupil. His extraordinary talents were so dwelt on by this excellent man, in his letters to the guardian, that it was resolved to give him a better field for their display than the University of Jena could afford, and he had been sent to one of the public schools in England, and from it, two years before this period, been transferred, with the highest possible expectations of friends and teachers, to —— College, Oxford. Here he had made acquaintance with Winnington Harvey; and through him, having visited him one vacation at his home in Warwickshire, had become known to Lucy Maiofield, the only daughter of a widowed aunt of his friend, with no fortune but her unequaled beauty, and a fine, honest, open, and loving disposition, which made an impression on Arthur,

perhaps, because it was in so many respects in contrast with his own.

For some weeks their mode of life continued unaltered. Study all the day, geology and natural history in the evening. Their path led very seldom through the village of Combe-Warleigh; but, on one occasion, having been a distant range among the wilds, and being belated, they took a nearer course homeward, and passed in front of the dwelling-house of the Squire. There was a light in the windows on the drawing-room floor, and the poetic Winnington was attracted by the sight.

"I've read of people," he said, "seeing the shadows of beautiful girls on window-blinds, and dying of their love, though never knowing more of them—wouldn't it be strange if Squire Warleigh had returned, and with a daughter young and beautiful, and if I saw her form thrown clearly like a portrait on the curtain, and—"

"But there's no curtain," interrupted Arthur. "Come along!"

"Ha, stop!" cried Winnington, laying his hand on Arthur's shoulder. "Look there!"

They looked, and saw a girl who came between them and the light, with long hair falling over her shoulders, while she held a straw hat in her hand; her dress was close-fitting to her shape, a light pelisse of green silk edged with red ribbons, such as we see as the dress of young pedestrians in Sir Joshua's early pictures.

"How beautiful!" said Winnington, in a whisper. "She has been walking out. What is she doing? Who is she? What is her name?"

The apparition turned half round, and revealed her features in profile. Her lips seemed to move, she smiled very sweetly, and then suddenly moved out of the sphere of vision, and left Winnington still open-mouthed, open-eyed, gazing toward the window.

"A nice enough girl," said Arthur, coldly; "but come along, the old woman will be anxious to get home, and, besides, I am very hungry."

"I shall never be hungry again," said Winnington, still transfixed and immovable. "You may go if you like. Here I stay in hopes of another view."

"Good-night, then," replied Arthur, and rapidly walked away.

How long the astonished Winnington remained I can not tell. It was late when he arrived at the rectory. The old woman, as Arthur had warned him, had gone home. Arthur let him in.

"Well!" he inquired, "have you found out the unknown?"

"All about her—but for Heaven's sake some bread and cheese. Is there any here?"

"I thought you were never to be hungry again."

"It is the body only which has these requirements. My soul is satiated forever. Here's to Ellen Warleigh!" He emptied the cup at a draught.

"The Squire's daughter?"

"His only child. They have been abroad for some years; returned a fortnight ago. Her father and she live in that desolate house."

"He will set about repairing it, I suppose," said Arthur.

"He can't. They are as poor as we are. And I am glad of it," replied Winnington, going on with his bread and cheese.

"He has an immense estate," said Arthur, almost to himself. "Combe-Warleigh must consist of thousands of acres."

"Of heath and hill. Not worth three hundred a year. Besides, he was extravagant in his youth. I met the shoemaker at the gate, and he told me all about them. I wonder if she's fond of butterflies," he added; "it would be so delightful for us to hunt them together."

"Nonsense, boy; finish your supper and go to bed. Never trouble yourself about whether a girl cares for butterflies or not whose father has only three hundred a year, and has been extravagant in his youth."

"What a wise fellow you are," said Winnington, "about other people's affairs! How many hundreds a year had Lucy's father? Nothing but his curacy and a thousand pounds he got with aunt Jane."

"But Lucy's very fond of butterflies, you know, and that makes up for poverty," said Arthur, with a laugh. "The only thing I see valuable about them is their golden wings."

The companions were not now so constantly together as before. Their studies underwent no change; but their evening occupations were different. The geologist continued his investigations among the hills; the naturalist seemed to believe that the Papilio had become a gregarious insect, and inhabited the village. He was silent as to the result of his pursuits, and brought very few specimens home. But his disposition grew sweeter than ever. His kindness to the drunken shoemaker was extraordinary. His visits to several old women in the hamlet were frequent and long. What a good young man he was! How attentive to the sick! and he to be only twenty-one! On the first Sunday of the month he was in waiting at the door to receive the rector. He took his horse from him, and put it into the heap of ruins which was called the stable with his own hands. He went with him into the church. He looked all the time of service at the Squire's pew, but it was empty. He walked alongside the rector on his return; he accompanied him as far as the village, and told him quite in a careless manner of the family's return.

"I have done it," he said, when he got home again, late at night. "I know them both. The father is a delightful old man. He kept me and the clergyman to dinner—and Ellen! there never was so charming a creature before; and, Arthur, she's fond of butterflies, and catches them in a green gauze net, and has a very good

collection—particularly of night-hawks. That's the reason she was out so late the night we saw her at the window. They were very kind; they knew all about our being here, and Ellen thanked me so for being good to her poor people. I felt quite ashamed."

The young man's eyes were flashing with delight; his voice trembled; he caught the cold gaze of his friend fixed upon him, and blushed.

"You look very much ashamed of yourself," said Arthur, "and I am sorry you have made their acquaintance. It will interfere with our object in coming here."

"Ah! and I told her you were a perfect German; and she understands the language, and I said you would lend her any of your books she chose."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, starting up excited to sudden anger; "what right had you, Sir, to make any offer of the kind? I wouldn't lend her a volume to save her life, or yours, or any one's in the world. She sha'n't have one—I'll burn them first."

"Arthur!" said Winnington, astonished. "What is it that puts you in such a passion? I'm sure I didn't mean to offend you. I will tell her you don't like to lend your books; I'm sorry I mentioned it to her; but I will apologize, and never ask you again."

"I was foolish to be so hot about a trifle," said Arthur, resuming his self-command. "I'm very sorry to disappoint your friend; but I really can't spare a single volume; besides," he said, with a faint laugh, "they are all about metallurgy and mining."

"I told her so," said Winnington, "and she has a great curiosity to see them."

"You did!" again exclaimed Arthur, flushing with wrath. "You have behaved like a fool or a villain—one or both, I care not which. You should have known, without my telling, that these books are sacred. If the girl knows German, let her read old Gotsched's plays. She shall not see a page of any book of mine."

Winnington continued silent under this outbreak; he was partly overcome with surprise, but grief was uppermost.

"I've known you for two years, I think, Hayning," he said; "from the first time we met I admired and liked you. I acknowledge your superiority in every thing; your energy, your talent, your acquirements. I felt a pleasure in measuring your height, and was proud to be your friend. I know you despise me, for I am a weak, impulsive, womanly-natured fellow; but I did not know you disliked me. I shall leave you to-morrow, and we shall never meet again." He was going out of the room.

"I did not mean what I said," said Arthur, in a subdued voice. "I don't despise you. I don't dislike you. I beg your pardon—will you forgive me, Winnington?"

"Ay, if you killed me!" sobbed Winnington, taking hold of Arthur's scarcely extended hand. "I know I am very foolish; but I love Ellen Warleigh, and would give her all I have in the world."

"That's not much," said Arthur, still moodily brooding over the incident; "and never will be, if you wear your heart so perpetually on your sleeve."

"You forget that I don't need to have any riches of my own," said Winnington, gayly. "I am to be physician to the Prince and Princess in Aladdin's palace, and shall sit always on your right hand when you entertain the nobility. So, shake hands, and good-night."

"But Ellen is not to have my books," said Arthur, sitting down to the table, and spreading a volume before him. "I wouldn't lend you for an hour," he said, when he was alone, cherishing the book, "no, not to Lucy Mainfield herself."

II.

August and September passed away, and October had now begun. Arthur avoided the Warleigh's as much as he could; Winnington was constantly at their house. The friends grew estranged. But, with the younger, the estrangement made no difference in the feeling of affection he always had entertained for Arthur. He was hurt, however, by the change he perceived in his manner. He was hurt at his manifest avoidance of the society of the Squire and his daughter. He was hurt, also, at the total silence Arthur now maintained on the subject of his cousin Lucy. He saw her letters left unopened, sometimes for a whole day, upon the table, instead of being greedily torn open the moment the straggling and uncertain post had achieved their delivery at the door. He was hurt at some other things besides, too minute to be recorded; too minute perhaps to be put into language even by himself, but all perceptible to the sensitive heart of friendship such as his. With no visible improvement in Arthur's fortune or prospects, it was evident that his ideas were constantly on the rise. A strange sort of contempt of poverty mingled with his aspirations after wealth. An amount of income which, at one time, would have satisfied his desires, was looked on with disdain, and the possessors of it almost with hatred. The last words Winnington had heard him speak about Lucy were, that marriage was impossible under a thousand a year. And where was that sum to come from? The extent of Lucy's expectations was fifty—his own, a hundred—and yet he sneered at the Warleighs as if they had been paupers; although in that cheap country, and at that cheap time, a revenue of three hundred pounds enabled them to live in comfort, almost in luxury.

Winnington took no thought of to-morrow, but loved Ellen Warleigh, with no consideration of whether she was rich or poor. It is probable that Ellen had no more calculating disposition than Winnington; for it is certain her sentiments toward him were not regulated by the extent of his worldly wealth—perhaps she did not even know what her sentiments toward him were—but she thought him delight-

ful, and wandered over the solitary heaths with him in search of specimens. They very often found none, in the course of their four hours' ramble, and yet came home as contented as if they had discovered an Emperor of Morocco on every bush. Baulked in their natural history studies by the perverse absence of moth and butterfly, they began—by way of having something to do—to take up the science of botany. The searches they made for heath of a particular kind! The joy that filled them when they came on a group of wild flowers, and gathered them into a little basket they carried with them, and took them back to the manor, and astonished Mr. Warleigh with the sound of their Latin names! What new dignity the commonest things took under that sonorous nomenclature! How respectable a nettle grew when called an urtica, and how suggestive of happiness and Gretna Green when a flower could be declared to be cryptogamic.

"See what a curious root this piece of broom has," said Winnington, one night, on his return from the manor, and laid his specimen on the table.

Arthur hardly looked up from his book, and made some short reply.

"It took Ellen and me ten minutes, with all our force, to pull it up by the roots. We had no knife, or I should merely have cut off the stalk; but see, now that the light falls on it, what curious shining earth it grows in, with odd little stones twisted up between the fibres! Did you ever see any thing like it?" Arthur had fixed his eyes on the shrub during this speech. He stretched forth his hand and touched the soil still clinging to the roots—he put a small portion to his lips—his face grew deadly pale.

"Where did you get this?" he said.

"Down near the waterfall—not a hundred yards from this."

"On whose land? On the glebe?" said Arthur, speaking with parched mouth, and still gazing on the broom.

"Does Warleigh know of this?" he went on, "or the clergyman? Winnington! no one must be told; tell Ellen to be silent; but she is not aware, perhaps. Does she suspect?"

"What? what is there to suspect, my dear Arthur? Don't you think you work too much?" he added, looking compassionately on the dilated eye and pale cheek of his companion. "You must give up your studies for a day or two. Come with us on an exploring expedition to the Outer fell to-morrow; Mr. Warleigh is going."

"And give him the fruits of all my reading," Arthur muttered angrily, "of all I learned at the Hartz; tell him how to proceed, and leave myself a beggar. No!" he said, "I will never see him. As to this miserable little weed," he continued, tearing the broom to pieces, and casting the fragments contemptuously into the fire, "it is nothing; you are mad to have given up your butterflies to betake yourself to such a ridiculous pursuit as this. Don't go there any more—there!" Here he stamped on it with his foot. "How damp it is! the fire has little power."

"You never take any interest, Arthur, in any thing I do. I don't know, I'm sure, how I've offended you. As to the broom, I know it's a poor common thing, but I thought the way its roots were loaded rather odd. Ellen will perhaps be disappointed, for we intended to plant it in her garden, and I only asked her to let me show it to you, it struck me as being so very curious. Come, give up your books and learning for a day. We must leave this for Oxford in a week, and I wish you to know more of the Warleighs before we go."

"I am not going back to Oxford," said Arthur; "I shall take my name off the books."

Winnington was astonished. He was also displeased. "We promised to visit my aunt," he said, "on our way back to college. Lucy will be grieved and disappointed."

"I will send a letter by you—I shall explain it all—I owe her a letter already."

"Have you not answered that letter yet? it came a month ago," said Winnington. "Oh! if Ellen Warleigh would write a note to me, and let me write to her, how I would wait for her letters! how I would answer them from morn to night."

"She would find you a rather troublesome correspondent," said Arthur, watching the disappearance of the last particle of the broom as it leaped merrily in sparkles up the chimney. "Lucy knows that I am better employed than telling her ten times over that I love her better than any thing else—and that I long for wealth principally that it may enable me to call her mine. I shall have it soon. Tell her to be sure of that. I shall be of age in three days; then the wretched driblet my guardian now has charge of comes into my hands; I will multiply it a thousand-fold, and then—"

"The palace will be built," said Winnington, who could not keep anger long, "and the place at your right hand will be got ready for the resident physician—who in the mean time recommends you to go quietly to bed, for you have overstrung your mind with work, and your health, dear Arthur, is not at all secure."

For a moment, a touch of the old kindness came to Arthur's heart. He shook Winnington's hand. "Thank you, thank you," he said, "I will do as you advise. Your voice is very like Lucy's, and so are your eyes—good-night, dear Winnington." And Winnington left the room; so did Arthur, but not for bed. A short time before this a package had arrived from from Hawsleigh, and had been placed away in a dark closet under the stairs. He looked for a moment out into the night. The moon was in a cloud, and the wind was howling with a desolate sound over the bare moor. He took down the package, and from it extracted a spade and a pickax; and, gently opening the front door, went out. He walked quickly till he came to the waterfall; he looked carefully round and

saw a clump of broom. The ground from the rectory to this place formed a gentle declivity; where the river flowed there were high banks, for the stream had not yet been swelled by the rains, and he first descended into the bed, and examined the denuded cliffs. He then hurried toward the broom, and began to dig. He dug and struck with the pickax, and shoveled up the soil—weighing, smelling, tasting it, as he descended foot by foot. He dug to the depth of a yard; he jumped into the hole and pursued his work—breathless, hot, untiring. The moon for a moment came out from the clouds that obscured her. He availed himself of her light, and held up a particle of soil and stone; it glittered for an instant in the moonbeam. With an almost audible cry he threw it to the bottom of the excavation, and was scrambling out when he heard a voice. It was the drunken shoemaker returning from some distant merry-making. He lay down at the bottom of the hole, watching for the approaching footsteps. At a little distance from the waterfall the singer changed his path, and diverged toward the village. The song died off in the distance.

"That danger's past," said Arthur, "both for him and me. I would have killed him if he had come nearer. Back, back," he continued, while he filled up the hole he had made, carefully shoveling in the soil—"no eye shall detect that you have been moved." He replaced the straggling turf where it had been disturbed, stamped it down with his feet, and beat it smooth with his spade. And then went home.

"Hallo! who's there?" cried Winnington, hearing the door open and shut. "Is that you, Arthur?"

"Yes; are you not asleep yet?"

"I've been asleep for hours. How late you are. Weren't you out of the house just now?"

"I felt hot, and went out for a minute to see the moon."

"Hot?" said Winnington. "I wish I had another blanket—good-night." Arthur passed on to his own room.

"If he had opened his door," he said, "and seen my dirty clothes, these yellow stains on my knees, these dabbled hands, what could I have done?" He saw himself in the glass as he said this; there was something in the expression of his face that alarmed him. He drew back.

"He is very like Lucy," he muttered to himself, "and I'm glad he didn't get out of bed."

Meantime Winnington had a dream. He was on board a beautiful boat on the Isis. It seemed to move by its own force, as if it were a silver swan; and the ripple as it went on took the form of music, and he thought it was an old tune that he had listened to in his youth. He sat beside Ellen Warleigh, with his hand locked in hers, and they watched the beautiful scenery through which the boat was gliding—past the pretty Cherwell, past the level meadows, past the Newnham woods—and still the melody went on. Then they were in a country he did not know; there were tents of gaudy colors on the shore, and wild-eyed men in turbans and loose tunics looked out upon them. One came on board; he was a tall, dark Emir, with golden-sheathed cimeter, which clanked as he stepped on the seat. Winnington stood up and asked what the stranger wanted: the chief answered in Arabic, but Winnington understood him perfectly. He said he had come to put him to death for having dared to look upon his bride. He laid his grasp on him as he spoke, and tore him from Ellen's side. In the struggle Winnington fell over, and found himself many feet in front of the fairy boat. The Arab sat down beside Ellen, and put his arm round her waist, and then he suddenly took the shape of Arthur Hayning. The boat seemed to flutter its wings, and come faster on. Winnington tried to swim to one side, but could not. On came the boat, its glittering bows flashed before his eyes—they touched him—pressed him down: he felt the keel pass over his head; and down, down, still downward he went, and, on looking up, saw nothing but the boat above him; all was dark where he was, for the keel seemed constantly between him and the surface, and yet he heard the old tune still going on. It was a tune his cousin Lucy used to play; but at last, in his descent through the darkened water, he got out of hearing, and all was silent. The music had died away, and suddenly he heard a scream, and saw Ellen struggling in the water. He made a dart toward her with arms stretched out—and overturned the candle he had left on the table at the side of his bed.

III.

Winnington's visits to the manor grew more constant as the day of his departure drew near. Early in the morning he passed through the village, and entered the dilapidated house, and only issued from it again, accompanied by Ellen, to pursue their botanical pursuits upon the hills. Had he ever told her of any other pursuit in which he was engaged? Had he gone in a formal manner, as recommended in the "True Lover's Guide," to the father, and demanded his permission to pay his addresses to his daughter? Had he displayed to that careful gentleman the state of his affairs, and agreed on the sum to be settled during the marriage upon Ellen as pin-money, and as jointure in case of his death? No; he had never mentioned the state of his heart to Ellen, or of his affairs to Mr. Warleigh. He had spoken, to be sure, a good deal about the future; his plans when he had taken his degree; the very street he should live in when he entered into practice, and somehow all these projects had reference to some one else. He never seemed to limit the view to himself; but in all his counselings about the years to come, he was like the editor of a newspaper, or the writer of a ponderous history, and used the dignified "We." We shall have such a pretty little drawing-room, with a great many roses on the paper, a splendid mirror over the mantle-

piece, and a piano—such a piano! against the wall. Who was included in the We? Ah! that was a secret between him and Ellen; and I am not going to play the spy, and then let all the world know what I have discovered. It seemed as if the father was included too; for there was a charming little room laid aside for a third individual, with a nice low fender and a nice warm fire, and a nice pipe laid all ready for him after dinner, and some delicious tobacco procured from a patient of Winnington, a distinguished merchant in the Turkey trade, and kept in a beautiful bag of blue silk, which Ellen had sewed up with her own hands, with gold tassels, astonishing to behold.

"And we must have a spare bedroom," he said; "it needn't be very large for my sister—she's not very tall yet, and a little crib would do."

"But Dulcibel will grow," said Ellen; "she's now seven, and by the time she requires the room she will be—who can tell how old she will be then, Winnington?"

"I can. She will be ten at most."

"I think," said Mr. Warleigh, "you had better bring her here: we can get Joe Walters to patch up another room; and, with a prop or two under the floor, even the ball-room might be safe to occupy."

"Oh! no, father: the floor is entirely fallen in; and, besides, the ceiling is just coming down."

"And London is such a noble field for exertion," said Winnington; "and if I have a chance, I will so work and toil, and write and make myself known, that I shall be disappointed if I am not a baronet in ten years—Sir Winnington Harvey, Bart."

"A very modern title," said Mr. Warleigh, "which I hope no one I care for will ever condescend to accept. My ancestors had been knights of Combe-Warleigh for six hundred years before baronetcies were heard of; besides, as those pinchbeck baronies are only given to millionaires, where are you to get a fortune sufficient to support the dignity?"

A sudden flush came to Winnington's face. "I should like to owe every thing to you, Sir; and, perhaps—perhaps, there will be enough for any rank the king can give."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Warleigh, with a laugh, "you are a great deal more hopeful even than I was at your time of life. Ah! I remember what day-dreams we had, Ellen's mother and I—how we expected to restore the old name, and build up the old house—"

"I'll do both, Sir!" cried Winnington, standing up. "I feel sure there is a way of doing so; I have thought much over this for a week past, and before I go I'll prove to you—"

"What? Has a ghost come from the grave to point out some hidden treasure?"

Winnington was still standing up in the excitement of the new idea which filled his heart. He was just going to reply when a sudden crash alarmed them. Ellen screamed, and fled to Winnington for safety. The sound shook the whole house. At first they thought some of the outer wall had tumbled down. A cloud of dust soon filled the room, and nearly blinded them.

"It is the hall-room ceiling," said Mr. Warleigh, as if struck with the omen. "The house is ruined beyond repair, and some time or other will bury us all in its fall. Young man, I advise you to get out of its way; for it will crush whatever stands near it."

The interruption gave Winnington time to think, and he resolved not to make Mr. Warleigh the confidant of his hopes. That night he took his leave. It was the last night of his residence in the rectory, but he was to return next short vacation. The parting was long, and it was late when he got home. Arthur was busy writing. He had given up his geology for the last week, and seldom moved out of the house; he looked up as Winnington came in, but said nothing in welcome.

"I'm glad to find you up," said Winnington, "for I want to talk to you, Arthur, and take your advice, if you are not busy."

Arthur laid aside the pen, and covered the sheet he was writing with blotting-paper.

"About Ellen, I suppose?" he said; "love in a cottage, and no money to pay the butcher. Go on!"

"It is about Ellen," said Winnington; "it is about love—a cottage also, probably—but not about poverty, but wealth, rank, magnificence!"

"Ha! let us hear. You speak with sense at last—you'll give up this penniless fancy—you'll hate her in a month when you find yourself tied to penury and obscurity."

"But I sha'n't be tied to penury and obscurity; I tell you she is the greatest heiress in England, and it is I who will put her in possession of her wealth. It is this right hand which will lift up the vail that keeps her treasures concealed! It is I who will hang pearls about the neck that would buy a kingdom, and plant the diamonds of India among her hair—and all from her own soil!"

It is impossible to describe the effect of this speech upon the listener. He sat upright upon his chair; his lips partly open, his face as pale as ashes, and his eye fixed upon the enthusiastic boy.

"And you! you, dear Arthur, you shall help me in this—for your German residence gave you a knowledge of the appearances of a mineral bed—you have studied the subject here, for I have watched your experiments. I know this estate is filled with ore; but how to work it, Arthur—how to begin—how to smelt—to clear—to cast! these are the things you must help me in; Ellen will be grateful, and so shall I."

"Shall you? You be grateful for what?"

"For your aid in bringing into practical effect the discovery I have made of the vast mineral resources with which all Combe-Warleigh is filled. You'll help us, Arthur—for Lucy's sake! for my sake! for all our sakes! won't you!"

"How have you made this discovery?" said Arthur, in a calm voice.

"Do you remember the night you burned the broom-plant? I thought nothing of it at the time, but in the morning when I came down, the old woman was clearing out the grate. I stopped her, and grubbed about among the ashes; and see what I found! a piece of solid metal, perfectly free from earth! See, here it is! How lucky I was to make the discovery! It will make Mr. Warleigh richer than if his lands were filled with gold."

The face of Arthur grew almost black.

"I was of age," he said, "four days ago, and made an offer to Mr. Warleigh's agent for the manorial rights and heath-lands of his estate—which he is bound to accept, for I give the sum they ask."

"Arthur!" exclaimed Winnington, starting up; "have you the heart to ruin the right owners of the soil?"

"By this time they have sold it; they are deep in debt."

"But they shall not! No; this very moment I will go back to the manor and tell Mr. Warleigh what I know; he will not fulfill the bargain made by his attorney."

"Oh! no, you won't," said Arthur, knitting his brows; I have toiled and struggled for many years for this, and you think I will now submit to beggary and disgrace, to see the wealth I have worked for formed into shape, called out of nothing into glittering existence, heaped upon another, and that other a dotard whose fathers for a thousand years have been treading on countless riches, and never heard the sound—the sound that reached my ears the moment I trod the soil. It shall not be!"

Winnington looked at the wild eye of his companion. A suspicion again came into his mind of the state of Arthur's brain. He tried to soothe him.

"But perhaps, after all," he said, "we may be both mistaken. It is very likely the friendliest thing I could do to hinder you from buying these unprofitable acres. If your expectations are deceived, you will be utterly ruined, and what will you do?"

"A man can always die," replied Arthur, sitting down; "and better that than live in poverty."

"And Lucy—?"

"Forever Lucy! I tell you, Winnington, that when you look at me you grow so like her, that I almost hate the girl, as if the blow you strike me with just now were streck by her."

"I strike no blow. I merely say that Lucy would give you the same advice I do. She would not wish to grow rich by the concealment of a treasure, and the impoverishment of the rightful owner."

"The rightful owner is the man to whom the treasure belongs," said Arthur, not bursting forth into a fresh explosion as Winnington expected, the moment his speech was uttered. "And if the bargain is concluded, the lands are mine."

"Not all?"

"No. I leave them the rich fields, the pasture ground in the valley, the farm upon the slope. I am modest, and content myself with the useless waste; the dreary moor, the desert hill. It is, in fact, making Mr. Warleigh a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds, and with that he can give his daughter a portion, and rebuild his old ruin, with a wing in it for his son-in-law; and the remaining five hundred of my stately fortune (that wretches should be found so low as to exist on two thousand pounds!) will erect a crushing-mill, and dig to the first lode. Then—then," he continued, as the picture rose to his imagination, "the land will grow alive with labor. There will be a town where the present hamlet shivers in solitude upon the wild. There will be the music of a thousand wheels, all disengaging millions from the earth. There will be a mansion such as kings might live in, and I—and I—"

"And Lucy?" again interposed Winnington.

"Ay! and Lucy—when I have raised the annual income to ten thousand pounds—I could not occupy the house with less."

Winnington looked upon his friend with pity. He sat down and was silent for some time. There was no use in continuing the conversation. "You seem to forget," he said, at last, "that I go to-morrow to Oxford."

"So soon?" said Arthur, with a scrutinizing look. "You didn't intend to go till Saturday."

"I shall have a few days longer with my family. I want to see Dulcibel, who is home from school; and besides," he added, with some embarrassment, "I don't find our residence here so pleasant as it used to be. There was a time," he said, after a pause, "when it would have broken my heart to leave you; but now—"

There was a tremble in his voice, and he stopped.

"And why?" said Arthur. "Whose fault is it that there is a change?"

"Ah! mine, I dare say. I don't blame any one," replied Winnington, checked in the flow of feeling by the coldness of Arthur's voice. "You will have your letter for Lucy ready. I shall start before you are up; so you had better let me have it to-night."

"There is plenty of time. I don't go to bed till late. I will walk ten or twelve miles with you on your way to the post-wagon. The exercise will do me good."

"I start very early, for the wagon leaves for Exeter at ten in the morning. I have sent on my trunk by the shoemaker's cart. I have taken leave of—of people who have been kind to me, and shall walk merrily across the moor. It is only fifteen miles."

"I shall see you as far as the Hawsleigh Brook," said Arthur; "that is, if you don't object to the company of a friend. And why should we quarrel?"

Winnington took the offered hand. "I knew your heart could not be really so changed," he said, "as you tried to make it appear. You are ill, Arthur, your brain is too much excited. I will not let you get up so early, or take such exercise. It will put you into a fever. Let me feel your pulse, and you can owe me my first fee."

The pulse was galloping; the cheek alternately flushed and paled.

"This is beyond my present skill," said Winnington, shaking his head. "You must apply to the nearest doctor for advice."

"You are very kind, my dear Winnington, as you always are; but I don't think medicine will be of much avail."

"But you will see the doctor?"

"Whatever you like," replied Arthur, now quite submissive to his friend's directions.

"And you will write to Lucy, quietly, soberly. She'll be alarmed if you give way to your dreams of wealth," said Winnington.

"And Aladdin's Palace and the salary?" replied Arthur, with a smile. "Well, I will be as subdued as I can, and the note shall be ready for you in time."

He took the pen as he spoke, and commenced a letter. Winnington looked at him, but more in sorrow than in anger. There was something in the pertinacious offer of Arthur to accompany him which displeased him. "He watches me," he said, "as if afraid of my whispering a word of what I know to the Warleighs. I shall reach London in time, and carry a specimen of the ore with me." The clock struck one. "You don't seem very quick in writing, Arthur. Perhaps you will leave the letter on the table. I am going to bed."

"No—just five minutes—and tell her, Winnington—tell her that I am unchanged; that riches, rank, position—nothing will alter my affection—"

"And that you will come to see her soon?"

"Yes; when I have been to London."

Winnington started. "And when do you go there?"

"In two days. I will come to Warwickshire on my return—perhaps before you have gone back to Oxford."

"Ah! that will put all right! That will be a renewal of the old time."

"Here's the letter; put it carefully away. I have told her I am unchanged. You must tell her so too."

Winnington shook his head, but said nothing. They joined hands.

"And now," said Winnington, "farewell. I didn't think our parting would be like this. But remember, if we should never meet again, that I never changed; no, not for a moment, in my affection to you."

"Why shouldn't we meet again? Do you think me so very ill?" inquired Arthur.

"I don't know. There are thoughts that come upon us, we don't know why. It wasn't of your health I was thinking. But there are many unexpected chances in life. Farewell. You sha'n't get up in the morning."

They parted for the night. Arthur, instead of going to bed, looked out upon the moor. A wild and desolate scene it was, which seemed to have some attraction for him, for which it was difficult to account. When he had sat an hour—perhaps two hours, for he took no note of time—in perfect stillness, observing the stars, which threw a strange light upon the heath, he thought he heard a creaking on the rickety old stairs, as of some one slipping on tiptoe down. He stood up at his window, which commanded a view of the top of the wooden porch. Stealthily looking round, as if in fear of observation, he saw a man with a lantern cautiously held before him emerge from the house and walk rapidly away. He turned off toward the left. Over his shoulder he carried a pickax and a spade. They shone fitfully in the light. He passed down the declivity toward the waterfall, and then disappeared.

Next morning, at six o'clock, the old woman, on coming to her daily work, found the door on the latch. On the table she saw a note, and took it up stairs. She knocked at Arthur's door.

"Come in," he said. "Is that you, Winnington? I shall get up in a moment."

"No, Zur, the young gentleman be gone, and I thought this here letter might be of consequence."

Arthur took the letter, and, by the gray light of dawn, read as follows:

"I am going to leave you, dear Arthur, and feel that I did not part from you so kindly as I wished. I don't like to show my feelings; for in fact I have so little command of them, that I am always afraid you will despise me for my weakness. I will give your messages and your letter to Lucy. I will tell her you are coming soon. Even now the dawn is not far off, and I am going before the hour I told you; for I will not allow you, in your present state of health, to accompany me to Hawsleigh. It is to London I am going. Oh! pardon me for going. I think it my duty to go. You will think so too, when you reflect. If they are surprised at my absence (for I may be detained), explain to them where I am gone. I should have told you this last night, but did not dare. Dear Arthur, think kindly of me. I always think affectionately of you.—W. H."

"He should have signed his name in full," said Arthur, and laid the letter under his pillow. "To London—to the attorney—with specimens of the ore. I shall get to town before him, in spite of his early rising."

There was a smile upon his face, and he got up in a hurry.

"He can't have been long gone," he said to the old woman, "for the ink he wrote with was not dry."

"I thought I saw him as I came," she replied, "a long way across the heath; but p'raps it was a bush, or maybe a cow. I don't know, but it was very like him."

After breakfast he hurried to the village. The drunken shoemaker was earning a farther title to that designation, and was speechless in bed, with a bandage over his head, which some one had broken the night before. The money Winnington had paid him for carting his luggage was answerable for his helpless condition. There was no other horse or vehicle in the place. So, moody and discontented, Arthur returned, put a shirt in each pocket of his coat, and proceeded on foot to Hawsleigh. He arrived there at one o'clock. The post-wagon had started at ten. The shoemaker had carefully instructed the driver to convey Winnington's luggage to Exeter; and as he only jogged on at the rate of four miles an hour, and loitered besides on the way, he was not to wait for his passenger, who would probably walk on a few miles, and take his seat when he was tired.

There was no conveyance in Hawsleigh rapid enough to overtake a vehicle which traveled even at so slow a pace as four miles an hour with the advantage of three hours' start; and once in the coach at Exeter, there was no possibility of contending with such rapidity of locomotion. It would take him to London in little more than five days.

Arthur, however, discovered that a carrier's cart started at three o'clock for the village of Oakfield, twelve miles onward on the Exeter road. He was in such a state of excitement and anxiety to get on, that rest in one place was intolerable; and though he knew that he was not a yard advanced in reality by availing himself of this chance, as after all he would have to wait somewhere or other for the next morning's post-wagon, he paid a small fee for the carriage of a few articles he hastily bought and tied up in a bundle, and set off with the carrier. He seemed to be relieved more and more as he felt nearer to the object of his journey. With knitted brow and pressed lips he sat in the clumsy cart or walked alongside. The driver, after some attempts at conversation, gave him up to his own reflections.

"A proud fellow as ever I see," he muttered, "and looks like a lord. Well, he shouldn't travel by a cart if he didn't speak to cart's company."

The cart's company increased as they got on. Women with poultry-baskets, returning from the neighboring hamlets and farms; stray friends of the proprietor of the vehicle who were on their way to Oakfield; and at last little village children, who had come out to meet the cart, and were already fighting as to who should have the privilege of riding the old horse to the water when he was taken out of the shafts; it was a cavalcade of ten or a dozen persons when the spire of the church came into view. Arthur still walked beside them, but took no part in the conversation. There seemed something unusual going on in the main street as they drew near. There was a crowd of anxious-faced peasantry opposite the door of the Woodman's Arms; they were talking in whispers and expecting some one's arrival.

"Have ye seen him coming, Luke Waters?" said two or three at a time to the carrier.

"Noa—who, then?"

"The crowner; he ha' been sent for a hour and more."

"What's happened, then? Woa, horse!"

"Summat bad. He's there!" said a man, pointing to the upper window of the inn, and turning paler than before; "he was found in Parson's Meadow—dead—with such a slash!" The man touched his throat, and was silent.

Arthur began to listen. "Who is it? does any one know the corpse?"

"Noa; he were a stranger, stripped naked all to the drawers—and murdered; but here's the crowner. He'll explain it all."

The coroner came, a man of business mind, who seemed no more impressed with the solemnity of the scene than a butcher in a shop surrounded by dead sheep. A jury was summoned, and proceeded up stairs. A few of the by-standers were admitted. Among others Arthur. He was dreadfully calm; evidently by an effort which concealed his agitation. "I have never looked on death," he said, "and this first experience is very terrible."

The inquest went on. Arthur, though in the room, kept his eyes perfectly closed; but through shut lids he conjured up to himself the ghastly sight, the stark body, the gaping wound. He thought of hurrying down stairs without waiting the result, but there was a fascination in the scene that detained him.

"The corpse was found in this state," said the coroner: "it needs no proof more than the wounds upon it to show that it was by violence the man died. But by whose hands it is impossible to say. Can no one identify the body?"

There was a long pause. Each of the spectators looked on the piteous spectacle, but could give no answer to the question. At last Arthur, by an immense exertion of self-command, opened his eyes and fixed them on the body. He staggered and nearly fell. His cheek became deadly pale. His eyeballs were fixed. "I—I know him!" he cried, and knelt beside his bed. "I parted from him last night: he was to come by the wagon from Hawsleigh on his way to Exeter, but left word that he was going to walk on before. He was my brother—my friend."

"And his name?" said the coroner. "This is very satisfactory."

Arthur looked upon the cold brow of the murdered man, and said, with a sob of despair,

"Winnington Harvey!"

The coroner took the depositions, went through the legal forms, and gave the proper verdict—"Murdered; but by some person or persons unknown."

It was a lawless time, and deeds of violence were very frequent. Some years after the perpetrators of the deed were detected in some other crime, and confessed their guilt. They had robbed and murdered the unoffending traveler,

and were scared away by the approach of the post-wagon from Hawsleigh. Arthur caused a small headstone to be raised over his friend's grave, with the inscription of his name and fate. Callous as he sometimes appeared, he could not personally convey the sad news to Winnington's relations, but forwarded them the full certificate of the sad occurrence. It is needless to tell what tears were shed by the unhappy mother and sister, or how often their fancy traveled to the small monument and fresh turf grave in the churchyard of Oakfield.

IV.

When thirty years had elapsed, great changes had taken place in Combe-Warleigh. It was no longer a desolate village, straggling in the midst of an interminable heath, but a populous town—busy, dirty, and rich. There were many thousands of workmen engaged in mining and smelting. Furnaces were blazing night and day, and there were two or three churches and a town hall. The neighborhood had grown populous as well as the town; and a person standing on the tower of Sir Arthur Hayning's castle, near the Warleigh waterfall, could see, at great distances, over the level expanse, the jettings of columns of smoke from many tall chimneys which he had erected on other parts of his estate. He had stewards and overseers, an army of carters and wagoners, and regiments of clerks, and sat in the great house; and from his richly-furnished library commanded, ruled, and organized all. Little was known of his early life, for the growth of a town where a man lives is like the lapse of years in other places. New people come, old inhabitants die out, or are lost in the crowd; and very recent events take the enlarged and confused outline of remote traditions. The date of Sir Arthur's settlement at Warleigh was as uncertain to most of the inhabitants as that of the siege of Troy. It was only reported that at some period infinitely distant, he had bought the estate, had lived the life of a miser—saving, working, heaping up, buying where land was to be had; digging down into the soil, always by some inconceivable faculty hitting upon the richest lodes, till he was owner of incalculable extents of country, and sole proprietor of the town and mills of Combe-Warleigh. No one knew if he had ever been married or not. When first the population began to assemble, they saw nothing of him but in the strict execution of their respective duties; he finding capital and employment, and they obedience and industry. No social intercourse existed between him and any of his neighbors: and yet fabulous things were reported of the magnificence of his rooms, the quantity of his plate, the number of his domestic servants. His patriotism had been so great that he had subscribed an immense sum to the Loyalty Loan, and was rewarded by the friendship of the King, and the title that adorned his name. And when fifteen more years of this seclusion and grandeur—this accumulation of wealth and preservation of dignity—had accustomed the public ear to the sound of the millionaire's surname, it was thought a natural result of these surpassing merits that he should be elevated to the peerage. He was now Lord Warleigh, of Combe-Warleigh, and had a coat of arms on the panels of his carriage, which it was supposed his ancestors had worn on their shields at the Battle of Hastings. All men of fifty thousand a year can trace up to the Norman Conquest. Though their fathers were hedgers and ditchers, and their grandfathers inhabitants of the poor-house, it is always consolatory to their pride to reflect that the family was as old as ever; that extravagance, politics, tyranny, had reduced it to that low condition; and that it was left for them to restore the ancient name to its former glory, and to re-knit in the reign of George or William the line that was ruthlessly broken on Bosworth Field. Lord Warleigh, it was stated in one of the invaluable records of hereditary descent (for which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by the distinguished editor, Slaver Lick, Esquire), was lineally descended from one of the peerages which became extinct in the unhappy wars of Stephen and Matilda. It is a remarkable fact, that in a previous edition, when he was only a baronet, with a reputed income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds, the genealogy had stuck at James the First. But whether his ancestry was so distinguished or not, the fact of his immense wealth and influence was undoubted. He had for some years given up the personal superintendence of his works. Instead of extracting dull ore from the earth, he had sent up dull members to the House of Commons, got dull magistrates put upon the bench, and exercised as much sovereign sway and masterdom over all the district as if he had been elected dictator with unlimited power. But there is always a compensation in human affairs; and the malevolence natural to all people of proper spirit lying in the shade of so preponderating a magnate, was considerably gratified by what was whispered of the depressed condition of his lordship's spirits. Even the clergyman's wife—who was a perfect model of that exemplary character—looked mysteriously, and said that his lordship never smiled—that a housemaid who had at one time been engaged in the rectory, had told her extraordinary things about his lordship's habits; about talks she had heard—the housemaid—late at night, in his lordship's library, when she—the housemaid—was mortally certain there could be no person in the room but his lordship's self; how she—the housemaid—had been told by Thomas the footman, that his lordship, when dining quite alone, frequently spoke as if to some person sitting beside him; when he—Thomas—had sworn to her—the housemaid—that there was no person whatever at table with his lordship, no, not the cat; and then, she—the clergyman's wife—added, as of her own knowledge, that at church his lordship never listened to the sermon; but after apparently thinking deeply of other things,

hid himself from her observation, and pretended to fall asleep. How sorry she was to say this, she needn't remark, for if there was a thing she hated it was tittle-tattle, and she never suffered a servant to bring her any of the rumors of the place; it was so unlady-like; and his lordship had been such an excellent friend to the church—for he had made an exchange of the wretched old glebe, and given a very nice farm for it in the vale of Hawsleigh, and had built a new personage-house where the old manor-house stood, and was always most liberal in his donations to all the charities; but it was odd, wasn't it? that he never saw any company—and who could he be speaking to in the library, or at dinner? Dr. Drowes can't make it out: he was never asked to the Castle in his life; and tells me he has read of people, for the sake of getting rich, selling their souls to the ——. Isn't it dreadful to think of? His lordship is very rich, to be sure; but as to selling his soul to ——! Oh! it's a horrid supposition, and I wonder Dr. Drowes can utter so terrible a thought.

But Dr. Drowes had no great opportunity of continuing his awful innuendoes, for he was shortly appointed to another living of Lord Warleigh's in the northern part of the county, and was requested to appoint a curate to Warleigh in the prime of life, who would be attentive and useful to the sick and poor. To hear, was to obey—and the head of his College in Oxford recommended a young man in whom he had the greatest confidence; and Mr. Henry Benford soon made his appearance and occupied the personage-house. He was still under thirty years of age, with the finest and most delicately cut features consistent with a style of masculine beauty which was very striking. He was one of the men—delicate and refined in expression, with clear, light complexion and beautiful soft eyes—of whom people say it is a pity he is not a girl. And this feminine kind of look was accompanied in Henry Benford by a certain effeminacy of mind. Modest he was, and what the world calls shy, for he would blush on being presented to a stranger, and scarcely ventured to speak in miscellaneous company; but perfectly conscientious in what he considered the discharge of a duty; active and energetic in his parish, and with a sweetness of disposition which nothing could overthrow. He had a wife and two children at this time, and a pleasant sight it was amidst the begrimed and hardened features of the population of Combe-Warleigh to see the fresh faces and clear complexions of the new-comers.

A great change speedily took place in the relations existing between pastor and flock. Schools were instituted—the sick were visited —a weekly report was sent to the Castle, with accurate statements of the requirements of every applicant. Little descriptions were added to the causes of the distress of some of the workmen—excuses made for their behavior—means pointed out by which the more deserving could be helped, without hurting their self-respect by treating them as objects of charity; and, in a short time, the great man in the Castle knew the position, the habits, the necessities of every one of his neighbors. Nothing pleased him more than the opportunity now afforded him of being generous, without being imposed on. His gifts were large and unostentatious, and as Benford, without blazoning the donor's merits, let it be known from what source these valuable aids proceeded, a month had not elapsed before kinder feelings arose between the Castle and the town—people smiled and touched their hats more cordially than before, when they met his lordship as he drove through the street; little girls dropped courtesies to him on the side of the road, instead of running away when they saw him coming; and one young maiden was even reported to have offered his lordship a bouquet —not very valuable, as it consisted only of a rose, six daisies, and a dandelion—and to have received a pat on the head for it, and half a crown. Lord Warleigh had had a cold every Sunday for the last year and a half of Dr. Drowes's ministrations; but when Benford had officiated a month or six weeks he suddenly recovered, and appeared one Sunday in church. His lordship generally sat in a recess opposite the pulpit, forming a sort of family pew which might almost have been mistaken for a parlor. It was carpeted very comfortably, and had a stove in it, and tables and chairs. In this retirement his lordship performed his devotions in the manner recorded by Mrs. Drowes—and when the eloquent Doctor was more eloquent than usual, he drew a heavy velvet curtain across the front of his room, and must have been lulled into pleasing slumbers by the subdued mumble of the orator's discourse. On this occasion he was observed to look with curiosity toward the new clergyman. All through the prayers he fixed his eyes on Benford's face —never lifting them for a moment—never changing a muscle—never altering his attitude. His hair, now silver white, fell nearly down to his shoulders, his noble features were pale and motionless. Tall, upright, gazing—gazing— the congregation observed his lordship with surprise. When Benford mounted the pulpit— when he was seen in black gown and bands, and his clear rich voice gave out the text, suddenly his lordship's face underwent a strange contortion—he rapidly drew the curtain across the pew and was no more seen. The congregation were sorry that their new clergyman, who had apparently pleased the patron by his reading, was not equally fortunate in the sermon. The preacher himself was by no means offended. He knew Lord Warleigh was too clever a man to require any instruction from him, and he went on as usual and preached to the poor. In the vestry he was laying aside his official costume when the door opened; his cassock was off, his coat was not on, he was in his shirt sleeves, and the great man came in. Benford was overwhelmed with confusion. He had

never spoken to a lord before—his face glowed as if on fire. With compressed lips, and his eyes fixed more than ever upon the discomfited curate, the old man thanked him for his discourse. "I am Lord Warleigh," he said, "I have received your weekly statements as I desired—they are excellent—come to me for an hour to-morrow. I shall expect you at eleven." Before Mr. Benford had recovered his composure, his lordship had gone.

"He is very kind," said the curate, when he related the occurrence to his wife, "but I don't like him. His hand was like cold iron—I felt as if it had been a sword—and what a nuisance it is he found me in such a dress."

But Mrs. Benford, also, had never seen a lord, and was devoted to the aristocracy. "His lordship is very kind, I am sure, to have asked you to the Castle. None of the doctors have ever been there, nor any of the attorneys."

"That's only a proof," said Benford, a little tickled, it must be owned, with the distinction, "that his lordship is in good health and not litigious; but I shall judge of him better to-morrow."

"He has many livings in his gift," said Mrs. Benford, thoughtfully.

"And is most liberal to the poor," chimed in her husband.

"What a handsome man, he is!" said the lady.

"A fine voice," said the gentleman.

"Truly aristocratic. He is descended from Otho the Stutterer."

"And yet I don't like him. His hand is like a sword." With which repeated observation the colloquy ended, and Benford proceeded to the Sunday School.

How the interview went off on the Monday was never known. Benford was not a man of observation, and took no notice of the peculiar manner of his reception, the long gaze with which Lord Warleigh seemed to study his countenance, and the pauses which occurred in his conversation. He was invited to return on Tuesday; on Wednesday; and when the fourth visit within the week was announced to Mrs. Benford, there was no end of the vista of wealth and dignity she foresaw from the friendship of so powerful a patron.

"And he has asked me to bring the children, too. His lordship says he is very fond of children."

"What a good man he is!" exclaimed the wife. "They'll be so delighted to see the fine things in the house."

"The girl is but three years old and the boy one. I don't think they'll see much difference between his lordship's house and this. I won't take the baby."

"What? Not the baby? the beautiful little angel! Lord Warleigh will never forgive you for keeping him away."

But Benford was positive, and taking his little girl by the hand he walked to the Castle and entered the library. His lordship was not within, and Benford drew a chair near the table, and opened a book of prints for the amusement of his daughter. While they were thus engaged a side door noiselessly opened, and Lord Warleigh stepped in. He stood still at the threshold, and looked at the group before him. He seemed transfixed with fear. He held out his hand and said, "You—you there, so soon?—at this time of the day? And she! —who is she?"

"My lord," said Benford, "I came at the hour you fixed. This is my little daughter. You asked me to bring her to see you. I hope you are not offended."

"Ah, now, I remember," said his lordship, and held out his hand. "I see visitors so rarely, Mr. Benford—and ladies—" he added, looking with a smile to the terrified little girl who stood between her father's knees and gazed with mute wonder on the old man's face—"ladies so seldom present themselves here, that I was surprised, but now most happy—"

He sat down and talked with the greatest kindness. He drew the little girl nearer and nearer to himself; at last he got a volume from the shelf, of the most gorgeously colored engravings, and took her on his knee. He showed her the beautiful birds represented in the book; told her where they lived, and some of their habits; and pleased with the child's intelligence, and more with the confidence she felt in his good-nature—he said, "And now, little lady, you shall give me a kiss, and tell me your pretty little name."

The child said, "My name is Dulcibel Benford," and held up her little mouth to give the kiss.

But Lord Warleigh grew suddenly cold and harsh. He put her from his knee in silence; and the child perceiving the change, went tremblingly to her father.

"A strange name to give your child, Mr. Benford," said his lordship.

"I'm very sorry, indeed, my lord," began Mr. Benford, but perceived in the midst of the profoundest respect for the peerage, how absurd it would be to apologize for a Christian name.

"You have a son, I think; what name have you given him?"

"His name is Winnington, my lord—an uncom—"

"What?" cried Lord Warleigh, starting up. You come hither to insult me in my own room. You creep into my house, and worm yourself into my confidence, and then, when you think I am unprepared, for you—"

"As I hope to be saved, my lord—I give you my word, my lord—I never meant to insult you, my lord," said Benford; "but since I have had the misfortune to offend your lordship I will withdraw. Come, Lucy Mainfield. She has three names, my lord, Dulcibel Lucy Mainfield. I'm sorry she didn't tell you so before."

"No—don't go," said Lord Warleigh, sinking into his chair; "it was nothing; it was a sudden pain, which often puts me out of temper.

Is the little girl's name Lucy Mainfield? You won't come back to me again, will you, Lucy?"

"Oh, yes, my lord—Lucy, go to his lordship—he will show you the pictures again." Benford pushed her toward Lord Warleigh. But the girl blushed and trembled, and wouldn't go. She clung to her father's hand.

"Don't force her," said the old man, in a mournful tone. "I knew she wouldn't. But you won't go in anger, Lucy? Benford, you'll forgive me?"

"Oh, my lord," said the curate, immensely gratified, and sat down again.

"Are these family names, Benford?" inquired his lordship carelessly, but still looking sadly in Dulcibel's glowing face.

"Yes, my lord. Dulcibel was my mother's name, and her brother's name Winnington Harvey. You have heard, perhaps, of his melancholy fate? He was murdered."

"You are Winnington Harvey's nephew?" said Lord Warleigh.

"Yes, my lord, and they used to say I was very like him."

"Who?—who used to say so? your mother, perhaps. Is she alive?"

"Both father and mother died when I was three years old. My grandfather in Yorkshire brought me up. It was dear old cousin Lucy, who died when I was twelve—Lucy Mainfield."

"She dead—is she?"

"Oh, yes, my lord, and left me all the little money she had. She used to say I was very like my uncle."

"And did she tell you any particulars of his end?"

"No, my lord. She spoke very little of the past. She had been very unhappy in her youth—a disappointment in love, we thought; and some people said she had been fond of Uncle Winnington; but I don't know—his fate was very horrible. He had been down in Devonshire, reading with a friend, and was killed on his way home."

"And you never heard the friend's name?"

"No. Cousin Lucy never mentioned it; and there was no one else who knew."

"And how do you know his fate?"

"It was in the coroner's verdict. And do you know, my lord, he is buried not far from this."

"Who told you that?" said Warleigh, starting up, as if about to break forth in another paroxysm of rage. "Who knows any thing about that?"

"Cousin Lucy told me, when I was very young, that if ever I went into the West I should try to find out his grave."

"And for that purpose you are here; it was to discover this you came to Warleigh?" His lordship's eyes flashed with anger.

"Oh, no, my lord; it is only a coincidence, that's all; but the place is not far off. In fact, I believe it is nearer than cousin Lucy thought."

"Go on—go on," cried Lord Warleigh, restraining himself from the display of his unhappy temper. "What reason have you to think so?"

"The map of the county, my lord. Oakfield does not seem more than twenty miles off."

"And your uncle is buried there?"

"Yes, my lord. I think of going over to see the grave next week."

"I wish you good-morning, Mr. Benford," said Warleigh, suddenly, but very kindly. "You have told me a strange piece of family history. Good-morning, too, my little dear. What! you won't shake the old man's hand? You look frightened, Lucy. Will you come and see me again, Lucy Mainfield?" He dwelt upon the name as if it pleased him.

"No—never," said the little girl, and pushed Benford toward the door. "I don't like you, and will never come again."

Benford broke out into apologies, and a cold perspiration: "She's a naughty, little child, my lord. Dulcibel, how can you behave so? Children, my lord, are so very foolish—"

"That they speak truth even when it is disagreeable; but I expected it, and am not surprised. Good-day."

Soon after this a series of miracles occurred to Mr. Benford, which filled him with surprise. The manager of the bank at Warleigh called on him one day, and in the most respectful manner requested that he would continue to keep his account, as heretofore, with the firm. Now, the account of Mr. Benford was not such as would seem to justify such a request, seeing it consisted at that moment of a balance of eighteen pounds seven and fourpence. However, he bowed with the politeness which a curate always displays to a banker, and expressed his gracious intention of continuing his patronage to Messrs. Bulk and Looby, and the latter gentleman, after another courteous bow, retired, leaving the pass-book in the hands of the gratified clergyman. He opened it; and the first line that met his view was a credit to the Reverend Henry Benford, of the sum of twelve thousand six hundred pounds! On presenting the amazing document to the notice of his wife, that lady at first was indignant at those vulgar tradespeople, Bulk and Looby, venturing to play such a hoax on a friend of Lord Warleigh. This was now the designation by which her husband was most respectable in the eyes of his helpmate; and somewhat inclined to resent the supposed insult, Benford walked down to the bank and came to an explanation with both the partners in the private room. There could be no doubt of the fact. The money was paid in to his name, in London, and transmitted, in the ordinary course, to his country bankers. In fear and trembling—and merely to put his good luck to the test—he drew a check for a hundred and twenty pounds, which was immediately honored; and with these tangible witnesses to the truth of his banker's statement, he returned to the parsonage and poured the guineas in glittering array upon the drawing-room table. All attempts to discover the source of his riches

were unavailing. Messrs. Bulk and Looby had no knowledge on the subject, and their correspondents in town were equally unable to say.

Then, in a week after this astounding event, a new miracle happened, for Mr. Looby again presented himself at the rectory, and requested to know in whose names the money which had arrived that morning was to be held.

"More money!" said Mr. Benford; "Oh, put it up with the other; but really," added the ingenuous youth, "I don't think I require any more—"

"It isn't for you, Sir, this time," said Mr. Looby.

"I'm very glad to hear it," said Mr. Benford, and with perfect truth.

"It's for the children; and if you will have two trustees, the funds will be conveyed to them at once."

Benford named two friends; and then, quite in a careless, uninterested manner, said, "How much is it?"

"Twenty thousand pounds," replied Mr. Looby, "in the five per cents.—which are now at a hundred and two—say, twenty thousand four hundred pounds, if we sell at once. Our broker is Bochus of Crutched Friars."

Miss Dulcibel was an heiress, and Master Winnington an heir! The funds were to accumulate till they were eighteen and twenty-one respectively, with two hundred a year for the maintenance and education of each.

Then, in a fortnight more, came a gentleman whom Benford had never seen before—a little, fat, red-faced man, so choked up in a white neckcloth that it was evident he was determined to look like a clergyman or perish in the attempt. He introduced himself in a gracious manner, and said he was a clerical agent.

"More money?" inquired Benford, who now seldom saw any stranger without suspecting that he had just returned from paying large sums to his name at the bank.

"No, Sir, not money," replied the agent.

"Oh! that's odd," said Benford; "then, may I ask what your business is with me?"

"It is, perhaps, better than money," replied the little fat man, with a cough which was intended to represent a smile. "Sir Hildo Swilks of Somerset has heard of your great eloquence, Mr. Benford."

"Sir Hildo is very good," said Mr. Benford, modestly; "plain common sense is what I aim at—"

"The truest eloquence," rejoined the clerical agent; "the rest is nought but 'lather and umbrellas,' as Pope says. He has also heard of your kindness to the poor, your charity, and many other good qualities, and he has done himself the honor to present you to the valuable living of Swilkstone Magna; it is a clear income of eight hundred a year, with a good parsonage-house, and two packs of hounds within—but, perhaps, you don't hunt, Mr. Benford—ah! very right; it is very unclerical—the bishops ought to interfere. 'Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,' as Thomson says, or fox as I say."

"You have proofs, I suppose?" said Benford, thinking it just possible that the plethoric gentleman before him might be an impostor about to end with asking the loan of a pound.

"Here is the presentation, Sir, all ready, signed and sealed; you have nothing to do but go to Wells—his lordship will institute you any day you like."

The only other remarkable thing connected with this incident is, that about this time Sir Hildo Swilks paid off a mortgage of eight or nine thousand pounds, as if fortune had smiled on his benevolent action in favor of Mr. Benford.

But, in the mean time, all intercourse between the curate and the noble had ceased. The business of the parish was transacted by letter as before; and it was only when the rector of Swilkstone Magna thought it his duty to announce his approaching departure that he determined to go up to the Castle and wait on Lord Warleigh in person. Lord Warleigh was ill—he could see nobody—he kept his room; and the confidential gentleman, who dressed in plain black, and spoke in whispers, couldn't name any day when his lordship would be likely to admit Mr. Benford.

"Is he very unwell?" said the rector; "for if his lordship will not receive my visits as a neighbor, perhaps he will not object to seeing me in my professional character as a visitor of the sick."

"We dare not tell his lordship he is ill, Sir; your presence would alarm him too much; as it is, he is terribly out of spirits, and says curious things—he never was fond of clergymen."

"Mention my request to him if you have the opportunity. I don't wish to go without taking leave."

The man promised, though evidently with no expectation of being able to comply with the request, and Benford returned to communicate to his wife that the animosity of the great man continued.

"And all because poor little Dulcibella said she didn't like him. It was certainly very foolish in her to say so to a lord; but she knows no better."

"He can't bear malice for a mere infant's observations," said Benford. "But I have some strange suspicions about his lordship which I would not divulge for the world except to you. I fear his lordship drinks." He almost shuddered as he said the horrid word.

"Drinks!—a nobleman!"—exclaimed Mrs. Benford: "impossible!"

"I don't know," replied the rector of Swilkstone. "He looked very odd and talked in a queer way, and fell into passions about nothing. I am not sorry, I assure you, to be going away. I told you from the first I did not like him. His hand felt as cold as a sword."

"I never felt his hand," said Mrs. Benford, in so sad a voice that it was pretty clear she

regretted the circumstance very deeply. "But we shall probably be more intimate with that excellent man Sir Hildo. He is only a baronet to be sure, but his title is older than Lord Warleigh's. How good in him to give you the living merely from the good reports he heard of your character!"

It was now autumn. The middle of October was past, and an early winter was already beginning to be felt. The preparations for removal were completed, and on the following day the Parsonage was to be deserted, and possession of the new living entered upon. It was nine o'clock: the night was dark and windy; a feeble moon glimmered at intervals through the sky, and added to the gloom she could not disperse. Mrs. Benford retired to her room, as they had to rise early in the morning. Benford was sitting with his feet on the fender, looking into the fire, when he heard a knock at the front door. It was opened by the maid, and soon he perceived steps in the passage; a tap came to the door of the parlor.

"A gentleman to see you, Sir," and a figure entered the room. Benford looked round amazed. The stranger stood near the door, and fixed his eyes on Benford's. Wrapped up against the cold, but with the cloak now drooping on his shoulders; with his hat still on his head, and his hand resting on a long staff, stood Lord Warleigh, pale, ghastly, with lips distended, and uttering not a word.

"Your lordship!" exclaimed Benford, springing up. "What, in Heaven's name, has brought your lordship here, on this dreadful night, so ill as you are?"

"Speak low," said Lord Warleigh. "I've come to you—to see you again; to compare your features with— Help! set me down; my head grows giddy."

Benford helped him into a chair, drew it near the fire, and chafed his hand between his palms.

"Can you touch it without a shudder?" said Lord Warleigh. "Don't you feel that it is not like other people's hands?"

Conscience kept Benford silent; he ceased to rub the hand, and let it fall.

"There! again he interferes!" said the old man, in a broken voice. "I see him lifting your hand away."

"Who?" said Benford. "There's no one here."

"There is. There is some one here who has never left my side for fifty years. Nothing will soothe him, nothing will drive him away. At feasts he sits on my right hand; alone, he sits opposite and stares into my face. Now he smiles—how like you are!"

"Your lordship is very ill. Have you sent for Dr. Jones?"

"No—don't talk of doctors. I tell you they can do no good. I've come to you to-night. I couldn't bear the room I sat in—there were voices in it, and people all round me. He was there, and spoke to me of Aladdin's Palace and his salary as physician. Haven't I paid his fees to his relations? But that's not sufficient. Well, more—I will pay more. *He* shakes his head, and perhaps it is enough—"

"I do not know what your lordship alludes to, but I beg you to be composed."

"Listen!" said old Lord Warleigh. "It was not HIS body—it was a stranger; and the thought came into my head to call the sufferer him. It lulled suspicion. I saw his sister, his mother, his cousin. They all seemed to have found me out. When I touched their hands, they drew them away. I was a pariah—a leper. No one looked kindly on me. When I spoke of our engagement, she turned away her head. When I said that when I had three thousand a year I would claim her promise, she said to me, 'Arthur, if you had millions in your purse, I would not wed you now.' I saw Ellen. I told her of his fate. She was silent and looked into my eyes. I knew she saw my soul as it lay trembling, struggling, trying to hide itself under the shadow of that great fact. She pined and pined, and her father's heart broke; and I was rich—I was Sir Arthur Hayning—I was Lord Warleigh, and what am I now?"

"You are Lord Warleigh, my lord. I beseech you to be calm."

"But you won't ask me to go back to the Broombank—it was there I built the castle. The library is above the very spot where the plant grew with the metal in its roots. I won't go there, for to-night—to-night is the anniversary of the time. The lantern shone upon the heath; the pickax was plying in the hole; there was a heap of earth thrown out, and six, eight, ten feet down, the busy laborer was at work; the spade was on the heaped-up soil—I saw it flash in the light of the lantern as it flew into the air; its edge went down—I saw it fall. There was silence then and forever in the pit. I filled it up with my feet—with my hands. I leveled it on the top. I beat it down. I built great halls above it; but it won't stay quiet. Sounds come from it up into my library, night and day; and at ten o'clock I hear a step, I see a face, its eyes on mine; and to-night, the worst of all the year. I can not go home!"

"Your lordship is most welcome to remain. I will order a bed."

"No, not a bed. I shall never lie in a bed again. See, he rises! Give me your hand; and look!"

Lord Warleigh held Benford's hand, and looked to his right side. The fire was dull—the candles had burned nearly down. Benford was not a superstitious nor a timid man, but there was something in Lord Warleigh's manner that alarmed him. He looked where he pointed; and, straining his eyes in the direction of his finger, he saw, or fancied he saw, a pale white face, growing palpable in the darkness, and fixing its calm, cold eyes upon his companion. For a moment the empty air had gathered itself into form, and he could have persuaded himself that Lord Warleigh's descrip-

tion of what he perceived was true. But the hand fell away, the head drooped down upon his breast, and his lordship was asleep. An hour passed away. A clock in the passage sounded two; and Benford touched Lord Warleigh on the shoulder.

"Your lordship," he said, "you must find it cold here. Your bed will soon be ready."

But Lord Warleigh made no reply. Benford looked in his face; he spoke to him gently, loudly, but still no answering sign. No; not to the loudest trumpet-call that earthly breath can utter will that ear ever be open. Lord Warleigh had passed away, with all his wealth and all his miseries; and nothing remained but a poor old figure propped up in an arm-chair, with the fitful flames of an expiring fire throwing their lights and shadows on his stiff and motionless face.

Benford was greatly shocked, but a little honored, too. It isn't every parsonage parlor where a lord with fifty thousand a year condescends to die. He preached his lordship's funeral sermon to a vast congregation. He told of his charities—of his successful life; touched lightly on the slight aberrations of a mind enfeebled by years and honorable exertion; and trusted he had found peace, as he had died in the house, almost in the arms, of a clergyman. His lordship's estates were sold; the sum realized was to be applied to the foundation of schools and hospitals, but not a school-room or a ward was ever built. The will was contested. Heirs-at-law sprung up in all ranks of life; lawyers flourished; and finally Chancery swallowed up all. When the estate of Combe-Warleigh changed hands, the castle was converted into a mill; the library was taken down, and a shaft sank where it had stood. When the workmen had descended about eight feet from the surface, they came to a skeleton, a lantern, and a spade. The curious thing was that the spade was deeply imbedded in the skull. Mr. Fungus the antiquary read a paper at the Archæological Society, proving with certainty that the body had been sacrificed by the Druids; and a controversy arose between him and Dr. Toadstool, who clearly proved at the British Association that it was the grave of a suicide of the time of King Alfred. I am of a very different opinion; being a sensible man and not an antiquarian, I keep it to myself.

THE STORY OF KARS.

THE lion of the Eastern war has been Sebastopol; but it will be strange if a long period of time elapse before people see that neither in political importance nor in historic interest can the struggle in the Crimea vie with that at Kars. We have heard less about the latter because Kars is isolated; because there were no daily mails to announce the hopes or the despondency of the garrison; because the whole of Turkey in Asia is a comparatively unknown country; because Pelissier and Gortschakoff had their thousands where Mouravieff and Williams had hundreds. For all this, the fight of Sebastopol was decidedly less dramatic than that of Kars. Until the last moment, at the former place, it was all sledge-hammer work with heavy cannon; the only point of interest was whether a great ball or a ragged lump of shell would chance to hit this or that unconscious person, or so many hundred or thousand like unconscious persons, or not. At Kars it was a pictorial life-struggle from the beginning. It was with a thorough consciousness of their own weakness, and solely in reliance on the arrival of help, that the Kars garrison resisted; and the record, day after day, of their protracted hopes and their disappointments, of their haggard despair, and their angry surrender at last, is one of the most thrilling war-stories we have. Sebastopol, too, taken by the Allies, will be given back, and all will be forgotten; but whatever becomes of Kars, it will be no easy matter to build up once more—in the midst of an anti-Moslem population—a system which led to its most disastrous fall.

Thirty or forty years ago Kars was the stronghold of an independent Deribey, named Selim. He defied the Sultan, pillaged Persians, Kurds, and Georgians; led the life of a royal freebooter. At least a score of times the Sultan tried to subdue or make away with him. Open attacks Selim, in his castle, surrounded by a country without military roads, contemptuously defied; secret assassins he always detected and punished without mercy. After many years of struggles, the Sultan compromised matters by offering him the Pashalik of Kars. The net effect of the compromise was that Selim now sent an annual tribute to Constantinople. Otherwise he lived as before, robbed and levied tribute as he pleased; slept in armor, and allowed no one but his tried attendants to approach his person. At his death, one of his sons, a new man from Constantinople with a firman from the Sultan, and a descendant of an old Deribey named Kutchuk, were all rival candidates for the Pashalik. The man from Constantinople was quickly frightened into resigning and making his escape out of the country. Selim's son, Ahmed Pacha, then turned his attention to his remaining rival. Kutchuk scarcely ever stirred from his residence, and kept an armed band of faithful followers constantly on guard. After a time, however, this life of incessant watchfulness wearied him out, and he fled to Erzeroum.

Ahmed was not satisfied. Kutchuk was rich and respected; he might still harbor designs on the Pashalik, and find men at Erzeroum to execute them. Ahmed sent his brother to Erzeroum to solicit Kutchuk to return, promising him every guarantee for his safety. The wary chief was unmoved; his life had been threatened, he would not risk it again. To the reiterated representations of Ahmed, at last, was joined a written bond from the chief Armenian banker at Erzeroum, by which the latter became security for the Pasha, and on the strength of

this Kutchuk returned. The rest of the story is soon told. Kutchuk was invited to dinner by his rival: after the meal he was civilly informed, with expressions of sympathy, that the Sultan had ordered his arrest. Hurried off on a horse too lame to admit of any chance of escape, he was conveyed to a village a few miles distant, and lodged in the best room of the village; cushions and bedding were brought him for his comfort, and every attention was paid him by his escort. As usual with the Turks, he lay down on the cushions after dinner, and soon fell asleep. The moment he began to snore, the cavasses who accompanied him stole softly to his bedside, plucked the cushions from under him, and smothered him.

Ahmed has been succeeded by other Pashas, appointed by the Porte, all of whom grow rich in their office, while the province sinks lower and lower in poverty and vice year after year. The old systematic forays upon neighboring villages have ceased, but kidnapping is, or was, until lately, the chief occupation of the greater part of the male inhabitants. Kurds, Daghestanlis, Lazis, Karapapaks, and nearly all the other wild tribes which people the neck of land between the two seas, make a business of stealing each other's children for sale to the slave-traders. Some are more enterprising traders in this line than others; the Lazi are the most daring and successful, but each tribe does its little possible.

The Lazi slave-hunts used to be famous. When a razzia was resolved upon, the chief sent word to all the leading families of the tribe to rendezvous at a certain point. The gathering usually took place in winter, and at the full moon. When all was ready, and a sufficient force armed and provisioned, a descent was made upon a devoted village, every house broken open, fathers and brothers killed, and whatever resistance was encountered overpowered. Each hunter then seized and bound a young boy or girl, and hurried off with his prey to the mountains. Sometimes, when the winter was unusually severe, or any unforeseen accident happened, the stock of provisions would be exhausted before the slave-mart was reached; in this case the hunters starved themselves in preference to their prizes. A couple of days' hunger might make a considerable difference in the value of these; whereas a stout Lazi might deprive himself of a meal for several days without feeling it.

The Russians have done something to suppress this traffic; and now that the maritime powers have so large a stake in Turkey, they have dictated several firmans to the Sultan on the subject. But the kidnapping goes on nearly as briskly as usual; and to this day a Lazi is never seen without a coil of rope at his back, "to tie a Ghiaour when he is caught," as they say, though the religion of their captives is the last thing they think of.

The province of Erzeroum, with a fine soil, a wholesome climate, and a population about equal to Massachusetts (exact figures can not be given, for the Turks are too proud to allow a correct census to be taken), is a fine illustration of the effects of Turkish rule. In the vicinity of Kars fine forests are standing, large enough to supply timber to all the shipyards and carpenters in Turkey for many years; but the law forbids it to be cut. In many districts valuable mines have been opened. Fifteen hundred years ago these mines were considered so valuable that the Emperor Theodosius built Kars and Erzeroum to protect them. Now the mines are worked by Government; the peasants are forced to give their labor at a penny a day, and, lest they should starve, the farmers in the neighborhood are compelled to sell their corn much below its market value. In such dread of Government exaction do the people live, that when a corrupt official wants to make money, he will travel to a village, wander about in the neighborhood for a few days, and then announce that he has found a mine, congratulating the villagers on the promise of wealth from this new resource. A meeting of villagers is sure to be held directly, and a deputation is sent to the official to ask him how much he will take to say nothing about the mine; his price is paid, and the villagers rejoice at having escaped the development of their supposed mineral wealth.

The history of the coal mines, which have recently been opened near the ancient village of Heraclea on the Black Sea, is quite analogous. Twenty years ago, an English engineer discovered their value, raised a company to work them, and offered an enormous sum to the Sultan for the privilege of mining the coal. The Divan discussed the proposal, and decided at last that it was quite impossible that the company could afford to give so much for a mere mining right; there must be some political scheme at the bottom of the project; so the Englishmen were baffled, and a party of Belgian engineers hired by the Porte to examine the mines. The Belgians at once perceived their capacities and began to work them; but they met with such intolerable annoyances—the Government sometimes stopping the whole work for weeks together rather than vote twenty dollars for candles or tools—that they abandoned it in disgust. Shortly before the war it was resumed by an Englishman; and now the mines bid fair to supply the Black Sea and the Levant with coal.

Turkish navigation is on a par with Turkish industry. Trebizond ought to be a sea-port of the first class; it was once a flourishing city. For four hundred years, till quite recently, it has been a mere fishing village. Before the treaty of Adrianople, the Turks allowed no foreign consuls in their Black Sea dominions; when the Russians extorted from them permission to establish consulates at Trebizond and the other ports, good Mussulmans said that their glory had departed. They did what they could, however, to keep up their reputation. During winter, no Turkish vessel ventured out of port.

When, in 1831, an English ship sailed in December from Constantinople to Trebizond, the Turkish captains were overwhelmed. They called a council, and unanimously decided that the devil had prompted the Frank, and that be would be drowned on the way. As he was not drowned, but, on the contrary, made a profitable voyage, and returned safely with a shipload of goods and passengers, the captains met again to take counsel on so unparalleled an event.

"Praise be to God!" cried an ancient mariner, after much discussion, "I think I have got at the secret of the Frank's success: it is rum—they drink rum, and then they can do any thing. Mashallah! you don't know what rum is: let us drink rum and we shall beat these infidels."

"God forbid!" said another old tar; "wine is forbidden by the prophet of God—may God grant him peace and salvation! and by drinking it we should become eaters of swine even as the Franks—may God curse them!"

The ancient mariner replied that rum was not wine. This being satisfactorily proved by the evidence of a rum-dealer, a cask of the precious liquor was purchased, and a Turkish ship, freighted therewith, set sail in mid-winter. The day after they had sailed they were hailed by a Greek skipper, who found every soul on board dead drunk, and the ship quietly drifting ashore.

The existence of quarantines has doubtless injured the Armenian provinces very seriously. They were forced on the Turks by the ignorant prejudices of foreign nations, and now they afford too convenient berths for idle pashas to be abolished. In many places a fee satisfies the official, and the inconvenience is avoided; but where no fee is offered, or the authorities happen to be in a vigilant humor, travelers are shut up for ten days at a time, and any thing like an extensive trade is wholly out of the question.

The most successful merchants of the interior towns are the foreign consuls. Very few of these are natives of the country they represent; the American consuls are generally Levantine Jews. Armed with the authority of their Government, they are magnates scarcely inferior to the pashas; the more dreaded as very few of those who have to deal with them are rightly informed as to the extent of their power. A person of experience, after residing several years in Armenia, gave it as his opinion that a very short isolation in the interior drove any consul mad. They acquire all the vices of the pashas; and, having very little dread of punishment before their eyes, become the greatest tyrants in the Turkish dominions. Instances are not wanting in which British consuls have been among the best customers of the Lazi slave-hunters; and have even resorted to still less justifiable means of supplying the harem which they doubtless deferred to Eastern usage in adopting.

Their chief business is affording protection to Christians; who, notwithstanding all the firmans we have heard so much of, are still persecuted by the Turks whenever they have an opportunity. The recent cases of the two Mussulmans who were executed for becoming Christians, are fresh in every one's memory. It is not at all improbable that similar cases are much more frequent than is suspected in Christendom.

Notwithstanding the Sultan's firman, which discreetly ordered that the "information" (not the oath) of Christians should be received in courts of justice, their evidence is commonly rejected in the Pashalik of Erzeroum. Quite recently an Armenian was swindled by a Turk of a sum of money. The Armenian appealed to the Mehkémé; his adversary met him there, and swore on the Koran that he had not received value for the money. The Court refused to take the evidence of the Armenian or his witnesses, as they were not followers of the Prophet. Happily for him there happened to arrive at the place, shortly afterward, a British officer, whose ire was roused by his story. He begged the Pasha to summon the Mehkémé, as he had a communication to make to them. When they met the Englishman appeared, and after taking coffee, and smoking as usual, he asked the Mollah—a sleek, clean-looking man, with an immaculate turban, and a sanctified appearance—whether he had not been appointed to administer justice to the Sultan's poor subjects? The Mollah, in a nervous way, said he believed he had. "Then," said the Englishman, turning fiercely upon him, "how dare you oppress these people because they are Christians? How dare you rob and plunder them when the nations of their faith are pouring out their blood in your service?" Continuing in this strain, while the members of the council cowered and lied at every pause in the Englishman's speech, he called in the Armenian, made him give his evidence, and did not leave the council till he had been paid his money, and the Pasha had solemnly ordered that the Turk should "eat stick."

The Protestant world was violently agitated some time since by the indignities offered to Protestant funerals by the Government of Spain. But what shall be said of Asiatic Turkey, where Christians are begrudged any burial at all, and their bodies are only allowed to be laid under the sod when their relations have obtained from the Cadi a permit, which is couched in the following terms?

"We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrefied, stinking carcass of Saideh, damned this day, may be concealed underground.

"El Said Mehemet Faizi.

"A. H. 1271. *Rejib* 11, *March* 29, 1855."

This certificate is given by Dr. Sandwith in his interesting book on the Siege of Kars; a work upon which we are drawing largely for information.

Such being the treatment of the Christians in Turkey, it is not at all surprising that they were to a man in favor of Russia in the war.

Every Armenian prayed for the success of Mouravieff. Many who were in the Turkish army took the first opportunity of deserting to the Russians, and giving them information against their own countrymen. Not that they lacked patriotism. One is quite affected by the account of the interview between General Williams and the Christians of Kars. Williams appealed to them to aid in the defense of the place, and promised them perfect equality of rights with the Mussulmans. The aged archbishop started up and cried, with tears, "Oh! English Pasha, we are your sacrifice. We will work, dig, fight, and die for you; since we are no longer dogs, no longer Ghiaours, but, though Christians, fellow-citizens and free men." And most faithfully did they fulfill their promise. But still, as between the Turk and the Muscovite, every Christian in Turkey is on the side of the latter; nor indeed, being sane, could he prove otherwise.

According to all accounts the prime cause of the decay of Erzeroum, and all the other Turkish provinces both in Asia and Europe, is the systematic dishonesty which pervades every branch of the Turkish service. From his first start in life to his greatest elevation the official Turk lives, moves, and has his being by corruption. Lying and cheating are the only accomplishments he ever learns; they are all he needs. He begins by being the favorite—often the slave—of some Pasha high in authority; from him he gets an office or a rank in the army or navy. From thence he buys every step. There are Jew usurers at Constantinople who control more pashaliks than any member of the Divan. It is usual to use the word intrigue to designate the system by which patronage is distributed at Constantinople; but it is far too mild for the reality. The extent to which the buying and selling of rank and power—and, as a necessary consequence, peculation and extortion—are carried on at Constantinople, is without parallel even in the history of the Roman or Greek empires, and may fairly surpass the belief of Americans.

Recent experience has furnished a few striking examples.

In January, 1854, Ahmed Pacha, only known to fame as having been severely beaten by the Russians in a skirmish at Akiska, was appointed Mushir, or commander-in-chief, of the army of Kars. He had, of course, bought his appointment. When he arrived at Kars he found some 35,000 men under arms. His first, his only thought was how to plunder them. Huts were wanted; he got the money for them, and stuffed the men into the burrows and underground hovels of Kars, which were soon so crowded that a pestilence broke out. Warm clothing was furnished, or money to procure it; Ahmed sold what clothing came, pocketed the money, and let the army go about in rags. Ample funds were supplied for the commissariat; the soldiers absolutely starved, and the invalids who went to hospital were so reduced, and their vital powers so enfeebled, that gangrene set in before death. Before spring twenty thousand men died, and the dogs and wolves devoured their corpses. Ahmed was recalled. On his road home, in defiling through a narrow pass, one of his baggage mules slipped and fell, smashing the packages it bore, and out among the rocks rolled gold and silver pieces by the hundred.

When Kars was taken, the cry of the Turks was, "May God punish the Pashas!" A righteous cry. There is no reason to suppose that Ahmed was an exception. The entire military department was banded together in a brotherhood of fraud. General Williams found the bread furnished to the troops wholly uneatable. First the flour had been mixed with artificial substances to increase its weight and bulk. Then the bread itself was only half-baked, in order to weigh more and to save fuel. He found regiments counting, on paper, nine hundred men—for all of whom rations were drawn—when the whole actual force did not exceed five hundred. Other foreign officers, less experienced, were taken to reviews of troops, several thousand men at a time, whose fine stalwart forms and healthy look made an exceedingly favorable impression: they did not discover till long afterward that three-fourths of the men reviewed had been hired *by the day to be reviewed* by the Pashas. The real soldiers had not received a cent of pay for twenty-four months.

Dr. Sandwith tells a story which throws light on the Turkish system. Riding to Erzeroum, he discovered, quite accidentally, that a French officer had been robbed and murdered only a few hours before at a village where he stopped. His first act on arriving at Erzeroum was to acquaint the French consul, who called forthwith on the Pasha, and, after the indispensable coffee-pipes and compliments, narrated the case.

"Vai, vai!" exclaims the Pasha; "these sons of dogs are heaping dirt on my beard; but, Inshallah! I will burn their fathers and mothers; I will bring them to confusion. Leave it to me, Consolos Bey; I am responsible."

The Consul, not liking the security, insists on prosecuting the matter in person; and after long entreaties, and plain threats, extorts from the Pasha an armed force with which he sets out to the scene of the murder. There he finds that the murderer was one Kara Mahmoud, a notorious Lazi chief, who had exercised the calling of a bandit for years without interference from the pashas. Kara Mahmoud has allies in high station, Ali Pasha and Ali Bey, in whose houses he has slept since the murder: the Consul sends for them, and, finding them clearly implicated, arrests them. A Turkish officer, the Mudir of Isspir, comes to his assistance with a band of Bashi-bazouks; they scour the country, storm a village or two—every one seems to take the part of the bandit, just as we have seen in Ireland—recover the dead man's horses and a part of his baggage, but do not

find the murderer. After a long chase the Consul returns to Erzeroum, and lays the whole case before the Pasha. He tells him that Ali Pasha and Ali Bey were at least accomplices after the fact, and proves it; he mentions that the Mudir of Ispir had given him timely aid; and he suggests, as the least the Turkish Government can do, that the former be removed from their offices and the latter promoted.

"Hai, hai!" says the old Pasha; "Inshallah! I will make the rascals eat dirt; by the holy Prophet I will! Fear not, Consolos Bey, I will leave nothing undone."

A few weeks afterward the Consul learns that his friend the Mudir has been dismissed, and Ali Bey appointed to his office.

Cowardice seems as natural to the Pashas as dishonesty. It is well known that there are no braver troops in the world than the Turks; but such poltroons as their officers it would be difficult to find out of Turkey. Many readers will doubtless remember the description given by the *Times* correspondent of the Battle of Kurekdere, where some 18,000 Russians defeated 40,000 Turks. The Turkish commander—Zarif Pasha, who had been a barber's apprentice, and had learned his strategy in the commissariat service—once got within range. A shell burst over his head. With a face white as chalk he leaped up in his saddle, screamed "Allah!" dug his spurs into his horse, and never stopped till he was far out of range. Nor was he an exception. A Hungarian, who was sent, early in the action, to the rear to bring up ammunition, was strangely surprised to find nearly every field-officer busy about the baggage. In fact, one hour after the battle had begun, there was not a general, colonel, or major of the infantry or cavalry on the field.

Of course Zarif lied. The Bashi-bazouks at Kars had a handsome Russian tent, which they called the "Two Thousand Tent." Once, it seems, while a small band of them were doing outpost duty, they watched a Russian convoy wind over the hills, two wagons lagging far behind the others; and choosing their time, they fell suddenly on these two, and, the Russians running away, captured them. In one of these wagons was a tent, which the general gave to the Bashi-bazouks as their share of the plunder. Zarif Pasha immediately sat down and wrote a dispatch to the government, announcing a complete victory over the Russian army, and the capture of two thousand tents. The dispatch was duly published in the *Jeredé Havadiss*, the Turkish official paper; and, in course of time, reached the Bashi-bazouks, who, in compliment to the inventive genius of their leader, gave to their tent the name of the Two Thousand Tent.

It was very fortunate—both for the reputation of the Turks and for the renown of Mouravieff—that the commander at Kars when the Russians crossed the frontier was Williams, and not men of the stamp of Zarif. The name of the former, who is not the only native American who has earned fame during the war, now belongs to history—every body knows him. It was in June last he arrived at Kars; found there some 15,000 half-famished, discontented troops, a swarm of pilfering imbecile Pashas, and three days' stock of ammunition. He had no cavalry, and but a small quantity of provisions. In front of him were the Russians, in great force and perfect condition, under one of the ablest generals Russia has ever produced: their intention was no secret. Twenty-eight years before Paskiewitch had contrived the plan of operations which Mouravieff was carrying out. Kars had been fortified by Colonel Lake, with some skill but in great haste; huts had been erected for the men, to save them from the danger of inhabiting the burrows in the side of the hill in which the natives mostly live. The townsmen were in good spirit, however. One of them, an old man, frankly accosts the English general with an "Inshallah, we will bring scores of Ghiaours' heads and lay them at your feet, Veeliams Pasha." The old man is discomfited by the commander's stern rebuke, and promises to spare the wounded and killed, since Veeliams Pasha has scruples on the point, but will take no pay for his services, as he and his friends "are Karslis, and fight for their religion and their harems."

A few days after the arrival of the English Commissioner, Colonel Lake and a party who have taken a ride over the hills with the Bashi-bazouks, have a hard run for it. A dark group of Cossacks winds round just in sight of them; they hardly notice it, till all at once the Bashi-bazouks set up a wild chattering, and put their horses to the gallop. The Cossacks are upon them, dealing desperate blows with sabre and lance, and not a few of the party remain on the ground. As the survivors regain the cover of the works, the Bashi-bazouks turn round fiercely and fire their pistols at the Cossacks, who are about a thousand yards off.

Just as the Russians are about to commence, the siege, trouble arises. The Governor of Kars has discovered that Williams is a Ghiaour, and that no good Mussulman should obey him. Happily Williams hears the story; sends for the Pasha, and tells him his mind. The Pasha splutters out a few lies and runs away.

No one at Kars ever expected it to hold out in presence of Mouravieff's army. The only aim of the gallant defenders was to make a stand till relief should come. Dispatches were sent off weekly, almost daily, to Constantinople and to every other point where there was an officer in authority, praying for assistance. It is understood—though not officially—that General Williams wrote sixty letters to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, not one of which was ever answered. So June, July, August, and a part of September passed, the Russians drawing closer and closer round the place, the garrison slowly consuming their provisions; and, men's hearts breaking from deferred hope. One day news comes that a large reinforcement is

marching from Erzeroum. The next it is said that Omer Pasha has landed at Batoom. Time disproves all these stories, and after each disappointment the spirits of the troops sink.

At last, on the twenty-ninth September, at four o'clock in the morning, General Kmety, with his ear on the ground, recognizes the rumbling of artillery wheels and the tramp of infantry. Soon the outposts come in with the ominous whisper—The infidel is coming! A dark mass is visible in the valley moving slowly upward; a gun is fired— But we will not attempt to describe that memorable contest—already told by so many eloquent pens—the frantic and repeated charges of the Russians to the very muzzles of the guns; the intrepid coolness of Williams; the shining valor of Kmety with his light infantry; the unerring practice of Teesdale and the gunners: all this—the whole scene—is already famous, and it were a folly to attempt to mar the impression which the British newspaper correspondent's letters, copied as they have been by our own journals, have left on every memory. Suffice it to say, that after a fierce contest, which lasted from before daylight till past noon, the Russians retreated, having lost several thousand men. Turks, drunk with exultation, dance among the heaps of dead and dying; and the night, chill and cold, closes in before half the wounded are removed from the place where they fell.

Then the close siege begins again. The Russians remain quiet in their camp: Mouravieff politely sends in to the city, under a flag of truce, a bag of letters which he has intercepted, and of course opened, as in duty bound. Nor are the besieged less civil. The best houses in Kars are given to the wounded Russian officers; and when one poor fellow, half of whose face has been shot away by a grape-shot, bemoans himself, and regrets beyond measure the loss of a ring bearing the name of Eloise, instant search is made for it; it is found in the possession of a soldier and restored to its owner, who dies pressing it to his lips.

One week after the battle cholera begins to be severe in the city. Forty deaths in the hospital in twenty-four hours. Simultaneously with this visitation the stock of animal food is exhausted, and each man is put upon a daily allowance of 100 drachms of bread, and a weak soup made of flour and wheat. Rumors of aid continue to come in, and loud prayers for Omer Pasha are offered up at every bivouac fire.

Another week passes and the diet begins to tell on the troops. Some avaricious soldiers are induced, by the enormous prices of bread, to sell their rations; they soon find their way into hospital. Roots of grass are eaten eagerly by the townspeople. Round the lines the wild dogs have grown fat and sleek on the corpses, and a swarm of vultures never wanders far off.

Another week, and the glorious news arrives that Selim Pasha has landed at Trebizond with a fine, well-appointed army. He will march for Kars at once, of course. Meanwhile the hospital fills up, and as the hospital stores were supplied on the regular Turkish plan, it happens that the whole stock of a Constantinople perfumer was put into the medicine-chest—Croton oil and perfumes, by the gallon, but nothing else—there is nothing that will answer as a stimulus, which is what the men need.

More good news. The Russians are retreating, it is said. On the strength of the relief produced by this announcement, the ration of bread is reduced to eighty-six drachms per day.

November arrives, and no Selim Pasha or Omer Pasha either; and the Russians are still there. The physicians report that "an unusual number of soldiers are dying of starvation in hospital. The emaciation is wonderful, yet in most cases no diarrhea or other symptom of disease is observable. Their voices are excessively feeble, a clammy, cold perspiration pervades the body, and they die without a struggle." The surviving horses are killed to make soup.

As the cold increases, the men's sufferings increase in proportion. The sentries, benumbed and motionless, have just strength to cry "Long live the Sultan!" They are men who die, but never lose their loyalty. Another dispatch arrives, announcing the arrival of Selim Pasha within three days; but the three days pass, and no troops are in sight but the Russians. The suffering of the townspeople from hunger is intense. People lie down crying at corners of streets, and some die there. The soldiers stand sentry over the provisions, and though they can hardly stand from exhaustion, there is no instance of a soldier touching a biscuit.

As November advances the famine grows intolerable. Mothers, with gaunt faces, throw their famished children at the feet of Williams, saying, "There, take them, we can feed them no longer!" There is only seven days' provision left.

At last, on the 22d November, a dispatch arrives from an English officer with Selim Pasha to say that he, being a Turkish Pasha, will not advance. There is no hope for the Kars army but in themselves. Williams at once rides over to Mouravieff to arrange a capitulation.

The terms are known to every one. All Christendom is praising the generosity of the gallant Russian, who, when his secretary wrote, "the officers and soldiers of the regular army shall surrender themselves prisoners of war—" exclaimed, "Write here, that in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords as a mark of respect."

When Williams returned to the town and announced to the garrison that the place had capitulated, the Turkish soldiers, staggering from famine, dashed their muskets against the rocks, exclaiming, "Thus perish our Pashas, and the curse of God be with them! May their mothers be outraged!" Gray-bearded men sobbed aloud, and wished they had never been born, rather

than see the infidel come, and the arms of the faithful fall from their hands.

When Williams left Kars, the people crowded around him, praying blessings on his head, and begging leave to go with him. He replied that he was a prisoner, and must obey orders.

The crowd watched him go, and an old man, gazing after him, exclaimed sententiously as Williams disappeared, "*Veeliams Pasha chock adam dir!*"—Pasha Williams is no end of a man!

THE SENSES.

V.—SIGHT.

THE fairest landscape and the noblest seaview change their beauty alike with the brighter or dimmer light that illumines them in the day, and weaves strange spells over them during the twilight. When the pale rays of the moon break fitfully through dark clouds, even the most familiar scene assumes a new character; mountains loom up to unwonted heights, and buildings tower in gigantic grandeur. The early dawn reveals the fairy mists that hang in fantastic festoons over valley and hillside, following here in broad silvery bands the fanciful course of a stream, and creeping there with stealthy steps, from crag to crag, up to the mountain's summit. The landscape has changed once more; the very landmarks seem to have been removed; the streams are broader, the fields are wider, and all distances greater.

What light is in the landscape, that is the eye in the face of man. His look—the glance of his eye—is the first feature we mark in a new acquaintance, and as we become engaged and interested in our friend, we turn to it again and again, hoping, not without reason, there to read more clearly than any where else his soul's outward writing. For we feel, often unconsciously, that long ere the sound of his voice had reached our ear, long ere the words that fell from his lips can have bribed our judgment, his eye had been the beacon that led us to the still, dark waters within, where his mind dwells in silent seclusion. As the bright rays of the sun may throw floods of golden light over a dreary landscape and lend it a beauty—nay, a splendor we had never hoped for—so the eye of man also can ennoble the least attractive of features. Its glance of wrath is a flashing light, that rends from time to time the dark, silent clouds over which the thunder rolls in subdued fury, only to leave them again in deep and unfathomable darkness. The last look of the dying man is like the last ray of the setting sun, that glides gently in its farewell kiss over the world it is soon to leave—not to sink into the dark night of an eternal grave, as poor pagan Antiquity feared, but to rise brighter anew in another and a better world.

Two-fold, therefore, are the high and noble duties of our eye; it receives the finest impressions from the outer world, of which we can ever become conscious, and it gives back to the world the finest impressions from our innermost soul.

From without, it receives the ever-changing, ever-restless life of Light and Color; it measures the boundless limits of space, it guages the form and the shape of all that was made by the Lord, and reads there the signs of Man and of God. And how simple, how wondrous this almost magic power! With a tiny lens, set deep in the head, we overlook the vast house of our Father in heaven, and the great globe to which he has sent us. The whole unmeasured extent, with all its countless details, are in an instant reflected within the narrow opening of our eye! With one glance we comprehend the sublime realm of the starry host, and drink in the light of suns uncounted. But what we are so apt to forget is the now well-established fact, that the power of the eye is itself not unbounded. We can but see a plane; the eye never conveys to the mind an idea of distance or elevation. Other handmaidens of the mind must lend the sense of sight their assistance, and Touch, above all, is ever in requisition. Distances especially we learn but slowly and painfully to estimate—in fact, only to guess—by long-continued practice. The child stretches its tiny hand as confidently to the moon as if she were within reach, and the blind man whom our Saviour healed, saw "men as trees walking." The pleasure we derive from a well-painted diorama rests simply upon this inability of our eye to measure distances, where we are without means to compare novel objects with those that are more familiar. It is almost impossible to determine the distance of a bright light in a dark landscape, or on the wide ocean. Even the experienced eye is liable to be sadly deceived in regions where the usual objects are wanting that serve us as standards for a comparison. We know, in a general way, the size of a tree or a house, and thus we determine the distances in a landscape. But when we ascend lofty mountains, where the familiar pine-tree reaches but the height of perhaps twenty feet, the most massive rocks and mighty glaciers appear at first sight but small and diminutive, because we compare them, unconsciously, with the well-known trees. Who has not at times thought a midge, dancing up and down before his eye, to be a large bird high up in the air; or a church steeple afar off, a pole in a neighboring garden? Even the more acute eye of men whose life may depend on their accurate sight measures distances but by experience. The Alpine huntsman knows that the chamois is not within reach of his rifle until he can clearly distinguish both of her eyes. The riflemen of our army also learn very soon that at certain distances the buttons of their enemies' uniform are no more seen; then the pompon, and at last the epaulets on the officers' shoulders. The image reflected on our eye is not a bodily, substantial picture, but only a level surface, which our intellectual eye—the mind—must painfully learn to enliven. As distances can not be measured except by comparison—a strictly mental process—so elevation or de-

pression also are only revealed to our sight by their shadows, and where these are too slight or entirely wanting, the eye can but give us an outline.

But there is light *in* the eye also, that has its wondrous effects and a power as yet undefined. Long ago Empedocles, the Eleate, sang with almost prophetic knowledge:

"As when a man, bent on travel, kindles his torch,
A ray of blazing fire in the stormy darkness of night;
He places it in his lantern, protected from wind and from weather,
So that against the clear sides the furious tempest is broken.
Out pours the light now and shines far into the distance,
Brightly illumines the path with unquenchable rays.
Thus also, burning in lamps of fine membrane, an unchanging fire,
Tenderly veiled, shines forth from the well-rounded eye,
Carefully walled in around by deep and crystalline waters;
Out pours the light and shines far into the distance."

Thus the eye sends out, from within, the thousand delicate changes that are ever agitating man's inner life—the noblest enthusiasm, base thoughts, or the half-smouldered glare of hidden passions. In one man it shines in the soft twilight of gentle but faithful hope; in another it flashes with lightning's speed, as high thoughts arise of a sudden, and lofty resolves are formed. Now and then only it glows with the clear, steady light of a God-loving heart and a well-balanced, high-toned mind. By the same mysterious power the eye rules in solemn silence over the masses; it punishes and comforts, it curses and blesses.

We move the eye and it measures, by a glance, the vast space around us in all directions; we move it again, and it speaks our will, uttering words not heard, and yet fraught with soothing comfort or withering scorn. The thoughtful eye drinks in the light and the radiance of the world, not for its own pleasure only, but to please its great master, the mind, within, by the varied play of nature's bright colors, and to awaken a host of sensations in our heart. It pours back again light and radiance upon the world that gave them—now bright and brilliant from wide-open orbs, now softened and subdued by the shadow of a contracted brow and drooping eyelids, thus to reflect, unwittingly or upon purpose, the changing life of the soul.

Unlike the ear, therefore, the eye is not content merely with receiving gifts from without to awaken thoughts and sensations; but it has, moreover, the power to make known what passes in the sanctuary of our mind, its finest and most fleeting impressions. It speaks, and oh, with what eloquence! when thoughts seek in vain for words, and subtle feelings can find no other expression.

The inner life of the eye, also, so little known to the general observer, has two distinct and peculiar functions. These consist in its power to receive impressions of light from without, and in its marvelous unfettered motion. The first is familiar to all, the latter is hardly ever observed in its true and essential import. Freely suspended in a well-rounded cavity, which is open in front, the eye can be turned with its axis in all directions. A number of powerful muscles, which are fastened to its circumference, obey with the speed of lightning our conscious will or an imperceptible impulse. By this admirable mechanism, the marvel even of the anatomist, we are enabled to unite the sensations of both eyes into one, to let our looks roam freely from point to point, and to lessen the effect of bright light, or to increase its power upon the eye by enlarging or contracting the pupil. This power to move so freely, so wholly unfettered, is a source of unceasing enjoyment. We move the eye, simply because the movement affords us pleasure; we enjoy it, as we follow the outlines of material objects and call them the more beautiful, the more symmetrical and pleasing the movements of our eyes are while they are tracing their profile. Thus our kind mother, Nature, has given us a standard of beauty that never fails, in the shape of the instrument itself, by which we behold it; all the laws and rules that art professes to teach, and by which the beauty of form is described, are, after all, but based upon the unconscious impressions produced on the mind by the motion of our eyes!

But the free and harmonious movements of this organ do not merely acquaint us with various forms—the beauty of colors, their happy blending, their changes from lighter to deeper shades, all lie, in like manner, in us and not without us. It is not a passing whim of fancy or of prevailing fashion among men that determines their countless variety, but the same mysterious source of life in the eye that rules also over the beauty of forms. Wearied and worn out by seeing, for a time, but one and the the same color, the eye itself calls forth others that are not without but within us. The restless activity of the eye thus comprises within its own tiny chamber the whole endless scale from bright light to utter darkness, and the whole long list of the colors of the rainbow. Even the man that never beheld the sweet light of day, though born blind, has the same power. The gates of light only are closed, but the nerve that perceives it in truth is still there. He sees not the golden rays of the sun, the soft light of the stars, or the pale, hazy sheen of the moon; he sees not the bright colors of the butterfly as he wings his way over the gay carpet of meadows, nor the last glow of the evening light, when shadows silent and solemn cover the earth, and night sinks upon the peaceful fields. But he does see light, and darkness, and color, in the gay images of his fancy. Within the closed chambers of his mind the same marvelous play of bright-colored conceptions is ever rejoicing his imagination. The faint, feeble impressions which the blind man receives by the aid of Touch, fringe his ever-closed eye with its own light and its own colors, which the sense itself

could not borrow from outward objects. In this respect he lacks nothing. The difference is only this, that he who sees beholds light and color apparently attached to the objects around him; the blind man perceives them in the images of his fancy alone. Hence, also, the now well-known fact, that not all men are endowed alike with the power of enjoying the ever-varying change of colors. For the one, red does not exist; the other sees no blue or no purple. Recent researches have made us acquainted with the astounding result, that not only a few individual men like John Dalton, M. Sismondi, and Dugald Stewart, were thus color-blind, but that probably in one out of every fifty persons the sense of sight is defective. The inability extends mostly to red and green only, but many are equally unable to distinguish other colors. Nor is it less strange, that comparatively few women are found to be color-blind—a fact ascribed by some writers to a more careful cultivation of the sense of color in women; by others, to a more anxious concealment of the defect wherever it may be existing.

When the natural power of the eye is not so impaired, it affords us a source of the highest enjoyment. Even the simple play of light around us is pleasing beyond all other gratification afforded us by our senses. Like the other organs of our wonderful body, the eye also needs, when not completely at rest in sleep, an ever-continued activity. The arm loses its power when long borne in a sling, and the eye becomes dim and blind if long excluded from light. It seeks light with intense eagerness. The tender plant does not turn its young leaves more longingly toward the sweet light of day. When we are in utter darkness how restlessly, how painfully does not the eye wander to and fro in anxious search of a faint ray of light! With what inexpressible pleasure it greets the first star it discerns in the dark sky! The wanderer who at night sees here and there, by the wayside, a cheerful ray peep from door or window, feels no longer alone and abandoned. The pleasure we derive from fire-works rests upon the unceasing desire of the eye for light in the midst of darkness. From an over-abundance of dazzling light it shrinks with pain, but over a well-lighted landscape it glides with ever-renewed enjoyment. It watches the golden rays of a summer sun as they fall, merrily twinkling, upon the restless leaves of the forest, leap from twig to twig, chase each other down the rugged bark of the trunk, and at last gild with brightening touch here a tiny, tender moss, and there a gaunt, grim rock. Nor are the charms of a moonlit night less attractive to the observant eye when her faint, fairy shimmer lifts lofty trees and quaint gables high above the whitish gossamer light she has shed over the plain, when floods of molten silver flow together with the silent waters of a lake, or spread like a ghastly pall over a silent snow-field.

Thus here also our great Father in heaven has made the noblest of senses an ever-welling spring of joy; and as the sufferer on the sick bed drinks in with the morning light new hopes and new vigor, so all nature greets, day after day and age after age, the rising sun with an anthem of joy and thanksgiving.

The pleasure derived from colors is both more intense and more varied; it appeals not only to the senses, but even to deeper emotions. It is familiar to all that colors have a surprising effect on the lifeless parts of creation—on stones and on plants; but they affect in a much higher degree the great animal kingdom. Few animals are without their favorite color; many are strangely impressed with fear or with awe by one or the other. Red seems to exert the most powerful influence of this kind: it excites them, it irritates them, and often produces blind fury and uncontrollable madness. Turkeys are at first intimidated by red, and gradually only gather an unwonted courage, with which they express their objection. The use of small red flags in the bull-fights of Spain rests upon the same antipathy, for our horned cattle are extremely sensitive with regard to red; and in the plains of Podolia, or on the sweet meadows of the Swiss Alps, it is actually dangerous to approach grazing herds with a garment or even a handkerchief dyed in bright red. Red cows are themselves not rarely exposed to furious persecution by their intolerant sisters, who hate and despise them. Cranes are said to be equally unwilling to let any thing black approach them, but their anger is not unmingled with terror.

Even proud man is not quite exempted from such vague and mysterious effects produced by some colors. The ancients observed it, and fabled much of the wondrous influence that the colors of certain stones could have on the human soul. The violet amethyst was to them a cause of dark melancholy; while the warm glow of the ruby, and the brilliancy of the diamond, inflamed the warrior's courage to greater daring. The soothing effect of green, so grateful to the suffering eye, led them to ascribe to the soft beauty of the emerald the power to still the fiercest passions. Who among us is insensible to the pleasing impression produced by the green of meadows, or the quiet and peaceful enjoyment we derive from pure white, or the instinctive sensitiveness with which we shrink from glaring scarlet or dazzling yellow?

This close and mysterious connection of colors with the emotions of our soul is an additional proof that they exist not in external nature, but are only created by the nerves of the eye, and their strange, unexplained effect on the mind. Where there is no eye, there is neither light nor color. The causes of both, it is true, exist in nature, and are originally almost the same, but only when they touch the organs of our sense of sight they become, to our perception, light and color. Until they reach the retina—that marvel of marvels in our body—they are simply most delicate waves of that invisible ether that dwells far and near, in the

giant sun and in the tiny atom. These waves move in prescribed lines, and with varying swiftness. Slower waves of another kind reach the ear, and there become sound. The ear has, however, its compensation in this, that we can hear nearly ten octaves, while we can see but a single one. The waves of light travel with a rapidity of which numbers convey no adequate idea to our mind. Suffice it to say that the whole difference of colors, like that of sounds, rests solely on the greater or lesser rapidity of these waves. What we call red, is the effect produced by waves that vibrate 458 billion times in the second; if they reach 727 billions they produce violet. Between these two shades lie all the other varieties of color, together with over six hundred lines of dark shadow!

Not in rapidity only, but in temperature also have colors been found to differ, and man has measured their warmth with marvelous ingenuity and great precision. Blue rays are the coldest of all—a little over sixty-four degrees—the green are warmer, the red reach up to ninety degrees, and there are others even hotter, but they can not be seen.

Sight, therefore, requires that there should be both an external cause, found in the vibrations of the ether, and a nerve that is susceptible of such impressions. Only one single nerve in the whole wonderful structure of the body of man can serve for the purpose—the retina. No optical instrument, not the most perfect eye made by art can avail us where this tiny, but indispensable instrument is not to be found, as in incurable cataract. Here lie the nerves of the eye, and here we see. For light affects even plants: all of them turn, more or less, their leaves and blossoms toward the sun, and in darkness remain pale and sickly. But this is not sight; in order to see, they would at least require nerves. It would, however, be an equal error to suppose that the nerves, by themselves, perceive light in the manner which we call seeing. A common impression prevails among men that they are exquisitely sensitive. So far from that, they are utterly without feeling. We may touch, we may pinch and irritate the nerve of sight as we choose, and it shows no reaction. The great surgeon, Magendie, in performing a difficult operation upon the eye of a woman, once pushed his sharp needle far down to the very bottom of the eyeball, and touched the nervous surface of that delicate organ. The pupils around him were amazed, but the patient moved not; and when asked about her supposed suffering, she simply replied, "It hurt not at all!" The only impression produced by such a mechanical contact with the nerve of sight is a flash of light, vague and indistinct, but no doubt in this instance most grateful to one who had been blind for a lifetime. To light, however, the retina is of exquisite sensitiveness, and even manifests its gradual decay by splendid colors and flames; by bright, brilliant images, that mock, as it were, the approaching death of the eye, conjuring up once more all its magic powers and marvelous beauties, before it is wrapt in eternal night.

Upon this tender membrane, carefully secured in the innermost recesses of the house of the eye, light paints with unceasing activity image after image. The retina thus answers all the purposes of the photographic sensitive silver plate; the pictures of all that surrounds us are reflected and engraven there in an instant, and pass away again, to make room for others. But if we fix our eye for a time upon a strongly-illumined object, we shall long retain the impression on our eye, though we turn it away, and try with an effort to seize other images. The photography deeply marked on the retina can then not so easily be effaced, and only gradually fades away from the beautiful mirror. An overwhelming flood of light is absolutely fatal. The unfortunate astronomer who forgot to place the dark glass before the ocular of his telescope, and then looked at the sun, paid with the loss of his eyesight for his momentary want of precaution.

If such are the marvelous powers of the eye in connection with what it beholds in the outer world, its own importance in the human face is not less striking, and the beautiful symmetry of all its parts surprises us even in that body that is so "fearfully and wonderfully made." The size of the whole organ, as it presents itself in the countenance, is, of course, not subject to general rules, its true beauty depending upon its harmony with the surrounding features. It must not be too large, for that is a characteristic of animals: in birds of prey the eye is larger than the whole brain, and in most of the larger mammalia it exceeds by far the proportion of the human eye. In man, therefore, very large and prominent eyes are but too apt to remind us, unconsciously though it be, of lower beings; they convey to us the idea of brutal strength and physical energy, but not of the superiority of the intellect. Nor is the other extreme more favorable in its expression; only very few animals have their vision so stinted that the eyes lie half-hidden in their small caverns, as in the mole, and then it is because they are not allowed to behold the sweet light of heaven. To the human face they are apt to give a meagre and not unfrequently painful expression; it looks as if the bright light of the soul could not break forth in its fullness from the dark prison in which it is held captive. Still there are instances known of lofty minds and high-toned tempers that shone forth with flashing light from tiny orbs, glowing in radiant light under the dark shadow of heavy, overhanging brows.

The peculiar effect produced by the size of the pupil depends on the relation its round outline bears to the white part of the eye. The nerves that obey its commands cover all the visible part of the eyeball as far as the skin appears not transparent; the more white can be seen, therefore, through the opening of the two eyelids, the more silent effect is produced

upon the observer by the nervous surface. In animals, as in infants, the pupil is apt to be very large, and but little of the white is seen—hence their inferior expression. In the full-grown man, on the contrary, the pupil has become smaller from year to year, in proportion to the remaining part of the eyeball, and with the enlargement of the nerve-endowed white part that is visible, its influence also and its expression have constantly been increased. This preponderance of white in the eye forms thus a little observed but essential point of difference between the animal eye and that of man. Only the great painters of earlier days, like Fiesole and his whole school, followed, perhaps unconsciously, the indications given by Nature. Slightly deviating from the true proportions, they gave to their saints and angels long, well-opened eyes, with a great abundance of white and but a small dark pupil in the centre. It never fails to strike the modern observer when he sees how much thus the spiritual expression of the eye is increased and enhanced. In actual life we find, moreover, that the same proportions of a small pupil to a large eye convey to us, almost invariably, an impression of delicate sensibility and great purity, while very large pupils impress us at once with a sense of vigor and physical strength. Hence, perhaps, also the custom of ancient Greek sculptors and poets to favor their ideal gods and heroes with very large eyes, and Homer's fondness for his ox-eyed Juno and the calf-eyed Athene. The effect thus produced by the size of the pupil is still more increased by the strange and little known fact, that, in the eye of all parts of the body alone, the nerve itself can be seen, and we are allowed thus to behold here a part of the central mass of nerves concealed in the dark and otherwise inaccessible night of the brain or the spinal marrow, which science is fond of considering the home of the immortal spirit. Through the round, apparently black opening in the pupil, guarded in front by a clear, transperent membrane, we can look far back to the very curtain that separates the house of the eye from the innermost parts of man's body. There a silvery white point is discovered, and this is the nerve of sight, spread out in tiny, most delicate veins over the tissue of the retina. Here alone, therefore, the inner light of the body comes in actual contact with the outer light of the world; and thus is explained the marvelous truth that "the eye is the light of the body." And when the eye becomes dim and loses its brilliancy, the body also is darkened, and dust returns to dust.

Nor is the position of the eyes, in their relation to other features, of less importance. In lower animals, it is well known, they are placed, as it were, much at random, because there the sense of sight is, if not quite absent, at least but very imperfect. Even in insects it seems but just to emerge from the sense of touch, that performs its duties in all simpler organizations. They can probably not yet distinguish colors, and only know light and darkness, not by special perception, but simply by feeling that their organs of sight are at rest or in action. In the higher animals the eyes have almost invariably an oblique inclination toward the nose; in man alone we find them horizontal. The Mystics derive no small satisfaction from the fact that this line, crossing the straight line that divides the face perpendicularly, forms thus a genuine cross—a symbol from which they obtain strange sympathies and wondrous relations.

Portrait-painters and careful observers have noticed, however, that in most faces one eye stands a little above or below the straight line; and what is peculiar in this apparent irregularity is this, that a serious deviation results, as a matter of course, in a painful defect and disfigurement, but that a slight difference of elevation is found in almost all men distinguished by vigor of thought or unusual endowment and genius. If both eyes diverge from the strict horizontal, as is the case in whole races of men like the Chinese, the effect is very striking. Wherever an inclination of the inner corner occurs as an exception, it is said to betoken religious enthusiasm, deep piety, or cunning hypocrisy. It always gives to the glance of the eye a magnetic fixedness, and great power over others. Grief and sorrow are apt to be read in eyes whose outer corner is lower than the inner, following thus, as we have seen, the drooping outline of the mouth; but the idle dreamer and the vague transcendentalist are not less rarely characterized by the same feature.

A wide and well-opened eye was, and is still, in the East considered a feature of special beauty; the sons of the Orient admire the longing and yearning expression it gives to the countenance, and many a poor daughter of Georgia and Circassia has had her eyelids slit open in childhood to add to her beauty in time for the slave-market. The typical eye of the ancient Egyptians is almost unnaturally long and wide open; thus showing the ancient taste bequeathed to the children of our day. Even among us very narrow eyes, especially if they are short at the same time, are looked upon with little favor; it can not be denied that they give to the face a heavy and sleepy appearance.

Their proximity also is not unimportant, and eyes too far apart are almost as little liked as those that stand too near to each other. It is strange that the Jews as a nation should all be characterized by the latter peculiarity, and thus, especially in the later years of their life, assume a peculiar and not very pleasing expression. Among animals, apes are endowed in like manner, and from this derive their air of odd cunning.

What the frame is to the picture, that the eyelids are to the eye. These "gates of light" are all the more remarkable, as in the first stage of life they are jealously closed, and only after a while the delicate middle part is destroyed, and they open upon the world. In certain animals, as in dogs and cats, this latter event takes place many days after their birth, and hence

we speak of their being born blind. They are movable shutters and blinds to the delicate windows of our body, and watchfully guard it against an excess of light and all other dangers. It is but natural that a well-shaped eye, with a brilliant glance, should not be hid behind heavy, coarse curtains, and hence we expect, in searching for beauty, lids not filled with flesh and cells of fat, but thin and transparent. The former will give to the whole face a heavy, phlegmatic expression; the latter at once prepossesses us in favor of the mind that loves light, even when sheltered for a while; and that shows its own nature in the delicate texture of all, even the more insignificant features. How important are, however, the lids already in sleep—the only part of the body, as the eye is the only sense, that shows by outward signs the rest and repose of the inward soul!

Not all nations value the beauty of long eyelashes as we do; the Chinese, by nature but scantily gifted with hair, profess to like short ones the best; and other nations go even the length of having them carefully pulled. We, on the contrary, fancy that as short, thin, or very light eyelashes give to the eye a weak and staring expression, so very long and dark lashes overshadow it well, increase its beauty, and enhance the power of its glance.

Of all the mere outward parts of the eye, the eyebrow, to which "the lover, sighing like a furnace, made a woeful ballad," are the most important. They are so significant, not on account of their own beautiful outline only, but because they form the great boundary line between the sensual region of our head below them, and the intellectual region that rises upward. It is a line formed at the upper edge of the countenance by retaining there a small part of that hair which in all animals, even those nearest to man, covers the entire face. When they are very thick, therefore, and spread out too far, they remind us instinctively of an animal nature; and in proportion as they rise in well-rounded arches, finely and delicately drawn, they convey to us a better and higher opinion. The arch, above all, is important; for the higher it reaches, the more the sensual region reaches and enters into the realm of the higher faculties of the mind, while a low, straight brow speaks of no such communion. Here also the mysterious sympathy that links feature to feature may clearly be seen; smiling lips, with slightly raised corners, are retraced above in arches that rise on the temple, but the drooping mouth of sorrow sees the eyebrow in like manner sink on the outside, and rise in the middle of the face with an expression akin to despair. The natural temper, and often repeated impressions leave, of course, their impress on this feature also, and give it a fixed position. Cheerfull and open hearts will, therefore, show open and well-raised eyebrows, while the deep and studious thinker, as is seen in Newton's face, draws them down together in his continued effort to see great truths and to fathom their depth. In restless persons of changeable temper they may even be seen, now and then, broken into a number of smaller curves, or actually scattered and torn by violent passions.

Still greater importance is to be attached to the color of the eyeball and of its pupil. The former we love to see white, full of nervous activity, and yet conveying in its spotless purity an unconscious feeling of a chaste and stainless life within. A very different impression is produced by a "subdued" white or more decided yellow. The bluish tint, so peculiar to children, and there in the order of nature, gives to grown persons an air of imperfect development or of obscured perception. We must, however, not forget that other influences may have produced these effects. As the ear stands in close connection with the organs of respiration, so is the eye in direct intercourse with those of digestion, and its yellow color is often but a sign of a disordered liver, or perhaps of a melancholy temper. If the eyeball be bloodshot, it speaks of a violent temper, as every excitement or passionate outburst causes invariably more or less serious congestions. In the end, these repeated outpourings of blood into the delicate vessels of the eye leave their traces behind, and mark the unfortunate owner with an unmistakable sign.

The color of the pupil depends, as is well known, upon the clearness and transparency of the delicate curtain that hangs immediately before the black inner curtain which forms the tiny camera obscura. The clearer it is the lighter will be the blue of the eye, which, it is claimed, shows from a certain physical clearness of form a corresponding clearness of mental vision. If the little curtain be tinged with yellow, the result of the mixture with the black behind will be an uncertain green; and if it be filled with numerous tiny blood-vessels, and hence have a reddish hue, its color will appear to us brown. . In Albinos the inner pigment, so indispensable to accurate vision, is more or less wanting, and hence their inability to endure a large mass of light. As a picture in oil obtains its final and full effect only by varnish, so the eye also is ever kept moist from inexhaustible springs in its own little dwelling. From the first moment of existence to that when it stiffens forever, the indescribably delicate surface is thus kept ever fresh and brilliant. This brilliancy gives, after all, the eye its greatest effect, its most striking expression; and certainly not without reason we are apt to measure by its brightness or dullness the activity and vigor of the inner life.

This is most felt in what we call the peculiar look or glance of the eye. Every man on earth has a look that is exclusively his own. Anatomists know it not, philosophers can not explain it, but we all feel and acknowledge it humbly. It is the result of the combined expression of all the parts of the eye, which by repeated effects has at last become permanent, although each single effect can only be felt and produced

when the eye is in motion. Thus it becomes the most characteristic feature of man—the very mirror of his inner life—the faithful interpreter of all his thoughts and feelings. By it man is bound to man in that deep and mysterious attraction which we call sympathy. We can not explain it—we can not demonstrate it; and yet there is no son of man who does not feel it, and act under its silent but irresistible influence. Now it binds with bonds of sweet love, and now it parts, at a glance, in irreconcilable aversion. Its power is all the greater the less the intellect is developed and reason itself has learned to deal with the great questions of life. Not gratitude, not weakness, but a natural bond of such sweet sympathy binds the infant to the mother. Not speculation, not necessity lead the child to form friendships; it follows an instantaneous impulse of feeling, and knows—who can tell how?—where to look for a return of his love, and where for indifference or for antipathy. The more earnestly and heavily the great duties of life are felt, the more powerfully ambition, and pride, and selfishness affect our hearts, the more we suppress these early, inexplicable feelings, and act only by "reason." The touch of true love is extinguished by the cold blast of calculation.

All that remains of it is the glance of the eye. Every great man especially has a look in his eye which nobody else can imitate; it is his exclusive right, and peculiar to him and to his eye. Nature herself has placed this sign in his countenance; it supersedes all other advantages it may possess; it overshadows all other features, and thus it can make even a Socrates handsome. But who can count, who can explain the almost infinite variety of expression? It has been said that "the style shows the man," but how much truer is this of the eye! In general we notice that when the eye is enjoying its fullest, healthiest play of muscles, it moves ever in beautiful curved lines. The free glance of the free man follows an arch that rounds itself toward heaven; the modest and bashful glance of woman follows a like arch, but inverted with downcast eyelids. Where the looks of the eye hasten hurriedly in straight lines from point to point, the uniformity of motion shows almost always a corresponding uniformity of thought, embarrassment, or even permanent dullness. A more animated glance speaks naturally of greater activity of mind, and of a higher degree of passionate excitement, while the slower motion betrays a sluggish or weary soul. But the free and playful motion of the eye may also transgress the limits of quiet beauty; if too free, it becomes sensual; if apparently uncontrolled and restless, it shows the sad rule of vile passions. Thus the cheerful glance may be changed into the fickle sport of the eye, or even degenerate into a sensual and seductive expression that strikes us, we hardly know why, with pain and with loathing.

Willing, and often well pleased, we bear the quiet but kindly look of the neighbor; but the stare, though it be but directed at a part of our dress, we can not endure. Full of rigid censure or of silent condemnation glides the firm glance of the superior from head to foot, while the eye of the envious measures by sidelong glances, in hurried haste, the size and the form of the object of his contemptible passion. The look of contempt is staring no longer; it sees far beyond, as if desirous to exclude the despised person forever from the field of vision.

How often are we struck with the eye of a highly-endowed poet or artist, who seems ever to look beyond the things of this earth into the distant future, or, as was claimed for the noble Swedenborg, into the heavenly kingdom! Youthful enthusiasm and excited fanaticism fix the look on higher regions—the groveling spirit of the covetous and the selfish is ever bound to the glebe at his feet, to the dust to which it clings with ill-placed affection.

The hoary head and the infant show alike a vague and distant look; the former is gradually and mercifully loosened from the ties that bound him to this life, and his eye turns more and more from the world around him to his immortal soul within. The child still lives in mere wondering stare, unable as yet to distinguish minute details, and confounding the near and the distant.

Thus we may read in the glance of the eye of man both what moves in passing his soul and what will determine its fate in the future. A certain look becomes fixed; the eyes, when not immediately employed for a specific purpose, return to that position in which they have been most frequently used. This so-called distance of sight, which is the habitual state of the eyes, gives the most characteristic expression to our face, and hence is of paramount importance to painter and sculptor. Men who are ever busy with the material world, whose thoughts but rarely reach beyond the cares of the day, and who in the higher world of ideas also ponder only on what is given and the nature of actual realities—such men have always a short distance of sight; the axes of their eyes are close to each other, and their pupil is narrow. But the look of the thinker, whose spiritual eye turns to explore the far distance of the past or the future, who ever seeks the infinite and not the earthly, and who from a detail, which he perceives at once, enlarges his sphere of vision in all directions—he will ever show parallel axes in his look, and he will have wide-open pupils. Who can for a moment mistake the vague look into the vacant distance of the surprised and amazed? The poet also, and the prophet, will show like features, for both forget all that is near and of this earth, earthy; their look is ever bent on the infinite.

Even the last look of the dying man, who leaves this world for a better, and before whose eyes all that surrounds him gradually fades into dim mist, shows in the same manner that his mind is in the future, and his soul no longer bent upon the things of this life.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL ROGERS.

THE late Samuel Rogers, who has been called the Nestor of modern *literati*, had the good fortune to write verses at a time when there was a sort of poetical interregnum. Johnson, although little of a poet, could put strong thoughts into metrical order with great vigor. He had passed away, however, in 1786, when "An Ode to Superstition," by Samuel Rogers, was published. Goldsmith, whose "Deserted Village" evidently was Rogers's favorite model, also had departed. So had Shenstone, one of the feeblest of rhymesters; Gray, whose "Elegy" was quoted by our own Webster in his last moments; Akenside, who produced exquisitely modulated blank verse, feeble with its elaborate fret-work of redundant ornament; Collins, the ode-writer of his era; Smart, whose best production was composed in a mad-house; Mason, now chiefly known as the biographer of Gray; Glover, whose "Leonidas" was a bold attempt at the heroic; and Chatterton, "the wondrous boy who perished in his pride." When Rogers first published, the contemporary verse-writers were few and far between. Beattie had achieved a fair reputation by his "Minstrel," deficient though it be in incident; Crabbe had produced his earlier poems, chiefly remarkable for their promise; Hayley was spinning words into didactic feebleness; Wolcot was prostituting great talents by expending them in personal satire; the Wartons, by judicious criticism of early English literature, rather than by their own poetical effusions, were preparing the public for a great revolution in letters; Hannah More had shown her inability as a dramatic poet; Darwin was giving the final touches to his vegetable epic; Bloomfield had then only put together the first portions of his pastoral; and Burns was correcting proof-sheets as they slowly reached him from the humble press of Kilmarnock. Thus, when Rogers first challenged fame, by what is called "rushing into print," he had scarcely a living competitor worthy of regard. Crabbe, having indicated what he yet might do, had retired into the privacy of a country curate's life. Cowper, addressing himself chiefly to the religious, was not yet very widely known beyond their circle. The star of Burns, so soon to blaze like a comet in the empyrean of literature, had not then arisen.

At that time, when Rogers was already in his twenty-fourth year, Scott, Savage Landor, Southey, Wordsworth, Hogg, Campbell, Montgomery, Lamb, and Coleridge were at school. Leigh Hunt and John Wilson were infants in arms; and Byron, Shelley, Keats, with the long line of poets of the present century, were unborn. Of the leading poets whose birth dates fifty years back, Rogers survived all except Landor and Hunt.

He started in the world of letters with the great advantage of not needing to live by his pen. The son of a London banker, he could afford to indulge in the luxury of publication, by paying down a sum of money to guarantee his publisher from loss. He wrote carefully, slowly, indeed painfully. But he could select his own subject, and take time to it. He was nearly thirty when he published the "Pleasures of Memory," which introduced him to the acquaintance of Charles James Fox, and put him, in consequence, on those intimate terms with the Holland House *coterie*, which he continued to maintain almost to his last days. His wealth alone could not have introduced him to the political and fashionable circles of London Whiggery. His literary reputation was not sufficiently high to obtain such a position. But, once accepted at Holland House (we speak of the first five-and-thirty years of the present century), he was in a manner eligible for fashionable life, which then more or less affected to be literary also, and he was proud of the franchise. By degrees he gathered around him what may be called the intellectual equipments of a rich bachelor-author's domicile—rare books, fine paintings, beautiful sculpture, curiously old china, and the valuable miscellaneous articles whose possession marks the virtuoso. In fullness of time, too, as years gave him the status of age, he exercised the graceful duties of hospitality; and while select friends enjoyed his excellent dinners and exquisite suppers, his Tuesday breakfasts enabled him, in greater numbers and with less critical selection, to receive a succession of guests from all parts of the world. He was especially fond of his enthusiastic American admirers. Casually meeting one with whose writings they were acquainted from earliest youth, they were excellent listeners, and the anecdotes and remarks which his English friends had heard, over and over again, even to weariness, were novel and attractive to strangers. In England, Rogers may be said to have, even in his lifetime, settled down, as an author, into the position which his writings fairly entitle him to occupy—to have a bust rather than a full-length statue in the Temple of Fame; but he yet continues to be regarded in this country with admiration not much less than that which he excited a long time ago.

In deeds this man was kinder than in words. As the Scottish proverb says, "his bark was aye worse than his bite." He did many generous actions, without ostentation, but he was fond of saying bitter things. After he had given up authorship, he got the ambition of shining as a conversationist, and, naturally sardonic, took to satire very kindly (if we may so speak), certain that *this* would at least secure attention. This miserable ambition succeeded. Sharp sayings by Rogers got quoted in the clubs, and paragraphed in the newspapers, and he fell into the habit of being sarcastic. For several years past, when his mind became too feeble to invent, he fell into constant and annoying repetition. The reminiscences of his youth, the experiences of his manhood, the ill-natured satire of his old age, were served up

again and again, to the distaste of those who often visited him. Strangers, meeting him once, thought him a wonderful old gentleman, overflowing with anecdotes, but friends who often heard him were tired out.

Such was the "Table-Talk," of which a volume of "Recollections" has appeared in London, from the pen of the Rev. Alexander Dyce. It appears that this gentleman, with the full cognizance and permission of Rogers, had "booked" his chit-chat for years. "From my first introduction to Mr. Rogers," says he, "I was in the habit of writing down, in all their minutiæ, the anecdotes, etc., with which his conversation abounded; and once, on my telling him that I did so, he expressed himself pleased—*the rather, perhaps, because he sometimes had the mortification of offending impatient listeners.*" In truth, the repetition of his anecdotes had become tiresome.

Johnson was fortunate in finding such a chronicler as Boswell. But Samuel Rogers was a man very different from Samuel Johnson; and Alexander Dyce following James Boswell, may be compared to small-beer coming after generous wine. The fidelity of Boswell's relation is equaled only by its freshness and spirit. The Johnsonian "Why, Sir," brings the man before you, and you read the record of his conversation with a feeling as if you had almost heard it. On the contrary, Mr. Dyce has contrived to make Rogers dull and prosy—which he certainly was not in his better days; to report his "Table-Talk" *minus* the spirit (whether of manner or sarcasm) which gave it animation. He evidently had ample opportunity of recording what he heard; the inference from his comparative failure must be that he lacked the Boswellian facility, or that his acquaintance with Rogers did not commence until the old man's "wine of life was on the lees."

Considering the times in which he lived, the persons whom he knew, the position he reached, the circle in which he moved, and the literature which had grown up around him, Samuel Rogers's personal experiences and recollections ought to have been full of interest and information. As presented through the medium of Mr. Dyce, they have been carefully filtered of much which would give them value. At least one half of the book has been forestalled—already told, and better told, in the lives of Byron, Scott, Moore, Crabbe, and other persons of note. There is no small share, also, of antique jokes of the Joe Miller family. Some few portions of the book are good—much in the proportion of Falstaff's halfpenny worth of bread to the rest of his viands. Of this smaller portion we shall string together the most readable extracts:

Of his literary efforts he says:

"The first poetry I published was the 'Ode to Superstition,' in 1786. I wrote it while I was in my teens, and afterward touched it up. I paid down to the publisher thirty pounds to insure him from being a loser by it. At the end of four years I found that he had sold about twenty copies. However, I was consoled by reading in a critique on the Ode that I was 'an able writer,' or some such expression."

"People have taken the trouble to write my *Life* more than once; and strange assertions they have made both about myself and my works. In one biographical account it is stated that I submitted 'The Pleasures of Memory' in manuscript to the critical revision of Richard Sharp: now, when that poem was first published, I had not yet formed an acquaintance with Sharp (who was introduced to me by the oldest of my friends, Maltby). The beautiful lines, 'Pleasures of Memory! oh, supremely blest,' etc., which I have inserted in a note on Part Second, were composed by a Mr. Soame, who died in India in 1803, at which time he was a lieutenant in the dragoons. I believe that he destroyed himself. I had heard that the lines were in a certain newspaper, and went to Peel's Coffee-house to see that paper: there I first read them, and there I transcribed them."

"During my whole life I have borne in mind the speech of a woman to Philip of Macedon: 'I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.' After writing any thing in the excitement of the moment, and being greatly pleased with it, I have always put it by for a day or two; and then carefully considering it in every possible light, I have altered it to the best of my judgment; thus appealing from myself drunk to myself sober. I was engaged on 'The Pleasures of Memory' for nine years; on 'Human Life' for nearly the same space of time; and 'Italy' was not completed in less than sixteen years."

Mr. Dyce adds:

"I was with Mr. Rogers when he tore to pieces, and threw into the fire, a manuscript operatic drama, 'The Vintage of Burgundy,' which he had written early in life. He told me that he offered it to a manager, who said, 'I will bring it on the stage if you are determined to have it acted; *but it will certainly be damned.*' One or two songs which now appear among his poems formed parts of that drama."

Of Moore's early poems Rogers said,

"So heartily has Moore repented of having published "Little's Poems," that I have seen him shed tears—tears of deep contrition—when we were talking of them."

Here is an item which goes far to confirm the general impression (derived from his Diary) that Moore was extremely improvident and extravagant:

"Moore is a very worthy man, but not a little improvident. His excellent wife contrives to maintain the whole family on a guinea a week; and he, when in London, thinks nothing of throwing away that sum weekly on hackney-coaches and gloves. I said to him, 'You must have made ten thousand pounds by your musical publications.' He replied, 'More than that.' In short, he has received for his various works nearly thirty thousand pounds. When, owing to the state of his affairs, he found it ne-

cessary to *retire* for a while, I advised him to make Holyrood House his refuge; there he could have lived cheaply and comfortably, with permission to walk about unmolested every Sunday, when he might have dined with Walter Scott or Jeffrey. But he *would* go to Paris; and there he spent about a thousand a year."

Among the passing notices of Moore is the following:

"Most people are ever on the watch to find fault with their children, and are afraid of *praising* them for fear of *spoiling* them. Now, I am sure that nothing has a better effect on children than *praise*. I had a proof of this in Moore's daughter; he used always to be saying to her, 'What a *good* little girl!' and she continued to grow more and more good, till she became too good for this world, and died."

Rogers has not preserved many anecdotes of Scott. Here are a couple:

"I introduced Sir Walter Scott to Madame D'Arblay, having taken him with me to her house. She had not heard that he was lame; and when he limped toward a chair, she said, 'Dear me, Sir Walter, I hope you have not met with an accident?' He answered, 'An accident, madam, nearly as old as my birth.'"

"One forenoon Scott was sitting for his bust to Chantrey, who was quite in despair at the dull and heavy expression of his countenance. Suddenly, Fuller ('Jack Fuller,' the then buffoon of the House of Commons) was announced by a servant; and, as suddenly, Scott's face was lighted up to that pitch of animation which the sculptor desired, and which he made all haste to avail himself of."

Allan Cunningham, who was Chantrey's foreman when the bust was taken, tells the story in a very different manner.

Touching the Waverley Novels:

"After dining at my house, Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott accompanied me to a party given by Lady Jersey. We met Sheridan there, who put the question to Scott in express terms, 'Pray, Mr. Scott, did you, or did you not, write *Waverley?*' Scott replied, '*On my honor*, I did not.' Now, though Scott may perhaps be justified for returning an answer in the negative, I can not think that he is to be excused for strengthening it with 'on my honor.'"

Wordsworth, we are told, thought little of any poetry except his own. Scott repeated to Wordsworth and his sister "a portion of his then unpublished 'Lay,' which Wordsworth, as might be expected, did not greatly admire." Rogers said,

"I once read Gray's 'Ode to Adversity' to Wordsworth; and at the line,

> 'And leave us leisure to be good,'

Wordsworth exclaimed, 'I am quite sure *that* is not original; Gray could not have hit upon it.'"

Here is a plausible reason for Wordsworth's mastery of the sonnet:

"I never attempted to write a sonnet, because I do not see why a man, if he has any thing worth saying, should be tied down to fourteen lines. Wordsworth perhaps appears to most advantage in a sonnet, because its strict limits prevent him from running into that wordiness to which he is somewhat prone."

There is considerable mention of Byron in these pages, and in a kinder tone than might have been expected, when it is remembered how bitterly Byron satirized Rogers. The poem commencing

> "Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
> Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker,"

of which Rogers was the subject, bears the date of 1818, and was first published in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1833. Written in Italy, it was sent to Murray in 1820, with the permissive sentence: "You have a discretionary power about showing." The circle of mutual friends who used to assemble at Murray's read the poem, and thus Rogers became aware of its existence. When it first saw the light, he made an angry complaint of Murray's perfidy. In fact, however, Byron gave a copy of the verses to Lady Blessington, at Genoa, in 1823, which she *sold* to Fraser. As originally printed, it consisted of seventy-six lines, as first written. Byron subsequently sent an additional quatrain to Murray, which comes in before the last couplet. Following the line

> "Devil, with such delight in damning,"

the addition runs thus:

> "That if, at the resurrection,
> Unto him the free election
> Of his future could be given,
> 'Twould be rather hell than heaven."

The letter to Murray, inclosing these lines, bears date "Ravenna, 9bre. 9°, 1820;" and, speaking of Rogers having given him some provocation, says: "Unfortunately I must be angry with a man before I draw his real portrait, and I can't deal in generals—so that I trust never to have provocation enough to make a gallery."

In the "Table-Talk" before us there is no allusion to this satire, but there is evidence, in the manner in which Byron is spoken of, that Rogers was angry with him. There is an accusation that Byron had no ear for music, and a reference to his lameness. In the "English Bards" Rogers was one of the few authors complimented, which led to his acquaintance with Byron. The following account (though more tersely told by Moore) is not without interest:

"Neither Moore nor myself had ever seen Byron when it was settled that he should dine at my house to meet Moore; nor was he known by sight to Campbell, who, happening to call upon me that morning, consented to join the party. I thought it best that I alone should be in the drawing-room when Byron entered it; and Moore and Campbell accordingly withdrew. Soon after his arrival, they returned; and I introduced them to him severally, naming them as Adam named the beasts. When we sat down to dinner, I asked Byron if he would take soup?

'No; he never took soup.' Would he take some fish? 'No; he never took fish.' Presently I asked if he would eat some mutton? 'No; he never ate mutton.' I then asked if he would take a glass of wine? 'No; he never tasted wine.' It was now necessary to inquire what he *did* eat and drink; and the answer was, 'Nothing but hard biscuits and soda-water.' Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda-water were at hand; and he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate and drenched with vinegar. My guests staid till very late, discussing the merits of Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, I said to him, 'How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?' He replied, 'Just as long as you continue to notice it.' I did not then know, what I now know to be a fact, that Byron, after leaving my house, had gone to a Club in St. James's Street, and eaten a hearty meat supper."

Here is more, in the same vein:

"Byron had prodigious facility of composition. He was fond of suppers; and used often to sup at my house and eat heartily (for he had then given up the hard biscuit and soda-water diet); after going home, he would throw off sixty or eighty verses, which he would send to press next morning."

"In those days at least, Byron had no readiness of reply in conversation. If you happened to let fall any observation which offended him, he would say nothing at the time; but the offense would lie rankling in his mind; and perhaps a fortnight after, he would suddenly come out with some very cutting remarks upon you, giving them as his deliberate opinions, the results of his experience of your character."

"Latterly, I believe, Byron never dined with Lady B.; for it was one of his fancies (or affectations) that 'he could not endure to see women eat.' I recollect that he once refused to meet Madame de Staël at my house *at dinner*, but came in the evening; and when I have asked him to dinner without mentioning what company I was to have, he would write me a note to inquire 'if I had invited any women.'"

"My latest intercourse with Byron was in Italy. We traveled some time together; and, if there was any scenery particularly well worth seeing, he generally contrived that we should pass through it in the dark.

"As we were crossing the Apennines, he told me that he had left an order in his will that Allegra, the child who soon after died, his daughter by Miss C., should never be taught the English language. You know that Allegra was buried at Harrow; but probably you have not heard that the body was sent over to England in *two* packages, that no one might suspect what it was."

"At this time we generally had a regular quarrel every night; and he would abuse me through thick and thin, raking up all the stories he had heard which he thought most likely to mortify me—how I had behaved with great cruelty to Murphy, refusing to assist him in his distress, etc., etc. But next morning he would shake me kindly by both hands; and we were excellent friends again."

Touching Byron's burnt Memoirs, of which more than one copy yet exists, Rogers said,

"There were, I understand, some gross things in that manuscript; but I read only a portion of it, and did not light upon them. I remember that it contained this anecdote: On his marriage-night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed; and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he wakened Lady B., 'Good God, I am surely in hell!'"

From the miscellaneous Ana we select the following:

"I can hardly believe what was told me long ago by a gentleman living in the Temple, who, however, assured me that it was fact. He happened to be passing by Sir Joshua Reynolds's house when he saw a poor girl seated on the steps and crying bitterly. He asked what was the matter; and she replied that she was crying 'because *the one shilling* which she had received from Sir Joshua for sitting to him as a model, had proved to be a bad one, and he would not give her another.'"

"The head-dresses of the ladies during my youth were of a truly preposterous size. I have gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady who was obliged to sit upon a stool placed in the bottom of the coach, the height of her head-dress not allowing her to occupy the regular seat."

"Sir George Beaumont once met Quin at a very small dinner-party. There was a delicious pudding, which the master of the house, pushing the dish toward Quin, begged him to taste. A gentleman had just before helped himself to an immense piece of it. 'Pray,' said Quin, looking first at the gentleman's plate and then at the dish, 'which *is* the pudding?'"

"During my youth umbrellas were far from common. At that time every gentleman's family had *one umbrella*—a huge thing made of coarse cotton—which used to be taken out with the carriage, and which, if there was rain, the footman held over the ladies' heads, as they entered or alighted from the carriage."

"One morning, when I was a lad, Wilkes came into our banking-house to solicit my father's vote. My father happened to be out, and I, as his representative, spoke to Wilkes. At parting, Wilkes shook hands with me; and I felt proud of it for a week after. He was quite as ugly, and squinted as much as his portraits make him; but he was very gentlemanly in appearance and manners. I think I see him at this moment, walking through the crowded streets of the City, as Chamberlain, on his way to Guildhall, in a scarlet coat, military boots, and a bag-wig—the hackney-coachmen in vain calling out to him, 'A coach, your honor?'"

"When Lord Erskine heard that somebody

had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, 'Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.'"

"To all letters soliciting his 'subscription' to any thing, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz., 'Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obt servant,' etc."

"Fox used to read Homer through once every year. On my asking him, 'Which poem had you rather have written, the "Iliad" or the "Odyssey?"' he answered, 'I know which I had rather read' (meaning the 'Odyssey')."

"Frequently, when doubtful how to act in matters of importance, I have received more useful advice from women than from men. Women have the understanding *of the heart*, which is better than that of the head."

"One afternoon, at court, I was standing beside two intimate acquaintances of mine, an old nobleman and a middle-aged lady of rank, when the former remarked to the latter that he thought a certain young lady near us was uncommonly beautiful. The middle-aged lady replied, 'I can not see any particular beauty in her.' 'Ah, madam,' he rejoined, 'to us old men youth always appears beautiful!' a speech with which Wordsworth, when I repeated it to him, was greatly struck."

"The Duchess of Gordon told this anecdote to Lord Stowell, who told it to Lord Dunmore, who told it to me: 'The son of Lord Cornwallis [Lord Brome] fell in love with my daughter Louisa; and she liked him much. They were to be married; but the intended match was broken off by Lord C., whose only objection to it sprung from his belief that there was madness in my husband's family. Upon this I contrived to have a *tête-à-tête* with Lord C., and said to him, "I know your reason for disapproving of your son's marriage with my daughter: now, I will tell you one thing plainly—*there is not a drop of the Gordon blood in Louisa's body.*" With this statement Lord C. was quite satisfied, and the marriage took place.' The Duchess prided herself greatly on the success of this manœuvre, though it had forced her to slander her own character so cruelly and so unjustly! In fact, manœuvring was her delight."

"'Burke,' observed Grattan, 'became at last such an enthusiastic admirer of kingly power, that he could not have slept comfortably on his pillow, if he had not thought that the king had a right to carry it off from under his head.'"

"'How I should like,' said Grattan one day to me, 'to spend my whole life in a small neat cottage! I could be content with very little; I should need only cold meat, and bread, and beer—*and plenty of claret.*'"

"When a lady, a friend of mine, was in Italy, she went into a church, and knelt down among the crowd. An Italian woman, who was praying at some little distance, rose up, came softly to my friend, whispered in her ear, 'If you continue to flirt with my husband, I'll be the death of you;' and then, as softly, returned to her genuflections. Such things can not happen where there are pews."

"Lord Ellenborough had infinite wit. When the income-tax was imposed, he said that Lord Kenyon (who was not very nice in his habits) intended, in consequence of it, to lay down—his pocket-handkerchief."

"A man who attempts to read all the new publications must often do as a flea does—*skip.*"

"Southey used to say that 'the moment any thing assumed the shape of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of discharging it.'"

"A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him said, 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'"

"Lamartine is a man of genius, but very affected. Talleyrand (when in London) invited me to meet him, and placed me beside him at dinner. I asked him, 'Are you acquainted with Beranger?' 'No; he wished to be introduced to me, but I declined it.' 'I would go,' said I, 'a league to see him.' This was nearly all our conversation: he did not choose to talk. In short, he was so disagreeable, that, some days after, both Talleyrand and the Duchess di Dino apologized to me for his ill-breeding."

"'Did Napoleon shave himself?' I inquired. 'Yes,' answered Talleyrand, 'but very slowly, and conversing during the operation. He used to say that kings by birth were shaved by others, but that he who has made himself *Roi* shaves himself.'"

"At one time, when I gave a dinner, I used to have candles placed all round the dining-room, and high up, in order to show off the pictures. I asked Sydney Smith how he liked that plan. 'Not at all,' he replied; 'above, there is a blaze of light, and below, nothing but darkness and gnashing of teeth.'"

"Speaking to me of Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked, that in one respect he was superior to all the generals who had ever existed. 'Was it,' I asked, 'in the management and skillful arrangement of his troops?' 'No,' answered the Duke; 'it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war.'"

To the "Table-Talk" of Samuel Rogers ("banker, beau, and poet") are added anecdotes of Richard Porson, the best Greek scholar of his time, perhaps; but a man debased by habits of constant drunkenness. There is nothing in the "Porsoniana" worthy of quotation, and the pages they fill have evidently been added to eke out the size of the volume. We conclude by stating our opinion that the really good materials in the book are extremely scanty. The "Table-Talk" of Rogers is a failure.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XV.—MRS. FLINTWINCH HAS ANOTHER DREAM.

THE debilitated old house in the city wrapped in its mantle of soot, and leaning heavily on the crutches that had partaken of its decay and worn out with it, never knew a healthy or a cheerful interval let what would betide. If the sun ever touched it, it was but with a ray, and that was gone in half an hour; if the moonlight ever fell upon it, it was only to put a few patches on its doleful cloak, and make it look more wretched. The stars, to be sure, coldly watched it when the nights and the smoke were clear enough; and all bad weather stood by it with a rare fidelity. You should alike find rain, hail, frost, and thaw lingering in that dismal inclosure, when they had vanished from other places; and as to snow, you should see it there for weeks, long after it had changed from yellow to black, slowly weeping away its grimy life. The place had no other adherents. As to street noises, the rumbling of wheels in the lane merely rushed in at the gateway in going past, and rushed out again: making the listening Mistress Affery feel as if she were deaf, and recovered the sense of hearing by instantaneous flashes. So with whistling, singing, talking, laughing, and all pleasant human sounds. They leaped the gap in a moment, and went upon their way.

The varying light of fire and candle in Mrs. Clennam's room made the greatest change that ever broke the dead monotony of the spot. In her two long narrow windows the fire shone sullenly all day, and sullenly all night. On rare occasions, it flashed up passionately, as she did; but for the most part it was suppressed, like her, and preyed upon itself evenly and slowly. During many hours of the short winter days, however, when it was dusk there early in the afternoon, changing distortions of herself in her wheeled chair, of Mr. Flintwinch with his wry neck, of Mistress Affery coming and going, would be thrown upon the house wall that was over the gateway, and would hover there like shadows from a great magic lantern. As the room-ridden invalid settled for the night, these would gradually disappear: Mistress Affery's magnified shadow always flitting about, last, until it finally glided away into the air, as though she were off upon a witch-excursion. Then the solitary light would burn unchangingly, until it burned pale before the dawn, and at last died under the breath of Mistress Affery as her shadow descended on it from the witch-region of sleep.

Strange, if the little sick-room fire were in effect a beacon fire, summoning some one, and that the most unlikely some one in the world, to the spot that *must* be come to. Strange, if the little sick-room light were in effect a watch-light, burning in that place every night until an appointed event should be watched out! Which of the vast multitude of travelers, under the sun and the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and re-act on one another, which of the host may, with no suspicion of the journey's end, be traveling surely hither?

Time shall show us. The post of honor and the post of shame, the general's station and the drummer's, a peer's statue in Westminster Abbey and a seaman's hammock in the bosom of the deep, the mitre and the workhouse, the woolsack and the gallows, the throne and the guillotine—the travelers to all are on the great highroad; but it has wonderful divergences, and only Time shall show us whither each traveler is bound.

On a wintry afternoon at twilight, Mrs. Flintwinch, having been heavy all day, dreamed this dream:

She thought she was in the kitchen getting the kettle ready for tea, and was warming herself with her feet upon the fender and the skirt of her gown tucked up, before the collapsed fire in the middle of the grate, bordered on either hand by a deep, cold, black ravine. She thought that as she sat thus, musing upon the question, whether life was not for some people a rather dull invention, she was frightened by a sudden noise behind her. She thought that she had been similarly frightened once last week, and that the noise was of a mysterious kind—a sound of rustling, and of three or four quick beats like a rapid step; while a shock or tremble was communicated to her heart, as if the step had shaken the floor, or even as if she had been touched by some awful hand. She thought that this revived within her certain old fears of hers that the house was haunted; and that she flew up the kitchen stairs, without knowing how she got up, to be nearer company.

Mistress Affery thought that on reaching the hall, she saw the door of her liege lord's office standing open, and the room empty. That she went to the ripped-up window in the little room by the street door to connect her palpitating heart through the glass with living things beyond and outside the haunted house. That she

Digitized by Google

then saw on the wall over the gateway the shadows of the two clever ones in conversation above. That she went up stairs with her shoes in her hand, partly to be near the clever ones as a match for most ghosts, and partly to hear what they were talking about.

"None of your nonsense with me," said Mr. Flintwinch. "I won't take it from you."

Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed that she stood behind the door, which was just ajar, and most distinctly heard her husband say these bold words.

"Flintwinch," returned Mrs. Clennam, in her usual strong, low voice, "there is a demon of anger in you. Guard against it."

"I don't care whether there's one or a dozen," said Mr. Flintwinch, forcibly suggesting in his tone that the higher number was nearer the mark. "If there was fifty, they should all say, None of your nonsense with me, I won't take it from you. I'd make 'em say it, whether they liked it or not."

"What have I done, you wrathful man?" her strong voice asked.

"Done?" said Mr. Flintwinch. "Dropped down upon me."

"If you mean, remonstrated with you—"

"Don't put words in my mouth that I don't mean," said Jeremiah, sticking to his figurative expression with tenacious and impenetrable obstinacy, "I mean dropped down upon me."

"I remonstrated with you," she began again, "because—"

"I won't have it!" cried Jeremiah. "You dropped down upon me."

"I dropped down upon you, then, you ill-conditioned man" (Jeremiah chuckled at having forced her to adopt his phrase), "for having been needlessly significant to Arthur that morning. I have a right to complain of it as almost a breach of confidence. You did not mean it—"

"I won't have it!" interposed the contradictory Jeremiah, flinging back the concession. "I did mean it."

"I suppose I must leave you to speak in soliloquy if you choose to," she replied, after a pause that seemed an angry one. "It is useless my addressing myself to a rash and headstrong old man, who has a set purpose not to hear me."

"Now, I won't take that from you either," said Jeremiah. "I have no such purpose. I have told you I did mean it. Do you wish to know why I meant it, you rash and headstrong old woman?"

"After all, you only restore me my own words," she said, struggling with her indignation. "Yes."

"This is why, then. Because you hadn't cleared his father to him, and you ought to have done it. Because, before you went into any tantrum about yourself, who are—"

"Hold there, Flintwinch!" she cried out in a changed voice, "you may go a word too far."

The old man seemed to think so. There was another pause, and he had altered his position in the room, when he spoke again more mildly:

"I was going to tell you why it was. Because before you took your own part, I thought you ought to have taken the part of Arthur's father. Arthur's father! I had no particular love for Arthur's father. I served Arthur's father's uncle in this house when Arthur's father was not much above me—was poorer as far as his pocket went—and when his uncle might as soon have left me his heir as have left him. He starved in the parlor and I starved in the kitchen; that was the principal difference in our positions; there was not much more than a flight of break-neck stairs between us. I never took to him in those times; I don't know that I ever took to him greatly at any time. He was an undecided, irresolute chap, who had had every thing but his orphan life scared out of him when he was young. And when he brought you home here, the wife his uncle had named for him, I didn't need to look at you twice (you were a good-looking woman at that time) to know who'd be master. You have stood of your own strength ever since. Stand of your own strength now. Don't lean against the dead."

"I do *not*—as you call it—lean against the dead."

"But you had a mind to do it, if I had submitted," growled Jeremiah, "and that's why you drop down upon me. You can't forget that I didn't submit. I suppose you are astonished that I should consider it worth my while to have justice done to Arthur's father? Hey? It doesn't matter whether you answer or not, because I know you are, and you know you are. Come, then, I'll tell you how it is. I may be a bit of an oddity in point of temper, but this is my temper—I can't let any body have entirely their own way. You are a determined woman, and a clever woman; and when you see your purpose before you, nothing will turn you from it. Who knows that better than I do?"

"Nothing will turn me from it, Flintwinch, when I have justified it to myself. Add that."

"Justified it to yourself! I said you were the most determined woman on the face of the earth (or I meant to say so), and if you are determined to justify any object you entertain, of course you'll do it."

"Man! I justify myself by the authority of these Books," she cried, with stern emphasis, and appearing from the sound that followed to strike the dead-weight of her arm upon the table.

"Never mind that," returned Jeremiah, calmly, "we won't enter into that question at present. However that may be, you carry out your purposes, and you make every thing go down before them. Now, I won't go down before them. I have been faithful to you, and useful to you, and I am attached to you. But I can't consent, and I won't consent, and I never did consent, and I never will consent, to be lost in you. Swallow up every body else, and wel-

come. The peculiarity of my temper is, ma'am, that I won't be swallowed up alive."

Perhaps this had originally been the mainspring of the understanding between them. Descrying thus much of force of character in Mr. Flintwinch, perhaps Mrs. Clennam had deemed alliance with him worth her while.

"Enough, and more than enough of the subject," said she, gloomily.

"Unless you drop down upon me again," returned the persistent Flintwinch, "and then you must expect to hear of it again."

Mistress Affery dreamed that the figure of her lord here began walking up and down the room, as if to cool his spleen, and that she ran away; but, that as he did not issue forth when she had stood listening and trembling in the shadowy hall a little time, she crept up stairs again, impelled as before by ghosts and curiosity, and once more cowered outside the door."

"Please to light the candle, Flintwinch," Mrs. Clennam was saying, apparently wishing to draw him back into their usual tone. "It is nearly time for tea. Little Dorrit is coming, and will find me in the dark."

Mr. Flintwinch lighted the candle briskly, and said, as he put it down upon the table:

"What are you going to do with Little Dorrit? Is she to come to work here forever? To come to tea here forever? To come backward and forward here, in the same way, forever?"

"How can you talk about 'forever' to a maimed creature like me? Are we not all cut down like the grass of the field, and was not I shorn by the scythe many years ago; since when, I have been lying here, waiting to be gathered into the barn?"

"Ay, ay! But since you have been lying here—not near dead—nothing like it—numbers of children and young people, blooming women, strong men, and what not, have been cut down and carried; and still here are you, you see, not much changed after all. Your time and mine may be a long one yet. When I say forever, I mean (though I am not poetical) through all our time." Mr. Flintwinch gave this explanation with great calmness, and calmly waited for an answer.

"So long as Little Dorrit is quiet, and industrious, and stands in need of the slight help I can give her, and deserves it, so long, I suppose, unless she withdraws of her own act, she will continue to come here, I being spared."

"Nothing more than that?" said Flintwinch, stroking his mouth and chin.

"What should there be more than that! What could there be more than that!" she ejaculated, in her sternly wondering way.

Mrs. Flintwinch dreamed that for the space of a minute or two they remained looking at each other with the candle between them, and that she somehow derived an impression that they looked at each other fixedly.

"Do you happen to know, Mrs. Clennam," Affery's liege lord then demanded in a much lower voice, and with an amount of expression that seemed quite out of proportion to the simple purpose of his words, "where she lives?"

"No."

"Would you—now, would you like to know?" said Jeremiah, with a pounce as if he had sprung upon her.

"If I cared to know, I should know already. Could I not have asked her any day?"

"Then you don't care to know?"

"I do not."

Mr. Flintwinch, having expelled a long significant breath, said, with his former emphasis, "For I have accidentally—mind! found out."

"Wherever she lives," said Mrs. Clennam, speaking in one unmodulated hard voice, and separating her words as distinctly as if she were reading them off from separate bits of metal that she took up one by one, "she has made a secret of it, and she shall always keep her secret from me."

"After all, perhaps you would rather not have known the fact, any how?" said Jeremiah; and he said it with a twist, as if his words had come out of him in his own wry shape.'

"Flintwinch," said his mistress and partner, flashing into a sudden energy that made Affery start, "why do you goad me? Look round this room. If it is any compensation for my long confinement within these narrow limits—not that I complain of being afflicted; you know I never complain of that—if it is any compensation to me for my long confinement to this room, that while I am shut up from all pleasant change, I am also shut up from the knowledge of some things that I may prefer to avoid knowing, why should you, of all men, grudge me that relief?"

"I don't grudge it to you," returned Jeremiah.

"Then say no more. Say no more. Let Little Dorrit keep her secret from me, and do you keep it from me also. Let her come and go, unobserved and unquestioned. Let me suffer, and let me have what alleviation belongs to my condition. Is it so much, that you torment me like an evil spirit?"

"I asked you a question. That's all."

"I have answered it. So, say no more. Say no more." Here the sound of the wheeled chair was heard upon the floor, and Affery's bell rang with a hasty jerk.

More afraid of her husband at the moment than of the mysterious sound in the kitchen, Affery crept away as lightly and as quickly as she could, descended the kitchen stairs almost as rapidly as she had ascended them, resumed her seat before the fire, tucked up her skirt again, and finally threw her apron over her head. Then the bell rang once more, and then once more, and then kept on ringing; in despite of which importunate summons, Affery still sat behind her apron, recovering her breath.

At last Mr. Flintwinch came shuffling down the staircase into the hall, muttering and calling "Affery, woman!" all the way. Affery still remaining behind her apron, he came stumbling

MR. AND MRS. FLINTWINCH.

down the kitchen stairs, candle in hand, sidled up to her, twitched her apron off, and roused her.

"Oh, Jeremiah!" cried Affery, waking. "What a start you gave me!"

"What have you been doing, woman?" inquired Jeremiah. "You've been rung for fifty times."

"Oh, Jeremiah," said Mistress Affery, "I have been a-dreaming!"

Reminded of her former achievement in that way, Mr. Flintwinch held the candle to her head, as if he had some idea of lighting her up for the illumination of the kitchen.

"Don't you know it's her tea-time?" he demanded, with a vicious grin, and giving Mistress Affery's chair a kick.

"Jeremiah? Tea-time? I don't know what's come to me. But I got such a dreadful turn, Jeremiah, before I went—off a-dreaming, that I think it must be that."

"Yoogh! Sleepy-Head!" said Mr. Flintwinch, with great intensity, "what are you talking about?"

"Such a strange noise, Jeremiah, and such a curious movement. In the kitchen here—just here."

Jeremiah held up his light and looked at the blackened ceiling, held down his light and looked at the damp stone floor, turned round with his light and looked about at the spotted and blotched walls.

"Rats, cats, water, drains," said Jeremiah.

Mistress Affery negatived each with a shake of her head. "No, Jeremiah; I have felt it before. I have felt it up stairs, and once on the stair-case as I was going from her room to ours in the night—a rustle and a sort of trembling touch behind me."

"Affery, my woman," said Mr. Flintwinch, grimly, after advancing his nose to that lady's lips as a test for the detection of spirituous liquors, "if you don't get tea pretty quick, old woman, you'll become sensible of a rustle and a touch that'll send you flying to the other end of the kitchen."

This prediction stimulated Mrs. Flintwinch to bestir herself, and to hasten up stairs to Mrs. Clennam's chamber. But, for all that, she now began to entertain a settled conviction that there was something wrong in the gloomy house. Henceforth she was never at peace in it after daylight departed, and never went up or down stairs in the dark without having her apron over her head, lest she should see something.

What with these ghostly apprehensions and her singular dreams, Mrs. Flintwinch fell that evening into a haunted state of mind, from which it may be long before this present narrative descries any trace of her recovery. In the vagueness and indistinctness of all her new experiences and perceptions, as every thing about her was mysterious to herself, she began to be mysterious to others, and became as difficult to

Digitized by Google

be made out to any body's satisfaction, as she found the house and every thing in it difficult to make out to her own.

She had not yet finished preparing Mrs. Clennam's tea when the soft knock came to the door which always announced Little Dorrit. Mistress Affery looked on at Little Dorrit taking off her homely bonnet in the hall, and at Mr. Flintwinch scraping his jaws and contemplating her in silence, as expecting some wonderful consequence to ensue which would frighten her out of her five wits or blow them all three to pieces.

After tea there came another knock at the door, announcing Arthur. Mistress Affery went down to let him in, and he said on entering, "Affery, I am glad it's you. I want to ask you a question." Affery immediately replied, "For goodness' sake don't ask me nothing, Arthur! I am frightened out of one half of my life and dreamed out of the other. Don't ask me nothing! I don't know which is which or what is what!" And immediately started away from him and came near him no more.

Mistress Affery having no taste for reading, and no sufficient light for needlework in the subdued room, supposing her to have the inclination, now sat every night in the dimness from which she had momentarily emerged on the evening of Arthur Clennam's return, occupied with crowds of wild speculations and suspicions respecting her mistress, and her husband, and the noises in the house. When the ferocious devotional exercises were engaged in, these speculations would distract Mistress Affery's eyes toward the door, as if she expected some dark form to appear at those propitious moments, and make the party one too many.

Otherwise Affery never said or did any thing to attract the attention of the two clever ones toward her in any marked degree, except on certain occasions, generally at about the quiet hours toward bed-time, when she would suddenly dart out of her dim corner, and whisper, with a face of terror, to Mr. Flintwinch reading the paper near Mrs. Clennam's little table:

"There, Jeremiah! Now! What's that noise?"

Then the noise, if there were any, would have ceased, and Mr. Flintwinch would snarl, turning upon her as if she had cut him down that moment against his will, "Affery, old woman, you shall have a dose, old woman, such a dose! You have been dreaming again!"

CHAPTER XVI.—NOBODY'S WEAKNESS.

The time being come for the renewal of his acquaintance with the Meagles family, Clennam, pursuant to contract made between himself and Mr. Meagles within the precincts of Bleeding Heart Yard, turned his face on a certain Saturday toward Twickenham, where Mr. Meagles had a cottage-residence of his own. The weather being fine and dry, and any English road abounding in interest for him who had been so long away, he sent his valise on by the coach, and set out to walk. A walk was in itself a new enjoyment to him, and one that had rarely diversified his life afar off.

He went by Fulham and Putney, for the pleasure of strolling over the heath. It was bright and shining there, and when he found himself so far on his road to Twickenham, he found himself a long way on his road to a number of airier and less substantial destinations. They had risen before him fast, in the healthful exercise and the pleasant road. It is not easy to walk alone in the country without musing upon something. And he had plenty of unsettled subjects to meditate upon, though he had been walking to the Land's End.

First, there was the subject seldom absent from his mind, the question what he was to do henceforth in life; to what occupation he should devote himself, and in what direction he had best seek it. He was far from rich, and every day of indecision and inaction made his inheritance a source of greater anxiety to him. As often as he began to consider how to increase this inheritance, or to lay it by, so often his misgiving that there was some one with an unsatisfied claim upon his justice, returned; and that alone was a subject to outlast the longest walk. Again, there was the subject of his relations with his mother, which were now upon an equable and peaceful but never confidential footing, and whom he saw several times a week. Little Dorrit was a leading and a constant subject; for the circumstances of his life, united to those of her own story, presented the little creature to him as the only person between whom and himself there were ties of innocent reliance on one hand, and affectionate protection on the other: ties of compassion, respect, unselfish interest, gratitude, and pity. Thinking of her, and of the possibility of her father's release from prison by the unbarring hand of death—the only change of circumstance he could foresee that might enable him to be such a friend to her as he wished to be, by altering her whole manner of life, smoothing her rough road, and giving her a home—he regarded her, in that perspective, as his adopted daughter, his poor child of the Marshalsea hushed to rest. If there were a last subject in his thoughts, and it lay toward Twickenham, its form was so indefinite that it was little more than the pervading atmosphere in which these other subjects floated before him.

He had crossed the heath and was leaving it behind, when he gained upon a figure which had been in advance of him for some time, and which, as he gained upon it, he thought he knew. He derived this impression from something in the turn of the head and in the figure's action of consideration as it went on at a sufficiently sturdy walk. But when the man—for it was a man's figure—pushed his hat up at the back of his head and stopped to consider some object before him, he knew it to be Daniel Doyce.

"How do you do, Mr. Doyce?" said Clennam, overtaking him; "I am glad to see you

again, and in a healthier place than the Circumlocution Office."

"Ha! Mr. Meagles's friend!" exclaimed that public criminal, coming out of some mental combinations he had been making, and offering his hand. "I am glad to see you, Sir. Will you excuse me if I forget your name?"

"Readily. It's not a celebrated name. It's not Barnacle."

"No, no," said Daniel, laughing. "And now I know what it is. It's Clennam. How do you do, Mr. Clennam?"

"I have some hope," said Arthur, as they walked on together, "that we may be going to the same place, Mr. Doyce."

"Meaning Twickenham?" returned Daniel. "I am glad to hear it."

They were soon quite intimate, and lightened the way with a variety of conversation. The ingenious culprit was a man of great modesty and good sense; and, though a plain man, had been too much accustomed to combine what was original and daring in conception with what was patient and minute in execution, to be by any means an ordinary man. It was at first difficult to lead him to speak about himself, and he put off Arthur's advances in that direction by admitting slightly, oh yes, he had done this, and he had done that, and such a thing was of his making, and such another thing was his discovery, but it was his trade, you see, his trade; until, as he gradually became assured that his companion had a real interest in his account of himself, he frankly yielded to it. Then it appeared that he was the son of a north-country blacksmith, and had originally been apprenticed by his widowed mother to a lock-maker; that he had "struck out a few little things" at the lock-maker's, which had led to his being released from his indentures with a present, which present had enabled him to gratify his ardent wish to bind himself to a working engineer, under whom he had labored hard, learnt hard, and lived hard, seven years. His time being out, he had "worked in the shop" at weekly wages seven or eight years more, and had then betaken himself to the banks of the Clyde, where he had studied, and filed, and hammered, and improved his knowledge, theoretical and practical, for six or seven years more. There he had had an offer to go to Lyons, which he had accepted; and from Lyons had been engaged to go to Germany, and in Germany had had an offer to go to St. Petersburg, and there had done very well indeed—never better. However, he had naturally felt a preference for his own country, and a wish to gain distinction there, and to do whatever service he could do there rather than elsewhere. And so he had come home. And so at home he had established himself in business, and had invented and executed, and worked his way on, until, after a dozen years of constant suit and attendance, he had been enrolled in the Great British Legion of Honor, the Legion of the Rebuffed of the Circumlocution Office, and had been decorated with the great British Order of Merit, the Order of the Disorder of the Barnacles and Stiltstalkings.

"It is much to be regretted," said Clennam, "that you ever turned your thoughts that way, Mr. Doyce."

"True, Sir, true to a certain extent. But what is a man to do? If he has the misfortune to strike out something serviceable to the nation, he must follow where it leads him."

"Hadn't he better let it go?" asked Clennam.

"He can't do it," said Doyce, shaking his head with a thoughtful smile. "It's not put into his head to be buried. It's put into his head to be made useful. You hold your life on the condition that to the last you shall struggle hard for it. Every man holds a discovery on the same terms."

"That is to say," said Arthur, with a growing admiration of his quiet companion, "you are not finally discouraged even now?"

"I have no right to be," returned the other, "if I am. The thing is as true as it ever was."

When they had walked a little way in silence, Clennam, at once to change the direct point of their conversation and not to change it too abruptly, asked Mr. Doyce if he had any partner in his business to relieve him of a portion of its anxieties?

"No," he returned, "not at present. I had when I first entered on it, and a good man he was. But he has been dead some years, and as I could not easily take to the notion of another when I lost him, I bought his share for myself, and have gone on by myself ever since. And here's another thing," he said, stopping for a moment with a good-humored laugh in his eyes, and laying his closed right hand, with its peculiar suppleness of thumb, on Clennam's arm, "no inventor can be a man of business, you know."

"No?" said Clennam.

"Why, so the men of business say," he answered, resuming the walk and laughing outright. "I don't know why we unfortunate creatures should be supposed to want common sense, but it is generally taken for granted that we do. Even the best friend I have in the world, our excellent friend over yonder," said Doyce, nodding toward Twickenham, "extends a sort of protection to me, don't you know, as a man not quite able to take care of himself?"

Arthur Clennam could not help joining in the good-humored laugh, for he recognized the truth of the description.

"So I find that I must have a partner who is a man of business and not guilty of any inventions," said Daniel Doyce, taking off his hat to pass his hand over his forehead, "if it's only in deference to the current opinion and to uphold the credit of the Works. I don't think he'll find that I have been very remiss or confused in my way of conducting them; but that's for him to say—whoever he is—not for me."

"You have not chosen him yet, then?"

"No, Sir, no. I have only just come to a decision to take one. The fact is, there's more to do than there used to be, and the Works are enough for me as I grow older. What with the books and correspondence, and foreign journeys for which a Principal is necessary, I can't do all. I am going to talk over the best way of negotiating the matter, if I find a spare half hour between this and Monday morning with my—my nurse and protector," said Doyce, with laughing eyes again. "He is a sagacious man in business, and has had a good apprenticeship to it."

After this, they conversed on different subjects until they arrived at their journey's end. A composed and unobtrusive self-sustainment was noticeable in Daniel Doyce—a calm knowledge that what was true must remain true, in spite of all the Barnacles in the family ocean, and would be just the truth and neither more nor less when even that sea had run dry—which had a kind of greatness in it, though not of the official quality.

As he knew the house well, he conducted Arthur to it by the way that showed it to the best advantage. It was a charming place (none the worse for being a little eccentric) on the road by the river, and just what the residence of the Meagles family ought to be. It stood in a garden, no doubt as fresh and beautiful in the May of the year as Pet now was in the May of her life; and it was defended by a goodly show of handsome trees and spreading evergreens, as Pet was by Mr. and Mrs. Meagles. It was made out of an old brick house, of which a part had been altogether pulled down, and another part had been changed into the present cottage; so there was a hale elderly portion to represent Mr. and Mrs. Meagles, and a young picturesque, very pretty portion to represent Pet. There was even the later addition of a conservatory sheltering itself against it, uncertain of hue in its deep-stained glass, and in its more transparent portions flashing to the sun's rays, now like fire and now like harmless water drops; which might have stood for Tattycoram. Within view was the peaceful river and the ferry-boat, to moralize to all the inmates, saying: Young or old, passionate or tranquil, chafing or content, you, thus runs the current always. Let the heart swell into what discord it will, thus plays the rippling water on the prow of the ferry-boat ever the same tune. Year after year, so much allowance for the drifting of the boat, so many miles an hour the flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet, upon this road that steadily runs away; while you, upon your flowing road of time, are so capricious and distracted.

The bell at the gate had scarcely sounded when Mr. Meagles came out to receive them. Mr. Meagles had scarcely come out, when Mrs. Meagles came out. Mrs. Meagles had scarcely come out, when Pet came out. Pet had scarcely come out, when Tattycoram came out. Never had visitors a more hospitable reception.

"Here we are, you see," said Mr Meagles, "boxed up, Mr. Clennam, within our own home-limits, as if we were never going to expand—that is, travel—again. Not like Marseilles, eh? No allonging and marshonging here?"

"A different kind of beauty, indeed!" said Clennam, looking about him.

"But, Lord bless me!" cried Mr. Meagles, rubbing his hands with a relish, "it was an uncommonly pleasant thing being in quarantine, wasn't it? Do you know, I have often wished myself back again? We were a capital party."

This was Mr. Meagles's invariable habit. Always to object to every thing while he was traveling, and always to want to get back to it when he was not traveling.

"If it was summer-time," said Mr. Meagles, "which I wish it was on your account, and in order that you might see the place at its best, you would hardly be able to hear yourself speak for birds. Being practical people, we never allow any body to scare the birds; and the birds, being practical people too, come about us in myriads. We are delighted to see you, Clennam (if you'll allow me, I shall drop the Mister); I heartily assure you, we are delighted."

"I have not had so pleasant a greeting," said Clennam—then he recalled what Little Dorrit had said to him in his own room, and faithfully added, "except once—since we last walked to and fro, looking down at the Mediterranean."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Meagles. "Something like a look out, *that* was, wasn't it? I don't want a military government, but I shouldn't mind a little allonging and marshonging—just a dash of it—in this neighborhood sometimes. It's Devilish still."

Bestowing this eulogium on the retired character of his retreat with a dubious shake of the head, Mr. Meagles led the way into the house. It was just large enough and no more; was as pretty within as it was without, and was perfectly well-arranged and comfortable. Some traces of the migratory habits of the family were to be observed in the covered frames and furniture, and wrapped-up hangings; but it was easy to see that it was one of Mr. Meagles's whims to have the cottage always kept in their absence as if they were always coming back the day after to-morrow. Of articles collected on his various expeditions, there was such a vast miscellany that it was like the dwelling of an amiable Corsair. There were antiquities from Central Italy, made by the best modern houses in that department of industry; bits of mummy from Egypt (and perhaps Birmingham); model gondolas from Venice; model villages from Switzerland; morsels of tesselated pavement from Herculaneum and Pompeii, like petrified minced veal; ashes out of tombs, and lava out of Vesuvius; Spanish fans, Spezzian straw hats, Moorish slippers, Tuscan hair-pins, Carrara sculpture, Trastaverini scarfs, Genoese velvets and filagree,

Neapolitan coral, Roman cameos, Geneva jewelry, Arab lanterns, rosaries blest all round by the Pope himself, and an infinite variety of lumber. There were views, like and unlike, of a multitude of places; and there was one little picture-room devoted to a few of the regular sticky old Saints, with sinews like whipcord, hair like Neptune's, wrinkles like tattooing, and such coats of varnish that every holy personage served for a fly-trap, and became what is now called in the vulgar tongue a Catch-em-alive O. Of these pictorial acquisitions Mr. Meagles spoke in the usual manner. He was no judge, he said, except of what pleased himself; he had picked them up, dirt-cheap, and people *had* considered them rather fine. One man, who at any rate ought to know something of the subject, had declared that Sage, Reading (a specially oily old gentleman in a blanket, with a swan's-down tippet for a beard, and a pattern of cracks all over him like rich pie-crust), to be a fine Guercino. As for Sebastian del Piombo there, you would judge for yourself; if it were not his later manner, the question was, Who was it? Titian, that might or might not be—perhaps he had only touched it. Daniel Doyce said perhaps he hadn't touched it, but Mr. Meagles rather declined to overhear the remark.

When he had shown all his spoils, Mr. Meagles took them into his own snug room overlooking the lawn, which was fitted up in part like a dressing-room and in part like an office, and in which, upon a kind of counter-desk, were a pair of brass scales for weighing gold, and a scoop for shoveling out money.

"Here they are, you see," said Mr. Meagles. "I stood behind these two articles five-and-thirty years running, when I no more thought of gadding about than I now think of—staying at home. When I left the Bank for good, I asked for them, and brought them away with me. I mention it at once, or you might suppose that I sit in my counting-house (as Pet says I do) like the king in the poem of the four-and-twenty black birds counting out my money."

"Clennam's eyes had strayed to a natural picture on the wall of two pretty little girls with their arms entwined. "Yes, Clennam," said Mr. Meagles, in a lower voice, "there they both are. It was taken some seventeen years ago. As I often say to Mother, they were babies then."

"Their names?" said Arthur.

"Ah, to be sure! You have never heard any name but Pet. Pet's name is Minnie; her sister's, Lillie."

"Should you have known, Mr. Clennam, that one of them was meant for me?" asked Pet herself, now standing in the doorway.

"I might have thought that both of them were meant for you, both are still so like you. Indeed," said Clennam, glancing from the fair original to the picture and back, "I can not even now say which is not your portrait."

"D'ye hear that, Mother?" cried Mr. Meagles to his wife, who had followed her daughter. "It's always the same, Clennam; nobody can decide. The child to your left is Pet."

The picture happened to be near a looking-glass. As Arthur looked at it again, he saw, by the reflection of the mirror, Tattycoram stop in passing outside the door, listen to what was going on, and pass away with an angry and contemptuous frown upon her face that changed its beauty into ugliness.

"But come!" said Mr. Meagles. "You have had a long walk, and will be glad to get your boots off. As to Daniel here, I suppose he'd never think of taking *his* boots off, unless we showed him a boot-jack."

"Why not?" asked Daniel, with a significant smile at Clennam.

"Oh! You have so many things to think about," returned Mr. Meagles, clapping him on the shoulder, as if his weakness must not be left to itself on any account. "Figures, and wheels, and cogs, and levers, and screws, and cylinders, and a thousand things."

"In my calling," said Daniel, amused, "the greater usually includes the less. But never mind, never mind! Whatever pleases you, pleases me."

Clennam could not help speculating, as he seated himself in his room by the fire, whether there might be in the breast of this honest, affectionate, and cordial Mr. Meagles, any microscopic portion of the mustard-seed that had sprung up into the great tree of the Circumlocution Office. His curious sense of a general superiority to Daniel Doyce, which seemed to be founded, not so much on any thing in Doyce's personal character, as on the mere fact of his being an originator and a man out of the beaten track of other men, suggested the idea. It might have occupied him until he went down to dinner an hour afterward, if he had not had another question to consider, which had been in his mind so long ago as before he was in quarantine at Marseilles, and which had now returned to it, and was very urgent with it. No less a question than this: Whether he should allow himself to fall in love with Pet?

He was twice her age. (He changed the leg he had crossed over the other, and tried the calculation again, but could not bring out the total at less.) He was twice her age. Well! He was young in appearance, young in health and strength, young in heart. A man was certainly not old at forty, and many men were not in circumstances to marry, or did not marry, until they attained that time of life. On the other hand, the question was, not what he thought of the point, but what she thought of it.

He believed that Mr. Meagles was disposed to entertain a ripe regard for him, and he knew that he had a sincere regard for Mr. Meagles and his good wife. He could foresee that to relinquish this beautiful only child, of whom they were so fond, to any husband, would be a trial of their love, which perhaps they never yet had

had the fortitude to contemplate. But the more beautiful, and winning, and charming she, the nearer they must always be to the necessity of approaching it. And why not in his favor as well as in another's?

When he had got so far, it came again into his head, that the question was, not what they thought of it, but what she thought of it.

Arthur Clennam was a retiring man, with a sense of many deficiencies; and he so exalted the merits of the beautiful Minnie in his mind and depressed his own, that when he pinned himself to this point, his hopes began to fail him. He came to the final resolution, as he made himself ready for dinner, that he would *not* allow himself to fall in love with Pet.

They were only five, at a round table, and it was very pleasant indeed. They had so many places and people to recall, and they were all so easy and cheerful together (Daniel Doyce either sitting out like an amused spectator at cards, or coming in with some shrewd little experiences of his own, when it happened to be to the purpose), that they might have been together twenty times and not have known so much of one another.

"And Miss Wade," said Mr. Meagles, after they had recalled a number of fellow-travelers. "Has any body seen Miss Wade?"

"I have," said Tattycoram.

She had brought a little mantle, which her young mistress had sent for, and was bending over her, putting it on, when she lifted up her dark eyes, and made this unexpected answer.

"Tatty!" her young mistress exclaimed, "You seen Miss Wade?—where?"

"Here, Miss," said Tattycoram.

"How?"

An impatient glance from Tattycoram seemed, as Clennam saw it, to answer "With my eyes!" But her only answer in words was: "I met her near the church."

"What was she doing there I wonder!" said Mr. Meagles. "Not going to it, I should think."

"She had written to me first," said Tattycoram.

"Oh, Tatty!" murmured her mistress, "take your hands away. I feel as if some one else was touching me!"

She said it in a quick, involuntary way, but half playfully, and not more petulantly or disagreeably than a favorite child might have done, who laughed next moment. Tattycoram set her full red lips together, and crossed her arms upon her bosom.

"Did you wish to know, Sir," she said, looking at Mr. Meagles, "what Miss Wade wrote to me about?"

"Well, Tattycoram," returned Mr. Meagles, "since you ask the question, and we are all friends here, perhaps you may as well mention it, if you are so inclined."

"She knew when we were traveling where you lived," said Tattycoram, "and she had seen me not quite—not quite—"

"Not quite in a good temper, Tattycoram?" suggested Mr. Meagles, shaking his head with a quiet caution at the dark eyes. "Take a little time—count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

She pressed her lips together again, and took a long, deep breath.

"So she wrote to me to say that if I ever felt myself hurt," she looked down at her young mistress, "or found myself worried," she looked down at her again, "I might go to her, and be considerately treated. I was to think of it, and could speak to her by the church. So I went there to thank her."

"Tatty," said her young mistress, putting her hand up over her shoulder that the other might take it, "Miss Wade almost frightened me when we parted, and I scarcely liked to think of her just now as having been so near me without my knowing it. Tatty, dear!"

Tatty stood for a moment, immovable.

"Hey?" cried Mr. Meagles. "Count another five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

She might have counted a dozen, when she bent and put her lips to the caressing hand. It patted her cheek, as it touched the owner's beautiful curls, and Tattycoram went away.

"Now, there," said Mr. Meagles, softly, as he gave a turn to the dumb-waiter on his right hand, to turn the sugar to himself. "There's a girl who might be lost and ruined if she wasn't among practical people. Mother and I know, solely from being practical, that there are times when that girl's whole nature seems to roughen itself against seeing us so bound up in Pet. No father and mother were bound up in her, poor soul. I don't like to think of the way in which that unfortunate child, with all that passion and protest in her, feels when she hears the Fifth Commandment on a Sunday. I am always inclined to call out, at that time, Count five-and-twenty, Tattycoram."

Besides his dumb-waiter, Mr. Meagles had two other not dumb waiters, in the persons of two parlor-maids, with rosy faces and bright eyes, who were a highly ornamental part of the table decoration. "And why not, you see?" said Mr. Meagles, on this head. "As I always say to Mother, why not have something pretty to look at, if you have any thing at all?"

A certain Mrs. Tickit, who was Cook and Housekeeper when the family were at home, and Housekeeper only when the family were away, completed the establishment. Mr. Meagles regretted that the nature of the duties in which she was engaged rendered Mrs. Tickit unpresentable at present, but hoped to introduce her to the new visitor to-morrow. She was an important part of the cottage, he said, and all his friends knew her. That was her picture up in the corner. When they went away, she always put on the silk gown and the jet-black row of curls represented in that portrait (her hair was reddish-gray in the kitchen), established herself in the breakfast-room, put her spectacles between two particular leaves of Dr. Buchan's Do-

mestic Medicine, and sat looking over the blind all day until they came back again. It was supposed that no persuasion could be invented which would induce Mrs. Tickit to abandon her post at the blind, however long their absence, or to dispense with the attendance of Dr. Buchan: the lucubrations of which learned practitioner Mr. Meagles implicitly believed she had never yet consulted to the extent of one word in her life.

In the evening they played an old-fashioned rubber, and Pet sat looking over her father's hand, or singing to herself by fits and starts at the piano. She was a spoilt child; but how could she be otherwise? Who could be much with so pliable and beautiful a creature, and not yield to her endearing influence? Who could pass an evening in the house, and not love her for the grace and charm of her very presence in the room? This was Clennam's reflection, notwithstanding the final conclusion at which he had arrived up stairs.

In making it, he revoked. "Why, what are you thinking of, my good Sir?" asked the astonished Mr. Meagles, who was his partner. "I beg your pardon. Nothing," returned Clennam. "Think of something next time; that's a dear fellow," said Mr. Meagles. Pet laughingly believed he had been thinking of Miss Wade. "Why of Miss Wade, Pet?" asked her father. "Why, indeed!" said Arthur Clennam. Pet colored a little, and went to the piano again.

As they broke up for the night, Arthur overheard Doyce ask his host if he could give him half-an-hour's conversation before breakfast in the morning? The host replying willingly, Arthur lingered behind a moment, having his own word to add on that topic.

"Mr. Meagles," he said, on their being left alone, "do you remember when you advised me to go straight to London?"

"Perfectly well."

"And when you gave me some other good advice, which I needed at that time?"

"I won't say what it was worth," answered Mr. Meagles; "but, of course, I remember our being very pleasant and confidential together."

"I have acted on your advice, and having disembarrassed myself of an occupation that was painful to me for many reasons, wish to devote myself and what means I have to another pursuit."

"Right! You can't do it too soon," said Mr. Meagles.

"Now, as I came down to-day, I found that your friend, Mr. Doyce, is looking for a partner in his business—not a partner in his mechanical knowledge, but in the ways and means of turning the business arising from it to the best account."

"Just so," said Mr. Meagles, with his hands in his pockets, and with the old business expression of face that had belonged to the scales and scoop.

"Mr. Doyce mentioned incidentally, in the course of our conversation, that he was going to take your valuable advice on the subject of finding such a partner. If you should think our views and opportunities at all likely to coincide, perhaps you will let him know my available position. I speak, of course, in ignorance of the details, and they may be unsuitable on both sides."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Mr. Meagles, with the caution belonging to the scales and scoop.

"But they will be a question of figures and accounts—"

"Just so, just so," said Mr. Meagles, with the arithmetical solidity belonging to the scales and scoop.

"—And I shall be glad to enter into the subject, provided Mr. Doyce responds, and you think well of it. If you will at present, therefore, allow me to place it in your hands, you will much oblige me."

"Clennam, I accept the trust with readiness," said Mr. Meagles. "And, without anticipating any of the points which you, as a man of business, have of course reserved, I am free to say to you that I think something may come of this. Of one thing you may be perfectly certain. Daniel is an honest man."

"I am so sure of it, that I have promptly made up my mind to speak to you."

"You must guide him, you know; you must steer him; you must direct him; he is one of a crotchety sort," said Mr. Meagles, evidently meaning nothing more than that he did new things and went new ways; "but he is as honest as the sun, and so good-night!"

Clennam went back to his room, sat down again before his fire, and made up his mind that he was glad he had resolved not to fall in love with Pet. She was so beautiful, so amiable, so apt to receive any true impression given to her gentle nature and her innocent heart, and make the man who should be so happy as to communicate it, the most fortunate and enviable of all men, that he was very glad indeed he had come to that conclusion.

But as this might have been a reason for coming to the opposite conclusion, he followed out the theme again a little way in his mind. To justify himself, perhaps.

"Suppose that a man," so his thoughts ran, "who had been of age some twenty years or so; who was a diffident man from the circumstances of his youth; who was rather a grave man from the tenor of his life; who knew himself to be deficient in many little engaging qualities which he admired in others, from having been long in a distant region, with nothing softening near him; who had no kind sisters to present to her; who had no congenial home to make her known in; who was a stranger in the land; who had not a fortune to compensate in any measure for these defects; who had nothing in his favor but his honest love and his general wish to do right—suppose such a man were to come to this house, and were to yield to the captivation of

this charming girl, and were to persuade himself that he could hope to win her; what a weakness it would be!"

He softly opened his window, and looked out upon the serene river. Year after year so much allowance for the drifting of the ferry-boat, so many miles an hour the flowing of the stream, here the rushes, there the lilies, nothing uncertain or unquiet.

Why should he be vexed or sore at heart? It was not his weakness that he had imagined. It was nobody's, nobody's within his knowledge, why should it trouble him? And yet it did trouble him. And he thought—who has not thought for a moment, sometimes—that it might be better to flow away monotonously, like the river, and to compound for its insensibility to happiness with its insensibility to pain.

CHAPTER XVII.—NOBODY'S RIVAL.

Before breakfast in the morning, Arthur walked out to look about him. As the morning was fine, and he had an hour on his hands, he crossed the river by the ferry, and strolled along a footpath through some meadows. When he came back to the towing-path, he found the ferry-boat on the opposite side, and a gentleman hailing it and waiting to be taken over.

This gentleman looked barely thirty. He was well dressed, of a sprightly and gay appearance, a well-knit figure, and a rich dark complexion. As Arthur came over the stile and down to the water's edge, the lounger glanced at him for a moment, and then resumed his occupation of idly tossing stones into the water with his foot.

There was something in his way of spurning them out of their places with his heel and getting them into the required position that Clennam thought had an air of cruelty in it. Most of us have more or less frequently derived a similar impression from a man's manner of doing some very little thing: plucking a flower, clearing away an obstacle, or even destroying an insentient object.

The gentleman's thoughts were preoccupied, as his face showed, and he took no notice of a fine Newfoundland dog, who watched him attentively, and watched every stone too, in its turn, eager to spring into the river on receiving his master's sign. The ferry-boat came over, however, without his receiving any sign, and when it grounded his master took him by the collar and walked him into it.

"Not this morning," he said to the dog. "You won't do for ladies' company, dripping wet. Lie down."

Clennam followed the man and the dog into the boat, and took his seat. The dog did as he was ordered. The man remained standing, with his hands in his pockets, and towered between Clennam and the prospect. Man and dog both jumped lightly out as soon as they touched the other side, and went away. Clennam was glad to be rid of them.

The church clock struck the breakfast hour as he walked up the little lane by which the garden-gate was approached. The moment he pulled the bell a deep loud barking assailed him from within the wall.

"I heard no dog last night," thought Clennam. The gate was opened by one of the rosy maids, and on the lawn were the Newfoundland dog and the man.

"Miss Minnie is not down yet, gentlemen," said the blushing portress as they all came together in the garden. Then she said to the master of the dog, "Mr. Clennam, Sir," and tripped away.

"Odd enough, Mr. Clennam, that we should have met just now," said the man. Upon which the dog became mute. "Allow me to introduce myself—Henry Gowan—a pretty place this, and looks wonderfully well this morning!"

The manner was easy, and the voice agreeable; but still Clennam thought that if he had not made that decided resolution to avoid falling in love with Pet, he would have taken a dislike to this Henry Gowan.

"It's new to you, I believe?" said this Gowan, when Arthur had extolled the place.

"Quite new. I made acquaintance with it only yesterday afternoon."

"Ah! Of course this is not its best aspect. It used to look charming in the spring before they went away last time. I should like you to have seen it then."

But for that resolution so often recalled, Clennam might have wished him in the crater of Mount Etna, in return for this civility.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing it under many circumstances during the last three years, and it's—a Paradise."

It was (at least it might have been, always excepting for that wise resolution) like his dexterous impudence to call it a Paradise. He only called it a Paradise because he first saw her coming, and so made her out within her hearing to be an angel, Confusion to him!

And ah, how beaming she looked, and how glad! How she caressed the dog, and how the dog knew her! How expressive that heightened color in her face, that fluttered manner, her downcast eyes, her irresolute happiness! When had Clennam seen her look like this? Not that there was any reason why he might, could, would, or should have ever seen her look like this, or that he had ever hoped for himself to see her look like this; but still—when had he ever known her do it!

He stood at a little distance from them. This Gowan, when he had talked about a Paradise, had gone up to her and taken her hand. The dog had put his great paws on her arm, and laid his head against her dear bosom. She had laughed and welcomed them, and made far too much of the dog, far, far too much—that is to say, supposing there had been any third person looking on who loved her.

She disengaged herself now, and came to Clennam, and put her hand in his and wished

THE FERRY.

him good-morning, and gracefully made as if she would take his arm and be escorted into the house. This Gowan had no objection. No, he knew he was too safe.

There was a passing cloud on Mr. Meagles's good-humored face when they all three (four, counting the dog, and he was the most objectionable but one of the party) came in to breakfast. Neither it nor the touch of uneasiness on Mrs. Meagles, as she directed her eyes toward it, was unobserved by Clennam.

"Well, Gowan," said Mr. Meagles, even suppressing a sigh, "How goes the world with you this morning?"

"Much as usual, Sir. Lion and I being determined not to waste any thing of our weekly visit turned out early, and came over from Kingston, my present head-quarters, where I

am making a sketch or two." Then he told how he had met Mr. Clennam at the ferry, and they had come over together.

"Mrs. Gowan is well, Henry?" said Mrs. Meagles. (Clennam became attentive.)

"My mother is quite well, thank you." (Clennam became inattentive.) "I have taken the liberty of making an addition to your family dinner-party to-day, which I hope will not be inconvenient to you or to Mr. Meagles. I couldn't very well get out of it," he explained, turning to the latter. "The young fellow wrote to propose himself to me; and as he is well connected, I thought you would not object to my transferring him here."

"Who *is* the young fellow?" asked Mr. Meagles, with peculiar complacency.

"He is one of the Barnacles. Tite Barnacle's son, Clarence Barnacle, who is in his father's Department. I can at least guarantee on his behalf that the river shall not suffer from his visit. He won't set it on fire."

"Ay, ay?" said Meagles. A Barnacle is he? *We* know something of that family, eh Dan By George, they are at the top of the tree, though! Let me see. What relation will this young fellow be to Lord Decimus now? His Lordship married, in seventeen ninety-seven, Lady Jemima Bilberry, who was the second daughter by the third marriage—no! There I am wrong! That was Lady Seraphina—Lady Jemima was the first daughter by the second marriage of the fifteenth Earl of Stiltstalking with the Honorable Clementina Toozellem. Very well. Now this young fellow's father married a Stiltstalking, and *his* father married his cousin four times removed, who was a Barnacle. The father of that father who married a Barnacle, married a Joddleby. —I am getting a little too far back, Gowan; I want to make out what relation this young fellow is to Lord Decimus."

"That's easily stated. His father is nephew to Lord Decimus."

"Nephew—to—Lord—Decimus," Mr. Meagles luxuriously repeated, with his eyes shut, that he might have nothing to distract him from the full flavor of the genealogical tree. "By George, you are right, Gowan! So he is."

"Consequently, Lord Decimus is his great-uncle."

"But stop a bit!" said Mr. Meagles, opening his eyes with a fresh discovery. "Then, on the mother's side, Lady Stiltstalking is his great-aunt."

"Of course she is."

"Ay, ay, ay?" said Mr. Meagles, with much interest. "Indeed, indeed? We shall be glad to see him. We'll entertain him as well as we can in our humble way, and we shall not starve him, I hope, at all events."

In the beginning of this dialogue Clennam had expected some great harmless outburst from Mr. Meagles, like that which had made him burst out of the Circumlocution Office, holding Doyce by the collar. But his good friend had a weakness which none of us need go into the next street to find, and which no amount of Circumlocution experience could long subdue in him. Clennam looked at Doyce, but Doyce knew all about it beforehand, and looked at his plate, and made no sign, and said no word.

"I am much obliged to you," said Gowan, to conclude the subject. "Clarence is a great ass, but he is one of the dearest and best fellows that ever lived!"

It appeared before the breakfast was over that every body whom this Gowan knew was either more or less of an ass, or more or less of a knave; but was notwithstanding the most loveable, the most engaging, the simplest, truest, kindest, dearest, best fellow that ever lived. The process by which this unvarying result was attained, whatever the premises, might have been stated by Mr. Henry Gowan thus: "I claim to be always book-keeping, with a peculiar nicety, in every man's case, and posting up a careful little account of Good and Evil with him. I do this so conscientiously, that I am happy to tell you I find the most worthless of men to be the dearest old fellow too; and am in a condition to make the gratifying report that there is much less difference than you are inclined to suppose between an honest man and a scoundrel." The effect of this cheering discovery happened to be, that while he seemed to be scrupulously finding good in most men, he did in reality lower it where it was, and set it up where it was not; but that was its only disagreeable or dangerous feature.

It scarcely seemed, however, to afford Mr. Meagles as much satisfaction as the Barnacle genealogy had done. The cloud that Clennam had never seen upon his face before that morning, frequently overcast it again, and there was the same shadow of uneasy observation of him on the comely face of his wife. More than once or twice when Pet caressed the dog, it appeared to Clennam that her father was unhappy in seeing her do it; and in one particular instance, when Gowan stood on the other side of the dog, and bent his head at the same time, Arthur fancied that he saw tears rise to Mr. Meagles's eyes as he hurried out of the room. It was either the fact, too, or he fancied, farther, that Pet herself was not insensible to these little incidents; that she tried with a more delicate affection than usual to express to her good father how much she loved him; that it was on this account that she fell behind the rest, both as they went to church and as they returned from it, and took his arm. He could not have sworn but that as he walked alone in the garden afterward, he had an instantaneous glimpse of her in her father's room, clinging to both her parents with the greatest tenderness, and weeping on her father's shoulder.

The latter part of the day turning out wet, they were fain to keep the house, look over Mr. Meagles's collection, and beguile the time with

conversation. This Gowan had plenty to say for himself, and said it in an off-hand and amusing manner. He appeared to be an artist by profession, and to have been at Rome some time; yet he had a slight, careless, amateur way with him—a perceptible limp, both in his devotion to art and his attainments—which Clennam could scarcely understand.

He applied to Daniel Doyce for help, as they stood together, looking out of window.

"You know Mr. Gowan?" he said, in a low voice.

"I have seen him here. Comes here every Sunday when they are at home."

"An artist, I infer from what he says?"

"A sort of a one," said Daniel Doyce, in a surly tone.

"What sort of a one?" asked Clennam, with a smile.

"Why, he has sauntered into the Arts at a leisurely Pall-Mall pace," said Doyce, "and I doubt if they care to be taken quite so coolly."

Pursuing his inquiries, Clennam found that the Gowan family were a very distant ramification of the Barnacles; and that the paternal Gowan, originally attached to a legation abroad, had been pensioned off as a Commissioner of nothing particular somewhere or other, and had died at his post with his drawn salary in his hand, nobly defending it to the last extremity. In consideration of this eminent public service, the Barnacle then in power had recommended the Crown to bestow a pension of two or three hundred a year on his widow, to which the next Barnacle in power had added certain shady and sedate apartments in the Palace at Hampton Court, where the old lady still lived, deploring the degeneracy of the times, in company with several other old ladies of both sexes. Her son, Mr. Henry Gowan, inheriting from his father, the Commissioner, that very questionable help in life, a very small independence, had been difficult to settle; the rather as public appointments chanced to be scarce, and his genius during his earlier manhood was of that exclusively agricultural character which applies itself to the cultivation of wild oats. At last he had declared that he would become a Painter; partly because he had always had an idle knack that way, and partly to grieve the souls of the Barnacles-in-chief who had not provided for him. So it had come to pass successively, first, that several distinguished ladies had been frightfully shocked; then, that portfolios of his performances had been handed about o' nights, and declared with ecstasy to be perfect Claudes, perfect Cuyps, perfect phenomena; then, that Lord Decimus had bought his picture, and had asked the President and Council to dinner at one blow, and had said, with his own magnificent gravity, "Do you know, there appears to me to be really immense merit in that work?" and, in short, that people of condition had absolutely taken pains to bring him into fashion. But, somehow, it had all failed. The prejudiced public had stood out against it obstinately. They had determined not to admire Lord Decimus's picture. They had determined to believe that in every service, except their own, a man must qualify himself, by striving early and late, and by working heart and soul, might and main. So now Mr. Gowan, like that worn-out old coffin which never was Mohammed's nor any body else's, hung mid-way between two points: jaundiced and jealous as to the one he had left: jaundiced and jealous as to the other that he couldn't reach.

Such was the substance of Clennam's discoveries concerning him, made that rainy Sunday afternoon and afterward.

About an hour or so after dinner time, Young Barnacle appeared, attended by his eye-glass; in honor of whose family connections Mr. Meagles had cashiered the pretty parlor-maids for the day and placed on duty in their stead two dingy men. Young Barnacle was in the last degree amazed and disconcerted at sight of Arthur, and had murmured involuntarily, "Look here! Upon my soul, you know!" before his presence of mind returned.

Even then, he was obliged to embrace the earliest opportunity of taking his friend into a window, and saying, in a nasal way that was a part of his general debility:

"I want to speak to you, Gowan. I say. Look here. Who is that fellow?"

"A friend of our host's. None of mine."

"He's a most ferocious Radical, you know," said Young Barnacle.

"Is he? How do you know?"

"Egod, Sir, he was Pitching into our people the other day in the most tremendous manner. Went up to our place and Pitched into my father to that extent that it was necessary to order him out. Came back to our department and Pitched into me. Look here. You never saw such a fellow."

"What did he want?"

"Egod, Sir," returned Young Barnacle, "he said he wanted to know, you know! Pervaded our department—without an appointment—and said he wanted to know!"

The stare of indignant wonder with which Young Barnacle accompanied this disclosure would have strained his eyes injuriously but for the opportune relief of dinner. Mr. Meagles (who had been extremely solicitous to know how his uncle and aunt were) begged him to conduct Mrs. Meagles to the dining-room. And when he sat on Mrs. Meagle's right hand, Mr. Meagles looked as gratified as if his whole family were there.

All the natural charm of the previous day was gone. The eaters of the dinner, like the dinner itself, were lukewarm, insipid, over-done—and all owing to this poor little dull Young Barnacle. Conversationless at any time, he was now the victim of a weakness special to the occasion and solely referable to Clennam. He was under a pressing and continual necessity of looking at that gentleman, which occasioned his

eye-glass to get into his soup, into his wine-glass, into Mrs. Meagles's plate, to hang down his back like a bell-rope, and be several times disgracefully restored to his bosom by one of the dingy men. Weakened in mind by his frequent losses of this instrument and its determination not to stick in his eye, and more and more enfeebled in intellect every time he looked at the mysterious Clennam, he applied spoons to his eye, forks, and other foreign matters connected with the furniture of the dinner-table. His discovery of these mistakes greatly increased his difficulties, but never released him from the necessity of looking at Clennam. And whenever Clennam spoke, this ill-starred young man was clearly seized with a dread that he was coming, by some artful device, round to that point of wanting to know, you know.

It may be questioned, therefore, whether any one but Mr. Meagles had much enjoyment of the time. Mr. Meagles, however, thoroughly enjoyed Young Barnacle. As a mere flask of the golden water in the tale became a full fountain when it was poured out, so Mr. Meagles seemed to feel that this small spice of Barnacle imparted to his table the flavor of the whole family tree. In its presence his frank, fine genuine qualities paled; he was not so easy, he was not so natural, he was striving after something that did not belong to him, he was not himself. What a strange peculiarity on the part of Mr. Meagles, and where should we find such another case!

At last the wet Sunday wore itself out in a wet night; and Young Barnacle went home in a cab, feebly smoking; and the objectionable Gowan went away on foot, accompanied by the objectionable dog. Pet had taken the most amiable pains all day to be friendly with Clennam, but Clennam had been a little reserved since breakfast—that is to say, would have been if he had loved her.

When he had gone to his own room and had again thrown himself into the chair by the fire, Mr. Doyce knocked at the door, candle in hand, to ask him how and at what hour he purposed returning on the morrow? After settling this question he said a word to Mr. Doyce about this Gowan—who would have run in his head a good deal, if he had been his rival.

"Those are not good prospects for a painter," said Clennam.

"No," returned Doyce.

Mr. Doyce stood, chamber-candlestick in hand, the other hand in his pocket, looking hard at the wick of his candle, with a certain quiet perception in his face that they were going to say something more.

"I thought our good friend a little changed and out of spirits after he came this morning?" said Clennam.

"Yes," returned Doyce.

"But not his daughter?" said Clennam.

"No," said Doyce.

There was a pause on both sides. Mr. Doyce, still looking fixedly at his candle, leisurely resumed:

"The truth is, he has twice taken his daughter abroad, in the hope of separating her from Mr. Gowan. He rather thinks she is disposed to like him, and he has painful doubts (I quite agree with him, as I dare say you do) of the hopefulness of such a marriage."

"There—" Clennam choked, and coughed, and stopped.

"Yes, you have taken cold," said Daniel Doyce. But without looking at him.

—"There is an engagement between them, of course?" said Clennam, airily.

"No. As I am told, certainly not. It has been solicited on the gentleman's part, but none has been made. Since their recent return, our friend has yielded to a weekly visit, but that is the utmost. Minnie would not deceive her father and mother. You have traveled with them, and I believe you know what a bond there is among them, extending even beyond this present life. All that there is between Miss Minnie and Mr. Gowan I have no doubt we see."

"Ah! We see enough!" cried Arthur.

Mr. Doyce wished him good-night, in the tone of a man who had heard a mournful, not to say despairing, exclamation, and who sought to infuse some encouragement and hope into the mind of the person by whom it had been uttered. Such tone was probably a part of his oddity as one of a crotchety band, for how could he have heard any thing of that kind without Clennam's hearing it too?

The rain fell heavily on the roof and pattered on the ground, and dripped among the evergreens, and the leafless branches of the trees. The rain fell heavily, drearily. It was a night of tears.

If Clennam had not decided against falling in love with Pet; if he had had the weakness to do it; if he had, little by little, persuaded himself to set all the earnestness of his nature, all the might of his hope, and all the wealth of his matured character on that cast; if he had done this, and found that all was lost, he would have been that night unutterably miserable. As it was—

As it was, the rain fell heavily, drearily.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LITTLE DORRIT'S LOVER.

Little Dorrit had not attained her twenty-second birthday without finding a lover. Even in the sallow Marshalsea the ever young Archer shot off a few featherless arrows now and then from a mouldy bow, and winged a Collegian or two.

Little Dorrit's lover, however, was not a Collegian. He was the sentimental son of a turnkey. His father hoped in the fullness of time to leave him the inheritance of an unstained key, and had from his early youth familiarized him with the duties of his office and with an ambition to retain the prison-lock in the family. While the succession was yet in abeyance, he assisted his mother in the conduct of a snug tobacco business round the corner of Horsemonger

Lane (his father being a non-resident turnkey), which could usually command a neat connection within the College walls.

Years agone, when the object of his affections was wont to sit in her little arm-chair by the high Lodge-fender, Young John (family name, Chivery), a year older than herself, had eyed her with admiring wonder. When he had played with her in the yard, his favorite game had been to counterfeit locking her up in corners, and to counterfeit letting her out for real kisses. When he grew tall enough to peep through the keyhole of the great lock of the main door, he had divers times set down his father's dinner or supper to get on as it might on the outer side thereof, while he stood taking cold in one eye by dint of peeping at her through that airy perspective.

If Young John had ever slackened in his truth in the less penetrable days of his boyhood when youth is prone to wear its boots unlaced and is happily unconscious of digestive organs, he had soon strung it up again, and screwed it tight. At nineteen his hand had inscribed in chalk on that part of the wall which fronted her lodging, on the occasion of her birthday, "Welcome sweet nursling of the Fairies!" At twenty-three, the same hand falteringly presented cigars on Sundays to the Father of the Marshalsea, and Father of the queen of his soul.

Young John was small of stature, with rather weak legs and very weak light hair. One of his eyes (perhaps the eye that used to peep through the keyhole) was also weak, and looked larger than the other, as if it couldn't collect itself. Young John was gentle likewise. But he was great of soul. Poetical, expansive, faithful.

Though too humble before the ruler of his heart to be sanguine, Young John had considered the subject of his attachment in all its lights and shades. Following it out to blissful results, he had descried, without self-commendation, a fitness in it. Say things prospered, and they were united. She the child of the Marshalsea; he the lock-keeper. There was a fitness in that. Say he became a resident turnkey. She would officially succeed to the chamber she had rented so long. There was a beautiful propriety in that. It looked over the wall if you stood on tiptoe; and with a trellis-work of scarlet beans and a canary or so, would become a very bower. There was a charming idea in that. Then, being all in all to one another, there was even an appropriate grace in the lock. With the world shut out (except that part of it which would be shut in); with its troubles and disturbances only known to them by hearsay, as they were described by the pilgrims who tarried with them on their way to the Insolvent Shrine; with the Bower above, and the Lodge below, they would glide down the stream of time in pastoral domestic happiness. Young John drew tears from his eyes by finishing the picture with a tombstone in the adjoining church-yard, close against the prison wall, bearing the following touching inscription: "Sacred to the Memory of John Chivery, Sixty years Turnkey, and fifty years Head Turnkey, Of the neighboring Marshalsea, Who departed this life, universally respected, on the thirty-first of December, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, Aged eighty-three years. Also of his truly beloved and truly loving wife, AMY, Whose maiden name was DORRIT, Who survived his loss not quite forty-eight hours, And who breathed her last in the Marshalsea aforesaid. There she was born, There she lived, There she died."

The Chivery parents were not ignorant of their son's attachment—indeed it had on some exceptional occasions thrown him into a state of mind that had impelled him to conduct himself with irascibility toward the customers, and damage the business—but they, in their turns, had worked it out to desirable conclusions. Mrs. Chivery, a prudent woman, had desired her husband to take notice that their John's prospects of the Lock would certainly be strengthened by an alliance with Miss Dorrit, who had herself a kind of claim upon the College, and was much respected there. Mrs. Chivery had desired her husband to take notice that if their John had means and a post of trust, Miss Dorrit had Family; and that her (Mrs. Chivery's) sentiment was, that two halves made a whole. Mrs. Chivery, speaking as a mother, and not as a diplomatist, had then, from a different point of view, desired her husband to recollect that their John had never been strong, and that his love had fretted and worritted him enough as it was, without his being driven to do himself a mischief, as nobody couldn't say he wouldn't be if he was crossed. These arguments had so powerfully influenced the mind of Mr. Chivery, who was a man of few words, that he had, on sundry Sunday mornings, given his boy what he termed "a lucky touch" on the shoulder, signifying that he considered such commendation of him to Good Fortune, preparatory to his that day declaring his passion and becoming triumphant. But Young John had never taken courage to make the declaration; and it was principally on these occasions that he had returned excited to the tobacco-shop, and flown at the customers.

In this affair, as in every other, Little Dorrit herself was the last person considered. Her brother and sister were aware of it, and attained a sort of station by making a peg of it on which to air the miserably ragged old fiction of the family gentility. Her sister asserted the family gentility by flouting the poor swain as he loitered about the prison for glimpses of his dear. Tip asserted the family gentility and his own by coming out in the character of the aristocrat brother, and loftily swaggering in the little skittle-ground respecting seizures by the scruff of the neck, that there were looming probabilities of some gentleman unknown executing on some little puppy not mentioned. These were not the only members of the Dorrit family who turned it to account. No, no. The Father of

the Marshalsea was supposed to know nothing about the matter, of course; his poor dignity could not see so low. But he took the cigars on Sundays, and was glad to get them, and sometimes even condescended to walk up and down the yard with the donor (who was proud and hopeful then), and benignantly to smoke one in his society. With no less readiness and condescension did he receive attentions from Chivery Senior, who always relinquished his arm-chair and newspaper to him when he came into the Lodge during one of his spells of duty, and who had even mentioned to him that if he would like at any time after dusk, quietly to step out into the fore-court and take a look at the street, there was not much to prevent him. If he did not avail himself of this latter civility, it was only because he had lost the relish for it; for he took every thing else he could get, and would say at times, "Extremely civil person, Chivery; very attentive man, and very respectful. Young Chivery, too; really, almost with a delicate perception of one's position here. A very well-conducted family indeed, the Chiveries. Their behavior gratifies me."

The devoted Young John all this time regarded the family with reverence. He never dreamed of disputing their pretensions, but did homage to the miserable Mumbo Jumbo they paraded. As to resenting any affront from *her* brother, he would have felt, even if he had not naturally been of a most pacific disposition, that to wag his tongue, or lift his hand against that sacred gentleman would be an unhallowed act. He was sorry that his noble mind should take offense; still he felt the fact to be not incompatible with its nobility, and sought to propitiate and conciliate that gallant soul. Her father, a gentleman in misfortune—a gentleman of a fine spirit and courtly manners, who always bore with him—he deeply honored. Her sister he considered somewhat vain and proud, but a young lady of infinite accomplishments, who could not forget the past. It was an instinctive testimony to Little Dorrit's worth and difference from all the rest, that the poor young fellow honored and loved her for being simply what she was.

The tobacco business round the corner of Horsemonger Lane was carried on in a rural establishment one story high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horsemonger Lane Jail, and the advantage of a retired walk under the wall of that pleasant establishment. The business was of too modest a character to support a life-size Highlander, but it maintained a little one on a bracket on the door-post, who looked like a fallen Cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt.

From the portal thus decorated, one Sunday after an early dinner of baked viands, Young John issued forth on his usual Sunday errand; not empty-handed, but with his offering of cigars. He was neatly attired in a plum-colored coat, with as large a collar of black velvet as his figure could carry; a silken waistcoat, bedecked with golden sprigs; a chaste neckerchief much in vogue at that day, representing a preserve of lilac pheasants on a buff ground; pantaloons so highly decorated with side-stripes that each leg was a three-stringed lute; and a hat of state, very high and hard. When the prudent Mrs. Chivery perceived that in addition to these adornments her John carried a pair of white kid gloves and a cane like a little finger-post, surmounted by an ivory hand marshaling him the way that he should go; and when she saw him in this heavy marching order turn the corner to the right, she remarked to Mr. Chivery, who was at home at the time, that she thought she knew which way the wind blew.

The Collegians were entertaining a considerable number of visitors that Sunday afternoon, and their Father kept his room for the purpose of receiving presentations. After making the tour of the yard, Little Dorrit's lover with a hurried heart went up stairs and knocked with his knuckles at the Father's door.

"Come in, come in!" said a gracious voice. The Father's voice, her father's, the Marshalsea's father's. He was seated in his black velvet cap, with his newspaper, three-and-sixpence accidentally left on the table, and two chairs arranged. Every thing prepared for holding his Court.

"Ah, Young John! How do you do, how do you do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, Sir. I hope you are the same."

"Yes, John Chivery; yes. Nothing to complain of."

"I have taken the liberty, Sir, of—"

"Eh?" The Father of the Marshalsea always lifted up his eyebrows at this point, and became amiably distraught and smilingly absent in mind.

"—A few cigars, Sir."

"Oh!" (For the moment excessively surprised.) "Thank you, John, thank you. But really, I am afraid I am too— No? Well, then, I will say no more about it. Put them on the mantel-shelf, if you please, John. And sit down, sit down. You are not a stranger, John."

"Thank you, Sir, I am sure. Miss"—here Young John turned the great hat round and round upon his left hand, like a slowly twirling mouse-cage—"Miss Amy quite well, Sir?"

"Yes, John, yes; very well. She is out."

"Indeed, Sir?"

"Yes, John. Miss Amy is gone for an airing. My young people all go out a good deal, a good deal. But at their time of life, it's natural, John."

"Very much so, I am sure, Sir."

"An airing. An airing. Yes." He was blandly tapping his fingers on the table, and casting his eyes up at the window. "Amy has gone for an airing on the Iron Bridge. She has become quite partial to the Iron Bridge of late, and seems to like to walk there better than any where." He returned to conversation. "Your

father is not on duty at present, I think, John?"

"No, Sir, he comes on later in the afternoon." Another twirl of the great hat, and then Young John said, rising, "I am afraid I must wish you good-day, Sir."

"So soon? Good-day, John. Nay, nay," with the utmost condescension, "never mind your glove, John. Shake hands with it on. You are no stranger here, you know."

Highly gratified by the kindness of his reception, Young John descended the staircase. On his way down he met some Collegians bringing up visitors to be presented, and at that moment Mr. Dorrit happened to call over the banisters with great distinctness, "Much obliged to you for your little testimonial, John!"

Little Dorrit's lover very soon laid down his penny on the toll-plate of the Iron Bridge, and came upon it looking about him for the well-known and well-beloved figure. At first he feared she was not there, but as he walked on toward the Middlesex side, he saw her standing still, looking at the water. She was absorbed in thought, and he wondered what she might be thinking about. There were the piles of city roofs and chimneys, more free from smoke than on week-days; and there were the distant masts and steeples. Perhaps she was thinking about them.

Little Dorrit mused so long, and was so entirely preoccupied, that although her lover stood quiet for what he thought was a long time, and twice or thrice retired and came back again to the former spot, still she did not move. So, in the end, he made up his mind to go on, and seem to come upon her casually in passing, and speak to her. The place was quiet, and now or never was the time to speak to her.

He walked on, and she did not appear to hear his steps until he was close upon her. When he said "Miss Dorrit!" she started, and fell back from him with an expression in her face of fright and something like dislike that caused him unutterable dismay. She had often avoided him before—always, indeed, for a long, long while. She had turned away and glided off, so often when she had seen him coming toward her, that the unfortunate Young John could not think it accidental. But he had hoped that it might be shyness, her retiring character, her fore-knowledge of the state of his heart, any thing short of aversion. Now, that momentary look had said, "You, of all people! I would rather have seen any one on earth than you!"

It was but a momentary look, inasmuch as she checked it, and said, in her soft little voice, "Oh, Mr. John! Is it you?" But she felt what it had been, as he felt what it had been; and they stood looking at one another equally confused.

"Miss Amy, I am afraid I disturbed you by speaking to you."

"Yes, rather. I—I came here to be alone, and I thought I was."

"Miss Amy, I took the liberty of walking this way because Mr. Dorrit chanced to mention when I called upon him just now that you—"

She caused him more dismay than before by suddenly murmuring, "Oh, father, father!" in a heart-rending tone, and turning her face away.

"Miss Amy, I hope I don't give you any uneasiness by naming Mr. Dorrit. I assure you I found him very well, and in the best of spirits, and he showed me even more than his usual kindness; being so very kind as to say that I was not a stranger there, and in all ways gratifying me very much."

To the inexpressible consternation of her lover, Little Dorrit, with her hands to her averted face, and rocking herself where she stood, as if she were in pain, murmured, "Oh, father, how can you! Oh, dear, dear father, how can you, can you, do it!"

The poor fellow stood gazing at her, overflowing with sympathy, but not knowing what to make of this, until having taken out her handkerchief and put it to her still averted face, she hurried away. At first he remained stock still; then hurried after her.

"Miss Amy, pray! Will you have the goodness to stop a moment. Miss Amy, if it comes to that, let *me* go. I shall go out of my senses if I have to think that I have driven you away like this."

His trembling voice and unfeigned earnestness brought Little Dorrit to a stop. "Oh, I don't know what to do," she cried, "I don't know what to do!"

To Young John, who had never seen her bereft of her quiet self-command, who had seen her from her infancy ever so reliable and self-suppressed, there was a shock in her distress and in having to associate himself with it as its cause, that shook him from his great hat to the pavement. He felt it necessary to explain himself. He might be misunderstood—supposed to mean something, or to have done something, that had never entered into his imagination. He begged her to hear him explain himself, as the greatest favor she could show him."

"Miss Amy, I know very well that your family is far above mine. It were vain to conceal it. There never was a Chivery a gentleman that ever I heard of, and I will not commit the meanness of making a false representation on a subject so momentous. Miss Amy, I know very well that your high-souled brother, and likewise your spirited sister, spurn me from a heighth. What I have to do is to respect them, to wish to be admitted to their friendship, to look up at the eminence on which they are placed, from my lowlier station—for whether viewed as tobacco or viewed as the lock, I well know it is lowly—and ever wish them well and happy."

There really was a genuineness in the poor fellow, and a contrast between the hardness of his hat and the softness of his heart (albeit, perhaps, of his head, too) that was moving. Little Dorrit entreated him to disparage neither him-

self nor his station, and, above all things, to divest himself of any idea that she supposed hers to be superior. This gave him a little comfort.

"Miss Amy," he then stammered, "I have had for a long time—ages they seem to me—Revolving ages—a heart-cherished wish to say something to you. May I say it?"

Little Dorrit involuntarily started from his side again, with the faintest shadow of her former look; conquering that, she went on at great speed half across the bridge without replying.

"May I—Miss Amy, I but ask the question humbly—may I say it? I have been so unlucky already in giving you pain, without having any such intentions, before the holy Heavens! that there is no fear of my saying it unless I have your leave. I can be miserable alone, I can be cut up by myself; why should I also make miserable and cut up one that I would fling myself off that parapet to give half a moment's joy to! Not that that's much to do, for I'd do it for twopence."

The mournfulness of his spirits, and the gorgeousness of his appearance, might have made him ridiculous, but that his delicacy made him respectable. Little Dorrit learned from it what to do.

"If you please, John Chivery," she returned, trembling, but in a quiet way, "since you are so considerate as to ask me whether you shall say any more—if you please, no."

"Never, Miss Amy?"

"No, if you please. Never."

"O Lord!" gasped Young John.

"But perhaps you will let me, instead, say something to you. I want to say it earnestly, and with as plain a meaning as it is possible to express. When you think of us—I mean my brother and sister, and me—don't think of us as being any different from the rest; for, whatever we once were (which I hardly know) we ceased to be long ago, and never can be any more. It will be much better for you, and much better for others, if you will do that, instead of what you are doing now."

Young John dolefully protested that he would try to bear it in mind, and would be heartily glad to do any thing she wished.

"As to me," said Little Dorrit, "think as little of me as you can; the less the better. When you think of me at all, let it but be as the poor child you have seen grow up in the prison, with one set of duties and one small field of action always occupying her; as a weak, retired, contented, unprotected girl. I particularly want you to remember that when I come outside the gate I am unprotected and solitary."

He would try to do any thing she wished. But why did Miss Amy so much want him to remember that?

"Because," returned Little Dorrit, I know I can then quite trust you not to forget to-day, and not to say any more to me. You are so generous that I know I can trust to you for that; and I do, and I always will. I am going to show you at once that I fully trust you. I like this place where we are speaking better than any place I know;" her slight color had faded, but her lover thought he saw it coming back just then; "and I may be often here. I know it is only necessary for me to tell you so, to be quite sure that you will never come here again in search of me. And I am—quite sure!"

She might rely upon it, said Young John. He was a miserable wretch, but her word was more than a law for him.

"And good-by, John," said Little Dorrit. "And I hope you will have a good wife one day, and be a happy man. I am sure you will deserve to be happy, and you will be, John."

As she held out her hand to him with these words, the heart that was under the waistcoat of sprigs—mere slop-work, if the truth must be known—swelled to the size of the heart of a gentleman; and the poor common little fellow having no room to hold it, burst into tears.

"Oh, don't cry," said Little Dorrit, piteously. "Don't, don't! Good-by, dear John. God bless you!"

"Good-by, Miss Amy. Good-by!"

And so he left her: first observing that she sat down on the corner of a seat, and not only rested her little hand upon the rough wall, but laid her face against it too, as if her head were heavy, and her mind were sad.

It was an affecting illustration of the fallacy of human projects, to behold her lover with the great hat pulled over his eyes, the velvet collar turned up as if it rained, the plum-colored buttoned to conceal the silken waistcoat of golden sprigs, and the little direction-post pointing inexorably home, creeping along by the worst back-streets, and composing as he went the following new inscription for a tombstone in Saint George's Church-yard:

"Here lie the mortal remains of John Chivery, Never any thing worth mentioning, Who died about the end of the year one thousand eight hundred and twenty-six, Of a broken heart, Requesting with his last breath that the word AMY might be inscribed over his ashes, Which was accordingly directed to be done, By his afflicted Parents."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE Kansas question, in its various aspects, has during the past month engrossed a large share of the attention of Congress. In the House two reports from the Committee on Elections have been presented in reference to the seat claimed by Messrs. Whitfield and Reeder. The report of the majority represents that the Legislature which passed the election law under which Mr. Whitfield was chosen, was imposed upon the people of the Territory by a foreign invading force, by whom the people have been kept in a state of subjection.

It urges the necessity of a thorough investigation into all the facts in dispute, and maintains that, as the people of the Territory are the real contestants, their rights can not be prejudiced by the action of Mr. Reeder in issuing certificates of election to the members of the Territorial Legislature. The committee therefore asked to be empowered to send for persons and papers. The report of the minority of the committee urged that such a course would make the House judge not only of the qualifications of its own members, but also of those of the members of the Territorial Legislature, and consequently of the State Legislatures, which would establish a dangerous precedent. If, however, the House should determine upon making such an investigation, the end would be better attained by dispatching a commission to Kansas to take testimony, than by sending for persons and papers. Accompanying this report was a document from Mr. Whitfield, denying that Mr. Reeder had any right to be heard in the matter, as he was not a candidate at any election authorized by law; and furthermore, as the members of the Legislature took their seats under certificates from Mr. Reeder himself, acting as Governor, he is estopped from calling in question the validity of their election. These reports gave rise to a debate, protracted from the 7th to the 19th of March. A proposition was submitted by Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, to appoint a special committee of three members to proceed to Kansas, with full powers to inquire into any fraud or force alleged to have been practiced in any of the elections held since the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Act, and to make a thorough investigation into the circumstances of the troubles and outrages that have occurred in the Territory. By a vote of 111 to 81 this proposition was substituted for that submitted by the majority of the Committee on Elections; and was then adopted by a vote of 102 to 93. The committee, as finally appointed by the Speaker, consist of Messrs. Sherman of Ohio, Howard of Michigan, and Oliver of Missouri. The first two members of the committee belong to the party opposed to the Nebraska Bill, while Mr. Oliver was the choice of those in favor of it.——In the Senate Mr. Douglass presented a report in relation to Kansas from the majority of the Committee upon Territories. The report maintains that the power of Congress to organize Territorial Governments does not include the right of regulating or interfering with the domestic institutions and internal concerns of a Territory, or of imposing any other limitations upon its sovereignty than those imposed by the Constitution upon all the States. New States have therefore the right to come into the Union, with any domestic laws and institutions which do not conflict with the Constitution of the United States—which is the principle embodied in the Nebraska Bill. The report affirms that since the majority of the members of the Territorial Legislature received their commissions from Governor Reeder, the alleged illegality of a portion of the votes which were cast does not invalidate that election, nor are the acts of the Legislature vitiated by the removal of the seat of government. The measures of the Emigrant Aid Societies are animadverted upon with great severity, and the proceedings of the Free State Convention at Topeka are pronounced illegal and treasonable. The committee propose a bill authorizing the inhabitants of Kansas, when it shall appear that the population of the Territory amounts to the number (93,340) requisite to entitle them to a representative in Congress, to hold a Convention for the purpose of forming a State Government. Instead of this Mr. Seward has submitted a substitute, admitting Kansas at once into the Union as a State. Mr. Collamer presented a report from the minority of the Territorial Committee, controverting all the main points in the majority report; defending the action of the Emigrant Aid Societies; reiterating the charges of violence, fraud, and illegality in respect to the Territorial Legislature; and defending the action which resulted in the formation of the Constitution of October, 1855, and the elections held under that Constitution. The report recommends, as the easiest and most direct way of meeting all the difficulties in the case, that Kansas be at once received into the Union, with the present Constitution.——Among the leading measures now under consideration of Congress are bills for establishing a uniform system of naturalization, for building a railroad to the Pacific, for modifying the tariff, and for increasing our naval and military efficiency. This last measure is advocated mainly upon grounds wholly apart from any apprehension of immediate hostilities. Mr. Cass in speaking in favor of it, however, took the ground that the probable termination of the war in Europe would leave England with a large unemployed army and navy, which might render her less disposed for a peaceful solution of the questions in dispute between the two governments. It was therefore proper that we should not be found unprepared. He trusted that there would be no war; still there was danger, and this would not be diminished by shutting our eyes to it. He saw no reason to suppose that the English Government would recede from its position respecting the Clayton and Bulwer treaty. And even should an arbitration be proposed, we could hardly accept it, as the whole matter turns upon the meaning of the word "occupy." The treaty says that neither party shall occupy or possess any dominion in Central America, except in a single case specially provided for. If any other occupation is retained, the treaty is violated, and we know what constitutes "occupation" without resorting to the lexicographical knowledge or good offices of friend or foe.——The new Tariff Bill, introduced in the Senate by Mr. James, of Rhode Island, is designed to reduce the duties to a revenue standard. All articles of import are divided into four classes. Class A., consisting of spirituous liquors, is to pay 80 per cent. Class B., consisting mainly of articles of taste and luxury, pays 30 per cent. It includes ales, wines, iron, and manufactured goods of silk, cotton, linen, and woolen, with the exception of a few of the coarser sorts. Class C. is to be admitted free of duty. It is made up of tea, coffee, cocoa, drugs and medicines, and raw materials not produced in the United States. In order to deprive the foreign producer or merchant of any undue advantage in invoicing goods, the value of the articles is to be taken at their actual worth in the principal markets of the United States. Stringent provisions are also made against fraud. It is proposed that the new tariff, as finally modified, shall go into effect on the 30th of June, 1857.

The State Legislature (Free Soil) of *Kansas* met at Topeka, on the 4th of March, and subsequently adjourned to Lawrence. Mr. Minard, formerly of Iowa, was elected Speaker of the House. Mr. Roberts, the Lieutenant-Governor, was formerly

of Pennsylvania. The Message of Governor Robinson, in addition to various local recommendations, goes into a detail of the history of the Territory and the state of affairs which led to the formation of the State Constitution under which the Legislature was convened. In the event of the threat of arrest against the members being carried out, he dissuades them from offering any resistance. Governor Reeder and General Lane were elected to the United States Senate. The proceedings of this body are in effect merely provisional, their validity depending wholly upon the action taken by Congress in relation to them. In the mean while spirited exertions are making both at the North and the South to push forward a large emigration to Kansas, with a special view to influence its future government. Large amounts of money and arms have been raised in New York and New England for this purpose. Two hundred Sharpe's rifles and two cannon, on their way to Kansas were seized on board a steamer going up the Missouri. They were packed in boxes, marked "Carpenters' Tools." Somehow the contents of the boxes became known, the arms were seized by a committee, who determined to hold them subject to the order of Governor Shannon. The "loading apparatus" of the rifles, without which they can not be used, had, however, been forwarded by another conveyance.——The Legislature of *Utah* has passed an Act which has been approved by Governor Brigham Young, ordering an election to be held to obtain an expression of the popular will in respect to a Convention to frame a State Constitution, preparatory to applying for admission into the Union. The revenue of the Territory, as assessed, for the past year, was $17,348 87, of which $11,069 77 were still unpaid, while the outstanding treasury warrants exceed the sum still due by about $1100, which must be met by future assessments.——At the late election in *Wisconsin*, Mr. W. A. Barstow, Democrat, was declared by the canvassers to have been chosen Governor by a majority of 157. His opponent, Mr. Coles Bashford, Republican, claimed that the canvass was fraudulent, and that he had received a majority of at least 800. He brought an action before the Supreme Court of the State in order to oust Mr. Barstow. A very complicated series of proceedings ensued, in the course of which Mr. Barstow denied the jurisdiction of the Court, and threatened to resist its orders; he also addressed a Message to the Legislature demanding aid to sustain him in this course. The Court, however, affirmed its jurisdiction, and Mr. Bashford proved that he was elected by a decided majority. Before judgment was rendered, Mr. Barstow sent in his resignation, whereupon it was claimed that the office devolved upon Mr. McArthur, the Lieutenant-Governor. The Court, disregarding the resignation, pronounced Mr. Bashford to be the legal Governor; he thereupon took possession of the executive apartments, and, as Governor, addressed a Message to the Legislature. The Senate received this document, thus acknowledging the claim of Mr. Bashford; but the House, by a vote of 38 to 34, declined to receive it, thus refusing to recognize him as Governor.——At the State election in *New Hampshire*, held March 11, the contest for Governor was very close between Messrs. Metcalf, Opposition, and Wells, Democrat, each receiving about 32,000 votes; about 2500 votes were cast for Goodwin, Whig, so that there was no election by the people. The vacancy will be filled by the Legislature, both branches of which are strongly Anti-Administration.——The Court of Appeals in *New York* has decided against the constitutionality of the seizure clause in the Liquor-Law of that State, upon the ground that it both deprives the citizen of the right of trial by jury, and takes away his property without due process of law.——The General Assembly of *Virginia* has enacted a very stringent law to prevent the carrying off of slaves. Any free person convicted of carrying away, or attempting to carry away, a slave is to be punished by imprisonment not less than five or more than ten years; to forfeit to the owner twice the value of the slave; and may besides be publicly whipped at the discretion of the jury. If a slave be found by night, without the written consent of his master, on board any vessel owned or commanded by any person not a resident or citizen of the State; or if he be carried beyond the limits of any county, on board a vessel bound without the State, it is to be presumed that he has been received on board by the master of the vessel, with the design of carrying him off. Whenever the person who carries off a slave is attached to any vessel, it is to be forfeited to the Commonwealth. The penalty for aiding or advising a slave to escape is likewise imprisonment in the penitentiary from five to ten years, with the liability to be publicly whipped as often as the jury shall direct.

We have accounts of renewed hostilities between the whites and the Indians in Florida and Texas. In California a very serious outbreak has occurred near Rogue River, where some 300 Indians are under arms. In an attack on the 23d of February twenty or thirty whites were killed, and many dwellings have been burned. Serious apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Crescent City. In Oregon, the disturbances are still more general. It would seem that almost the entire Indian population is in arms. The Legislative Assembly have forwarded a memorial asking for the removal of General Wool from the military command of the Territory. They allege that he has refused to furnish arms and ammunition to the volunteers, or to send the United States troops to their assistance. General Wool defends his conduct, and lays the blame of the disturbances, to a great extent, upon the white settlers.

The month over which our Record extends has been marked by an unusual number of disasters and accidents by sea and land. On the 20th of February the packet ship *John Rutledge* was struck by an iceberg and went down. The passengers and crew numbered 136 persons, who took to the boats. One of these was picked up on the 28th; but of the thirteen persons who went on board, the only survivor was Thomas W. Nye, a young sailor. The others had sunk under their sufferings and privations. The fate of the four remaining boats is as yet unknown. No tidings of the *Pacific* having yet (April 8) been received, it is presumed that she has been totally lost; the passengers numbered 45, the officers and crew 141, making 185 souls on board. Lists have been published of more than sixty vessels which have been due for a sufficient time to occasion serious apprehensions of their loss. On the 22d of March the ferry boat *New Jersey* took fire in the Delaware River between Camden and Philadelphia. Before the boat could reach the shore, the wheel-house fell in, the vessel became unmanageable, and the tide swept it away from the wharf. About fifty persons lost their

lives. A severe earthquake-shock was felt in San Francisco, on the 15th of February, doing considerable damage to buildings. No lives were lost. A far more terrible earthquake occurred in Japan on the 11th of November, by which the city of Jeddo is reported to have been almost wholly destroyed, with a loss of life loosely stated at 80,000.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Government appears at present to be making head against the insurgents. Congress has confirmed the decree nominating Comonfort to the Presidency. The force under Uraga, stated to have amounted to six thousand men, surrendered without a blow to Iturbide near Tulancingo. Another body suffered defeat at Chantla; and the rising in Chiapas has been put down. The latest accounts represent Haro y Tamariz as closely shut up in Puebla by Comonfort, at the head of a superior force.——In *Nicaragua* the Government has annulled the Charter of the Accessary Transit Company on the ground of an alleged breach of contract in failing to construct a canal or railway from ocean to ocean, and in neglecting to make the payments stipulated in their charter. All the property belonging to the Company within the limits of Nicaragua has been seized as security for the payments demanded. The privileges of the Company, including the sole right of transporting passengers across the Isthmus, and of navigating by steam the waters of the Republic, has been granted to Edmund Randolph and his associates for the space of twenty-five years, upon condition of paying one dollar for each passenger carried across, and performing certain services to the State, and complying with certain prescribed conditions. It is reported that the Government has made a definite arrangement with Great Britain for the settlement of the Mosquito question, without regard to the United States. The Mosquito King is to be put on the same footing as other native chiefs. The reports of a projected alliance between the other States of the Isthmus against Nicaragua, are confirmed, although its extent is yet a matter of uncertainty. The Government of San Salvador has made peaceful overtures, though protesting against the presence in Nicaragua of so many foreigners. Costa Rica refused to receive Colonel Schlessinger, who had been sent as envoy from Nicaragua, and ordered him to leave the country. On the 10th of March, a formal declaration of war by Costa Rica against Nicaragua reached Granada, which was answered by a corresponding declaration. General Walker, who has recently received considerable additions to his forces, immediately set out to carry the war into the enemy's country. The Government of Costa Rica has issued an address, summoning all the States of Central America to unite and destroy the invaders from the North. A proclamation from Walker states that he was invited into the country by the Democratic party, whose principles he had endeavored to carry out; but that the Legitimists having repelled all his efforts at conciliation, war was the only alternative left. No actual encounter had taken place, up to the 21st of March.

EUROPE.

Intelligence from England relates wholly to matters of mere local interest. An attempt on the part of Government to make an innovation upon the constitution of the House of Peers, by appointing Mr. Parke, an eminent lawyer and judge, to a peerage for life, met with such strenuous opposition from the Lords, that the project was withdrawn. A motion in the Commons to open the British Museum and the National Gallery on Sunday was rejected by a large majority. A commission appointed to inquire into the alleged misconduct of the commissariat affairs in the Crimea, presented a report strongly condemning the course of a number of prominent officers. A Board of officers has been appointed to report upon this report of the commission. General Sir de Lacy Evans made a severe attack in the House upon the conduct of Lords Raglan, and Cardigan, the Duke of Cambridge, and General Simpson. Mr. John Sadlier, a Member of Parliament from Ireland, committed suicide in consequence of pecuniary frauds in which he had been for some time engaged. Covent Garden Theatre has been destroyed by fire; the loss is estimated at half a million of dollars. Mr. Dallas, the new Minister from America, has arrived in England. The apprehensions of a rupture with the United States appear to have almost wholly subsided. A dinner has been given by the Lord Mayor of London to Mr. Buchanan, in which our late minister made a highly concilatory speech, which was received with great favor.

The negotiations at Paris are in progress: but beyond the fact of the conclusion of an armistice, nothing definite has transpired, or is likely to transpire, until the Conference has concluded its work. The general opinion is, that peace will result; but in spite of all assurances to the contrary from official sources, there is a vague apprehension that the conditions will be less favorable to the Allies than the English people demand. This apprehension is strengthened by the sudden determination to invite Prussia to take a share in the deliberations; it being considered that this power is in reality the ally of Russia. The session of the Legislative Bodies was opened on the 4th of March by the Emperor, with a speech in which he briefly reviews the events of the year. He alludes to the change in the public feeling in Europe consequent upon the successes before Sebastopol; the facility with which the late loan was negotiated; and the cordial amity between France and England, shown by the visit of the Queen to France, and the warm reception with which she was greeted. Though France had sent 200,000 men to the scene of hostilities, the war was yet merely an episode in her history, her main strength being devoted to the arts of peace. The Emperor of Russia, he says, "the inheritor of a situation which he had not brought about," had, after the honor of his arms was vindicated, shown a laudable desire to accede to the wishes of Europe for a peace. The good fortune which has heretofore attended the Emperor has been crowned by the birth of a son and heir on the 14th of March. He received the name of Napoleon-Louis-Eugène-Jean-Joseph. Elaborate preparations have been for some time made in anticipation of this event; the birth of a prince having been almost tacitly assumed. Great rejoicings have been held in Paris. The title of the prince is King of Algeria. The negotiations have put a stop to all active hostilities in the Crimea. There is considerable sickness among the troops, more especially the French.——The Sultan has issued a decree granting equal rights to his subjects of every creed. All are to be eligible to posts of honor, and to be allowed to bear arms. All insulting official designations of Christian subjects are to be abandoned.

Literary Notices.

Sketches and Adventures in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain. By the Author of "Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries." (Harper and Brothers.) In this record of frolicsome adventure, Mr. Charles March lives over again the scenes in which he fully verifies the old proverb of when in Rome doing as the Romans do. His tour seems to have been exclusively devoted to enjoyment. He becomes one of the people among whom he temporarily loiters, and oblivious of the fact that he is a free and virtuous republican by birth, adapts himself to the humor of the moment like a native, and thus bears away a singularly racy experience of every soil over which he wanders. At Madeira he plunges, like a wild school-boy, into the pleasures of the vintage, which reminded him of the gayeties of a New Hampshire husking. In Cadiz he became enamored of the famous national dish—the *olla podrida*—in spite of the shrugging of English shoulders at his expense. This odoriferous viand is composed of carrots, peas, carabansa beans, onions, garlic, lettuces, celery, and long peppers, with slices of beef and ham, all boiled together, and served in one dish. Mr. March compares its charms to those of virtue, with which the better you become acquainted, the more you are attached to them. The pungent garlic with which it was seasoned, and the rancid oil with which it was accompanied, became a second nature to him, so that if deprived of it for a single dinner, he thought with the Roman Emperor, "I have lost a day." With equal abandon, he yielded to the social enchantments of Cadiz. The beauty of the city pours itself out at the hour of vespers on the Alameda. The effect on the susceptible American was truly bewildering. It even haunted him in his dreams, and his room seemed illuminated by the bright eyes of Spanish maidens. In Andalusia he dons the Andalusian costume. Behold our Yankee adventurer in his new garb. A short jacket of olive cloth, with sleeves slashed with crimson velvet, and with pendant tassels of silver to be thrown over the shoulder—breeches of the same material, decorated with double rows of silver buttons from waist to knee—a waistcoat of broadcloth glittering with silver—and a sash of richest silk completes his astonishing outfit. Nor did he fail to act in character with his assumed position, though the color of his hair and complexion were not suggestive of Andalusia, nor his Spanish redolent of Old Castile. The reckless abandonment with which he rushes into the scenes of the passing hour gives a peculiar richness and unction to his descriptions of Spanish life. No previous traveler has painted the manners of the people with more freshness and picturesque effect. His pencil, it must be confessed, is sometimes audaciously free, and a trifle less of luxurious coloring in his portraitures of Spanish beauty would have better suited the demands of a rigid taste. Few books of modern travel, however, combine so much novel information with such an insinuating nonchalance of manner, or present the countries which they describe in such a fascinating light. The author leaves the enchantments of Spain with regrets softened by the hope of a speedy return, and his readers are almost tempted to wish that they might meet him among scenes to which he has lent the attractions of his pen.

Life of Schamyl, by J. Milton Mackie. (John P. Jewett and Co.) The main subject of this volume is the Circassian War against Russia, of whose celebrated leader, Schamyl, a minute biography is related. He was born in the year 1797, in a village called Heniri, belonging to a territory on the Caspian Sea. Of his parents no certain information exists. In the education of his boyhood, the practice of horsemanship came before the study of books. Riding and shooting with the bow, the gun, and the pistol are exercises for Circassian youth, instead of spelling the lessons of the primer and the catechism. In these athletic sports the boy Schamyl must have passed the first dozen years of his life. The society of which, on reaching manhood, he became a member was a free democracy. Previously to the establishment of his system of government, the chief of the State was the one who, by consent of the warriors of his tribe, led them against the enemy. This office continued but for a single foray or campaign. In peace, all the tribe were brothers, free and equal before the law, with no distinctions but of natural gifts. The best and bravest person was in fact a chieftain, without the formality of election; a king in authority though not in title, combining the natural and divine right to govern in his own person. The name of Schamyl appears in the annals of the Circassian war of independence some time after he had taken his place in society as a warrior of full age. He had attained the age of thirty-seven when he was first made a leader of the tribes. At that time he was a warrior no less distinguished for his masculine beauty than for his intellectual supremacy. He impressed with awe all who came into his presence. Regarding himself as the instrument of a higher power, under the immediate inspiration of Allah in all his thoughts and decisions, his manner was free from excitement, and his mind almost as impassive and impersonal as fate itself. When arrayed in the military trappings of his race, Schamyl presented a spectacle worthy of admiration: "Murat was not a gayer horseman, Bayard not a better knight, nor is the Apollo Belvidere more like a god." Such is the noble chief whose extraordinary career is narrated in the volume before us. The subject is replete with attractions, and in the hands of the author is made to assume a romantic interest. The peculiar life of the Circassians among their native mountains is described with a vividness that presents a perpetual excitement to the imagination. The pictures of fresh pastoral life in these remote fastnesses are not without a certain idyllic charm, recalling the halcyon days of Grecian antiquity. Though not forsaking the line of historic facts, the author has thrown a poetical glow around his descriptions, which often gives his narrative the fascination of a fairy tale. In this style of composition he is emphatically at home, and the present work will enhance the reputation which he has honorably won by his former brilliant productions.

A Lady's Second Journey Round the World, by Ida Pfeiffer. (Harper and Brothers.) Of all travelers from Herodotus to Bayard Taylor, for the union of quietness with energy, simplicity with shrewdness, masculine persistence with feminine curiosity, conciliatory manners with an unprepossessing exterior, the venerable Ida bears away the palm. Imagine a plain, weather-beaten, little old woman—with features showing the wear and tear of hard luck in many lands—a complexion colored with as deep a brown as that of any ancient mar-

iner by frequent battling with the elements—a dress of rustic homeliness in all its details—a general air of earnest, but perplexed curiosity—tones of voice that betray a rough experience of practical life, rather than the culture of polished society—and the complete absence of every thing like presumption, pretense, or affectation—and you will have a tolerable picture of the renowned lady-traveler as she appeared when we took her by the hand, on her recent visit to New York. Her book is a faithful transcript of herself. It affords the best illustration that could be given of her character. Indeed, its interest depends quite as much on the sympathy it awakens with her adventurous personal career, as on the freshness or importance of its information. Ida, to external view, is always meek as a Quaker—patient, long-suffering, non-resistant—but when she gets provoked, as it must be owned she sometimes does, the fire of the flint comes out, and she shows how bravely a peaceful woman may defend herself from impertinence or insult. Her courage is equal to her perseverance, and her good common sense is a match for either. If she attempts no high flights of speculation or description in her simple narrative, she never falls into the absurd platitudes into which the Honorable Miss Murray so incontinently plunges. Errors of observation and of memory are, of course, inevitable in the record of such a widely-extended tour, but she never blunders through stupidity, and rarely, if ever, we fancy, through a verdant reliance on the myths of those mischievous wags who love to throw dust in the eyes of a conceited or silly foreign traveler.

The book commences with an account of the author's experience in London, where she arrived on the 10th of April, 1851. Her first impressions were not of the most agreeable character. She was bewildered by the busy throng of life in the crowded streets. The rush and hurry of the vehicles was as frightful to her nerves as the dire confusion of Broadway amidst a conglomeration of omnibuses. Not without a sense of gladness, as of one escaped from imminent peril, she at last found herself safe in her room. On further acquaintance with London, she misses the warm stoves to which she had been accustomed at home. The open fire-places in which the English delight are not at all to her taste. Still more does she miss the frank, open-hearted society which prevails in the south of Europe. The numerous dinners and evening parties are a poor substitute for the genial gayety of the social circle. They do not draw people together in an unconstrained, agreeable manner. She found the life of the women of the middle class especially monotonous. In this respect they present a parallel to domestic society nearer home. The good Ida complains that they are mostly alone all day, and that when their husbands return in the evening from their business they are too tired to talk, and have no love of being disturbed by visitors, but sit down in an arm-chair by the fire, take a newspaper, and now and then fall asleep. This Dutch picture of an interior has many prototypes out of London. Sunday in England was absolutely intolerable to the lively temperament of the excitable Austrian. The laws of etiquette were no less onerous.

Leaving England but with faint admiration of its people or its institutions, our traveler embarks in the month of May for the Cape of Good Hope. Her voyage was one long misery. The captain of the vessel was a regular skin-flint. The table was so meanly supplied that Ida came little short of starvation. The bill of fare was the briefest known in the annals of gastronomy. For breakfast, weak coffee without milk, and salt meat—for dinner, pea-soup and salt meat—for supper, tea and salt meat. This monotonous diet was now and then varied by a tough chicken, or an insipid lump of dough, fortified with a few stray raisins, but ham, eggs, and even cheese, were forbidden luxuries. The company was worse than the fare. The only passenger beside herself was a rude young man without education, who passed his time in smoking, whistling, bawling among the sailors, with the occasional diversion when the poultry were killed of being in at the death. The tedious voyage lasted for seventy-five days, and happy indeed was Ida to land at Cape Town. She passed four weeks there, but saw little worthy of remark. From Cape Town she proceeded to Singapore, Borneo, Batavia, Sumatra, and the wild country of the Battakers. These gentry, after becoming subject to the Dutch Government, have been obliged to renounce their favorite table delicacy of human flesh.

Previously to intrusting herself to their hospitality she received many friendly warnings of the danger of the attempt. She was referred to the horrid fate of two American missionaries who were killed and eaten while passing through the country. But she was reassured by the information that in case of falling a victim to the Battakers, she would not be subjected to slow tortures. She had been told that it was their custom to tie the sufferers living to the stake, and instead of putting them out of their pain at once, to hack pieces off their bodies, and consume them by degrees with tobacco and salt. But this was incorrect. Such doom was reserved only for criminals of the deepest dye. Prisoners of war are tied to a tree and beheaded at once, but their blood is preserved as a grateful beverage, and is sometimes used to moisten a favorite kind of rice-pudding. The body is then divided among the official heirs of such a precious inheritance. The Rajah claims the palms of the hands, the soles of the feet, the flesh of the head, the liver, and the heart, which are regarded as esculents of peculiar delicacy. The flesh in general is roasted and seasoned with salt. Madame Pfeiffer was informed by those who had tasted this infernal banquet, that the viands were of excellent flavor. The women, luckily, are not allowed to take part in these grand public festivals.

After a pretty thorough exploration of the principal Dutch East India settlements, where she finds innumerable objects of curious and novel interest, which she describes with graphic simplicity, our indomitable traveler takes passage for California, and arrives early in the autumn. Her impressions of the Golden State are frankly recorded, and will serve as an authentic landmark from which to reckon the subsequent progress of that miraculous commonwealth. Having visited Oregon and the chief South American cities on the Pacific coast, she takes a steamer at Aspinwall for New Orleans, and lands at that city in the sunny month of June. The condition of the slaves was one of her first objects of inquiry. She accordingly visited several plantations in Louisiana. With no disposition to look with favorable eyes on the institution of slavery, she found the blacks in a less unhappy position than she had imagined. On

an estate in Donaldsonville, where she staid for some time, she saw nothing to violate her sense of humanity. The slaves were well cared for. They lived in cottages standing apart from each other, and containing a large room, occupied either by a family or two or three unmarried people. Their beds were good, provided with pillows and blankets, and even mosquito-nets. A large cottage in the middle of the village is used as a nursery, where the children are attended while their mothers are at work. Ida often went by herself to visit the negro village, and always found the people looking very comfortable. Many were sitting before their doors with a famous lump of white bread in their hands, and occasionally feasting on hot roast pork. At six in the evening they left off work, and came home to supper in a merry mood. This consisted of palatable Indian corn cake, and when the meal was over they went from one hut to another, joking and gossiping with proverbial Ethiopian carelessness. Compared with the serfage of Russia, or even with the fate of many of the work-people and peasantry of Europe, Madame Pfeiffer considered slavery in Louisiana, as it came under her view, as a lenient system. The Russian peasant is not only the slave of his master, but of the government, and of every petty official. He gives his labor without pay to the owner of the land, pays taxes to the government, submits to all kinds of ill-treatment from the underlings of authority, and is obliged to earn his own living into the bargain. Nobody gives him a new garment when the old one is worn out, nor pays his taxes for him, nor offers him a morsel of bread if his patch of ground fails to yield its produce. He is bound to the soil on which he is born, but has no master who, having bought him at a high price, is responsible at least for his physical subsistence. The laws of the Slave States, however, appeared to the traveler worse than those of the Dutch authorities in India.

From New Orleans she steams it up the Mississippi to Minnesota, crosses the country to Niagara Falls, and, after a brief excursion in Canada, makes her way to the city of New York, arriving in the month of August. Here she meets with a friendly reception from some of her own countrymen, and at once finds herself at home. The bustle of life in Broadway and Wall Street was even greater than that which she saw in London, and it is strange enough, she remarks, that "it is just during the most hurried business-hours that the ladies choose to show themselves in full promenade dresses on the pavement of Broadway, where they add very seriously to the obstructions of the street." In Boston, the worthy Ida was disgusted with a specimen of the moneyed aristocracy, to whom she had brought a letter of introduction from New York. Upon delivering her missive, the gentleman to whom it was addressed cast a suspicious eye on her plain apparel, and gave her a decided cold shoulder. After poring a long time over the brief letter, he at length inquired of the traveled heroine what she wanted, as if she were a beggar for alms. Her blood was up at once, and she replied that she wanted nothing, she had not sought the letter, and had only delivered it from a sense of duty. The Boston Crœsus mumbled out some apology, and thus the not divine colloquy ended. Moralizing on the occasion, Ida makes some wholesome remarks on the plutocracy not only of Boston, but of the world in general. Their pride and arrogance to her are far more insupportable than that of the real aristocratic class who usually have at least the grace of deportment that is often wanting to the former. In Boston, she is informed that these purse-proud people hold together more than any where else—they scarcely associate with any but their own class, marry among themselves, and live almost all together in one street, namely, Beacon Street.

On the whole, Madame Pfeiffer leaves the country with an exalted opinion of American institutions. She found many things different from what she had expected, many things inconsistent with the principles of freedom and equality, which are the boast of the nation, but still she concludes that "the United States stand alone in the world, and well, indeed, would be it be for humanity if others were formed after their model." Her reflections, however, are less valuable than her descriptions. She always brings away sharp and clear impressions of whatever she sees with her own eyes, and with her insatiable thirst for novelty, her dauntless curiosity, and her frank simplicity of expression, she is one of the most entertaining of modern travelers.

A new edition of *The Teacher*, by Jacob Abbott, will be welcomed by the numerous practical educators in this country who appreciate the merits of the author as an expounder of the most efficient methods of juvenile instruction. The work details a system of arrangements for the management of a school on the principle of moral influence, and embodies a variety of valuable suggestions for the benefit of teachers who are commencing the arduous duties of their profession. This edition is illustrated by several engravings. (Harper and Brothers.)

In fulfillment of her design to arouse the attention of the public to the alarming neglect of physical education and the consequent deterioration of the national health in this country, Miss Catharine Beecher has put forth another volume entitled *Physiology and Calisthenics for Schools and Families*, presenting a comprehensive practical system of instruction on the subjects to which they are devoted. It is intended to be studied by young people, and to be read by all classes. In matter, it consists of a judicious digest of elementary principles, and in style is characteristic of the author, clear, decided, and forcible. (Harper and Brothers.)

Daniel Verified in History, by A. M. Osbon, D.D., is an attempt to explain the predictions in the Book of Daniel by a comparison with the events of civil history prior to the close of the fifth century. Without following in the wake of any previous expounder of prophecy, the author has marked out a track of his own, and presented the fruits of personal reflection and research in a lucid form. The conclusions at which he has arrived suggest many interesting questions to the theologian, who may admire the ingenuity with which they are illustrated, without being convinced by the arguments alleged in their support. On so recondite a theme there is room for great difference of opinion. The volume is introduced by some remarks from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Whedon, who justly commends the popular style of its execution, and its freedom from literary pretense and ostentation. (Carlton and Phillips.)

Contributions to Literature, by Samuel Gilman, D.D. (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) Rare literary attainments, an active poetical fancy, a pungent

quaintness of expression, a vein of quiet humor, and a serene and sunny temperament, are the enviable characteristics of the author of this volume. As a scholar, he has carried the most refined culture of New England to a distinguished sphere of professional duty at the South; as a writer, he has for a long series of years graced the periodical literature of the country by the productions of his versatile and active pen. The collection now published comprises his principal efforts both in prose and verse. Among them, the early readers of the *North American Review* will recognize several of their old favorites, and will rejoice to renew their acquaintance with them in the present form.

At Home and Abroad, by MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI. (Crosby, Nichols, and Co.) The contents of this volume include the "Summer on the Lakes" and the "European Correspondence," which have heretofore appeared in print, together with several private letters written abroad to friends at home, an account of the last voyage, and some poetical tributes to the memory of the writer. They are suited to enlarge the interest in the genius and character of Margaret Fuller, which has been constantly on the increase since her disastrous end. With the defects in clearness and symmetry of expression which she was never able to overcome, they are marked by the deep earnestness of feeling which was the predominant trait of her character, and are always richly suggestive of thought, whether they repel or attract the sympathies of the reader. Her account of the events of the Italian Revolution forms an important chapter in the history of that memorable struggle.

The Island of Cuba, by ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, translated from the Spanish, by J. S. THRASHER. (Derby and Jackson.) Humboldt's Personal Narrative continues to be a leading authority on every thing relating to Spanish America. The portion of that work which treats of the island of Cuba is here published in a separate form, accompanied with copious notes, and a preliminary essay by the translator. It contains a store of statistical and topographical information, which can scarcely be obtained with so great facility from any other source. The political speculations of the translator, which are interwoven with numerous topics of discussion, are adapted to awaken controversy, although they do not diminish the interest with which the work must be read, in the present relation of the United States to Cuba and to the question of Slavery.

Parry and M'Millan have issued a reprint of CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs of Himself*, a book famous in its day, and well worthy of perusal, even amidst the crowd of literary novelties which beset the public from every quarter, on account of its profusion of anecdotes concerning the celebrities of a past age, as well as the naive recital of the personal experience of the writer. Cumberland was the author of several dramas and poems of slender intrinsic merit, but his antecedents and position gave him access to many of his contemporaries superior to himself, of whom he gives a garrulous, but not disagreeable, collection of reminiscences. Among the distinguished persons who figure in his pages are Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, of the circle immortalized by Boswell, with many literary and political characters of a later date. The edition is illustrated with notes by Henry Flanders, the biographer of the "Chief Justices of the United States," but a complete index of names would have been a more valuable service to the American reader.

The Panorama and other Poems, by J. G. Whittier. (Ticknor and Fields.) This volume is chiefly composed of Tyrtæan lyrics in praise of freedom. They are impassioned and vigorous, and have a certain exhilerating trumpet-voice. Several quiet domestic poems, in the best manner of the author, give a pleasing variety to the contents. The admirable ballads, "Maud Muller," "Mary Garvin," and "The Ranger," are among the most felicitous productions of the author, and breathe the soul of true poetry. They will reward an attentive study.

The literary intelligence from Paris is not very extensive. The third and fourth volumes of the Works of Napoleon III. have appeared, completing the collection. They contain his speeches, messages, proclamations, public letters, and a portion of a treatise "On the Past and Future Condition of the Artillery." George Sand, whose latest extravaganza is "Le Diable aux Champs," in the *Revue de Paris* (in which birds and beasts figure among the *dramatis personæ*), has a new *feuilleton*, in *La Presse*, called "Evena and Lucippe." M. de Maupas, formerly French Minister of Police, who took a prominent part in the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, is writing a history of that revolution.

A rumor that the fifth volume of Macaulay's History of England was not only finished, but actually in the press, has been contradicted "on authority."

The late Samuel Rogers is said to have left five volumes of "Recollections—Personal, Political, and Literary," which his nearest relative (Mr. Sharpe, the banker) has not yet determined to give to the world. The gossip about the banker-poet possessing immense wealth (there was one story of his having a Bank of England note for £1,000,000, neatly framed, always hanging over his breakfast-parlor chimney-piece!) is incorrect. He had parted with his interest in the bank years ago, receiving a liberal annuity for his share; and his personal property, under his will, has been sworn to as under £40,000. About as much more will probably be realized by the sale of his pictures, articles of *virtu*, and other effects, including a great many of Turner's sketches, with a large collection of Stothard's drawings.

Lady Morgan, whose age may be stated as "between eighty and ninety," is engaged in writing her Life and Times. About sixty-five years ago, she first attracted public attention by her ballad of "Kate Kearney." She has a literary pension of £300 a year.—R. H. Horne, author of "Orion" (the epic poem, which was first published for *one farthing*), not having succeeded as a gold-digger in Australia, has subsided into dramatic critic of the *Melbourne Argus*.—Lord Brougham has collected his *Edinburgh Review* articles, among which is *not* the celebrated critique on Byron's juvenile poems.—Macaulay has found time to contribute a charming biography of Oliver Goldsmith to the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."—Samuel Lover, author of "Rory O'More" (song, novel, and play), has received a life-pension of £100 a year; and a pension of £200 has been given to Mr. Francis P. Smith, "for services rendered to his country, as the first proposer and fitter of the screw to the mercantile marine and fleet of Great Britain."

Editor's Table.

THE AMERICAN PULPIT.—The genius of Bulwer, after following the fortunes of "Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes," and depicting the dramatic aspects of his character and life, closes the history by presenting a scene in which the homage of a Roman multitude was rendered to the power of eloquence. Standing before the excited crowd, himself the calmest of them all, and pointing to the republican arms and motto of Rome, Rienzi challenged the memory of their proud traditions by exclaiming, "I, too, am a Roman and a citizen: hear me!" But a cry of bitter indignation answered, "Hear him not; hear him not: his false tongue can charm away our senses!" The scornful words were eagerly caught up by the furious populace, and "Hear him not!" was the only answer to his dying appeal. "No changing muscle," says the writer, "betokened fear. His persuasion of his own wonderful powers of eloquence, if he could but be heard, inspired him yet with hope. He stood collected in his own indignant, but determined thoughts; but the knowledge of that very eloquence was now his deadliest foe. The leaders of the multitude trembled lest he should be heard; and, "doubtless," says the contemporaneous biographer, "had he but spoken, he would have changed them all, and the work been marred!"

"*If he could but be heard*" suggests to the thoughtful reader the numerous occasions, in the history of the world, when one voice, fitted to control and inspire, might have given a new direction to the movements of mankind. Eventful periods have there been when such a voice, speaking in tones that swelled with the fullness of the heart, might have availed more than the force of arms. The most of men hold their thoughts and passions at the mercy of others. The laws of sovereignty and subjection are constantly repeated, in forms without number; and hence it is the prerogative of eloquence, whenever it suits the hour, to execute a noble task in the leadership of the world. It is a power born with man, for great and beneficent purposes. Acknowledging no hereditary descent, and derived from no artificial circumstances, it exerts an authority that vindicates its claims by the simple conditions of its exercise. Its truth is its warrant. Its strength lies in what others are, no less than what it is in itself; and men yield to it in glad submissiveness, because obedience ennobles them. There is in all minds a profound faith in its wisdom, justice, and excellence. None have to be taught that it ought to be reverenced, for popular instinct knows its office, and rejoices in its fulfillment. It is older than any government, higher than all other forms of influence, and more sacred than any earthly trust. Not the offspring of one faculty, nor the outward shape of one attribute; not the impulse of a moment, nor the creature of passing events; it is our nature, developed in mature wholeness, and blending truth, love, aspiration, heroism, in perfected unity. Men feel it to be a human thing, and yet, quickened by its call, they rise into a loftier and purer consciousness, wondering at the mysteries that open within themselves, and catching glimpses of a glory they had not learned to contemplate. There is no kind of power like it, because it is the select representative of all the myriad shapes of agency. It is kindness in its gentlest spirit—courage in its boldest daring—affection in its intensest fervor. It is philanthropy in its widest reach, and patriotism in its most impassioned vigor. It is reason in its wisest mood. It is the mighty heart that throbs through every artery, feeds every muscle, and speeds the hidden stream of electric fire along every nerve. Heaven has given it the charm of completest intellect, and ordained it to be its chief instrument in the progress of the world.

If the gift of language is one of the most distinguishing attributes of our race, it is eloquence, as the perfection of the expressional mind, that elevates this idea to its highest point. Language, as the common inheritance of mankind, marks their inherent superiority in the scale of earthly creation, but language as eloquence—language as the truest, deepest, grandest embodiment of intellect, heart, and soul—is essential to the full realization of its place in the economy of the world. The rudest artisanship suggests the prophecy of Architecture and Sculpture; the tool of the mechanic speaks of the chisel of Genius; and just so the mere utilities of language, as a means of intercourse, indicate a work beyond the limits of business and society. Not more surely does heat, after warming the globe, struggle to reascend; not more faithfully does the dew yield to the law of evaporation, and seek the air that formed it, than does language, if true to its ancient inspiration, labor to return to its immortal source. For earthly objects only it was never designed. Language looks to much more than our secular relations. Important as is its province in the affairs of trade and commerce, in developing and maintaining brotherhood among men, in transferring one's being to another by the associations of friendship and love, it is far more impressive when viewed as the outshining of the soul itself, illuminated by the light of a higher existence. It is man, as the image of God—man, as the redeemed creature of Christ, and the heir of an awaiting immortality, on whom this wonderful bestowment has been conferred. And hence, it is only as his regenerated sympathies come forth into action that his language attains its true import, and moves to that harmonious measure which marks the heart-throbs of angels. It is, therefore, a perpetual witness to the religious sentiment underlying his whole nature. Fallen and corrupt as that nature is, it has not merely the record of a lost estate in its instincts and hopes, but there is a voice in its language—a voice in its thoughts and feelings—that speaks evermore of the woe of sin and the want of redemption. Without religion, language would be impossible. If piety were excluded from the theory of the universe, language would not exist. It is founded in the outgoings of the soul; it is an offering of the soul itself in sentiment and affection; it is the law of communion and interchange; and it is beyond our power to conceive that this union and intercourse could be sustained between man and man except as the result of ties that had originally bound man to God. Agreeably to this fact, the great languages of the world have always exhibited a positive religious element, in some form or other; and the interchangeableness of their most expressive ordinary terms with the words used in sacrifice and

worship shows the spirit that has animated them. If the language that Christianity created were to be swept away from us, the cultivated mind of the age would be instantly bankrupt. The great works of our literature would become as unintelligible as the fossils of the globe to the savage. Paradise Lost would sink to the level of the bewildering hieroglyphics of the Nile, and Burke's magnificent reasoning convey no more meaning than the chattering of magpies.

If eloquence is the highest expression of mind, it can not be doubted that the eloquence of Christianity transcends every other form of persuasive speech. Such, at least, is the ideal that comes before us whenever we attempt to realize its excellence. Dealing with topics peculiar to itself, and having at command resources that are shared with no science or philosophy; its language select and specific; its motives, impulses, and aims all of heavenly birth; and withal, promised the efficient aid of the Holy Spirit, it ought to be, and must be, if true to itself, the noblest utterance that mortal lips can make. No throne of power on this earth can compare with a Christian pulpit, where the sentiments of divine revelation are designed to be brought in contact with the hearts of men. It is an intellectual station that is not only impregnable in itself, but affords a vantage-ground lifted high above all rivalry, whence may issue the conquering forces of the moral world. Neither nature nor grace has any where made such provision for plenitude of influence as has been shed upon the pulpit. Tried by the standard of mere intellect, it is an institution fitted above all others to diffuse the wisest and best thoughts; but when regarded as the chosen instrument of Heaven to recover its moral authority over a rebellious race, and bring it back to the honored companionship of the elder spirits of the universe, it rises to a position of grandeur that can not be adequately appreciated. On this account we have no hesitation in declaring that the pulpit presents the finest field for true, genuine, lofty eloquence. Nor can we believe that all successful preaching is otherwise than eloquent. It may not be so considered if tested by conventional art; but that its simple and direct earnestness—its close and tenacious grappling with the mighty elements of our nature—its vivid appeals to conscience—its tremendous summons of the whole man into the presence of those dread realities which fill eternity—are never faithfully exhibited without conforming to the just conditions of eloquence, must be admitted. Such preaching may not be marked by the gorgeous imagery of imagination, nor may it announce principles that strike conviction into the scientific intellect, but nevertheless, it is eloquence of the most emphatic sort. It is eloquence, because it combines truth and emotion in their intensest degree.

The bare fact that the pulpit is a pulpit—a place for teaching the sublime truths of Christianity and enforcing them upon the consciences and hearts of men—ought to secure its competency for effective action on the human mind. But the American pulpit is favored with peculiar advantages for its great work. Not, indeed, that it has a fuller or better form of Christianity, or that it can lay claim to any special excellence in its interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. It has, however, a freedom from false restrictions, a position of independence, a contact with the public mind, a general acknowledgment of its integrity, and an appreciation of its utility and value, that give it an attitude of commanding interest. Viewed in this light, it is surrounded by circumstances that allow it the unfettered exercise of its power. It can discharge its office in its own spirit and by means of those agencies that are appropriate to its nature and ends. It is free to deal with men in those relations that connect their being with immortal objects. It has the welcome of the fireside and the cheerful homage of our domestic sentiments. It is intimately united with all the great benevolent and educational interests of the country, and its influence is felt in every movement designed to advance the welfare of humanity. The true idea of the pulpit is theoretically found in its relations to Christianity, to the preacher, and to the congregation; and it is obvious that the American pulpit is based on a correct conviction of the obligations that spring from this three-fold aspect of its rights and duties. A man who enters it, alive to the sanctity of its work and with such abilities as its intellectual and spiritual requirements demand, selects a field in which the best opportunities for personal growth and active usefulness are constantly presented to him. If he can not be a man here—a man of the highest Christian type—a man abreast with the age, and yet strictly and thoroughly conservative—a man of peaceful progress and fresh, ardent, glowing impulses—it must be from some unyielding infirmity or obstinate fault of his nature. As a thinker, his range of thought embraces all those subjects which have engaged the study of ages; as a worker, his "field is the world;" and therefore, whether meditating or acting, there is a momentous pressure on his spirit that ought to rouse its faculties to their utmost strength. The vast resources which Heaven holds in reserve for the success of the pulpit are accessible to him; and if he realize the holy vocation before him, it will be his ceaseless effort so to see, feel, and proclaim the truth of Christianity, as to be eloquent in the Scriptures. The Christian preacher will appear to his eye as the truest, noblest, and most majestic of all speakers. To be such a speaker—a tender, persuasive, resistless orator for God—will enlist the ambition and endeavors of his life. It will be the supreme charm, and all else will be subordinate. Whatever may be done in humbler ways, by the service of the pen or the ministry of benevolence, will occupy a tributary relation, while to preach "pure religion and undefiled" will stand out before him as incomparably superior to every other department of activity and labor. First of all, he must be "mighty in word," and to attain that simple but sublime eloquence which scorns all unsanctified art and disdains the trickery of rhetoric, he will labor with untiring assiduity.

It is not, however, the pulpit as a field for eloquence that we are now anxious to consider it, but simply as a moral and religious power, occupying a most prominent place in the economy of Providence, and foremost among those instrumentalities that advance the welfare of the world. Taken in this connection, it is a divine institution for divine ends. It is a specific thing for a specific purpose. The decree of God has set it apart for a special work, and no man has any right to extend it beyond its limitations, or pervert it to extraneous objects. To unfold the distinctive doctrines of Christianity as they centre in Jesus Christ, the Lord and Redeemer of our nature; to convict man of his utter helplessness, and lead him to the source of all

strength; to excite his slumbering conscience, and bring him to the cross as a lost and ruined sinner; to form within him the virtues of faith and holiness, and thus fit him for heaven, is its great mission. If the pulpit devote itself to this task, it will fulfill the aim for which it has been established. A minister of the Gospel must feel that he is consecrated to a select vocation, and he must restrict himself to its duties if he accomplish the work committed to his care. Outside of the pulpit there are departments of moral and religious effort open to his exertions, and into these broad fields he may enter whenever the spirit of his sacred ministry may accompany him. There are such scenes of labor, and they are perfectly sympathetic with his office. But even here a wise caution is necessary. Generally they are the mere incidents of his work. A minister magnifies his office by earnest devotion to it, and, if faithful to its supreme claims, he will find its immediate duties altogether sufficient to exhaust his time and his strength. Let him keep within his own appointed sphere, and he will find that he can do more just there to rectify the errors of public opinion, to awaken the spirit of moral and Christian philanthropy, to educate the sentiments of mankind and promote the progress of society, than in all other ways. It should, therefore, be his constant and prayerful effort to make the pulpit a mighty power, so that it may create and sustain every kind of secondary agency in the world. Here he should stand in the full panoply of divine strength; here he should be himself in the best and noblest sense of a redeemed and anointed man; here he should do all that human agency can do to send abroad the restorative influences that God has ordained to save a fallen race. For nothing is more certain than if the pulpit supports its true character and answers its peculiar ends, every other benificent institution will flourish. The first and main thing is to keep the pulpit in its right place and at its right work. Other instrumentalities will take its tone and diffuse its spirit. No truth is more clearly defined in the New Testament, none more fully illustrated and confirmed in all history, than that the pulpit is God's chosen means to communicate religious thought and impulse to the world. To it we must look for the life of all divine benevolence; it is the fountain, and all other agencies are but reservoirs.

It is just here that the American pulpit is exposed to its greatest danger. Our national mind is so intensely active; our interest in philanthropic and reformatory schemes is so deep and earnest; our susceptibility to moral excitements is so quick and lively, that the pulpit is easily diverted from its peculiar work. The demands of the age are pressing upon it, and from every quarter there are invitations that solicit its assistance. No one can indiscriminately condemn these calls. Not a few of them are in perfect harmony with the ministerial calling, and deserve the warmest countenance and support. But there are many of them that can not profitably occupy its zeal, and others there are that, under a false guise, delude the ministry into pernicious paths. The present tendency of the ministry to engage in literary and scientific pursuits—to be known as amateurs in art—to cultivate the fashionable elegancies of intellect, may not be so directly injurious as some other evils, and yet it is easy to see that they are acting as counter-excitements to the specific business of ministerial life. Literature affords them a most interesting and refreshing exercise, and, within due bounds, ought to enlist their attention. The names of Barrow, Berkeley, Hall, and Chalmers are sufficient to show that literature of an elevated and ennobling kind may have a share of their regards. And yet, such are the impulses of our day, no small proportion of ministerial time and ability are consumed in this sort of wasting service. Any diversion from their exclusive office is deplorable, but especially those forms of popular effort which lead them off into ambitious ways and stimulate the less spiritual instincts are to be deeply lamented. A minister needs a large and liberal intercourse with the world, and his social sympathies require full gratification, but his intellect is sacred to his divine vocation. Such intellectual sacredness is the primary element of his morality. It is the emphasis of his official vow. It is the badge of his high position. And hence he can not without detriment allow himself to use his mind habitually and earnestly in other relations, without impairing his own intellectual tone and dissipating that strength which ought to be reserved for the mighty warfare between sin and holiness.

The effect of this intellectual secularization begins to be mournfully apparent in the American Ministry. Every man of religious observation knows that the Gospel is not generally preached in this country as it was thirty years since. It has not that single-sightedness, that clear and unmistakable directness, that distinct and definite purpose, which once characterized its exhibitions. We miss much of the preaching spirit and manner that our fathers employed with signal success. A generation of preachers is rapidly crowding our pulpits who fight no more with the single weapon of the Gospel—they must furnish themselves with sundry small-arms, and flourish short swords of earthly steel. One calls the champions of "Natural Vestiges of Creation" into the field, and enjoys the luxury of an unresisting fight. Another leaps full-armed into a museum of Megatheria and ancient Fossils, and scatters bones right and left in terrible dismay. A third is profound in Ontology; a fourth spices his sermons with Fichte, Carlyle, and Strauss; a fifth honors the Bible by taking a text, and supplies the rest from the *Westminster Review*. The variety of such discourses is beyond classification. Of all eclecticists these modern preachers whom we describe are the most omnivorous. The poet no longer holds his realm intact, and the staid philosopher hears the hurry of black cloth past him. The merchant is minus his statistics, and the ledger is spread out in the pages of the Sunday sermon. And the politicians, long left to their stumps and platforms in unrivaled solitude, wonder what next, when they find their arts departing for cushioned pulpits. With a change of topics has come a corresponding change of language, figurative illustration, and style. The short, abrupt, torpedo sentence—the playful suspense and the sudden surprise—the sharp, angular turns—the wit that arms a thought like a protruding sting, or the piercing satire that comes like a serpent's fang with a serpent's hiss—all these are admired and coveted as the intellectual and moral forces of the new school of dexterity. And it must be confessed that these rampant innovators have been quite successful in their achievements. They have caught, in some instances, the popular ear, and carried the popular voice. But

they have mistaken rashness for strength, novelty for freshness, and popularity for usefulness. The nakedness of the soul is not laid bare by such ministrations, nor are these frolicsome pages that wait in the court of intellect, the attending ushers that lead you into the royal presence of truth.

Such egregious errors as those just noticed may be comparatively rare in the American pulpit; nevertheless the tendency toward a degenerate taste, a lax logic, and a bad moral temper, are unfortunately but too obvious. The faults of former days, when preachers spun metaphysical cobwebs, that hung from church-rafters and caught the floating dust—the days, when the origin of evil and the mysteries of free-will formed the stamina of discussions—have indeed passed away; but why substitute other evils for them? If the intellect slumbered under such deadening treatment, nothing surely is gained, when it is roused for a theatrical entertainment or a menagerie exhibition. Preaching is not to open men's eyes, but to pierce their hearts. It is not to play upon their ears, but to seize their consciences. Preaching is mind and soul, animated and sanctified by God's truth and Spirit. It is reason, imagination, feeling, utterance, all alive with the divine presence, hallowed by divine purity, and chastened by divine peace. It is humility in its lowliest prostration; courage in its fearless fervor; unconsciousness in its sublimest insensibility to all selfishness. It is the man hidden in the splendors of his theme—so absorbed with its momentous realities—so lost in its encircling glory, that his voice is silenced in the summons, now stern and now melting, that breaks from the throne of Jehovah, and translates the hearer into another state of existence. It is Christ crucified as Christ crucified really and truly appeared. But what a mount is this modern Calvary! What ludicrous fire-works are these that mimic the earthquake by which the graves of old Judea hurled out their startled dead! The women retire from this cross not to find spices and moisten them with their tears, but to indulge in gay ecstasies, and circle aloft in drawing-room raptures. And the centurions and their soldiers walk exultingly forth in their armor and triumph in the faith that this is not the Son of God. One of the worst features of the present mode of popular preaching in the American pulpit is the false treatment of the great cardinal doctrine of Christianity. If this vast truth —a truth that gives significance to the whole Christian system, and draws after it, as in a processional train, the issues of eternity—if this truth gain the entire ascendency of the intellect, and create its own thoughts, emotions, and eloquence; if the eye take its lustre, the cheek its glow, the tone its fire, the power of Almighty God will be in the preaching, and the audience will tremble beneath its sway; but where rhetoric and art manufacture sentiment and feeling, tone and trope, look and gesture, the theme will not redeem the oratory. There is a falsehood in the man. There is a falsehood in his intellect and heart. There is a falsehood in his logic and in his love, and Christ crucified will merely be a cold and soulless symbol in the High Mass of his Pulpit Literature.

Another aspect in which the American pulpit comes before us, is its relation to the spirit of the age, as manifested in our country. The views advanced in the former portion of this article have partly anticipated this branch of our subject, and yet we are unwilling to pass over it without fuller notice. There is certainly a profound meaning in the phrase —spirit of the age. Applied to the great diversity of commercial, political, and social interests, that form the outside life of the world—to the opinions circulating through its intellect, and to the excitements that intensify its passions and strain its activity—it has a signification that can not be misunderstood. It is a spirit that has suddenly awaked to the consciousness of powers that have hitherto been dimly apprehended, and that feels itself to be the lawful heir of an inheritance long denied to its use and enjoyment. It is a spirit of restless struggle and boundless aspiration. Not insensible to the lessons of the past nor reckless of the conservative safeguards of society, it nevertheless shows a strong disposition to question the old faith of humanity, and to establish a new creed for its guidance. No one can wonder that such a spirit should have been developed, or that it should exhibit occasional irregularities calculated to alarm the sober and meditative mind. It is the necessary effect of civilization, whenever civilization becomes a movement of personal and collective agency. Restore to men the right to choose their own institutions and ordain their own laws, and such a spirit must be quickened into action. The danger lies in its excess. If, content with its own legitimate scope, it is directed by prudence, it has a vast work to do; but departing from its just sphere, and entering on forbidden ground, it may easily be converted into a machinery of ruin. The institutions of government, international relations, and even the ecclesiastical polity of churches, may be fairly open to the inquiring and reforming spirit of the age. But it can not be too frequently or emphatically stated, that Christianity was delivered to our world as a perfect system. It was committed to man not to be amended or changed, but simply to be preserved and perpetuated in its original and integral excellence. Guarded from all the approaches of an innovating philosophy as well as from the assaults of temporizing passions, it was invested with final and complete authority over man in his nature, circumstances, and condition. The spirit of the age is consequently subordinate to its supreme law. It must cherish the faith and practice the obedience that Christianity requires. Sacrificing its vain and foolish pretensions, it must bow before the instructions of this omniscient teacher, and, in the simplicity of trusting childhood, learn to think and act in the light of its wisdom.

There is just here a necessity for careful discrimination. In one sense, Christianity may be considered as a religion of progress. Not only does it move in advance of all social institutions, and quicken the best mind of the age to follow its lead, but it is constantly throwing light on its own principles, and unfolding yet more clearly its admirable adaptations to the higher wants of man. In accordance with this law, the modern pulpit has done much to infuse a more Christian spirit into the usages and movements of the present century. It has penetrated, to some extent, the science, philosophy, and government of the age—reforming abuses, defining rights, encouraging brotherhood, and stimulating virtues that cast a beautiful light over the path of humanity. Heaven has kindly permitted the American pulpit to share the honor and enjoy the benefits of this great work. It has done much to awaken and foster this noble spirit. To its intelligence and piety we owe no small share

of our liberal culture and philanthropic zeal. It has been mainly instrumental in exciting and maintaining those praiseworthy sentiments which the American people cherish in the warmest blood of their hearts on the sanctity of law, the importance of education, and the necessity of morality to the permanence of republican institutions. Nor must we overlook the fact that in other connections the American pulpit has been a mighty auxiliary in our progress. It has been a domestic power of incalculable magnitude. It has made its ministry an apostleship at the fireside, and gathered the childhood of the land beneath its potent influence. It has impressed itself on the statesmanship of the country. It has interposed its moral checks on the commercial ambition of the age, taught the religious uses of money, and aroused men to feel the momentous truth of stewardship. The past history of the American pulpit records these triumphs, and no right-minded man can dispute its claim to them.

Turning, however, from that bright page in the annals of the American pulpit, it is sad to think that, of late years, its influence over the minds of our countrymen has been threatened with diminution, if not indeed with decay. We say, threatened, for the evil has not yet progressed far enough to assume a portentous shape. The confidence of thousands of our fellow-citizens is disturbed, and the ministry of the churches is looked upon with some distrust. We can not hide this fact from our eyes. It meets us every where. Our newspapers, our literature, our conversation and public addresses, indicate it too clearly for any honest man to deny or to disguise it. Allowing, as we must, that this feeling is exaggerated, and that the ministry as a class have to bear, in an undue measure, the foibles and faults of individuals, it can not be questioned that there is some reason for the dissatisfaction which is spreading over the country. There is just ground for complaint. Confess we must that our pulpit is forgetting, in numerous instances, its peculiar mission, and descending from its exclusive work to embroil its spirit and soil its garments in contact with the world. It is diverting its talents to false issues—issues aside from its own definite line of action. It is guilty of partisanship. It is pandering to unhealthy passions, and stirring up wicked strife among brethren. We repeat, that, in many cases, it is obnoxious to this charge. Its own acts have awakened a sentiment of hostility, and not a few of the best men of the country are affected by it. The evil is now in its incipient stage, and it can be remedied. One course must be pursued, and matters will come right again, viz., the American pulpit must banish every thing from its discussions and appeals except the simple proclamation of the Gospel as Jesus Christ taught it. The power of the minister is in that Gospel alone; the character of the minister is derived solely from his relation to Christ as his representative. If he will preach that Gospel in conformity with the New Testament model, he will preach the truth that will purify public opinion—the truth that will follow the merchant to his counting-room, the statesman to the halls of legislation, the sovereign to his seat of authority—the truth that will encircle all interests in its protective embrace, and sanctify all relations by its heavenly presence. Standing in his serene attitude beside the cross, patriotism will learn of him its lessons of devotion, forbearance, and integrity; philanthropy will bow its head to catch the anointing that has consecrated him; eloquence will light its torch at the Pentecostal flame that yet burns about his brow; and piety will go forth with his benediction to emulate the angel-host in ministering service to the world. Compare such a position—its high and hallowed motives, its eternal aims, its vast resources, and immeasurable results—with the low, paltry, disgusting conduct of men who lower the pulpit to the level of the hustings, and pollute the air of the sanctuary with the cant of demagogism. What a universe of breadth and space is between them! Side by side place Judas kissing Christ into the arms of his murderers, and John watching through his death-scene for the last token of affection, and the extremes of character are not more vividly impressive.

The present position of the American pulpit, owing to the causes enumerated above, is calculated to awaken the solicitude of all patriots and Christians. Believing that a pure and powerful pulpit is the noblest inspiration to a nation's intellect, and the surest guarantee of its conservative virtues; believing yet further, that it is the leader of its intercessions in the hour when danger invokes the special aid of Heaven, and the appointed channel through which the blessings of Christianity ordinarily flow to men, we can not be otherwise than sensitive to its moral and spiritual condition. No people are more ready than our countrymen to respect and honor the pulpit so long as it maintains its true character, and none are more jealous of it if the taint of priestcraft infects it. A state of things is now beginning to exist in connection with the the pulpit that demands attention, and hence the propriety of the question—What shall be done? The peculiarities of the age as related to religious movements must first be carefully considered, if this question, "What shall be done?" be properly answered. Christianity has given birth to a large class of semi-religious institutions, that are working effectually for the improvement of mankind. Indeed, of late years, no small degree of its power has appeared in the moralization of society rather than in its absolute Christianization. In this way ministers have been brought into close contact with the world on its own grounds. A vast amount of good has been thus effected. But we must not lose sight of the dangers that lie in ambush along these popular paths. A religious worldliness is easily generated in the midst of these influences, and ere he is aware, the minister of the sanctuary is led into a secular temper of mind, that soon becomes apparent in his style of treating religious subjects, and in his pulpit demeanor. Apart from this sort of exposure to a worldly atmosphere, a pulpit of any mark is now a matter of newspaper notoriety. The patronage of the press is bestowed on the fine preacher, and his discourses are reported for breakfast-table chat. Criticism has its eyes and ears open, and hard it is for the preacher, who ought to be the most disinterested and unconscious of speakers, to avoid the temptation of being an actor in the sight of the great public. Then, too, is the vitiating method of constant advertising sermons on this or that topic—a catchpenny system, that deserves a hearty rebuke. The famous horn of the mock Angel Gabriel is ludicrous enough, but these small tin trumpets that every Saturday squeak a thin stream of clerical vanity into the public ear, is a violation of all ministerial modesty and dignity. In brief, the desire for popularity is misleading some and corrupting others. "What, then, shall be done?" The remedy is simple, viz., to correct

these bad habits—to reform all abuses, and to restore the pulpit to its original office of evangelizing the world by the simple, honest, faithful proclamation of Christ's Gospel, in Christ's spirit, for Christ's glory. Above every thing else, there is now wanted a profound and earnest faith in the power of Christianity to create a noble race of men and women—a race that shall repeat the wonders of apostolic piety, and move the world to reverence and love.

Amidst the dangers that now threaten the decline of ministerial usefulness, let us think of those ancient days when Christianity went forth, fresh and free, to subdue the nations of the earth. Not then did it seek an alliance with any attractive worldliness. Not then did it covet the testimonials of philosophy and art to seal its pretensions. The magnificent possessions of Crœsus, the fame of Pericles, the renown of Cleopatra, the achievements of Cæsar—what were they to a religion that preached poverty of spirit, self-denial, tribulations, and death as the badge of discipleship and the preparation for immortal rewards? It then relied on God's presence. It was content to speak in God's name. It was satisfied with God's approbation. The strength of man could not help it. The ancestral honors of Judea availed nothing in its behalf; and the pride of Grecian wisdom was humbled beneath its scorn. The mighty eagle that had swept the world gave not a single feather to the champions of the cross. The friends of Christianity then felt that it was competent to create its own nobility, in the persons of regenerated men and women, and in this trust it conquered. The same law yet stands. Christianity is a divine witness to each generation, and it must rule in God's right. Authority may offer its aid, but it will retire from its presence, rebuked for its follies and abashed by its crimes. Intellect may come and report, through Newton, its triumphs in the far heavens; through Cook, its explorations of the sea; through Davy, the discoveries of chemistry; through Humboldt, the harmonies of a vast Cosmos. It may sing the great oratorio of the world's sadness in the strains of Milton, or inspire a loftier eloquence than has yet entranced the world. But these all are insignificant compared with the doctrine of Christ crucified as the wisdom and power of God. It is this doctrine that gives an emphasis to all thought—a sublime import to all life. It is this doctrine that lifts up the humblest struggle to the height of a grand warfare. Out from fishers'-huts and rude forest-homes this doctrine brings the chosen men whose battle-ax cleaves the heart of the world. It is to this doctrine that we are indebted for our Luthers, our Knoxes, our Whitfields, and Wesleys; and if the pulpit of to-day were baptized by the outpouring of its spirit, this morbid, restless, turbulent age would find its perfect peace in the bosom of God.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT seems only yesterday that we gazed upon the fiery funeral pyre of our old Easy Chair; only yesterday that the mails came to our hands opulent with pleasanter letters than we usually receive—words of sympathy and encouragement, and kindly offers of aid. Was it longer ago than last week that we set up again the charred frame of our critical throne, and sat in Beekman Street for a season, meditating the ways of Providence and the chances of affairs?

Few Easy Chairs have ever had a harder time for a little while. But when, after the long months of inconvenience and delay, our Chair was brought again into the stately iron and fire-defying structure where now it stands secure, we settled ourselves again to the work which, in our transient exile from our old haunts, we had also been diligently driving, and sought to find newer and fresher ways to interest and instruct and amuse our friends.

Certainly we were held to that effort by gratitude. Certainly our friends were not summer friends. Certainly they had done all that good friends could do to secure the easiness of our Chair, and certainly we were and are grateful. But we must also be a little proud. We can not sit in the midst of so vast a crowd of friends and witnesses, chatting about the daily events and minor morals and manners, without congratulating ourselves upon our constituency. Turn to the cover of the present Number, and you will see that now, at the close of the sixth year of the Magazine, the number of copies issued amounts to *one hundred and sixty thousand.*

Of course no literary constituency ever approached this in numbers and diversity. Of course there was never such a marvelous whispering gallery in the world as this of ours, whereby we sit in our comfortable Easy Chair, which is stationed in the very centre of life and civilization, and quietly "say our say," upon what we see and hear, to at least ten times one hundred and sixty thousand people.

May we be proud of it as well as grateful? Can we help being grateful as well as proud?

AT the time we write the *Pacific* has not arrived. There has been hoping against hope. Kind people have written to the newspapers that ships have often been longer unheard from. There was the *Atlantic* to remember, until her time of absence was surpassed. Alas! there was the *Arctic*, too, to remember.

We resign ourselves sadly to these dispensations of Providence, as we coolly call them, when there is not the slightest doubt that the great accidents at sea—the tragedies over which we all quiver and turn pale—are the direct results of the grossest carelessness. It is blasphemy to talk of "the ways of the Lord," when the accident is nothing but the necessary consequence of the ways of a reckless sea-captain. Here, while we are all shuddering to hear the fate of the *Pacific*, the *Arabia*, Captain Stone, leaves Boston, and a passenger writes:

"Reaching the Banks, we took southeasterly winds, and encountered thick fogs, and thus we were running, during Sunday forenoon, the 17th, heading southeasterly, carrying maintop-sail, reefed foretop-sail, and all fore-and-aft sails, with a fair, strong wind, and going very rapidly, *fourteen miles an hour*, I believe, by the log—*the fog all the time so dense that vision of the sea extended seldom so far as the ship's own length before us.*"

Having, by the good providence of God, reached England safely, the devout passengers humbly return thanks to Captain Stone, for various great qualities of a sea-commander, of which the above proceeding is a specimen.

A peasant being pursued by a mad bull, fortunately escaped over a fence, and turning, fell on

his knees and piously thanked the animal that he had not succeeded in tossing him upon his horns.

That is the relative position of Captain Stone and the passengers on the *Arabia*.

Suppose this had not been the fortunate issue, and the passengers had been gored by the horns of this mad carelessness; suppose the *Arabia* had dashed upon the iceberg which the same correspondent describes:

"While I was in this position I heard an exclamation, and raising my head, beheld the most frightful object that in more than fifty thousand miles' sea-sailing I ever encountered—*right abreast of us, and not a hundred yards distant, yet spectral in the fog, a dead, ghastly, and unblemished white iceberg, just about as large above water as the City Hall in New York.*"

We should all have shaken our heads a few weeks hence, saying, "What do you think has become of the *Arabia?*" The newspapers would have teemed with moral improvements of the occasion, and have printed lists of the passengers. The accounts from Europe would have been headed, "NO NEWS OF THE ARABIA!" and doubt would have sickened into fear, and fear died into despair; and a ghastly horror of drowned perents, children, husbands, and wives have haunted many a heart and wasted many a life forever.

Nor this only; but we should have had sermons upon the danger of those who go down to the sea in ships, and comments upon the inscrutability of Providence working in a mysterious way to perform his wonders. All the commonplace platitudes would have been paraded; and simply because a willfully-careless captain, upon whose soul would rest the blood of hundreds, chose to run, in a dense fog, which made the bows of his ship invisible from the stern, at such a rate that, when he hit the rock or the iceberg, which he could not see until he was on it, ship and crew went down in a moment in the remorseless abyss of ocean. We may now be very sure, when we read a letter of thanks to a captain, that there has been some great peril into which he has done his best to plunge his ship and passengers, but from which a good Providence has saved them. And if he succeeds, and neither are heard of more, then the same good Providence is said to have permitted the catastrophe. So it has permitted it, but only as it permits drunkenness when a man pours rum into his stomach; only as it permits murder, and theft, and arson, and every other form of sin. Is society contented to say of drunkenness that God permits it? Does that dispose of the whole question? or of forgery? or of treason? Why, then, should it be a sop in our mouths against denouncing this enormous waste of human life occasioned by the loss of a single sea-steamer?

Is there the slightest possible excuse for the loss of the *Arctic?* Is any individual man so silly as to run as rapidly as possible in the dark, when he knows that he may hit his nose against a door, or run against a post? and can there be any excuse for the insanity of urging a ship through the denser darkness of a fog at a rate which precludes all hope of safety if any of the obstacles likely to be encountered *are* encountered?

Or, sadly enough, look at the *Pacific*. Let us hope that in the safe lee of some Western island she rocks upon a gentle sea. Let us believe that, shattered by unavoidable disaster, she drifts southward into softer airs, until some rescuing ship comes flying with bright stretches of sail over the horizon, like a good angel with outspread wings. Let us try to remember that somewhere, at some time, somebody recalls an emigrant ship that was not heard of for three months. Take hope, if you can, O heavy-hearted mourners! and believe that the summer, which brings sunshine to the fields, will also shine, with the light of longed-for and returning eyes, into your hearts! Let us pray that these things may be so: that the aching apprehension of those who loved two hundred men, women, and children shall have a happy issue.

But if she comes no more, and the black list of the *President*, the *Arctic*, the *City of Glasgow*, and how many more! is increased by the name of the *Pacific*, then all experience justifies this theory, among others, that, racing with the *Persia*, the *Pacific*, in a fearful winter sea, full of ice, came smashing, at twelve or fourteen knots an hour, upon an iceberg, and immediately went down.

If this were accurately proved, what would be done? The papers would say, in the blackest capitals: "Inhuman Slaughter!" and that would be the end of it. Fool-hardiness is either beatified by us, or called the mysterious way of Providence. The more timid would not go to sea. Those who felt that they must see Europe, and could afford the expense, would go with a solemn sense of the danger, and envying Englishmen who have only to cross the Channel. The thoughtful would see that civilization and the march of mind cost immensely to the human race, and would refuse to be consoled for the willful murder of two hundred men by the statistical proof that steam slays, in proportion, less than any motive power of travel.

Sitting in this most comfortable and most critical Chair, we do not need to be reminded that history advances by tragedies. The general deductions and observations have no bearing upon the question. It would be a poor plea for a murderer that God had used crimes to his own good purposes. Manning could hardly have justified himself by appealing to the example of Cain.

We do not croak, nor mean to foment discomfort in the minds of advanced females. We have also seen too much of the way things in general are managed to suppose that there are not to be other Norwalk bridges left open and engulfed trains, and a long, long list of *Arctics* and *Presidents*. But we are not to be hamboozled any longer with the twaddle about "enterprise." For enterprising let us read fool-hardy. Suppose that to a passage from New York to England there should be three or four days or more added, by going with decent caution in heavy fogs, could you—for instance, you, dear old Gunnybags—submit to such a shocking waste of time? But suppose that, in the lapse of twenty years, one solitary vessel were lost by the want of care and the determination of saving those three or four or more days, would you be willing to be in that vessel? Are you then willing to risk having every vessel that one?

The remedy is evident. You, the Honorable Mr. Gunnybags; or Gunnybags, Esquire; or the Messrs. Gunnybags; or Gunnybags Brothers; or Twine, Gunnybags, and Osnaburgs; or the Gunnybags Steamship Company, can issue your orders to your captains—and have it publicly understood that they are issued—that no ship of yours shall

be run faster than a specified rate in fogs, and that signals shall be sounded. Also, that during certain months, when ice abounds at sea, the running course of the ships shall be out of the way of the probable encounter of ice.

Or try this plan to settle your minds:

Advertise that the steamer *Steady*, Captain Ready, will sail for Liverpool, on May 1, with orders to proceed not more than four miles, or less or more, an hour, with bell constantly sounding, through the fogs upon the banks, and to consult general security rather than speed in the voyage; and also advertise that the steamer *Smasher*, Captain Dasher, will sail the same day for Liverpool, and be put through the fog upon the banks at the rate of fourteen knots an hour and no signal—and then let the Gunnybags Steamship Company compare the passenger lists, and the freight lists, and the insurance charges.

You smile serenely, Gunnybags, Esquire. Well, every steamship that sails for Liverpool is the steamer *Smasher*, and not the steamer *Steady*. (*Boy, beneath the window, "Extra—Three Days Later from Europe; no news of the Pacific!"*)

We, democrat of this Easy Chair, have been assailed as monarchical in our views, because we would not allow that indecency was democracy, and rudeness republicanism. To express disgust, also, at entering a railroad-car crowded with men who not only claim to be men but, as democratic, better men than any others, and finding it recking with a mingled odor of cheese, apple-parings, and toasted woolen trowsers; this, also, has been denounced as prejudicial to the democratic foundation of this Union.

Now, we will not be bullied. Whereas every man is born with an inalienable right to his own nose, we will not have our olfactories assailed by the fumes of toasted breeches without protesting. We will not sit in a long room which can just hold sixty men, and have six of those men frying their saliva upon a red-hot stove, without crying "Unclean!" just as much as we please; and we will not hesitate to declare that, if faith in good manners, and general decency, and consideration of others, be aristocratic, we are aristocratic to the very marrow.

Can't democracy smell sweet? Is it aristocratic to blow your nose? Is a hog your only republican?

Or, let White Waistcoating, who pays such heavy taxes and wears such heavy watch-seals, answer, can we not be tolerably governed in New York, for instance, because we govern ourselves? Oh! for a good rousing despotism, just one week. Not —astute friend and observant traveler in Naples and Cairo—such a despotism as Bomba's or the Egyptian, but such as that of the Parisian Police. Let us have Louis Napoleon mayor for one week! How we should go to the opera, and find our carriages upon coming out, instead of struggling in that intricate knot of horses, coachmen, and coaches, all tugging and swearing different ways, while Lucy's foot goes into the gutter, and an independent elector tears Lucinda's skirt, and a free-and-equal carriage-pole strikes Amelia's back; and so we all reach home grateful for many mercies, resigned to ruined dresses and colds, because we have escaped with sound limbs, and with a profound consciousness, not that we have enjoyed the *septett* in Lucia, but that we have survived the assault at Sebastopol. How we should be able to see across the street in those dear despotic days, without the Himalaya of frozen snow-mud, to heap which was the favorite occupation of the street-commissioner![*] How we shouldn't totter across uncertain planks stretched before buildings going up! How a single property-holder wouldn't be allowed to incommode the entire public for his private advantage! How, when somebody snatched our wives' purses from their hands, there would be somebody else to call upon for assistance! How we should have general decency and public order if we had a rousing despotic city government for a week!

The truth is that we pay a certain price for the advantages of a Republic. If you think that there are no good things in a Despotism, or that you get all these good things because you are a Republic, you make a very great mistake.

Why do we have a chaos of carriages and general Pandemonium at the coming out of the opera, for instance? Why was Broadway shrunk for more than a fortnight to a third of its size by a heap of mud and snow two or three miles long? Why is every thing municipal at odds and ends, and why is the city government of New York a by-word throughout the country? Here is New York, a great metropolitan braggart, boasting that it is really the foremost city of the time, and if of this time, then of history, and you could not get across its great thoroughfare in the month of February, 1856, without the greatest danger to life and limb.

These are details, but then it is in details that governments press upon the individual. Upon the whole, and as it were in the high-cockalorum abstract, no two grave men can differ about the essential superiority of our form of government. But see how freely life is squandered! Think what a chance it is in traveling, if you get into the right car or reach the right place. We generally do it, but at what expense of doubt and concern. Think of the almost universal insolence of officials of every kind, and that your boot-black does not feel that he has asserted his equality with you until he has spattered the blacking upon your shirt collar. Think of all the unnecessary annoyances which arise from this same desire of a fellow-citizen to show you that he is as good as any body. You loftily assert that such things are trifles. True; corns and slack-baked bread, and the fumes of sissled spittle, and hundreds of similar things *are* undoubtedly trifles, measured by the importance of political and religious liberty; but then let us ask ourselves whether this universality of petty squabbling and inconvenience, this rushing and swearing and sweating, this paying heavy taxes for filthy streets, and large prices for the incommodation of railroad-cars, is an integral part of the price we pay for our general principle of self-government.

If it be, so profound is our faith in the necessity of that principle to human progress, that we shall submit without a murmur.

But if it be not fully proved, we shall not submit. We shall still insist that a decent share of good city government, and a moderate degree of national good manners, is entirely compatible with the rights of man and republican institutions. Until it is fully proved, we shall persist in believing, for instance, that a government of the people might insist upon posting a mounted police, if necessary,

[*] This municipal term is a civic joke, merely signifying a person who for a heavy commission renders the streets impassable.—Ed.

to maintain order at the coming out of all the great popular places of amusement. The end of government is individual well-being. If that is less promoted by the rule of the people, why do we bite our thumbs at kings so indignantly?

And echo savagely answers the Easy Chair, "You old aristocrat!"

THE spring not only brings out the flowers in the fields and the gay dresses in the streets, but the pictures upon the Academy walls. When you hold a lily or a rose in your hand do you think of the dark, cold ground, full of various decay, out of which all that loveliness has sprung? The picture is like the flower. Out of sorrow and poverty and disappointment and despair, how often comes the pretty picture at which you idly gaze as you idly smell the flower. Even the poorest picture may have that kind of interest. Remember, when you buy your ticket to the exhibition, how much hope and doubt and ambition, how much self-sacrifice and heroism and noble endeavor have gone into each picture upon the walls, and be gentle, you who live at ease and could have painted such superior pictures had you been so inclined.

The crowded shelves of a book-store and the walls of an exhibition of paintings have a secret sympathy of this kind. Yet how easy is criticism, how fatally easy is sarcasm and innuendo. Wit, humor, and humane satire, O listless dawdler before the pictures, are not so fatally easy.

For how many of us outsiders going into a gallery have any clear idea as to what a picture really is? We wisely call it "snuffy," or "gaudy," or "hard," or "leathery," or "cut up," or "woolly," or any thing else that happily occurs to a fluent tongue. What regulates our remarks? what principles have we?

"Art appeals to all and is not intended for a few." That is very true. "The artist is the interpreter between the spectator and nature." That is also very true. But there are certain conditions in art, and those conditions are sternly respected by the artist. "Art is an imitation of nature." True again, to a certain extent. But put your own hand by the best hand in the best portrait ever painted. Is there any such striking resemblance that you would mistake the painted hand for the real hand, or *vice versa*? Then the imitation is under certain limitations. The question is not—does that look like my hand, as my left resembles my right, but within the relations and power of pigments and general harmony of light and shade, is the painted hand a true transcript of the fleshly one.

In this admirable humor we were wheeled up to the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design. Glancing benignly around we were at once persuaded that we were not in the Pitti, nor the Vatican, nor even in the Louvre. But we felt ourselves to be in the midst of lovely landscapes and good people. They were a little "funny," perhaps, as the young lady found the Coliseum, but in the wild, blustering March day, it was refreshing to look upon tropical and summer scenes and upon beautiful ladies in low-necked dresses.

There was certainly nothing that indicated that another Raphael or Titian had broken loose. There was nothing, even, that arose in unquestioned prominence above every thing else. Every thing ascended by easy gradations from the indifferent or bad to the most excellent. People stood about full of admiration, or fun, or ignorance, or sympathy. Yet whatever they missed, they must have derived a great deal of pleasure from what they saw. Some were skeptical and hard to please, like Flint.

"Ah! the same old story, I see," said Flint, "there's Leatherhead's favorite pink cloud upon a green sky, and yellow woods in a blue abyss. Is Leatherhead never going to do any thing else? Why, I can show you that picture twenty years ago in the Exhibition."

Yes, Flint, and so you can be shown Claude's trees and Salvator's rocks in all the pictures of those masters, and Raphael's Madonnas in all stages of his career. You can not show, in what you call the same picture of Leatherhead's twenty years ago, the easy handling, the softer color, the more natural treatment that you find now. It is only a mare's nest which you have discovered with your supercilious eyebrows, good Mr. Flint. It is only the Shakspearianism of Shakspeare, and the Miltonism of Milton, and the Phidianity of Phidias, excellent observer. You have found in Leatherhead the inevitable mannerism which you will find in every great work of every great worker. You think that "Little Dorrit" is only the old Dickens over again? If it be so, it is only as Beethoven's ninth symphony is his second. They are both Beethoven's, indeed. They have both the qualities of the individual which makes all his work what we call Beethovenish, but that, of course in a lesser degree, is what you have found in Leatherhead, and always will find in him, until some evil ambition shall lead him to paint in somebody else's way, and in a manner foreign to his sympathy; which will make our favorite and popular Leatherhead as unlike himself as Wilkie was unlike Wilkie when he took to painting Holy Families, or as Burns would have been had he tried his hand at Marmions or Childe Harolds.

A man's speciality both in composition and treatment soon reveals itself. Would even you, Flint, have been guilty of the bold stupidity of saying annually at the London Exhibition, "Ah! there are Turner's vapors again." Turner's love and study lay much in that direction. Have you forgotten those purely impossible scenes of Claude which yet do the heart good to look upon and to remember? Those palaces upon seas forever calm; those ships sailing out of an eternal sunset; those lovely Arcadian bits of graceful bridges, and piping swains, and dancing nymphs. The great Ruskin pooh-poohs at Claude. But then we can pooh-pooh at the great Ruskin. It requires a prodigious pooh-pooh to put out the soft, penetrating lustre of Claude. The very name of the painter has a sweet music—Claude Lorraine. It is a chance that he was born in Lorraine; but all chances count in the fate of genius.

Leave Leatherhead his clouds, and trees, and blue abysses unassailed. While you have been cutting up the picture to your select party, there was a boy stood watching it, and far over those blue abysses his heart flew home, and he wiped a tear as you turned your last joke. Now is the value of the picture to be measured by your sneer, discriminating Flint, or by the boy's tear? That other picture which seems to you a lacquered tea-tray, seems to this Easy Chair rich, poetic, and suggestive. Are we both right or both wrong: or is one right and the other wrong; and if so, which?

You see how perplexing it is to look at pictures

if you are also going to say fine or sharp things about them. The wretched daub in a village tavern parlor may give a thrill of joy to some rough heart, and the touch of genius burns through all kinds of crudities. There is an exhaustless amount of fame and commendation, and there is the same of excellence also. As many heroes go unsung since Agamemnon as before him. A lovely little sketch in our last Number, "The Story of Emile Roque," shows how much delight a man may have in Watteau's and Vanloo's pictures. But the great Ruskin knocks them all into cocked hats. Then the moral is, that it is better not to be a great Ruskin, but to enjoy the lovely conceits of the painters. A great deal of knowledge, it seems, may be as dangerous as a little.

Flint naturally left us, and we rolled around the room enjoying the pictures. By a happy constitution we are inclined, if any thing strikes us as wrong or impossible in a picture, to accuse our own ignorance, or to believe that the resources of art do not allow a nearer resemblance to Nature. Besides this, having privately taken several artists into counsel at different times, and finding that their views were as fundamentally different as those of us of the laity, we feel a singular respect for our resolution to enjoy. Sometimes we make great mistakes, and are moved to tears or laughter, or to some more moderate emotion, by pictures that are called unpardonable in all the papers; and, on the other hand, gaze unconsciously and unadmiringly upon the greatest "gems of the collection."

But then, fortunately, Flint never makes those mistakes, and we, weak Easy Chair that we are! look wise and conceal ours.

It is not our fault if the friends of the Easy Chair have not been reading "Little Dorrit" for the last four months. It is not too late to begin now, but it will soon be so. And however the "intelligent reader" may dislike stories printed in serials, yet since the great novelists choose to print so, and find their account in it, it would be better to surrender the prejudice and enjoy the story. When it is printed altogether at the end of twenty months, it is such a huge volume, or pair of volumes, that many a reader is repelled who could have easily mastered the whole by short spells of reading every month.

"Little Dorrit" is already full of the peculiar excellences of its author. Indeed, the first number showed clearly enough the handling of a master. The concluding scene of that number, between Flintwinch and his wife, is eminently characteristic of that fearful suggestion of tragedy, of a whole complicated mass of villainy, which Dickens so loves to unravel. No sooner have you read a few pages than you seem to be in the midst of the the world and daily life, with all its infinite varieties and currents. No novelists in English literature have this power of putting the reader into the world, and interesting him in the characters as a part of the world, so much as Fielding, Thackeray, and Dickens. Their novels are not so much the story of the isolated fortunes of individuals, as vast panoramas of great masses of the world. In this way they have a kind of cosmopolitan interest. It is not a thin thread of story that you pursue, so attenuated often that it is not strong enough to sustain attention, but you move, live, laugh, and cry with a crowd.

There is, already, in "Little Dorrit," plenty of that pungent satire with which Dickens always bears down upon great national abuses. Nothing in all his writings is better in its way than the Circumlocution Office. It is broad satire, yet how cuttingly true, and how purely English! The stupid confusion of the impotent young official, who lives in precedents and an agonized and reverend chaos, when he drops his eye-glass—which is symbolical of the entire humbug of the system of which he is a cipher—is admirably drawn and severely dramatic. That peculiar kind of thick-headed dullness is essentially British. The very awkwardness which is satirized is a point of national manners. Clumsiness, clownishness, and apparent idiocy, are cardinal points of a good English manner. If a man enters a drawing-room with self-possession, as if he were used to drawing-rooms, it is pert and parvenu. If he stumble over the sofa, bow with consummate awkwardness, and stutter out the commonplaces of greeting, he is well-bred, and has "the air." The covert fling at this in young Barnacle, the state official, is very neat and trenchant.

The other clerks are not less good in their kind; and, on the other hand, to preserve the fair balance—for Arthur Clennam is an Englishman, too—his resolute pertinacity to find out what it so surprises young Barnacle that he "wants to know," is most skillfully done. The whole scene is masterly.

So, also, the Marshalsea, and the Father of the Marshalsea. Not only is the sad, strange life of the prison painted in the most memorable and impressive way, but the character of the old debtor, royal by the melancholy right of longer suffering, is so affectionately touched, that your heart pities him, without any contempt or disapprobation, even while you know him to be a willing though negative beggar. This is an extremely difficult and delicate success. The old man retains a kind of self-respect, and hides from himself his own weakness, so that your tears willingly blind your eyes, and you see only the pathetic dignity of sorrow. Thus far the Father of the Marshalsea is the most interesting character of the story.

"Little Dorrit" herself is one of the dear little Impossibles whom Dickens so loves, and makes all the world love with him. She has as yet betrayed no human weaknesses; but you can not quarrel, because you know that if human nature were to be just so good, it would be under just such circumstances. It would be "the child of misery baptized in tears" who would have all the thoughtful wisdom of a saint, the patient endurance of a martyr, and the sweet innocence of a child. All these "Little Dorrit" has. She shoots like a sunbeam through the story. Yet it is a beam of sad autumn light. The melancholy shadow of the prison life has fallen upon her, so that her youth is young only in its purity and sweetness. It is her goodness that makes its sunniness, that makes her a beam of light.

Maggie is the Miss Mowcher and Miss Flite of the tale. Mrs. Clennam is one of the exasperating characters of real life, who wear, over the icicle where the heart should be, a mantle of virtuous phrase which is transparent enough, so that you are not deceived, yet without a hole, so that you are a little perplexed by it. She acts as a paralysis upon Arthur, the easy, dreaming, saddened man, who has been defrauded of his youth, too, and of his love.

The scene in the last number (for April), at the house of the knobby-headed Patriarch, who wears bottle-green broadcloth, although the patriarchs did not wear bottle-green broadcloth, is inimitable. The little puffy steam-tug of an agent, who is constantly taking the Patriarch in tow, is a striking illustration of Dickens's fondness for a symbol which expresses his idea of a character. It is elaborated with copious humor, as is the crazy aunt of the Patriarch's widowed daughter. But what a tragedy is the meeting between that daughter and her old lover Clennam! He used to love her. Good Heaven! as a boy he loved her, and lay awake at night thinking, hoping, longing, despairing. And for her! For this vain chatter-box, this silly, simpering, fat mass of affectation! No wonder Arthur Clennam was light-headed as he sat and talked with her. No wonder that he doubted his own identity, and would not, could not stay. This is a stroke of tragical fidelity to actual experience worthy of the greatest artist. It is another of the many and increasing indications that the novelists are drawing from life, and teaching men by human weakness and the undeniable course of human history.

One thing must forcibly strike every American reader of this and other stories of Dickens. It is the intense *Englishism* of the tale. There are certain conditions imperative upon a novel, which it seems almost impossible to attain in America, a kind of picturesque perspective, a romantic association of place and systems, which are entirely unknown to us. Thus the scene of "Little Dorrit" is London, and all the local painting is, doubtless, strictly true. But how would it be possible to treat New York, or any American city, in that way? We have no romantic setting for novels. What are you to do with Broadway, with the Park, with Avenue B? Of course there are plenty of characters and life enough, but there are no mellow distances, no grimed and venerable buildings and places. All those must be renounced in the American novel. Are they essential to a novel? Is it because they are essential, that there is, as yet, no American novel?

So, friendly reader, do not lose these things while they are to be had. Remember that what you read in series was written to be read in series. Remember that if you read it as it is written you have time to follow each delicate hint, to brood over each hidden excellence. Remember how it enriches your life for a year to bear about in your heart, unsolved, the riddle of these destinies. Do you pish because they are not actual people? Ah! the story is only too true. They *are* real people. It is a real life, in its import and power. And what is *your* observation of life worth? Do you really suppose you see, only because you have eyes? No. Genius is eyes for us all. That looks where we look, and where we saw a bank of vapor or a smoke-wreath, genius sees the splendid pavilions of the sunset, the bright portals of the morning, sees the abyss that yawns around us, and the cloudy steps that ascend to heaven.

So much for "Little Dorrit," and now a word for Dickens.

He asked for an invitation to the ball given by some American residents in Paris on Washington's birth-day, and it was refused. At least this is the statement, and we proceed upon its probable truth. If the rumor is false, the spirit of our remarks will still remain true.

Lord Clarendon, who in his published correspondence with Mr. Marcy prevaricated, and was guilty of the most unfair conduct, which might easily have plunged the countries into war, was there, announced in the largest capitals, and with the loudest trumpets blown before him.

The members of the Congress of Paris, and sundry French dukes and noblemen were there. The Russian diplomat sent a letter full of sympathy and admiration for our great country and her noble institutions.

The Princess Mathilde, who is a notoriously dissolute woman, was there, by express invitation.

Charles Dickens, one of the great ornaments of English literature, the most famous living writer of the English language, expresses a wish to be present, or asks for an invitation, and asks in vain.

This is not a private affair, but a public matter, and it is not to be supposed for a moment that honorable and self-respecting American gentlemen in Paris could be guilty of such an indecency.

What, then, is the explanation?

Is it true that there are certain persons long resident in Paris, who always take the lead on occasions of this kind, and who most emphatically do not represent the spirit of America, which is generous and democratic? Is it true, as is frequently alleged in public letters from Paris, that such persons are, practically and in spirit, expatriated from their country, by the profoundest sympathy with aristocratic institutions, and that, although so long resident in Paris, they have got no nearer certain French customs, such, for instance, as the eating of frogs, than toad-eating?

Now any person has the largest liberty to go and live where and how he chooses, if he obeys the laws. A gentleman has certainly the right to select his guests in his own house, and the managers of a private ball have the same right. But in a fête of a national, and, to a certain extent, a public character, given in a foreign city by Americans, have not Americans at home a profound interest and pride? If Americans, individually, in Europe choose to associate with Princess Mathildes, they may do so, nor fairly be spoken of in public; yet collectively, as Americans associating to do honor to an American occasion, ought they deliberately to insult a man who is dear to the hearts of thousands of Americans, without learning that those Americans do not see without shame and pain an act of such signal discourtesy?

Some other aspects of this ball belong to our over-water sketches, which follow.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is late to speak of a February ball; but yet we do so. We graft the gossamer and gas-lights of a Paris salon of winter upon the flowers and sunshine of a May that lingers. On Washington's birth-day, the Americans resident in Paris hired the dining saloon of the new hotel over against the palace of the Louvre, employed a company of good musicians under the leadership of Strauss, commanded a bountiful supper, invited a great many nice people, and honored the occasion with a series of waltzes and cotillions which lasted till morning.

We have purposely recorded the affair in a very matter-of-fact way, for the sake of contrast with the exuberant (and what seems to us ridiculous)

descriptions which come to us through many of the American letter-writers from Paris.

Let us quote a few sample paragraphs:

"Last year the celebration in honor of Washington's birth-day was undertaken by the committee of management with many misgivings as to the result. They did not know precisely in what light the authorities would view the enterprise; *how far they would lend it their patronage;* or whether their own countrymen would give it the required support. But the name of Washington, and *perhaps the reputation of the people who were to be the hosts on the occasion*, afforded, to a certain extent, a guarantee of its success.

"The fête was a success; so complete that even the most sanguine were astonished. It was *the* event of the season. The anniversary of this year was organized in the same way as that of last year, and it eclipsed in every particular its predecessor. The Annual Washington Ball has become one of the institutions of the country. If it was not repeated next year, Paris society would be disappointed; there would be a want unsatisfied.

"The number in attendance was about eight hundred; three hundred and twenty-one American subscribers, and three hundred and sixty-seven invited persons."

The writer proceeds to give a careful catalogue of the titled guests, the members of His Imperial Majesty's household who were present, and of the distinguished officers of the navy and army.

"Mr. Dickens," he tells us, "would have been pleased to have received an invitation, but the committee did not see fit to invite him. The 'American Notes' are not yet forgotten.

"Messrs. Lamartine, Guizot, and De Tocqueville pleaded their feeble health, and the necessity they felt under of denying themselves all such pleasures, as an excuse for declining the committee's invitation.

"The Emperor, there is reason to believe, would have attended had it not been for the occupations of the moment.

"Count de Morny, half-brother of the Emperor, President of the Corps Legislatif, came in early, and paid much attention during the course of the evening to one of the Misses Hutton, of New York. . . . The two sisters are very young, and, besides having an ample fortune, are very handsome. The Count will never do better.

"The anxiety to get to the ball was intense among English and French people. Thousands of tickets might have been sold, but the committee were determined not to depart from the rule, to sell only to Americans. I heard of one ticket-merchant, however, who had got hold of three tickets by some means, and who held them at two hundred francs.

"The principal feature of this ball was that, although in some sense it might be called a public ball, it yet had the air of a private party. It was more select even than the balls of the Tuileries, and there was an air of quiet elegance and good breeding about it that one does not often see."

So, it would appear, that the managers of the Washington Ball of Paris are to be classed, for successful endeavor, with the Goodyears and the M'Cormicks. Americans every where may felicitate themselves with the reflection that the late Paris board of managers (who were agreed among themselves to foot up all fiscal deficiencies) have succeeded, with the promise of a supper and a dance, in drawing together a more considerable body of titled men and women, under the American flag, than ever paid honor in that direction before. A New York girl, and "handsome," actually became party to a conversation with a "half-brother of the Emperor!"

The excitement was intense.

In ludicrous contrast with the report we have given of this fête, we cite the mention of it, which appears under the telegraphic head of the great journal of Northern Europe. The date of the paper is Sunday, the 24th February. "*Yesterday*," it says, "the anniversary of Washington was celebrated by the Americans in Paris, with great solemnity, at the *Hotel of the Legation*. The ministers of foreign states assisted."

We have made a note of this matter only to serve as text for the preachment of a short sermon against a very odious form of American folly.

Are we all growing to be tuft-hunters? Is it a proud thing to read how the Duchess of Faineant, or His Highness the Prince of Monplaisir consented to accept the American Minister's invitation (as steward of the committee) to a grand ball in honor of Washington's birth-day? Is it ennobling, to be told by a delighted observer, how, on that occasion, a half-brother of the Emperor actually addressed his distinguished remarks to a "handsome" American girl (whereat rumor sniffs a marriage)?

Do we find sturdy and manly Republicanism asserting the honor and the glory of its great apostle in any such title-encumbered fête? Is the odor of it (so much as comes over *to* us in paragraphs) healthy and bracing? Do we recognize the quiet assertion and maintenance of American and Republican dignity?

Do those managers, who took upon themselves to foot the bills, seem to say for us—for every proud American—"This 22d of February is a day we cherish; let us honor it worthily, and, in the eye of Europe, let us rally to our festivity those who, like ourselves, love and revere the memory of the great Republican?"

Is there not rather something about it all (as report comes to us) which smacks of the moneyed snob? Is not Washington, and Washington's great doctrine, which he taught with a sword-point, sunk deftly under the petticoats of Madame la Comtesse de So-and-so and the *fracs* of the gentlemen of Virginia? Is not the strain after a good notice of the *feuilletonistes*, and a matter to be buzzed about in the salons of St. Germain, rather than a lifting up of the memory and deeds of Washington—even as the brazen serpent was lifted up—for a healing to the suffering Israelites?

Was there any thing in that splendid ball atmosphere to quicken republican sympathies, whether in natives or in those born over-seas? Is it not slightly noticeable that those two good men and true, Lamartine and De Tocqueville, were too indisposed on that particular evening?

Indisposed for what?

It happens to be within our knowledge that Lamartine was also indisposed upon the 22d February, 1855; and he pleaded his indisposition in somewhat this way: He yielded to none in his veneration of the name and memory of Washington; yet he must respectfully decline the invitation, since his presence at the ball would bring him into ungrateful contact with those (other French guests of *distinction*) whose sympathies differed so widely from his own.

Again, it appears, he is indisposed. Again, perhaps, he will be reckoned impertinent.

Mr. Dickens, too, as before said, "would have been glad of an invitation," but received none. Mr. Dickens was a snob; Mr. Dickens did not visit with Miss Smead; Mr. Dickens (with his earnest and sterling humanity warming the hearts of millions on this side who never heard of Mr. Corbin or Mr. What-not) was in no sense a representative of the splendid humanity which was needed to set off the fête of Washington!

This is very queer; and brings us to the middle of our sermon upon American snobbery.

When an individual, born in Boston, born in Virginia, or born in Goshen, with a full purse and a liberal heart, chooses to take up residence in one or other of the European capitals, and to draw about his supper or dinner tables very splendid and very tasteful people; when he chooses to warm himself, by such means, in the air of distinction, and to cultivate familiarity with titles; when he entreats the notice of my Lord So-and-so, and is charmed to receive a personal slight from those of distinction—we may wonder at his turn of mind; possibly we may pity; we may even acquiesce in the entire fitness of the thing: yet we never allow ourselves to remark upon it—it is no business of ours.

But when we hear of a great national fête prostituted to similar ends, and learn that all its nationality and all its spirit is sunk in a pitiful decoy for titled people—people who had never expressed one single earnest sympathy either for the nation or the MEMORY to whom the fête belonged, then—we blush for the managers! Then, even this old Easy Chair, that has witnessed so much of folly, and borne it stoutly—that has seen mania on mania worrying our fast American blood, and recorded them all—that has heard rifles prayed for in pulpits, and Kossuth, in his velvet coat, prayed for by ladies—even this old Easy Chair feels the red mantling deeper than ever in back and elbows, in memory of a Washington fête made tribute to the underlings of the imperial and princely houses of Europe!

Where was that brave Manin, President of the Venetian Republic of 1848—sacrificing property, place, peace, and family, to his dear idol of emancipated Italy? Not at the Washington Ball; no: he is not in favor with the imperial masters of the household; he is under surveillance; worse yet—he is poor—very poor; he gives lessons in Italian.

You may be very sure he was not asked; but if asked, could he have come? Would he have caught heart or hope there? Would the memory of the great Protector of national dignities with us have warmed upon him from that splendid Washington management?

Where was good old Beranger? any ticket for him amidst the "intense excitement?" Any ticket, or place in a corner, out of sight, under the table, in the lobby, for the old songster, whose sight any where along Paris streets makes the police watchful, and earnest ones more hopeful?

You may be sure Beranger was not there; but in place of him the changeful, tricky Dupin, who (if the power lay in him) would, for an estate, give us an Emperor to-morrow.

Where was Cremieux? Not there; but in his stead the Baron de Rothschild.

Where was Cavaignac, who, if any man in France might have hearty sympathy with the memories which seemed to belong to such a fête, was eminently the one?

Where was the eloquent Cormenin, whose voice, through all the tempestuous debates which followed upon the events of 1848, advocated the principles and the example of Washington?

We are not among those fast Republicans who believe it is our mission to go propagandizing through the length and breadth of Europe, scattering incendiary placards, and ignoring all forms of courtly etiquette; but we do believe it is our mission to assert, by a quiet dignity and a manly self-respect, the virtues of our Republican inheritance: above all, it is our mission to show no shame by which others may be made faint of heart; and to show no worship of those titular vanities, which, if we are true to ourselves and our professions, we count as valueless.

The man who is ashamed of being a Republican had best be ashamed of being an American. Yet there are many living abroad who boast the last title, and drink the first. They win, too, what they most wish to win by the counterfeit. They win courtly toleration.

This old Easy Chair, in its office quietude, with only a cob-webbed window of look-out, and a creak in its oaken joints, has no envy of those Americans who live (socially and joyfully) on the miserable crumbs of favor which they pick up in the outer courts of European princes.

We have a respect for nobles who are true to their name and lineage; we have a respect for Republicans who are true to theirs.

Mr. Marcy's law of black coats will not save us. No law will. There must be the dignity of a MAN under the black coat or the blue; or embassadors, residents, or travelers will make us blush again—back and elbows.

OUR sermon being done, and the improvement made, we whip in here a few paragraphs from a descriptive lady letter, bearing on the same topic. We yield our Easy Chair seat to the lady—though it has been ours for a good many stations back.

Little thanks we get!

"MY DEAR LILLY—

"Such a ball! I wore white crape with four skirts, caught up here and there with ivy (artificial, of course), sprinkled over with gold dust. It was one of Madame Gauthier's—one of her prettiest. The Viscomtesse of Renneville says Madame Gauthier intended the design for blonde beauties, *mélancholiques et rêveuses:* what do you think of that for me?

"There were more expensive dresses (old Mrs. —— wore one, worth, I am sure, fifteen hundred francs in Valenciennes), but prettier—no.

"Well, there was a *queue* (I don't know how to spell that word, so let it go), just as at the Tuileries' balls, and the Hôtel de Ville, but not so long. We were in good season, and the rooms were splendid.

"You don't know what handsome men the managers all were, and Americans too. I felt proud of my country. Mr. C——, for instance, is a perfect gem of a man! Why *don't* they run him for President, or something. He would make *such* a handsome figure. He knows every body too. Do you know I heard him talking with Lord Cowley, and saying, 'my lord—my lord,' just as easy as nothing. Oh, it was great.

"And then such a quantity of lords—at least

counts; for there were only two or three lords, now I think of it. I don't know as I think so much of lords, now I have seen them; they are not so very, *very* genteel. I think one of our managers is genteeler.

"The Count de Morny is a most charming man; he reminds me somewhat of W. C.—his figure and height. He spoke to me several times during the evening; he had very much to say of the beauty of American women—and so prettily said, too! He is one of the richest speculators of France (papa says), besides being a half-brother of the Emperor. There's a *bon parti!* And let me tell you that American girls are finding distinguished husbands now-adays; there was Miss L——, who married, only the other day, a German Baron; and Miss C——, who married a Count Somebody; and Miss D——, who all but married a Duke. To be sure the girls were rich, and the men poor, and not very young; but, after all, one is so little dependent on a husband here, for society or amusement, that age is not of much consequence.

"Have you heard the story (I suppose you have, for all such things go into your papers at home) about a pretty lady in black, five-and-forty past, who has been making a *furore* latterly? Not because she is pretty, for she is not; not because she is *spirituelle* even, for she has lived too long in the country for that. (*Esprit* only grows in the city.)

"But she is talked about because she is a widow, and a queer story hangs to her marriage.

"She married to be a widow! Widows are so gay and so free in France. She was rich, and pretty, the story goes, and through a friend of hers, somewhere in the provinces, opened marriage negotiations with an old gentleman, a Count, who seemed just ready to totter out of the world, and asked no more than a quiet household, and the promise that his young wife would take care of him till he died. So they married, and went to live at a crazy old chateau, somewhere in Normandy, I think. But the old Count lived, and lived—most provokingly. The young wife (twenty-two when she was married) was past forty when the tie ended, and she won her freedom.

"Of course she indulges it now in a way to make up for lost time.

"I wonder the managers had not invited her to the ball. She would have been a star.

"Miss Smead was there, who is not nearly so pretty as they represent her. She has a fine figure, to be sure, and striking-looking, but there is nothing we should call 'pretty' about her. Of course she was prodigiously admired, for the Emperor has called her beautiful, and besides which, she is to marry a Howard! Wouldn't this set on edge American admiration of her?

"*Apropos* of our Republican spirit; we were talking of it the other night, C. L. and I, and we both agreed that the Americans in the ball-room were more anxious to appear like counts than the titled people themselves. I should say they were far more difficult of approach than De Morny or Lord Cowley.

"A young countryman of ours appeared at the ball with two sisters; and I suppose he had subscribed out of good feeling, and to give his sisters a pleasant evening. Unfortunately they were not very well known to the American management, and the result was, I am afraid, a very sorry time. They were not, it is true, in toilets of Gauthier, but were in the last New York or Philadelphia mode, which you know is about six months behindhand. Yet they had pretty faces, and received attentions from the French guests.

"But I could not observe that the American gentlemen made any effort to relieve their awkwardness, or to contribute to their pleasure.

"The brother was one of those who thought, American-like, that if he had paid his money 'he was as good as any body.' The foreigners present evidently admitted him to be so; but, as I told you, the Americans who could boast the privilege of a word or two with Remusat or 'my Lord Cowley,' quite snubbed him.

"I quite pitied his poor little sisters. Yet, of course, they will go away and say what a splendid ball it was; and how many grand people were there; and how a Duke Somebody paid them a most graceful compliment; and how the only disagreeable people there were some of the managers and their wives, who were terribly stuck-up.

"Hoity-toity, so we go! We are queer, we Americans, about some things. Don't we love titles, though!

"I forgot almost to tell you that it was a Washington Ball."

MONS. JULES JANIN, of the *Débats* newspaper, who not long ago affronted us all, by telling us how incapable we were of appreciating the great *tragedienne* Rachel, and how all our genius lay in money-getting, and in nothing more spiritual, has now had the pleasure of welcoming back the queen of tragedy with another bray of his trumpet.

Aside from this noisy greeting, Rachel has made her entry into the great capital almost noiselessly, and has gone back to her little Trudon boudoir (rumor says), to make ready for a marriage; the rumored husband being an oldish gentleman, with gray plentifully sprinkled on his head, and a purse that has been filled over and over with his manufacturing ventures in the country. Of course, Madame Rumor hints that it is an old affection, quickened into maturity by a certain princely slight to the tragedienne.

For it was known to all Paris, and in many other-wheres, that before the American escapade of the Félix family, Rachel drew at her chariot wheels (while they rolled from the French Theatre to the Rue Trudon), no less splendid a lover than the heir apparent to the Imperial throne. It was even said that the camp fever of the Prince, when he dallied in the Crimea, was heightened by the memory of his Jewish love, and that the pale face and dark eyes which (in public) had made conquest of Maurice de Saxe, had (in private) bedeviled the listless nephew of the Emperor. Certain it is, that one of the first visits of the returning veteran was paid at the boudoir of the Rue Trudon.

But even princely lovers have their vagaries; and during the long absence of the great actress who first set up a real shrine of tragedy upon this side of the water, the Imperial heir pined into comedy. A certain Madame Plessy became a star at the French Theatre, and a star upon the bosom of the princely trifler. And now, the old dame rumor we cite, declares that the returning Rachel is punishing the delinquent by a holy marriage with an old and constant lover of the Provinces.

Another grief stared Rachel in the face. Ristori has come back to Paris, and promises to make

her fame and her presence perennial in the metropolitan city. She has even given a new sting to her renown, by adding Phédre to her Italian *repertoire*.

There is a trail to the American visit of Rachel; the trail is in the hands and head of one Beauvallet; not very much heard of as yet, nor much more to be heard of from the noise he makes, and the dust, as he sits upon the Félix train through the "States."

We give a characteristic bit of his observations on his arrival in New York: "What calls attention soonest, in the young capital of America, is the immense number of gigantic sign-boards which cover the houses from top to bottom. Advertisements red, yellow, and blue; masses of canvas covered with griffins and monsters; nothing else from roof to cellar; you would imagine yourself at the entrance of some great tent of rope-dancers or a puppet-show.

"Nor indeed is there lack of these things. Broadway (the Boulevard of these provincials) is filled with them. Such a din!

"You are crazed with the uproar of songs, laughter, and oaths. Street-performers deafen you with the bray of trumpets; boys scream in your ear 'Xtra 'Erald!' asses (attached to the railway carriages that glide in every direction) add their musical notes; omnibuses clash together; coachmen swear hoarsely; ladies scream for fright; and the miserable painted and flat-bosomed 'street-walkers' flaunt their ribbons in your eye at noon."

Of the St. Nicholas Hotel, this philosopher speaks thus: "Very splendid, by my faith, and situated on Broadway (every thing is situated on Broadway!).

"There is every thing in the St. Nicholas—billiards, hot and cold water, wash-house, *salon de coiffure*, electric telegraph.

"I said there was every thing: unfortunately there is one thing lacking—that is, attention to one's wants. There is a never-ending rush; hundreds are coming and going; the servants count by hundreds, but to which shall you address yourself? or if to one, will you ever see him again?

"In short, it is all so splendid and so grand that once there, you think of nothing but—how you can escape. It was this thought which Mademoiselle Rachel revolved through all the first night of her stay; the next day she left."

As for the smaller hangers-on to the tragic skirts, they sought refuge in the Hotel Mondon, far down Broadway (always Broadway!), where a Spanish hostess used oil in her cuisine, and did not waste her resources upon soaps and Croton supplies.

"It was a ten-minutes' ride thither," says our pleasant chronicler, "and we were nine in the coach: the fare was one dollar each!—*pas cher*."

No wonder that poor Beauvallet is seriously out of temper; indeed our grand hotels, and our street-carriages are not good curatives of home-sickness in those bred in Paris.

Even good and learned Miss Murray, who has told us some rarely good things about the pale faces of our ladies, and the life-long bedizzenment of their beauties—even stout Miss Murray has her outcry against the extravagance and outsidedness of our hotels. And, of course, it is very impertinent and unpatriotic in us not to admire the mirrors, the Axminsters, the bridal chambers, and the banquet-halls, where a thousand will discuss a dinner to the wonderful mechanism of a steward with a bell; we do admire them; we wonder still more at those who find comfort and shuffle their meals under such appliances.

We hope the Beauvallets and Murrays will continue to preach against that absurd hotel-splendor of ours, which buries us in velvets, and brocades, and bills, and which leaves us the smallest residuum of wholesome quiet and comfort.

OUR readers will remember that we introduced to their notice, on two occasions, the book of a certain Madame Manöel de Grandfort, wherein that personage allowed herself very free speech upon the habits and character of Americans. It appears that the lady has now another volume in press, entitled "*Amour aux Stats Unis*."

The publishing-house of the Libraire Nouvelle, which gave to the French world her first book, has refused her second. What with her native piquancy, and her theme, she has made too bold and bad a book. Even the *Press* has declined any issue of its sample chapters; and our unfortunate friend Manöel de Grandfort, who enjoyed the rare opportunity of witnessing more cock-fights, negro-hunts, and revels among the Bloomers, than any woman before her, must look for patrons upon our side of the water.

Let us revive her attractions by excerpting a dainty morsel or two from her first essay:

"I find, then, that there is an aristocracy in the United States—an aristocracy of tallow and cod-fish—more proud, more unyielding than even the proudest aristocracy of Europe. Even in those days, when European rank was best established, it had bounds to its indulgences, and incitements to heroism and generosity, in the renown of its name, in its ancestral inheritance, and in the regard of the world.

"But as for these *princes* of America—they have no ancestry; pride of family is unheard of; and as for the generosity which comes of a good heart, it is a merchandise in which they have no dealing. It is, in short, a despicable aristocracy, with no bounds to pride but its own selfish indulgence. An Englishman, whom I fell in with at a 'boarding' of New York, told me he would rather be the lackey of a European nobleman than chief clerk of an American *parvenu*.

"If a poor devil of a Frenchman (*sic*) finds himself in New York, without the wit to go into trade, either as counter-boy or clerk, so much the worse for him. All time spent in America, without money-making, is lost time (for a Frenchman). One lives there—not for enjoyment or repose, but to accumulate. Philosophic abstraction is utterly lost; every thing which does not tend to the great end of money-getting is worse than useless. Byron would be sneered at in such a country. Donizetti would rank below a house-carpenter, and Vernet would die of hunger. Talent and genius is not predicated of those who make bold discoveries in science, or who write well, or who have an influence in the world of art, or of intellect. It is far nobler to make money—no matter how—no matter how much at first; provided the possessor have the genius to go on doubling it, tripling it, quadrupling it."

Shall we not look out for her exhibit of the "Loves in America?"

Editor's Drawer.

"DELIVER me from my friends!" a certain corpulent and very eminent Brooklyn divine might have exclaimed, on the occurrence of the following incident, which is related to us on reliable authority.

As the Rev. Dr. B—— entered the crowded cabin of a Fulton ferry-boat, he was immediately addressed by a gentlemanly-looking man, but unfortunately under the influence of liquor, who very ceremoniously insisted upon giving him his seat.

"T-t-take my seat, D-d-doctor," stuttered the man, "take my seat; I have a great respect for you, D-d-doctor: you're a very good, and a, a, a very great man."

But before the polite offer could be accepted, an Irish woman slipped into the vacant place, and the late occupant turning again to Dr. B——, went on:

"Well, never m-mind, D-doctor, you must take the will for the deed; but I have great respect for you, Doctor. You're a man above the common run; you've got a good church in Brooklyn; hope you won't leave us, Doctor. Heard you had a call to Ninth Street the other day—*nine thousand dollars* salary; but you wouldn't go; no, Doctor, you told them *you'd see 'em d——d first.*"

The Doctor is quite as celebrated for his wit as his eloquence, but this time it failed him so decidedly that he had not a word to say in reply.

ABOUT as equivocal a compliment was paid to Paul, the Apostle, and to an excellent preacher on a Mississippi steamer. A tipsy and talkative Western man came up to the clergyman and delivered himself on this wise, grasping his hand, and bowing ludicrously:

"How d'ye do, Doctor? glad to see you; you're the preacher for me; you're a true disciple of the 'postle Paul. I like Paul very much, very much indeed—'cause you know as soon as he got ashore he went to *three taverns!*"

To help those uneasy men and women who wish to escape the noose of matrimony, we copy the following from an English record of many years back:

"A certain lewd fellow of the baser sort came from a long way off out of the shires, and married a woman who had been whipped round our town more than once. The parish officers were her bridesmaids, and her husband was not afraid of receiving curtain-lectures, for their sole bed was of dirty straw on the dirty ground; nevertheless he wearied soon of his life, and went to the parish clerk, seeking to be rid of his crooked rib. Solomon was sly, and replying to his inquiry if the parson could unmarry them, said: 'Why need ye trouble his reverence? Have not I, man and boy, been his clerk forty years come all-hallow-tide? I can do it as well as e'er a parson of them all, and as sure as there is now a good tap of ale at the "Bell." Let us go there—you stand two pots, and I will do all right for you.' So, after drinking out his fee, Solomon took the fellow into the church by the priest's door. 'Now,' said he, 'ye were married here; so put off your jacket, and kneel at confession, for 'tis a solemn business.' Then they went into the belfry, and, bidding him take off his shoes, and stand on a stool, he gave him the longest bell-rope. 'Tie that tightly, my lad, round your throat,' said Solomon, 'and as soon as I am gone, kick away the stool. I will return in about an hour, when you will be unmarried, and out of all your troubles!'"

A KEOKUK correspondent sends us a story of the Rev. Julius Cæsar, a colored preacher of Missouri, which he thinks goes to show that some of the sable brethren are quite as 'cute as any of the Hard Shells of whom we have heard so much of late.

Mr. Cæsar had made an appointment to preach about twenty miles from his master's plantation, and there he made his appearance with his saddle-bags on his arm, and gave out at once that he had come to preach the Gospel to the niggers thereabouts.

"Yah! yah!" responded a hundred voices; but one of the negroes, more bold but not worse than the rest, sung out: "Well, now, look a-here, nigger, if you jis brung a pack o' cards wid you, you mout dun sumfin, but preachin' is a little too slow for dis congregation."

Cæsar remonstrated with them, as they all seemed to fall in with the old fellow's ideas; but they told him to go home, and "de nex time he come to bring de cards." Cæsar started off with his saddle-bags on his arm, but halted, opened them, and turning about as he said, "If dat's what you must have, why, den, you must!" and pulling out a greasy old pack sat down on the grass.

"Dat's de talk: O de laud, jis look! dat nigger got some little senses left arter all: sensibul to de last!" they cried out one after another. The preacher commenced operations, and after some five or six hours' playing had skinned every thing around, cleaning them out of all the loose silver they had picked up in many a day; Cæsar shoved the documents into the bags, and starting off again, told them, by way of a parting benediction, that whenever they had a little more money to support the Gospel in that way, just to let him know.

FATHER M'IVER, who made such a stir among the Presbyterians on the Wife's Sister question, has had two or three stories told of him in the *Magazine*, but the best one is the following, not yet published. It will be now.

Mr. M'Iver, for years to the contrary whereof the memory of none of us runneth back, was stated Clerk of the *Synod* of North Carolina, and he was proud of the honor, magnifying his office always and every where. As he was journeying and drew nigh to the place where the Synod was to hold its annual meeting, he lost his way among the pine woods that abound in that tar and turpentine State. Once off the road, he became more and more confused, and soon plunged into a swamp that was just back of the town where the Synod had assembled. Night had come on, as dark as the native pitch that there abounds, and the reverend body had gathered in the church, wondering much that Colin M'Iver, the most punctual of them all, was not on hand to call the roll. Poor Mr. M'Iver, fairly frightened at his prospect of a night in the swamp, began shouting at the top of his voice, "Help! help! Colin M'Iver, Stated Clerk of the Synod of North Carolina is lost, lost, lost!" His cries reached the ears of a negro, who ran to his master, but he and all the village were at the church, to which Cuffy hastened, and called out to his master that a man was lost down in the swamp, and says he's the *greatest sinner in North Carolina!*

A few minutes more, and Father M'Iver was rescued from his perils, and the Synod received him as one who was lost and found.

A KENTUCKY friend writes us a very amusing sketch of Old Uncle Davy—a fair specimen of that class of negroes whose wit shows itself in making an excuse for neglect of duty quite equal to that of a Patlander. Davy's mistress sent him to market for some *salsify*, a delightful vegetable not much known at the North. He returned with a bundle of *sassafras* roots. "Why, Davy, I told you to get me salsify, and you have brought sassafras!" Davy scratched his head, and stammered out, "Missus, me think sassifas and sassify *pretty much two things!*"

Uncle Davy, some time afterward, came to his master, who lived a few miles out of Louisville, and asked him to allow him to go and live in the city, at which his master was very much surprised.

"Why, Davy, what on earth do you want to go and live in town for?"

"De church wants me, Sir."

"What can the church want of you, Davy?"

"Well, massa, me will explain. De church has sent away down to Virginny for my pedigree, and dey say I'm one of the fus families in Old Virginny, and dey wants to buy me for a pastune or a sextune, or some such thing: let me go, massa?"

Davy's master thought he had better stay on the farm a while longer before taking orders.

"YOUR story of the farmer who would not have his hired men called from their work to take a saw-log off from him, reminds me," says a New Bedford correspondent, "of a wealthy ship-owner of this place, a member of the Society of Friends, and now deceased, who was very remarkable for economizing the time of his hired men. He had one of his ships hove down at the wharf to repair and copper. It was a cold winter's day, and there was a plank extending from the wharf to the floating stages around the ship, on which the carpenters and caulkers were at work. Among the men was one by the name of John, a man-of-all-work, a man of color, and on free-and-easy terms with his master. John was carrying matters and things up and down a slippery plank to the workmen, when he slid of a sudden, and shot, heels over head, into the water. The old Quaker saw him, and as John came up to blow called out to him, 'Don't make a noise, John, you'll stop the men in their work; keep quiet, and I'll help thee out.'

"As good or bad luck would have it, the same day, the kind Quaker was coming down the plank, and away he went into the briny deep. But John was close by, and as his master rose to the surface, and looked the image of despair, the wicked negro put on a long face, and cried: 'Master, don't make a noise, to call off the men: I'll help thee out.' And so he did, while the men looked on and laughed at the fun."

MANY a down East man has made a good sea-captain, while he was a poor hand at spelling. Captain Ezekiel Jenkins was one of these men; he knew the ropes well, but writing letters was not his forte. He sailed the ship *Jehu* from Boston to South America while the republics were in a disturbed condition, and the port he designed to make was blockaded; he could not enter, and his cargo could find no market. He informed his owners of the state of things in a letter, so remarkably condensed as to incline toward the obscure. It was in these words:

"SIR—Own to the blockhead the vig is spilt."

The owners could not make it out, but a friend of the captain, more familiar with his laconic style, read it thus:

"SIR—Owing to the blockade, the voyage is spoilt."

A strange effect on foolish woman wrought,
Bred in disguises, and by custom taught;
Fashion, that prudence sometimes overrules,
But serves instead of reason for the fools;
Fashion, which all the world to slavery brings,
The dull excuse for doing silly things.

NOTHING can excel the classic puns of last month's Drawer; but the following is not bad:

A tobacconist of a town in Kentucky, pressed by clamorous creditors, ran away between two days. A wag in the morning chalked upon his door the following interrogatory for his disconsolate creditors:

"QUID FLES?"

The pathetic inquiry of Horace can not be more happily parodied than in this inquiry addressed to the weeping creditors of a fleeing tobacconist.

THE Rev. D. D. Field, D.D., of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, has a double share of titular ornaments to his name, the prefixes and suffixes being the same in substance, if not in significance. We know of but one instance of a similar coincidence, and it is of that divine that a Wisconsin correspondent sends us the following capital anecdote:

"The Rev. D. D. Burt, D.D., a very prominent Western divine, was preaching one Sabbath morning in the beautiful village of Appleton, from the familiar text, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life." It so happened that he numbered among his hearers a notable mother in Israel, who had the misfortune to be a little crazed, so that she could not be relied on to keep silence when it was quite desirable that she should hold her tongue. The landlord of whom she hired the small tenement in which she dwelt would not have a well dug on the premises, but made her get water from a spring on his land, for which he charged her the additional, but very moderate sum of one dollar per year. As Dr. Burt waxed eloquent in his discourse, and spoke of the water of life as offered freely, without money and without price, the old lady warmed up also, and at length started in her seat, fixed her eye on the man who had exacted the cruel water-tax, and then cried out at the top of her voice, 'Dr. Burt, Dr. Burt, *there's* a man now in this house who's got a well o' water springing up, and you can't have it without paying *a dollar a year!*'

The landlord blushed redly, and the preacher was troubled in his feelings; but after this explosion the excited woman sat down, and the services proceeded.

THERE is not a *greater* doctor of divinity in this city than the excellent man of whom we are about to relate the following incident. It is only the repetition of an ancient jest, and as it happened very nearly the *first* of April last, he is inclined to

think that there was mischief more than accident in the adventure of which he was the victim. He was walking down Twenty-third Street very leisurely—for being very obese, he has to walk slowly and surely, taking heed to his steps—when he was accosted by a very respectful servant-girl, who said,

"Please, Sir, my mistress wishes you to walk in."

The Doctor was surprised at the request, but presuming that he was wanted in the discharge of some professional duty, he entered the door to which the servant conducted him, and when the lady of the house entered the parlor, she instantly recognized him, and said she must beg ten thousand pardons, but the stupid girl had made the stupidest of all possible blunders, and she must tell the whole story.

"I am in the habit of overseeing my own domestic affairs, and I told her to call in the *soap-fat* man to carry off the matters of that sort which have gathered in the kitchen department: I suppose I said the *fat* man, and, Sir, I am mortified to death to think that she should have taken you for the man whose services I called for."

Now the Doctor, like other fat people generally, is a good-natured sort of man, and assuring the lady that the mistake was natural, and very amusing withal, bowed himself out, and now tells the story with much gusto, though it is plain to see he would be willing to spare some of his flesh, and perhaps become a spare man, rather than be called in every day on a similar errand.

From time to time we have found in the Drawer, and have given to our readers, remarkable specimens of pulpit extravagance, the reading of which must excite a smile. We are not without our fears that such exhibitions are calculated to excite in weak minds a contempt for the pulpit, and such a result we should deeply deplore. Preaching is a mighty business, and solemn too. It does not concern the matter of a million or two of dollars, more or less; it does not consider such little questions as war or peace between the two greatest nations on earth; it does not canvass the probabilities that this system of worlds in which we live may one of these days be wrecked and whelmed on the sea of space. It has higher, deeper, wider, further ranges than these calculations. It concerns the duty of man to his Maker, and treats of the destiny of the immortal soul: a soul that will live when the heavens are rolled together as a scroll: when

"The stars shall fade away: the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years."

Often have we pondered, and never yet have we been able to grasp the full import of that question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" We believe in these things; in every nerve and fibre of our being we believe in them; and, therefore, if there is one man on this wide earth that we may despise, it is the man who professes to be a preacher of such truths, and then uses his pulpit to show himself or amuse his hearers, or who plays the Miss Nancy, and takes upon him such airs as are shown in some pulpits in this immediate vicinity. Witness the following from a *Baptist* paper, which copies it from a *Presbyterian* paper, which takes it from the New York *Churchman*:

"*To the Editor of the Churchman:*

"Dear Sir:

'When I can read my title *clea-ah*
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every *fe-ah*,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

"The above is the style of elocution in which the first lines of Dr. Watts's celebrated hymn were very recently delivered from the deeply-recessed chancel of that beautiful church, the rector of which, some time since, so solemnly announced that the 'sufferings of the *poo-ah* increase with the approach of *wint-ah*,' and who, from the pulpit, is in the habit of extolling the wondrous efficacy of the *Gos-pill* for the *cu-ah* of all the ills of suffering humanity.

"The same accomplished minister, upon the same day on which he delighted, from the chancel, his ravished hearers with the above poetic gem, electrified them by the following burst, from the pulpit, of eloquent and classic declamation:

"'Oh! *sin-nah!*
The judgment is *ne-ah!*
Life is but a *va-pah!*'

"Are these the *la-bahs* of love to which one who has taken upon himself the office of a public *teach-ah* feels himself called? Or is it to be tolerated that, year after year, the devotions of a congregation are to be disturbed, the beautiful Services of the Church desecrated, and the momentous truths of Revelation degraded, by their unnecessary and censurable association with these and similar vulgar and irreverent exhibitions?"

To such a rebuke, and to such an exposure of the disgusting affectations of the pulpit, by the religious presses of the city, what words need we add? Our correspondents, from widely distant parts of the country, send us specimens of pulpit *eloquence* which we sometimes print with the same good intentions that prompt our brethren of the religious newspapers.

Doctor Mundie says that when he was in France he heard the following anecdote, which has never been told in America:

When Napoleon was marching through Germany in 1812, the French were much surprised at the handsome appearance of the country, and frequently expressed their admiration of the finely cultivated fields and pretty villages they saw on all sides. One of the numerous Poles in Napoleon's service was prompted by patriotism to say that Germany was nothing compared to his fatherland, and the French would have something to admire when they came to see Poland.

At last the frontiers of that unhappy country were passed, but the French, disappointed in the discoveries they made, could see nothing but miserable huts, and muddy roads, all the worse for recent rains that rendered them almost impassable. On the second day the French became impatient, and an old mustached grenadier, taking up a handful of mud from the road, held it under the nose of the boasting Pole, and said, in great contempt, "Such stuff you call *father* land!"

Once more we hear from the Hard Shell Baptists. And this time an attentive and always welcome correspondent in Georgia writes to us the following as something that his ears heard, and therefore he knows whereof he affirms:

"During the summer I attended an association

of the Hard Shell Baptists in a western county of Georgia. At the appointed time on Sabbath morning a plain preacher rose and conducted the usual introductory services without exciting any special attention. After reading the chapter in the Gospel of St. John, where the blessed Saviour demands of Peter three times 'Lovest thou me?' he chose these words as his text, and then solicited the prayers of the people in the following quaint address:

"Old Coles is in a tight place—has deep and muddy water to wade through—and now, dear brethering, he wants you to help him out by your prayers."

The brethren manifested their acquiescence by audible groans. The preacher then went on to describe the object of the Saviour's mission to the earth; gave his own opinion of the nature and extent of the work he performed; his belief as to the proper subjects and the mode of baptism; the final perseverance of the saints, and nearly every doctrine in and around the Gospel, till we had at least all the theology that Preacher Coles had ever found in the Bible; then he came down to the abomination of building handsome churches and paying ministers for preaching in them; the folly of fashion and the sin of wearing silks and feathers, and all that sort of thing; till at last he happened in his excursions to stumble on his text, and suddenly wound up his discourse in such words as these:

"Now, my dearly beloved brethering, Old Coles don't exactly agree with some of the Presbyterians, Methodists, and the softer Baptists, as to our Lord's meaning when he axed the question, 'Simon, lovest thou me more than these?' Some of them high-larnt, thousand-dollar preachers contend that he meant, 'is your love for me greater than for these fellow-disciples?' Another set of the broadcloth and satin-vest preachers contend that he meant, 'is your love to me stronger than the love of the rest of my disciples?' Old Coles hain't got no eddication but what he picked up here and thar, while swinging to the plow-handles or swinging the ax—never got farther than the rule of three in retbmetic—knows nothing about jography and such tomfoolery, and don't care to; but when it comes to Scripter, the old feller has a few wrinkles, and wouldn't swap places with any of them college chaps. Now, listen, dear brethering, and Old Coles will tell you in a few words what our Lord meant when he said, 'lovest thou me more than *these?*' You know they had all just been eating dinner, and that dinner was made of fish; and consequently, therefore, on this ere account I conclude and reckon, that he meant to ask Simon, 'lovest thou me more than thou lovest *fish?*' I wonder, dear brethering, if Peter would have made the same answer if the question had been put to him before dinner! Brethering, I reckon not!"

This was pronounced with an air of self-satisfied assurance, and with a few "preliminary" remarks, the discourse was ended.

The life of Curran, the great Irish orator and wit, revives some stories of that illustrious man which we had quite forgotten, and furnishes several that have not been told of him before.

He was one evening sitting in a box at the French Opera, between an Irish noblewoman, whom he had accompanied there, and a very young French lady. The ladies soon manifested a strong desire to converse, but neither of them knew a word of the other's language. Curran, of course, volunteered to interpret, or, in his own words, "to be the carrier of their thoughts, and accountable for their safe delivery." They went at it at once, with all the ardor and zest of the Irish and French nature combined, but their interpreter took the liberty of substituting his own thoughts for theirs, and instead of remarks upon the dresses and the play, he introduced so many finely-turned compliments that the two ladies soon became completely fascinated with each other. At last their enthusiasm becoming sufficiently great, the wily interpreter, in conveying some very innocent questions from his countrywoman, asked the French lady "if she would favor her with a kiss." Instantly springing across the orator, she imprinted a kiss on each cheek of the Irish lady, who was amazed at her sudden attack, and often afterward asked Mr. Curran, "What in the world could that French girl have meant by such conduct in such a place?" He never let out the secret, and the Irish lady always thought French girls were very ardent and sudden in their attachments.

Lawyer L. was complaining that some rascal had got into his garden and carried off his cantaloupes.

"It is too bad," said L., "that a man's property should be so depredated upon. If I only had a rope round the rascal's neck, I would—I would—"

"Yes," put in Lawyer B., "you would say, you rascal! you cant-e-lope!"

Lawyer B., above named, was concerned for the defendant in the action of ejectment of Barley *v.* Stiffler. The land in dispute was a tract of excellent land adjoining Barley's land, and had been farmed for fifty years by Stiffler, who lived upon a contiguous tract, but although he had taken out a warrant for it he had never had his survey returned. This neglect, Barley supposed, would be fatal to Stiffler's title, and he got out another warrant, had his survey made and regularly returned. The sympathy of the court, bar, and audience was with honest old Stiffler, and B. made one of his best speeches to the jury. In the course of his remarks, he described Barley standing in his own door, viewing and coveting the land.

"He saw, gentlemen of the jury," said B., "that it was good for rye, good for corn, good for wheat, and he thought that it would be good for *barley* too." The right chord was struck, and a burst of applause followed which the court did not appear very anxious to restrain. A verdict was rendered for Stiffler, and his heirs hold the land "even unto this day."

A gallant officer in the United States Navy communicates to the Drawer an admirable incident to show the power of an American training, even upon the rawest of British-born subjects who enlist under the stripes and stars:

"In 1848 the frigate *United States* was lying in the Bay of Gibraltar, and the usual civilities were passing between the officers of the ship and those of the garrison. At one of the dinner parties conversation turned upon the various small-arms in use, and Commodore Read spoke of the American *carbine* in terms of high praise. Few of the British officers present had ever seen the weapon, and a general request was made that an opportunity

might be afforded of witnessing its efficiency. The Commodore readily complied, and an appointment for the next morning was made.

"Orderly Sergeant Shaw was instructed to select a man and a weapon for the trial, and he directed Private Lynch to be on the ground. They found quite a party of British officers in waiting, who examined the weapon, and made numerous inquiries respecting it of Lynch, whom they soon discovered to be a son of the Emerald Isle. The trial began. A small china cup was placed on a post at a distance of thirty yards. Lynch loaded his carbine, brought it deliberately to his shoulder, fired, and the cup was in atoms. A second, third, and fourth experiment had the same result. The English officers expressed their gratification and astonishment by loud cheers, and one of them asked Lynch if he was not an Irishman?

"'I am by birth, Sir,' was his reply.

"'How long have you been in the American service?'

"'About six months, Sir,' said Lynch.

"The officer gave him a sovereign; and, turning to his brothers, said: 'Here is an Irishman who has been in the American Navy but six months, and I'll wager a hundred pounds he can do what not one of his countrymen in the British service can. The officers expressed their thanks to Sergeant Shaw for his attention, and proffered him five pounds as a slight expression of their satisfaction. The Sergeant drew himself up to his full height, and said:

"'I thank you, gentlemen, but a non-commissioned officer of the American Navy never receives presents on duty.'

"'I'll wager another hundred pounds,' said the British officer again, 'there is not a sergeant in the English army or navy would have done that.'

"The officers of the garrison were much gratified; and it would be difficult to decide whether the gallant Commodore was more pleased with the skill of Private Lynch or the nice sense of honor displayed by Sergeant Shaw.

"A few days afterward, Captain de Lacy, of the garrison, inquired of passed midshipman Brook, 'How they Americanized Irishmen so rapidly?'

"'No trouble at all,' said Brook; 'there is an atmosphere breathed under the American flag that makes every man an American who served underneath it.'

"'I believe you,' said Captain de Lacy. 'Honor to the American flag, and to the gallant tars that defend it!'"

THE war of epigrams, recorded in a late Number, has revived the memory of one that is hardly excelled by any of those already published. It must be introduced with a few lines of history, to make its wit and fitness more apparent.

In Manchester, England, the Free Grammar-School, a semi-collegiate institution, derived its revenues from certain ancient grist-mills on the river Irk, at which all the inhabitants of the parish of Manchester were compelled to grind their grain. About the year 1780 a new lease of the Grammar-School Mill was granted by the trustees to two individuals bearing the euphonious names of "Bone" and "Skin." As the rents were somewhat advanced in amount upon this occasion, the lessees thought to keep their profits up to the old standard, and perhaps a little ahead of it, by increasing the charge to their customers for tolls. A deficient harvest, and consequent scarcity, pressed upon the community at the period in question, and placards were posted and meetings were held to promulgate and consider the grievance. Upon one occasion no little merriment was infused into the general lugubrious tone of public feeling by the appearance on the walls, one morning during the excitement, of the following *jeu d'esprit:*

BONE and SKIN,
Two millers thin,
To starve the town are banded;
But be it known
To SKIN and BONE,
That *flesh* and *blood* won't stand it.

"I HAVE," writes H. H. R., an old correspondent of an esteemed contemporary of ours from a far-Western State, "a couple of neighbors, old Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton. Mrs. Pimperton had 'laid it to heart' for years that her door-yard fence should be whitewashed, and she fairly tormented the flesh from Mr. Pimperton, clattering about 'that door-yard fence.'

"The old man said 'it had got so that he could dream of nothing else but door-yard fences and whitewash!'

"Mrs. Pimperton at last found a receipt for whitewash, which she cut from the '*Federal Rocket, and Political Torpedo*,' made up of *lime, salt*, and *sugar*—'more permanent and lustrous,' according to the paper, than white-lead itself.

"This 'added fuel to her fire,' and she followed Mr. Pimperton with that receipt until he was obliged, in self-defense, to prepare a dose of it, and baptize about twenty rods of his fence.

"Well, it *did* look beautiful, in the setting sun, on the evening of its completion; and the old man really began to think that old Mrs. Pimperton *was* something of a woman after all!

"Mr. and Mrs. Pimperton retired that night happy.

"'La, me!' exclaimed Mrs. Pimperton, as she was putting the finishing touches to the bow-knots of her nightcap-strings—'La, me! Mr. Pimperton, it didn't cost much, n'other; and the old fence looks just as good as new, and shines a good deal brighter than Squire Holmes's, with *all* his paint and ile. Don't say a *woman* don't know nothing again, Mr. Pimperton. Women *do* know something. Not a dollar out, and our fence will last us for ten years.'

"Mr. Pimperton rolled over, grunted, and fell asleep.

"During the night Mrs. Pimperton was aroused by strange noises. She shook Mr. Pimperton from his slumbers. It *did* seem as if the very heavens had 'broke loose,' as Mrs. Pimperton *said*. The herds of a thousand hills were evidently upon them.

"Mr. Pimperton arose and threw open the window. And there, gathered in the moonlight, marching and countermarching, and bellowing forth unearthly sounds, and goring each other, really *were* (so Mr. Pimperton thought) the 'herds of a thousand hills' storming around his newly-whitewashed fence.

"'Great Josiah!' he exclaimed, as he stood in his undress, staring through the window; 'why, Mrs. Pimperton, as true as you are a live woman, the very cattle have come down to dance around my fence!'

"Then out of bed bounded *Mrs.* Pimperton; and there they were, sure enough, 'a ragin' around, their tails flying, their horns a-flarin',' as she de-

clared, and they had the first really jolly laugh together that they had had for years.

"But the morning told the story. The herd had mostly dispersed. Two or three persevering animals still lingered, however, and were still standing 'reared upon their hind-legs, *licking off the salt, sugar, and lime* upon the top of the posts—the last touches of their last night's work!'

"'The fence,' said Mrs. Pimperton, in relating the circumstance, 'was licked as clean as my wash-board!'" MORAL: Don't wash your fences with the "*cheap*" paint of "salt, sugar, and lime."

THE following reminds us of a little anecdote which we think we will tell first, so as to be a little ahead of our friend who narrates it:

A couple of friends, sportsmen, fond of shooting and fishing, were on a trouting excursion out in Sullivan County, whipping the east and west branches of the Calicoon and the Mongaup, in the month of May, some four or five years ago.

When they left the rude hotel in the morning, where they had passed the night, they agreed to separate in pursuing their day's sport; and an agreement was made to rendezvous at the tavern at sunset, and compare the result of the day's labor, or "sport," as it is generally called.

Well, about dusk one of the party arrived, and soon after the other, and they compared their strings of fish.

One greatly predominated; it consisted of fifty-seven trout.

"Did you catch all these yourself?"

"Why, how do you *s'pose* I got 'em, if I *didn't* catch 'em?"

"That ain't the question. *Did* you catch 'em?"

"Why, to be sure—I *took* every one of 'em myself."

Well, that seemed satisfactory; but, somehow or other, the discrepancy in the number of fish taken seemed to be rather peculiar; so after supper the discomfited friend took a little boy one side, with whom his competitor had fallen in on his way back to the tavern, and putting a quarter of a dollar in his hand, said,

"Did Mr. P—— catch all those fish he brought back with his own hook and line?"

"Them he had on that crotched stick? He had *two* o' them sticks."

"Yes, yes—I know; but did he catch 'em *all*?"

"Can't say; all *I* can say, is, that he told me how, if any body asked me, I wasn't to say a word about them fish; and I ain't a-goin' to do it!"

The cat was out of the bag!

Now to the second story:

"A gentleman who had carefully trained up his servant the way he should go, so that when his wife was present he might not depart from it, sent him with a box-ticket for the theatre to the house of a young lady.

"The servant returned when the gentleman and his wife were at dinner. He had, of course, been told, in giving answers to certain kinds of messages, to substitute the masculine for the feminine pronoun, in speaking of the lady.

"'Did you see *him*?' said the gentleman, giving him the cue.

"'Yes, Sir,' replied the servant. '*He* said *he'd* go with a great deal of pleasure; and that *he'd* wait for you, Sir.'

"'What was he doing?' asked the wife carelessly.

"'*He* was putting on *his bonnet*,' was the reply.

"It is said that there was 'fat in the fire' immediately.

WE have given, heretofore, in the Drawer, several amusing mistakes which have been made, both by teachers and pupils, in "Common" and Sunday schools; but no one of them, to our perception, is more "perfectly ridiculous" than the following. It "hails" from Ohio, in the neighborhood of that most beautiful of towns—Cleveland:

"At a Sabbath-school, not many miles distant, only a few weeks ago, a reverend gentleman, after exhorting the school most piously and affectionately for half an hour, by way of giving the pupils a chance to contribute their mite to the general glory of the occasion, requested them to sing '*Jordan*.'

"He expected, of course, to hear the hymn commencing,

"'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
O'er all the fair, the promis'd land,
Where my possessions lie!'

But the reader can judge of his surprise, when the scholars, 'with one accord,' struck up,

"'Jordan am a hard road to trabbel, I believe!'"

THE *Astor Library* is an institution of which any city or country might well be proud. Its vast size, its immense collection of volumes; the imposing appearance, internally and externally, of the edifice itself; the stillness that prevails within, *illustrated* only by the turning of leaves, or the subdued voice of a visitor explaining what he desires; all these will strike the visitor most impressively.

Stepping into a restaurant recently, to take "a half dozen roasted in the shell," we overheard a dialogue, touching the Astor Library, which made us laugh half the night, and yet we doubt whether the reader will appreciate it; and yet we are *sure* he would if he had *heard* it as we did.

One of the speakers was from the country—a dry-goods' merchant: the other a metropolitan, who first spoke:

"Been *about* much, since you've been in town?"

"Yes—considerable."

"Where you been?"

"Well, I went to hear Burton—funny dog, *he* is!—went to the Opery—didn't understand it—went to the Bowery—saw three men and one woman killed in five minutes, and saw 'em all, every one of 'em, again, in the next piece, alive and kicking."

"You used to be fond of reading. Been in to any of our libraries—the Society, Mercantile, or the Astor?"

"Yes, all on 'em: but the Astor took *me* down. First place, it's a tremendous structer."

"It *is*: it is one of the most chastest and beautiful buildings in our whole city."

"Yes—that's *so*. And *what* a lot of books! *Gosh!*"

"Did you examine any of 'em?"

"No—not much. Fact is, I was kind of *'fraid*—every thing was so still and solemn. Jest afore I come away, a young man—smart as a steel-trap—come up to me and asked,

"'Kin I help you to any book which you wish to consultuate?'

"He had a book in his hand at the time, with a boy a-hold of the other eend of it—full of picters. It was wrote by a man named Humboldt, Humbug, or some such French name.

"I was dumbfounded. I didn't know what I *did* want; but I finally said,

"'Got the Life of General Tom Thumb? a very *leetle* book, wrote by a man which his name was Sherman, who was Barnum's showman when he went all over Ew-rop!'

"He spread out his big book fust, and then looked at me, very quizzical, and says he,

"'No, Sir, we have not got *that* book, but we have 'most every thing else.'

"I told him I didn't *want* nothin' else at that time, and so I come away.

"What it was that made 'em snicker, *I* don't know; but one man, with a big horn-button screwed into his eye, dropped it by a string tied to his trowsis, and laughed; and an old bald-headed man, *he* grinned; and a little dandy, who was sucking the end of a yeller stick, with yaller gloves, *he* squeaked out a laugh; and all 'cause I asked for a little book in a big Library.

"But *I* didn't care—what did *I* care?"

BRYANT remarks of the following passage from a poem of Tennyson's, entitled "The Eagle," that perhaps no single line in our language conveys so forcible an idea of height as the words quoted below in italics:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun, in lonely lands;
Ringed with the azure world he stands;
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls!"

It *is* a splendid line, certainly; but to our conception, in describing the "Bird of Jove," Thomas Campbell has beaten Tennyson out and out, in his "Lines on an Eagle Seen at Oran." Is there any thing in the language, on the same theme, superior to the following?

——"Not such
Was this proud bird: he clove the adverse storm,
And *cuff'd* it with his wings. He stopp'd his flight
As easily as the Arab reins his steed,
And stood at pleasure 'neath heaven's zenith, *like*
A lamp suspended from its azure dome:
While underneath him the world's mountains lay
Like mole-hills, and her streams like lucid threads:
Then downward, faster than a falling star,
He neared the earth, *until his shape distinct,*
Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground;
And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
To hear his nearer whoop. Then up again
He soar'd and whirl'd! There was an air of scorn
In all his movements, *whether he threw round*
His crested head to look behind him: or
Lay vertical, and sportively displayed
The inside whiteness of his wing, declined
In gyves and undulations full of grace,
An object beautifying e'en heaven itself."

Campbell has *our* suffrage! The eagle, coming from the blue depths of air, falling like a falling star, darting downward with the sun's rays, until they begin to *shadow* his figure upon the sunny ground, is, to our thought, a sublime picture, "and which is more," a little better than Brother Tennyson's; though he is "a *good* man, and honest as the skin atween his brows;" but he must pay for his pension as poet-laureate, even if he has thrown a mild halo around battle and wholesale murder.

IT is impossible not to laugh at some of the long columns of *Notices to Correspondents* which appear in the popular weekly English and American newspapers. That they are all veritable can hardly be reasonably supposed. Some of them are not a little after the following manner:

"JURIS-CONSULT."—Not at all. In point of law, murder is where a man is *murderously killed.* It is the act of killing that *constitutes* murder, in the eye of the law. Murder by poison is just as much *murder* as murder with a gun, provided the person be, by the act, murdered *dead. Felo-de-se* does not necessarily imply murder on ship-board. *That* question has long since been settled in all the best court-houses in the country. No man can commit *felo-de-se* upon another. Felo-de-se is in the class of suicides. See Kent § 8, 10, 14, 108.

"LINGUIST."—You are *right* and your friend *wrong.* The popular national air of *Yankee Doodle* was written by an English clergyman at Bunker Hill, the day after the great battle now known by that name. It was originally a long-metre psalm of liberty, but was changed into the heroic measure at the request of General Washington. It can be played upon a drum."

WE are assuming, reader, that you have had children: that one day DEATH, the pale messenger, beckoned one of them away. If this be indeed so, then will "*The Child's Prayer,*" from a recent English journal, reach your "heart of hearts:"

Into her chamber went
A little girl one day;
And by a chair she knelt
And thus began to pray:
"Jesus! my eyes I close,
Thy form I can not see;
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee speak to me."
A still small voice
She heard within her soul:
"What is it, child?—I hear;
I hear thee—tell me all!"

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life is dark—
I would not go astray:
Oh, let me have thy hand,
To lead me in the way!"
"Fear not, I will not leave
Thee, poor child! alone."
And then she *thought* she felt
A soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away:
The aged *soon* must die,
And even children *may.*
Oh! let my parents live,
For if *they* die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee e'er,
Until I bring thee home!"

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of Heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord—
His hand in mine I felt,
And, oh! I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt:
'Fear not, my child!
Whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee e'er,
Until I bring thee home!'"

And she was received into His arms, who said, "Little children, come to me!"

Digitized by Google

MAY DAY IN NEW YORK.

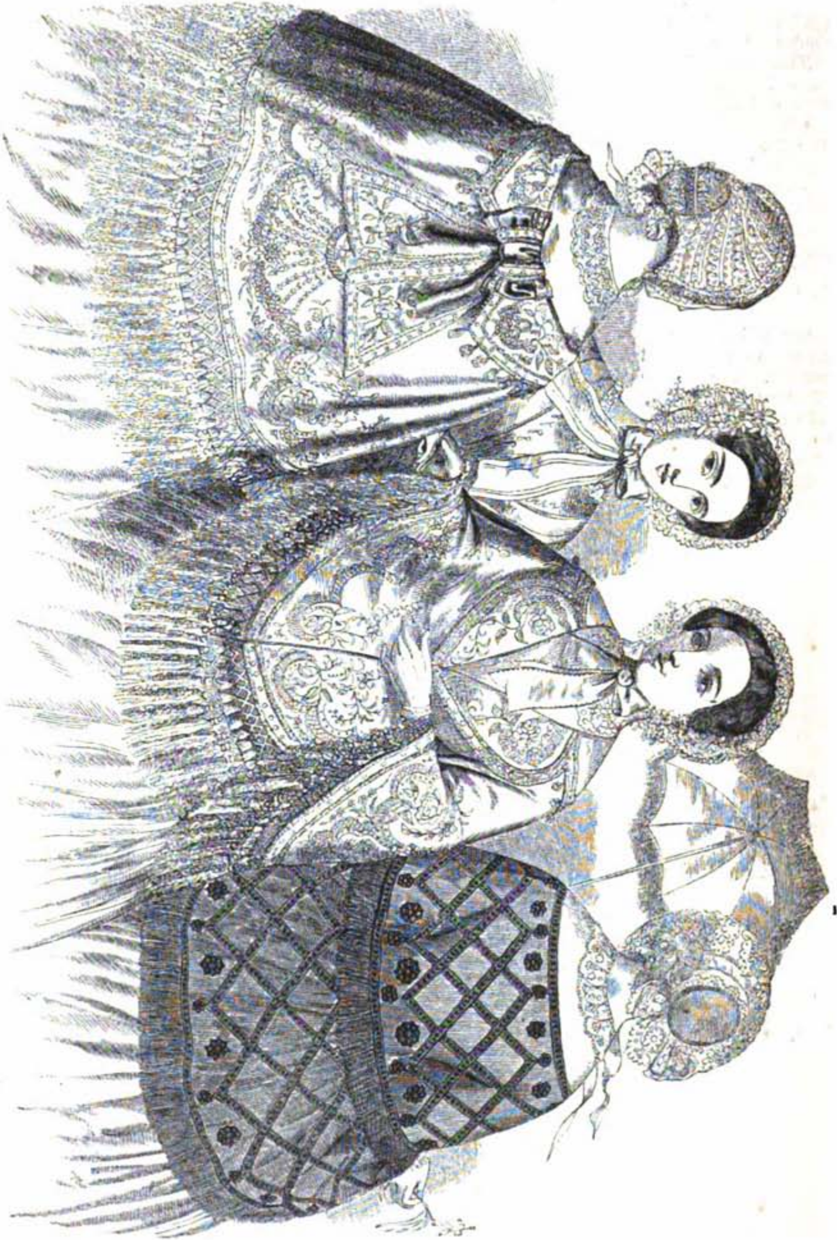
Digitized by Google

MAY DAY IN THE COUNTRY

Digitized by Google

Fashions for May.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 51 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1, 2, 3, 4.—Promenade Costumes, Mantilla, and Talmas.

Digitized by Google

THE MANTILLAS and TALMAS which we illustrate this month may be a little premature for our Northern, but they will be found to be in season for our Southern friends. The *Talmas*, Figures 1 and 2, are very elegant. They are composed of taffeta with rich needle work and massy fringes, and are trimmed with moss velvet trimming. Figure 4 on the preceding page is of figured velvet ribbon upon lace. Figure 5, opposite, is of Chantilly, with a double flounce.

The BONNET SHAPES, from the latest Parisian models, will give a clear idea of their forms, without the aid of verbal description. It will be noted, among other variations from former styles, that the crown slopes more forward. These shapes are finished in almost every conceivable way, according to individual taste. The BONNET which we illustrate below is of white taffeta, traversed by bands of green crape, with a straw and feather braid at the front and crown and upon the curtain. The ribbons are of No. 6, green and white alternately. The strings are of No. 16, white taffeta. The ornaments are straw lilies of the valley and leaves, with blonde.

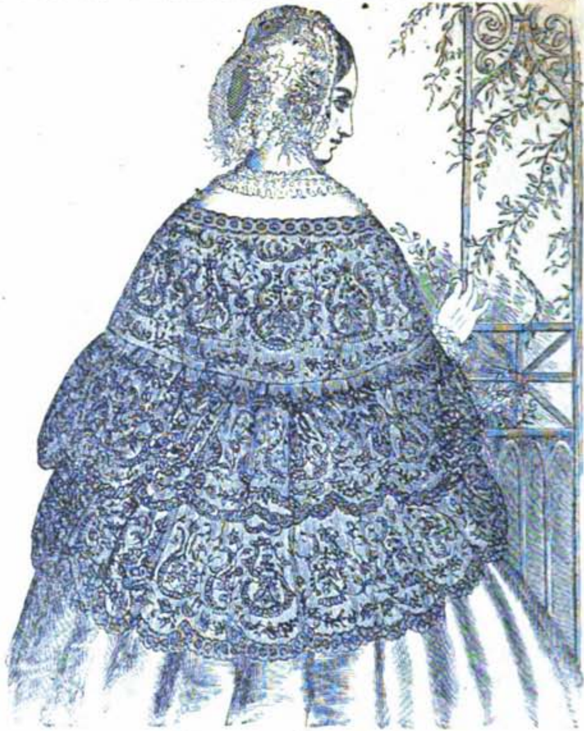


FIGURE 5.—MANTILLA.

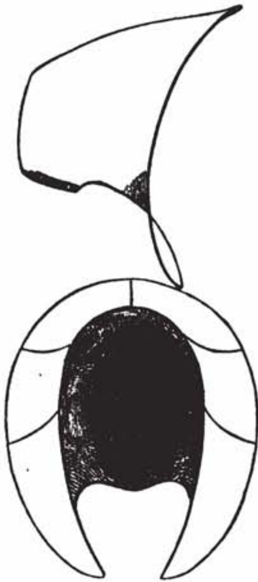


FIG. 6.—BONNET SHAPE.

FIG. 7.—BONNET.

Digitized by Google