

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1852

Volume XLI  
No. 1 July



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**THE WILLING CAPTIVE.**

Engraved by W. E. Tucker

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLI. July, 1852. No. 1.

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**GRAHAM'S**  
**AMERICAN MONTHLY**  
**MAGAZINE**

**Of Literature and Art.**

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, RICHARD H. DANA, JAMES K. PAULDING,  
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, N. P. WILLIS, J. R. LOWELL, HENRY W. HERBERT,  
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PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, EDITOR.

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**VOLUME XLI.**

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**STORM ON THE SEABOARD.**



I'D OFFER THEE THIS HEART.

I'D OFFER THEE THIS HEART.

# I'D OFFER THEE THIS HEART.

COMPOSED BY VALENTINE DISTER.

Presented by LEE & WALKER, 188 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

The image shows a musical score for the song "I'd Offer Thee This Heart" by Valentine Dister. The score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction marked "Andante con moto" and "Piano." The tempo and dynamics are indicated by "Andante con moto." and "f m". The score is in 2/4 time and the key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The piano part features a steady accompaniment of chords and eighth notes. The vocal line consists of two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "I'd of - fer thee this heart of mine, If I could love thee less, But hearts as warm and pure as thine, Should nev - er know dis-".

I'd offer thee this heart of mine,  
If I could love thee less,  
But hearts as warm and pure as thine,  
Should never know dis-



*p dolce* *ad lib.*

treas. My for - tune is too hard for thee, 'Twould chill thy dear - est joy . . . . . I'd

*p*

*Ritard. ad lib. a Tempo*

ra - ther weep to see thee free, Than win thee to de - stroy . . . . . Than

*Colla voce. a Tempo*

win thee to de - stroy.

tres.

My fortune is too hard for thee,  
'Twould chill thy dearest joy .....  
I'd rather weep to see thee free,  
Than win thee to destroy .....  
Than win thee to destroy.

I leave thee to thy happiness,  
As one too near to love—  
As one I'll think of but to bless,  
While wretchedly I rove;  
And oh! when sorrow's cup I drink,  
All bitter though it be;  
How sweet to me 'twill be to think  
It holds no drop for thee.

Then fare thee well! an exile now,  
Without a friend or home;  
With anguish written on my brow  
About the world I roam;  
For all my dreams of bliss are o'er—  
Fate bade them all depart—  
And I must leave my native shore  
In brokenness of heart.



**THE VINTAGE.** (See page 29.)

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1852. No. 1.

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## SUMMER.

Summer is here, and her whole world of wealth is spread out before us in prodigal array. "The woods and groves have darkened and thickened into one impervious mass of sober, uniform green; and having, for a while, ceased to exercise the more active functions of the Spring, are resting from their labors in that state of 'wise passiveness' which we, in virtue of our infinitely greater wisdom, know so little how to enjoy. In Winter the trees may be supposed to sleep in a state of insensible inactivity, and in Spring to be laboring with the flood of new life that is pressing through their veins, and forcing them to perform the offices attached to their existence. But in Summer, having reached the middle term of their annual life, they pause in their appointed course, and then, if ever, taste the nourishment they take in, and 'enjoy the air they breathe.' And he who, sitting in Summer time beneath the shade of a spreading tree, can see its branches fan the soft breeze as it passes, and hear its polished leaves whisper and twitter to each other like birds at love-making, and yet can feel any thing like an assurance that it does

not enjoy its existence, knows little of the tenure by which he holds his own.”

The animal creation seem oppressed with languor during this hot season, and either seek the recesses of woods, or resort to pools and streams, to cool their bodies and quench their thirst.

On the grassy bank  
Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip  
The circling surface. In the middle droops  
The strong, laborious ox, of honest front,  
Which incomposed he shakes; and from his sides  
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe  
Slumbers the monarch swain; his careless arm  
Thrown round his head on downy moss sustained,  
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands filled,  
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

THOMSON.

Notwithstanding the heat has parched the songsters of the grove into silence, there is still an audible music in nature—

The gnats  
Their mumuring small trumpets sounden wide.  
SPENSER.

And John Keats points to another source of melody—

The poetry of earth is never dead;  
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;  
That is the grasshopper's.

The insect tribe, however, are peculiarly active and vigorous in the hottest weather. These minute creatures are, for the most part, annual, being hatched in the Spring, and dying at the approach of Winter: they have therefore no time to lose in indolence, but must make the most of their short existence; especially as their most perfect state continues only during a part of their lives. How appropriately may Anacreon's celebrated address to the Cicada be applied to many of the happy creatures which sport in the sunshine—



Blissful insect! what can be  
In happiness compared to thee?  
Fed with nourishment divine,  
The dewy morning's sweetest wine;  
Nature waits upon thee still,  
And thy fragrant cup does fill,  
All the fields that thou dost see,  
All the plants belong to thee;  
All that Summer hours produce,  
Fertile made with ripening juice;  
Man for thee does sow and plough,  
Farmer he, and landlord thou!  
Thee the hinds with gladness hear,  
Prophet of the ripened year!  
To thee alone of all the earth,  
Life is no longer than thy mirth:  
Happy creature! happy thou,  
Dost neither age nor winter know,  
But when thou'st drank, and danced, and sung  
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,  
Sated with the glorious feast,  
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

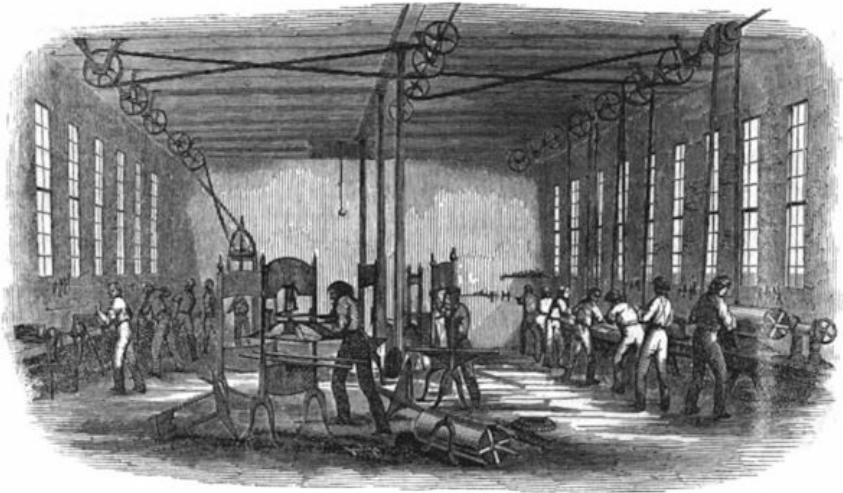
Now is to be enjoyed in all its luxury the delightful amusement of bathing; and happy is the swimmer, who alone is able to enjoy the full pleasure of this healthful exercise. The power of habit to improve the natural faculties is in nothing more apparent than in the art of swimming. Man, without practice, is utterly unable to support himself in the water. Thomson finely describes this delightful recreation—

The sprightly youth  
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands  
Gazing the inverted landscape, half afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repelled,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humor leads, an easy-winding path;  
While, from his polished sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleased spectators round.

# NEW YORK PRINTING MACHINE, PRESS, AND SAW WORKS.

R. HOE & CO.

*(Concluded from page 576.)*



## HAND-PRESS MAKING.

We come now to the hand-press room, to which the several portions of the various forms of hand presses are brought, as finished in their separate details, from the various other rooms, and put together perfectly, so that hence they are fitted to be sent to their places of destination, and are ready to go into instant operation.

Here we find the new improved job printing machine, which is known as the little jobber. This press combines the advantages of speed and durability with convenience, simplicity and cheapness. It is capable of throwing off 2500 impressions per hour with ease, or more, if the feed-boy can supply the sheets, and may even be driven by the foot with a treadle, and works so still, that a person standing a few feet from it, cannot hear it. The manner of running the bed is entirely original and is done by means of a crank and lever, which gives it a slow and uniform motion while the impression is being taken, but a quick retrograde movement, thus combining a slow impression with speed. Another new feature of the press is, that the sheet-flyer is so arranged, that no tapes pass around the impression cylinder, so that whatever sized form is worked, there are neither tapes nor fingers to shift, thus obviating the only objection to that apparatus for a jobbing press. It has an iron feed and fly-board, and all our recent improvements, such as an adjustable knife to the fountain, bearers for the bed, patent feed-guides, etc. etc. The bed is 16×13 inches inside of bearers, and 18×13 inches without bearers. The press occupies 5 feet by 3 feet. Price \$600.

We have also the Washington and Smith hand-presses, which are generally used for country newspaper printing, and which have obtained so much celebrity, and are in such exclusive and constant use in almost every printing office in the United States and other

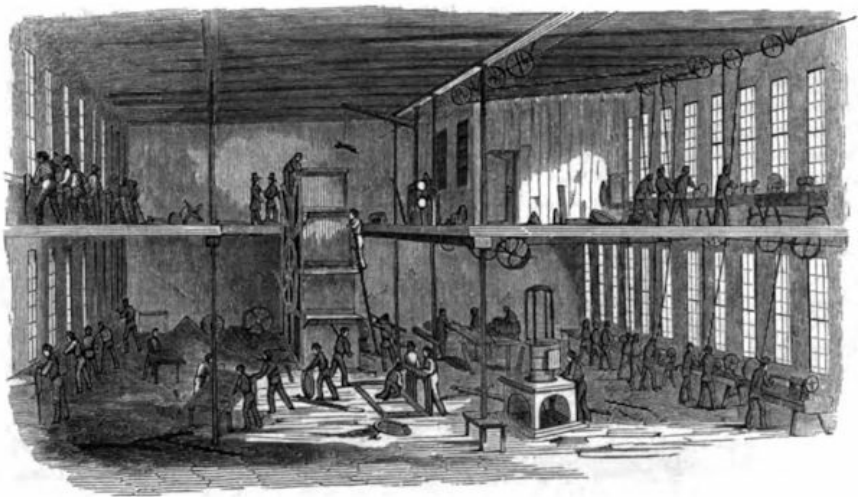


countries, during the last twenty years, as to render any remarks upon their superiority unnecessary. They are elegant in appearance, simple, quick and powerful in operation, and combine every facility for the production of superior printing. Each press is tried in the manufactory and warranted for one year.

Here again we have the type-revolving book press, in which, as in the great fast printing type-revolving machine, the forms of type are fastened on a portion of the circumference of a large, horizontal cylinder, the remainder of which, slightly depressed below the types, is used as a distributor to supply the ink which it brings up from the fountain to the inking rollers which revolve against the types, against which again revolve the other cylinders, more or less in number, in an opposite direction to the rotatory action of the type-revolving cylinder, to which the sheets are fed, and from which they are taken up and thrown off in regular piles by self-acting flyers.

Inking machines, card-printing presses, hand-lever printing presses, proof presses, copperplate and lithographic presses, are all turned out from this department in that perfection which has obtained for the Messrs. Hoe a celebrity really world-wide, and caused their names to be known and their improvements adopted in almost every country of the world, and that, too, through no blind accident of fortune, but by dint of real superiority and merit. In proof of this, it will be necessary only to state that hand-presses of this establishment are at this moment in successful operation in Canada, the British Provinces, Cuba, Calcutta, Mexico, Bengal, nay, even in unimproving, stationary China, where they were introduced during the visit to that strange country of Mr. Cutting, as United States Commissioner.

Attached to the hand-press room is a small chamber appropriated to the safe-keeping, sharpening and ordering all the drills and edge tools of the department, under the care of one person, who is answerable for the safeguard and efficiency of the whole.



**LARGE FAST PRESS BUILDING.**

From thence we proceed to the shops on two stories, which have been thrown together, for the perfecting of the vast and wonderful fast-printing machine, by the removal of the ceiling, in order to make room for the great and complicated mass of moving cylinders, and to give space

for the operations of the numerous artisans employed upon it.

The machine now in building, is one of six cylinders, for the use of the New York Herald, which now drives one of four cylinders, and is the same in almost every respect as that of the Tribune, being made with wide cylinders for the printing of double sheets; while that of the Sun, with eight cylinders, is suitable only for the smaller folios of that journal. With regard to this machine, as we shall notice it more fully when we come to speak of it as in operation, we shall say no more in this place except that it is the head and front of all the wonderful inventions and improvements which now enable journals to be furnished to the world at prices merely nominal, their vast and unheard of circulation compensating their moderate prices, and producing in the gross, a highly remunerative profit.

The six cylinder press is calculated to throw off twenty-five hundred copies to each cylinder, fed by one man, or an aggregate of fifteen thousand in the single hour. The four cylinder press now in operation in the light and beautiful vault of the Herald, has done even more than at this ratio, having, when pressed, actually thrown off twelve thousand copies in one hour. These presses were first introduced by the Messrs. Hoe only some five or six years ago; and their utmost calculation, as to the probable number which they should ever be called upon to manufacture, was five and twenty, but so marvelously has the demand exceeded their wildest imaginations that they have already built sixteen, one of which is, as we observed heretofore, in operation for La Patrie, the French government organ; and three more are ordered, and in progress of formation.

About four months is required for the erection of one of these splendid machines, or if extraordinary exertions be used, even a shorter time.

It is a pregnant fact, and one singularly corroborative of the soundness of the writer's view, as expressed in the early portion of this article relative to the effect of machinery in increasing rather than diminishing the number of hands employed, or likely to be employed, in the business of printing, in consequence of the daily augmenting demand for printed matter arising from its cheapness and perfection—that, since the introduction of the fast-printing machines the call for hand presses has greatly increased. During the past year, the sale of this article alone, by the Messrs. Hoe, rose to so many as five a week during the whole twelve months; in all amounting to two hundred and sixty, besides all the other instruments and appliances of the printers' and bookbinders' professions.

After this, completing the press making department, we come to the cylinder press rooms, occupying one entire flat of the building, in which we find the patent improved double cylinder, the single small cylinder, and the single large cylinder printing machines, in every state of progress from their very inception to absolute perfection.

These machines are so excellently and clearly described in the Messrs. Hoe's illustrated catalogue, beautifully got up for the use of their customers, that we cannot do better than extract their words as more plain and comprehensible than any we could readily substitute for them, we therefore give them as below, without doubt or hesitation:

“The Double Cylinder Printing Machine. In its arrangement this press is similar to the Single *Small* Cylinder Machine; except that it has two impression cylinders each alternately giving an impression from the same form. The sheets are supplied by two attendants, and, if required to print short editions of various sizes, it will be necessary to have a boy at each end of the press to receive the printed sheets, but where large editions or forms of uniform size are worked, not requiring frequent changes of the tape-wheels, the self-sheet-flying apparatus is very efficient and economical, placing the printed sheets in heaps with precision, and dispensing entirely

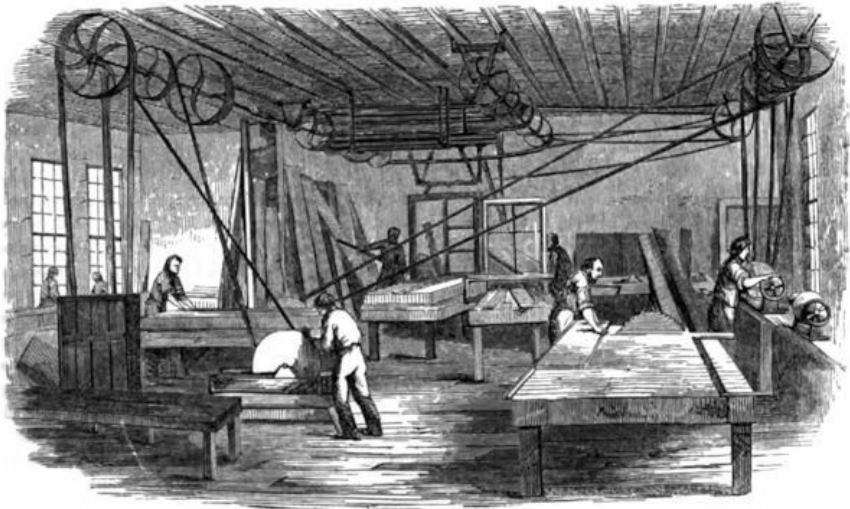
with the two boys otherwise required for that purpose.

“The large amount of printing ordinarily done on these presses, and the consequent speed required, have rendered necessary greatly increased strength and weight of material in all the parts, together with simplicity in the mechanical arrangements, and the utmost perfection of workmanship. The noise and annoyance occasioned by the concussion of the bed against the springs, which are placed at each end of the machine to overcome the momentum of the bed, has been removed by means of adjustable India rubber buffers placed at the points of contact, which in no way interfere with the lively and certain action of the spiral springs.

“Each Machine is furnished with Roller Moulds, two sets of Roller Stocks, Blankets and Band; also, Fly Wheel and Stand, if to be driven by *hand* power; or Counter Shaft, two hangers and Pulley, if by *steam* power.

“The Patent Single Small Cylinder Printing Machine. In this press the form of types is placed upon a flat bed, and the impression taken upon the paper by means of a cylinder, while the form is passing under it. The small size of the cylinder allows the machine to be constructed in a very compact manner, so as to shorten the distance which the bed travels, thereby considerably increasing the number of impressions in a given time, beyond the single *large* cylinder press.

“The machine is of convenient height for use. One person only is required to feed down the paper, whose position is but a step from the floor. It will give from 2,000 to 3,000 impressions per hour, with perfect safety to the machinery. The printed sheets are thrown out by a fly frame in a uniform pile. Register sufficiently accurate for newspaper and job work is obtained by the patent feed guides, which are attached to each press. When required, a registering or pointing apparatus is furnished, and the press may then be used advantageously for book work.



**CARPENTER'S SHOP.**

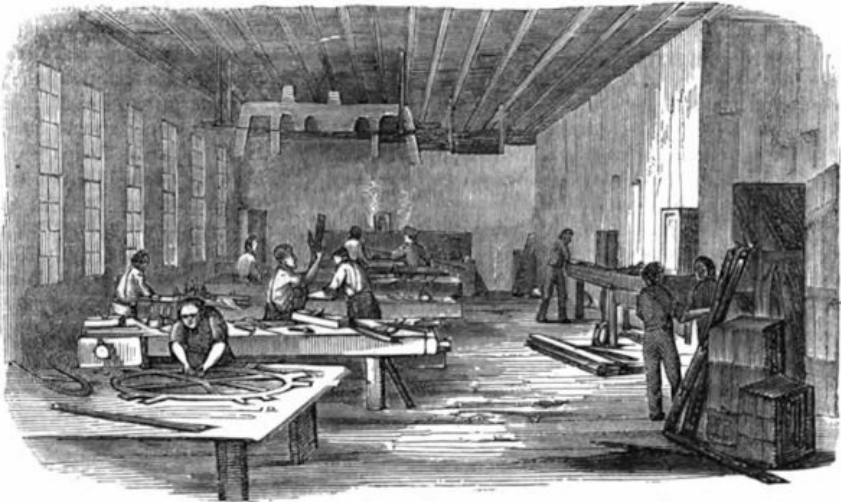
“This press is made in the same substantial manner as the *double* cylinder press described above, with buffers similarly arranged to prevent noise.

“When driven by *steam* power, No. 8 occupies 8 feet by 12 feet. If by *man* power, requiring fly wheel and stand, it occupies 8 feet by 16 feet.

“Each Machine is furnished with Roller Moulds, two sets of Roller Stocks, Blankets and Band; also, Fly Wheel and Stand, if to be driven by *hand* power; or Counter Shaft, two Hangers and Pulley if by *steam* power.

“The patent single large cylinder printing machine. This machine is particularly adapted to book and fine newspaper work. It has a perfect registering apparatus and sheet-flyer; also adjustable iron bearers, so that stereotype may be worked with the same facility and beauty as type forms. One boy is required to lay on the sheets, and the press may be driven by man or steam-power. With the same attendance, it will print twice as fast as any bed and platen machine, and equally as well in every respect; say from 1,000 to 2,000 impressions in an hour, according to the size of the press, and the quality of the work desired. Vulcanized India rubber impression-cloth for these presses is now furnished; and as it is not readily indented by the type, forms of different sizes may be worked without any change of blankets. Overlays are conveniently made on the rubber, and may be removed by a wet sponge. To prevent noise, buffers are applied as in the double cylinder machine.”

An artist’s drawing-room completes this department. And, in a separate building—to which no form of fire is ever admitted, unless it be in the chance visit of the watchman’s lantern to the premises, which, like all the other parts of the establishment, are equally and agreeably tempered by warm air, and which, unlike all the other rooms, are bright, clean, lively-looking apartments, and exhale a delicious fragrance of fresh-cut wood and cedar-shavings, are the carpenter’s-shops, in which every species of wooden work requisite to the printers’, binders’, and booksellers’ trades is prepared, among which are included neatly finished pairs of type-cases, turned out at the rate of fifty pair every week, printer’s desks, and all the other requisites of the printing office.



**PATTERN ROOM.**

Here is also the pattern-room, where, by dint of self-acting drills, saws, planes, and the like, wooden patterns are manufactured from the neat and accurate designs of the drafting-rooms, of every portion of the machinery used, in accordance to and close imitation of which the castings, forgings, and finishing of all the work is accomplished to perfection.

With this department, the survey of the Broome street manufactories and saw-works is terminated. The Gold street establishment is principally applied to the storing and exhibition of all the various articles coming under the head of letter-press, compositors', warehouse, welting, and bookbinders'-tools departments—and here is kept ready, at a moment's notice, a large assortment of hand-presses, copying-presses, ruling, cutting, and piercing machines, in great variety and equal excellence, of all prices. In this building, moreover, are manufactured the beautiful and excellent vertical steam-engines from five horse-power, 6 inch cylinders, and 10 inch stroke, up to fifteen horse-power, 11 inch cylinders, and 22 inch stroke, the largest of which are in use in the Herald, Tribune, and Sun offices, for putting in motion the large fast printing machines, by which those largely circulated journals are thrown off daily in huge editions with unparalleled rapidity. Here also are built the portable steam-engines from 3 to 4 horse-power, with vertical tubular boilers; and the hydrostatic presses, for the finishing of printed sheets, which have come into so general and wide a field of operation within the last few years.

The following is a correct and beautifully finished representation of the great fast printing eight-cylinder machine in the vault of the Sun office in full operation; without which the end and object of this paper would be incomplete.

This immense printing machine is 33 feet long, 14 feet 8 inches high, and 6 feet wide. It has one large central cylinder, on which the type is secured, and eight smaller cylinders arranged around it, at convenient distances. Eight persons supply the eight small cylinders with the sheets, and at each revolution of the large cylinder eight impressions are given off, the sheets being delivered in neat order by the machine itself. The limit to the speed is in the ability of the eight persons to supply the sheets. At the rate of 2,500 sheets to each, the press would give off the unparalleled number of 20,000 printed impressions per hour. The press is used exclusively for newspapers, or similar printing.



**LARGE FAST PRINTING PRESS.**

The principles and operation of this wonderful invention are thus conclusively and laconically described in Messrs. Hoes catalogue mentioned above, which we annex, without alteration, for reasons heretofore assigned, and to which we can add nothing beyond the expression of our sincere and earnest admiration.

“A horizontal cylinder of about four and a half feet in diameter, is mounted on a shaft, with appropriate bearings; about one-fourth of the circumference of this cylinder constitutes the bed of the press, which is adapted to receive the form of types—the remainder is used as a cylindrical distributing table. The diameter of the cylinder is less than that of the form of types, in order that the distributing portion of it may pass the impression cylinders without touching. The ink is contained in a fountain placed beneath the large cylinder, from which it is taken by a ducter roller, and transferred by a vibrating, distributing roller to the cylindrical distributing table; the fountain roller receives a slow and continuous rotary motion, to carry up the ink from the fountain.

“The large cylinder being put in motion, the form of types thereon, is—in succession—carried to four or more corresponding, horizontal, impression cylinders, arranged at proper distances around it, to give the impression to four or more sheets, introduced one by each impression cylinder. The fly and feed-boards of two of the impression cylinders are similar to those on the well-known double cylinder press; on the other two, the sheet is fed in below and thrown out above. The sheets are taken directly from the feed-board, by iron fingers attached to each impression cylinder. Between each two of the impression cylinders there are two inking rollers, which vibrate on the distributing surface while taking a supply of ink, and—at the

proper time—are caused to rise by a cam, so as to pass over the form, when they again fall to the distributing surface. Each page is locked up upon a detached segment of the large cylinder, called by the compositors a “turtle,” and this constitutes the bed and chase. The column rules run parallel with the shafts of the cylinder, and are consequently straight, while the head, advertising, and dash rules, are in the form of segments of a circle. A cross section of the column rules would present the form of a wedge, with the small end pointing to the centre of the cylinder, so as to bind the types near the top; for the types being parallel, instead of radiating from the centre, it is obvious that if the column rules were also parallel, they must stand apart at the top, no matter how tight they were pressed together at the base; but with these wedge-shaped column rules, which are held down to the bed or “turtle,” by tongues, projecting at intervals along their length, and sliding in rebated grooves cut cross-wise in the face of the bed, the space in the grooves between the column rules, being filled with sliding blocks of metal, accurately fitted, the outer surface level with the surface of the bed, the ends next the column rules being cut away underneath to receive a projection on the sides of the tongues, and screws at the end and side of each page to lock them together, the types are as secure on this cylinder as they can be on the old flat bed.

“The cut represents a press with eight impression cylinders, capable of printing from 16,000 to 20,000 impressions per hour. Eight persons are required to feed in the sheets, which are thrown out and laid in heaps by self-acting flyers, as in our ordinary cylinder presses.”

Two of these presses, of completest power and finish, have, we understand, been ordered for the printing of the Public Ledger of Philadelphia, a penny paper of the widest circulation, and of as efficient usefulness as any journal in the United States.

For the past three years the Messrs. Hoe & Co. have maintained, at their own expense, an evening school for the instruction of their apprentices and employees, in Mathematics, the Exact Sciences, Mechanical Drawing, the French and English Languages, etc. Every one of their many apprentices is required to give a punctual attendance at the school, which is also open to such adult members of the establishment as choose to attend. Two teachers, Messrs. O’Gorman and Dick, are regularly employed, and Prof. Hyatt has just closed the winter term with a course of lectures on Experimental Philosophy. They were attended by nearly all the workmen as well as the apprentices. We mention these facts because we consider them worthy of being imitated by other large employers of laboring men.

We have scarcely words in which to convey our respect and admiration for the genius, skill, enterprise, energy and perseverance by which those intelligent and able young men have attained to their present high and enviable position; and by which they have placed the American press—so far as the perfection of time-gaining, and labor-saving machinery, and the attainment of facility, precision, certainty and punctuality are concerned, far ahead of that of any other country in the world.

We regret that the conductors of some of the leading journals do not exert as beneficial a course in the employment of the highest grades of intellectual capacity in the preparation of their leaders, and as earnest a resolution to perfect the tone of their presses, by the suppression of all scandals, libels, falsehoods, and sophistries; by the dissemination of truths, whole truths, and nothing but truths; in the discouragement of all license and licentiousness; in the promotion and propagation of all humane charities, justice, benevolence, morality, and virtue, of art and science, literature and learning, as the Messrs. Hoe have displayed in the perfecting the material portion of the department.

Then we should have a public press equal to the requirements, moral, intellectual and

physical, and worthy of the name of a people, which is ever proud to array itself in the first rank of the human race, as regards general education, intellectual capacity, and the diffusion of knowledge among all classes; and which, beyond a doubt, does actually number more readers, in proportion to the amount of its population, than any other country in the universe.

To conclude: it has been said, that the greatest benefactor of the human race is he who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before: but to our eyes, he seems a greater benefactor—inasmuch as the intellectual are loftier and nobler than the physical wants of man—who causes ten—we might better say ten thousand, good and wise books—ten thousand copies of the Holy Gospel to be circulated among the people, where but one was circulated before.

And, of a truth, we know none to whom the above high praise is more justly applicable than to the inventors and owners of the Fast Printing Power-Press. Fortune and Fame attend them.



# OSCEOLA'S ADDRESS TO HIS WARRIORS.

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BY WM. H. C. HOSMER.

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Our women leave in fear  
    Their lodges in the shade,  
And the dread notes of fray go up  
    From swamp and everglade.  
From ancient coverts scared,  
    Fly doe and bleating fawn,  
While the pale robber beats his drum—  
    On, to the conflict on!

Shall tomahawk and spear  
    Be dark with peaceful rust,  
While blood is on the funeral mound  
    That holds ancestral dust?  
No! fiercely from its sheath  
    Let the keen knife be drawn,  
And the dread rifle charged with death—  
    On, to the conflict on!

The ground our fathers trod,  
    Free as the wind, is ours;  
And the red cloud of war shall soak  
    The land with crimson showers.  
Upon our tribe enslaved  
    Bright morn shall never dawn,  
While arm can strike and weapon pierce—  
    On, to the conflict on!

# THE MISERIES OF MUSIC.

BY CALEB CROTCHET.



I am the victim of a fine ear. Talk of the miseries of the halt, the lame and the blind! Their condition is that of celestial beatitude as compared with mine; and as for the deaf and dumb, they must be the happiest mortals alive. They can neither inflict nor suffer the miseries of sound. Blessing and blessed, how shall I contrive to gain admission to their happy brotherhood?

Music has been the bane of my existence. My ear—the asinine organ that has since so extravagantly developed itself—was early noticed by a maiden aunt, and my first recollection is of her look of bland satisfaction as, with a shrill, little, piping, three-year-old voice, I edified an audience of spinsters, around a quilting-frame, with the strains of “Bonnie Doon.” Heaven pardon my poor old aunt for the wickedness of thus early encouraging a passion that has led to so many sins of temper, and, perhaps, to so many unuttered, but deep felt outrages upon her memory!

I shall not go over the years of probation that elapsed from these first exhibitions of infantile vocalization, to the period of my perfect development as a young gentleman of acknowledged taste and talent, and my introduction, as a full-fledged connoisseur into the fashionable circles of——.

My passion for music clung to me. I had become learned in the science. If I walked of a warm evening with a young lady, it was, as I expressed it in upstart pedantry, in an *andante movement*. Slow and fast both became decidedly low terms, and I could only condescend to say in place of them, *adagio* and *allegretto*. I had all the Italian musical terms, as contained in the elementary treatises, at my tongue's end, and, in a practical, common sense community, would have been written down the ass that I really was, for the ridiculous and constant use I made of them.

But in —— there was a fine field for my learned talk, and the obscurity and nonsense of my conversation got me up a reputation for musical science which at first flattered me, and engendered a vanity for which I have since suffered severe retribution.

The nine days allowed for opening the eyes of young puppies having elapsed, mine were opened to a sense of my folly, and I by degrees broke myself of the habit I had adopted.

At the period of my entrée into the society of——, music was the great and leading idea. A religious and moral cycle had succeeded to a dissipated and drinking cycle, and dancing, wine, etc., being excluded from the leading houses, music was the only resource. At once I became a lion.

“How beautifully Mr. Crotchet plays!” “Emma, my dear, come and look on; I want you to study Mr. Crotchet's exquisite touch!” “Oh, how sweet!” These and kindred sounds issued from the lips of the witches in curls, lace and artificials, who gathered around me as I sat at Mrs. Flambeau's piano, on the occasion of her first *soirée*. It was my debut, and is therefore memorable. I was playing a *sonata* of Beethoven's, which I soon found none of them comprehended. I thought of “pearls before swine,” but went on, working out the mysteries and the meaning of the composition for my own gratification.

The witches, at the close, seemed rather weary, and could do little but simper and say “beautiful,” but the chief of them, one Madame Hecate, to whom tradition attached French parentage and critical taste, approached me and said——

“Pray, Monsieur Crotchet, (she always spoke with a French accent to strangers) do you play the Battle of Prague?”

I can recollect nothing but an emphatic “No, madam”——a feeling as of a pail of iced water pouring down my back——a confused breaking up of the circle around the piano——a fruitless search for a glass of wine——a *prestissimo* movement to the entry——a successful search for my hat——a rush to the street, and as I shut the door, the martial strains of the Battle of Prague, drummed out by a more complaisant amateur than myself, for the benefit of Madame Hecate.

Oh, that Battle of Prague! Who shall ever pretend to give its official bulletin? Who shall describe the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying, elicited from its auditors as it has been “fought o'er again” on countless pianos? Its victims are legion. Its progress is remorseless. It goes on and will go on to the end of time, murdering the peace of mind of every luckless owner of an ear such as mine. Its composer——if the writer of such a disturbing work can be called a composer——must have been possessed of an evil spirit from the fatal battle-field, condemned to roam this earth for the torment of the race, and seeking retribution for his own victimization by victimizing all that come after him.

My next essay of the musical life of the city, was at a *soirée* of Professor Millefiori, the fashionable Italian vocal teacher—a sort of compromise, in appearance, between a Paris *petit maître* and an American Figaro. His pupils were all to sing, and by the courtesy usually extended to amateurs, I was invited.

The first piece announced for the evening's entertainment was *Casta Diva*. Of course it was. Was there ever an amateur *soirée* that it was not the first piece?

At the appointed time, a young lady of sixteen summers, with very bare neck and arms, hair done up in curls and furbelows by a French *coiffeur*, hands in white kid gloves, a variety of her mother's jewels on head, hands and breast, a little pug of a nose beneath two very innocent-looking eyes, and, as was said, a splendid *soprano* voice, stood up by the professor's piano to personate the Druid priestess.

"*Ca-ha-ha-hasta Dee-e-avar*," she began, emphasizing each division of the words, and screaming them out as if she really thought she could make the *Casta Diva*—the moon—hear her vociferous appeal, and paying no regard to the fact that the chaste goddess was, at that particular time, enlightening the other side of the globe.

The whole of the *andante* was in this scream, which threw the audience into ecstasies. Then she began, "*Ah bello, a me ritorna*." How she dashed through it—leaping over bars with a racer's agility, plunging through barriers and ditches of sound—up hill and down hill—over ledger lines and under them—helter skelter—chromatics and ecstasies—flats and sharps—screech and scream—over and over—with face hideously distorted, the veins and muscles of her neck swelled to bursting, while Millefiori's hands kept thundering at the piano and urging her on to louder labors.

Shade of Bellini! was there not one of your chords to stop the throat uttering these musical blasphemies?

At last she ended, amid a tumult of applause, for which she gave one of Monsieur Petitpas' most graceful courtesies, bowing so as to show Monsieur Chevelure's handiwork upon her head-works in the most effective manner.

She was followed by a dozen or more of soprani, mezzo-soprani, contralti, baritoni and bassi, of whose performances I have but a dim, obscure recollection as of so many contests for the palm of superior noise; all of them being exhibited in the tremendous screaming and shouting pieces of the modern Italians.

This was my last amateur *soirée*—and let me whisper a warning word to the world that remains behind me—"Beware of amateur *soirées*!"

But my musical sufferings did not end here. The noises of the streets are agony to me. The oyster and the apple-men; the strawberry and the shad-women—what are they to me but so many liberated fiends, placed on earth to persecute the owners of ears! And as for the news-boys—but I will not recapitulate my sufferings from them.

I have for some time been engaged in projects for the correction of these street evils. I leave in my executor's hands the manuscript of the "Shad-woman's Complete Musical Instructor," "The Oysterman's Apollo," and "The News-Boys' Guide to Parnassus." In these I have arranged to the most beautiful melodies, the common cries of "Buy any Shad!" "Ho, fresh Oysters!" "Herald, Tribune, Ledgee, Ledgee," "Evening Bulletin," and the other favorite appeals of these as yet unappeased street demons. A variety of melodies is given to each phrase, and beautiful variations are arranged in the "Guide to Parnassus," for extras, double-sheets, etc., with a special and elaborate composition arranged expressly for the familiar words, "Another Revolution in France!"

I shall not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors. But I shall die happy, since I have just learned that the Legislature is disposed to treat favorably my projected "Institution for the Musical Education of News Boys."

As yet I endure more than the torments of the rack, whenever I venture out of doors; and even within doors, it is scarcely better. When I come in, with ears aching from the hideous cries of the street, to pore over the score of a new opera just received from Italy, how am I to provide a remedy for my home miseries?

The "quiet street" which I selected for its retirement, is infested with organ-grinders, who reap a daily harvest among the infantile population for which quiet streets are remarkable. My landlady—worthy Mrs. Squall—has six little Squallets, who delight in hand-organs, and who interrupt my musical waking-dreams of the twilight hour, every day, with appeals for sixpence to give "the new organ-grinder, with his sweet little monkey."

Since I came into these quarters, a youth, with a pale face and a letter of introduction to recommend him to me, has established himself in the room above me. He has taken to flute-playing! His design is either suicide or murder; and unless the first soon takes place, and his brains are blown out through his instrument, I feel that murder will be the result, and myself the victim.

Across the way dwells a practitioner on the trombone, and twice a week a brass band meets in his room to practice, while again twice a week the choir of—— church assembles next door to me to rehearse for their Sunday performances. Was any one ever plunged into such a combination of horrors?

I have heretofore refrained from giving up this lodging among the fiends, by the presence of Mrs. Squall's young niece, Rosalie——. She is young and fresh, fair as a strain from *La Dame Blanche*, graceful as an air of Mozart, eloquent in speech as one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder Ohne Worte*, and symmetrical in figure as a *scena* from Rossini. She has brown hair, blue eyes, a knowledge of French and Italian, a smattering of the German language, and a thorough knowledge of German wools, \$5000 a year, an amiable disposition, and, as I fancy, a decided penchant for me.

I was already nearly on my knees to her this morning, when she suggested that we should sing together, and herself selected the duet "*La ci darem la mano*," from Don Giovanni. Such a selection was divine, and I eagerly sought out the opera and began my part, feeling convinced that I should ratify the vows of the song in plain prose and good English as soon as it was over.

I held my breath as I waited for the first tones of what I felt must be an angel's voice, but what mortal agony could equal mine, when I found her pretensions to divinity all a sham? She sung a full semi-tone above the piano, and with a hard, rasping, metallic voice that grated like a file, and fairly set my teeth on edge.

"Oh! false, false, false Rosalie!"

It is possible that I did not finish the duet as I began it. I had lost all consciousness, except of the horror of my situation, and a sense of a heart crushed in its first and purest affections by a false voice—far worse to me than a false heart.

We parted; she to her worsted work and her \$5000 a year, I to seek another refuge, or to pursue my hopeless pilgrimage over the world, in search of harmony—to mourn over my blighted hopes, and the perfidious voice of my Rosalie, and to sink at last into an untimely

grave. Let my epitaph be, not “Died of a Broken Heart,” as the world might construe the fact, but simply

“DIED OF A DISCORD!”

## NOT DEAD.

And thou art gone, the meek flowers wave  
In sadness o'er thine early grave;  
The wild-bird comes with mellow song,  
And balmy airs sweep lightly on;  
O'er all the rank and nodding grass  
The summer's shadows gently pass,  
While children glad go softly by  
With timid step and tearful eye.

Too well I know that thou art gone,  
Thy brow is cold, thy cheek is wan;  
Pale buds are in thy sunny hair,  
Thy chill hands clasp a lily fair,  
A shroud, with white and moveless fold,  
Lies on thy heart so still and cold;  
And yet not thus I think of thee—  
Thou art not dead, beloved, to me.

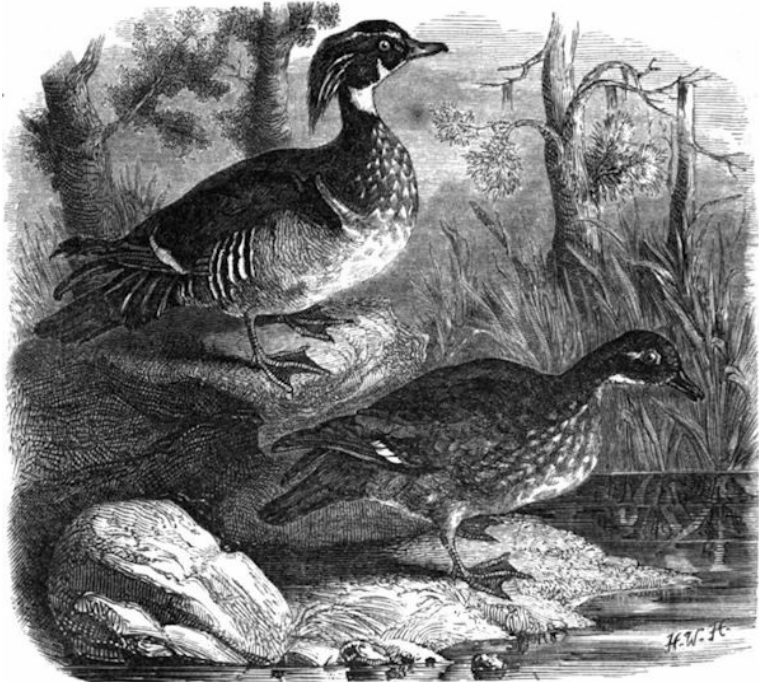
'Twas yesternight, when white-browed girls,  
With star-like eyes and golden curls,  
Came sadly in the twilight deep  
And bent above thy grave to weep;  
That I, too, came, with wild unrest,  
With yearnings for the grave's sweet rest;  
But peace and hope, and trust in Heaven,  
Were to my sorrowing spirit given.

Not dead! in what a blessed trance  
My spirit heard, through Heaven's expanse,  
Those sweet words float; those words of life  
That calmed the bootless, bitter strife.  
Thine angel wings swept far away  
The mists that veiled a brighter day;  
And now Life's path in hope I tread,  
Although its joyous light is fled.

L. L. M.

# THE GAME OF THE MONTH.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "FRANK FORESTER'S FIELD SPORTS," "FISH AND FISHING," ETC.



THE SUMMER DUCK, OR WOOD DUCK. (*Anas Sponsa.*)

This lovely species, the most beautiful of the whole Duck tribe, is peculiar to the continent and isles of America, being familiarly known through almost every portion of the United States, and according to Wilson common in Mexico and the West India islands. In Florida it is very abundant, as it is, more or less, on all the fresh waters so far north as the interior of the State of New York; in the colder regions, to the north-eastward, though not unknown, it is of less frequent occurrence than in more genial climates.

Its more correct title, "Summer Duck," is referable to the fact, that it is not, like most of the *Anatides* and *Fuligulæ*, fresh water and sea ducks, more or less a bird of passage, retiring to the fastnesses of the extreme north, for the purposes of nidification and rearing its young; but, wherever it abounds, is a permanent citizen of the land, raising its family in the very place where itself was born, and not generally, if undisturbed, moving very far from its native haunts. I think, however, that in the United States it is perhaps better known under its other appellation of Wood Duck; and I am not prepared to say, although the former is the specific name adopted by all naturalists, that the latter is not the better, as the more distinctive title, and applying to a more remarkable peculiarity of the bird. For it, alone, so far as I know, of the Duck family, is in



the habit of perching and roosting on the upper branches of tall trees, near water-courses, and of making its nest in the holes and hollows of old trunks overhanging sequestered streams or woodland pools, often at a great height above the surface of the water.

The Summer Duck is the most gayly attired of the whole family; it has, moreover, a form of very unusual elegance, as compared with other ducks; and a facility of flight, and command of itself on the wing, most unlike to the ponderous, angular flapping of the rest of its tribe, wheeling with a rapidity and power of pinion, approaching in some degree to that of the swallow, in and out among the branches of the gnarled and tortuous pin-oaks, whose shelter it especially affects.

From two very fine specimens, male and female, now before me, I take the following description.

Drake, in full summer plumage. Length from tip of bill to tip of tail, 21 inches. Length of wing, 9 inches. Bill, 1-1/5 inch. Tarsus, 1½. Middle toe, 2 inches. Body long, delicately shaped, rounded. Head small, finely crested; neck rather long and slender. Eye large, with golden-yellow irides. Legs and feet orange-yellow, webs dusky, claws black. Plumage soft, compressed, blended. Bill orange-red at the base, yellow on the sides, with a black spot above the nostrils, extending nearly to the tip; nail recurved, black.

The colors are most vivid. The crown of the head, cheeks, side of the upper neck and crest changeable, varying in different lights, from bottle-green, through all hues of dark blue, bright azure, purple, with ruby and amethyst reflections, to jet black. From the upper corner of the upper mandible a narrow snow-white streak above the eye runs back, expanding somewhat, into the upper crest. A broader streak of the same extends backward below the eye, and forms several bright streaks in the lower part of the crest. Chin and fore throat snow-white, with a sort of double gorget, the upper extending upward a little posterior to the eye, and nearly reaching it, the lower almost encircling the neck at its narrowest part. The lower neck and upper breast are of the richest vinous red, interspersed in front with small arrow-headed spots of pure white. Lower breast white, spotted with paler vinous red; belly pure white. Scapulars, and lower hind neck, reddish brown, with green reflections. Back, tail-coverts and tail black, splendidly glossed with metallic lustre of rich blue-green and purple. Wing-coverts and primaries brown, glossed with blue and green, outer webs of the primaries silvery white; secondaries glossy blue-black. A broad crescent-shaped band of pure white in front of the wings, at the edge of the red breast-feathers, and behind this a broader margin of jet black. The sides of the body rich greenish yellow, most delicately penciled with narrow close waved lines of gray. On the flanks six distinct semi-lunated bands of white, anteriorly bordered with broad black origins, and tipped with black. The vent tawny white, the rump and under tail-coverts dark reddish purple.

The duck is smaller and duller in her general coloring, but still bears sufficient resemblance to the splendid drake to cause her at once to be recognized, by any moderately observant eye, as his mate.

Her bill is blackish brown, the irides of her eyes hazel brown, her feet dull dusky green. Crown of her head and hind neck dusky, faintly glossed with green, and with the rudiments of a crest; cheeks dusky brown. A white circle round the eye and longitudinal spot behind it. Chin and throat dingy white. Shoulders, back, scapulars, wing-coverts, rump and tail brown, more or less glossed with green, purple and dark crimson. Primaries black, with reflections of deep cerulean blue and violet; outer webs silvery white. Secondaries violet-blue and deep green, with black edges and a broad white margin, forming the speculum or beauty spot. Upper fore neck, breast, sides and flanks deep chestnut-brown, spotted in irregular lines with oval marks of

faint tawny yellow; belly, vent and under tail-coverts white, flanks and thighs dull brown.

The young males of the first season are scarcely distinguishable from the ducks.

The Summer Duck breeds, in New York and New Jersey, according to the season, from early in April until late in May; in July the young birds are not much inferior in size to the parents, though not yet very strong on the wing. I well remember on one occasion, during the second week of that month, in the year 1836, while out woodcock shooting near Warwick, in Orange county, New York, with a steady brace of setters, how some mowers who were at work on the banks of the beautiful Wawayanda, hailed me, and, pointing to a patch of perhaps two acres of coarse, rushy grass, told me that six ducks had just gone down there. I called my dogs to heel, and walked very gingerly through the meadow, with my finger on the trigger, expecting the birds to rise very wild; but to my great surprise reached the end of the grass, on the rivulet's margin, without moving any thing.

The men still persisted that the birds were there; and so they were, sure enough; for on bidding my setters hold up I soon got six dead points in the grass, and not without some trouble kicked up the birds, so hard did they lay. It was a calm, bright summer's day, not a duck rose above ten feet from me, and I bagged them all. They proved to be the old duck and five young birds of that season, but in size the latter were quite equal to the mother bird.

I consider the Summer Duck at all times rather a less shy bird than its congeners, though it may be that this is owing to the woody covert which, unlike others of its tribe, it delights to frequent; and which perhaps acts in some degree as a screen to its pursuer; but except on one other occasion I never saw any thing like the tameness of that brood.

The other instance occurred nearly in the same place, and in the same month, I think, of the ensuing year. I was again out summer cock shooting, and was crossing a small, sluggish brook, of some twelve or fourteen feet over, with my gun under my arm, on a pile of old rails, which had been thrown into the channel by the haymakers, to make an extemporaneous bridge for the hay teams; when on a sudden, to my very great wonderment, and I must admit to my very considerable flusteration likewise, almost to the point of tumbling me into the mud, out got a couple of Wood Ducks from the rails, literally under my feet, with a prodigious bustle of wings and quacking. If I had not so nearly tumbled into the stream, ten to one I should have shot too quickly and missed them both; but the little effort to recover my footing gave me time to get cool again, and I bagged them both. One was again the old duck, the other a young drake of that season.

In the spring, the old duck selects her place in some snug, unsuspecting looking hole in some old tree near the water edge, where, if unmolested, she will breed many years in succession, carrying down her young when ready to fly, in her bill, and placing them in the water. The drake is very attentive to the female while she is laying, and yet more so while she is engaged in the duties of incubation; constantly wheeling about on the wing among the branches, near the nest on which she is sitting, and greeting her with a little undertoned murmur of affection, or perching on a bough of the same tree, as if to keep watch over her.

The following account of their habits is so true, and the anecdote illustrating them so pretty and pleasing, that I cannot refrain from quoting it, for the benefit of those of my readers who may not be so fortunate as to have cultivated a familiar friendship with the pages of that eloquent pioneer of the natural history of the woods and wilds and waters of America, the Scottish Wilson, who has done more for that science than any dead or living man, with the sole exception of his immortal successor, the great and good Audubon; and whose works will stand side by side with his, so long as truthfulness of details, correctness of classification, eloquence

of style, and a pure taste and love for rural sounds and sights shall command a willing audience. Speaking of this bird he says—

“It is familiarly known in every quarter of the United States, from Florida to Lake Ontario, in the neighborhood of which latter place I have myself met with it in October. It rarely visits the seashore, or salt marshes, its favorite haunts being the solitary, deep, and muddy creeks, ponds and mill-dams of the interior, making its nest frequently in old hollow trees that overhang the water.

“The Summer Duck is equally well known in Mexico and many of the West India islands. During the whole of our winters they are occasionally seen in the states south of the Potomac. On the 10th of January I met with two on a creek near Petersburg, in Virginia. In the more northern districts, however, they are migratory. In Pennsylvania the female usually begins to lay late in April, or early in May. Instances have been known where the nest was constructed of a few sticks laid in a fork of the branches; usually, however, the inside of a hollow tree is selected for this purpose. On the 18th of May I visited a tree containing the nest of a Summer Duck, on the banks of the Tuckahoe River, New Jersey. It was an old, grotesque white-oak, whose top had been torn off by a storm. It stood on the declivity of the bank, about twenty yards from the water. In this hollow and broken top, and about six feet down, on the soft, decayed wood, lay thirteen eggs, snugly covered with down, doubtless taken from the breast of the bird. These eggs were of an exact oval shape, less than those of a hen, the surface exceedingly fine grained, and of the highest polish, and slightly yellowish, greatly resembling old, polished ivory. The egg measured two inches and an eighth by one inch and a half. On breaking one of them, the young bird was found to be nearly hatched, but dead, as neither of the parents had been observed about the tree during the three or four days preceding, and were conjectured to have been shot.

“This tree had been occupied, probably by the same pair, for four successive years, in breeding time; the person who gave me the information, and whose house was within twenty or thirty yards of the tree, said that he had seen the female, the spring preceding, carry down thirteen young, one by one, in less than ten minutes. She caught them in her bill by the wing or back of the neck, and landed them safely at the foot of the tree, whence she afterward led them to the water. Under this same tree, at the time I visited it, a large sloop lay on the stocks, nearly finished; the deck was not more than twelve feet distant from the nest, yet notwithstanding the presence and noise of the workmen, the ducks would not abandon their old breeding place, but continued to pass out and in, as if no person had been near. The male usually perched on an adjoining limb, and kept watch while the female was laying, and also often while she was sitting. A tame goose had chosen a hollow space at the root of the same tree, to lay and hatch her young in.

“The Summer Duck seldom flies in flocks of more than three or four individuals together, and most commonly in pairs, or singly. The common note of the drake is *peet, peet*; but when, standing sentinel, he sees danger, he makes a noise not unlike the crowing of a young cock, *oe eek! oe eek!* Their food consists principally of acorns, seeds of the wild-oats, and insects.”

Mr. Wilson states, as his opinion, that the flesh of this lovely little duck is inferior in excellence to that of the blue-winged teal. But therein I can by no means coincide with him, as I consider it, in the Atlantic states, inferior to no duck except the canvas-back, which is admitted *facile princeps* of all the duck tribe. The Summer Duck is in these districts probably the most graminivorous and granivorous of the family, not affecting fish, tadpoles, frogs or field-mice, all of which are swallowed with great alacrity and rejoicing by the mallards, pin-tails, and other

haunters of fresh water streams and lakes.

On the great lakes of the west and north, where all the duck tribe feed to fattening on the wild-rice and wild-celery, *zizania aquatica* and *balisneria Americana*, no one species is better than another, all being admirable; but in the course of an autumn spent on the northern shores of Lake Huron and the rivers debouching into it, and thence north-westward to Lake Superior, I do not remember seeing any specimens of this beautiful bird, though I feel sure that it cannot but exist in those waters, which are in all respects so congenial to its habits.

Another peculiarity of this species, which I have repeatedly noticed, when it has not been disturbed by any sudden noise or the pursuit of dogs, is thus neatly touched upon by Mr. J. P. Giraud, Jr., the enthusiastic and accomplished ornithologist of Long Island, whose unpretending little volume should be the text book of every sportsman in the land who has a taste for any thing beyond mere wanton slaughter.

“Often when following those beautiful and rapid streams that greatly embellish our country, in pursuit of the angler’s beau ideal of sport, have I met with this gayly-attired duck. As if proud of its unrivaled beauty, it would slowly rise and perform a circuit in the air, seemingly to give the admiring beholder an opportunity of witnessing the gem of its tribe.”

The Summer Duck is very easily domesticated, if the eggs be taken from the nest and hatched under a hen, and the young birds become perfectly tame, coming up to the house or the barn-yard to be fed, with even more regularity than the common domestic duck; nay, even the old birds, if taken by the net and wing-tipped, will soon become gentle and lose their natural shyness.

In the summer of 1843 I had the pleasure of seeing a large flock of these lovely wild fowl perfectly gentle, answering the call of their owner by their peculiar murmur of pleasure, and coming, as fast as they could swim or run, to be fed by his hand.

This was at the beautiful place of the Hon. Mahlon Dickinson, formerly a member of General Jackson’s cabinet, not far from Morristown, in New Jersey, which is singularly adapted for the rearing and domesticating these *feræ naturâ*; since it has, immediately adjoining the trim and regular gardens, a long and large tract of beautiful wild shrubbery, full of rare evergreens, and interspersed with bright, cool springs and streamlets feeding many ponds and reservoirs, where they can feed and sport and breed, as undisturbed as in the actual wilderness; while, the adjacent country being all tame and highly cultivated, they have no inducement to stray from their abode.

Beside Summer Ducks, Mr. Dickinson had, at the period of my visit, Dusky Ducks, better known as Black Ducks, Green-winged Teal, Golden-eyes, and I think Widgeon; but the Summer Ducks were by far the tamest, as the Dusky Ducks were the wildest of the company. I should long ago have attempted to naturalize them on my own place, but that a large river, the Passaic, washing the lower end of my lawn and garden, from which it would not be possible to exclude them, I have felt that it is useless to attempt it, the rather that there is a large patch of wild-rice immediately adjoining me, which would tempt them to the water, whence they would drift away with the current or the tide, and be lost or shot in no time.

The best time for shooting and for eating these fowl is late in October, when the acorns and beechmast, of both of which they are inordinately fond, lie thick and ripe on the woodland banks of the streams and pools they love to frequent. And this reminds me of a little sketch, illustrative of their habits, taken down almost *verbatim*, from the lips of a right good fellow, and at that time a right good sportsman also; though now, alas! the untimely loss of the inestimable blessing of eyesight has robbed him, among other sources of enjoyment, of that favorite and

innocent pastime—the forest chase:

“Are there many Wood Ducks about this season, Tom?” asked Forester, affecting to be perfectly careless and indifferent to all that had passed. “Did you kill these yourself?”

“There was a sight on them a piece back, but they’re gittin’ scarce—pretty scarce now, I tell you. Yes, I shot these down by Aunt Sally’s big spring-hole a Friday. I’d been a lookin’ round, you see, to find where the quail kept afore you came up here—for I’d a been expectin’ you a week and better—and I’d got in quite late, toward sundown, with an outsidin’ bevy, down by the cedar swamp, and druv them off into the big bog meadows, below Sugarloaf, and I’d killed quite a bunch on them—sixteen, I reckon, Archer; and there wasn’t but eighteen when I lit on ’em—and it was gittin’ pretty well dark when I came to the big spring, and little Dash was worn dead out, and I was tired, and hot, and thunderin’ thirsty, so I sets down aside the outlet where the spring water comes in good and cool, and I was mixin’ up a nice, long drink in the big glass we hid last summer down in the mud-hole, with some *great* cider sperrits—when what should I hear all at once but whistle, whistlin’ over head, the wings of a whole drove on ’em, so up I buckled the old gun; but they’d plumped down into the crick fifteen rod off or better, down by the big pin oak, and there they sot, seven ducks and two big purple-headed drakes—beauties, I tell you. Well, boys, I upped gun and tuck sight stret away, but just as I was drawin’, I kind o’ thought I’d got two litle charges of number eight, and that to shoot at ducks at fifteen rod wasn’t nauthen. Well, then, I fell a thinkin’, and then I sairched my pockets, and arter a piece found two green cartridges of number three, as Archer gave me in the spring, so I drewed out the small shot, and inned with these, and put fresh caps on to be sarten. But jest when I’d got ready, the ducks had floated down with the stream, and dropped behind the pint—so I downed on my knees, and crawled, and Dash alongside on me, for all the world as if the damed dog knowed; well, I crawled quite a piece, till I’d got under a bit of alder bush, and then I seen them—all in a lump like, except two—six ducks and a big drake—feedin’, and stickin’ down their heads into the weeds, and flutterin’ up their hinder eends, and chatterin’ and jokin’—I could have covered them all with a handkercher, exceptin’ two, as I said afore, one duck and the little drake, and they was off a rod or better from the rest, at the two different sides of the stream—the big bunch warn’t over ten rods off me, nor so far; so I tuck sight right at the big drake’s neck. The water was quite clear and still, and seemed to have caught all the little light as was left by the sun, for the skies had got pretty dark, I tell you; and I could see his head quite clear agin the water—well, I draw’d trigger, and the hull charge ripped into ’em—and there was a scrabblin’ and a squatterin’ in the water now, I tell you—but not one on ’em riz—not the fust one of the hull bunch; but up jumped both the others, and I drewed on the drake—more by the whistlin’ of his wings, than that I seen him—but I drewed stret, Archer, any ways; and arter I’d pulled half a moment I hard him plump down into the crick with a splash, and the water sparkled up like a fountain where he fell. So then I didn’t wait to load, but ran along the bank as hard as I could strick it, and when I’d got down to the spot, I tell you, little Dash had got two on ’em out afore I came, and was in with a third. Well, sich a cuttin’ and a splashin’ as there was you niver did see, none on you—I guess, for sartin—leastwise I niver did. I’d killed, you see, the drake and two ducks, dead at the first fire, but three was *only* wounded, wing-tipped, and leg-broken, and I can’t tell you what all. It was all of nine o’clock at night, and dark as all out doors, afore I gathered them three ducks, but I did gather ’em; Lord, boys, why I’d stayed till mornin’, but I’d a got them, sarten. Well, the drake I killed flyin’ I couldn’t find him that night, no how, for the stream swept him down, and I hadn’t got no guide to go by, so I let *him* go then, but I was up next mornin’ bright and airy, and started up the stream clean from the bridge here, up through

Garry's back-side, and my bog-hole, and so on along the meadows to Aunt Sally's run—and looked in every willow bush that dammed the waters back, like, and every bunch of weeds and brier-brake, all the way, and sure enough I found him, he'd been killed dead, and floated down the crick, and then the stream had washed him up into a heap of broken sticks and briers, and when the waters fell, for there had been a little freshet, they left him there breast uppermost—and I was glad to find him—for I think, Archer, as that shot was the nicest, prettiest, eternal, darndest, long, *good* shot, I ever did make, anyhow; and it was so dark I couldn't see him."

Many of his friends and mine will recognize the character, to whom I allude, as he figures largely in the pages of "The Warwick Woodlands," from which the above extract is taken, of "My Shooting-box," and the other sporting scenes of Frank Forester, wherein nothing good or generous or kind is related of Tom Draw, that does not fall far short of the reality.

Before closing this article, I will correct an error into which I perceive I have inadvertently fallen in the first page of it, wherein I said that this duck, *alone of the family*, has the habit of perching, roosting, and nesting on trees.

I should have said *alone of the American family*; for I find a note by Mr. Brewer, the last editor of Wilson, annexed to his article on our bird, which I prefer to subjoin instead of merely making a verbal alteration, since I doubt not many others are in the same error, who will be glad to be corrected in detail. It appears, as will be seen below, that, although there are no European tree-ducks, nor any other American, there is a family of Asiatic and African congeners of our Summer Duck, for which an especial name has been proposed, though not as yet generally adopted. I might add that the present Latin name of our bird, *anas sponsa*, signifies, being interpreted, the *bride duck*, from the rare elegance of its form and beauty of its plumage—a pretty name for a pretty creature.

"These lovely ducks may be said to represent an incessorial form among the *anatidæ*; they build and perch on trees, and spend as much time on land as upon the waters; Dr. Richardson has given this group, containing few members, the title of *dendronessa* from their arboreal habits. Our present species is the only one belonging to America, where it ranges rather to the south than north; the others, I believe, are all confined to India. They are remarkable for the beauty and splendor of their plumage, its glossy, silky texture, and for the singular form of the scapulars, which, instead of an extreme development in length, receive it in the contrary proportion of breadth; and instead of lying flat, in some stand perpendicular to the back. They are all adorned with an ample crest, pendulous, and running down the back of the neck. They are easily domesticated, but I do not know that they have been yet of much utility in this state, being more kept on account of their beauty, and few have been introduced except to our menageries; with a little trouble at first, they might form a much more common ornament about our artificial pieces of water. It is the only form of a *Tree Duck* common to this continent; in other countries there are, however, two or three others of very great importance in the natural system, whose structure and habits have yet been almost entirely overlooked or lost sight of. These seem to range principally over India, and more sparingly in Africa; and the Summer Duck is the solitary instance, the United States the nearly extreme limit, of its own peculiarities in this division of the world."

With this note I close this paper, expressing only the hope that the bird will become more largely domesticated; as no more beautiful adornment can be conceived to the parks and shrubberies of gentlemen, such more especially as possess the advantages of small inland rivulets, or pieces of ornamental water, whether natural or artificial.

## SONNET.

Oh! she was young, and beautiful, and good,  
    But called away, while Age toils faintly on:—  
    Gone to the voiceless land of shadows—gone  
In the bright morning of her womanhood.  
Cheered by the blue-bird's warble of delight,  
    Springtime, the tender childhood of the year,  
    With bursting bud and sprouting grass is here,  
And Nature breathes of resurrection bright:  
It seems unmeet that one so fair should die,  
    When sounds are heard so charming to the ear,  
And sights beheld so pleasant to the eye:  
Hush vain regrets! a land of fadeless bloom  
Is now her home—its passage-way the tomb.

WM. H. C. HOSMER.

# THE PEDANT:

## OR CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE SPENT PARTLY IN CAROLINA.

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BY HENRY HOLM, ESQ.

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### PROEM.

I never had the least thought of writing any anecdotes of my youth till last summer, when I was in Holland, and met with your correspondent Mr. B——, at the Oude Doelen, in Amsterdam. As we were chatting over a bottle of Bordeaux wine, in a very dark, long, wainscotted dining-room—the weather being rainy—Professor Broeck, of Utrecht, came in, and being a monstrosly inquisitive old man, extracted from me quite an account of my travels in America and my youthful studies.

“Why, Holm,” said my American friend, “you ought to put this into a book.”

At this, I was much taken aback; for bookish as I have been, I never in all my life put any thing into print, except—when a schoolmaster—a small edition of Greek epigrams from the Anthology, which I compiled from the Paris edition—and this was a failure. On recollection, I must add a Latin elegy, which my head boy made with my help on the death of Washington. It was printed at Richmond, and abounded in errors of the press, so that I was fain to suppress the edition, all but a few copies to patrons, which I corrected with a pen. But Mr. B. insisted I should jot down some of the events of my life, saying that, now in my old age, it would be a comfort to me; and that Lord Kaimes used to give this recipe to any of his friends who happened to be low-spirited—“Write a book.” He added, that it was so uncommon for an American of the old school, and a Carolinian to boot, to have been several times in Europe, and then to nestle in his quondam home on the Roanoke; that, notwithstanding a certain long-windedness, no longer modish, he was sure my scraps would find readers, if among none else, yet among my old pupils, some of whom are in Congress, besides one in a foreign legation. I therefore rigged my little craft, put up a bit of sail, and with a smart whiff of a breeze got out of sounding ere I was aware. Here goes—therefore, and I commit myself to the good will of the friends aforesaid, praying that this may be gently received in quality both of preface and dedication.

H. H.

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### CHAPTER I.

“Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind,  
Eye thy great Pole-Star; make the land of life.”

YOUNG.

The date of my birth is a secret. Time was when I used to laugh at people for being slow to tell their age; but sounder philosophy has shown me a certain wisdom in this reserve. Why should men so pry into the infirmities of their fellows? One may be gray and wrinkled without being octogenarian. Let it suffice to know that I was born a subject of George the Third, and in



one of the greatest places on the noble river Roanoke, of which the name is derived from the small shell which the Indians employed as a currency. My father and mother were English, and came in middle life from the valley of the Trent, leaving their elder offspring settled in Warwickshire, where I have met their descendants.

My father was an Oxford man, bred to medicine, which, however, he never practiced in America. His plantation was great, if you count the number of acres, but meager enough in arable land.

I remember the spring seasons in that delicious climate, with a sort of fragrantcy in the reminiscence. April was a month which resembled a Northern May; for the calycanthus was blooming in the swamps, the coral honeysuckle blushed in every thicket, and the sweet-briar perfumed the open places and old fields, without cultivation.

Southern boys grow up equestrians. How freshly do I recall the extempore races along the wide bottoms of the creeks—as we call such brooks in America—mounted on switch-tailed colts, rough and shaggy from want of grooming, and without shoes, hat or saddle, my competitors being the black Catos, Hectors, and Antonies of the plantation.

There was what was called an old-field school about a mile from the court-house, taught by a Scotchman—a Jacobite—who accompanied the famous and beautiful Flora McDonald to Carolina. His name was McLeod, and he used the Highland mull to such an extent, that we learned to call him Sneeshin Sawney. But, when he was sober—which occurred frequently before dinner—he was one of the best classical teachers I ever had. Greek was not his forte; but commend me to him for rattling off screeds of Virgil, Horace and Ovid, as well as whole pages of the historians and orators. He had a chest full of sundry modern Latin books, some of which he would chuckle over when mellow. One of his favorites was Buchanan's History. How he would roll in laughter over the description of the bagpipe in Buchanan's Latinity; and how he gloried in the oft-quoted phrase, the *ingenium perfervidum Scotovum*. He had a pocket copy of Vida, which—from bad company—was almost as sternutatory as his impalpable snuff. The most I learned of him was, a rude acquaintance with Latin, a little French—horribly mispronounced, and a few rules of Traill's Algebra. But, meanwhile I had enjoyed free pasture in a garret of books, belonging to my father. These were chiefly medical; and I sought out, with boyish zeal and cunning, all the most piquant cuts of surgical operations, and came at length to fancy myself possessed of half the diseases in the old nosology. When I afterward visited Leyden, I recognized some of the ancient quartos of Van Swieten and Swammerdam, in the vast but musty library. By-the-bye, when you go thither, note well that the said library contains one of the best portraits of Grotius, and one of the most striking of Erasmus. The garret had also the Elegant Extracts, in three thick volumes, and odd ends of good English literature. Among apples, flax, and invalid saddles, I used to lie on the floor of this loft, and read till the sun went down. But sometimes I had to bestride my horse, and take letters to the post, at the court-house; and here I frequented the abode of a Mrs. Grieve, the widow of a Highland captain, who came over in the troubles of '45, and fell a victim to his insane fondness for the prince, having been shot in a duel with a young surgeon of Hanoverian sentiment.

Bless me! Do not think I was born at that time? Mrs. Grieve had been many years a widow. She liked me, and I liked Marion; and this was the reason of my being summarily shipped off to England, lest I should incur the burdens of matrimony. They say, I was what—in that part of the earth—is called a "likely" fellow; round-faced, hardy, broad-shouldered, and agile, but very shy, and full of *gaucherie*.

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## CHAPTER II.

“*Male herbe croît plutost que bonne.*”  
OLD FRENCH PROVERB.

Montaigne dwells with a chirping, senile complacency on the pains which his father took to make his childhood happy. Though, Arthur Holm, my honored parent took no pains at all about the matter, he so managed matters that his hopeful son—myself, Henry Holm, meaning—passed as delightful a boyhood and youth as ever the best son of the best gentleman of Perigord.

I will hang a veil over the infirmities of this loving old gentleman. His days and sometimes his nights were spent at the court-house—a term by which, in Carolina, the hamlet which contains the county tribunal is called—and those were days of high play and deep bowls, with a fiery dash of French brimstone, and sans-culotte theology.

The best and gentlest mother that man ever had was gone to her rest. “Mas’ Harry”—my aforesaid self, meaning—was left to wander at his own sweet will, and wander he did, with a witness, in all the byways of such reading as half-a-dozen gentlemen’s houses, and the parson’s study, afforded.

What ensued? I was five and forty before I ever knew that I was a pedant. German was not yet a language in which Americans sought literary gratification; but my neighbor, Marion Grieve, and I turned over many a volume of French—half comprehended, and I boggled through an odd volume of Don Quixote in Spanish, and several plays of Calderon. Verses of course—as an unavoidable excretion of the youthful brain—proceeded from me in large amount; not such as now emulate the measures of Beppo or Oriana, but imitations of Darwin and Miss Seward.

For delightful boyhood, I maintain the world has no clime comparable to the old States of the South. Wide stretches of country, open forests for hounds, interminable meads in some parts, blooded horses at command, ambrosial mornings, evenings made vocal by the mocking-bird, young comrades in great array, open doors on every estate—we say nothing of the “domestic institution,” and the conveniences of an ample retinue—develop any capacities for unstinted satisfaction, which a gay young master may possess. Something there may be of Horace’s *sudavit et alsit*, but chiefly in hard riding after a fox, or keeping up with a coach, full of damsels, going far to an assembly at the next town.

Very different is this from the similar stage in the case of the English boy, which I have considered, and which also has its manly discipline; but is marked by long separations from home, direful fagging at public schools, and the restraints of a conventionalism, which is only not Chinese. In looking back, I am very sure it was good for me to be taken away early from scenes of so much indulgence; and I would, if I knew how, subject my boys to a collar somewhat stiffer than that in which I spent my adolescence. Say what you will, young blood needs the pressure of a stern discipline, to induce self-denial, the germ of all self-command; so I can rejoice in hardships now they are over. Yet, in those days, it was but hypocritically that I hummed over the *Olim meminisse juvabit*.

I am writing among the same spring zephyrs, and gorgeous vegetation of the South, spectacles on nose, and my feet in list slippers; but I can leap over a long intercalation, and live over again the hours of the eighteenth century. My departure had, however, the bitterness of an exile.

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## CHAPTER III.

The tear forgot as soon as shed.  
GRAY.

The vessel in which I sailed was a round-sterned bark, very black, and English built, with hogsheads of tobacco for Bristol. I was under the care of Mr. Moir, a clergyman from the south of Virginia, who was returning to get orders for his son from the Bishop of London. The son and his brother were twins, and were gay companions. We were out seven weeks, and were several times in great peril. But I forgot all when I saw England in mid May. The transition is peculiarly strong in contrasts for one who goes from a region not abounding in greensward and roadside flowers, and equally destitute of the castle and the cottage. In June I heard a nightingale near Warwick castle, and took my first lesson in cricket on the green near Hampton Court; I dined at the Mitre, and shortly after looked at the Eton boys shooting their "four-oars" on the Thames. London was all mapped off in my head; and the impression had not been forestalled by a previous sight of Philadelphia, then our only great city. I was acquainted with Sir Roger de Coverley's haunts; I knew where to go for the Boar's Head, which had not yet been thrust aside for a king's statue. The very names of the streets were redolent of memories; St. Swithin's Lane, Aldermanbury, the Minories. Billingsgate was in its full Aristophanic glory; not yet invaded by a lordly structure of brick market-houses. "O rare Ben Jonson!" how I gloated over thy memorial in the Poet's Corner! Though roses no longer bloom in the Temple Garden, yet I walked there as proud as if my veins carried the red and white of York and Lancaster. Methinks I was an antiquary before my time; but certain it is that I whiled away whole weeks in the odd, out-of-the-way corners of old London, and almost venerated Pie-corner, where the structures remain as of old, before the Great Fire stopped short at that bounding locality.

My quarters were at the Axe Inn, Aldermanbury. This is not very far from Christ-Church hospital; and the Blue-coat boys—whom I daily met, in their yellow nether-stocks, dark frocks, and clerical bands—carried me back to the times of old, and made me a frequent visitor of those antique and hospitably open cloisters.

My studies toward the Law, were to be under the guidance of a gentleman of Gray's Inn, long since dead; John Thweat, Esq.—His son is now a solicitor in chancery—He was a typical Englishman. In his wig—when he drove in a chaise, without hat, to Westminster Hall—his face was not unlike a boiled lobster, in a garnish of cauliflower. I soon found that my study was to be pen-work, and that my apprenticeship—if entered into—would be a slavish drawing of forms. My father was easier in his ways every year; so he assented to my spending a few months in travel. Do not imagine that I am going to record my journeys? These were the glorious old days of coaching. From the George Inn, opposite Addle street, Aldermanbury, I used to see forty coaches set out.

It was near my lodgings. The Hogarthian coachman was then not extinct. In my last visit, I detected one or two of the old sort, degenerated into omnibus-men. Hyde Park was not what it has since become, but it was a marvel, nevertheless; and I studied, with daily application, the heraldry of all the turn-outs, and the horsemanship of gentlemen in boots and small-clothes, who, to my American eyes, seemed sad riders, from the English trick of "rising to the trot."

But when summer was over, and the short days came on, and the shops had candles at noon, and the Strand and Holburn were dank and miry, and London smoke became a wetting nimbus, I gathered up my odds and ends, and make a dash over to Ireland. But this should be reserved for another chapter.

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## CHAPTER IV.

“That Latin was no more difficile,  
Than to a black-bird ’tis to whistle.”

BUTLER.

The sloop which conveyed me from Holy Island to Kingstown, on my way to Dublin, had on board a merry Irishman, to whom I found myself attracted, because he had been in America. He was further acquainted with the family into which my mother’s brother had intermarried—the O’Mearas of Dundalk, of whom one, who was an officer in the garrison, was the object of my present visit.

Dennis was full of odd stories about Irish schoolmasters, fit successors of Swift’s Tom Sheridan; and he informed me that Captain O’Meara had once been a classical tutor, and was still rather conceited in regard to his attainments. He was a companion of Doctor Barrett, of Trinity College, and, as Dennis affirmed, carried more book-learning under a red-coat than many a bishop under a black one. But the half had not been told me.

After seeing the sights of a very beautiful city, driving round Phoenix Park, surveying the Four Courts, and Cathedral, and the palaces, and lawns of Trinity College, I sat down to make myself at home at Captain O’Meara’s. This was the less difficult, as the captain had four daughters, near enough in kindred and age to relieve me from my *mauvaise honte*, and Irish enough in complexion, mirth, and wit, to set my inexperienced brain in a very pleasurable whirl.

But the captain absorbed every thing to himself. When he discovered that I could comprehend a Latin saying, he gave up all other pursuits for that of riddling me with a fusillade of citations. I am sure such a character is unknown out of Ireland. Miss Mitford has given, in happy detail, the picture of one species in this genus, in her late work. We often meet with this sanguineous, overflowing, half-subtle, half-blundering, off-hand, good fellow, among unlettered Irishmen; but, in good truth, my Cousin O’Meara was a bit of a scholar, had taken prizes at college, was a correspondent of divers learned guilds, and had talked Latin, by the fortnight, with Sulpicians, who came over from France on church errands.

Imagine my gallant captain at his mahogany field of manœuvre, with forces of claret moving over the polished plane. Imagine him well-spread, rubicund, moist with the gentle drops of Bacchic dew, breathing heavily, gesturing vehemently, with fat, dimpled hand, and smiling as none but Hibernian lips and teeth can smile. Behold me in the costume of 1796, slender and brown, as becomes an American, unused to long potations, trembling lest I miss a meaning or violate a quantity, and anxiously waiting for the summons to follow the ladies to coffee.

“Cousin Henry,” said my host, with all the rotundity of a dean, “you say you have not read Aulus Gellius. Ah! we shall turn him over to-morrow. Not to have read the Attic Nights is, *mon cher*, the next thing to being a child of darkness. Aulus, my dear fellow—let the bottle tend hitherward—was an Athenian by domiciliation; in this, like Pomponius, who, you know, was denominated Atticus. Aulus came to Athens, my very respected and regarded kinsman—fill

your glass—for the purpose of hearing those great expounders, Taurus and Phavorinus; much as you, *mon cher*, have come to classic Dublin, to hear—to hear—a-hem—to confabulate with your poor old kinsman.” And here he looked down on the amplitude of his well-stretched waistcoat, and the unwrinkled surface of a plump, feminine hand. “Barrett and I have often kept it up—pray let me see the claret—hour after hour, as to the question whether Phavorinus was a Roman or a Greek. You remember what Aulus says—ah! no, you have yet to peruse him—you shall hear my *excursus* on the later schools of Athens. Their dissertatiuncles—allow the phrase—were conversational; *noctes coenaeque deorum*.”

Here my fidgets became marked, especially as the clear ringing of a girlish trio was heard above stairs.

“Don’t move—you know I am off duty—you don’t weary me—the claret is good. Did I ever tell you what happened on a Twelfth night at Lord Mountstewart’s? My lord threw the key out of the window, and swore the party should not rise till a certain hogshead of claret was exhausted.” Fidgets more alarming. “On that night I delivered the speech which is so like Ammianus.”

In hopes of angering him, and so getting off, I ventured here on a citation of Gibbon, charging Ammian with bombast. But the smile only bespread his full-blown visage more benignly, as he continued—

“Nay, *mon cher*, Gibbon was incapable of measuring such dimensions of style as those of Ammianus Marcellinus. O, that we had his opening books! They are lost—unless Mai should turn them up in some Ambrosian palimpsest. Out of Dublin—the claret—there are not ten men who can taste the richness of Ammian. I will pronounce to you his description of one of Julian’s battles.”

Here a fit of irrepressible coughing took me to the window, and my diaphragm was so agitated, that the rehearsal was interrupted. Making my recovery as protracted as might be, I found my captain—still holding his glass, and still smiling—sunk into a sweet slumber, under cover of which, I slipped into the ladies’ apartment.

“Ha!” cried Grace O’Meara, “papa has let you off well. You have scarcely heard him pronounce the second Philippic.”

“No, no—that must still await me. But when did Irish officers become so enamoured of the ancients?”

“You must know, Cousin Harry,” said Miss Barbara, “papa dreams of little else. He has tried to teach us all Latin; but we made game of the accident so effectually, that he is willing now to compound for French and Italian.”

Captain O’Meara, when claret was out of the question, was placid, sensible, and even dull. With a strong antipathy to the Saxon, he united an overweening regard for America, and drank Jefferson’s health with religious veneration. On his horse, in the Park, he looked every inch the hero, like those handsome, pousy, red-coats one sees in gilt frames around the hall in Free-Mason’s Tavern. His color was of the red, red rose, his teeth were ivory, and his voice was full and dulcet. Notwithstanding his pedantry, he communicated to me some most valuable hints concerning my Greek and Latin reading, and explained to me many a hard place in Plautus and Lucretius; reading from tall octavos of the Bipont edition, in crimson uniform. But he suffered no man to dispute the preëminence of Trinity College, or the authenticity of the Celtic annals. Remembering my father as a doctor, he would not hear me explain that I was not intending to walk in his steps.

“You will,” said he, “complete a course at Trinity—then, ho! for Leyden. There is the spot

for the healing art. I know two Americans there; one of them fought O'Shaughnessy, our adjutant. Leyden, *mon cher*, is the modern Salerno. Never name Edinburgh—where the prelections—*horresco referens*—are in English. Leyden is your place. Don't touch their gin—we call it Geneva, a corruption of the Dutch *gedever*, or juniper—stick to claret. You will find a *compotator*, that is, a bottle-companion, in Professor Van Valkenburg, in the street by the old Roman castle. Their anatomical preparations are alone worth a visit. And then the library"—

But I weary my readers with gossip of fifty odd years ago. My eyes grow dim. I must bid adieu to Dublin and the O'Meara's.

# TO ADHEMAR.

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BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

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I think of thee till all is dim confusion,  
And reason reels upon her fragile throne—  
The past and present blend in strange illusion;  
Thoughts, feelings, all commingle into one,  
As streams and rills into the ocean run;  
And my pale cheeks are drenched with a suffusion  
Of drops upheaved from lava-founts of wo;  
And while these burning tides my lids o'erflow,  
Impassioned Fancy to thy presence hies,  
And suns her in the radiance of thine eyes—  
At the pure well-spring of thy bosom sips,  
And feeds upon the nectar of thy lips;  
Then back, with gathered sweets, returns to me,  
As homeward comes at eve the honey-freighted bee.

# MY FIRST SUNDAY IN MEXICO.

## FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER.

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BY W. W. H. DAVIS.

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I had reached the goal of my hopes and my ambition, and was comfortably quartered in the city of the Montezumas. There, in that proud and ancient capital, and surrounded with so many of the comforts and luxuries of life, I almost forgot the toils and sufferings of the march and the bivouac, and here, for awhile in comparative ease, "the pomp, pride and circumstance of glorious war," which is so fascinating to the untried soldier, seemed almost realized. The American army had occupied the city long enough to establish order, by a well-regulated and efficient military police, and the enemy having retired some distance, the officers and men began to extend their sphere of observation beyond the limits of the capital, when off duty, to the beautiful suburban towns and villages near by.

I spent my first Sunday in sight-seeing, in a visit to the somewhat celebrated city of Guadalupeéde Hidalgo, about four miles to the north of Mexico. It is situated at the foot of a rocky mount, called Tapeyac, in the midst of a romantic but not very fertile country, and is approached by one of the six causeways which lead out from the city. They are broad, straight, finely McAdamized, and planted on each side with shade-trees, and have been constructed through the waters of the lake at great expense. In point of size this place is not of much importance, and does not contain more than a thousand inhabitants all told. Besides the church erected there, dedicated to the patron saint of the country, and a few religious establishments, the buildings are of mud and reeds, inhabited by a miserable and filthy population. Here it was the "Virgin of Guadalupe" is said to have made her miraculous appearance, and here, once every year, a great festival and celebration is held in honor of her, which is looked upon as one of the most important days in the church. The manner in which the "Virgin" made her first appearance is very remarkable, and the story, as related by one of the early bishops, seems quite as incomprehensible to us, who are without the pale of the church, as the myths which come down to us from pagan antiquity. But since the priesthood appear to put full faith in the *modus operandi* of her advent, the people of the country, as a matter of course, believe it.

The legend runs as follows: In the year 1531, an Indian, named Juan Diego, was passing by this mountain of Tapeyac, on his return home from the city, when the Most Holy Virgin appeared to him, and directed him to go back to the city and tell the bishop to come out there and worship her. The bishop refused to admit him into his presence, having no faith in the miracle. In passing by the same spot a few days afterward she appeared to him a second time, and told him to return to the bishop and say that, "I, Mary, the Mother of God, have sent you." Again the bishop refused to admit the Indian to his presence, being still incredulous, but required some token of the annunciation. The Virgin appeared to the Indian the third and last time, two days afterward, and ordered him to ascend the mountain and pluck roses therefrom and present them to the bishop as his credentials. Now, this mountain is a barren rock, without a particle of vegetation upon it. The Indian, however, went as he was directed, and there found flowers, which he threw into his *tilma*, a sort of apron worn by the inhabitants of the country. He returned to the city and was admitted into the presence of the bishop, but when he opened



his *tilma*, instead of the roses which he had gathered and put into it, there appeared an image of the Holy Virgin, which is said to be preserved to this day in the church which bears her name. From the name of the town she was called the Virgin of Guadalupe, and has been made the patron saint of the country. This is the history they give of her appearance, and it is as bad as rank heresy for Catholics to disbelieve it. With them she is all important, and appears to have a powerful influence over all the affairs of life. With the great mass of the population she is the only identity in religious reverence, the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end of all their faith and worship. She is appealed to on every occasion, and her name is given to nearly half the females in the country; her image is hung up in every house, and even in the butcher-stalls and drinking-shops she occupies a conspicuous place, where her presence is supposed to preserve the meat sweet in the one, and to bring customers to the other.

On Sunday, the 12th of December, 1847, I rode out to Guadalupe, to witness the ceremonies in honor of this saint. I mounted my horse at an early hour, and set out alone, but by the time I had reached the Garita and turned upon the causeway, I found myself in the midst of a crowd tending the same way. It was as pleasant and beautiful a morning as ever broke over that lovely valley, and every thing reminded me of spring time or early summer. The air had that balmy softness peculiar to the season of opening flowers, and the gentle zephyrs which came from the shining bosom of lake Tescoco, were loaded with a delightful odor. The trees and bushes and grass were dressed in their garb of living green, and the merry-hearted songsters were singing their sweetest melodies in honor of the opening day. Such a delightful season in winter seemed like reversing the order of nature. The crowd which came pouring out of the city was immense, and as checkered in appearance as ever made pilgrimage to the shrine of a saint. From their appearance there were all sorts and conditions of persons, and every class of the proud capital was fully represented, ranging from the caballero to the lepero. Here might be seen an elegant carriage, drawn by sleek-looking mules, whose smiling inmates looked the very personification of luxury and ease—there came a rude, country cart, lined with raw hide and filled with the family of some poor ranchero, drawn by a raw-boned ox made fast by thongs around his horns—here ambled by a crowd of donkey cavalry, whose riders, with feet trailing on the ground, urged the animals forward in hot haste toward the scene of festivities—then thousands came on foot, some carrying children strapped to their backs, some bending under loads of nick-knacks for sale. Men, women and children, mules, donkeys and dogs, were all mingled together in one throng, and the noise of confused sounds reminded me somewhat of a modern Babel on a small scale. Among this mottled group were many American officers, in their neat uniforms and mounted on prancing steeds. On each side of the road, up to the very gates of Guadalupe, booths were erected for the sale of cakes, drinks and sweetmeats, and where all kinds of buffoonery were being performed; gambling tables were numerous, loaded with shining coin, and here and there I noticed pits for cock-fighting, with anxious crowds assembled round to witness the cruel sport, and bets seemed running high on the favorite chickens. The whole assemblage seemed enjoying and amusing themselves to the utmost of their capacity in eating and drinking, gambling and dancing. The dancers were assembled under the shade of the wide-spreading trees, where, to the music of the harp and guitar, they performed their national dances with much spirit, dressed in the romantic costume of the country. Inside the inclosure where the sacred edifice stands, was a perfect jam of men, women and children, old and young, white, yellow and black, greasy and well-clad, who had come up here to do honor to the saint who rules over their destinies.

When I arrived at the gate leading into the inclosure where the performance was to take

place, the procession of the Host was passing, and if it had not been a religious ceremony, I could not have prevented myself from laughing loud, the scene was so ludicrous and ridiculous. The image of the Virgin was borne aloft on a pole, followed by a number of priests in their stove-pipe hats and sacred vestments—then came a platoon of filthy-looking soldiers, with a band of music playing some national air, the whole brought up in the rear by a crowd of “red spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,” shooting squibs and hallooing at the top of their voices. It reminded me much more of a Fourth of July celebration, or a militia training in a frontier settlement of the United States, than a religious festival. Dismounting, I gave my horse to a soldier standing near, to hold, while I went in and witnessed the performance. On entering, I found much difficulty in getting through the crowd, but by dint of a good deal of pushing and elbowing, and also rapping a few stubborn, greasy-looking fellows over the shins with my sabre, who were slow to make room, I at last reached the door of the sacred edifice. The crowd was as dense within as without, and it seemed wholly impossible to be able to enter; beside, an odor, not as pleasant as the ottar of roses, arose from the assemblage. These considerations were sufficient to induce me to turn back and retrace my steps. This was no easy matter, as the crowd had closed up again immediately, and I found myself in as dense a throng as ever. However, return I must, and putting full faith in the old adage, “That where there is a will there is a way,” I set about the matter in good earnest, and in a short time I found myself at the point from which I had started. I again mounted my horse, but was uncertain which way to turn. Just then, I was joined by two officers of my regiment, who proposed to ride round the base of the hill toward the left, and if possible, ascend it on horseback. We spurred our horses through the crowd, which opened to let us pass, and turning to the right, rode along the base until we had reached a point nearly opposite to the place from which we started. The hill of Tapeyac is some six or eight hundred feet in height, and is a mass of rocks of igneous origin, the surface being quite smooth and bare of vegetation. It rises up from the plain abruptly, and is steep in its most sloping part. We found the ascent much more difficult than we had anticipated, and it required a great deal of hard labor to get up it. We kept in the saddle for some distance, but at last were obliged to dismount and lead our horses up the steep slope. It was really painful to see the poor animals struggle up the smooth surface of the rock, and now and then it seemed almost impossible for them to keep their footing. Thus we labored upward, and at last stood upon the summit, when man and beast rested from their toil. And while we sat down, holding in our hands the reins of the faithful animals, we looked abroad upon the varied scene below us and enjoyed the beautiful prospect. It was really magnificent, and fully repaid us for the toil we had in ascending. The elevation of our position brought under our view the famous valley of Mexico for many miles in every direction. To the south lay the city, with the bright sun shining in gilded rays upon the steeples and cupolas of the cathedral and churches, giving them almost the appearance of burnished gold and silver. More distant, in the same direction, the two snow-capped mountains of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl loomed up in stern grandeur into the clear, blue sky, and stood out from all their fellows in beautiful relief. To the left, the eye swept over the sparkling surface of lake Pezcoca, which washes the eastern barrier that shuts in this fair Eden of the New World. Nearer, to the front and to the right, the eye rests upon a wide expanse of plain, variegated with cultivated fields, with their irrigating ditches, like threads of silver, meandering through them. Here and there flocks and herds were grazing on the verdant pasture, or seeking the shade of the trees to shield them from the sun. Such, in a few words, is the nature of the beautiful landscape which opened to our view from the rocky summit where we were seated, and for the reader fully to appreciate it, he must be aware of the freshness and

enchantment the balmy air and crystal skies of that clime lend to every scene. We enjoyed it to the utmost stretch of human capacity to enjoy the beauties of nature, and as we descended the rocky mount, so loth were we to have it shut from our sight, that we cast "many a longing, lingering look behind," ere we reached the level of the plain.

On nearly the highest point, on the spot where the Indian is said to have plucked the roses, a small church has been erected, which tradition says, sprung up out of the rock in a single night. It is a dark-looking stone building, built in the heavy Spanish style of two centuries ago. It is reached from below by a winding stairway, cut in the solid rock, considerably crumbled by time, and worn by the footsteps of the thousands who pass up to worship at the shrine of their favorite saint. We entered the sacred edifice, and found it thronged with devotees, mostly half-naked Indians, who had come from the mountains and valleys beyond, on this their annual pilgrimage to the Mecca of their spiritual hopes, and who, like the devout Moslem who yearly kneels at the tomb of his Prophet, having finished his mission, is ready to lie down and die. They jostled and pushed each other in their anxiety to approach the altar and touch the garments of the image of the Virgin, and deposit their offering of money in the dish ready to receive it. Parents, anxious that their little ones should behold the great saint, lifted them up over the head of the multitude, and at a given signal the whole assemblage prostrated themselves on the hard paved floor to receive the blessing of the good father who ministered there. The poor Indians gazed in mute astonishment at all they saw, but to them the riddle was not to be solved, they were taught to believe, not to inquire. When they had deposited their offerings, and received a blessing, they turned away to make room for others who were continually pressing on.

Turning away from this scene, we led our horses down the stone stairway into the inclosure below. The crowd was not so dense as before, and we now found no difficulty in making our way through. Giving our horses to a Mexican to hold, we entered the sacred edifice dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe. The building was yet crowded with people, and the high dignitaries of the church were performing some solemn ceremony, commemorative of the occasion. In appearance this church is by far the most magnificent one I was in, in Mexico. It seemed almost one blaze of gold and silver in the bright sunlight which streamed through the windows, and played upon the rich decorations. The whole ceiling, and especially the dome, is painted in the most beautiful fresco, and so life-like are the images, that they appear almost to speak from the panels. Above the altar, at the east end of the church, in a frame-work of solid gold, is an image of the Virgin as large as life. Her dress is spangled with precious stones, and inside the frame are strips of gold running the whole length, thickly studded with diamonds, pearls, and emeralds—golden rays issue from each side, and suspended above it is a silver dove as large as an eagle. The altar is of finely polished marble, and highly ornamented, and in front runs a railing of silver. On both sides of the middle aisle, extending from the altar to the choir, some sixty feet, is a railing covered with pure silver half an inch in thickness. In addition to these, there are many silver lamps suspended from the ceilings, silver candlesticks before and around the altar, and some of the sacred desks are beautifully wrought in the precious metals. The choir is made of a beautiful dark wood, richly carved and ornamented, and the ceiling is supported by several marble pillars, highly polished, and of great beauty. As we crossed the threshold, the rich, deep tone of the organ, accompanied by the sound of many voices chanting a song of praise, swelled beneath the lofty dome, and impressed the listeners with feelings of reverence and thanksgiving. The building was odorous with the perfume of the scattered incense which had a few minutes before been cast abroad over the worshipers, and numerous priests, in their

rich robes, were ministering around the altar. The anxious gazing multitude, within the temple, seemed fully impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and conducted themselves with much propriety. We remained there a short time, and then returned to the yard to look at one or two objects of interest before we rode back to the city. Not far from the church is a "holy well," over which a small chapel has been erected. The water is supposed to be sacred, and to have the power of healing wounds and preserving all who are touched by it. Crowds were gathered there, some dipping the tips of their fingers in, and crossing themselves, others applying a handful to the face, while some of the anxious mothers plunged their dirty children in, in order that the influence of the holy water might be sure to spread throughout the whole system, that is, if the dirt of the little urchins did not prevent it from penetrating. Being now tired of Guadalupé, and the dirty crowd we met there, we rode out of the inclosure, and galloped down the causeway toward Mexico, where we arrived in time to dine.

Having indulged in a short siesta, I again mounted my horse toward evening, and in company with General C., rode to the Alameda and Paseo Nuevo. The Alameda is a public square, in the western part of the city, planted with trees and shrubbery, adorned with shady avenues, fountains and statuary, and beautifully laid out in walks and drives. It contains about ten acres, and is the most pleasant place of resort in or near the city. The shrubbery is kept neatly trimmed and attended with great care, and is odorous the live-long year with the perfume of opening flowers. The trees clothed in their perpetual green foliage are fairly alive with birds of bright plumage and sweet song, which carol their morning and evening hymns free from harm. In the centre of the square is a large fountain, surmounted by the Goddess of Liberty, which spouts pure water high up in the air, and at its base crouch four lions, from whose mouths spout up smaller jets. A semicircular row of seats surrounds the fountain, and the surface of the space within is paved with large flat stones, laid in tasteful figures. From this point the paths and gravel-walks radiate in every direction, which are again met by others running from other centres, the point where they cross being adorned by smaller fountains. In pleasant weather hundreds of children assemble in this charming place in the afternoon, and amuse themselves with their innocent gambols in the shade of the wide-spreading trees. Hither the beauty and fashion of the capital, who seek pleasure on foot, resort toward evening, to promenade through the shady avenues. There the student carries his book, and, in some quiet secluded corner, apart from the fashionable world which rejoices around him, he sits alone and pursues his favorite study; and there also the lovers repair at the enchanting hour of eventide, and whisper anew their vows of faith and constancy. A numerous throng were gathered there, enjoying themselves in many ways, apparently unmindful that "grim visaged war" had erected his shrine in their beautiful city, and that foreign soldiery were overlooking them on the corner of every street. We rode through these shady avenues and then passed out at the south-west angle into Paseo Nuevo, with the crowd which moved that way. This is one of the fashionable and most frequented public drives of the city; it is a beautifully McAdamized road, half a mile in length, planted on each side with fine shade-trees, and adorned in the centre by a fountain, which spouts four jets of water. Seats are placed at intervals along each side of the drive, and opposite to the fountain, for the accommodation of foot people. Here all the world of Mexico may be seen toward evening, on a bright afternoon, in carriages and on horseback, and a lively, animated scene it presents. Rich equipages glitter in the declining sun, noble steeds, superbly caparisoned, and ridden by gay caballeros, proudly prance along, and beauty smiles upon every beholder. Everybody who can command any kind of a vehicle drives to the Paseo, and sometimes it is so much crowded, as to be quite difficult to drive or ride along it. The equipages

which through this path of fashion are various, and some of them are quite unique; and it is not uncommon to see the elegant turn-out of the English minister, side by side with a common country cart, lined with oxhide, and drawn by a poor old apology for a horse that would hardly dare to look a vulture in the face. Yet both parties are enjoying themselves in the fashionable world. The custom of this drive is somewhat peculiar, which all follow to the very letter of the law; it is to drive the full length twice, stop in the centre opposite the fountain to salute your friends, as they pass by, and then return home. To show our knowledge of the fashionable world, we conformed as nearly as possible to the ways of those who were initiated into the mysteries of the Paseo, and thereby, no doubt, passed for current coin. We spent one hour thus, in seeing and being seen, pleased with the animated scene we had witnessed, and then returned to our quarters. Thus I passed my first Sunday in the city of the Montezumas, and although not as religiously kept as would have been done at home, it had no evil effect upon the spiritual or moral man.

# ENDYMION.

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BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

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What time the stars first flocked into the blue  
    Behind young Hesper, shepherd of the eve,  
Sleep bathed the fair boy's lids with charmed dew  
    Mid flowers that all day blossomed to receive  
        Endymion.

Lo, where he lay encircled in his dream!  
    The moss was glad to pillow his soft hair;  
And toward him leaned the lily from the stream;  
    The hanging vine waved wooing in the air  
        Endymion.

The brook that erewhile won its easy way  
    O'errun with meadow grasses long and cool,  
Now reeled into a fuller tide and lay  
    Caressing in its clear enamored pool  
        Endymion.

And all the sweet, delicious airs that fan  
    Enchanted gardens in their hour of bloom,  
Blown through the soft invisible pipes of Pan,  
    Breathed mid their mingled music and perfume,  
        Endymion.

The silvery leaves that rustled in the light  
    Sent their winged shadows o'er his cheek entranced;  
The constellations wandered down the night,  
    And whispered to the dew-drops where they danced  
        Endymion.

Lo! there he slept; and all his flock at will  
    Went, star-like, down the meadow's azure mist:—  
What wonder that pale Dian, with a thrill,  
    Breathed on his lips her sudden love and kist  
        Endymion!

# THE VINTAGE.

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BY A. B. REACH.

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[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Let us to the joyous ingathering of the fruits of the earth—the great yearly festival and jubilee of the property and the labor of Medoc. October is the joyous “wine month.” For weeks, every cloud in the sky has been watched—every cold night-breeze felt with nervous apprehension. Upon the last bright weeks in summer, the savor and the bouquet of the wine depend. Warmed by the blaze of an unclouded sun, fanned by the mild breezes of the west, and moistened by morning and evening dews, the grapes by slow degrees attain their perfect ripeness and their culminating point of flavor. Then the vintage implements begin to be sought out, cleaned, repaired, and scoured and sweetened with hot brandy. Coopers work as if their lives depended upon their industry; and all the anomalous tribe of lookers-out for chance jobs in town and country pack up their bag and baggage, and from scores of miles around pour in ragged regiments into Medoc.

There have long existed pleasing, and in some sort poetical, associations connected with the task of securing for human use the fruits of the earth; and to no species of crop do these picturesque associations apply with greater force than to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the vine. From time immemorial, the season has typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-heartedness—of good fare and of good-will. The ancient types and figures descriptive of the vintage are still literally true. The march of agricultural improvement seems never to have set foot amid the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the East, so it is with the modern children of men. The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed grape-tub, and the feet of the trader are still red in the purple juice which maketh glad the heart of man. The scene is at once full of beauty, and of tender and even sacred associations. The songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from one part of the field to the other, ring blithely into the bright summer air, peeling out above the rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted hither and thither. All the green jungle is alive with the moving figures of men and women, stooping among the vines or bearing pails and basket-fulls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as they stagger along beneath their weight of purple tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and both sexes, and the careless variety of costume, add additional features of picturesqueness to the scene. The white-haired old man labors with shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away. Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume and appearance supply the vintage with its pleasant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in fact, in the humble and unpoetic but expressive vernacular, is called “chaff”—is kept up with a vigor which seldom flags, except now and then, when the butt-end of a song, or the twanging

close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Meantime, the master wine-grower moves observingly from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

Thither we will follow. The wine-press, or *cuvier de pressoir*, consists, in the majority of cases, of a massive shallow tub, varying in size from four square feet to as many square yards. It is placed either upon wooden tressels or on a regularly built platform of mason-work under the huge rafters of a substantial out-house. Close to it stands a range of great butts, their number more or less, according to the size of the vineyard. The grapes are flung by tub and caskfulls into the *cuvier*. The treaders stamp diligently amid the masses, and the expressed juice pours plentifully out of a hole level with the bottom of the trough into a sieve of iron or wicker-work, which stops the passage of the skins, and from thence drains into tubs below. Suppose, at the moment of our arrival, the *cuvier* for a brief space empty. The treaders—big, perspiring men, in shirts and tucked-up trowsers—spattered to the eyes with splashes of purple juice, lean upon their wooden spades, and wipe their foreheads. But their respite is short. The creak of another cart-load of tubs is heard, and immediately the wagon is backed up to the broad, open window, or rather hole in the wall, above the trough. A minute suffices to wrench out tub after tub, and to tilt their already half-mashed clusters splash into the reeking *pressoir*. Then to work again. Jumping with a sort of spiteful eagerness into the mountain of yielding, quivering fruit, the treaders sink almost to the knees, stamping and jumping and rioting in the masses of grapes, as fountains of juice spurt about their feet, and rush bubbling and gurgling away. Presently, having, as it were, drawn the first sweet blood of the new cargo, the eager tramping subsides into a sort of quiet, measured dance, which the treaders continue, while, with their wooden spades, they turn the pulpy remnants of the fruit hither and thither, so as to expose the half-squeezed berries in every possible way to the muscular action of the incessantly moving feet. All this time the juice is flowing in a continuous stream into the tubs beneath. When the jet begins to slacken, the heap is well tumbled with the wooden spades, and, as though a new force had been applied, the juice-jet immediately breaks out afresh. It takes, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour thoroughly to squeeze the contents of a good-sized *cuvier*, sufficiently manned. When at length, however, no further exertion appears to be attended with corresponding results, the tubfulls of expressed juice are carried by means of ladders to the edges of the vats, and their contents tilted in; while the men in the trough, setting-to with their spades, fling the masses of dripping grape-skins in along with the juice. The vats sufficiently full, the fermentation is allowed to commence. In the great cellars in which the juice is stored, the listener at the door—he cannot brave the carbonic acid gas to enter further—may hear, solemnly echoing in the cool shade of the great darkened hall, the bubblings and seethings of the working liquid—the inarticulate accents and indistinct rumblings which proclaim that a great metempsychosis is taking place—that a natural substance is rising higher in the eternal scale of things, and that the contents of these great giants of vats are becoming changed from floods of mere mawkish, sweetish fluid to noble wine—to a liquid honored and esteemed in all ages—to a medicine exercising a strange and potent effect upon body and soul—great for good and evil. Is there not something fanciful and poetic in the notion of this change taking place mysteriously in the darkness, when all the doors are locked and barred—for the



atmosphere about the vats is death—as if Nature would suffer no idle prying into her mystic operations, and as if the grand transmutation and projection from juice to wine had in it something of a secret and solemn and awful nature—fenced round, as it were, and protected from vulgar curiosity by the invisible halo of stifling gas? I saw the vats in the Château Margaux cellars the day after the grape-juice had been flung in. Fermentation had not as yet properly commenced, so access to the place was possible; still, however, there was a strong vinous smell loading the atmosphere, sharp and subtle in its influence on the nostrils; while, putting my ear, on the recommendation of my conductor, to the vats, I heard, deep down, perhaps eight feet down in the juice, a seething, gushing sound, as if currents and eddies were beginning to flow, in obedience to the influence of the working Spirit, and now and then a hiss and a low bubbling throb, as though of a pot about to boil. Within twenty-four hours, the cellar would be unapproachable.

Of course, it is quite foreign to my plan to enter upon any thing like a detailed account of wine-making. I may only add, that the refuse skins, stalks, and so forth, which settle into the bottom of the fermentation vats, are taken out again after the wine has been drawn off, and subjected to a new squeezing—in a press, however, and not by the foot—the products being a small quantity of fiery, ill-flavored wine, full of the bitter taste of the seeds and stalks of the grape, and possessing no aroma or bouquet. The Bordeaux press for this purpose is rather ingeniously constructed. It consists of a sort of a skeleton of a cask, strips of daylight shining through from top to bottom between the staves. In the centre works a strong perpendicular iron screw. The *rape*, as the refuse of the treading is called, is piled beneath it; the screw is manned capstan fashion, and the unhappy seeds, skins and stalks, undergo a most dismal squeezing. Nor do their trials end there. The wine-makers are terrible hands for getting at the very last get-at-able drop. To this end, somewhat on the principle of rinsing an exhausted spirit-bottle, so as, as it were, to catch the very flavor still clinging to the glass, they plunge the doubly-squeezed *rape* into water, let it lie there for a short time, and then attack it with the press again. The result is a horrible stuff called *piquette*, which, in a wine country, bears the same resemblance to wine as the very dirtiest, most wishy-washy, and most contemptible of swipes bears to honest porter or ale. Piquette, in fact, may be defined as the ghost of wine!—wine minus its bones, its flesh, and its soul! a liquid shadow!—a fluid nothing!—an utter negation of all comfortable things and associations! Nevertheless, however, the peasants swill it down in astounding quantities, and apparently with sufficient satisfaction.

And now a word as to wine-treading. The process is universal in France, with the exception of the cases of the sparkling wines of the Rhone and Champagne, the grapes for which are squeezed by mechanical means, not by the human foot. Now, very venerable and decidedly picturesque as is the process of wine-treading, it is unquestionably rather a filthy one; and the spectacle of great, brown, horny feet, not a whit too clean, splashing and sprawling in the bubbling juice, conveys, at first sight, a qualmy species of feeling, which, however, seems only to be entertained by those to whom the sight is new. I looked dreadfully askance at the operation when I first came across it; and when I was invited—by a lady, too—to taste the juice, of which she caught up a glassfull, a certain uncomfortable feeling of the inward man warred terribly against politeness. But nobody around seemed to be in the least squeamish. Often and often did I see one of the heroes of the tub walk quietly over a dunghill, and then jump—barefooted, of course, as he was—into the juice; and even a vigilant proprietor, who was particularly careful that no bad grapes went into the tub, made no objection. When I asked why a press was not used, as more handy, cleaner, and more convenient, I was everywhere

assured that all efforts had failed to construct a wine-press capable of performing the work with the perfection attained by the action of the human foot. No mechanical squeezing, I was informed, would so nicely express that peculiar proportion of the whole moisture of the grape which forms the highest flavored wine. The manner in which the fruit was tossed about was pointed out to me, and I was asked to observe that the grapes were, as it were, squeezed in every possible fashion and from every possible side, worked and churned and mashed hither and thither by the ever-moving toes and muscles of the foot. As far as any impurity went, the argument was, that the fermentation flung, as scum, to the surface, every atom of foreign matter held in suspension in the wine, and that the liquid ultimately obtained was as exquisitely pure as if human flesh had never touched it.

In the collection of these and such like particulars, I sauntered for days among the vineyards around; and utterly unknown and unfriended as I was, I met everywhere the most cordial and pleasant receptions. I would lounge, for example, to the door of a wine-treading shed, to watch the movements of the people. Presently the proprietor, most likely attired in a broad-brimmed straw hat, a strange faded outer garment, half shooting-coat half dressing-gown, would come up courteously to the stranger, and learning that I was an English visitor to the vintage, would busy himself with the most graceful kindness, to make intelligible the *rationale* of all the operations. Often I was invited into the chateau or farm-house, as the case might be; a bottle of an old vintage produced and comfortably discussed in the coolness of the darkened, thinly-furnished room, with its old-fashioned walnut-tree escrutoires, and beauffets, its quaintly-panneled walls, and its polished floors, gleaming like mirrors, and slippery as ice. On these occasions, the conversation would often turn on the rejection, by England, of French wines—a sore point with the growers of all save the first-class vintages, and in which I had, as may be conceived, very little to say in defense either of our taste or our policy. In the evenings, which were getting chill and cold, I occasionally abandoned my room with illustrations from the *Tour de Nesle* for the general kitchen and parlor of Madame Cadillac, and, ensconcing myself in the chimney corner—a fine old-fashioned ingle, crackling and blazing with hard wood logs—listened to the chat of the people of the village; they were nearly all coopers and vine-dressers, who resorted there after the day's work was over to enjoy an exceedingly modest modicum of very thin wine. I never benefited very much, however, by these listenings. It was my bad luck to hear recounted neither tale nor legend—to pick up, at the hands of my *compotatores*, neither local trait nor anecdote. The conversation was as small as the wine. The gossip of the place—the prospects of the vintage—elaborate comparisons of it with other vintages—births, marriages, and deaths—a minute list of scandal, more or less intelligible when conveyed in hints and allusions—were the staple topics, mixed up, however, once or twice with general denunciations of the niggardly conduct of certain neighboring proprietors to their vintagers—giving them for breakfast nothing but coarse bread, lard, and not even piquette to wash it down with, and for dinner not much more tempting dishes.

In Medoc, there are two classes of vintagers—the fixed and the floating population; and the latter, which makes an annual inroad into the district, just as the Irish harvesters do into England and Scotland, comprising a goodly proportion of very dubious and suspicious-looking characters. The *gen-d'armerie* have a busy time of it when these gentry are collected in numbers in the district. Poultry disappear with the most miraculous promptitude; small linen articles hung out to dry have no more chance than if Falstaff's regiment were marching by; and garden-fruit and vegetables, of course, share the results produced by a rigid application of the maxim that *la propriété c'est le vol*. Where these people come from is a puzzle. There will be

vagrants and strollers among them from all parts of France—from the Pyrenees and the Alps—from the pine-woods of the Landes and the moors of Brittany. They unite in bands of a dozen or a score men and women, appointing a chief, who bargains with the vine-proprietor for the services of the company, and keeps up some degree of order and subordination, principally by means of the unconstitutional application of a good thick stick. I frequently encountered these bands, making their way from one district to another, and better samples of the “dangerous classes” were never collected. They looked vicious and abandoned, as well as miserably poor. The women, in particular, were as brazen-faced a set of slatterns as could be conceived; and the majority of the men—tattered, strapping-looking fellows, with torn slouched-hats, and tremendous cudgels—were exactly the sort of persons a nervous gentleman would have scruples about meeting at dusk in a long lane. It is when thus on the tramp that the petty pilfering and picking and stealing, to which I have alluded, goes on. When actually at work, they have no time for picking up unconsidered trifles. Sometimes these people pass the night—all together, of course—in out-houses or barns, when the *chef* can strike a good bargain; at other times they bivouac on the lee-side of a wood or wall, in genuine gipsy fashion. You may often see their watch-fires glimmering in the night; and be sure, that where you do, there are twisted necks and vacant nests in many a neighboring hen-roost. One evening, I was sauntering along the beach at Paulliac—a little town on the river’s bank, about a dozen of miles from the mouth of the Gironde, and holding precisely the same relation to Bordeaux as Gravesend does to London—when a band of vintagers, men, women, and children, came up. They were bound to some village on the opposite side of the Gironde, and wanted to get ferried across. A long parley accordingly ensued between the chief and a group of boatmen. The commander of the vintage forces offered four sous per head as the passage-money. The bargemen would hear of nothing under five; and, after a tremendous verbal battle, the vintagers announced that they were not going to be cheated, and that if they could not cross the water, they would stay where they were. Accordingly, a bivouac was soon formed. Creeping under the lee of a row of casks, on the shingle of the bare beach, the women were placed leaning against the somewhat hard and large pillows in question; the children were nestled at their feet, and in their laps; and the men formed the outermost ranks. A supply of loaves was sent for and obtained. The chief tore the bread up into huge hunks, which he distributed to his dependents; and upon this supper the whole party went coolly to sleep—more coolly, indeed, than agreeably; for a keen north wind was whistling along the sedgy banks of the river, and the red blaze of high-piled fagots was streaming from the houses across the black, cold, turbid waters. At length, however, some arrangement was come to; for, on visiting the spot a couple of hours afterward, I found the party rather more comfortably ensconced under the ample sails of the barge which was to bear them the next morning to their destination.

The dinner-party formed every day, when the process of stripping the vines is going on, is, particularly in the cases in which the people are treated well by the proprietor, frequently a very pretty and very picturesque spectacle. It always takes place in the open air, amongst the bushes, or under some neighboring walnut-tree. Sometimes long tables are spread upon tressles; but in general no such formality is deemed requisite. The guests fling themselves in groups upon the ground—men and women picturesquely huddled together—the former bloused and bearded personages—the latter showy, in their bright short petticoats of home-spun and dyed cloth, with glaring handkerchiefs twisted like turbans round their heads—each man and woman with a deep plate in his or her lap. Then the people of the house bustle about, distributing huge brown loaves, which are torn asunder, and the fragments chucked from hand

to hand. Next a vast cauldron of soup, smoking like a volcano, is painfully lifted out from the kitchen, and dealt about in mighty ladlefuls; while the founder of the feast takes care that the tough, thready *bouilli*—like lumps of boiled-down hemp—shall be fairly apportioned among his guests. *Piquette* is the general beverage. A barrel is set abroach, and every species of mug, glass, cup, and jug about the establishment is called to aid in its consumption. A short rest devoted to chatting, or very often sleeping in the shade, over, the signal is given, and the work recommences.

“You have seen our *salle à manger*,” said one of my courteous entertainers—he of the broad-brimmed straw-hat, “and now you shall see our *chambre à coucher*.” Accordingly, he led me to a barn close to his wine-cellars. The place was littered deep with clean, fresh straw. Here and there rolled-up blankets were laid against the wall; while all round, from nails stuck in between the bare bricks, hung by straps and strings the little bundles, knapsacks, and other baggage of the laborers. On one side, two or three swarthy young women were playfully pushing each other aside, so as to get a morsel of cracked mirror stuck against the wall—their long hair hanging down in black elf-locks, in the preliminary stage of its arrangement.

“That is the ladies’ side,” said my *cicerone*, pointing to the girls; “and that”—extending his other hand—“is the gentlemen’s side.”

“And so they all sleep here together?”

“Every night. I find shelter and straw; any other accommodation they must procure for themselves.”

“Rather unruly, I should suppose?”

“Not a bit. They are too tired to do any thing but sleep. They go off, sir, like dormice.”

“*Oh, sil plait à Mossieu!*” put in one of the damsels. “The chief of the band does the police.” (*Fait la gen-d’armerie*)

“Certainly—certainly,” said the proprietor, “the gentlemen lie here, with their heads to the walls; the ladies there; and the *chef de la bande* stretches himself all along between them.”

“A sort of living frontier.”

“Truly; and he allows no nonsense.”

“*Il est meme excessivement severe*,” interpolated the same young lady.

“He needs be,” replied her employer. “He allows no loud speaking—no joking; and as there are no candles, no light, why they can do nothing better than go quietly to sleep, if it were only in self-defense.”

One word more about the vintage. The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of francs and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon a general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage

the joyous songs and choruses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwort men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolick, and the gray-headed old men tottering cheerfully a-down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

A strange feature in the wine country is the wonderously capricious and fitful nature of the soil. A forenoon's walk will show you the earth altering in its surface qualities almost like the shifting hues of shot silk—gravel of a light color fading into gravel of a dark—sand blending with the mould, and bringing it now to a dusky yellow, now to an ashen gray—strata of chalky clay every now and then struggling into light only to melt away into beds of mere shingle—or bright, semi-transparent pebbles, indebted to the action of water for shape and hue. At two principal points these blending and shifting qualities of soil put forth their utmost powers—in the favored grounds of Margaux, and again, at a distance of about fifteen miles farther to the north, in the vineyards of Lafitte, Latour, and between these latter, in the sunny slopes of St. Jullien. And the strangest thing of all is, that the quality—the magic—of the ground changes, without, in all cases, a corresponding change in the surface strata. If a fanciful and willful fairy had flown over Medoc, flinging down here a blessing and there a curse upon the shifting shingle, the effect could not have been more oddly various. You can almost jump from a spot unknown to fame, to another clustered with the most precious vintage of Europe. Half-a-dozen furrows often make all the difference between vines producing a beverage which will be drunk in the halls and palaces of England and Russia, and vines yielding a harvest which will be consumed in the cabarets and estaminets of the neighborhood. It is to be observed, however, that the first-class wines belong almost entirely to the large proprietors. Amid a labyrinth of little patches, the property of the laboring peasants around, will be a spot appertaining to, and bearing the name of, some of the famous growths; while, conversely, inserted, as if by an accident, in the centre of a district of great name, and producing wine of great price, will be a perverse patch, yielding the most commonplace tittle, and worth not so many sous per yard as the surrounding earth is worth crowns.

How comes this? The peasants will tell you that it doesn't come at all. That it is all cant and *blague* and puff on the part of the big proprietors, and that their wine is only more thought of because they have more capital to get it bragged about. Near Château Lafitte, on a burning afternoon, I took refuge beneath the emblematic bush; for the emblem which good wine is said not to require, is still, in the mid and southern districts of France, in universal use; in other words, I entered a village public-house.

Two old men, very much of the general type of the people of the country—that is, tall and spare, with intelligent and mildly-expressive faces and fine black eyes, were discussing together a sober bottle. One of them had lost an arm, and the other a leg. As I glanced at this peculiarity, the one-legged man caught my eye.

“Ah!” he said, “looking at our misfortunes; I left my leg on Waterloo.”

“And I,” chimed in his companion, “left my arm at Trafalgar.”

“*Sacré!*” said the veteran of the land. “One of the cursed English bullets took me in the knee, and spoiled as tight a lancer as they had in the gallant 10th.”

“And I,” rejoined the other, “was at the fourth main-deck gun of the *Pluton*, when I was struck with the splinter while we were engaging the *Mars*. But we had our revenge. The *Pluton* shot the *Mars*’ captain’s head off!”—a fact which I afterward verified. Captain Duff, the officer alluded to, was thus killed upon his quarter-deck, and the same ball shattered two seamen almost to pieces.

“*Sacré!*” said the *ci-devant* lancer, “I’d like to have a rap at the English again—I would—the English—*nom de tonnerre*—tell me—didn’t they murder the emperor!”

A rising smile, which I could not help, stopped him. I had spoken so few words, that the fact that a son of *perfidé Albion* was before them was only manifested by the expression of my face.

“*Tiens!*” continued the Waterloo man, “*You are an Englishman.*”

The old sailor, who was evidently by no means so keen a hand as his comrade, nudged him; a hint, I suppose, in common phrase, to draw it mild; but the ex-lancer of the 10th was not to be put down.

“Well, and if you are, what then, eh? I say I would like to have another brush with you.”

“No, no! We have had enough of brushes!” said the far more pacific man of the sea. “I think, *mon voisin*—that you and I have had quite enough of fighting.”

“But they killed the emperor. *Sacré nom de tous les diables*—they killed the emperor.”

My modest exculpation on behalf of Great Britain and Ireland was listened to with great impatience by the maimed lancer, and great attention by the maimed sailor, who kept up a running commentary:

“*Eh! eh! entendez cela.* Now, that’s quite different (to his friend) from what you tell us. Come—that’s another story altogether; and what I say is, that that’s reasonable.”

But the lancer was not to be convinced—“*Sacré bleu!*—they killed the emperor.”

All this, it is to be observed, passed without the slightest feeling of personal animosity. The lancer, who, I suspect, had passed the forenoon in the cabaret, every now and then shook hands with me magnanimously, as to show that his wrath was national—not individual; and when I proposed a bottle of rather better wine than they had been drinking neither soldier nor sailor had a word to say in objection. The wine was brought, and very good it was, though not, of course, first-class claret.

“What do you think of that?” said the sailor.

“I wish I had as good every day in England,” I replied.

“And why haven’t you?” said the fierce lancer. “You might, if you chose. But you drink none of our wines.”

I demurred to this proposition, but the Waterloo man was down on me in no time. “Yes, yes; the wines of the great houses—the great proprietors. *Sacré*—the *farceurs*—the *blageurs*—who puff their wines, and get them puffed, and great prices for them, when they’re not better than ours—the peasant’s wines—when they’re grown in the same ground—ripened by the same sun! *Mille diables!* Look at that bottle!—taste it! My son-in-law grew it! My son-in-law sells it; I know all about it. You shall have that bottle for ten sous, and the Lafitte people and the Larose people would charge you ten francs for it; and it is as good for ten sous as theirs for ten francs. I tell you it grew side by side with their vines; but they have capital—they have power. They crack off their wines, and we—the poor people!—we, who trim and dig and work our little patches—no one knows any thing about us. Our wine—bah!—what is it? It has no name—no fame! Who will give us francs? No, no; sous for the poor man—francs for the rich.

Copper for the little landlord; silver—silver and gold for the big landlord! As our curé said last Sunday: ‘Unto him who has much, more shall be given.’ *Sacré Dieu de dieux!*—Even the Bible goes against the poor!”

All this time, the old sailor was tugging his comrade’s jacket, and uttering sundry deprecatory ejaculations against such unnecessary vehemence. The Trafalgar man was clearly a take-it-easy personage; not troubled by too much thinking, and by no means a professional grievance-monger. So he interposed to bring back the topic to a more soothing subject, and said that what he would like, would be to see lots of English ships coming up the Gironde with the good cottons and woollens and hardware we made in England, and taking back in exchange their cheap and wholesome wines—not only the great vintages (*crus*) for the great folk, but the common vintages for the common folk. “Indeed, I think,” he concluded, “that sitting here drinking this good ten sous’ wine with this English gentleman—who’s going to pay for it—is far better than fighting him and hacking him up, or his hacking us up, with swords and balls and so forth.”

To this most sensible opinion we had all the pains in the world to get the doughty lancer to incline. He couldn’t see it at all. He would like to have another brush. He wasn’t half done for yet. It was all very well; but war was grand, and glory was grand. “*Vive la guerre!*” and “*Vive la gloire!*”

“But,” said the sailor, “there is death in glory!”

“*Eh bien!*” shouted the warrior, with as perfect French sentiment as ever I heard, “*Vive la mort!*”

In the end, however, he was pleased to admit that, if we took the peasant wines, something might be made of us. The case was not utterly hopeless; and when I rose to go, he proposed a stirrup-cup—a *coup de l’itrier*—to the washing down of all unkindness; but, in the very act of swallowing it, he didn’t exactly stop, but made a motion as if he would, and then slowly letting the last drop run over his lips, he put down the glass, and said, bitterly and coldly, “*Mais pourtant, vous avez tué l’Empereur!*”

I have introduced this episode principally for the purpose of showing the notions entertained by the small proprietary as to the boasted superiority of the large vineyards; but the plain truth is, that the great growers are perfectly in the right. I have stated that the quality of the soil throughout the grape country varies almost magically. Well, the good spots have been more or less known since Medoc was Medoc; and the larger and richer residents have got them, by inheritance, by marriage, and by purchase, almost entirely into their own hands. Next they greatly improved both the soil and the breed of plants. They studied and experimentalized until they found the most proper manures and the most promising cultures. They grafted and crossed the vine plants till they got the most admirably bearing bushes, and then, generation after generation, devoting all their attention to the quality of the wine, without regard to the quantity—scrupulously taking care that not a grape which is unripe or over-ripe finds its way into the tub.

# LIGHT OF NATURE.

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BY WM. ALEXANDER.

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How insufficient Nature's light to guide  
Our world's poor blinded, woful wanderers home!  
The wide spread universe—the azure dome—  
The stars which in their golden chariots ride,  
Divinity's design and work proclaim—  
But can no further go. It may emit  
A sad, a sickening note of wo; yet it,  
When questioned of the "Great Restorer's" name,  
Nor voice, nor answer e'er returns. 'Tis here  
Thy helplessness, O Nature! lies—  
Speakest thou but of Him who built the skies;  
"Things seen made not of things which do appear,"  
No Sun of Righteousness is ever known from thee;  
No vision and the people perish utterly.



# THE MOTHER'S PROPHECY.

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BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

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## CHAPTER I.

It was a cold, windy night in the winter of 179-. The tall pines that had climbed to the highest summits of the Green Mountains, bent beneath the rushing of the blast; and as the wind careered among their branches, gave out moans and shrieks that seemed in the darkness like the wailing of weird spirits. Ever and anon the air would be filled with tiny particles of ice and snow, and the cold, fitful gleaming of the moon, as it occasionally emerged from behind a cloud, only served to make the scene more desolate, as the tall, gaunt shadows were rendered distinctly visible.

But in the quiet little valley that lay nestling at the very foot of one of the tallest peaks, there were no traces of storm. The strife of the elements disturbed not its repose, for the encircling mountains bent over it lovingly, and with their giant arms seemed to ward off all dangers, and keep back all foes that might harass this—the pet lamb that rested in their embrace.

A single farm-house, rudely constructed of logs, stood beneath the shadow of forest-trees; and, indeed, but few of those ancient dwellers in the valley had as yet bowed their haughty heads at the stroke of the woodman's axe. Every thing around the little dwelling betokened that it was the abode of one of the hardy pioneers who had left the sunny banks of the Connecticut for a home amid the wilds of Vermont. But there was a ruddy light gleaming from the small window, that spoke invitingly of peace and comfort within; and occasionally the sound of woman's voice singing a low, soft lullaby fell dreamily upon the ear; or rather, might have done so, had there been an ear to listen.

In the principal apartment of the house—the one that served alike for kitchen and parlor, sat Andrew Gordon and his fair and gentle wife—Amy. A bright-eyed boy, apparently about four years old, played upon the nicely-sanded floor, and in the mother's arms lay a babe, very lovely, but very fragile, upon whose face the eyes of Amy Gordon dwelt with a long, yearning gaze. Few words were spoken by the little group. The husband and father sat gazing thoughtfully upon the glowing embers; the wife rocked the child that was cradled upon her breast; and little Frederick silently builded his "cob-house," stopping now and then to scan with a pleased eye the progress of his work, or uttering an exclamation of disappointment as the tottering fabric fell to the floor.

There was an air of refinement about the master and mistress of that little domicile, that contrasted somewhat strangely with their rude home and its appurtenances. The dress of the wife, although coarse and plain, was arranged so tastefully, so *genteely*, as the young ladies of the present day would say, that you would scarcely have noted its texture, or the absence of ornament. Her slight figure, and the faint color upon her cheek, spoke of a delicacy of constitution hardly suited for the hardships and trials of an emigrant's life; but the meek light within her eye, her calm, broad forehead, and the slight smile that lingered upon her lip, told that she possessed that truest of all strength—strength of mind and heart.

There was something in the face of Andrew Gordon that, to a close observer, was not

exactly pleasing; and yet you could not have denied that it was a very handsome face—quite sufficiently so to warrant the unmistakable look of admiration that his wife occasionally cast upon it. Intellect was there—courage was there—firmness of purpose, and a resolute will; and there was a depth of affection in his eye whenever it dwelt upon the group around him that proved him the possessor of a kindly heart. Perhaps it was some early disappointment—some real or fancied wrong—some never-to-be-forgotten act of harshness or injustice on the part of another that, once in a while, cast such a shadow over his fine face, and gave such a bitter expression to his well formed mouth.

For half an hour they remained as we have pictured them above; and then the mother tenderly placed her little one upon the bed that stood in one corner of the room—cradles were a luxury unknown in those days—and glancing at the clock that pointed to the hour of eight, said,

“Come, Frederick, put away your cobs, dear. It is bed-time for little boys.”

“Oh, I wish it wouldn’t be eight o’clock so soon when I am making cob-houses,” replied the child; “just wait one minute, mamma, until I make a chimney—then my house will be done. There, now—isn’t it a nice one?” So saying, Freddy gave the finishing touch to his edifice—looked at it admiringly for a moment, then giving it a light pressure with his hand, his evening’s work was demolished in an instant. Laughing heartily at the havoc he had made, he hastily gathered the cobs in a basket near him, and sprang to his mother’s side.

Ah, Freddy, Freddy! how like you are to many a “child of larger growth,” who toils, month after month, year after year, building a temple, it may be to love, or wealth, or fame; and then, when it is nearly or quite completed, by a single false step, or a single ill-regulated action, destroys the shrine he has been rearing with so much care and labor! But here the similitude ceases. You laugh and clap your hands in childish glee at the downfall of *your* house, *he* sits down desolate and alone by the ruin he has made, and mourns over hopes and prospects buried beneath it.

Thoughts somewhat like these may have passed through the mind of Andrew Gordon, for there was a cloud upon his brow, as he watched his wife while she undressed the playful child, and smoothed his dark curls preparatory to the night’s repose. Then kneeling by her side, and folding his little hands together, Frederick repeated after her a simple prayer—a child’s prayer of love and faith, asking God’s blessing upon those dearest to him—his father, mother, and little sister, and His care and protection through the night.

“Now I must kiss papa good-night,” said the little boy; “and then, mamma, wont you please to sit by me, and tell me a pretty little story? I will shut my eyes up, and go right to sleep *so quick* if you will.”

The good-night kisses were exchanged; Frederick soon nestled closely in his soft, warm pillow, and true to his promise, closed his eyes, while his mother, in a low, soothing voice, told him a story of the birds and lambs and flowers. Presently he was fast asleep, and pressing the tenderest of kisses upon his rosy cheek, Amy returned to her seat by the fireside.

“Dear little fellow! how sweetly he sleeps,” said she, moving her chair as she spoke nearer to her husband. “I wonder what the future hath laid up in store for him,” she continued, musingly, with her eyes fixed upon the bright blaze that went roaring and crackling up the broad chimney. “And yet if the book of fate were laid open before me, I should fear to turn to the page on which his destiny is inscribed.”

“I hope, at any rate, that the word *wealth* is written there,” said Andrew Gordon, speaking for the first time since he had taken his wonted seat by the fire that evening. “I am not a very

great believer in books of fate or in irrevocable destiny. Man makes his own destiny, with some little help from others—and Frederick shall be a rich man before he dies, if my exertions are of any avail.”

“He may be taken from us, even in childhood, Andrew;” and the mother’s eye turned anxiously toward the little bed, as if the bare thought of death was enough to awaken her solicitude. “I would rather he would be *great* than *rich*—and *good* than either.”

“He will be great if he is rich—that is, he will have influence, and be looked up to; and as for goodness—pshaw! who ever heard of a rich man’s doing wrong?” he continued, with that bitter smile, of which we have before spoken, curling his thin lip. “If a man possesses wealth, he may oppress the poor, strip the widow and the fatherless of their last penny, cheat his neighbors, and rob his own brother—but it is all *right!*”

“Then may God grant that our boy may never be a rich man, Andrew,” said his wife, solemnly. “But you speak too bitterly, dearest. Your own misfortunes have made you unreasonable upon this point.” And Amy lifted, caressingly, the dark locks that fell over her husband’s high forehead.

“Unreasonable, Amy! Have I not cause to speak bitterly? Have I not been defrauded of my just rights? Have I not been robbed—ay, literally *robbed* of the fortune my father left me when I was too young to know its value? Can I forget that one, one of my own kith and kin, too, lives in the dwelling of my forefathers, and calls their broad lands his, when he knows, and I know, and the world knows, that I am the rightful heir? Can I forget all this, and that I am *here?*” he added, glancing contemptuously round upon the rough walls of his cottage. “And you, too, Amy—you, who were born and reared in a home of luxury—you, whose presence would grace the proudest drawing-room in the land; you, whom I wooed and won before I dreamed that I was to tread a path like this; and yet, angel that you are, you who have never breathed a word of reproach, or a syllable of complaint, your home, too, is here in this rude cabin”—and the proud man bowed his head, and something that looked strangely like a tear, glittered a moment in the firelight.

“But you are here with me in this rude cabin as you call it, dearest, you and our little ones; and how many times must I tell you that I would rather be here, provided I am by your side, than to sit upon the throne of the Indies without you? I believe you say these things,” she continued, playfully, kissing his flushed brow as she spoke, for she would fain have won him back to more cheerful thoughts, “I believe you say these things just for the sake of hearing me tell you over and over again how dearly I love you, and how happy I am with you. Is it not so, darling?”

But Andrew Gordon was not to be cheered even by the tender caresses of his wife. His mind would dwell upon themes, the contemplation of which was destroying his peace of mind, and fast changing his very nature.

“I tell you, Amy,” he said, rising and pacing the apartment with a hurried step, “I tell you, Amy, I will be rich! and Frederick shall be as rich, ay, richer, than if his father had not been cheated out of his inheritance. They think,” he added, with a flashing eye, “that they have trampled me in the very dust, but they cannot keep me there. I will be rich and influential; and as soon as Fred is old enough to learn the lesson, I will teach him how to make money, and how to keep it, too.”

“No, no, Andrew—spare me that last blow, I implore you,” said Amy, and tears were rapidly chasing each other down her pale cheeks. “If you will give up your whole mind and soul to the pursuit of wealth, as you have done for the last two years—if you will coin your very heart’s

blood for gold, and allow this feverish thirst for gain to become, as it were, the very essence of your being, spare me this last blow. Teach not this lesson to our child. Teach him to be prudent, industrious, economical as you will, and my example and teachings shall be added to your own; but impress not upon his young mind the doctrine that the acquisition of wealth is the chief end of his existence, and its possession the chief source of man's enjoyment. Just as surely as you do is misery in store for him. A mother's heart is a prophetic heart, and I repeat it—just as surely as you do is misery in store for him and you; just so surely will his sun and yours set in darkness and in gloom. Oh, Andrew, Andrew! for your own sake—for my sake—for the sake of these precious ones," she added, drawing him to the couch where their children lay, "cease this struggle that is wearing your life away, and changing you so greatly, that at times I can scarcely recognize the Andrew Gordon of my early love."

The fire upon the hearth had burned low; but, at that moment, a broad, ruddy glow filled the room, and Andrew Gordon stood with his eyes fixed stedfastly upon his wife's face. Who can tell the emotions that swept over his soul during those few, brief moments? Good and evil spirits were striving for the mastery upon the arena of his heart, and his countenance worked strangely as one or the other prevailed. At last, he turned hastily away, and muttering—as if to himself—"But Frederick must be a rich man," he sought his pillow.

He had chosen his part!

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## CHAPTER II.

Years, many years had passed since the conversation narrated in the previous chapter, and Andrew Gordon was no longer the sole tenant of the sweetest valley that slept beneath the shadow of the Green Mountains. A small, but pleasant village had sprung up around the site of his old log-house; and, upon the very spot where that had once stood, arose an imposing brick mansion, that seemed to look haughtily down upon the humbler dwellings around it. A small church—of simple, yet tasteful architecture—lifted its spire a few paces farther on; two merchants—rivals, of course—display their gilded signs on either side of the street just below, and numerous little heads might have been seen peeping from the windows of the schoolhouse over the river.

Andrew Gordon was a rich man. He had added acre to acre, and farm to farm. The factory—whose machinery moved so steadily from morning till night; and the grist-mill—whose wheels whirled round so incessantly, belonged to him; and it was more than hinted, that one of the stores—although managed in the name of another—was, in reality, his property.

Yes, Andrew Gordon was a rich man; but was he satisfied? Was that craving thirst for the "gold that perisheth" quenched at last? Ah! no; it raged more fiercely than ever. Amy—his pure and gentle Amy, slept in the little church-yard, where the white tombstones contrasted so beautifully with the deep-green turf, and where the willow-trees made a cool, refreshing shade even at noon-day.

She had pleaded and reasoned with him in vain. Day by day he became more and more deeply engrossed in the pursuit of wealth. With a mind capable of the highest things—with an intellect that might have soared above the stars—with eloquence at his command, by which he might have swayed the hearts of men, and led them captive at his will, he yet preferred to hover near the earth, and offer up genius, talent, even love itself, upon the altar of mammon.

Had any one told him that he had almost ceased to love his wife, he would have spurned

the idea, and have laid the “flattering unction to his soul,” that he was indeed a pattern husband. Were not all his wife’s wants most liberally supplied? Was not money ever at her command? In short, did he ever deny her any thing?

Yes, Andrew Gordon! You denied her what was of more worth to her than the gold and silver of Peru. You denied her a little of your precious time. So absorbed were you in your own pursuits, so fearful were you that every hour would not add something to your store, that you had no time to devote to her whose happiness was in your hands. You had no time for that sweet interchange of thought and feeling that she so valued; you had no time for those little attentions that woman so dearly prizes; you had no time for an occasional caress or word of endearment that would have cheered her in many a long, lonely hour, and the mere memory of which would have sustained her through suffering and through weariness. No, you had no time for trifles like these; and you could not remember—proud man that you were—that her nature was not like your nature, and that those things were as necessary to her existence as dew is to the drooping flower—as the warm sunlight to the ripening grain—as the draught of cool water to the pilgrim, fainting in the wilderness. You could not remember all this, and Amy pined day by day: her cheek grew pale and her step more languid. Do you say she should have had more strength of mind than to have been affected by such slight causes? I tell you she could not help it. Talk of strength of mind to a neglected wife! Woman’s true strength lies in her affections; and if wounded there she will droop and wither, just as surely as does the vine, when rudely torn from the tree to which it clung. She may struggle against it long and, for a while, successfully; the eye of man may mark no change upon lip or brow; but—*it will come at last!*

Amy slept in the church-yard; and the daughter who was cradled on her breast that winter evening when we saw her last, slept beside her. Frederick alone was left to Andrew Gordon, and he loved him with all the love he had to spare from his coffers. Had the son learned the lesson that the father was to teach him? We shall see.

One evening, at the close of a long, bright summer day, about sixteen years from the date when our story commences, a young man—who appeared as if he might be just entering the fifth lustrum of his life—might have been seen loitering along by the banks of a stream that came laughing and leaping down the mountain side, at some distance from the dwelling of Andrew Gordon. He had a gun upon his shoulder, but his game-bag was empty; and the pretty gray-squirrels hopped from tree to tree, rabbits stared curiously at him with their bright, saucy eyes, and even the wild partridge fluttered around him—unharméd, while he wandered on, wrapped in a somewhat moody reverie.

His thoughts seemed to be very variable—partly sad and partly glad; for, at one moment there would be a cloud upon his brow, a look of doubt and irresolution—and the next, a smile would break over his face, making it remarkably pleasing in its transient expression. His figure was tall and graceful; and his hair—that was black as night—fell over a forehead that would have been almost too white, had not the sun kissed it rather warmly.

It would have been difficult to have recognized in him our old friend Frederick Gordon, the hero of the cob-house—yet when that transient smile, of which we have before spoken, played over his features, the light in his dark eyes was the same as that which beamed there, when—pleading for a story—he sprang joyfully to his mother’s side.

He sauntered along for an hour or two, deeply buried in thought. At length—  
“She is very lovely,” he murmured to himself, as if unconsciously. “She is, indeed, very lovely! What a pity it is that Dame Fortune has not added a few money bags to the list of her

charms; for portionless as she is, she sorely tempts one to play the fool. I came very near committing myself last night at that boating party. What with the slow, dreamy motion of the boat, the moonlight sparkling on the waters, the heavy shadows on the opposite shore, in short, the exquisite beauty of the whole scene, combined with Lily's almost ethereal loveliness, all the romance of my nature—and I really believe I possess a tolerable share—was aroused, and I nearly lost sight of my fixed purpose to marry a rich wife, if any. Yet, after all, does she not possess the truest wealth?" he added, "and I am almost sure she loves me. Pshaw! I wonder what my good father would say to nonsense like this?" and again he became lost in thought.

For nearly an hour he remained sitting upon the stump of a large oak, that had—together with many others—fallen a victim to the progress of civilization, with his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes fixed on a vacancy.

Suddenly, he was startled by the report of a gun—a moment, and a faint scream fell upon his ear; there was the quick tread of bounding feet, the crashing of branches, and a large deer rushed frantically through the thicket, and paused a moment, panting and breathless, almost at his side. He had only time to perceive that it was terribly wounded, when the antlered head was raised for an instant, the quick ear caught the distant baying of the hounds, and the poor creature again dashed onward, with all the energy of despair.

Frederick Gordon immediately sprung toward the thicket from which the deer had emerged; and with much difficulty succeeded in making his way through the tangled underbrush and reaching the cleared space beyond. But what a sight there greeted his vision! A sight that blanched his cheek, and made him cling involuntarily for support to a wild vine, that drooped over him, and nearly impeded his progress. Lily Grey—the subject of his recent reverie, the being who had awakened the first thrill of love that he had ever known, for he did love her, in spite of himself—lay before him, with not the faintest shade of color upon cheek or lip, and the blood slowly oozing from a wound upon her temple.

For a moment, Frederick gazed upon her as if spell-bound; then stealing softly forward, as if she were sleeping, and he feared that he might waken her, he knelt upon the green sward by her side. At first, he had no thought but the dread one of death. She lay there so still, so pale, so like death, that the idea of attempting to revive her did not even occur to him; and, in truth, it would have been hard to have told whose cheek was the palest—his, or that of sweet Lily Grey.

But, presently he fancied that her lips quivered a little, a very little: and that there was the slightest perceptible tremor of the deeply-fringed eyelids. Perhaps it was nothing but the dancing shadow of the leaves that were frolicking in the sunlight above him; but it gave him hope, and with that came the effort to restore her. He bound up the wound upon her temple; he chafed her cold, moist hands, and raised her in his arms, and bore her out from the shadow of the trees, that the cool breeze might play upon her cheek.

A world of pure, warm emotions crept over his soul, as she lay there so quietly in his embrace; he forgot the lessons of worldly wisdom that had been impressed upon him from his very childhood; he forgot, for the moment, all save his love—love, whose very existence he had hardly admitted before; and when he saw by the slight flush that mounted to her brow, that consciousness was returning, he murmured—

"Lily dear—dearest Lily—thank God that you are safe!"

The young girl started wildly, and he gently laid her upon the grass again, speaking low, soothing words, such as a brother might breathe in the ear of a younger and beloved sister, until she opened her eyes, and raising her hands to her brow, said—

"Frederick—Mr. Gordon—where am I? How came I here?"

“That you can best tell yourself, Lily,” replied Frederick gaily, for he wished to dispel all her fears. “I found you here in the woods, like the ‘faire ladyes’ we read of in the old romances, pale and breathless, with the blood flowing from your temple; and, of course, as a good and loyal knight should do, I did my best to restore you—that is all.”

“O, I remember now,” was the answer. “I had been to see old Mrs. Forster, in the cottage yonder: she is very lame this week. It was very warm, and I sat down under the shade of that maple to rest myself. I suppose I must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly aroused by the report of a gun. In an instant, I felt a sharp blow upon my temple—a large deer went bounding past me; and I must have fainted, for I remember nothing more, until, until—”

Lily paused, and a burning blush overspread her neck and face, as she recalled the words that had greeted her ear as consciousness returned.

Frederick drew her more closely to him, as he said—

“Go on, Lily—or shall I finish the sentence for you? Until you heard words that must have convinced you—of what, indeed, you could not have been ignorant before—that Frederick Gordon loves you. Was not that what you would have said, Lily?”

There was no reply: but, although Lily’s lip trembled, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears, she did not shrink from his embrace, and Frederick Gordon felt that he was beloved.

“Forgive me, Lily, you are growing pale again—you are still weak. I should not have troubled you. Are you strong enough to walk home now, think you—dear one?”

“O, yes,” replied Lily, rallying herself. “I am quite strong now. I imagine my temple must have been cut by a sharp stone thrown up by the hoof of the deer, as it rushed past me.”

Few words were spoken by the young pair as they walked through the woods, in the dim twilight. Lily’s home—at least, her home for the time being—was but a short distance off, and with a mute pressure of the hand they parted at the gate.

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### CHAPTER III.

That same evening there was a clear light gleaming from the window in Andrew Gordon’s mansion, usually occupied by himself. He—its owner—sat there alone, with his folded hands lying upon the table, and his head resting upon them. At length, he arose, and an observer might have seen that there was a bright, red spot upon either cheek, while his brow was knit, and there was an unusual, almost an angry gleam in his eye. Stepping to the window, and shading his eyes with his hands, he looked out for a moment, and then raising the sash, he called to a man who stood in the yard:

“John, tell my son to come hither.”

“Yes, sir,” replied the man, and Mr. Gordon returned to his seat by the table.

A few moments had elapsed when Frederick entered. His father did not appear to notice his entrance, and, after pausing awhile, the young man asked—

“Did you send for me, sir?”

“Yes,” was his father’s answer, as he pushed a chair toward him with his foot, and motioned him to be seated. “I have a few things to say to you, sir: I happened to be an eye-witness of the love-scene that took place in the woods, down yonder, this evening. No, I was no spy or eaves-dropper,” he continued, as the color flashed to Frederick’s face, and he half-rose from his chair: “You may as well keep cool, young man. I was passing near there, just as the girl was coming to her senses, and I could not well avoid seeing and hearing what passed. You were so taken up

with her, that you had no ears for any one besides, else you must have heard me. Permit me to congratulate you," he added, with a mocking smile, "upon enacting the lover most admirably. May I be allowed to inquire who was the fair damsel who played Juliet to your Romeo?"

"Lily Grey, sir," was the laconic reply.

"Lily Grey! And who, pray, is *she*?"

"She is a young lady from Massachusetts, I believe, who has been spending the last three months with Mr. and Mrs. Mason. I presume she is a niece of theirs, as she calls them uncle and aunt."

"Poor as a church mouse then, of course," said Mr. Gordon, quickly. "Frederick, do you love this girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have been foolish enough to tell her so, I conclude, as I had the pleasure of hearing the declaration a little while ago."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, let me tell you, once for all, that this foolery must have an end. I can never receive Miss Lily Grey as my daughter-in-law."

"I have inherited so much of my father's meek and docile disposition," said the young man proudly, with an ironical smile curling his lip, "that I shall doubtless be lead as a lamb in this matter. Allow me to say, that in matrimonial affairs I intend to do as I choose."

Mr. Gordon must change his tactics. Frederick said rightly—he is too much like his father to be driven.

There was silence between the two for many minutes, but they sat looking in each other's eyes as if reading the soul there. Then Andrew Gordon rose, drew his chair nearer to his son's, and taking his hand kindly in his own, said—

"I wish you to do as you choose, Frederick—all I hope is that I may induce you to choose wisely. Listen to me for awhile, and see if I do not present this matter before you in a different aspect. I came here as you know, my son, when this valley was an unbroken wilderness, a poor man, poor through the fraud and injustice of others; and I at once resolved, more for your sake than my own, to be rich. I toiled early and late; I struggled, in the early part of my career, with hardships and difficulties. But at length I was successful. My resources are ample; *yours* I should have said, but I cannot consent that the wealth, to the accumulation of which I have devoted all the best years of my life, should go to enrich a beggar. With your talents, your fine person, your graceful and winning address, together with the fortune which I had intended to place in your hands upon your next birth-day, (to say nothing of your expectations at my decease,) with all these advantages, I say, you might select a wife from the highest and wealthiest family in the land. There is a young girl, the orphan daughter of one whom I knew in my boyhood, whom I selected years ago as my future daughter-in-law. Her fortune must be immense, and every advantage that wealth can give will be lavished upon her. She is—let me see—she is about fifteen now, and is said to be very beautiful. There is a clause in her father's will, I am told, that will prevent her marrying before she is twenty-one. You have been long wishing to make the tour of Europe, and I was thinking, just previous to my unfortunate discovery this afternoon, that it would be well for you to start immediately, spend the next four years in traveling, and still have a year or two at your disposal, after your return, to secure you success with her. But of course it is useless to say any thing about it now, as you have made your own choice."

Mr. Gordon ceased, and for a long time Frederick sat silently revolving his father's words in



his mind. He was not naturally the callous, cold-hearted being which the reader might judge him to be from the soliloquy we overheard in the woods. His noble and generous impulses had for many years given his father a deal of trouble, and even yet, as we have seen from his conduct this day, he occasionally acted without any regard to the "almighty dollar." But these instances had, of late, been rare. Andrew Gordon was gradually moulding him to his will, and even before receiving the summons to his presence this evening, the effect of the lessons that he had been taking through his whole life was resuming its sway, and Ambition or Avarice—call it by which ever name best pleases you, was beginning to struggle with Love.

"What is the name of the young lady of whom you were speaking, sir?" he finally asked.

"Elizabeth Munro," was the reply, and again there was a long pause.

"Let me retire now, if you please," said Frederick, rising; "I would fain think over this matter in my own room."

"Thank you—thank you, Frederick. That is spoken like my own son," was Mr. Gordon's answer, as he cordially shook his hand. "I have no fears that you will not gratify me, if you will but yield to the suggestions of your own good sense."

Frederick Gordon slept not that night. We will not attempt to follow the workings of his mind. Suffice it to say, that the next morning, with a pale cheek, but with a voice that did not falter, he signified to his father his readiness to adopt the plan proposed by him the previous evening.

"Then you must go at once, this very day," said Mr. Gordon; "there must be no time for foolish regrets and sentimental nonsense. The 'Virginia' sails for Europe upon the 20th of next month, and this—yes, this is the 17th. You have no time to lose—you must start for New York this evening, and you will then hardly have time to make the necessary preparations there." And he hurried away to expedite his son's departure.

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## CHAPTER IV.

We must now return to sweet Lily Grey, whom we left so unceremoniously at Mr. Mason's gate, after her adventure in the woods with Frederick Gordon. When she entered the house, she did not, as usual, repair immediately to the common parlor or sitting-room as it was called, but ascending the stairs she sought her own chamber. Hastily throwing off her bonnet, she approached the small mirror, and slowly removing the handkerchief which was fastened around her temples, endeavored to ascertain the extent of the injury she had received. She found that it was nothing but a tolerably deep incision, made, apparently, by a very sharp stone. The bleeding had ceased, and she soon succeeded in closing the wound by the help of some narrow strips of plaster.

She then seated herself by the low window, and tried to recall the events of the day. Dear Lily Grey! what a fount of deep, pure, exquisite, yet strange happiness had welled up in her young heart since she went forth that summer afternoon upon her errand of mercy to old Mrs. Forster's cottage! Yet bright tear-drops were continually sparkling in her beautiful eyes, and her hands trembled so that she could scarcely smooth the shining curls that fell without restraint upon her shoulders.

For a long time she sat there by the window; darkness came on, but she heeded it not; there was no darkness of the spirit there, and her heart was illumined in its innermost recesses by light from within, light that depended not upon outward objects—light clearer than that of the

sun at noonday.

“Why, Lily dear!” exclaimed the cheerful voice of Mrs. Mason, “are you here? We thought you had not come in yet; and fearing you were lost or in some trouble or other, George started in pursuit of you some time ago. And now, while he is tramping through the woods in search of you, here you are, ensconced in your own little room safe as a saint in her niche. But bless me, child! why, what a wound upon your forehead,” and dropping the bantering tone she had before used, and approaching quickly to Lily’s side, the good lady asked seriously, “What *is* the matter, Lily? What has happened?”

“There is nothing of consequence the matter now,” replied Lily, and she rapidly sketched the occurrences of the afternoon. She did not think it necessary to tell the whole story, and was thankful that the blush she felt rising to her very forehead, as she mentioned the name of Frederick Gordon, was concealed by the increasing darkness.

“Really, quite a romantic adventure you have had,” said her aunt, as Lily concluded her little story. “I suppose that, as in duty bound, you intend falling in love with Mr. Gordon forthwith. I fancy your bright eyes had done some mischief in that quarter already; and now wouldn’t it be funny if we should have a wedding here, eh Lily?” And thus she rattled on while they were descending the stairs, and proceeding to the parlor where tea was waiting, never once dreaming that there was any thing like truth in her playful jest. Had she done so she would have been very serious, for she well knew it was no light thing for a maiden to place that priceless treasure, her young heart’s pure love, in another’s keeping.

Lily escaped from the family circle soon after tea that evening, under plea of fatigue; and, in truth, she felt the need of rest. She longed to be alone with her newly born happiness; to recall the looks and words that had so thrilled her heart. She was young, very young, almost a child in years; and she had not learned that the treasure she had found that day was one to be received with fear and trembling. She took the angel guest to her bosom, tearfully, it is true, but oh! most joyfully; and she lay down upon her couch that night to dream only of long, long days of bliss. She knew, indeed, that something of sorrow must fall to the lot of mortals; but would not even *that* be sweet if shared with *him*? With such thoughts as these she knelt to offer up her evening prayer, and to bless her Father in Heaven for the new well-spring of joy that had sprung up in her pathway.

How bright and beautiful was every thing in the outer world when Lily awoke next morning! There had been a shower during the night, and a thousand gems were sparkling upon every tree and shrub and flower. The mist was rolling up from the mountains, but it yet lay heavily above the bed of the river, marking its windings as far as the eye could reach. It seemed to Lily that earth was never so beautiful before; and there was melody in her young heart as she stood by the open window, listening to the trilling of the birds, the low murmur of the water-fall, and all the sweet sounds with which Nature welcomes the approach of the May god. When, her simple toilet completed, she descended to breakfast that morning, old Mr. and Mrs. Mason noted with surprise her unwonted loveliness. She was, indeed, as Frederick Gordon had said, very lovely at all times; but now her face was radiant with happiness—that most efficacious of all cosmetics—and her eyes beamed with added lustre. Perhaps, too, she might have arranged her dress with rather more care than usual; for in those primitive days it was not considered necessary to attend to the duties of the toilet half-a-dozen times a day, and Lily had whispered to herself, “Frederick will surely be here to-day.”

But the morning passed and no Frederick appeared. Hour after hour of the afternoon rolled away, and still he came not. She listened, with a beating heart to every approaching footstep,

and wondered what could keep him from her side. At length she heard in the distance the sound of approaching wheels. She looked from the window and saw Mr. Gordon's carriage slowly toiling up the hill, and, shrinking behind the curtain, she watched it as it drew nearer and nearer. There was a figure upon the back seat, closely muffled in a cloak, which did not seem to be particularly needed at that season of the year; and her heart told her that it was the figure of him for whom she had watched and waited through the day. But the noble steeds halted not; the carriage rolled slowly by, and the muffled figure drew the folds of the mantle still more closely about it, and shrank back still farther into its dark corner.

The young girl gazed upon the vehicle until it faded from her sight; then sinking back upon her seat she covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, although her cheek was pale as marble there was no other sign of suffering. She could not, even yet, doubt that the mystery would be explained—perhaps after all it was not Frederick, and with that thought her spirits returned.

Just at dusk Mr. Mason came in from the village, and turning to Lily, said—"Lily, why did you not tell us that Fred Gordon was to leave us to-day? Of course you knew, as you saw him yesterday?"

Lily was spared the necessity of replying, for her aunt immediately exclaimed—"Fred Gordon left us! where is he going, pray?"

"Why, he goes to-night," was the reply, "in their own carriage as far as P——, and from that place takes the stage to-morrow for New York. His father tells me that he is to sail for Europe in the 'Virginia' next month, and will probably remain four or five years."

Amid the hum of voices, the exclamations of surprise, the inquiries and surmises to which this intelligence gave rise—for be it remembered, a voyage to Europe was a much more formidable undertaking then than in these days of steamships—no one noticed Lily. It was as we have said just at dusk, and with a dread foreboding of she knew not what evil, she had glided to the farthest corner of the room, and remained there effectually concealed by the gathering shadows. When the words that to her seemed the death-knell of every hope were pronounced, she did not speak, she did not even sigh, but standing motionless for a moment, with her eyes fixed wildly upon the speaker, she threw up her white arms once, twice convulsively, and then sank slowly to the floor—breathless and inanimate. Poor, poor Lily Grey.

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## CHAPTER V.

It had been a gala day in New York—a day of feasting and rejoicing—a day of triumphal processions and martial pageantry—one of America's most honored sons, one whose days had been spent in the service of his country, and whose blood had flown more than once upon the battle-field, was the guest of the city, and its inhabitants laying aside for awhile their accustomed avocations, had assembled *en masse* to welcome him. The old Park theatre had been converted, for that one night, into a splendid ball-room, and as darkness came on, in hundreds of dressing-rooms, the young and the lovely, ay, and many who were neither, were decking themselves for the festive scene. At a later hour innumerable carriages were rolling through the streets, bearing their precious freight to the appointed place; and hosts of tiny, satin-slippered feet tripped lightly up the broad stone steps and were lost in the crowd within. It was a splendid pageant. There were dancing plumes and sparkling gems—flashing eyes and flower-wreathed curls—the waving of banners—and over all and surrounding all, a dazzling

radiance, shed from the massive chandeliers that were suspended, at no distant intervals, from the lofty ceiling. Two young men—one of them, from his foreign dress and ignorance of those around him, evidently a stranger—were leaning against one of the large pillars, engaged in earnest conversation. They used their opera-glasses quite freely, and were apparently commenting on the beauties around them. At length their attention was drawn toward the door by the hum of voices and murmurs of admiration that greeted the entrance of a young lady, who appeared leaning on the arm of a fine-looking man, old enough to be her father. She was, indeed, surpassingly beautiful, but it was the swan-like grace and elegance of her movements, the soul that breathed from her features, the depth of feeling in her violet eyes, that involuntarily fixed the attention of the observer, and awoke in his breast an interest for which he could scarcely account. She was magnificently attired in a tunic dress of light-blue satin, with a rich embroidery of silver—and costly pearls were clasped about her throat, her rounded arms, and gleamed amid the heavy masses of her braided hair.

The young men did not speak until she had crossed the room and was hidden from their sight by the intervening crowd; then drawing a long breath, the stranger asked of his companion—“Frank, in the name of all that’s beautiful, who is that lovely creature?”

“That,” said Frank Stanley, “that is Miss Munro, our belle and heiress.”

“Miss Munro!” exclaimed the other, while his color was considerably heightened, “is that Miss Munro?”

“Why yes. What is there so surprising about it? Do you know her?”

“No,” was the reply, “but I have often heard of her.” Then after a pause, he added, “Can you present me?”

“Certainly, if you wish it,” rejoined his friend, and they crossed the apartment.

“Miss Munro, permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Gordon.” There was a low bow on the part of the gentleman, a courteous salutation on that of the lady, and after a few commonplace remarks, Elizabeth Munro was led to the dance by Frederick Gordon.

“The handsomest couple in the room by all odds,” said Frank Stanley. “I should not wonder if that should be a match yet. Gordon is half in love already, and if he undertakes to win her and does not succeed, I don’t know who can.” And with these words he turned away to join a group of friends who were chatting merrily at a little distance.

Arthur Talmadge, the young artist addressed, gazed upon the dancers sadly and earnestly for a few moments, and then murmuring—“Stanley is right—if he cannot win her who can?” he hurried from the ball-room. Nobly gifted, but poor and proud, he felt that he had nothing in common with that gay throng, and he bent his steps toward his own cheerless room.

And Frank Stanley and Arthur Talmadge were not the only ones who arrived at the same conclusion. One by one the admirers of Miss Munro—and their name was legion—dropped off until the field was left entirely to Frederick Gordon.

As may be supposed, he was not negligent in improving the advantage thus given him. Yet at the end of six months he felt no more secure of her favor than at the time of their first acquaintance. Her demeanor toward him was always courteous, and such as became a lady; she received his attentions frankly, but yet so calmly and quietly, that it was evident she felt none of the timidity of dawning love. Her cheek never brightened at his approach; her voice never faltered as she addressed him; her eye never wandered in search of him, neither did she repulse him, and so he hovered round her hoping that success would yet be his. She listened with a pleased ear to his glowing descriptions of other lands; her fine eyes were lit up with enthusiasm as he spoke of Italy, with her sunny skies, her gems of art, and her oppressed and degraded

children; of Greece, with her temples, beautiful even in their decay; of Egypt, that land of fable and mystery, and of the East, thronging as it does with memories and associations that stir the heart to its innermost depths. He was a fine reader, his voice was deep and thrilling, and when he read or recited the finest passages from Shakspeare, Milton or Wordsworth,

“Lending the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of his voice,”

Her cheek would glow, and her heart beat quickly. But all this might be without one throb of love for him, and he felt it. He could but observe, too, that she carefully avoided every thing like intimacy, and there was no heart communion between them—she never spoke of themselves; there was interchange of thought, but none of feeling, and strive as he might, he could not lift the veil that seemed imperviously drawn between their souls.

And when Frederick Gordon became aware of this, a shadow deeper and darker than any that he had ever before known, rested upon his pathway. He had returned from Europe fully determined to woo and win her for the sake of her wealth. Love, or any congeniality of feeling that might exist between them was but a secondary consideration. When he saw her that night in the ball-room, more beautiful almost than his wildest dream of beauty, emphatically “the star of the goodly companie;” when he learned that the proudest in the land had sued humbly yet vainly for her favor, pride came to the aid of his mercenary motives, and he resolved to bear off triumphantly the prize for which so many were contending. But when he was thrown almost daily into her presence the atmosphere of purity and goodness which surrounded her, made him feel much as we may suppose a fallen spirit might feel in the presence of an angel of light. He could not meet the glance of her clear eyes, that glance so holy, so unworldly, without a pang of remorse for the unworthy incentives that had first led him to seek her. And he learned to love her deeply—devotedly. His heart thrilled at the sound of her voice, the lightest echo of her footsteps, the mere touch of her fair hand. He would have taken her to his bosom, and called her his own sweet wife, with no other dowry than the love of her pure, trusting heart. Yes, at last even Frederick Gordon loved *disinterestedly*.

Alas, poor Lily Grey! While thy false lover was thus bowing at the shrine of another, did thy image never haunt him? Did no thought of thee ever awaken a sigh or a regret? Did he never drop a tear over thy memory?

In the large and elegant drawing-room of one of the most splendid mansions in Waverley Place, a fair girl had just listened to an impassioned declaration of love from one who stood before her, waiting breathlessly the faintest motion of her lips. But the lady spoke not; her rapidly varying color was the only evidence that she had even heard the eloquent words that had just fallen upon her ear. The young man spoke again, and this time his voice was more low and tremulous than before, for his heart was heavy with doubt and apprehension.

“Elizabeth—Miss Munro—this suspense is very, very terrible—will you not speak to me?”

A strange expression, like a sudden spasm of pain, passed over the face of the lady for a moment, and then she replied, calmly—“Did I hear you aright, Mr. Gordon? Did I understand you to say that you had never breathed words of love in the ear of another?”

The eyes of Elizabeth Munro were bent upon those of Frederick Gordon with a steady, searching gaze, and his own drooped before them. At length he said, falteringly—“Yes—no—that is, I was young—it was nothing more than a passing fancy—a mere flirtation with a pretty girl I met in the country.”

The red blood mounted to the lady’s brow, and her eye flashed as she took a small shell-

comb from her hair, and the long, brown curls that it had confined fell over her neck and shoulders. Then pushing back the ringlets from her forehead, and placing her finger upon a small scar upon her temple, she said slowly—"Frederick Gordon—do you know me now?"

The young man had not moved since he had last spoken, but remained with his eyes fixed upon the carpet. At the lady's words, however, he looked up suddenly, and brow, cheek and lip grew white—white as those of the dead. Then covering his face with his hand, as if to shut out some hateful vision, he exclaimed—"Lily Grey—Lily Grey—have you come even here to torment me?"

"She is even here," was the quiet reply, "and I presume it is unnecessary for me to say that the man whose pretended love for Lily Grey was a 'passing fancy,' a 'mere flirtation'—the man who for the sake of paltry gold so cruelly deserted the young being he had won, without a farewell word or line, can never claim the hand of Elizabeth Munro. Nay, hear me, Mr. Gordon," she added, as he would have interrupted her, "entreaties are useless, I can never be your wife, but I wish to explain some things which are probably mysteries to you. My name is Elizabeth Grey Munro. My father always called me his Lily, and by that pet name, too, I was called by Mr. and Mrs. Mason. When I went into the country to visit them it was a childish freak of mine to be called by my middle name, and be known as simple Lily Grey, rather than as the heiress Elizabeth Munro. Had you called to see me before your sudden departure, all would have been explained; but you chose to do otherwise, and of course I could put but one construction upon your conduct—that you were merely trifling with one whom you supposed your inferior in point of wealth, and that, finding you had gone rather farther than you intended, you wished to get rid of the affair as speedily as possible. I do not hesitate now to say that I once loved you, Frederick Gordon, as you did not deserve to be loved, but that passed—passed with the knowledge of your unworthiness. When we met in the ball-room I saw at once that you did not recognize me—five years had changed the young and timid girl who blushed at your approach into the woman, calm and self-possessed as yourself. You were blinded, too, by the fashion and glitter around me, and, in short, you looked not for Lily Grey in Elizabeth Munro."

"Oh, Lily, forgive, forgive," implored Frederick, throwing himself at her feet. "For sweet mercy's sake forgive and love me again as in other days, I have erred deeply—deeply—but I have repented also."

Tears rolled down the fair girl's cheeks as she replied, at the same time kindly extending her hand, "I do, I do forgive, for the sake of the love I once bore you—but that love I can never give you again. The chord is broken and will never vibrate more."

The young man rose and gazed wildly upon her face, but he read nothing there to give him hope, and clasping her hand for an instant, he rushed from her presence.

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Reader, upon one of those beautiful islands that, not far from Mackinaw, lie on the breast of Lake Huron, like the purest of emeralds in a setting of silver, there is a little, picturesque village where the magnificent steamers, that plow the lakes from Buffalo to Chicago, stop to take in wood and water. But a short distance from the village, and yet half-concealed by overshadowing trees, there stands a plain but strongly built house. There is nothing peculiar in its general appearance, and you would pass it almost unheeded, unless you chanced to perceive that the windows of the chamber in the south-east corner of the building were guarded by strong iron bars. If you looked yet more closely, you would see the form of a man, still in the prime of life, with fetters upon his wrists, his hair closely shaven, and the wild gleam of the

maniac in his eye, pacing the apartment, or gazing between the bars upon the broad expanse of waters. That face, once seen, will haunt you forever! In the yard, slowly walking back and forth, with his white hair streaming in the wind and his hands folded behind him, is often seen an old man, whose bowed form and trembling limbs speak of suffering even more plainly than of age. Anguish and remorse are stamped in legible characters upon his brow, and as he moves to and fro, the words come forth slowly and mournfully from his white lips—"Oh, Amy, Amy, thy prophecy is fulfilled!"

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One more scene—a more cheerful one we trust—and our story is ended. In a small, pleasant room, furnished with exquisite taste, half-buried in the crimson cushions of a luxurious chair, sat a young mother, and upon her lap lay her first born, a fair and delicate babe, whose tiny face seemed the miniature of the one that bent over it, save that the little rings that lay upon its forehead were of a darker hue. Very lovely was that young mother—more lovely than in the brightest days of her girlish beauty, as she reclined there in the simple, yet tasteful robe of a convalescent, her pale cheek half-shaded by the rich, brown curls that escaped from beneath her cap. Her eyes wandered often from the face of her babe to the door, and at length a glad smile sprang to her parted lips as she heard the sound of footsteps in the hall. The door opened, and a fine-looking man, whose intellectual face bore the unmistakable seal of genius, entered, and exclaiming joyously—"What—you here, Elizabeth? I have no words to tell you how glad I am to see you in our little sanctum again, my own sweet wife." He bent to kiss the lips that were raised lovingly to his. "And our precious little daughter, too—she is six weeks old to-day, is she not?"

"Yes, Arthur—and it is about time she had a name, I think. What shall we call her?"

The young husband paused for a moment, and tears gathered in his proud, dark eyes as he replied—"Let her name be Lily Grey, dearest. Had you never borne that name perhaps I could not call you mine now." And Arthur Talmadge—no longer poor and unappreciated, toiling for his daily bread—but Arthur Talmadge, the courted and honored artist, whose fame was in all the land, pressed his wife fondly to his bosom!

# “SETTLING TO A JEMIMA.”

SUGGESTED BY “MY NOVEL.”

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BY ALICE B. NEAL.

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Yet it was with a deep groan that I settled myself to a—Jemima. *Letter from Riccobocca to Lord L'Estrange.*

“And how do you like ‘My Novel,’ Frank?”

It was a very natural question under the circumstances. We had just finished two excellent cigars. St. Julian had an exquisite choice in the article, which I could fully appreciate. The fire was shining glowing red through the polished bars of the grate—the curtains were down, and the gas lighted. The library-table was strewn with papers, and new publications, and among the rest “Blackwood,” in its unpretending brown cover, laid half open, and the paper-cutter thrust between the leaves. That knife was a great favorite with my friend, who had brought it from Switzerland. The blade was of burnished silver, the handle the delicate foot of a chamois, preserved most perfectly. *I* might have hunted from Paris to Berne without lighting upon it; but these things always seemed to fall in the way of St. Julian, as if by the magnetic attraction of his refined taste.

The library could scarcely have been dignified by that title. It was a small room, suited to my friend's not over ample means, and fitted up with more of the bachelor air than the lounging-rooms of most Benedicts contrive to retain. Book-cases and tables of black walnut, the books being more valuable as rare editions, than from the extent of the collection, a few excellent engravings, and one beautiful head in oil, completed the appointments. We had dined, and nuts and wine were on the table before us. Mrs. St. Julian had absented herself on the plea of nursery engagements, possibly she thought we might like to chat without even her gentle restraint, of our old bachelor days. Considerate woman! Would that more of my married friends had possessed themselves of such a household treasure!

“How do I like Bulwer's last? Just the question you asked years ago, St. Julian, in the days of Pelham and Earnest Maltravers, when maiden aunts held up their hands in pious horror at the mere mention of his name, and young ladies doted on the “dear wicked books,” just because they were proscribed.”

“Exactly,” nodded St. Julian, knocking the silvery ashes from the tip of his Figaro.

“Bulwer is older now—and so are we, eh! and may be said to have sown the wild oats of authorship. I was bored to death by Harold.”

“And so was I. When I saw the announcement on the cover that Bulwer was about to take leave of fiction, I thought it was quite time.”

“Harold being ‘the last of the Saxons,’ a new era commenced. The Caxton's took me by surprise—at first I did not like it. The opening chapter was a cross of Tristram Shandy and ‘The Doctor’—the coarseness of the one, and metaphysics of the other being a little tempered—‘weakened,’ I called it, and threw the book aside. I heard everybody talking of it, and wondered how they could praise such trash.”

“Trash! the Caxton's trash!”

“Hold—I read it afterward; it was the only thing I could find on the counter of a country



bookseller to solace and support me through a long journey, otherwise, I candidly confess, I should not have chosen it. You know the route, the winter of my Floridian jaunt. Shut up in the cars passing through those North Carolina pine-lands, without interest or variety, with not a soul that I knew, or any physiognomy that I liked well enough to make acquaintance with—how I blessed the dogged obstinacy that had hitherto made it a sealed book to me. I read till the twilight deepened, and then I borrowed the conductor’s lantern, and read again.”

“And liked it as much as I do, no doubt.”

“More than I can tell you. You know I never was given to enthusiastic criticism. It was so new, so varied—the sentiment more than the incident, I mean. When ‘Alice’ was written, I should not have fancied the Caxton’s. I could not have understood the author’s reasonings—for you know it is, after all, more a philosophy than a romance.”

“Sound philosophy, too—nothing harsh or cynical in it, as one might naturally have expected from the domestic life of the author.”

“And that is the charm of ‘My Novel,’ it is the same subject continued; a homily against worldliness and selfishness, in the most charming guise, example as well as precept—and that so naturally drawn. Who does not pity Audley Egerton—giving life and soul to political ambition, or despise his sycophant Leslie, with his scheming, plotting brain.”

“Outwitted at last, of course. ‘Honesty the best policy,’ is the burden of the tale. Yet I pity Randall more than his dupe, your namesake, Frank; the one has *mens conscia recti* to support him in all his difficulties. I can fancy Leslie’s situation exactly. Ambitious by descent, as it were, and for the honor of his ancestors, as well as for personal ease and distinction, stung by the destitution and utter neglect of his home, refined in taste, one scarcely wonders that he becomes unscrupulous of means to the end.”

“And there is Frank, as you say, so honest and honorable, so generous—I have heard many objections to the possibility of his attractions to the brilliant Marchesa. But I can understand that, too. The world-wearied woman, longing for the honorable, generous love, for the repose of just such a heart, won most of all by the *genuineness* of the proffered love, accustomed as she had been so long to constant but unmeaning adulation.”

“Yes, I don’t think it at all unnatural; there is another thing some might think inconsistent, the union of the accomplished and elegant Riccobocca and his Jemima.”

“I confess, *I* cannot quite understand that. There is the same doctrine in the Caxtons—Mrs. Caxton, you know; and yet Pissistratus found sympathy in a mind attuned to his own; and L’Estrange must have his Violante, after all. In this, I think, our author contradicts himself a little.”

“I do not think so,” St. Julian said, more warmly. “Bulwer’s theory seems to me, that in the close friendship of domestic life, some natures need restraint, some repose, while others, on the contrary, would be ruined without stimulus. Harley’s was one of these—Riccobocca, on the contrary, *needed* his Jemima.”

“I see the theory, and I see it carried out in daily life. For my part, if ever I marry”—and here I involuntarily touched the rapidly thinning locks on my temples—“if ever I marry, it must be a brilliant, cultivated woman, one that would command general admiration—I hate your jealous, selfish men—one that would force me to keep up to her mark. I must confess, I wonder at half the marriages now-a-days—men of talent united to women who do not look as if they had ever opened a book in their lives, or would have the courage to criticise it if they had—good enough—amiable enough—but lacking spirit—originality.”

Here I paused in my energetic disclaimer—it was getting a little awkward; our

acquaintances had often remarked the same of St. Julian, and he must know it; indeed, I had often wondered at his choice mentally; I found his eyes fixed on mine, as I faltered, with a peculiar, penetrating expression, and I fancied I saw his color heighten.

He was the first to relieve the embarrassing silence; with one of his own fine smiles he said, "Yes, just such a wife would suit you—I know it, and you have not found her. I thought so once of myself. I am wiser now. Acknowledge"—and here the smile came and went again—"that you were thinking of my Minny that moment. Come, tell the truth, Frank—you won't offend me by doing so, I assure you."

"Well, on oath then, I was; though I never should have said so if you had not asked me. Even intimate friendship has no right to touch on such points. Every one must decide for themselves, is my theory; and no one has a right to question the choice. I confess, I have often thought I should like to know all about it though—how, with all your fire and imagination, you could have been content with simple amiability."

"Minny has more than that," St. Julian said, warmly. "She has great depth of feeling, cultivation, and correct judgment. I grant she is not what the world calls brilliant—a brilliant woman never would have suited me for a wife."

"Your opinion has changed since our college days," I could not help saying.

"Many of my opinions," said Frank. "But in this I was aided by one of the most brilliant women I have ever met."

"She rejected you, I suppose, and taught you wisdom through wounded self-love."

"No—yes—if it can be called rejection when I never offered any thing but admiration. But you shall hear all about it, if you would like it."

"Of all things."

"Well, then, you must not interrupt me, or ever mention it again. I believe it is a little pride in the support of my theory that urges me to the confession. Sometimes I like to bring her before me, however—but I always turn to the thought of Minny with *such* satisfaction."

I believed him as he said it. His face was lighted by an honest heart; I did not believe Mrs. St. Julian herself would have been wounded—tenacious as all women are of predecessors—could she have heard the conclusion.

"Beatrice—that was her name," said St. Julian, stretching his slippered feet more comfortably toward the fire; "and I always thought no other would have suited her. She came to pass the winter in St. Louis, the first year I commenced practice there. Such an arrival, of course, made some stir in our circle; society was not as good, or as large there then as it is now. She was a widow—don't look alarmed, Frank, you never would have believed she had been married, but for a certain ease and assured manner, not the bold, pushing way, assigned to widows generally—and vulgarly, too, let me say. They told me she was about twenty-four, with a small but comfortable income, and had married a man she could not love. He proved to be dishonorable in business transactions, though a man of fascinating manner and cultivated mind. I know a dozen such men, and could see that while she had gained much intellectually by the association, her heart must have been starved.

"I remember distinctly the first time I saw her. Anthon, my partner, visited her, and from him I had taken a dislike to her. I fancied she was in the old style, a cautious, calculating coquette, expecting general homage. I was determined she should receive none from me.

"So I rather avoided her—and we met quite by accident at the house of a mutual acquaintance. The introduction startled me—she was so unlike what I imagined—a small, coquettish figure, and face marked by vivacity; on the contrary, she was tall and stately, a

superb head, well set, curved red lips, a fine quivering nostril, excuse the expression, and eyes—that haunted me for years. Those are her eyes”—and he pointed to the picture I had before remarked over the mantle—“except that no painter could ever give their changeful, thrilling light. The picture is an Italian head—I saw it in Florence, and could not resist the purchase.

“She was quiet, and rather reserved in manner. Afterward her face changed when the conversation turned upon something that interested her. I controverted some opinion she had advanced. I was a little piqued at her total neglect of me, when I had expected a display of attractions for my benefit. I shall never forget the first brilliant flash of those eyes, as they turned full upon me.

“‘You have thought much upon this subject, then,’ she said, quietly, but I fancied with a covert sarcasm.

“My comment must have betrayed my utter ignorance of the matter—but I had not expected such quick detection. I spoke at random, as I often did in those days, more to draw her attention upon myself than for any interest I had in the conversation. But I rallied, and tried to sustain my ground with all the sophistry I could command; the rest listened, and I saw all my powers of argument and wit called forth by her close and simple reasoning. She was naturally sarcastic. I saw she controlled the spirit in a measure, still her repartee humbled me not a little; pride as well as vanity was roused at the encounter. Yet she held out her hand to me in parting, with a beautiful smile, intended to be conciliating, I saw, as she said,

“‘When we meet again, I hope we shall agree more readily.’

“Anthon had often asked me to call with him at her house, for she had decided to remain with us, and her late husband’s aunt superintended her household. After this encounter, I was more determined than ever not to go, but an indescribable fascination impelled me. Her face haunted me—in business, in leisure; her eyes rose up before me; I found myself trying to recall the tones of her voice. I wished so much to hear her sing—I had been told she was an accomplished musician—I was sure she must sing enchantingly. Even in conversation, her low, clear voice thrilled you.

“She welcomed me pleasantly; almost with marked warmth, at least Anthon thought so, and rallied me afterward upon my conquest. She proposed music herself in the pauses of conversation, and sung—not with any apparent desire to win admiration, but because it was a pleasure to herself, and to us. At least, I was obliged to confess this to myself, and I felt my prejudice giving way, with every bar of her delicious music. Perhaps she counted on the power the harp possessed of old to exorcise evil spirits.

“I could but think of Lady Geraldine—the poem had just appeared then, and had been the subject of our discussion.

‘Ah! to see or hear her singing, scarce I know which is divinest.  
For her looks sing too—she modulates her gestures on the tune,  
And her mouth stirs with the song-like song: And where the notes are finest—  
’Tis the eyes that shoot out oral light, and seem to swell them on.’

“I could go on with the next stanza,” St. Julian added, taking up the volume he had referred to again.

‘Then we talked—O, how we talked! Her voice so cadenced in the talking,  
Made another singing of the soul—a music without bars.’

“And so for many and many an evening, for there never was moth more fascinated than I

became, and yet she had never shown me any decided preference. She was a great favorite in society, and always surrounded by admirers. I wondered she could have endured half their fulsome flatteries. I used to turn from the circle in perfect disgust, mentally accusing her of coquetry and vanity. Yet, after all, it was perhaps but jealousy in me.

“So the winter passed—meeting her constantly, and we became what is called good friends.

“Sometimes she claimed my services as her escort in walks or rides. I was only too glad to be near her. I knew that those around her did not understand her as I did. That she often turned from them all to her books and music for companionship. The pride and ambition of my nature found a response in hers—the vague dissatisfaction with tame reality—the thirst for change and variety—the search for sympathy with these wild visions—all that made up my inner life.

“Every one passes through this mood in early life. With some, it is scarcely more than depression or dissatisfaction; with me, it had long been a wild unrest. This was often her mood—I was sure of it when the chords of her music deepened, or that tremulous quivering of the lip, betrayed the inward strife.

“Once we were riding—the active exercise suited her spirit, she needed the rapid excitement of a bounding steed. So we came dashing homeward, our horses covered with mud and foam, for she was more than usually self-absorbed, and seemed to forget how rapidly we rode. It was a dreary November afternoon, the sky closed in with chill, gray clouds, the fading sunlight sickly and uncertain. We were passing a recent clearing for a new bye-road to some little town. Many noble trees lay felled beside our path, and, at a little distance, we noticed a flickering flame. Some freak had prompted the woodman to fire a tall ash, that stood relieved in graceful outline. One half of the trunk was completely consumed, the fire burning upward steadily from the roots, had hollowed out a channel for itself, and, while the tree stood up bare and tall, was eating out its very heart and life. It startled me for a moment; but Beatrice reined in her horse suddenly, and pointing to it with her riding-whip, said—

““There—do you know what that is? Have you ever felt it?”

“Her tone—her glance conveyed all her meaning. I, too, had thought the emblem truthful. I was sure now that I understood her. But we neither of us spoke again until we reached home.

“Yet I would not tell her that I loved her—I had no right to think it was returned. Sometimes I thought so, when she turned to me with more than her usual confidence, or welcomed me with one of her loving smiles. I would have given worlds for the power to ask her, but something always repelled me. So I thought of her alone—I sought her society day after day, and from the very intensity of my feelings came a coldness and reserve that I did not feel.

“One night, she had been asked in a small circle of intimate friends to read ‘Lady Geraldine,’ aloud. Miss Barret then was almost an unknown name, even in literary circles, and Beatrice was her warm admirer. Already familiar with every line of the poem, it received new grace and power from her lips. It suited her spirit, and her presence. She lost herself in the heroine, and I hung near her, carried away by the poet’s expression of all I felt for the beautiful creature before me.

“I suppose ‘my heart was in my eyes.’ Once, she looked up; and, for an instant, her glance met my own.

“Here is the passage—

‘But at last there came a pause. I stood all vibrating with thunder,

Which my soul had used. The silence drew her face up like a caul.

Could you guess what word she uttered? She looked up, as if in wonder,

With tears beaded on her lashes, and said—‘Bertram!’ it was all.’

“Yes—that instant glance ‘was all;’ and yet it thrilled me with love and hope. Its yearning—almost agonized—tenderness, I cannot describe to you. I never saw such a glance from woman before or since.”

St. Julian rose, and began pacing the carpet before me, as he spoke, more rapidly.

“Yet, that very night, we spoke coldly and proudly to each other. She, perhaps—well I cannot tell for what reason; but it stung me, and I answered bitterly and hastily, and said to myself I would never see her again.

“We did not meet again for more than a year, strange as it seems, moving in the same small orbit. I passed her now and then with a beating heart, as I recognized her face or form upon the side-walk: she—with the same calm smile of recognition; I—with a cold and hasty bow. I grew almost to hate her—yet I could not: in the depth of my heart, I yearned to speak to her again; though I called her selfish and a coquette, most of all, in memory of that look.

“But, at last, we met; as unexpectedly as at first, and in the same house. There was every thing to remind me of the past. She was unchanged, save a softened manner, and that her dark dress was relieved by crimson ornaments, which suited her wonderfully well.

“She came toward me with extended hand, and as if we had just met from a journey.

“‘Will you come and see me?’ she said: ‘we shall find a great deal to talk about, and I have some new songs I am sure you will like:’ and I was surprised into acquiescence. All that evening I watched her—as she moved, the centre of admiration, when she smiled, or spoke; she was so very, very beautiful!—the eloquent color, the constant play of features. Once, I *fancied* her eyes turned toward me, with something of that remembered glance.

“I went home like one in a delirium; all my love rushed back—the stronger, that the current had been so long checked. I murmured her name—with the fondest intonations—the silence echoed ‘Beatrice! Beatrice! My arms seemed to clasp her to my heart! I seemed to shower kisses on those loving eyes! It was a mad, intoxicating dream!

“Every fibre of my frame thrilled to the welcoming pressure of her hand. She was alone, in the little winter parlor I remembered so well. A warm, crimson carpet muffled the tread, the glass doors of the conservatory stood slightly ajar, filling the atmosphere with the odorous breath of the heliotrope and sweet-scented daphne. Crimson curtains fell in heavy folds to the floor, her piano and harp stood in the accustomed places, the fire burned low, and wax lights, in massive silver candlesticks, stood at one end of the room. It was all so familiar, the gleaming of the single bust in the corner, upon its marble pedestal, the Magdalen, her favorite picture—which I wondered at at first—hung near it, and there was her own portrait, faithful to the life, with *those eyes* looking down upon me. Perhaps she thought me sad, for she proposed music, and I leaned on the mantle and listened. At first it was a gay song; but that was not suited to her mood, and gradually she glided into those mournful strains of Schubert and Mendelssohn, which she knew to be my favorites of old.

“When she ceased—the last chords of voice and instrument still vibrating in the silence—she rose, and came slowly toward me. It was in my heart to tell her all; but she said—

“‘You have often told me I was unlike other women. It is a dangerous compliment. No woman can be happy who is unlike her sex: I have come to that conclusion at last. But, to show you that you were not mistaken in the past, I am going to tell you something about myself.’

“Here she held out her hand to me—oh! how impressive that touch, yet how kind!—and raised her eyes to mine, with a calm, searching look as a sister might have done.

“I understood you when we first met. We were so much alike—skeptical perhaps in heart and creed. Restless, wandering, seeking rest and finding none. It was not strange that I turned

toward you—that I thought I loved you—close sympathy was the element of love I longed for. I was unhappy away from you; your words, and tone, and glance had more power over me than you ever dreamed of. I longed sometimes—in my loneliness and solitude—to hear you tell me that my love was returned, to feel your arm about me, your kiss upon my forehead, your eyes fixed on mine—as once I saw them—above all, to hear your voice murmur Beatrice, dearest! all wild passionate words—that my heart yearned for. Had you sought me then, I, no doubt, should now have been your wife!

“Beatrice, my wife! My head swam, she must have seen my frame tremble with the thought.

“But we were separated,” she said, still calmly; I wondered at her calmness, when I was so shaken, ‘and since then I am changed. Life has assumed a different hue: I am calmer’—yes, I could see that and almost curse her calmness—‘I can be thankful that you did not ask me to be your wife; we shall both be happier; and, as friends, we may still be of much use to each other.’

“Last night was the test of all my resolutions—at first, when I met your hand, your glance, they wavered: the old time rose before me—the old yearning for sympathy with my mad moods; but I fortified them by new purposes, and I was thankful for the trial. Shall we be friends?”

“But why, O, why, Beatrice,” I said for the first time—“why not more?”

“Because our natures are *too much* alike. Both too impulsive—too sensitive—too imaginative. Life, and its trials, and associations are real. I need something to oppose the blast—we should both bend one way. The fire that raged so fiercely could but soon die out, or consume all that fed it. Do you not see this?”

“Yes, I knew, she was true, she was right; I have felt it a hundred times since, but then I only felt all I had lost—all I was so near possessing—that all hope was past. I knew it by her tone, her manner, the gentle pressure of her hand. I knew her self-control must be the effect of an irrevocable judgment—it was a mood foreign to her, and could not be long sustained.

“What more wild words I said, I can easily imagine, and her flushed cheek told me the struggle that they caused within; but I had no right thus to act upon her generous confession, and at length I listened to her gentle reasoning.

“‘If I ever marry,’ she said, ‘it must be one whose judgment is not controlled by his feelings, who can understand, yet not share, in these wild moods you would only encourage. It must be strength of will and tenderness combined that can control me. You need repose as much as I. We are friends you know—I read your heart better than you can yourself—your wife must also be firm and gentle. I should in the end only make you miserable.’”

“Well,” I said, as St. Julian paused in apparent forgetfulness of my presence.

“Well, as you say—I did not cease to hope from her impulsive moods until I knew that she was to be married. When she found it was so, she avoided me; it *was* base to presume on her generous frankness.”

“So she is married?”

“To a man others say the very reverse of herself—but I understand it, and believe her to be happy—and I took her advice, at length, and sought out a Jemima! no, my Minny is more like Mrs. Caxton of the two, and is far too good a wife for me. Beatrice would have made me miserable, I believe.”

I smiled as he settled himself complacently in the lounging chair from which he had risen, and returned to a quiet contemplation of the fire, the very picture of the contented husband, after all that utterance of enthusiastic feeling—but when Mrs. St. Julian came quietly into the room, a few moments after, with her pretty basket of needle-work, and her cheerful, household face, I could not but think that my friend was right after all in his choice, and that I, too, after a

few more hesitating years, might be glad to find myself settled to *such* a Jemima.

# SNOW FLAKES.

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BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

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They fall, as one by one they come  
A silent gift of starry light,  
Concealing every spot and stain  
With robe of purest white—

As Charity, with words of peace,  
Her downy mantle covers o'er  
The little faults of those we love—  
So fall the snow flakes evermore.



# A LIFE OF VICISSITUDES.

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BY G. P. R. JAMES.

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[Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1852, by GEORGE PAYNE RAINSFORD JAMES, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.]

*(Concluded from page 618.)*

## THE DREAMS FULFILLED.

I slept not one wink that night. I can compare the state of my mind to nothing but a still, deep piece of water, suddenly stirred by a strong wind. Thought was a confused mass of waves, flowing one into the other, and hurrying away into some new form, ere they could be measured or defined. Toward morning, however, one of the memories the most prominent became that of the surprise which had been shown by the Count and Countess de Salins at my having seen and conversed with the Marquis de Carcassonne. I dwelt upon it. I pondered. I scrutinized it. "The murderer of my father!" I thought; "how did he murder him? Was it in a duel: by an act which good Father Bonneville, with his strong principles, might look upon as murder?" No—there must have been something more. What the count had said in regard to the other's guilt showed that it was by no common occurrence my father fell. There must have been something more; and what that was I determined to ascertain. Not that I thought of taking vengeance on the pitiful dying worm I had seen—he was not worthy of it. The extinction of his few short hours of life would offer but poor satisfaction. "Better leave him in the hand of God," I thought, "who knows all and sees all, and is just as well as merciful." Nevertheless, I was determined to know how my father fell, and that without any long delay. I knew that where there is a strong will, means are rarely wanting to accomplish even the most improbable ends: but, after long meditation, I saw but one way of arriving at my object: "I will go to the old man," I thought, "and drive him to tell me all. I will strengthen my mind, and harden my heart, and compel him to divulge the dark secret within his breast."

Such was my first resolution, and it was that to which I recurred; but, in the mean time, another plan suggested itself, which I tried, but which failed. I thought that, very probably, the Count de Salins himself would give me information; and as the mind—especially of youth—is always fond of accomplishing more than one object at a time, I resolved to go down the very next day, and pass an hour or two with Mariette, at the same time I sought the information I required. There was one thing, however, which embarrassed me a good deal—not that it presented itself to my mind in any definite shape; but it had crossed my thoughts like a vague, unpleasant shadow more than once during the night. I do not know that I can very well explain myself distinctly—that I can make any one else, even those for whom these pages are written, and who understand me best, comprehend fully the state of my mind at that moment. I should perhaps have said, in common parlance, the state of my heart, but mind had something to do with it likewise. Let me try, however.

The Mariette of the past, the Mariette of the present, seemed to me, as it were, two beings in one. The long interval which had occurred between our parting and meeting again, rendered

them, as it were, distinct—a child and a woman. But yet that interval had been bridged over by constant remembrance. I had never forgotten her. I had never ceased to think of her. She had taken such a hold of my young affections, that nothing had ever been able to remove them from her, and thin, filmy lines of thought had been carried backward and forward, between the past and the present, like the threads of a spider's web. When we had been boy and girl, I had often looked forward to the period when we should be man and woman, and I had again and again fancied that Mariette would be my wife—my own for ever. Now we were man and woman, the process was reversed; and fancy ran back to childhood. I saw in her the sister of my early days, my dearly loved play-fellow and plaything. I began to think, indeed, that I loved her better now—not that the least particle of the former love was lost: it was the foundation of all, but another love was being built up upon it. I did not know, indeed, how far that edifice was completed. I would not examine, I would not inquire, I would not scan my own heart and its feelings, although I was conscious that all the thought and anxiety I had lately bestowed upon her could hardly arise without deeper feelings than those of boyhood, or exist without increasing them. I must not say that I *resolved* or that I *intended* any thing; for where Mariette was concerned, I did not pause to resolve or to intend. All I desired or looked for was, to make her happy by any means, to remove her for ever from poverty, and to share with her all I had to share. But there was one difficulty, and it was this: I knew not how to explain to her the source of my present affluence—to tell her, or her father, or her mother, that even for a short few days I had been wedded to another. In my present feelings toward her, it seemed as if I had been unfaithful to her—as if I had robbed her of a part of the affection which was her due, in giving any share of my love to poor Louise.

If I felt so, what—I asked myself, might she not feel? How might she bear the thought of being the second in my love? I knew well myself that she was not the second. That she was the first, the best beloved; but could I persuade her of that? And even if I did—would she not think my conduct the more base and wrong in having wedded another? If—by any chance—such early visions as I had indulged, had produced in her the same sort of indefinite impression—that we were bound to each other from very childhood—from which I could not divest my own mind, what would she think of my having forgot the bond, for even so short a period?

I did not know woman's heart. I was not aware of how much less selfish, how much less exacting is woman's love.

But let me go on with my story. These thoughts embarrassed me as I walked along toward her father's cottage. That my previous marriage must be told, sooner or later, I well knew; but how to do it puzzled me, and the probable effect alarmed me.

As I was thus meditating, just at the turn of the lane from Lee, I came suddenly full upon Westover. He was on foot, and gazing very thoughtfully down upon the ground. I will not pause to dwell upon my feelings; for though they were bitter and bad, ungenerous and unkind, they were very transitory. So deep was his reverie that he did not see me till we were close together, but then he held out his hand frankly, and I am afraid I gave mine very coldly, hardly pausing in my walk.

“Why, De Lacy!” he exclaimed, “you seem in great haste?”

“I have found out the friends I have been so long seeking, Captain Westover;” I answered, “and am now going to see them.”

“Captain Westover!” he replied. “Well: so you have found them out; and, therefore, I have had my trouble for nothing.”

His tone, more than his words, made me feel a little ashamed.

“What trouble do you allude to?” I asked.

“Two journeys to Lewisham,” he answered, laughing. “A long conversation with an old woman in a chandler’s shop, and the cross-examination of a tax-gatherer.”

“Indeed!” I said. “And why did you take all this trouble?”

“Merely to ascertain,” replied Westover, “if the lady of the rose cottage, with the beautiful eyes, was in reality your long-lost love, Marietta de Salins. My chandleress could only inform me on Saturday, that it was a French gentleman who inhabited the cottage, with his wife and daughter: that they called him the count; but count or no count, he taught French for two shillings a lesson. The tax-gatherer, she said, could tell me more about them: but the tax-gatherer happened to be absent, dunning some poor devils, I dare say, and so I came down again to-day, and discovered that it is, indeed, a Count de Salins who lives there with his wife and daughter, though how that can be, I cannot make out, for you told me that the count was dead. However, I was just now coming up to tell you what I have found out, and to force a piece of advice upon you.”

I was now heartily ashamed of the feelings with which I had met him, but I explained that I had been deceived with regard to the death of Monsieur de Salins, and then asked in our old friendly tone, what was the advice he intended to give me.

He put his arm through mine, and walked on with me.

“The fact is, De Lacy,” he said, in a meditative way, “you are furiously in love, my dear fellow—far enough gone to be as jealous as a spaniel-dog. Now do not suppose that I am angry with this—for it is very natural; nor even that I should be so, if I found out that, in your innermost thoughts, you fancied just now that I came down here upon some blackguard errand—for there are so many of us in London who care not, so long as they hold their honor fair toward men, how dishonorably they act toward women, that such a supposition might be very natural, too. I see the suspicions have vanished, however, and so now to business. Let me, however, premise one thing. It is perfectly unnatural, and out of the ordinary course of events, that one young man should take a strong and affectionate interest in another, and endeavor to serve him upon perfectly unselfish principles. This postulate is granted. As in what I am going to say, I wish to serve you, I must either be an unnatural monster of generosity, or I must have some selfish motive. That is a fair inference, I think? Well, then, I admit the selfish motives. I do wish to serve you upon principles purely personal. My motives I cannot tell you at present, but I will tell you before I return to my regiment—perhaps, at the very last minute. All this I have said, to convince you of my sincerity, in order that you may take my advice as that of a sincere friend. Now, this love of yours will hurry you on very rapidly, and, without a little prudence, we shall have nothing but marryings and givings in marriage. My advice is, be discreet and patient. Make love as much as ever you like, but do not marry in a great hurry. If you do, you may injure yourself irreparably. Things are, I trust, looking fair for you. You are young, and your fair lady must be a good deal younger. You can both afford to wait a little, and it will be much better for you to do so.”

“Very good advice, Westover,” I replied; “but could you follow it yourself in my case?”

“I have waited two years myself,” he answered, “and shall probably have to wait two years more, exactly upon the same principles—but without half the strong motives which should induce you to wait, if you knew all.”

I paused for an instant, looking down thoughtfully and somewhat bitterly.

“I do not know all, Westover,” I replied, “but I am determined that I soon will. You, indeed, seem to know more of me than I do myself; at least, if I may judge from your words at present,

and I do not see why a stranger should have such information when it is denied to me.”

“No stranger,” replied Westover, shaking my hand, as we were now near the cottage door, “but however that may be, De Lacy, take my advice: be patient—be prudent; engage yourself by any ties you like; but do not hurry your marriage, at least, till I am able to speak further, and to tell you more—and now, good bye; come and see me in London; to-morrow, if you can, but come and see me often; for I do not feel very sure whether it is the living or the dead part of my regiment I am going to join in a few weeks.”

I paused for a few moments before I went up to the house; but, on knocking at the door, I was told by the little servant-girl that the count had got his class with him. I then asked for Madame de Salins. She was out, the girl said, but *Miss* de Salins was at home. O, how horrible that frightful epithet of *Miss* struck me, when applied to my Mariette. I asked to see her, however, and was shown into a little room just opposite that in which I had been the day before. Mariette was sitting reading, and bright and beautiful she looked in her homely attire. She was evidently very glad to see me; and I was glad to see she was a little agitated, too; for she had been so much calmer than I was at our first meeting, that I had teased myself with the thought ever since of her loving me less than I loved her. She told me that her father would not be free for two or three hours, but that her mother would soon be back, and would be very glad to see me. I said I would wait to see Madame de Salins, though I feared I could not remain till her father was at liberty. O, how artful I had become! By this manœuvre I gained nearly an hour of sweet conversation with Mariette, a short interview with Madame de Salins, and a good excuse for coming again on the following day.

I do not remember distinctly one word of the conversation between Mariette and myself; but I do know that, to me, it was very delightful: that we dwell much upon former times, every thought of which was full of young affection; that Mariette had forgot nothing any more than myself, and that the memories of those days seemed as dear to her as they were to me. We carried our minds so completely back to the past: we plunged into childhood again so deeply, that I almost expected she would come and sit down upon my knee, and put her arms round my neck, and coax me to give her some trifle, or to gather her some flower beyond her reach.

Then again, we talked of our wanderings and all the vicissitudes we had seen; and, once or twice, we came very near the subject of my journey to Hamburgh. When we did so, I fancied that I could see a peculiarly grave and almost sorrowful expression come into her beautiful eyes, and I remarked that she seemed quite as willing to turn the conversation in another direction as myself. However, nothing painful of any kind occurred in that short interview—short, O, how short it seemed, and how very speedy the return of Madame de Salins.

When she did come, she was very, very happy to see me. Time had made no difference in her feelings toward me. I was still to her the boy she had known and loved in France and Germany; and I felt, between Mariette and her mother, at least, there would be no need of ceremony: that with or without excuse, I should always be to them a welcome guest—nay, not a guest, a friend, a son, a brother. With Monsieur de Salins, however, it might be different, and, therefore, to make sure of another day, I forced myself to depart before he appeared.

On the following day I was there half an hour earlier than that at which I knew he would be free from his class, and that half-hour was spent with Mariette and Madame de Salins as happily as it could be.

My interview with Monsieur de Salins was not quite so satisfactory. He was as kind indeed as I could expect, and spoke of, what he called, my services to his wife and daughter with more gratitude than any little thing I had done for them could deserve. But in regard to that which

was nominally the principal object of my visit, he maintained a reserve which I could not vanquish. He made use of no evasions, used no subterfuges, but met my inquiries at once with a refusal to comply. I referred to what he had said regarding the Marquis de Carcassonne, and pointed out to him that his words were calculated to excite surprise and curiosity, even if I had not previously received intimations which had equally astonished me.

“I was incautious,” replied Monsieur de Salins; “but it will be better for you, my young friend, to wait for further explanations till the time when they can be given to you by persons much better qualified to enter into all the details than I am. In fact, I deeply regret that I came near so painful a subject at all, and beg you to pardon my having done so, when taken by surprise.”

I could gain no further information from him; but I lingered yet for an hour or two in conversation with himself, Mariette, and her mother, walked with them in the little garden behind the cottage, talked of shrubs and flowers, and every thing the furthest removed from the subjects which really occupied my mind, and at length returned home, resolving to visit London, and see the Marquis de Carcassonne the next day.

I made the attempt accordingly, but was disappointed. I saw the old French apothecary in his shop, and learned from him that his lodger was out. The man seemed to have no recollection of me, and was somewhat more civil than at our previous meeting. His answer to my question was prompt and unhesitating, and I judged that he was not deceiving me. I was therefore obliged, unwillingly, to wait for another opportunity, and turned my steps toward the lodging of Westover, in Brook street. It was one of those days, however, when every one is out, and merely leaving my card, I returned to Blackheath, having accomplished nothing.

My next task was to get the Count de Salins to bring Mariette and her mother to spend a day at our cottage; and I quietly prompted Father Bonneville to ask the whole party, in his own name, for the Monday following, when the count’s class did not meet.

Etiquette, and ceremonies, and conventionalities, were very much laid aside at this time amongst the poor French emigrants. We had so much need of all the comforts and sympathies of social life, such scanty means of keeping up the stately reserves which had previously existed in France—covering, it must be confessed, a multitude of glaring vices—that we were glad to seize upon any occasion of enjoying a little friendly intercourse in a land where we were generally poor, and strangers, and by the great mass of the vulgar utterly despised.

The invitation was accepted frankly, and I set to work to devise how the day might be made to pass pleasantly for all parties. I had a very beautiful garden, now rich in flowers, and a gate at the back opened into some pleasant fields. There was nothing very striking in the scenery around, but there was a soft rural beauty rarely to be met with, so near a great capital. I planned walks in directions which we were not destined to take. I decorated our two sitting-rooms with nosegays of the flowers which Mariette had loved in childhood. I laid her little book of reading-lessons on the table, and a withered violet beside it, which she had given to me in its beauty, and which I had kept ever after between the leaves of the book. I arranged every thing, in short, as far as possible, to carry her mind back to the past, and, in my own eagerness, I felt very much like a child again myself.

One thing, however, I avoided. Neither in the dinner I had ordered, nor in any of the arrangements did I suffer any thing like great expense, or an attempt at display, to appear. Every thing was simple, though every thing was comfortable and good. As I went about early in the morning, busying myself with a thousand trifles, I could see Father Bonneville’s eyes following me, while a quiet smile played about his lips. I saw that he comprehended, in some degree at

least, what was going on in my heart, and that he did not even care to conceal his amusement at the eagerness which, if he had ever known, he knew no longer.

The morning was as bright and beautiful as could be. Nature seemed to smile upon me. There might be a few clouds, but they were only such as fancy sometimes brings over a happy heart. There had been a light shower, indeed, in the night, but it had only sufficed to lay the dust and soften the ground, and render the rich unequalled verdure of England the more brilliant.

Our friends were to come to breakfast, and they appeared punctually at the hour. O, how warmly did I welcome them, and how happy did Mariette's presence make me there. The very memory of that day is so sweet that I could dwell—even now—upon all the details with childish fondness. Fancy one of your own dreams of early delight, and spread it through a bright, glorious summer-day, and you will comprehend the passing of the next twelve hours to me.

But I must pass over much of what we did. Monsieur de Salins was suffering a good deal—as I found was still frequently the case—from the effect of his old wounds; but he sat out in the garden with Father Bonneville, while I, and Madame de Salins and Mariette, wandered about amongst the shrubs and flowers. Dinner had been ordered early, that we might not lose the cool of the evening for any ramble we might choose to take, and I suggested two or three little expeditions, all of which were determined upon in turn, but ultimately abandoned. To my surprise, however, I found, at length, that Mariette—though residing so long in the neighborhood—had never visited a spot celebrated in history, and exquisitely beautiful in itself, but which has long since lost one of its best charms from the multitudes which throng thither on a summer's day. I speak of Greenwich park. Madame de Salins said that she had often thought of going thither with her daughter, but it was too far from their house for them to walk, and they could not afford a carriage. I pressed them both to go that evening; they were a mile nearer: we had but to cross the heath—and then I proposed to send for the pony-phaeton, and drive them over. That Madame de Salins would not hear of, and she feared the fatigue of a walk. Mariette looked a little disappointed, perhaps; and her father—who watched every look of his child's face with earnest affection—exclaimed:

“You two go, my children. Never mind us, we will enjoy ourselves here—there can be no objection, I suppose?” he added, turning to his wife.

“Oh! none,” replied Madame de Salins, at once. “She is as safe with Louis as with a brother.”

It is but fair that fortune—who so often amuses herself with putting out of joint our best devised schemes—should, at rare intervals, make us compensation thus, by bringing about, through little accidents, that which we desire, but dare not hope for.

With Mariette's arm drawn through mine, we set out upon our walk across the heath. I fancied that I felt a tremor in her hand, and I was glad of it—although, after all, I am not sure that it did not increase my own. It seemed as if the crisis of my fate was approaching, and I knew—I felt now, for the first time, what it is to love passionately, earnestly. When I remembered my sensations in all the events which occurred at my marriage with poor Louise—deep, strong, earnest as they were—my anxiety to spare her any pain—my ardent longing to give her any happiness—the tender, heartfelt desire to save, to cherish and to comfort her—and compared them, by one of those brief, rapid, but comprehensive glances of the mind, with all I experienced at present, I comprehended, at once, that I had never really loved till now, and that, whatever she might think, I could give to Mariette the first true offering of my heart. I had

never known what it was to feel the sort of trepidation that now seized upon me. It was like a gambler's last throw. Every thing seemed staked—hope, happiness, life itself, upon the decision of that hour. Wait? That was impossible. In the fiery eagerness that possessed my heart—in the passionate desire to know my fate, I would sooner have plunged into the sea, than wait till the dawn of another day.

There are certainly means of communication between heart and heart—call them by what name you will—sympathies—instincts, any thing you please—which go far beyond words—run before them—indicate without audible sounds, or tangible signs, or even looks, that which is passing within one bosom to another in harmony with itself. I had said nothing that I know of to make Mariette believe I loved her. My conduct toward her had been unchanged since first we met. I had been afraid to display, in any way, the feelings that were busy at my heart. But, yet I am right certain that ere we passed the garden-gate, she was conscious that her fate and mine depended on the words to be spoken during that walk. Yes, yes, yes, dear girl! Her hand trembled as it rested on my arm, and she kept a little farther from me than our early affection might have justified, as if there were some awe within her bosom at the decision which was to bring us so close to one another.

For a quarter of a mile we did not say a word; and then I began any how—sure to bring the conversation round, before I had done, to the one sole subject of my thoughts. I believe I talked great nonsense. I felt it at the time. I almost feared she would think I had drank too much wine; for I could not keep my ideas fixed upon that of which I was speaking. I soon found that utterly indifferent subjects would not do. I knew the worst part of the task that was before me, and I determined to approach it at once. Yet I did not succeed in my first attempt. I thought if I spoke of her father's situation, of my anxious, longing desire that he and his should share in all I possessed, and if I tried to enlist her on my side in persuading him to yield any pride and prejudice which opposed my schemes, that it would naturally lead her to some inquiry as to the source of the means I possessed. I was mistaken, however. This sort of abstract consideration seemed completely to restore her calmness. She raised her beautiful eyes to mine, and said, "I need not tell you, Louis, that if it depended upon me, there would need not another word. I could be content to be dependent on your kindness—ay, and feel a sister's claim to it likewise—without doubt or hesitation or shame; and I believe my mother, too, would have few scruples. But I know my father; and I am certain he would rather dig as a common gardener than be indebted for assistance to any one."

She asked no questions. It seemed enough for her that I had the means of aiding her father, and that her father would not accept my aid. I saw that I must try another course, and I changed the subject somewhat abruptly. I began to talk to her of my wanderings through Switzerland, of my sports in the mountains, of the battle of Zurich, of the danger of Father Bonnevillle, of my being trodden down by the Austrian soldiers, and lying for long weeks in the hospital. She grew deeply interested in the details. Her color came and went. Her eyes were now raised up and sparkling, and now cast down and swimming in tears. I told her of my journey to the north, of my seeking employment in vain, of my begging my way to the gates of Hamburgh. Her hand trembled again upon my arm, and her steps wavered.

We were now within the gates of the park, and entering a long, solitary chestnut walk, near the top of the steep hill, and I felt that with the agitation which pervaded my whole frame, and her shaking limbs, we could not go much further. There was a bench near, beneath the wide spreading branches of one of the old trees, and I said, "Come, let us sit down here, dear Mariette, and I will tell you the rest."

“Will you, Louis—will you?” she asked, with an earnestness I shall never forget.

My spirit rose and strengthened itself with the deep sense of what I owed to her, to myself, and to the dead. “I will, Mariette,” I answered, “I will tell you every thing—every thought, every feeling, as if I were reading out of the book where they are all recorded.”

She bent down her head very low, and, seated beside her, I went on. My conscience tells me that I concealed nothing, that I laid my whole heart before her. But that which seemed to strike her most, was the gentle, tender love of poor Louise.

When I ended the tale with the dear girl’s death, she seemed to have forgotten herself altogether, and gazing up in my face, with the look of a pitying angel, she said, “Poor, poor Louise! How you must have loved her!”

The blood rushed up into my cheeks, and I bent down my face as if to avoid her gaze, murmuring what was perhaps too true, “Not as much as she deserved!”

Mariette started, and I added rapidly, “Do not mistake me, dear girl, I loved her well, very well—I never loved but one better. But I loved her not with that passionate earnestness—with that deep, intense, all absorbing affection which such devotion as hers well merited. I could have seen Louise wedded to another without despair, or agony, or death. I bore her father’s rejection of me with easy, patient fortitude; and I could have put my hand to any act that would have made her happy. Oh, Mariette, let poets, and fiction-writers say what they will, to render mortal love as intense as it may be, there must be a grain of mortal selfishness in it. Passion must be blended with affection; and I have learned—learned from another, that in true love there can be no happiness, no peace, no tranquillity, no life without the loved one.”

She shook like an aspen; but her lips murmured, “From whom?”

“You,” I answered.

“Oh, Louis, Louis,” she said, “are we not both wronging her who is gone?”

“Both!” that word was sufficient; but I would not hurt her feelings by catching at it as eagerly as my heart prompted. I took her hand gently, and quietly in mine, and said in a low tone, “No, Mariette—no, dearest girl. I can never wrong her by telling you the truth. I have concealed nothing from you, my Mariette—I have not concealed from you my deep affection for her, my tenderness—my care of her—my bitter sorrow for her death. Why should I conceal any thing else from you?—why should I not tell the truth in all as well as in a part? Why should I hide from you, that though for a few short days I have been the husband of another, that though she had my esteem, my strong regard, my tenderest pity, my warm affection in a certain sense, I have never truly, really loved but you, from boyhood up to manhood—from my earliest memories to this present hour? Why should I not say to you, that I have always thought of you, dreamed of you, looked for you, longed for you? Believe me, dear Mariette, believe me! If you do not, how can I prove it to you?”

She laid her hand gently upon mine, and looking up at me with a spring-day face, with bright tears and saddened smiles, she said, “The book and the violet—do not, do not, dear Louis, think me so selfish as to be jealous in the least degree of your love for poor Louise. We will often talk of her, and when we are very, very happy ourselves, as I am sure we shall be, we will think of her, and mourning for her sad and early fate, will feel our spirits chastened, and not drain the cup of happiness too eagerly.”

I would have given worlds to have been in some dim, secluded place, where I might have thrown my arms around her, and pressed her to my heart, and told her all I felt; but I dared do no more than clasp her hand in mine in mute confirmation of the pledge her words implied. She was mine: I was hers forever. But we were very silent for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then,



with our senses somewhat more collected, and our hearts more still, we began to speak of all that was to follow. I told her that on the ensuing day I should tell her father what had passed between us, and I asked, somewhat anxiously, if she thought his consent would be easily obtained.

She entertained not a doubt, she said; but yet the very suggestion seemed to startle her, and more than once, as we walked homeward, she fell into a fit of musing.

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## THE CONSENT.

When I went on the following day, not without some trepidation, I must own, to the little cottage inhabited by the Count de Salins, the servant girl informed me that he was far from well. It was said in a tone of denial; but I begged her to tell him that I was there, and wished much to speak with him for a few minutes. I was immediately admitted, and found him seated in his robe de chambre by a fire, though it was summer time. There were strong traces of suffering in his face, but he welcomed me kindly, saying, that the denial he directed the servant to give was not intended for me. Not knowing what effect the communication I had to make might have upon him, I hesitated whether to say all I had intended; but he led the way to it in some degree himself, saying, "I have sent dear Mariette out with her mother; for she seemed dull and not quite well, and I am not very cheerful company to-day."

"Perhaps I can account, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "for Mariette's being a little thoughtful;" and without giving myself time to pause or hesitate, I went on and told him all at once, adding, as I saw he was a good deal agitated, "I would not have intruded this subject upon you to-day, but that I promised Mariette last night I would not lose a moment in making you acquainted with every thing that had been said between us."

For three or four minutes he sat gazing steadfastly and sternly into the fire. Then starting up, he walked several times backward and forward in the room, gnawing his lip, and gazing, as it were, at vacancy.

I was sadly alarmed; for I evidently saw that Mariette had been mistaken in counting upon his ready consent, and I feared the result of the struggle which was evidently going on within him. His silence lasted so long as to be quite terrible to me, and I watched him with an expression of eager apprehension, which he saw at once as soon as he turned his eyes upon me. When he did so, he advanced directly to me, took my hand, and wrung it hard.

"I feel like a scoundrel," he said, to my great surprise, "I feel like a scoundrel. But never mind, Monsieur de Lacy, never mind. She shall be yours, if you will answer me one or two questions sincerely, and as I could wish. I feel like a scoundrel, but those feelings shall not weigh with me."

"I will answer any questions, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "without the slightest reserve."

"'Twas but a day or two ago," said Monsieur de Salins, "that you wished and proposed to share your fortune with us. I readily understood your feelings, and comprehended how the generosity of youth should wish, at any worldly sacrifice, to save from poverty and distress the friends and companions of childhood. Now, you tell me you love my daughter, and propose to marry her. Tell me, Count de Lacy—before God and your conscience—are not the motives of your first proposal mingling with your second?—in a word," he continued, vehemently, "is not charity—charity, I say, at the bottom of the desire you now express?" and his eye ran haggardly over the scanty furniture of his little room.

“Charity! Monsieur de Salins,” I exclaimed. “Charity, between me and Mariette! Is there any thing I have on earth that is not hers? Oh, no, no; for heaven’s sake, do not entertain for one moment such very painful thoughts. Believe me,” I added, “that I am moved by one feeling alone—the deepest, strongest affection; the warmest, the most passionate love toward that dear girl, who, as you say, was the friend and companion of my childhood; whom I loved then, and only love better, more warmly now. Surely, Monsieur de Salins, you forget what Mariette is, to suppose for an instant that I could seek her with any feeling but one.”

A faint smile came upon his lip. “She is, indeed, very beautiful, and very sweet,” he said, “but Father Bonneville tells me, Monsieur de Lacy, that you have been married before.”

“True,” I answered; “and yet I have never loved any one as I love Mariette.”

“Then she shall be yours,” he said, thoughtfully, “then she shall be yours.”

But I saw that there was still a reluctance, and I said, “Listen to me for five minutes, and clear away all doubts, regarding my former marriage, from your mind.”

He seated himself again in the chair before the fire, and I related to him succinctly, and simply, all that had occurred at the time of my marriage with poor Louise. He listened attentively, and drew a deep sigh when I had done, repeating the words, “She shall be yours,” but adding, “notwithstanding every foolish prejudice.”

“I do not understand you,” I said, “although I am quite sure that no prejudice will weigh with the Count de Salins. Nor do I comprehend how he could accuse himself at any moment of feeling like a scoundrel.”

“My young friend,” he said, slowly and impressively, “I look upon every man as a scoundrel, who does not act upon the principles he professes—upon the principles he knows to be just—I mean, of course, when he has time for deliberation; for every man, in human weakness, may commit in a moment of passion, acts which his heart disavows, and which his conscience afterward condemns. But the man who hesitates to do what he knows to be right, from any motives which he cannot justify, feels like a scoundrel, and such was my case just now. I believed you to be well fitted to make Mariette happy. I felt that I ought to give my consent; and yet, there was in my breast a struggle in which I could hardly conquer. Old prejudices, absurd habitual feelings rose up against my reason and my sense of justice, and they nearly overcame me.”

“But why?” I asked, in a sorrowful tone. “Is there any thing I have ever done—is there any act in my whole life, that should exclude me from your good opinion?”

“None, none,” he said, warmly. “Do not ask me for explanations; for all I can reply, is, that there is a history attached to your family, regarding which you have been brought up in ignorance, both for your own happiness, and the happiness of others. You will learn it some day; but not from me. However, Monsieur de Lacy, the struggle is at an end; Mariette shall be yours; but not just yet. She is very young, and it will be better to wait awhile. I feel my health failing me, it is true, and I have lately been very anxious for her mother and herself. She must be yours before I die, and then such anxiety will be at an end; but I hope to linger on yet some time longer.”

“Let me ask one question, Monsieur de Salins,” I said. “Has the history attached to my family, which you mention, any reference to that Marquis de Carcassonne, whom I saw in London?”

He bowed his head quietly, and setting my teeth hard, I said, in a resolute tone, “That shall be explained, if he and I live many days longer. The blood that flows in my veins, Monsieur de Salins—every feeling that animates my heart, tells me that I have nothing to fear from opening

out all the acts of my father's life to the eyes of the whole world. I will endure this mystery no longer. If my father has been wronged—murdered, as I am told, it is for his son to do him right. If he has been traduced, it is for his son to justify his memory."

"I cannot deny it," said Monsieur de Salins, "and I think they have acted wrong, and are acting wrong toward you. They think they are doing it for your good, I dare say—they think it is for your interests—for your future pecuniary advantage; but there is nothing should be so dear to any one, as the memory of a parent, except, indeed, it be his own unspotted name. You have enough. I do not covet more for Mariette than I am told you possess. Strange as it may seem, I have learned from poverty, to value wealth less than I used to do—but here comes my wife," he added, laying his hand kindly on my arm, "and our Mariette. I know their steps upon the little path. Oh, what music it is, the step of the loved, to the ear of sorrow and sickness!"

It was music to my ear, too; and the moment after, Mariette and her mother were in the room.

The instant she saw me, the dear girl's cheek flushed, and then turned pale, but she was not kept in suspense; for her father immediately threw his arm around her, and drawing her gently toward me, put her hand in mine.

"Bless them, my dear wife," he said, turning to Madame de Salins, "bless them; for they are united."

Madame de Salins embraced us both with eager joy, and then threw her arms round her husband's neck, saying, "This is all I have most desired, my husband; for I am sure Louis will be to her, all you have been to me."

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## THE DROP OF GALL.

Having told Father Bonneville that I should spend two or three days in London, and directed my portmanteau to be sent to a small but comfortable hotel at the end of Brooke street, I rode straight to a livery stable, near Charing Cross, where I was accustomed to put up my horse, and left him there. I then walked on along Pall Mall, meditating my future course, with more calmness and consideration than I had hitherto given to the subject. In regard to one point, my heart was now at rest. Mariette was found—was to be mine, and I had but one great object for thought and endeavor. I had not reached the end of St. James's street, when I saw before me, a tall, fine, stately figure, which seemed somewhat familiar to me, walking slowly, and deliberately onward, and I turned my head to look at the face as I passed.

"Good morning, Monsieur de Lacy," said the Earl of N——, in a frank and easy tone. "Whither away so fast, this morning?"

I paused, and took the two fingers he extended to me, saying, "I am going to Brooke street, my lord."

"Ah, to see Charles," he answered; "well, I will walk with you part of the way," and he put his arm through mine, leaning on me somewhat heavily.

I did not wish my thoughts interrupted, and would have gladly got rid of him, had he been any other man; but there were various vague feelings in my bosom, which made that old nobleman's society not unpleasant to me, even then; and at his slow pace we proceeded. He was silent for a moment, and then, looking round toward me, he said, "Why you are as tall as I am, Monsieur de Lacy."

"As nearly the same height, I suppose, as possible," I answered. "I had thought your lordship the taller man, from your carrying yourself so upright, I imagine."

“And from my white hair, perhaps,” replied the old nobleman. “When we see mountains capped with snow, we are often inclined to think them higher than they are. But how is this, Monsieur de Lacy, Charles tells me you are a Protestant?”

“I am so, my lord,” I replied, “and have been so for some years.”

“Keep to that, keep to that,” rejoined the Earl, with an approving nod of the head. “You will find it better for your temporal and your eternal interests.”

“There is no chance, I believe, of my changing any more, my lord,” I answered, “as my conversion from the church of Rome, was the work of patient examination and sincere conviction, I am not likely to re-tread my steps.”

“I am glad to hear it, I am very glad to hear it,” he answered, and then seemed as if he were about to say something more, but stopped short, and turned the conversation to other subjects.

“Have you heard,” he asked, “that your king, Louis the Eighteenth, is now in England? Our wise governors have refused to recognize him under that title. They wish to leave themselves a loop-hole for recognizing the usurper, and so make him call himself the Count de Lille. They will soon find the folly of such feeble and wavering policy. It is my maxim, when I draw the sword, to throw away the scabbard; but, heaven help us, we are sadly ruled.”

I inquired where the king had taken up his residence, and then said, that I should certainly go down and pay my respects to him.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the earl, with some signs of surprise. “Are you sure of a good reception? Consult Charles—you had better consult Charles. He is a very good counsellor in all such circumstances. Withdrawing as much as I can from public life, I am not the best authority in matters of this kind—and now I must leave you—good bye. Tell Charles to let me know how he is.”

Thus saying, he turned into one of the club houses in St. James’s street, and I walked on.

When I had reached the end of Brook street, and was approaching the door of the hotel, I saw two persons coming toward me, who attracted my attention by the loudness and vivacity with which they were talking French. One was a tall, thin, elderly man, dressed in black, with black silk stockings, and knee breeches. He was very well dressed: but had more the air of a dancing-master than a gentleman.

The other was a little old woman, brisk and active in all her movements, and jabbering away to her companion in her native tongue, with vast volubility. The face was very peculiar, and had it been possible for me to conceive, that a silk gown would ever cover the back, or a velvet bonnet ornament the head of my old friend Jeanette, I should have claimed acquaintance with her at once. She recognized me better, notwithstanding all the changes that had come over my personal appearance, since we parted in Switzerland.

“Bon Dieu!” she cried, stopping in the midst of the pavement, somewhat to the surprise and admiration of the passengers. “Is it possible?—yes—it must be. My dear Louis, do you not recollect Jeanette?”

“Very well, indeed, Jeanette,” I replied, taking both her hands; but the good old woman was in a state of ecstasy that defied all restraint. She cried, she laughed, and I verily believe she would have danced, too, in the middle of Brooke street, had I not held her tight by both the hands, while her companion endeavored to soothe her, by repeating a dozen times, “Mais, Jeanette, mais Mademoiselle!” There was something so indescribably ludicrous in her expression of satisfaction, that I believe that I should soon have laughed too, as well as the passengers; and as my only resource, I took her and her companion into the hotel, to which I

had written to have rooms prepared for me. When she was safely seated there, and somewhat quieted, she told me in a very mysterious manner, that she had just been talking about me to "somebody," but somebody had never told her that I was in England. Her words, and more still, her mysterious manner, raised expectations which were not fulfilled. After a good deal of pressing, I obtained from her the fact that this somebody of whom she spoke was no other than Charles Westover; and I found that the man who accompanied her was an old valet de chambre of the Earl of N—. This was not altogether satisfactory to me; but yet it was another link in the evidence, showing—to my mind beyond a doubt—that there was some connection between my own fate and the earl's family.

I soon sent away the valet de chambre, telling him that I would take care Jeanette should return in safety; and I felt half inclined to go with her, and demand explanations of the earl himself. A very brief reflection, however, determined me to forbear; but I questioned Jeanette closely concerning my own history and that of my family. She was very unwilling to speak, evaded my questions, gave me ambiguous replies, and when pressed very hard, sought woman's usual refuge with tears, sobbing forth, "I must not break my vow, my dear boy. I must not break my vow."

I could not bring myself to ask her more; but I turned to another point, saying, "Well, Jeanette, if you are bound by a vow not to speak on those subjects, tell me at least, do you know any thing of the Marquis de Carcassonne?"

The poor woman's face assumed an expression of horror not easily to be forgotten. "Know him!" she exclaimed, "know that terrible man! Oh, yes, Louis, I know him too well. He ruined as happy a family as ever lived, and destroyed as noble a gentleman as was in all the world."

Her words seemed to change my blood to fire; but I asked as coolly as I could, "Can you tell me how it was done, Jeanette?"

"Oh no," she answered. "I was but a poor, ignorant servant, and did not hear any of his ways and arts, at least to understand them. All I know is, what it came to. I can't tell you any more; but he is a dreadful man. It makes me tremble even to think of him."

"Then I will go to him, and wring it from his heart," I answered, fiercely; "for know the whole, and expose the whole, I will."

"Oh don't go near him, Louis; don't go near him," she cried, almost in a scream; joining her hands together as if she were praying to a saint. "He is the destruction of every one who approaches him, and he will find means to destroy you, too."

"I have seen him once," I answered, "since I have been in England, and I will most certainly go to him again, Jeanette, and force him to confess all he has done. I have no fear of him," I added, almost with a scoff, remembering the miserable object I had seen in Swallow street. "He cannot harm me, Jeanette."

"Stay, stay, Louis," she said, eagerly. "Good Father Noailles tells me he is sick, and that he must die—perhaps we could find a way without your going near him. He will be terribly afraid of death when it comes close to him. All the frightful things he has done will rise up before his eyes, when he feels that he is going to answer for them. He has sent for Father Noailles twice already, and the good man says that his mind is in a perilous state—let me try, Louis; let me try. Perhaps I can manage it."

"Whatever you do, you must do quickly, Jeanette," I answered; "for I can and will bear this suspense no longer."

"Well, well, I will go this moment," she said; "but where can I find you, Louis, to tell you what I have done?"

“Here, for the next three days,” I replied, “and after that at Blackheath. I will give you the address.”

I wrote it down for her, and then ordered a hackney coach to be called; but she did not direct it to drive to the house of the Earl of N——, which was in Berkeley Square, but to a small street in Soho.

After she was gone, I paused again to think for a short time, and I resolved, notwithstanding the hopes she held out, to see the Marquis de Carcassonne myself. There was more than one piece of information to be obtained from him, and I fancied that I could wring out of him the whole of that history which I was so anxious to learn. It would be better in the first place, I thought, to see Westover; and I hurried away to his rooms, which were somewhat farther up the street.

I found him lying on a sofa, reading; and my errand was soon told. “I come to you for advice, Westover,” I said, “advice such as none but a friend—a sincere friend, can give.” I then went on to tell him the state of cruel anxiety and agitation I was in, and expressed my intention of seeing the Marquis de Carcassonne myself. I mentioned my meeting with Jeanette, too, and that I found she had been talking with him of me and mine.

He heard the first part of what I said, gravely, and somewhat gloomily, but smiled when I mentioned Jeanette, and replied frankly, “I sent for her for the very purpose, De Lacy. It would not do for me, you know, to hold long conferences with pretty young maid-servants in my grandfather’s house, and so I thought it better to have her here. So she told you nothing?”

“Nothing,” I replied; “she asserted that she was under a vow of secrecy.”

“That is very likely,” he said; “but as to this Marquis de Carcassonne, I think you had better trust him to her. I see very well what she intends to do. She will go to the old priest Noailles, and get him to work upon the scoundrel’s mind, under the fear of death and judgment. Such men almost always become cowards at the brink of the grave; and old Noailles is his confessor, I suppose. If he confesses all, Noailles, well prompted, may, perhaps, refuse him absolution, unless he does justice, however tardy, and thus we may get at the truth at length. It is no bad scheme of the old lady.”

“Then do you not know the truth, yourself?” I asked in some surprise.

He shook his head, answering, “I have moral conviction, De Lacy, but no proof, and therefore cannot say I know the truth.”

“I will go to him myself,” I said, after thinking for a minute or two.

“Well, I do not see that it can do any harm,” replied Westover, thoughtfully; “but you had better go to him after dark, or probably you will not see him. Men suspect that both he and his apothecary carry on the lucrative occupation of spies, or at least that of conveying information and gold to France, where both are somewhat scarce just now. Then there is another thing, De Lacy. I ask you as a personal favor, if you can contrive to make this obdurate man speak, to let me know all that he has said before you communicate it to any one else—I bind you by no other engagement. Will you promise me this?”

“Willingly,” I answered; “as soon as I know the truth, I shall be glad that all the world knows it also.”

“That as we shall judge hereafter,” said Westover, with a significant smile, “and now will you stay and dine with me. We have time for a ride, or a walk, before the dinner hour.”

I declined, however, for I felt myself in no state of mind to enjoy society, and returning to the hotel, I sat there in uneasy pondering, till the sky began to turn gray. I then walked out and passed down Swallow street; but it was not yet dark enough for my purpose. I proceeded

therefore to the end of the street, took a turn through those long forgotten alleys which led to St. James's market, and walked back again, while a dingy man, with a red-flaming and stench-emitting link, ran up and down a ladder at every lamp-post before me, lighting the dim lamps, which were the only illumination of London before the modern improvement of gas. Just as I approached the door of the apothecary, I saw that worthy gentleman issue forth, with coat tightly buttoned up, and hat pressed down upon his brows, and not wishing to call him back to his shop, I passed by a few steps and then returned. When I entered I found no one but a small servant boy or apprentice at the counter, and simply saying, I wished to speak to Monsieur de Carcassonne, I approached the foot of the stairs by which I had mounted before. The boy seemed to hesitate as to whether he should try to stop me or not; but at length when I had the door leading to the staircase in my hand, he said, "You'd better take a light," and handed me a lamp. As I mounted the steps, in a foul, close atmosphere, which below, had the odor of drugs, and above, that of confined and deteriorated air, I heard a frequent, rattling cough, sounding from the upper rooms, and I judged by the peculiar noise it made, that the life of the cougher was not worth many day's purchase. I knocked at the door of the Marquis de Carcassonne, as a mere matter of ceremony, but without waiting, opened it and went in. I found him seated in nearly the same position as when I previously saw him, before the fire of his little stove grate; but though the room smelt of food there was no cooking going on.

He was greatly altered. His face was white and blue, and become exceedingly thin and meagre: His whole person shrunk, and his eyes full of a vivacious anxiety which I have often since remarked in the last stages of organic diseases. He had got a newspaper in his hand, which in the true French spirit he was reading eagerly, by the light of a single, sweaty, tallow candle, that required incessant snuffing; but he instantly raised his eyes above the edge of the paper, looking toward the door, with a somewhat perturbed expression of countenance. At first he gazed at me without the slightest trace of recognition on his face, but I was not in a frame of mind to be abashed or daunted by the look of any man. There was a stern, earnest determination in my heart, which could meet a sneer, or an insult, or a threat, with equal indifference.

He rose up from his chair, with habitual politeness, went through the customary bow with the customary grace, and then sank down again into his seat, unable to stand long upon his feet. I walked calmly and deliberately up to the side of the table, and without being invited, seated myself exactly before him.

I must not stay to scrutinize my feelings at that moment. It is enough to say that they were sufficiently fiendish. There he sat, the murderer of my father, the persecutor of my race—a worm—a snake—which wanted but one crush of my heel, as it seemed to me, to lie a mass of rotting corruption before me. Pity! I could feel no pity at that moment. All human charities seemed extinguished within me, and although I would not have injured the frail body for the world, yet I felt if I could have got at his spirit I would have torn it to pieces.

He looked at me in surprise and dismay, as in dull silence I drew a chair to the table and sat down, gazing fixedly at him, as if I would have looked into his very soul. He said not a word, and after a pause, I asked, "Do you know me, Marquis de Carcassonne?"

"No," he said, in the shrill treble of age, and with a look of fear and agitation, shrinking back in his chair as far as he could. "No. The dead do not come back here below—That is a superstition—No, I do not know you, though you are like—very like."

"I am Louis De Lacy," I said, sternly.

"Ah!" he cried "ah!" and he put out his hand as if to push me off from him.

I could see him shiver and quake, and I went on repeating the same words: "I am Louis De Lacy, the son of him you murdered. He is before you in my person. He speaks to you by my voice. He demands that you do justice to his memory, even now, when you are trembling on the brink of that grave beyond which you will soon meet face to face. Answer me, Marquis de Carcassonne. Will you at length tell the truth? Will you do justice to the dead? Will you make the only atonement you can make to the murdered, before God puts his seal upon your obduracy, and you go to judgment for your crimes unconfessed and unrepented of?"

The old man quivered in every limb and his face was as pale as death; but he answered not a word, and I went on with a hardness of heart for which I have hardly forgiven myself yet. "You were once wealthy," I said, "and you are now poor. You were once the inhabitant of gilded halls, and soft, luxurious apartments: You are now in a miserable garret, wretched, and dark, and gloomy. Your crimes have led not to greater wealth and opulence; not to comfort and indulgence; not to the objects of ambition and desire; but to penury, distress, and want. There is a further step before you—a deep abyss, into which you seem inclined to plunge. The grave is a colder dwelling than this, the tribunal of an all-seeing God more terrible than any you can appeal to here, the hell which you have dug for yourself, more agonizing than even your conscience at this moment."

The very vehemence with which I spoke seemed to frustrate my own purpose, and to rouse in his decaying frame, and sinking mind, a spirit of resistance which had formerly been strong within him. He grasped the arm of his chair. He sat upright. He moved his jaw almost convulsively, and then said, with serpent bitterness, "So, so—son of a traitor. You would have me lie, would you, to recover for you your father's estates, to clear your name from the infamy that hangs upon it, and shall hang upon it to all eternity. You would have me unsay all I have said, recant all I have sworn? But mark me, boy, I will put upon record before I die the confirmation of every charge against your treacherous father. I will leave it more deeply branded on his name than ever, that he deceived his king, betrayed his country, renounced his honor, falsified his word, and sold himself to the enemy, and his name shall stand in the annals of the world, as the blackest of traitors, and the basest of men—Ha, ha! What are your threats now, fool?"

I started up, and it was with great pain I kept my hands from him; but I mastered my first rash impulse, and I said, "Then I summon you to meet him whom you have belied and murdered, whom you still, unrepenting, and unatoning, calumniate and accuse, before the throne of Almighty God, and to answer, where falsehood is vain and cunning is of no resource, where the truth is written on tables of light, and falsehood is blotted out in everlasting darkness, where hell and eternal damnation await remorseless crime, for every word you have uttered this night! As your heart judges you, so feel, and so act. Die in peace and calm assurance, or in horror, and terror, and despair."

He shrank back, and back, and back, into his chair, and at the last words, he pressed his trembling hands upon his eyes, as if he would have shut out the fearful images I had presented to him. His face grew livid, and his whole frame heaved, as if the torture of the eternal flame had already seized upon him.

I know not whether I should have said more or not; but a moment after I had ceased speaking, and while I still stood gazing at him, writhing before me, the door opened and a venerable looking old man, dressed in black, entered the room. He gazed an instant in surprise, at the pale and trembling wretch, and at me; and then he asked in a stern and solemn tone, "Who are you?—What have you done, young man?"



“I am Louis de Lacy,” I answered coldly. “That is the Marquis de Carcassonne, the murderer of my father. What I have done is what, if you are a priest, you should do—made a dark criminal tremble, before the way to atonement, and the gates of mercy are shut against him forever;” and without waiting for any further question, I hurried away from the room, down the dark staircase, and out into the crowded street.

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## LIGHT FROM THE PAST.

My thoughts were in such a state of tumult and confusion, that I cannot say I considered any thing for many minutes after I quitted the den of that old snake; but I took my way, at once, toward Westover’s lodgings, and told him all that had occurred.

“You had better have left it to Jeanette, I believe,” he replied, with that mixture of worldly knowledge and pure, high feeling which I had often remarked in him. “You do not know how often, De Lacy, things can be accomplished by inferior agents and dirty tools, which all the skill and vigor of the clear-headed and high-minded are unable to effect. You see, this good woman, and this good priest, would have no scruple whatever in employing means which you would not condescend to use. I trust you have not done much mischief—perhaps some good; but at all events, now take my advice and leave the matter in the hands of Jeanette and her revered coadjutor.”

“There is no hope; there is no chance,” I said. “The man is as hard as the nether millstone.”

“We cannot tell what may be done,” replied Westover. “At all events one thing is very clear—you can do nothing; so if I were you, I would take myself out of town, and not fret my spirit with thinking of it any more. By the way, how go on your affairs with the beauty amongst the roses?”

“As well as I could wish,” I replied, with a smile, for he dexterously enough brought up happier images before my eyes. “She is to be mine, but not just yet. However, I forgot to tell you, Westover, that I met your grandfather to-day, and he walked up St. James’s street with me.”

“Ha! indeed!” said Westover, with a look of pleased surprise. “What did he say? How did he act?”

“Very kindly,” I answered.

“Walked up St. James’s street with you?” repeated Westover. I nodded my head, and he asked, “Did he invite you to his house?”

“No,” I replied, “nor gave any hint of such an intention.”

A shade came over my friend’s face again, and he inquired, “What did he say?”

“Nothing very particular,” I answered. “He told me that his majesty, my king, had arrived at Yarmouth, and advised me to consult you as to whether I should go to pay my respects to him.”

“By all means,” replied Westover, eagerly, “by all means. Lose not a moment. Be one of the first. Let us set off by the stage to-morrow morning.”

“Do you propose to go with me, then?” I asked.

“Oh yes, I had better,” he replied, “I can introduce you to the king. I saw him some time ago in Livonia, and dined with him twice.”

“Perhaps that may obviate your grandfather’s objections,” I said; “for he seemed to doubt

whether I should be well received.”

“I think you will,” replied Westover, musing. “I think you will. I remember some conversation with the king, which makes me judge so. He can have had no reason to change his opinion since; but at all events I will see him first and ascertain.”

He spoke very thoughtfully, and gave no explanation of the strange fact, that he should have had a conversation, referring to myself, with Louis the Eighteenth, before he ever saw me. But during the last two or three months, one circumstance after another, fact following fact, incident coming after incident, had accumulated a mass of little proofs which brought conviction to my mind, that there was some strong, though secret bond between Westover’s family and myself. However, I agreed to his proposal at once. He sent a servant to take places in the coach for the following day, and ere another night fell we were in Yarmouth.

We found that the king, with his small suite, was lodging in the same hotel with ourselves, and Westover at once sent to request an interview on the following morning, which was immediately promised, with a very courteous message in reply.

At the hour appointed he went, and I remained with some impatience, thinking him very long. Not more than half an hour, however, passed in reality, before he returned, saying, “Quick, De Lacy, his majesty will see you at once. Go to him, go to him. He is prepared for you.”

I went away accordingly, leaving him there, as he did not seem inclined to accompany me, and was introduced by a mere servant who was stationed at the door, into the poor, small drawing-room of the inn, which had been assigned to the French prince. I found an ordinary looking man, somewhat inclined to corpulence—though he was not so fat as he afterward became—standing near a table. His manners, however, if not his appearance, at once displayed the prince. He took one step forward, as if to meet me, and held out his hand to me, saying, “Monsieur De Lacy, I am very happy to see you. It is most grateful to me to receive such kind visits from my countrymen and fellows in misfortune. The attachment of some of the noblest hearts of France, is no slight compensation for all the ills I have suffered.”

I bent my head to his hand and kissed it, saying, “I trust, sire, that you never will find any of my name, or race, without that warm attachment which I am sure your majesty deserves.”

I had no intention whatsoever in this reply, of leading up to any thing; but the king seemed to think I had some particular allusion, and answered at once. “I am sure of it, Monsieur De Lacy. I always was quite sure of it. In your poor father’s case I never entertained a doubt. I was certain all through—to the very end, and am now—that he was the victim of a foul conspiracy. Kings can but act, you know, according to the lights that are permitted them, and I mean not to throw the slightest blame upon my poor brother. He acted by the advice of ministers whom he loved and respected. The judgment of a regularly constituted court had been pronounced, and he cannot be censured for having suffered it to be carried into execution, contrary to all the impulses of his own heart. I could not have done so; for I was fully convinced of your father’s innocence; but his judgment was misled by a very artful knave.”

I was greatly agitated, but I replied, “I am so little aware, sire, of my father’s fate and history, that I hardly comprehend your majesty’s meaning. With the mistaken motive of sparing me pain, I believe, I have been kept in ignorance of what I know must be a very sorrowful history.”

“Your friends were wrong, Monsieur De Lacy. Very wrong, I think,” replied the king. “It is but right and necessary that you should know the whole; for the vindication of your father’s name may be a task which you have still to fulfill. Pray sit down, and I will give you a brief account of the matter—Only let me hint, in the first place, that, for the present, you must drop the title of majesty with me. I am here only the Count de Lille.”

“I, at least, can never forget that you are a king, and my king,” I replied.

“Spoken like your father’s son,” said Louis, seating himself, and pointing to a chair, and he then proceeded thus: “Your father, Monsieur De Lacy, was a very gallant and distinguished officer, of an Irish family long settled in France. He was employed in England, for some time, in a diplomatic capacity; and a few years after, was appointed to a command in one of our East Indian possessions. War had by this time broken out between France and England, and the great preponderance of the latter country in the East, rendered the maintenance of our territories there very difficult. The derangement of the finances, and the daily increasing embarrassments of the government, prevented our commanding officers, in distant parts of the world, from receiving sufficient support. Your father was besieged by the English, in a fortress, naturally very strong, but ill-furnished with provisions, ammunition, or men. He made, what was considered by all at the time, a very gallant defense, but in the end, was forced to surrender the place upon an honorable capitulation. On his return to France, he was well received; but his friends, rather than himself, sought for some distinguishing mark of his sovereign’s favor and approval, and demanded for him a high office at the court, which I happened to know, was an object of eager ambition to a personage called the Marquis de Carcassonne—indeed, he applied to me for my interest in the matter, which I refused. Your father would certainly have obtained it; but there began to be spread rumors about the court, which soon assumed consistence and a very formidable aspect, to which various circumstances, and especially the fact of your father having married an English lady, gave undue weight. It was said that he had sold the fortress to the English; that he had surrendered long before it was necessary; that he had not obtained so favorable a capitulation as he might have done. The charges in the end became so distinct, that your father himself, demanded to be tried. He was accordingly, what we call, put in accusation, and the cause was heard. One little incident I must not forget. This Marquis de Carcassonne said, in the hearing of several persons who were sure to repeat his words, that it mattered not what was the result of the trial, as your father was sure to be pardoned, even if he were condemned. This observation was reported to the king, who said, with some warmth, that nothing should induce him to interfere with the sentence of the court, whatever it might be. At the trial, overpowering evidence, as it seemed to me, was brought forward to show the state of the fortress, and the utter impossibility of defending it longer than had been done; but on the other hand, to the surprise of every one, two letters were produced, purporting to be part of the correspondence between your father and the English general. Your father loudly declared that they were forgeries; but then came forward the Marquis de Carcassonne, who had had some correspondence with your father when in India, and swore distinctly that the letter purporting to be the prisoner’s, was verily in his handwriting. Many doubted—few believed, this assertion. Various differences were pointed out between your father’s hand and that in which the letter was written, and your father might probably have escaped. But two circumstances combined to destroy him. Public clamor was, at that time, raised to the highest pitch, in regard to the loss of our possessions in India; it was necessary that there should be some victim to atone for the faults of a feeble and inefficient ministry, and at the same time, a man was brought forward to account for the discovery of these letters, by swearing that he had found them in your father’s own cabinet. He was a mean apothecary of Paris, who was accustomed to go a good deal to the house, in attendance upon the servants. But he acknowledged the base act of having privately read and possessed himself of these documents. The man had been born upon the estates of the Marquis de Carcassonne, and brought up by his father. This rendered his evidence suspicious, at least to me; but it weighed

with the judges, and the result was that your father was condemned. I need not dwell upon all the horrible events that followed. Suffice it to say, that a man as brave and honorable, I believe, as ever lived, was executed unjustly, that a stain was cast upon a high and distinguished name, and that the whole of the fine estates of the family were confiscated.”

I need hardly say with what emotion I listened to this detail, and I remained for several moments in silence, with my head bent down, and full of indignation and grief which I could not venture to express. The king saw how greatly I was affected, and very kindly strove to soothe me. “If it will be any comfort to you, Monsieur De Lacy,” he said, “I give you the most solemn assurance, that I never for a moment believed your father guilty, and that should fortune ever restore us to our own country, I shall take the necessary steps for having your father’s sentence reversed, and his memory justified. I am not singular in my opinions upon this subject; for when the people recovered their senses, after your father’s death, the indignation excited against his accusers was so great, that the apothecary who had produced the letters was forced to quit France.”

“Was his name Giraud, sire?” I asked.

The king bowed his head, and went on, “Perhaps if he is still living,” he said, “the man might be induced to tell the truth. Monsieur de Carcassonne is still living, I know, but he also found it convenient to travel, and never obtained the post for which he played so deep a game. I am inclined to think the forgery was his; for I know that he forged the letters of a woman, and we therefore may well suppose he would not scruple to forge the letters of a man.”

In the midst of all the many thoughts to which this account gave rise, one idea presented itself prominently to my mind. The king had mentioned that my mother was an English-woman. Might he not tell me who she was? But just as I was about to put the question, three other French gentlemen were introduced, and I was obliged to refrain for the time, although I determined to seek another opportunity of making the inquiry. I retired then with an expression of my gratitude, and rejoined Westover in our little sitting-room.

He inquired eagerly into the particulars of my interview with the king, and I related to him the whole.

“Is that all,” he said. “Did he tell you nothing more?”

“Nothing, Westover,” I answered, “but we were interrupted before my audience was fairly at an end. He told me,” I added, somewhat emphatically, “who my father was, and what was his unhappy fate. He did not tell me who my mother was, but that I will soon know, Westover.”

My friend mused in silence for some minutes, and then said, “Let us first see what can be made of this Marquis de Carcassonne. I have great hopes in the skill and policy of your good old Jeanette, and the priest. If we could but get the old reprobate to die a little faster, the whole thing might be settled very soon.”

“He looked very much like a dying man when I left him,” I replied.

“Nay, that would be too quick,” said Westover. “We must leave them time to work upon him. Don’t you go near him again, De Lacy, for fear you should blow the candle out when you most need the light. And now, let us go and take a sail upon the sea, and then away to London by the early coach to-morrow.”

I followed his guidance, with the full and strong conviction that he wished me well, and at an early hour on the following day, we were once more rolling on our way toward the capital. We arrived after dark, and Westover went to dine with me at my hotel. The people of the house, with the usual care and promptitude of hotel keepers, suffered the dinner to be placed upon the table, and half-eaten, before they informed me that that the old French lady whom I had seen on

the day of my arrival, had been three times there to inquire for me.

“News, news, certainly,” cried Westover. “Bring me a sheet of paper, waiter. We will soon have Jeanette with us;” and writing a hurried note to the good old dame, he sent it off by a porter to his grandfather’s house. An hour, however, elapsed without any intelligence, and then the same waiter appeared, saying, with a half-suppressed grin, “She is here again, sir, asking if you have returned.”

“Show her in,” I said impatiently; “show her in directly.”

The man retired with some surprise, I believe, at my anxiety to see an ugly old woman, and certainly he did not hurry himself, for full five minutes passed before Jeanette was in the room, and the eagerness of her face showed when she entered that the delay had not been on her part.

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## THE CONFESSION.

“Get your hat, get your hat, Louis,” exclaimed Jeanette, rubbing her little hands, “and come away directly, or it will be too late. He will tell all, he will tell all; but he has been in a dying state since this morning. His speech seems failing, so make haste, make haste—he will tell all as soon as he sees you, he says, if you will but forgive him.”

I darted to the sideboard and took my hat. Westover started up at the same moment, exclaiming in French, “May I go with you?”

“Yes, yes,” cried Jeanette. “Come with him, come with him; the more the better; every one is a witness, and that is something.”

We darted down the stairs and away. How we got through the streets, I do not know, but we all hurried separately through the crowds, running against half a dozen people, and getting hearty benedictions for our pains. I arrived first at the apothecary’s shop, and saw at a glance as I entered, the villain himself deliberately packing up something at the counter. He looked at me with a cold, sneering expression, but said nothing, and without asking any questions I ran up the stairs at once, to the miserable room of the Marquis de Carcassonne. I opened the door unceremoniously, and went in. The sight was one full of awful solemnity—at least to me, who had never seen any one die, except by a sudden and violent death, or by a gentle, yet quick transition from the life of this world to the life of another.

On the wretched pallet bed, without a rag of curtain round it, lay the ghastly figure of the dying man. All living color had passed from his face; the swollen, bloated appearance, too, was gone. The features were sharpened and pinched; the eyes sunk; the temples collapsed; the white hair, wild and ragged. One ashy hand was stretched over the bed-clothes, holding a crucifix which lay upon his breast, and his eyes, which seemed glassy and almost immovable, were directed to the symbol of salvation.

On the table stood a large wax-taper, and between the table and the bed stood the old priest, Father Noailles, who had come in at the end of my last interview with the Marquis. His head was slightly bent, as if watching the face of the dying man, while a younger man, with a white robe on, stood at the other side of the bed, holding a small, chased silver vessel in his hands.

There was a dead silence in the room when I entered; but at the sound of my steps the priest turned round, and exclaimed, as soon as he saw me, “He is here, he is here! Henri de Carcassonne, he has come to you at length!”

The eyes of the dying man turned faint and feebly toward me, and the priest advanced a step, and grasped my hand with a tight and eager pressure.

“Forgive him,” he said; “tell him you forgive him!—if you be a man, if you be a Christian—tell him you forgive him!”

I paused with my eyes fixed upon the face of the Marquis, and some feeling of compassion entered into my heart. But I could not speak the words he wanted to draw from me—I could not pronounce forgiveness to the murderer of my father. I remained silent, while the priest repeated, more than once, “Forgive him, oh forgive him, and let him part in peace!” I heard the steps of Westover and Jeanette approaching, and I said, at length, “Has he done justice to my father’s memory? Will he—can he now do justice to it?”

The priest drew back from me and let go my hand. “Young man,” he said, in a solemn and reproving tone, “make no bargain with God! Trifle not with the command of your Saviour. It is Christ who bids you to forgive, if you would be forgiven, to love your enemies, to pray for those who hate you. Forgive him! On your soul’s salvation, I call upon you to pronounce your forgiveness of that wretched, dying old man while the words can still reach his ear, and console him at this last, dark, terrible moment—forgive him, I say!”

“Speak, De Lacy, speak,” said the voice of Westover, “for God’s sake tell him you forgive him!”

At the same moment, the hand of the dying man made a feeble movement on the cross as if he would have raised it, and an expression of imploring anxiety came into his fading eyes that touched me. I took a step forward to the side of the bed, and said, “Marquis de Carcassonne, I do forgive you, and I pray that God Almighty, for his Son’s sake, may forgive you also!”

The light of joy and relief came for an instant into the old man’s eyes, but faded away instantly; and I thought that he was a corpse.

“Stand back!” said Father Noailles, with inconceivable energy, and placing himself right before the dying man, and clasping his hands together, he swung them up and down as if he had a censer in them—whether it was to rouse his attention or not, I cannot tell—and then he exclaimed aloud, “If any fiend prevents your utterance, I command him hence in the name of the Blessed Trinity—of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

“Henri de Carcassonne, I adjure you, as you hope for pardon and life eternal, answer me before these present—Is all you have told me concerning the death of the Count de Lacy true?—and do you fully and freely consent to my making it public, without any reservation on the plea of confession? If so, say yes, or die in your sins!”

There was something inexpressibly grand and awful in his look, his tone, his manner; but something more awful was to come.

As we may suppose one would rise from the dead, the Marquis de Carcassonne suddenly raised himself in the bed, and in a clear, distinct tone replied—“It is true, so help me God—I do consent.”

The last word rattled in his throat. The effort was over. It was the flash of the expiring lamp, and the words were hardly uttered, when he fell over on his side with a ghastly swimming of his eyes.

“It is done!” said Father Noailles, solemnly, and raising the poor wretch’s head he put it on the pillow. There was now a fixed stare, a meaningless, vacant look in those glassy orbs, the moment before turned upon the confessor, which showed that “it was done” indeed. The next instant the jaw dropped, and we stood in silence round a corpse.

I thanked God at that moment, that I had pronounced the words of forgiveness; and I stood

by with Westover and Jeanette, while Father Noailles, and the young man who was with him, sprinkled some holy water on the dead man's face, and performed one or two little offices according to the customs of France and the Roman Catholic church. I would not have interrupted by a word for the world; but when the priest had done, and turned toward us with a deep sigh, I advanced and took his hand, saying, "I thank you, sir, most sincerely, for having led me to cast away the evil passion in my heart, and show some charity at last—I rejoice that I have done it, whatever be the confession that this man has made."

"We must forgive, Monsieur de Lacy," replied Father Noailles, mildly, "or how can we expect Christ to mediate for us. I have now to tell you, that this poor man acknowledged to me this morning, that your father had been accused unjustly, that the letters which had been brought forward at his trial were indeed forged, as many suspected, and that the count died an innocent and injured man. I took his words down, and he signed them as best he could, giving me full permission to place the statement in your hands. There was no one present but ourselves, however, and a confessor must be very cautious. It was therefore absolutely necessary that I should obtain his consent to the publication of the statement in the presence of witnesses. Here it is. It is brief, but sufficient for all purposes. He was not in a state to give full details, but there is no point unnoticed which can tend to clear the memory of your father."

"Join me at my lodgings in half an hour," said Westover, quietly speaking over my shoulder. "I have business which calls me away just now."

I simply nodded assent; for my whole thoughts were occupied for a time with the subject before me, and turning to the priest I said, "I presume, Monsieur de Noailles, that this precious document will be made over to me?"

"Beyond all doubt, Monsieur de Lacy," he said, "to you it properly belongs, but I must request you to allow me to take an attested copy of it, and must beg all here present to join in a certificate that this unhappy man authorized me fully to make the statement public."

"That we will all willingly do," I replied. "Perhaps you had better draw up the paper you require, yourself."

That he declined to do, however, and with a pen and ink and paper, which had remained upon the table since the morning, I quickly wrote an attestation of the fact that Henri, Marquis de Carcassonne, had, in the presence of the subscribers, fully authorized the Reverend Pere Noailles to make known and publish all the facts which he had stated on his deathbed, in regard to the trial and execution of the late Count Louis de Lacy, as matters communicated to him, freely, and for the relief of his conscience, and not in the form of penitential confession, or under the seal of secrecy.

"I undertake," I said, when I had signed the paper myself, and Jeanette and the young assistant had signed it also, "that Captain Westover, who has been obliged to leave us on business, shall put his name to it likewise. Now, Monsieur de Noailles, will you permit me to look at that paper? We will make a copy of it immediately; but, of course, my anxiety to see the contents is great."

The old man placed the paper in my hands, and seated at the table beside him, I read as follows:

"I, Henri Marquis de Carcassonne, do hereby acknowledge and certify, that by various false and iniquitous charges, set on foot for objects and motives of my own, I did, many years ago, to wit in the year of our Lord 178-, cause and procure Louis, Count de Lacy, to be brought to trial for treason and dereliction of duty in the government of the possessions of the French crown in the East Indies: that I have every reason to believe the said Count de Lacy to have

been totally and entirely innocent of the crimes thus laid to his charge, and, moreover, that two letters produced in court at the trial of the said count, and purporting to be parts of a correspondence between himself and Sir E. C—— were, to my certain knowledge, and with my cognizance, forged; not by myself, but a certain Giraud, apothecary to the household of the said count, for the purpose of procuring his condemnation; and that I prompted and encouraged the said Giraud to counterfeit the count's hand, and forge the above mentioned documents, inasmuch as I found that the charges could not be sustained without them, and I feared the vengeance of the said Count de Lacy, if acquitted, on account of certain previous passages between us. I bitterly regret and repent of the crime I thus committed in procuring the death of an innocent man; and now finding that it pleases God to take me from this world, and that I have not many hours to live, I make this acknowledgment and confession solely to do justice to the memory of the said Count de Lacy, and to make atonement, as far as is in my power, for the evil and misery I have brought upon him and his family, trusting that God will accept my tardy repentance, through the merits of my Saviour Christ, I have hereunto, in my perfect senses, and with full knowledge and recollection of all the facts, set my hand, in witness of the truth of all the particulars contained herein, the above having been previously read over by me, in presence of the Reverend Pere de Noailles, having been taken down by him from my own lips."

It seemed as if a mountain had been removed from my breast. I thought not of any advantages which might result to myself. I carried not my thoughts at all into the future. My father's memory was cleared. His honor, his fair name was reestablished. No crime now blackened the annals of my race, and when I turned and looked at the corpse of his murderer, I said with a free heart, and a sincere spirit, "May God forgive you, unhappy man."

Poor Jeanette, who was by my side, and had been weeping a good deal during all these transactions, took me by the hand, saying, joyfully—

"All will go well now, Louis—all will go well. More depends upon that paper than you know. Keep it safe, keep it safe, and all will go well."

It was necessary, however, in the first instance, to give a copy to Monsieur de Noailles, and when that was done, some further conversation ensued between us, in regard to the funeral of the Marquis de Carcassonne. I found that he had few, if any, friends in London; for long previous to his illness, he had been suspected by the principal emigrants in England of being a spy in the pay of the existing French government.

"I shall be willing to bear the expense," I said; "if I can get any one to superintend the management."

"From what I know," replied Monsieur de Noailles, "I think that both the expense and trouble should fall upon the man below stairs. I have reason to believe that, for the last year, during which the Marquis has been in feeble health, Giraud has both ill-treated and plundered him, to a very great extent. The man is a hardened sinner, a scoffer, and an atheist; but the facts revealed in that document may, perhaps, frighten him into doing what is right, and I see no reason why you should be called upon, Monsieur de Lacy, to pay for that which he himself, I'm sure, is bound to do."

I agreed perfectly in this view of the case; but we found ourselves deceived.

On descending to the shop, there was nobody in it but the boy whom I had seen there once before. He told us that Monsieur Giraud had called an hackney-coach, and had gone away in it, with three trunks. He never returned, and I conclude that, alarmed at the revelations likely to be made by the Marquis de Carcassonne in his dying moments, he fled from England, and died



somewhere in obscurity. The boy told us that, before he went, he had cursed the old fool up stairs, and had said, that as he seemed determined to die with a cow's tail in his hand, he should absent himself for a day or two, as he did not like such mummeries.

This afforded sufficient indication of his intention to induce me to request Monsieur de Noailles to make all the arrangements of the funeral in my name, and after having obtained his promise to that effect, and given him my address at Blackheath, I took my departure.

Jeanette went upon her way to Berkeley square, while I hurried on toward the lodgings of Westover, the hour of meeting which he had named having long passed.

I found a chariot, with flaming lamps, at his door, and was admitted immediately by a servant in livery, who seemed to be waiting in the hall; but before I could mount the stair-case, I was met by Westover himself, coming down with his hat on.

"Come with me, Louis," he said; "come with me. Thank God for this night's work."

"Where are you going to take me?" I asked.

"Never mind at present," he answered, "to a house where you have never been."

My heart beat with very strange sensations; but I followed him to the carriage, and got in with him. When the door was closed, the servant touched his hat, inquiringly, and Westover said, "home."

It was the only word he spoke during the drive, which was short enough.

At length, the carriage drew up at the door of a large house, a thundering knock resounded through the square, and we both got out and entered a hall, in which several powdered servants were standing. Westover passed them all, without a word, and I followed. We went up a magnificent stair-case, lined with old portraits, till my companion paused suddenly, laying his hand upon the lock of a door upon the first floor.

"Go in, Louis," he said, in a low voice, "go in."

"Will you not come in to introduce me?" I said.

"Not for the world," he answered, "go in, Louis," and he opened the door for me to pass.

The next moment, I found myself in a large drawing-room but faintly lighted; but there was a smaller one beyond, with a better light, and seated on a sofa there, I beheld a lady, with her handkerchief lying on the table beside her, and her eyes buried in her hands. The opening door made her look up, and I saw the beautiful but faded face of Lady Catharine covered with tears. The moment she beheld me, she sprang up from the sofa, ran forward, cast her arms round my neck, and I heard the words—"My son, my son!"

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## THE COLOPHON.

I must not pause to describe emotions, nor can I indeed narrate regularly, or distinctly, all that occurred during the next half hour. I had found a parent—a mother. O, how dear, how charming that name. Those who have gone on from childhood to manhood under a loved mother's eye, and have only parted with her at the threshold of that gate which we must all pass, can form no idea of the sensations experienced by one who has never known a mother's care, when he hears the very word mentioned—the longing, the yearning, the never-to-be satisfied desire to see the face, to hear the voice, to press the lips of her who gave us birth.

I had found a mother, and I sat beside her, with her hand clasped in mine, her head leaning on my shoulder, her eyes turned toward my face, speaking short words of love, often silent, but with a silence full of affection. For that half-hour there were no explanations, no connected

conversation. All was wild and strong emotion, the first overflowings of love between parent and child, after a separation of twenty years.

We might have gone on much longer in the same way, but then there came a light knock at the door. It opened, and Westover's voice said—

“May I come in?”

“O, yes, come in, come in, Charles,” said my mother. “Come in, my second son; my noble, my generous boy. I should not be half-happy if you did not share in the joy you have aided to bring about.”

Westover entered, and sat down by us, saying—with a smile, while he shook me warmly by the hand—

“Now, Louis, you know all.”

“No, no, he does not,” said my mother, “he knows nothing, Charles, but that his father's name is clear, and that he has found his mother. I must tell him, as best I can, but I am afraid I shall be very confused.”

“I will help you, dear aunt,” said Westover. “It is right that he should know how it is he has been so long deprived of a mother's care, and I am sure that in explaining, you will explain all, gently.”

“Fear not, Charles, fear not,” said Lady Catharine. “Though I have undergone much that was hard to bear, yet all is forgiven now in the joy of recovering my son—let me see how I can best tell my story—I must begin far back.”

“Some seven or eight and twenty years ago, I was a gay, wild girl, Louis, in the fashionable world of London. I had a fond and affectionate mother, who spoiled me, perhaps. A sister, next in age to myself, and a dear brother—Charles Westover's father. There was a younger sister, too. All these were gay, light hearted, and easy in disposition, like myself; but my father was made of somewhat sterner materials. You have seen him—you know him—and I need say little more; except, that then he was moving a good deal in political life, and he had found it perhaps necessary to adopt a rigidity of principle, and a stern inflexibility of resolution, which has always kept his name high and pure in the world, but has not made one unfortunate child very happy.

“About that time, my mother died, and I was left much to my own guidance, as the eldest of the family, and I met in society a young French nobleman, the Count de Lacy, who was then Secretary of Legation here. He was wealthy, had served in the army with distinction, and my father was fond of him, often invited him to this house, and I have sat with him here, where now we sit, a hundred times, receiving feelings which I little knew were creeping into my breast. At length, he told me he loved me, and he very soon found out that I loved him. He expressed fears, however, that our affection would meet with opposition on my father's part, and assured me that he would not have ventured to breathe his love, till he had made more progress in the earl's regard, if he had not been suddenly recalled to France, as well as the ambassador. It was necessary, however, that my father should be immediately informed of our wishes, and De Lacy went to him for that purpose. He received a peremptory, and immediate refusal. My father said that he esteemed and liked the Count de Lacy, but that his daughter should never marry a foreigner, and a Roman Catholic.

“We both knew that my father's resolutions were unchangeable, and those resolutions were expressed very harshly to me, who had never been accustomed to hear an unkind word from any one. They engendered feelings which they ought not to have produced—feelings almost of anger—something more than disappointment—a spirit of resistance. I felt that I could

never love any one but De Lacy—that I should be miserable when he was gone—that I could only be happy as his wife. We found means to see each other. Our first object was only to say farewell, but in a moment of rash passion, he asked me to fly with him, and I fled. In every thing, he behaved with the utmost tenderness, delicacy, and honor. We reached Paris—unpursued, as I afterward found—and were immediately married by good Father Bonneville, who had been the chaplain to the embassy, and then by a Protestant clergyman.

“I wrote to my father immediately, begging forgiveness; but my letter was returned unopened, and I found that my father had given strict orders in his family, that my name should be never mentioned to him—that if ever I was inquired for by others, the reply should be simply, that I was abroad, and that no notice whatsoever should be taken in public, or in private, of my being the wife of the Count de Lacy. One is soon forgotten in a great world like this, Louis. There was some little rumor and gossiping when I first went away, but my father’s perfect calmness and reserve, his appearance of utter indifference and easy bearing, soon quelled all idle talk, and, except by my brother and my sisters, I was soon lost to remembrance. I had three children, of whom you were the second, Louis. My other lost darlings were girls. One died in the East, where De Lacy was appointed to a high command. The other died a day before her father—

She put her hand over her eyes, and paused for several moments; but then resuming her discourse, she said—

“I cannot dwell upon that terrible time. My senses left me for several weeks, and when I awoke to a consciousness of my situation, I found myself a widow, nearly penniless, stripped of all the fine estates which my husband had possessed, with one dear boy, between four and five years old, fatherless, and marked out by the terrible curse of a black stain upon his father’s name.

“Rank, station, fortune, love, hope, were all gone. The world seemed a blank void to me, and the waking from that frenzied sleep, like the recovery of a half-drowned man, was far more terrible than the death-like state which had preceded. I found, however, that besides good Father Bonneville, who had flown to me immediately, there was an English gentleman in the house, and as soon as I could bear it, I was told that he had been sent to me with a message from my father. When I could see him, I found that he was a stiff, dry, old man, but not altogether unkind, and he did not venture to give me the message he was charged to deliver for two or three days. He then, however, told me that he had a proposal to make to me, which had been reduced to writing, in my father’s own hand. It was this—”

She paused again, unable to proceed, and Westover interposed, saying—

“Let me tell him, my dear aunt?”

“The case was this, Louis, my grandfather had watched anxiously the proceedings against your father, and when he found him condemned and executed, his whole estates confiscated, and his very name attainted, he sent over to offer my Aunt Catharine a refuge in her former home—but it was only for herself,” he added, in a slow and sorrowful tone. “He exacted that you should be left behind in France—that she should resume her maiden name—that you should be brought up in utter ignorance of your connection with his family, and, as far as possible, in ignorance also of your father’s history.”

“It was a hard measure,” I said, somewhat bitterly, but Westover went on.

“On these conditions, he promised to provide for you amply—to pay for your support and education, during youth, and to settle a sufficient property upon you at his death. The reason he assigned for these harsh measures—as you will call them—was, that his name had come

down unstained for many generations, and that he would never admit or acknowledge any connection with a family, which had the taint of treason upon it.”

“At first,” said my mother, taking up the tale again, “I rejected the proposal with horror, and declared that nothing would induce me to part with my child; but the good gentleman who had been sent to me, urged strongly, that by my presence and persuasions, I might induce my father to mitigate somewhat of his severity. He did not know his inflexible nature; and before I yielded, I attempted by letter to move my father. I represented humbly that, although condemned by a corrupt court, my poor husband was certainly innocent—that I knew every thing that had passed between him and the British officers—that the letters produced were forgeries—and that the time would come, when De Lacy’s name would stand out pure and clear. All I could obtain was contained in the following words of his reply: ‘If the time should ever come which you anticipate, and when your late husband’s character shall be fully justified, I will acknowledge you as his wife with pride, and receive your son as one of my own race. But till that time, I will never see him. You must never meet him voluntarily; and I beg it to be remembered, that if by a want of good faith, or even an indiscretion upon your part, he is made acquainted with his connection with myself, or is brought to England, under any false expectations from me, I will immediately stop the allowance that I propose to make him, and strike his name out of my will.’

“At first this seemed to me but little gained, but both the English gentleman, who had remained with me, and Father Bonneville, thought that it was much. They represented to me that opinion was already changing in France with regard to my husband’s case, that multitudes asserted his innocence and deplored his fate; and that the time must soon come, when he would be fully justified. My own hopes and convictions seconded their arguments, and I resolved, at length, to submit. Beggary and starvation were before me, Louis, not only for myself, but for you. I was bribed, in short, by the hope of your happiness, to sacrifice all a mother’s affections and enjoyments. Father Bonneville undertook the task of educating you; my maid Jeanette agreed to go with him to his little cure, and watch over you as a mother; and with a bitterness worse than that of death, I parted from you, and returned to England. Father Bonneville and Jeanette both solemnly bound themselves to the secrecy required—and well did they keep their word. God’s will brought you to England, no act of mine; and by a blessed chance you became acquainted with your dear Cousin Charles, who has been to me in my long widowhood and privation, the greatest comfort and consolation.”

“But how did you know Charles,” I inquired, “so much of my fate and history, if the subject was forbidden in your grandfather’s house.”

“The prohibition was not well kept toward me at all events,” replied Westover; “my father told me the whole story long ago. My Aunt Maude, whom you have seen, talked of it frequently. My grandfather himself, even, of late years—when he found out that I knew it—mentioned the matter once or twice himself. I am a great favorite of his, and when I discovered that you were in England, and perceived what sort of a person you were, I used to dash at the subject with him often; for with these stern old gentlemen, Louis, there is nothing like a little careless, rattling independence. Never do any thing that is wrong toward them—never be insolent or impertinent, but go gayly on your own way, and they learn very soon to take it as a matter of course. Every one helped me, too, I must say; for we would have done any thing in the world to comfort dear Aunt Kate. It was with this purpose that I persuaded her to go down to Blackheath on the day of the review, not intending that she should know who you were till afterward, but just that she might see you, and learn that she had seen her son; but I even

persuaded the earl himself to come meet you at dinner; and he was very much pleased with you there, especially when he found that you were perfectly ignorant of your own history. The fact of your having become a Protestant, increased his good feeling toward you, and he began to take a good deal of interest in you, so that I doubt not in the least, we should have got round his lordship in the end, even if we had not obtained this important proof of your father's innocence. As soon as he heard the facts, however, and I assured him that there could be no possible doubt, he consented at once to my bringing you here, said that his objections were at an end, that the conditions were fulfilled, and he was quite ready to acknowledge you as his grandson. In fact, Louis, he only wished for a good excuse to abandon his stern determination—and he caught at it eagerly enough.”

“Shall I not see him?” I asked.

“Not to-night, I think,” replied Westover. “He was obliged to go to the House, he said, and was gone before you arrived. The fact is, he hates what he calls scenes, and fearing there might be one here, he went away. Take my advice, therefore, and when you see him to-morrow, just shake him by the hand, as quietly as if you had been his grandson all your life, and had just come back from Buxton. He will then take the initiative himself, and make all the arrangements that are necessary.”

“But your father, Westover,” I said.

“Alas! we have lost him,” replied my mother, “but we have no second title in our family, Louis, and therefore Charles is merely Captain Westover; but you have some explanations to give, I think he told me.”

“They will be better given to-morrow, dear aunt,” said Westover. “Let us finish one volume of the book first. Jeanette has just been telling me, Louis, that you have got the precious document signed by the Marquis de Carcassonne's own hand—show it to her, show it to her—it will do her good to see it.” My mother read it with eyes blinded by tears, and then pressed it to her lips. “Thank God, thank God!” she said. “I cannot help sometimes thinking, Louis, that the dead can see us, and if so, it must give even greater joy to the spirit of your father in glory, to see his name thus justified by the efforts of his son.”

I disclaimed much of the credit she attributed to me, and acknowledged that the principal honor was due to good Jeanette.

Jeanette was then called in and embraced us all round, kissed Charles Westover on each side of the face, and me twice on each side, called him an *excellent garçon*, and me her *chère Louis*, and then danced for a minute for very joy, and then ran out of the room to weep, from the same cause.

We protracted our sitting till nearly midnight, and I retired with a heart lightened of its heaviest load. The next morning, I went, as had been arranged by Westover, to call upon my grandfather at his breakfast hour. I found him alone—for my mother had not come down to breakfast for years—but he received me very kindly, gave me his whole hand, and made me sit down to breakfast with him. For the first five minutes he called me Monsieur de Lacy, but it very soon got to Louis, and he talked of the news of the day, and of Charles Westover, and of the state of his health, and of his own anxiety to prevent him from joining his regiment again, while that ball was in his chest.

I followed his lead, and replied, “I dare say, sir, you might find a means, if you wished it.”

He shook his head, saying, “I don't think it. Boys and girls are all obstinate—what means?”

“If you were to persuade some fair lady to ask him, sir,” I said, “he would never refuse her.”

“Ha—what do you mean, Miss ——?”

"I really do not know who the lady is," I answered; "but I dare say your lordship is well aware."

"Oh yes, I know quite well. He has been engaged to Miss —— two years; I wonder why they have not married before now."

"I really cannot tell," I answered; "but perhaps they do not know that you would approve—or Westover may think that he has not sufficient to keep his position as your grandson."

"Ay, that old uncle of his, Westover," he said, "left his fortune charged with such a jointure that nothing will come in from that till the old lady dies——"

He thought for a moment, and then added, "But all that will be speedily arranged. Why did he not speak to me about it himself?"

"I only speak myself by guess, my lord," I answered, "and am conscious I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in mentioning the subject to you at all."

"Not at all, not at all," said the earl, "I'm obliged to you; but I cannot be expected to think of all these things for everybody. He only told me that he intended to marry Miss ——; and I said, very well, I had no objection; for she is a very good girl, and of a very old family, though poor, desperate poor. Go and tell him, Louis, that if he likes to stay here and marry, I will make every arrangement to render him comfortable. Don't let fortune stand in the way a moment. He shall be put at ease."

I had a great inclination to say a good word for myself; but I forbore, and as I rose to go, the earl asked, in an ordinary tone, "Have you seen your mother this morning?"

I replied as nearly as I could in the same manner, that I had not yet; and he rejoined, "Well, go and see her before you go to Charles. You will find her in her dressing-room—you know where it is."

I had not the most distant idea; but I did not tell him so, and merely bade him good morning. Thus ended my first interview with the Earl of N—— as his acknowledged grandson.

Very few words more will suffice to close my little history. Charles Westover was delighted with the news I brought him, and readily agreed to retire upon half pay, and to remain in England. He insisted upon knowing how it had been brought about that I was sent with this message to him, and I gave him, half jestingly, half seriously, an account of my interview with the earl.

"I understand you, Louis, I understand you," he said, wringing my hand hard, "and I thank you from my very heart. Nothing on earth would have induced me to ask the earl for a penny. My mother's jointure, of course, diminishes greatly the income that descended to me from my father, and perhaps some youthful imprudences may have diminished it still more; but the earl, I dare say, did not think of either. Now all will go well; for there is not a more generous man living, when he acts spontaneously. And so you really did not speak one word about your own engagement? Well, that must be managed for you."

"No, no," I replied, "I will do it myself. I begin to understand his character, I think, and trust I can manage it."

However, when I came to talk with my mother on the subject, she was terrified at the very idea—a Frenchwoman—a Roman Catholic—the daughter of a poor emigrant—she thought it would drive the earl mad.

I went down to see Mariette, nevertheless, that same day, rejoiced the heart of the Count de Salins with the news of my father's complete exculpation, and returned the next morning to London, taking Father Bonneville with me; but I took especial care not to say one word to any one, of there being even a chance that the earl would disapprove of my choice. Some five or six

days after, the earl wrote me a note to come with Westover and breakfast with him. We found him in the best humor; for some changes had taken place in the ministry which satisfied him, and toward the close of breakfast, a servant announced that Mr. Holland was in the library.

"I will be with him directly," said the earl; and when he had finished his cup of coffee, and read a paragraph in the newspaper, to show that he was in no hurry, he rose, saying, "Now, young men, come with me."

We followed him to the library, where we found a tall, thin lawyer, with a shaggy head of hair, and two parchments spread out upon the table. A few words passed between the earl and his man of business, and then the former took up a pen, and signed the parchment at a spot pointed out.

"This, Charles," he said, turning to my cousin, "is a deed settling the sum of five thousand per annum upon you, till my death puts you in possession of the family estates."

"This, Louis," he continued, turning to me with the pen still in his hand, "is a deed, settling two thousand per annum upon you for life, and you will find yourself further remembered in my will."

He stooped to sign the parchment, but I laid my hand upon it saying, boldly, but in a commonplace tone, "Stop, my lord, if you please."

"Why?" he exclaimed, looking up.

"First," I answered, "because it is quite an honor, and pleasure enough for me to be your acknowledged grandson; and secondly, because I think it right to inform you, before you do what I could in no degree expect, that I am about to be married. The engagement was formed before I had the slightest idea that I was in any way related to you, otherwise I should certainly have consulted you before I entered into it."

I could see by Westover's face that he thought I was going wrong, but I was not. The old man laughed, and said, "Well, boy, I have no objection to your marrying."

"And any one I like?" I asked.

"And any one you like," he answered. "I do not carry my superintendence beyond one generation. That is more than enough for any one."

"Then, my dear and noble lord," I replied, "let me add, that the one I like, is I am sure, one you will like, too, for she is as generous and as noble-minded as yourself—noble, by birth and by character—a lady in every respect—and well fitted to be admitted into your family."

"A French-woman!" he said—"a French-woman?"

I think it was a sort of instinct dictated my reply, "One of my own countrywomen, my lord," I answered, "the companion of my childhood, the friend of my youth. I know that you judge it best for every one to marry one of his own country—she is the daughter of the Comte de Salins, and a nobler or a purer name is not to be found for five hundred years—is not to be found in the pages of French history."

"Well, well," said the old earl, "I shall be very happy to see her;" and he signed the parchment, adding, "Bring her here, my good boy, bring her here. You will soon know if I like her. If I do I shall kiss her, and don't you be jealous; if I do not I shall give her three fingers, and call her Mademoiselle;" and he laughed gayly.

Two days afterward, my mother and I brought up Mariette to visit the old earl. She was looking exquisitely lovely, her eyes full of the light of hope and happiness, her face glowing with sweet emotions, and her frame tremulous with feelings which added grace to all her graces. She leaned upon my mother's arm, as we entered the room where the old earl received us, and I could perceive as he gazed at her, that he was surprised and struck with her extraordinary

beauty. It was impossible to look upon that face and form and not be captivated. He rose from his chair at once, advanced and took her in his arms, and kissing her with more tenderness than I ever saw him display, he said, "Welcome, welcome, my dear child. If Louis does not make you a good husband, I will strike him out of my will, so see that you keep him in order."

Westover and I were married on the same day. I have no reason to doubt that he was happy, and of my own fate I am very sure.

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By a decree of the Cour de Cassation in the first year of the reign of Louis XVIII., by the grace of God King of France, the sentence passed upon Louis, Comte de Lacy, was, after a great many *vus*, and *interrogés* broken, and annulled, the memory of the said count *rehabilitée*, and his family, restored to all their estates and honors. Nevertheless, we find a Count and Countess De Lacy still living in England in 1830, and there are strong and cogent reasons to believe that the very numerous family bearing that name, had by some means or another, sprung up around them.



# MY FOREFATHERS.

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BY J. HUNT, JR.

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When soft falls the moonlight, and tranquil the hour,  
Which holds by a spell the dear scenes of the Past,  
How touchingly tender that mystical power  
Which throws o'er existence its love to the last.  
On the wings of Remembrance, forgetting, forgot  
Are the dreams of the Present, as onward we fly,  
To place our affections on that hallowed spot  
Where the bones of our forefathers mouldering lie.

Deep, pure, in the bosom's bright innermost shrine,  
Are treasured the loves we inherit in Youth;  
E'en Age, with its weakness, serves but to refine  
Our early impressions of Virtue and Truth.  
Those silent Instructors—God grant them a Rest  
In mansions prepared for the holy in heart—  
For oft do they come from the Land of the Blest,  
And to us their kindly monitions impart.

# CLEOPATRA.

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BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,  
TRANSLATOR OF  
THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS, ETC. ETC.

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Deliberatâ morte ferueior  
Lævis libumis scilicet inuideus  
Prevata deduci superbo,  
Non humilis mulier, triumpho.  
HORACE, *Lib. I. Ode 37.*

Away! away! I would not live,  
Proud arbiter of life and death,  
Although the proffered boon of breath,  
Which fain thou wouldst, but canst not, give,  
Were Immortality.  
Though all, that poets love to dream,  
Of bright and beautiful were blent  
To flow in one delicious stream,  
Till time itself were spent;  
Though glories, such as never met  
In mortal monarch's coronet,  
Were poured in one unclouded blaze  
On Cleopatra's deathless days,  
I would not bear the wretched strife,  
The feverish agony of life,  
The little aims, the ends yet less,  
The hopes bud-blighted ere they bloom,  
The joys that end in bitterness,  
The race that rests but in the tomb,  
These, these, not death, are misery.  
Nay! tell not me of pomp or pleasure,  
Of empire, or renown, or treasure,  
Of friendship's faith or love's devotion—  
Things treacherous as the wind-rocked ocean—  
For I have proved them all.  
Away! If there be ought to bless  
In rapture's goblet, I have drained  
That draught misnamed of happiness,  
Till not a lurking drop remained  
Of honey-mantled gall.  
Oh! who would live, that once hath seen  
The Lamia Pleasure's mask removed;

That once hath learned how false the sheen  
Of all he erst so madly loved?  
And I have seen, have learned, the whole;  
Till, for the passions fierce and wild  
That torrent-like defied control,  
A wretched apathy of soul,  
Exhausted rapture's gloomy child,  
Hath crept into my very blood,  
Chilling the tides that wont to flow  
Like lava in their scorching flood—  
An apathy more dull than care,  
More sad than pain, more still than wo—  
Twin sister to despair.  
And thinkest thou I would stoop to live  
On mercy such as Rome might give—  
Or what is Rome, and what am I,  
That I should bend a servile knee,  
The free-born daughter of the free,  
To her, whose victor lords have thrown  
Their sceptre-swords before my throne,  
And lost their empires at my frown?  
Or deemest thou, impotent and base,  
That I, of eldest earthly race,  
Will thread in slow procession pace  
Rome's proud triumphal way—  
A crownless queen, a shameless slave,  
Beside thy golden chariot's nave,  
With fettered heads supine to crave  
Plebeian pity—Roman ruth—  
And with unroyal tears, forsooth!  
“To make a Roman Holyday?”  
An emperor thou! and I—no more!  
My foot is on life's latest shore.  
Away! even now I die.  
I feel it coursing through my veins,  
The peace that soon shall still my pains,  
And calm my ceaseless wo.  
Away, proud chief! I would not yield  
My empire for the conquered world  
O'er which thine eagle wing is furled—  
My empire in the grave.  
Hades shall rise my steps to greet,  
Ancestral kings my advent meet,  
Sesostris, of the man-drawn car,  
And Rhamses, thunderbolt of war,  
Amenophis, of giant frame,

And Tathrak, of immortal name.  
The mighty Ptolemies shall rise  
With greeting in their glorious eyes,  
And cry from lips no longer dumb—  
“Hail, sister queen, for thou hast come  
Right royally thy feres among.  
Our thousand thrones have tarried long,  
    Till thou shouldst mount thine own.

Last, loveliest, frailest of our line,  
By this immortal death of thine  
Thou hast outdared all daring—thou  
Art first among us. Lo! we bow—  
We kneel—before thee! Sister queen,  
The end of fortune here is seen,  
    Ascend thy fated throne.”

And now my woman-heart is steeled;  
    Call forth the bravest of the brave,  
Your reapers of the crimson field,  
    To whom the battle-cry is breath,  
    To look upon a woman’s death.

I have outlived my love, my power,  
    My country’s freedom, people’s name,  
My flush of youth, my beauty’s flower,  
    But not, oh not! my thirst of fame.

    The Pyramids before me lie,  
Piercing the deep Egyptian sky,  
Memorials of the nameless dead,  
To build whose glory thousands bled—  
And I, the latest of their race,  
A captive in their dwelling place,  
    Die, yet survive them all.

I tell thee, when no trophies shine  
Upon the proud Capitoline,  
When Julius’ fame is all forgot,  
Even where his honored relics rot,  
    Ages shall sing my fall.

Proud Roman, thou hast won. But I,  
More gladly than thou winnest, die.  
Away! when crowns were on my brow,  
And nations did my rising greet,  
And Cæsar groveled at my feet,  
    I lived not—never lived till now.

## REMINISCENCE.

Not every man, I believe, takes the trouble to look back occasionally to his very earliest recollections, recalling what he may, with a view to learn how much of his character was formed by the trivial incidents of his spring-time, how much, and what, is of later origin. It would surprise one to see accurately the proportion of his habit of thought, his sensibility, his ideas of right and wrong, his reverence and his affections, how much of the underlying sympathies and poetry of his nature is associated with this early period.

Some book I was reading, or some friend I was talking with the other day, suggested the matter and left me in a reverie of reminiscence.

There came back to me the memory of pleasant dreams which I was perplexed to divorce from dream-like reality, of presents and promises, of nursery tales and melodies, of first disappointments, punishments, and altercations, of all the scenery between babyhood and boyhood, and of the constant wonder amid which my mind wrought its first essays.

The quiet village street between my father's house and place of business, was the only one I was in the custom of seeing, and at such times generally in charge of an attendant, unless, with soiled face and apron full of toys, I adventured alone to run the hazard of the occasional carriages, and finally to be found asleep beside the fence and carried home to my anxious mother. When taken to another street, I seemed to pass to another realm. I roamed admiringly through the *terra incognita*; "the Bank," with its brick walls and slated roof, I believed the castle of Giant Despair; the huge, white, fast-closed meeting-house seemed like a desolate prison; the drivers shouted to their teams in unknown tongues; the confectioners' windows recognized me with smiles of dazzling invitation, and sometimes a benign old man would pat my head and ask me how old I was. The bustle and business, the shops and sign-boards, all I saw and met were wondrous discoveries, identified with histories of men and things which I had spelled out from my story-books, or had heard my father read at morning-prayer.

Once or twice I wandered off there alone. But to turn the corner of Mill street was like rounding the Cape of Storms. Men in a hurry tumbled over me, rude boys threatened to swallow me, dirty-faced and ragged children of my own age eyed me in mute surprise, that almost equaled mine, or with precocious malignity and a jealousy that, I trust, did not ripen in them, plucked my clothes or my hair, or threw mud on me. And one boy—and a twinge of my sometime indignation now comes across me—I remember took away the ten-cent piece which hung on a red ribbon around my neck, and spent it for India crackers.

There was a stump fence opposite our house, where I sometimes stood for long together, looking at the great, spangling roots and dead fibres twisted in fantastic shapes, to conjure up dragons, hydras, and all grotesque and horrible creations. And the old swamp of rank, slim hemlocks, that I used to shudder at passing, with their gnarled, naked trunks, dry limbs and mossy beards. And the tangled, dark thickets and unpathed woods with cawing rooks; these all filled my mind with shapeless shadows of strange myths. How I remember the first time I clambered up the hill and looked out upon the miles of forest, like a great, green, waving ocean, while the winds strode over it, as then my heart knew its first unutterable grasping, and swelled with vague emotions that I could not fit with words.

My reverence was sincere for "big boys twelve years old," of intrepid courage, who talked slightly of the maternal authority, owned jack-knives, and emulated the "mouth-filling oaths" of larger men. I considered it great condescension in them to let me go with them after their

cows, or when they made journeys to the pine groves after “sliver,” or the alder swamps for whistles. These were the delightful music of this period, and from such excursions I returned inflated with the consciousness of travel, my torn shoes and clayey garments telling how dear I paid for the instrument in whose possession I exulted as those whom Jubal taught erewhile. Particularly I remember my paragon of chivalry, and the Mr. Great Heart of my erudition—Bill Thayer. How I hung upon his words of daring; how I admired the gasconade with which he threatened the “Shad-Laners,” between whom and the urchins at our end of the town fierce feud existed; and how he fell from the pinnacle of my veneration when I saw him return vanquished and limping from a foray upon the Shad-Lane district.

There were two or three places about the premises which I used to love to steal into and ransack. One of these was the garret of the house. We went up through a trap-door into a space just under the roof, its bare rafters within my touch at the sides, and through which the chimneys passed. Here were white hats and faded or unfashionable garments. Here were boxes with bedding in them; barrels of feathers, both boxes and barrels of old pamphlets and newspapers—behind a chimney leaned an old “king’s arms” musket, which at length familiarity encouraged me to lay hands upon, and near it hung a cartridge-box, a knapsack, and a bayonet in its sheath. These told me all sorts of tales. I shuddered and dropped the steel when I thought of its purpose and what might have been its deeds, and of all the Bible stories of Goliath with his sword and spear, and Samson slaying Philistines. I inquired strangely of myself what war was, and the mystery of conflict and enmity enveloped my young thought, as it has many an older. To tumble those old books and papers was delightful. Sometimes a rare waif came to hand, a print or a toy-book, or something equally valuable.

Thus do I rummage the neglected attics of my own memory; thus trace the concretion of that character which I must bear forever, and the gradual development of my reason and volition in the sunlight of home and innocence.

“God help thee, Elia,” said Charles Lamb, “how art thou changed!”

B. B.

# TO THE PICTURE OF MY CHILD. <sup>[1]</sup>

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BY META LANDER.

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Oh! is it not a dream, my child?  
Is not my yearning heart beguiled?  
And have not then my longings wild  
    Disturbed my wildered brain?  
Ah, no! the wish that night and day  
Hath never, never passed away—  
    It stirred me not in vain.

Full many a dreary month has passed,  
Since o'er me swept that chilling blast,  
When on thee, child, I looked my last.  
    Oh! since that mournful hour,  
How have I longed for some charmed art  
To trace thine image from my heart  
    With thy rich beauty's dower.

I see thee once again, my dove!  
Thy face all radiant with love—  
Thy parted rose-bud lips—they *move*—  
    Oh! will they *never speak*?  
I list in vain, my warbling bird;  
There gushes forth no loving word,  
    And tears steal down my cheek.

Thou putt'st up thy month to kiss;  
My heart is thrilled with wildest bliss—  
And yet—and yet—*something* I miss—  
    Thought's ever changeful play—  
The variant, passing moods of life—  
Its lights and shades in pleasant strife—  
    A dash of Sorrow's spray.

I look upon thy morning face,  
Enrapt with its sun-lighted grace—  
But seek in vain the faintest trace  
    Of some o'ershadowing cloud.  
Alas! dear child! *it is not thou*—  
Sunshine laughed never on thy brow  
    When grief did mine enshroud.

I miss thy winsome tenderness—  
Thy music-tones, so charmed to bless;  
I miss thy soothing, fond caress—  
    Thy sweet lips on mine own.  
Carrie, my child! *thou* wouldst not be  
Thus mute in my keen agony.  
    *Again I am alone!*

Then hide that face from out my sight!  
Its radiant smile and eyes of light  
But mock me in my sorrow's night—  
    I cannot bid it stay.  
Too like it is, sweet one, to thee—  
And oh! I cannot bear to see  
    That smile's unbroken ray.

But hush, my heart! And would I, then,  
Make thee a child of grief again,  
And shroud thy boundless, starry ken  
    In Time's bewildering night.  
Ah, no! I would rejoice that now  
Ray ever round thy cherub-brow  
    Beams of celestial light.

Freed from the cankering cares of life,  
Its tears—its bitterness—its strife—  
From all the ills with which is rife  
    This changing, mortal coil;  
Oh! sweet forever be thy rest  
In that Elysium of the blest—  
    Fair Eden's genial soil.

How could I bear that thou shouldst weep?  
That the sad angel, Grief, should keep  
The key to thy dear heart, or sweep  
    O'er thee her storm-clouds wild!  
Oh! let me weep my tears alone!  
Ne'er shall thy lips breathe sorrow's moan,  
    My own, my angel child!



Then while my aching heart is riven,  
I lift it weeping up to heaven,  
Exulting that to thee is given  
    Eternal sunlight sweet!  
A sunlight imaged on thy brow,  
Which doth not mock my misery now,  
    As thy love-glance I meet.

I look into thy moonlit eyes,  
Wherein thy soul clear mirrored lies,  
As heaven looks through the star-lit skies,  
    The wintry night to bless.  
In their deep light is earnest thought—  
Visions with inward beauty fraught  
    No language can express.

I gaze upon thy forehead fair,  
Shadowed by thy brown, clustering hair,  
And joy that is not written there  
    One line of grief or pain.  
From that clear brow there beams a smile,  
Which sweetly utters all the while  
    *Mother, we meet again!*

Oh! blest forever be that art  
Which hath reversed the words—*to part*,  
And back unto my yearning heart  
    My darling child hath given.  
Around that face, in radiance bright,  
Circleth an aureole of light—  
    Adumbrant sweet of heaven.

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[1] By the poet-painter, T. Buchanan Read.

# PAQUETA.

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BY. H. DIDIMUS.

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## CHAPTER I.

“Paqueta, Paqueteta, Paquete,” I called, throwing the Italian and English diminutives together to express more strongly the smallness, and, I may add, prettiness, of the little being whom I knew was listening for my voice. Paqueta sprang into the room with a shower of laughter, and rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and embraced them, and said that she was, indeed, very happy. Paqueta was one of those “pets” to be found in every creole family of Louisiana; and which seem to be as necessary to the completeness of the establishment, as was the fool among the nobler of our ancestors, some three centuries past. The pet is ever a slave, a little slave, sometimes full-blooded and jetty black, and sometimes so near upon white, as to puzzle the eye to find a trace of the African sun in its complexion. It is adopted from chance, or whim, and grows daily into the affections, until it becomes the most indulged, pampered, spoiled, cared-for, and idolized thing about the house. With the widest liberty, its chains hang in the air, or are made of those roses which the good people of Geneva put into Jean Jaque’s hands when they raised a monument to his Emile. Paqueta was a quateronne—a light quateronne, of exquisite features, and most fragile make; and, at the time of which I write, had eight years—eight years of happiness to her; for she knew not of her condition, knew not of any thing, save petting, from her birth to that hour. Thus it is that liberty is a breath, an airy something to be talked of, rather than enjoyed. What liberty have the poor? Are they not bound to labor, to a toil which is ceaseless, by the will of God, even to the grave! And what liberty have the rich? A change of place, and their own wills. Better it were that their own wills were bound about with clamps of iron three-fold deep. Paqueta was born upon the feast of Easter, and thence took her name—for the French call Easter-day “Paque;” and a paque it was, or a festival it was, from her birth unto her death. Her hair was long and straight, and black as night; while her eyes, ox-eyes, too, were deeply blue; as if nature, knowing her mixed race, were willing to carry out the mixture by a strange compound of opposing colors. Nothing could be more delicate and tapering than her fingers; and her tiny feet were a joy to the sight. And there she lay, rolling at my feet, and looking up archly, and laughing—for she knew what was to come next; so I put out my hand, and commenced the daily lesson, counting upon the digits.

“*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq.*” I had undertaken to teach Paqueta to count five—and a mighty task it was; for she was a very little witch, and knew me better than I knew myself, and feared lest, the lesson ended, she might lose her interest to be whistled down the wind. Oh, nature, nature! thou knowest full well what thou art about; and dost put into our breasts, even in the beginning, the ways and means of winning all our desires.

“*Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq.*” Paqueta crooked her little fingers, and commenced; “*Un, deux, quatre—non, ce n’est pas juste; un, quatre, cinq*”—and then, with a fillip upon her ear, the one hundred and ninety-ninth, she sprang away, and shouted, and laughed, and crept back again, and rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and said that indeed she must learn, and thought that she should do so, if she could but try again. And thus we went on, from day

to day, Paqueta's little head refusing to hold more than three numerals at once, and even those three not in the right relative position. And when Paqueta became weary of her counting, and I became weary of the fillip, she would steal up behind my chair, and comb out my hair—which I then wore foolishly long, having enough of it—and fumble in my pockets for paper, and roll my locks up tightly to the skin, saying that they must curl, and that, as I was a good man, I must buy her, and she would be my nice little barber forever. Buy her! And so she knew that she was a thing of barter—a thing to be bought and sold! And what if she did know it—was she the less happy for her knowledge—and was she other than we all are, in this broad world? Who buys the maid, trained to all luxury, sighing for position! And who buys the youth, in science well instructed, ambitious of a name! The poor are bought daily, under every sum that civilization acknowledges, and the rich, when in want of other purchasers, sell themselves to their own vices. Small difference is it, whether the price be pounds, shillings, and pence, or a promise of ease, or power, or bread, or pleasures, forbidden in this life, to be accounted for in the next. So Paqueta was not so unfortunate, after all.

Paqueta loved dress above all things, and had the taste to wear it—the French part of her composition—and when, on a gala day, she appeared tricked out with ribbons, her joy ran over, and sparkled in her eyes, and lighted up her face, and babbled from her tongue, and played in her feet, so airily, that she seemed to tread upon nothing. She loved admiration, too; and no punishment could be devised, for any of her faults, so effective as the forbidding her to appear before the company which visited her mistress' house. She took to music from nature, for she was born amid the sound of bells; and at the Opera, where she held her mistress' handkerchief, or arranged her mistress' train, kept time with her head, and with her hands, and with her whole body—certainly Paqueta was not unhappy. I much doubt whether she ever saw a more miserable hour than that to which I once subjected her, in an honest attempt to teach her English. She began with a right good will, for she knew that the lesson was to be a long one, and would not be got over with the counting of five; but the guttural and teeth sounds so grated upon her ear, that, like the whetting of a saw, they made her sick, and I gave up my project—the more readily, since we all know that one language is enough for anybody; and more than enough for most of us.

Next to dress, in a woman, comes religion; and since nature is ever true, and ever holds to her first types, Paqueta was religious all over. She kept the fast-days every one, eat no meat upon a Friday, and with the coming of the Sabbath, and on most week days, walked at her mistress' side to matins. If she came away with little knowledge, she came away with much wisdom; for true wisdom is a getter of happiness, and her happiness flowed from her religion as one of its main sources. She ever wore about her neck, hanging to a narrow ribbon, a small medal of the size, if you are a lady, of your thumb nail; it was of bronze, and bore upon one side an impress of the cross, and upon the other a raised figure of the Virgin. One day I took it between my fingers, and asked her what it was; she said it was her God, and began with much earnestness to tell me how it came into her possession. She said that it had been given to her a long time before, so long before that her little memory could not run back to the precise year, and month, and day, by the good Father Joseph, who told her that if she kept it safely she should never die. Never die; *pauvre petite!* What could Paqueta know of death, except as a place where there was no dressing, no eating and no drinking, no counting of five, and, more than all, no petting? Yet the good father had spoken to her of death, and had told her further, that if she did but pray to her God morning and night, she would in return, receive whatever she asked.

“And did the good father tell you what to ask for, Paqueta?”

“*Oui, monsieur*,” he said that I must ask for health, and nothing more, for every thing else I could get myself.”

A right good father, and a right sensible father was Joseph, according to my thinking; for the little Paqueta throve well under his instructions. Every morning and every night she took the medal from her neck, and placed it upon her bed and knelt before it and asked for health, and rose with the consciousness of possessing what she asked for. Her religion was a reality, and if it went not far, it at least went some way; and there was an earnestness about it which sometimes made me wish it my own. I have many neighbors, and perhaps you are slightly acquainted with others, who would show another and a better face with one half of Paqueta’s faith.

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## CHAPTER II.

Little Paqueta, nice Paqueta, sweet Paqueta, slave Paqueta, my pen runs riot when speaking of Paqueta, heaven bless her soul. Thus Paqueta lived, and breathed, and was happy during two whole years under my eyes, when a great change came over her life, and she put off the bonds of servitude never to resume them more. Her mistress, who had wealth, and who, with all of her sex among the creole French of Louisiana, looked forward to a translation to Paris with much of the expectation that fills the breast of a devotee who travels toward a “city out of sight,” removed to La Belle France. As the law then stood, it was the practice of those who went abroad to add a favorite slave to their train, as a readier and earlier means of manumission than the statute gave. All who touched la belle France returned free; so Paqueta’s mistress, knowing full well that her little maid-in-waiting, whom she had spoilt, and whom everybody had spoilt, was too white for servitude, was too white for any thing except one long Easter-day, as the pagans kept it, put her among her baggage. I saw Paqueta on shipboard, and there, standing upon the deck which was to take her forever from the clime of which she was a most true child, the wind whistling through her hair, and her tongue garrulous of the joy which childhood ever finds in all things new. I gave her my last lesson.

“Paqueta,” said I, “never trouble yourself about counting five; if you should ever arrive at the counting of a hundred, you would be none the better for it; but remember always the good Father Joseph’s gift and his instructions—good bye.”

And again the little slave-girl, so happy and so beautiful, rolled at my feet, and took them in her hands, and looked up, and was silent; for the long lesson of two years was ended, and was to be washed out by the wetting of a passing sorrow which I saw hanging upon her eyelids.

Ten years had rolled away since Paqueta’s emigration, and in the course of them I had grown more than ten years older under this hot, quick-racing sun. I had forgotten the long-haired, blue-eyed, Easter-born quateronne, with her mistress, and ten thousand other things beside, when, one long vacation, having nothing else to do, and having just got through a dull history of Paris in twelve big volumes, I resolved to see that great heart of the world. It was in King Philippe’s day, when the Parisians enjoyed more rational liberty than they ever enjoyed before, or will ever enjoy again, except they very much mend their ways. Now any thing may take place in Paris, as we know very well; and one who has lived there a long time must have long since ceased wondering. Paris is the mother of civilization, and civilization is a Proteus which turns itself inside-out, and upside-down, every day throughout the week. Paris is a

citizen of the world, and has the good and the bad qualities of all the earth beside; so that no one, wherever born, is at a loss in its streets, but at once feels at home, and leaving it, leaves it with regret. Paris, therefore, is as infinite in its incident as the earth is; and although it might be hard to find, elsewhere in Europe, the manners of two widely-separated people in close and harmonious juxtaposition, yet, in Paris, you tread upon the four continents every step you take. In Paris man's intellect is stretched to the utmost, the best fencer takes the prize, the hardest fends off, and no false coin passes for true metal; real merit is recognized, and mind, polished, sharp, ready for effective use, is the only nobility which ranks one higher than another. Therefore, sir, you need not open your eyes very wide when I tell you of Paqueta's transformation in Paris.

I had been in the city a whole month, running about in every quarter to see the world of art collected within its walls—and twelve months, and twice twelve-months would not have been sufficient for the Louvre alone—when, one early eve, the light yet hanging upon the house-tops and dropping down upon the passengers below, I discovered in the Champs Elysées, moving in a direction opposite to my own, a gentleman and lady whose manner, whose comeliness, whose air of full content, strongly fixed my attention. As we drew near to each other, I saw that the lady was possessed of a rare beauty, and as Frenchwomen are proverbially plain, and as her complexion was of the deeper olive, I at once said that she was from the Peninsula, perhaps Cadiz, of whose excellence in that way we have all read so much.

The lady and her companion were engaged in earnest conversation, when, just as we were about to cross, her eye caught mine; she hesitated, stopped, moved on, hesitated, stopped again, and then, her whole face lighting up with a burst of joy, sprang forward, and seizing both my hands in hers—

“Ah, have you forgotten me!” she exclaimed; “*mon cher ami, mon ancien ami*; have you forgotten Paqueta—little Paqueta, who would not count five!”

All of Paqueta, as I had taken leave of her upon the ship's deck, came back to me in a moment, and I wondered that I had not recognized her, enlarged as she was, with the same beauty, the same heart, the same child-character, raised and instructed to fill another and higher condition in life. She was so warm, so truthful, so full of recollections of the early years which she still loved, that I half feared she might again roll at my feet, and take them in her hands, and say, “*non, ce n'est pas juste; un, trois, quatre*”—and I told her so.

“And now, you must know my husband, my Charles,” said she, turning to her companion who stood making big eyes at the scene which was enacted before him. Charles received me with the polished courtesy of a Frenchman, asked for my address, gave me his own, and said that his wife received her friends every Thursday. We parted; Paqueta, a being of impulse, all the girl again, laughing until her eyes ran over at my perplexity, which I could not wholly conceal, and I promising that she should see me on the morrow, although Thursday was yet two days off.

On ascending to my rooms, at the head of four flights of French stairs, dark, odorous, and which comfort never visited but to die, I opened my note book, and commenced the journal of the day. I am now writing from it, and the page is marked with a flourish, a sort of out-breaking animal spirits, to show that it commemorates one of the happiest incidents of my life. “Charles R——; so, I have heard of that name before. He is something already, and is young enough to become in the end a great deal more. Charles R——; he must be a feuilletonist or a politician, an attaché to some one of the innumerable parties with which this miserable country is cursed; for these are the only names that get over to the other side of the water. Very well, he has won

Paqueta—and she was worth the winning. Into what a noble woman the little minx has grown! And who can discover a trace of her former servitude about her! I hope he knows her beginning; and certainly Paqueta is too honest to have concealed her life; how does an extreme civilization civilize away our prejudices: and, after all, condition is but one of the positive laws of men.”

On the morrow I called upon Paqueta, and found her living, with some elegance, upon a second floor, or “flat,” as we call it in Edinbro’. To those who have been in Paris, or to those who have read Parisian books, or books written elsewhere of Parisian life, it is not necessary to say what a “second floor” is; and all others may as well remain as they are. She received me with her whole heart, with no show of her changed condition—which was to me like the sudden shifting of a scene in some melo-dramatic piece upon the stage—and sat me down, and at once commenced talking of Louisiana, and of her early life, and of its happiness, and sighed that it could not have so remained forever. She then told me of her history since her coming into France; how that her mistress, who was without children, after settling down in Paris treated her more as a favorite daughter than otherwise; how that she had masters given her, who taught her ten thousand things beside the counting of five; how that her mistress had died two years before, bequeathing her thirty thousand francs; and how Charles once met her, and loved her, and they were married. And thus she ran on for one full hour, her eyes sparkling with delight, the same Paqueta with whom I had trifled away many a pleasant minute ten years before. *Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currant.* While we conversed, her husband entered, and took my hand with much cordiality, and welcomed me, saying that his wife had told him of her having known me in America.

“And did you tell him what a hard master I was?”

“Ah, I remember the fillips perfectly well, and sometimes think I feel them burning upon my ears even now,” said Paqueta.

“And the little medal, your god; with the good Father Joseph’s advice?”

Paqueta’s face, for the first time, looked troubled; the sunlight left it; and I felt sorry that I had asked the question.

“Charles made me lay the medal aside the second day after our marriage; and as to praying for health, or aught else, Paris knows nothing of that.”

Charles laughed, and said “that he had been long since convinced that a priesthood was incompatible with Liberty.”

Charles R. was, as I had supposed, connected with the “press,” a socialist, a believer in the perfectability of men—of Frenchmen at least—and, in theory, an organizer of Labor. At that time the “press” had no great liberty in France; but it had to the full as much as it deserved, whatever the interested, or those who know nothing of the matter, may say to the contrary. The French “press,” when it has had its way, has done little else than to overturn a government, without the power or the knowledge to set up another in its place. It is not best that children, or the unskillful, should be entrusted with edge-tools; and a people is to be educated, through long centuries, to a fitness for the enjoyment of civil liberty, as man is educated, through long years, to a fitness for becoming his own master. Such has been the pupillage of our ancestry; but such has not been the pupillage of the ancestry of the French. In France liberty is anarchy; and so it is upon the Continent, in Germany, in Italy, and the Peninsula; and he who thinks it is to be made otherwise in a day, might as well pour the contents of a library at a fool’s feet, and bid him rise learned. But Charles R. and his friends, among whom was Louis Blanc—who looked like a boy, as a boy indeed he was, who had achieved something beyond his years—

and Ledru Rollin—the future leader of the Mountain, which he had neither the ability to protect, nor the courage to fall with—and Proudhon—the plausible corrupter of youth, who endeavored to persuade France that “property is theft”—thought much and talked much of the liberty of the “press,” until in the end they got it, and made such use of it as we all know. *A las la presse*. I heard that cry once, and thought it the most conservative and the best for France.

Such was the atmosphere which Paqueta now breathed, and I sometimes thought that, for her soul’s health, it was no better than the servitude from which she had escaped. I saw her often during another month that I remained in Paris, and more than once with a deal of company at her rooms. She had grown to her husband’s intellect, conversed freely upon the lightest and gravest topics, and performed the duties of a hostess with an ease and propriety which flowed directly from her native good taste; it is so with French blood every where, and however small may be the proportion to the whole mass. Her husband was a brilliant feuilletonist; I had read something of his pen before seeing France; but he found more excellence in his wife than his imagination ever limned; and, as a proof of it, he himself told me that his friends said his articles had more heart in them since his marriage.

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### CHAPTER III.

When Louis Philippe fled, Charles R. harangued the people. He would have thrown the red flag of the old republic to the breeze, and have followed it to the world’s end. The French have grown no wiser since Robespierre’s day; and in Robespierre’s day they sat around Plutarch’s Lives, and modeled government upon the anecdotal garrulity of an old gentleman who lived some two thousand years ago. But Charles found that his friends were in the Provisional Government—one of whom he hoped soon to see stealing all power from his associates—so he acquiesced in Lamartine’s well-turned sentences, and consented that the tricolor and a poet should be uppermost for a time. Charles entered the National Assembly, as a member from the department of the Seine, and took his seat with the Mountain; that great party, whose history is more terrible than that of any body of men, either of ancient or of modern days, which has come down to us.

“The Mountain!” exclaimed Charles R., at a *conversazione* which I attended at his rooms; “how often do my thoughts run back to its great leader. Extremely beautiful, extremely touching, too, are the chapters which Michelet devotes to the history of the Purcelle. She, who had been taught neither to read nor to write, but who had learned all her mother knew of sacred things, left her sewing, and her spinning, and went forth to give courage to men; to give a king to her country; to turn back the tide of conquest; to smite victorious armies with ceaseless rout and ruin, urged, sustained, by that certain knowledge of being called, which God gives to all the chiefest instruments of his dispensations—by the certain knowledge, too, of the quick coming of a martyr’s death. There was another, of a sterner sex, appointed unto times more trying, who equally saved France, when three-fifths of France were traitors unto France; who alone, of all the faithful, never for a moment despaired of the Republic; who assumed nothing, claimed nothing, asked for nothing for himself, but all for his country; whose will, of a wonderful energy, scattered the victorious arms, not of one nation, but of combined Europe; who, from afar off, retired, sitting in his narrow chamber over the cabinetmaker’s shop, blasted with the breath of his nostrils the well-concerted plans, the strength of despotism, and delivered over France, his great mother, into the hands of those who came after him, triumphant,

uncontaminated by the tread of a single foreign foe. He, too, had the certain knowledge of being called and appointed to a purpose; and the certain knowledge of the quick coming of death; for he often spoke of it as a fit crowning of a great labor. Robespierre a coward! He who spoke daily, as of old the Athenian spoke, at the gage of life! Death was at all times treading hard upon his footsteps; and did he shun it in that last hour when he put aside the proclamation which was to give him the victory? Many have been the martyrs for opinion's sake. To die by the axe, all are equal to; to die by fire, most are equal to; but to die misrepresented and misunderstood, cheated of fair fame, with another's crime fastened upon us—to die taken in the toils of an enemy, who usurps our purposes, and gives to history a lie growing with each new teller of the story—this is terrible. Pardon me; I could not but say thus much. I judge men by their acts and words, and my opinion hangs not upon another's conclusions. I believe I have read all that has been most ably written about the revolution; in all, the acts are the same, and the words are the same, but the arrangement of the acts, and the voice given to the words, change with each several narrator. Neither Thiers, nor Allison, nor Miguet, nor Lamartine, shall speak for me; the prejudices of the Englishman, and the prejudices of the Frenchman color their vision—I am answerable for my own. When will History listen to the defense which has not yet been heard!"

With such sentiments, it was not difficult to foresee what would be Charles' policy in the Assembly. When news of the Revolution of February came, I thought at once of my friend, and expected to find him an actor amid the events then transpiring. I watched, and saw him step forth among the foremost. I listened—even at this distance—and was pleased to hear his voice among the ablest in debate.

"Who knows," said I, "what Paqueta—who rolled at my feet, and wished to be my little barber forever—may become with a people who have been democratic in their belief, and monarchical in their sentiments, since eighty-nine? One has as much right to expect sudden promotion in France, as in the East; and a slave may yet sit upon the throne of the Capets."

Paqueta was equal to either fortune; or to a better, as her true story—now drawing to its close—will tell you.

We all know the weak and vacillating policy of the Mountain during the earlier stages of the later Republic—if that may be said to have had any stage at all, which was born to die so soon. Violent—without strength; headstrong—without wisdom; it moved—under the leadership of Rollin—straight onward to an utter ruin. It had committed itself from the beginning, to all the impracticabilities of the modern French mind. The *ouvrier* Albert was the type of its philosophy. Ignorant, stolid: it thought that the poor were the only class in society to be cared for; and that true government consisted in setting on foot, and in keeping up an endless and inextinguishable warfare between the beggars and the rich. The organization of labor, forsooth! Labor organizes itself; and is best protected when the magistrate lets it alone. Charles might have done better had he but followed his own counsels; and I believe he would have done so, had he not entered upon his public life swayed by private friendships and predilections. Certainly, he who reads the history of his hero aright, will find no such half-measures, no such ideas of one side alone, in his speculations. But the Mountain walked upon ashes; and the fatal day came in that sweet month of June, which God made for love, and its fruition; but which a son of the Republic—stern and honest, yet weak as the rest, blind to the future, and driven by a necessity, much of his own making—has marked with blood in his country's calendar. I was thinking of Paqueta, and what her part might be in her husband's ambitions, when the reverberations of the fusilade of Paris, the cries of the massacred of the 25th, smote upon my



ears, here, three thousand miles from the scene of that tragedy. Thus fell the Mountain: and with the Mountain, and through the Mountain fell the Republic; for the Republic died with the coming in of the Dictatorship, and the Mountain rested and must ever rest upon the shoulders of the poor.

As the smoke cleared away, amid the quietude of death, I looked around for my friend; and I found him listed among those who—on either side—had fought for a phantom, even unto the bitter end. Charles R——, laid down his life at the barricades, a shame to that leader who now eats of foreign bread.

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## CHAPTER IV.

In the summer of '49, an old acquaintance of mine, who had grown fat upon the Black Letter of the Profession; who, for twenty years, had hardly seen the outside of our parish; and whom I had supposed a fixture, so fixed, as no allurements of travel could draw beyond the limit of his daily rounds about the courts, came to my rooms, with wonder in his eyes, to tell me that he was about to leave for Europe; to visit England, and France, and Germany, and Italy, and the Levant, and the Holy Land, and heaven knew what horrid places beside; and, as it might be that he should never get back, he had called to bid me good-bye. I congratulated him on his new-born propensity to rove, and said to myself, now here is an opportunity for learning something of Paqueta, of whom I have dreamed so much since Charles' sad fate. So, I related her story; and when my friend became interested in it—for he had a bit of romance beneath his Law—I asked him to call upon her in Paris, giving him her residence, with a letter addressed to "Madame Charles R——, Née Paqueta." He put the letter in his pocket, saying, that really—after what he had heard—he should himself like to know what had become of the fair widow of the Deputy; then, charging him, in case of her removal from the hotel in which I had found her, to inquire for her of the wife of the commissaire, we joined hands and parted.

My fortunate brother went abroad, and saw a part of the countries he had enumerated, and returned with this tale of the message I had confided to him—mournful indeed, but which caused me to love Paqueta more and more. He said that, on arriving in Paris, he soon found out the street, and the number of the hotel I had given him, and put my letter into the commissaire's hands. The old servant read the address, shrugged his shoulders, crossed himself, and was silent.

"Is Madame at home?"

"*Non*, Monsieur; she is dead!"

The wife of the commissaire, who stood near by, within the corridor, hearing the question, came forward and asked, whom Monsieur would be pleased to see?

"Madame Charles R——."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the little woman, also crossing herself, and beginning to cry—"Madame is with the virgin in heaven; and is happier now than she ever was with us; though Jean, my good man, knows she was then the sweetest and happiest angel alive. Did you know her, Monsieur?"

My friend gave the kind woman my name, and said I had heard of the Deputy's death, and he had called, at my request, to learn something of his widow.

"Eh, I remember him very well. He loved Madame a great deal, and Madame loved him; I think he was her godfather. He was here in good King Philippe's time. *Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!* we

were well enough under good King Philippe, but now it is *à bas* this and *à bas* that, and *vive* this and *vive* that, and we shall never have done until we have cut every body's throat. *A bas les émeutes*, say I; poor Monsieur Charles and Madame were killed in an *émeute*." And then, amid many crosses and many sobs, she told how Paqueta had died.

"On the morning of the 25th of June, 1848, only four short months after Lamartine had proclaimed the Republic, with liberty, equality and fraternity as its watch-words—when the fight raged hottest at the Clos St. Lazare, Paqueta called to her the wife of the commissaire. 'You,' said she, 'were born in Paris, and know all its streets and blind, crooked ways; be quick, put on that dress, and go with me.' 'I thought my good lady mad,' said the commissaire's wife, 'for she stood before me habited in male attire, with a gentleman's hat upon her head, and the dress she offered me was like her own. But she looked so firm, and so fearful, too, and her words were so hoarse and had such a command in them, that I obeyed without knowing why. 'Now, no one will know us,' said Madame; 'do you hear that terrible cannon! For two days it has boomed in my ears, and in all that time Charles has not been with me. My God! my God! they are slaughtering the people in the streets, and he is in the battle!' What could I do? The little creature, so soft, so pretty, so mild, so loving to all about her, looked like a giant, and I hastened after her, afraid to cry out, afraid to say any thing, as she rushed ever forward in search of her husband. Where the noise was greatest, where the shout was loudest, she ran to catch it, crying, 'Come, quickly, quickly.' Oh, monsieur, the poor people! Oh, monsieur, the blood, the dying, and the dead! And Madame heeding nothing of all that, but still crying, 'Come, quickly, quickly.' *Mon Dieu, Monsieur; à bas les émeutes!* The strife grew nearer every step we made, the combatants fleeing and pursuing, grew thicker, and when we entered the Clos St. Lazare, we saw the roar of the battle. 'Ah, there is Monsieur Charles!' said I. Madame sprang from me at the word, and was soon at his side fighting with the rest; *oui*, monsieur, fighting with a musket which she snatched from a falling soldier's grasp. Monsieur, *quel horreur!* I could neither fly nor go forward, but stood where I was, and watched the war, until I saw Charles go down—and then Madame, *comme un tigre*, sprang upon the *ouvrier* who struck him, and was avenged, and sank not to rise any more. Oh, monsieur, *quel horreur!*"

When the fight was ended, and the smoke had cleared off, and quietude had returned with death, the good wife of the commissaire reclaimed Paqueta's body. There was no hurt upon it, she said; and about her neck she found, fastened by a little black ribbon, a very small bronze medal, which she had never seen her wear before. And now she rests, side and side with the one she loved so much, in the bosom of the Pere la Chaise.

Of all who fell upon that terrible day, Paqueta was among the noblest. She fought on neither side; knew nothing of liberty, of despotism, of forms of government; knew only her love, and the man who kept it, her life and—her death. Generous Paqueta, noble Paqueta, brave Paqueta, my pen shall ever run riot when speaking of thee—Heaven bless thy soul.

# RECOLLECTIONS.

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BY MISS MATTIE GRIFFITH.

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The twilight now is blushing o'er the earth—  
The west is glowing like a garden, rich  
With summer's many-tinted blooms; the flowers  
Of earth hold up their fairy cups to catch  
The softly falling dew-drops; the bright stars  
Are set like glorious diamonds on the dark  
Blue drapery of the halls of heaven; the pale,  
Sweet moon, like some young angel of the air,  
Floats from the east upon her silver wing;  
Eve's golden clouds hung low—and thin, white mists  
Rise silently and beautifully up  
Through the calm atmosphere. Serenity  
And loveliness and beauty are abroad  
O'er the whole world of Nature.

At this hour,  
When all the dark, wild passions of the breast  
Are hushed and quelled by Nature's spell of power,  
When every wayward feeling is rebuked  
And chastened by the blended influence  
Of earth and heaven, I've stolen forth alone  
Beneath the blue and glorious sky, to hold  
Communion with the golden hours now gone  
Into the past eternity.

My heart  
Is very soft to-night, and joys long past  
Shine through the silver mists of memory,  
Like sweet stars of the soul. My brow is flushed,  
My bosom throbs, and blessed tears well up  
From my heart's unsealed fountain, as I see,  
Through the pale shadows of the years, the home  
Where first I felt the sweet, bewildering bliss  
Of new existence. Softly, through the deep  
Green foliage of the grove, the beautiful  
White cottage peeps with its thick-blooming vines,  
And in the distance the still church-yard, where  
Repose the cold, unthrobbing hearts of those

I loved in childhood, lifts its marble shafts  
Beneath the drooping willows. I behold  
The shaded paths where my young footsteps strayed  
To gather wild flowers at the morning tide,  
And for a few brief moments once again  
I seem to wander through the dear old wood.  
The birds sing round me, the dark forest pines,  
Stirred by the breeze, make music like the low,  
Faint murmurs of the sea, my playmates shout  
Beside me, and my mother's music call  
Of gentle love is in my ear.

Oh, there,  
In that sweet home, I cherished fairy dreams  
Of happiness, sad all my being wore  
A glow of deep, ideal loveliness.  
My vanished childhood rises to my view  
In pale and melancholy beauty. Life  
Since then hath been but desolate. Alas!  
What heart-chorus have been broken, what bright dreams  
Been shadowed by the hue of grief. No more  
The Egeria of my spirit-worship haunts  
The grove and wood. No charm can woo her back,  
She will not hear my call, she answers not  
The witching spell of fancy. It is not  
That Nature has grown old. Her skies are still  
As blue, her trees as green, her dews as soft,  
Her flowers as sweet, her clouds as beautiful,  
Her birds, her waves, her winds as musical  
As when I was a child—Alas! the change  
Is in my heart.

Oh, blessed memories  
Of home! ye are the worshiped household gods  
Upon my spirit's altar. Vanished years!  
Ye are the dew-drops that my spirit's flowers  
Enfold within their petals. Years have passed  
Since that all-mournful day when, with a sad  
And breaking heart, and streaming eyes, I left  
The scenes of childhood, and went forth to find  
A home amid the stranger-crowds, where I  
Have learned to wear the mask that others wear,  
To smile while agony is in my soul,  
Yet at an hour like this, when Nature glows  
With deepest loveliness, when earth and heaven  
Unite to woo my heart from its retreat

Of gloom and sorrow, I can wander back  
To quench my faint and sinking spirit's thirst  
At young life's gushing fountains, and forget  
That I am not once more a happy child.

# THE BOY AFAR UNTO HIS SISTER.

BY LILIAN MAY.

There are hearts in Northland valleys  
Throbbing, beating wild for me,  
And their soul-love yearneth ever  
For a far-off one to see;  
And the heart-strings of a sister  
Harpeth all their melody,  
Wild, sweet lays, for her lone brother,  
In her joyness and her glee.

Oh, the ties which bind me to her  
Keep aglow my ardent heart,  
Thrilling it with pure emotion—  
May it nevermore depart;  
Oh, I love her ever dearly,  
Sister kind she's been to me—  
All her words are golden music  
To my heart-hopes minstrelsy.

Through the mellow sunlight glim'ring,  
Glinting down upon the stream,  
Voices sweet of love-tones falleth,  
On my gorgeous, bright day-dream,  
And I fancy forms of beauty  
Linger then anear my side—  
'Mid them all I see my sister  
Through the misty visions glide.

In her love, and in her beauty,  
Softly, slowly doth she glide,  
O'er the pathway of my day-dream,  
As a moon-beam on the tide;  
And she whispers close beside me,  
Meekly soft, and kindly low,  
Words, that kindle up my heart-hopes,  
Which no other one may know.

When the fairies from the Southland  
Bring from far the meek-eyed flowers—  
Undine trippeth o'er the waters,

In the rosy June-day hours—  
As I watch her mellow glances  
Lighting up the fitful stream,  
I shall tell *her* all the haloes  
Of a youthful poet's dream;

And I'll gather on the lea-land,  
By the hill-side, in the grove,  
Gems she'll prize far more than jewels,  
The bright flowers which I love,  
With the dew-drops heavy-laden,  
Sparkling in the red dawn light,  
As the molten glory beameth  
O'er the ebon wand of night.

Oh, my heart throbs wildly ever,  
In its loneliness and wo,  
And I long me for the summer,  
When the Southland breezes blow;  
Gladly, quickly, then I'll hasten,  
In the bright mid-summer day,  
To my love-light Northland sister,  
In my childhood's home away.

# BLIND ROSA.

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BY HENRIK CONSCIENCE. TRANSLATED BY MARY HOWITT.

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On a splendid summer day in 1846, the diligence was rolling along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout at the regular hour. The horses trotted, the wheels rattled, the carriage creaked, the driver clucked incessantly with his tongue in order to quicken the speed of his cattle, dogs barked in the distance, birds soared up from the fields high into the air, the shadow sped alongside of the diligence, and danced along with its peculiar motion amongst the trees and bushes.

Suddenly the conductor pulled up not far from a solitary inn. He leaped down from his seat, opened the door of the diligence without saying a word, slapped down the step, and put out his hand to a traveler, who, with a knapsack in his hand, descended to the road. In the same silence the conductor again put up the step, closed the door, sprung again into his seat, and whistled gently to intimate to the horses that they must move. The horses trotted on; the heavy vehicle pursued its monotonous career.

In the mean time the traveler had entered the inn, and seated himself at a table with a glass of ale before him. He was a man of more than ordinary size, and appeared to be about fifty. You might at the same time have supposed him to be sixty, if his vigorous carriage, his quick glance, and a certain youthful smile about his lips, had not testified that his soul and senses were much younger than his appearance. His hair was gray, his forehead and cheeks covered with wrinkles, and his complexion bore the stamp of early age which excessive exertion and long-continued care impress on the countenance. Yet, at the same time, his breast heaved with vigor, he bore his head upright, and his eyes still gleamed with the fire of manhood. By his dress you would take him for a wealthy citizen; it had nothing peculiar, except that the frock-coat buttoned to the throat, and the large meerschaum pipe which hung at his breast, bespoke a Flemish or a German officer.

The people of the house, having attended to his demands, again returned to their occupations, without taking further notice of him. He saw the two daughters go to and fro, the father renew the fire with wood and turf, and the mother fill the kettle with water; but not one of them addressed to him a single word, though his eyes followed earnestly every member of the family, and although in his friendly glance might have been read the question—"Do you not recognize me?"

At this moment his attention was caught by the striking of a clock which hung upon the wall. As if the sound had painfully affected him, an expression of disagreeable surprise appeared in his countenance, and chased the smile from his lips. He stood up and contemplated the unlucky clock while it went sounding stroke after stroke, to the number of nine. The mother observed the singular emotion of the stranger, and placed herself in wonder at his side; she, too, looked at the clock, as if to discover what he found so remarkable in it.

"The clock has a pleasant sound—has it not?" said she. "It has now gone for twenty years without the hand of the clockmaker touching it."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveler. "And where, then, is the clock which hung there before? What has become of the image of the Virgin which stood here upon the mantelpiece."



They are both probably broken and gone.”

The woman looked in astonishment at the stranger, and replied:—“The figure of the Virgin, Zanna broke as she played with it as a child. But it was really so pitiful, that the priest himself had advised us to buy another. Here stands the new one, and it is much handsomer.”

The traveler shook his head dissentingly. “And the clock,” continued the hostess, “you will soon hear. The wretched old thing is always too late, and has hung from time immemorial in the lumber-room. There! now it is just beginning to buzz.”

And, in truth, there came from the adjoining room a peculiar, croaking noise. It was like the hoarse note of a bird which slowly wheezed out “Cuckoo! cuckoo!” But this extraordinary sound called into the traveler’s countenance a beaming smile; accompanied by the hostess, he hastened into the lumber-room, and there, with glistening eyes, gazed on the old clock, which still had not got to the end of its “Cuckoo! cuckoo!”

Both daughters approached the stranger with curiosity, and stared with wonder at him, their large eyes turning from him to their mother full of inquiry. The looks of the damsels awoke the stranger to consciousness, and he returned to the room, followed by the three women. His heart clearly felt very happy, for his features glowed with so attractive an expression of pleasure and good-will, and his eyes bedewed with tears glanced so brightly, that the two young girls with evident sympathy approached him. He seized their hands and said:—

“You think my conduct strange, eh, children? You cannot conceive why the voice of the old cuckoo delights me so much. Ah! I too have been a child, and at that time, my father, when he had done his work, used to come and drink here his glass of ale. When I had behaved well, I was allowed to accompany him. For whole hours have I stood and waited for the cuckoo opening its little door; I have danced and leaped to the measure of her song, and admired in my childish simplicity the poor bird as a masterpiece. And the sacred image of the Virgin, which one of you has broken, I loved it for its beautiful blue mantle, and because the little Jesus-child stretched its arms toward me, and smiled as I smiled. Now is the child—myself—almost sixty years old, with gray hair and furrowed countenance. Four-and-thirty years have I passed in the steppes of Russia, and yet I remember the sacred image of Mary, and the cuckoo, as if I had only been brought hither by my father yesterday.”

“You are from our village, then?” said Zanna.

“Yes, certainly,” answered the stranger, with a joyous precipitance. But this announcement had not the anticipated effect; the girls only smiled familiarly; that was all; the intelligence seemed to give them neither pleasure nor pain. The traveler turned to the mother:—

“Well,” said he, “what is become of Baes Joostens?”

“You mean Baas Jan,” answered the hostess; “he died about twenty years ago.”

“And his wife, the good, stout Petronella?”

“Dead too,” was the answer.

“Dead! dead!” sighed the stranger; “and the young herdsman, Andries, who made such handsome baskets?”

“Also dead,” replied the hostess.

The traveler dropped his head and gave himself up to gloomy thoughts. In the meantime the hostess went out into the barn to relate to her husband what had passed with the unknown guest. The host entered the room carelessly, and awoke by his noisy wooden shoes the stranger out of his reverie. He sprung up, and with an exclamation of delight, rushed with outstretched arms toward the host, who coldly took his hand, and almost with indifference looked at him.

“Don’t you either know me again, Peter Joostens?” cried the stranger, quite confounded.

“No, I do not recollect ever to have seen you,” replied the host.

“No! Don’t you know who it was that ventured his life under the ice to rescue you from an otherwise inevitable death?”

The host shrugged his shoulders. Deeply wounded, the traveler continued, almost moved to tears:—

“Have you actually forgotten the youth who defended you against your bigger comrades, and supplied you with so many birds’-eggs, that you might make a beautiful garland for the may-pole? He who taught you to make so many pipes of reeds, and who so often took you with him when he went with the tile-burner’s cart to market?”

“Something of the kind floats dimly in my memory,” answered the host; “my late father used to tell me that when I was about six years old I was very near perishing under the ice; but that Tall Jan drew me out, and that he went away with the rest in the emperor’s time to serve for cannon fodder. Who knows now where his bones lie in unconsecrated earth? God be merciful to his poor soul!”

“Ah! now at length you know me!” exclaimed the stranger, joyously; “I am tall Jan, or rather, Jan Slaets.”

As he did not receive an immediate answer, he added, in surprise:—

“You recollect the good shot at the bird-shooting, who for four miles round was reckoned the best sportsman, who every time carried off the prize, and who was envied by the young men because the girls showed him the preference? I am he, Jan Slaets of the hill.”

“Very possibly,” said the host, incredulously; “at the same time, do not take it amiss, my good sir, if I do not remember you. Our village has no longer a bird-shooting; the shooting-ground is converted into private property, and for a year past has been unoccupied, owing to the death of the possessor.”

Deterred by the cold reception of the host, the traveler gave up the attempt to make himself known; but as he prepared to go further, he said, calmly:—

“In the village here there live a good many of my friends who cannot have forgotten me. You, Peter Joostens, were very young at that time. I am persuaded that the brick-maker, Paul, will rush to my arms the moment that he sees me. Does he yet live in the clay dale?”

“The brick-yard became, many years ago, a prey to the flames; the clay-field is cultivated, and bears now the finest hay. The meadow now belongs to the rich Mr. Tirt.”

“And what has become of Paul?”

“After their misfortunes, the whole family went away. . . I do not know certainly, perhaps he, too, is dead. But I observe that you talk of our grandfathers’ time, and it will be difficult to get answers to all your questions unless you go to the grave-digger. He can reckon up for you on his fingers what has happened for a hundred years past, or more.”

“I can believe that; Peter Jan must have reached his ninetieth year.”

“Peter Jan? That is not the name of the grave-digger; his name is Lauw Stevens.”

A glad smile illumined the countenance of the traveler.

“God be praised,” he exclaimed, “that he has at least left one of my comrades still in life!”

“Indeed! was Lauw your friend, sir?”

“Not exactly my friend,” replied the traveler, shaking his head: “we were always at loggerheads. Once, in the heat of our strife, I flung him from the little bridge into the brook, so that he ran great risk of drowning; but above thirty years are flown since then. Lauw will be glad to see me again. Give me now your hand, good Joostens; I shall often come to drink a

glass of ale with you here.”

He paid, took his knapsack under his arm, and went out. Behind the inn he took his way through a young pine-wood. His interview with the host, although not very animating, had, nevertheless infused comfort into the heart of the traveler. Memories from his childhood transported him; memories at every step crowded upon him, and gave him new life. True, the young wood could say nothing to him; in its place stood formerly a tall pine-wood, whose trees had concealed so many birds’-nests, under whose shade the refreshing bilberries had ripened. It had fared with the wood as with the inhabitants of the village—the old trees had fallen, or were cut down, and a new generation, who were strange and indifferent to him, had taken their places. But the songs of the birds which resounded on all sides were still the same; the wind murmured complainingly as before through the branches; the cricket sang as it used to do, and the fresh aroma of the wood still filled the air. All objects had changed, but the work of eternal nature had continued in its principal features the same. Thoughts like these arose in the traveler’s soul, and now glad and inspirited he continued his way without looking up from the ground till he came out of the wood.

Here opened before his eyes the wide extent of fields and meadows, amongst which the brook’s silvery thread coursed playfully its way. In the background, at the distance of a quarter of a mile, the pointed spire of the church lifted aloft its gilded vane, which gleamed in the sunshine like a morning-star; and still beyond it the windmill whirled its red wings.

Overcome by an unspeakable emotion, the traveler stood still—his eyes filled with tears, he let his knapsack fall, and stretched out his arms, while his countenance glowed with love and rapture. At the same moment the bells rang for Angelus. The traveler fell on his knees, sunk his head deep upon his bosom, and continued thus for a considerable time, immovable though trembling. A prayer streamed up from his heart and lips; this was evident as he cast his eyes full of inward thankfulness toward heaven, and lifted his clasped hands to God. He then took up again his knapsack, and said, with his gaze riveted on the church-tower—“Thou at least hast not become changed, thou little church, in which I was baptized, in which I celebrated my first communion, in which all looked to me so wonderful and so holy. Yes, I shall see them again, the Sacred Virgin in her garments of gold, and her silver diadem; St. Anthony with the little friendly swine; St. Ursula and the devil with the red tongue, of which I so often dreamed! and the organ, upon which the sexton played so beautifully, while we sung with all our hearts—

‘Ave Maria  
Gratia plena.’”

The last words the traveler sung aloud, while a tear trickled down his cheek. Silent and dreaming he went on till he came to a little bridge, which led over a brook into a meadow. There his countenance brightened, and he said with emotion—“Here I first pressed Rosa’s hand! Here our eyes confessed for the first time that there is a happiness on earth which seizes irresistibly our hearts, and opens heaven to the young! As now, so then shone the yellow iris flower in the sunshine; the frogs croaked, full of the enjoyment of life, and the larks sang above our heads.”

He went over the bridge and said aloud to himself—“The frogs which witnessed our love are dead; the flowers are dead; the larks are dead! Their children now greet the old man, who like a spectre returns home from the past times. And Rosa, my beloved Rosa! livest thou still? Perhaps . . . probably married and surrounded by children. Those who stay at home forget so soon the unhappy brother who wanders over distant lands in sorrow and care.” . . . His lips

moved as if he were smiling:—"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "there wells up again in my heart the old jealousy, as if my heart yet remained in its first spring. The time of love is long gone by! . . . But so be it; if she only knows me, and remembers our former relation, I shall not repent the long journey of eighteen hundred miles, and will then willingly lie down in my grave, and sleep by the side of my ancestors and friends!"

A little farther, and near the village, he went into a public-house, on whose sign there was a plough, and bade the hostess bring him a glass of ale. In the corner by the fire sat a very old man, who stared into the fire as immovably as a stone. Before the hostess had returned from the cellar, the traveler had recognized the old man. He drew his chair close to him, seized his hand, and said gladly—

"Thank God, who has let us live so long, Baes Joos! We yet remain from the good old time. Don't you know me again? No! The audacious lad that so often crept through your hedge, and stole your apples before they were ripe?"

"Six-and-ninety years," muttered the old man, without moving.

"Very likely, but tell me, Baes Joos, is the wainwright's Rosa living yet?"

"Six-and-ninety years!" repeated the old man with a hollow voice.

The hostess came with the ale, and said—"He is blind and deaf, sir, don't give yourself the trouble to talk with him; he cannot understand you."

"Blind and deaf," exclaimed the stranger, disconcerted. "What irreparable devastations time commits in the space of thirty years! I walk here in the midst of the ruins of a whole race of men."

"You were asking after the wainwright's Rosa?" continued the hostess; "our wainwright has four daughters, but amongst them is no Rosa. The eldest is called Lisbeth, and is married to the footman; the second is named Goude, and makes caps; the third is Nell; and the youngest, Anna: the poor thing is short-sighted."

"I am not speaking of these people," exclaimed the stranger, with impatience; "I mean the family of Kobe Meulinck."

"Ah, they are all dead long ago, dear sir!" was the hostess's reply.

Deeply agitated, the traveler paid for his ale, and left the public-house with a feverish impetuosity. Out of doors he pressed his hand upon his eyes, and exclaimed in despair:—"God! even she! my poor Rosa—dead! Always, always the inevitable word—dead! dead! Then shall no one on earth recognize me! Not one kind eye shall greet me!"

With a staggering step, as if he were drunk, he plunged into the wood, and pressed his throbbing head against a tree, that he thus might by degrees recover himself. He then directed his course toward the village. His way led him across the solitary church-yard, where he remained standing with bare head at the foot of a crucifix, and said:—"Here, before the image of the Crucified One, Rosa gave me her word that she would remain true to me, and wait for my return. Sorrow overwhelmed us; upon this bench fell our tears; in deep grief she received the gold cross, my dearly purchased pledge of love. Poor beloved one! Perhaps now I stand by thy grave!"

With this sorrowful observation he sank motionless upon the bench, where he long continued sitting, as if unconscious. His eye wandered over the church-yard, and the small mounds of earth which covered the freshest graves. It grieved him to see how many of the wooden crosses were fallen with age, without the hand of a child troubling itself to raise again these memorials in a father's or a mother's place of rest. His parents, too, slept here under the earth, but who could show him the spot which their graves occupied?

In this manner he sat long, sunk in gloomy reverie; the unfathomable eternity weighed heavily on his soul, when a human step awoke him out of his dreams. It was the old grave-digger, who, with his spade on his shoulder, came along by the church-yard wall. Misery and indigence might be read in his whole exterior: his back was bent, and through his constant labor with the spade had become crooked; his hair was white, and wrinkles ploughed his brow; though strength and spirit still spoke in his eye.

The traveler recognized at the first glance Lauw—his rival, and would have willingly sprung toward him; but the bitterly disappointed hopes which he had already experienced held him back, and inspired him with a resolve to say nothing, but to see whether Lauw would know him again.

The grave-digger remained standing some paces from him, contemplated him awhile with common curiosity, and then began to mark out a long square with his spade, and to prepare a new grave. From time to time, however, he continued to cast stolen glances at the man who sat before him on the bench, and a secret melancholy joy gleamed in his eyes. The traveler, who deceived himself as to the expression in the grave-digger's countenance, felt his heart begin to beat, and expected that Lauw would come forward and name his name.

But the grave-digger still continued to look him sharply in the face, and then put his hand into his coat-pocket. He drew out a little old book, bound in dirty parchment, to which was attached a strap with a lead pencil. He turned round and appeared to write something in the book.

This action, accompanied by a triumphant glance, astonished the stranger so much that he stood up, advanced to the grave-digger, and asked him in surprise, "What do you write in your book?"

"That is my affair," answered Lauw Stevens; "for a confounded long time there has stood a vacant place in my list: I make a cross by your name."

"You know me, then?" exclaimed the traveler, with the liveliest joy.

"Know you?" answered the grave-digger, jeeringly; "that I cannot exactly say; I only remember, as if it were yesterday, that a jealous fellow flung me into the brook, and nearly drowned me, because the wainwright's Rosa loved me. Since that time many an Easter taper has burnt—"

"*You!* did wainwright's Rosa love?" said the stranger, interrupting him; "that is not true, let me tell you."

"You know that well enough, you jealous fool. Did not she wear for a whole year the blessed ring of silver that I brought with me from Scherpenheugel, till you yourself took the ring by force, and cast it into the brook?"

The traveler's countenance brightened into a melancholy smile.

"Lauw! Lauw! the recollection of the old times makes children of us again. Believe me, Rosa never loved you as you fancy. She took your ring out of friendship, and because it had been blessed. In my youth I was rude and harsh, and did not always act in the best manner toward my comrades; but should not the four-and-thirty years which have operated so annihilatingly on men and things, have calmed down our evil passions? Shall I, in the only man who has recollected me, find an irreconcilable enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will make you comfortable for your whole life."

But the grave-digger drew angrily his hand back, and answered in a caustic tone—

"It is too late to forget. You have embittered my life, and there passes no day but I think of you. Is that, think you, to bless your name? You, who contributed so much to my misfortune,

may easily guess.”

The traveler struck his trembling hands together, and lifting his eyes toward heaven, exclaimed—

“God! hatred alone recognizes me! hate only never forgets!”

“You have done well,” continued the grave-digger, “to come back to rest amongst your departed ancestors. I have kept a good grave for you. When the headstrong long Jan lies under the earth, the rain will wash misery from his corpse.”

The traveler trembled in every limb at this rude jest. Anger and displeasure kindled in his eyes. But this hasty emotion quickly vanished; dejection and pity took their place.

“You refuse,” he said, “to extend your hand to a brother who returns after four-and-thirty years; the first greeting which you give to an old comrade is bitter mockery? That is not well of you, Lauw. But let it be so; we will speak no more of this. Tell me only where my late parents are laid.”

“That I don’t know,” said the grave-digger; “it is full five-and-twenty years since, and since that time the same spot has certainly been thrice used for new graves.”

These words made the traveler so sorrowful, that his head sunk on his bosom, and with an immovable look he continued lost in his melancholy thoughts.

The grave-digger proceeded with his labor, but he also seemed to linger over it, as if a gloomy thought had taken possession of him. He saw the deep suffering of the traveler, and was terrified at that thirst of revenge which had caused him thus to torture a fellow-mortal. This change of mood showed itself even upon his countenance; the bitter mockery disappeared from his lips, he contemplated for a moment with increasing sympathy his afflicted comrade, advanced slowly toward him, seized his hand, and said in a low, but still heart-touching voice—

“Jan, my dear friend, pardon me what I have said and done. I have behaved cruelly and wickedly to thee; but thou must remember, Jan, that I have suffered so much through thee.”

“Lauw!” exclaimed the stranger with emotion, and shaking his hand, “that was the violence of our youth. See how little I thought of thy enmity, for I felt myself infinitely happy when I heard thee name my name. And for that I am grateful to thee, though thy bitterness has gone to my heart. But tell me, Lauw, where is Rosa buried? She will rejoice in heaven, when she sees us thus as reconciled brothers stand upon her last resting-place.”

“How?—Rosa buried!” exclaimed the grave-digger. “Would to God that she were buried, poor thing!”

“What meanest thou?” cried the traveler: “does Rosa yet live?”

“Yes, she lives,” was the answer, “if that terrible fate that she has to endure can be called life.”

“Thou terrifiest me. For God’s sake tell me what calamity has happened to her?”

“She is blind.”

“Blind? Rosa blind! Without eyes to see me? Wo, wo is me!”

Overwhelmed by anguish, he advanced with uncertain steps to the bench, and sunk down upon it. The grave-digger placed himself before him, and said—

“For ten years has she been blind—and begs her daily bread. I give her, every week, two stivers: and, when we bake, we always remember her with a little cake.”

The traveler sprung up, shook powerfully the grave-digger’s hand and said—

“A thousand thanks! God bless thee for thy love to Rosa! I pledge myself in his name to reward thee for it. I am rich, very rich. By evening we will see one another again. But tell me now, at once, where Rosa is to be found: every moment is to me a hundred years of suffering.”

With these words, he drew the grave-digger along with him, and directed his steps toward the church-yard gate. Arrived there, the grave-digger pointed with his finger, and said—

“See there, by the side of the wood, there rises a smoke from a low chimney. That is the house of besom-binder Nelis Oom: she lives there.”

Without waiting for further explanation, the traveler hastened through the village toward the indicated spot. He was soon at the dwelling. It was a low hut, built of willow-wands and clay, but on the outside neatly white-washed. Some paces from the door, four little children were playing and amusing themselves, in the bright sunshine, with planting in circles blue corn-flowers and red poppies. They were bare-foot and half-naked: the eldest, a boy of about six years old, had nothing whatever on but a linen shirt. While his little brother and sisters looked at the stranger with fear and shyness, the boy let his eyes rest steadily on the unknown one, full of curiosity and wonder.

The stranger smiled at the children, but advanced without delay into the hut, in one corner of which a man was busy making besoms, while a woman sat with her spinning-wheel by the hearth. These people could not be more than thirty years of age, and at the first glance might be perceived their contentment with their lot. For the rest, all around them looked as clean as country life within such narrow space will allow. The stranger’s entrance obviously surprised them, although they received him with kindness and offered him their services. They were clearly of opinion that he wanted to inquire his way, for the husband put himself in readiness to go and show it him. But he asked with evident emotion whether Rosa lived there: and the husband and wife cast astonished looks at each other, and could scarcely find words to answer him.

“Yes, good sir,” said the man at length: “Rosa lives here; but at present she is gone out a-begging. Do you wish to speak with her?”

“God! God!” exclaimed the traveler. “Cannot you quickly find her?”

“That would be difficult to do, sir: she has gone out with Trientje, to make her round for the week; but we expect her in an hour’s time, she never stays out.”

“Can I wait for her here, good friends?”

Scarcely had he uttered the words, before the man hastened into the next room, and fetched thence an easy-chair, which—although of rude workmanship—appeared more inviting than the still ruder chairs which stood in the outer room. Not satisfied with this, the wife took out of a chest a white cushion, which she laid in the chair, and requested the stranger to sit down. He was astonished at the simple but well-meant attention, and returned the cushion with many thanks. He then sat down in silence, and let his eyes glance round the room, as if to discover something which might speak of Rosa. As his head was thus turned aside, he felt a small hand gently thrust into his, and his fingers stroked. He looked round curiously to discover who bestowed on him this mark of friendliness, and he met the blue eyes of the boy, who—with heavenly innocence—looked up to him, as if he had been his father or brother.

“Come here, Peterken,” said the mother; “thou shouldst not be so forward, dear child.”

But Peterken did not seem to hear this warning, and continued to hold the hand of the stranger, and look at him. The stranger found the friendship of the child unaccountable, and said—

“Dear child, thy blue eyes penetrate deep into my soul. As thou art so friendly, I will give thee something.”

He put his hand into his pocket, and took out a little purse, with silver clasp and pearls, that changed color in the light, and gave it to him, after he had dropped into it some pieces of

money. The boy gazed on the purse with great delight, but did not let go the stranger's hand. The mother approached, and desired the child to go away.

"Peterken," said she, "thou wilt not be rude: thank the gentleman, and kiss his hand."

The boy kissed his hand, stooped his head toward him, and said—in a clear voice—  
"Many thanks, tall Jan."

A clap of thunder could not have so startled the traveler as his own name thus pronounced by the innocent child. Tears started involuntarily from his eyes: he lifted the boy upon his knee, and now gazed deeply into his face.

"So, dost thou know me, thou blessed angel! me, whom thou never saw'st before! Who taught thee my name?"

"Blind Rosa," was the answer.

"But how is it possible that thou hast known me? It must be God himself who has enlightened thy childish mind."

"O, I know you very well," said Peterken. "When I lead Rosa about to beg, she always talks of you. She says that you are tall, and have dark, fiery eyes; and that you will come back again, and bring us all such beautiful things. And so I was not afraid of you, good sir; for Rosa had bade me to love you, and you are to give me a bow and arrow."

The child's simple confidence made the traveler perfectly happy. He kissed him hastily, and with tenderness, and said in a solemn tone—

"Father—mother—this child is rich! I will bring him up and educate him, and richly endow him. It shall be a blessing to him to have recognized me!"

Joy and amazement overwhelmed the parents. The man stammered forth—

"Ah! you are too good. We, ourselves, thought that we knew you, but we were not so certain of it, because Rosa told us that you were not so rich a gentleman."

"And you, too, knew me, my good people!" exclaimed the traveler. "I find myself amongst friends. Here I have relations and a family . . . while hitherto I have only found death and forgetfulness!"

The wife pointed to a smoky image of the Virgin, which stood upon the chimney-piece, and said—

"Here, every Saturday evening, burns a light for the return of Jan Slaets, or for the repose of his soul!"

The traveler directed his eyes in devotion toward heaven, and with a voice full of emotion, said—

"Thanks be to thee, O God, rich in love, that thou hast made affection more powerful than hate! My enemy has shut my name within his heart, with the dark feeling of his spite; but my friend has lived in memory of me, has inspired all around her with her love, has kept me here present, and made me the favorite of this child, while eighteen hundred miles separated me from her. O God be praised, I am rewarded to the full."

A long silence followed before Jan Slaets could subdue his emotion, which inspired the people of the house with respect. The husband returned to his work; but held himself ready to hasten to the service of his guest. He, with little Peterken still upon his knee, asked quite calmly

—  
"Good mother, has Rosa lived long with you?"

The wife—as if preparing herself for a long explanation—took her wheel, set it by his side, and began—

"I will tell you, good sir, how it has gone on. You should know that when the old Meulinck



died, he divided his property amongst his children. Rosa, whom nothing in the world could induce to marry—I need not tell you the reason—gave her share wholly up to her brother; and only asked, in return, to live with him during her life-time. At the same time, she employed herself in making ornamental articles, and by this means acquired a great deal of money. There was no need to leave this to her brother, and she employed all her gains in doing good. She attended the sick, and paid for a doctor when it was necessary. She had always a pleasant word to encourage the suffering, and some delicacy to offer the sickly. We had scarcely been married six months, when my husband came home one day dreadfully ill of inflammation on the lungs: the cough which you now hear is the consequence of it. We have to thank our merciful God and the good Rosa, that our poor Nelis is not now lying in the church-yard. If you could have but seen, dear sir, what she wholly and solely out of love did for us! She brought us additional bed-clothes; for it was cold, and we were wretchedly poor. She sent for two physicians from the next parish, and had them to consult with the doctor here on my husband's condition. She watched by him; alleviated his sufferings and my trouble by her affectionate conversation, and she paid all that was necessary for food and medicine; for Rosa was esteemed by everybody, and when she requested the ladies of the estate, or the peasantry, to assist the poor, she was never refused. Six whole weeks was our Nelis confined to his bed, and Rosa protected and assisted us, till he—by degrees—could resume his work again."

"How I long to see the poor blind one!" sighed the traveler.

The husband raised his head from his work: tears glanced in his eyes, and he said with emotion—

"If my blood could give her her sight again, I would freely spend the last drop of it."

This exclamation powerfully affected Jan Slaets: the wife observed it, and with her hand gave a sign to her husband to be silent. She then continued—

"Three months after, God gave us a child—the same that sits upon your knee. Rosa, who bore it to the font, desired that it might be christened Johan, but Peter, my husband's brother, who was godfather—a good man, but somewhat self-willed—insisted that it should be called Peter, after him. After a long discussion, the boy received the name of Johan Peter. We call him Peterken, after his godfather—who still insists on its being so, and who would be angry if it were otherwise; but Rosa will not hear him called so: she calls him constantly Janneken. The boy is proud of it, and knows that she calls him Jannekin because it is your name, good sir."

The traveler pressed the boy with transport to his breast, and kissed him passionately. With silent admiration he gazed into the boy's friendly eyes, and his heart was deeply moved. The wife went on—

"Rosa's brother had engaged with people in Antwerp, to collect provisions in the country round, and ship them to England. Trade was to make him rich it was said, for every week he sent two carts to Antwerp. In the beginning, all went well; but a bankrupt in Antwerp reduced all the gain to nothing, for poor Tirt Meulinck, who was bound for him; scarcely could he pay half his debts. Through grief on this account he is dead. God be merciful to his soul!

"Rosa, after this, lived at Nand Flinck's, the shopkeeper, in a little room. The same year, the son Karl—who had been away as a recruit—came home with bad eyes, and—fourteen days after—the poor young man became blind. Rosa, who was sorry for him, and only listened to her own heart's suggestions, attended him during his illness, and led him by the hand, in order to amuse him a little. Alas! she herself took the same complaint, and from that time she has never seen the light of day. Nand Flinck is dead, and his children are scattered about. Blind Karl lives at a farm-house near Lierre. Then came Rosa to live with us, and we told her how gladly we saw

her with us, and how willingly we would work all our lives for her. She accepted our invitation. Six years are now flown, and God knows that she has never received from us a cross word: for she is herself all affection and kindness. If it be a question of doing something for her, the children are ready to fight which shall get to do it first.”

“And yet she begs,” said the traveler.

“Yes, good sir,” said the wife, with a certain pride; “but that is her own fault. Do not imagine that we have forgotten what Rosa has done for us: and had we suffered hunger, and must have taken the yoke upon us, we would never have obliged her to beg. What think you then of us? Six months we kept her back from it; but beyond that point we could not prevail. As our family was increasing, Rosa, the good soul, thought she would become a burden to us, and wished on the contrary to help us. It was impossible to hinder her from it: she became sick of sorrow. When we saw that—after the half-year—we gave way to her desire. For a poor blind person it is, nevertheless, no shame. At the same time, though we are poor, we do not make a gain of what she earns by begging. She will, ever and anon, compel us to take part with her; we cannot always be at strife with her, poor thing! but we give it her double back again. Without her knowing it, she is better clad than we are, and the food we set before her is better than our own. There always stands at the fire a separate little pan for her. See here: to her potatoes, she has a couple of eggs and melted butter. Of the remainder of her gains, I believe, from what I can learn by her words, that she is laying up a little hoard till our children are grown up. Her love deserves our gratitude, but we cannot oppose her will.”

The traveler had listened in silence to the whole relation, but a happy smile upon his lips, and a mild lustre in his moistened eye, showed how much his heart was moved. The wife had ceased to speak, and occupied herself again with her wheel. The traveler remained awhile sunk in deep thought, when, setting the boy hastily down, he advanced toward the husband, and said in a commanding tone:

“Have done with your work.”

The besom-maker did not comprehend his meaning, and was startled at his unusual tone.

“Give over your work, and give me your hand, farmer Nelis.”

“Farmer?” said the besom-maker, astonished.

“Yes,” exclaimed the traveler; “fling the besoms out of the door; I will give you a farm, four milch cows, a calf, two horses, and all that is necessary for housekeeping. You do not believe me,” continued he, and showed the besom-maker a handful of money. “I tell you the truth, I could at once give you the necessary sum; but I respect and esteem you too much to offer you money. But I will make you the proprietor of a farm, and protect your children both before and after my death.”

The good people looked at each other with the tears streaming from their eyes, and did not seem rightly to comprehend what was passing. While the traveler was about to make them fresh promises, Peterken pulled him by the hand as if he had something to communicate.

“What wilt thou, dear child?”

“Herr Jan,” answered the boy, “see, the peasants are coming home from the field; I know now where I shall find Rosa. Shall I run and tell her that you are come?”

The traveler seized Peterken’s hand, and drew him with impatience toward the door, as he said, “Come, come, lead me to her!” And while he made his adieu to the people of the house with his hand, he followed the child, who went with rapid pace through the midst of the village. So soon as they came to the first house, the people ran in wonder from shop and yard to look after them, as if they were something extraordinary. And truly, they presented a singular

spectacle; the child with his little shirt and bare feet, who laughing and playful skipped along holding by the hand of the unknown one. The astonished people could not comprehend what the rich gentleman, who at least seemed to be a baron, had to do with the besom-binder's Peterken. Their astonishment still increased as they saw the stranger stoop down and kiss the child. The only thought which occurred to some of them, and over which they now gossiped at every door, was that the rich gentleman had purchased the child of his parents to bring him up as his own son. People from the city who have no child of their own are often wont to do so; and the besom-maker's Peterken was the handsomest child in the village, with his large, blue eyes and his light, curly hair. At the same time it was extraordinary that the rich gentleman took the child with him in his bare shirt.

The traveler strode rapidly forward. The whole village seemed to him to be magically illuminated; the leafy trees shone in their clear verdure, the low huts smiled at him, the birds sung with a transporting harmony, the air was filled with a balsamic odor and the warmth of life.

He had turned his attention from the child to enjoy this new happiness. During this time, he had fixed his eye on the distance to transpierce the dark wood which, at the other end of the village, seemed to close up the way.

Hastily, the child pulled him by the hand with all his power, and cried:

“See there!—there comes Rosa with our Trientje!”

And actually there came forward, by a house upon a great by-road, an elderly blind woman led by a child of five years old.

Instead of rapidly accompanying the child the traveler remained standing, and contemplated with pain and sorrow the poor blind one, who, at a distance, approached with unsteady steps. Was that his Rosa, the handsome, amiable girl, whose image still lived so young and fresh in his heart? But this contemplation lasted only a moment: he drew the child along with him, and hastened toward his friend. When he had arrived at about fifty paces from her, he could no longer command himself, but cried out in the highest transport—“Rosa! Rosa!”

The instant that this sound reached the blind one's ear, she drew her arm from that of her leader, and began to tremble as if she were seized with a fit of the ague. She extended her arms, and with the cry—“Jan! Oh, Jan!” sprang forward to meet him. At the same time she drew up a ribbon which hung round her neck, and exhibited with an agitated mien a golden cross.

The next instant she fell into Jan Slaets's arms, who, amid unintelligible words, attempted to kiss her. But the blind one prevented him gently with her hands, and as this wounded his feelings, she seized his hand and said:

“Oh, Jan! Jan! I swoon with delight . . . but I am bound by an oath . . . come with me . . . we will go together to the church-yard.”

Jan Slaets did not comprehend Rosa's meaning, but in the tone of her voice lay something so solemn, and at the same time sacred, that without opposition he complied with the wish of his friend. Without taking heed of the people of the village who surrounded them, he led her to the church-yard. Here she directed her course to the seat beside the cross, and obliged him to kneel by her side while she said—

“Pray with me; I have vowed it to God.”

She, at the same time, elevated her clasped hands, breathed forth a warm prayer, and then flinging her arms round her friend's neck, she kissed him, and sank exhausted but smiling on his breast.

During this time, Peterken skipped about amongst the villagers, who stood in wonder

about, clapping his hands, and crying one time after another, "That is tall Jan! That is tall Jan!"

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On a fine autumn day of the year 1846, the diligence rolled along the great highway from Antwerp to Turnhout, at the regular hour. In haste the conductor drew up not far from a solitary inn, and opened the door of the carriage. Two young travelers sprang laughing and exulting out upon the road, and stretched their arms like escaped birds who again in full freedom try their wings. They gazed around them on the trees, in the beautiful blue autumn air, with a joy which we experience when we have left the city, and with every breath can enjoy free nature. At the same instant, the younger traveler turned his eyes upon the fields, and exclaimed with transport—"Listen! listen!"

And in truth, there came through the wood the indistinct tones of a distant music. The air was quick and lively, you might almost fancy that you heard the accompanying dance. While the younger one in silence pointed with his finger, his companion said in an almost ironical tone:

"In the shade of the lindens, to the trumpet's joyous note,  
In the dance a gay crowd doth exultingly float;  
And amid all the throng, like ocean waves flying,  
There is no one who thinketh of suffering and dying."

"Come, come, dear Jan, don't rejoice thyself so beforehand. Probably, they are celebrating the election of a new burgomaster."

"Nay, nay, that is no official joy. Let us too go there and see the peasant girls dance—that is so charming."

"Let us first drink a glass of ale with Peter Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And give ourselves up to the unexpected jollification, eh? So be it."

The two travelers entered the inn, and thought they should die of laughter the moment they put their heads into the room. Peter Joostens stood erect and stiff beside the fire. His long, blue, holiday coat hung in rich folds almost down to his heels. He greeted the well-known guests with a heavy smile, in which a certain feeling of shame manifested itself, and he dared not move himself, for at every motion his stiff shirt collar cut his ears.

At the entry of the travelers, he exclaimed with impatience, but without turning his head—"Zanna! Zanna! hasten thee: I hear the music, and I have already told thee that we shall come too late."

Zanna came running in with a basket full of flowers. She looked so charming with her crimped lace cap, her woollen gown, her rose-colored bodice, the large, golden heart at her breast, and her ear-rings. Her face was flushed with the bloom of the most joyous anticipation, and resembled a rose which opens its closed bud.

"A beautiful peony which blows on a fine summer day," observed the younger companion.

Zanna had fetched the two desired glasses of ale, and now hastened out of the door with her flowers, singing and laughing. Still more impatiently shouted Peter Joostens with all his might:

"Lisbeth! if thou dost not come directly, I will go away without thee, as sure as I stand here."

An old clock which hung by the wall pointed at the same instant to nine, and struck with a

hoarse tone, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"What wretched taste is that!" said one of the travelers; "have you sold the handsome clock, and hung this up to plague yourselves the whole year through with its death-note?"

"Yes, yes," said the host, smiling; "make yourself merry, at your pleasure, over this bird; it brings me in yearly fifty Dutch guilders—a good crop that needs no tillage."

Four cannon shots were heard at the same moment.

"O heavens!" shrieked Peter Joostens; "the feast has begun. The women take my life with their hunting here and there."

"But, Peter Joostens," asked one of the travelers, "what is this that is going on in the village? Is it the wake?—that would be odd on a Thursday—or is the king coming to the village?"

"It is a very extraordinary thing," replied the host; "it is an unheard-of thing. If you knew the story, you might fill a whole book with it, without any invention. And the old cuckoo here has its place in Blind Rosa's story."

"Blind Rosa!" said the younger traveler, astonished; "what a charming title! That would make a fine counterpart to 'The Sick Youth.'"

"Nay, that wont do," said the elder; "if we go out together to collect material for stories, we must honorably divide the spoil."

"Well, we can hereafter draw lots for it," said the younger, half regretfully.

"In the meantime," observed the elder, "we actually know nothing. Pull down your detestable shirt collar from your ears, Peter Joostens, and begin and regularly tell us all; and for your reward you shall have a book as soon as it is printed."

"Now I have no time for it," answered the host; "I hear my wife coming down stairs; but come along with us to the village, and on the way I will tell you why the cannon are fired and the music plays."

The hostess entered the room, and dazzled the travelers' eyes by her dress, so did it blaze in all the colors of the rainbow. She rushed up to her husband, pulled up his shirt collar again higher than ever, took his arm, and issued out of doors with him. The two travelers accompanied them, and Peter Joostens related on the way to his attentive hearers the whole story of Tall Jan and Blind Rosa; and though he had almost talked himself out of breath, he became besieged with all sorts of questions.

They learned of him, however, that Herr Slaets bought of him the old cuckoo clock, that it might hang in its former place in the inn; that tall Jan had been four-and-thirty years in Russia, and in the fur trade had become a very rich man. That he had bought an estate, and meant to live upon it with Blind Rosa and the besom-maker Nelis's family, whose children he had already adopted. That he had given the grave-digger a considerable sum of money; and, finally, that this evening there was to be held a grand folks-feast on the estate, for which occasion a whole calf was to be roasted, and two whole copper-fulls of rice furrmetry to be boiled.

Peter Joostens ceased as they came behind a house upon a great by-road. And now the travelers listened no longer, for they were resolved to be present, and see all the gayety which offered itself to their gaze.

All the houses in the village were adorned with green boughs, bound together with garlands of white and many-colored flowers, and between these, over the heads of the spectators, hung every where festoons, with small lamps and with large red letters. Here and there stood a stately May-pole, with hundreds of little flags glittering with tinsel, and adorned with garlands of bird's-eggs and pieces of glass. Along the sides of the way the boys and girls

had laid wreaths of flowers upon silver-white sand, and bound them together at regular distances, showing the alternating initials J. and R. for Jan and Rosa, the invention of the schoolmaster.

Amongst all this ornament thronged a swarm of spectators from the neighboring villages to witness this extraordinary wedding. The young travelers went from one group to another, and listened to what the people said. But before the procession, which came over the fields, arrived at the village, they hastened to the church, and placed themselves in front of it on a mound, so that they might overlook the whole.

They beheld the procession with a feeling almost bordering on veneration . . . and it really was so beautiful and touching that the heart of the younger one beat with poetic rapture. More than sixty young girls from five to ten years of age, came clad in white, and with childhood's enchanting smile, like little bright clouds floating through the azure heaven. Upon their free locks, hanging around their fresh countenances, rested garlands of monthly roses, which seemed to contend in beauty with the vermeil lips of the children.

"It is like a saga of Andersen's," said the younger of the companions; "the sylphs have quitted the bosoms of the flowers. Innocence and simplicity, youth and joy . . . what an enchanting picture!"

"Ah, ah!" said the other, "there come the peonies! and Zanna Joostens goes first."

But the younger one was too much affected to notice this unpoetic speech. He gazed with delight on the taller maidens, who in full splendor, beaming with life and health, followed the lesser ones. What a train of full-grown young women in snow-white lace caps! How their blushes added to the sweetness of their countenances! How enchanting was the modest smile about their lips, resembling the gentle curling of the waters which the zephyr on a summer's evening produces on the surface of an inland lake.

Ah! there comes Blind Rosa with Herr Slaets, her bridegroom! How happy she must be! She has suffered so much! She has been reduced even to the beggar's staff. For four-and-thirty years she has succored and nourished her soul with a hope that she herself regarded as vain . . . and now he is there, the friend of her childhood, of her youth. Led by his hand, she now approaches the altar of that God who has heard her prayers. Now shall the vow made by the cross in the church-yard be accomplished, and she shall become Jan Slaet's wife. On her breast glitters the simple gold cross which Tall Jan gave her. Now she listens to the joyful congratulations, to the song and music which celebrate his return. She trembles with emotion, and presses his arm closer to her side, as if she doubted whether her happiness was real.

After them came Nelis with his wife and his children; they are all clad as wealthy peasantry. The parents go forward with bowed heads, and wipe the tears of wonder and thankfulness from their eyes, so often as they look upon their blind benefactress. Peterken bears his head proudly erect, and shakes his light locks, which play about his neck. He leads his sister by the hand.

But what troop is that? The remnant of the camp which the power of time has laid waste. About twenty men followed the children of Nelis. They really present a singular spectacle; they are all gray-haired men or bald. Most of them support themselves on their staves; two go on crutches, one is blind and deaf, and all are so worn out and exhausted by long years of weary labor, that one might imagine that death had by force brought them again from their graves.

Lauw Stevens went first, and stooped so that his hands nearly touched the ground; blind Baes from Plogen supported himself on the miller's grandfather. These old men constituted the remains of the generation which lived when tall Jan flourished in the village, and by his youthful courage always asserted for himself the first place. After them came the people of the

village, men and women, who were invited to the wedding.

The train entered the church . . . the organ was heard accompanying the solemn hymn. The younger traveler drew his companion aside in the church-yard. He stooped down, turned round, and presented to the other his closed hand, out of which the ends of two bents of grass protruded.

“In such haste? why so?” asked the other.

“Proceed,” said the younger; “the subject pleases me, and I would willingly know whether it will fall to me or not.”

The elder one drew a bent; the younger let his fall upon the ground, and sighed, “I have lost!”

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This is the reason, good reader, why the elder of the travelers has told you the story of Blind Rosa. It is a pity; for otherwise you would have read in beautiful poetry, what you have now read in prose. But fortune another time may be more auspicious to you.

# I DREAM OF ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

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BY MISS M. E. ALILSON.

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I dream of all things beautiful—  
The glad, bright stars above,  
As one by one they deck the heavens,  
Like angel-smiles of love;  
Of moonbeams as they softly rest  
Upon the quiet lake,  
And from its darkened brow the gloom  
Of falling shadows take.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The blush of op'ning flowers,  
When first their petals bright uncloze  
In spring-time's leafy bowers;  
Of dew-drops when they silently  
At evening's twilight close,  
Stoop down and kiss the leaflets fair  
Of sweet unfolding rose.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The brooklet on its way,  
As sparkling bright it sings of joy  
The live-long summer day;  
Of shady woods where glad, free winds  
Are whisp'ring softly now,  
Where many birdlings, blithe and gay,  
Sing sweet from ev'ry bough.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
The shell of ocean's caves,  
That softly parts its rosy lips  
And drinks the dewy waves;  
Of emerald isles that glisten  
Like gems upon the deep,  
Where whispering winds their music  
Untiring vigils keep.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
A home beyond the seas,  
Where flowers ever waft their scents



Upon the sleepy breeze;  
Of summers lovely and undying,  
Bright skies of cloudless blue,  
Where nature smiles forever bright,  
In robes of loveliest hue.

I dream of all things beautiful—  
Sweet music soft and low,  
When wakened 'neath a skillful touch,  
Its gentle numbers flow;  
Of low, sweet words, when angels near  
Are whisp'ring sweet of Heaven,  
Where contrite hearts shall find their chains  
Of sin and darkness riven.

## ANECDOTES OF OSTRICHES.

“Givest thou the goodly wings unto the peacocks, or wings and feathers unto the ostrich?  
Which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust?  
And forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wilde beast may break them.  
She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers; her labour is in vain, without fear.  
Because God hath depriveth her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding.”

FIELD'S BIBLE, 1653.

The alleged stupidity of the ostrich and indifference to its young, is, perhaps, the very oldest popular error in existence, and it is principally founded on the above passages in Job. It appears, however, that these passages are open to a different interpretation to that put upon them in the authorized versions of the Old Testament. The word which has been translated “leaveth” her eggs, in the sense of abandoning them, signifies in the original “deposits,” and *tekhammem* signifies actively that she heateth them, namely, by incubation, which is, indeed, the fact. In the sixteenth verse, the bird is said to be “hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers;” and the same want of affection is alluded to in the third verse of the fourth chapter of Lamentations, “the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness;” but, in fact, the idea is altogether erroneous. Recent observations show that no bird has a greater affection for its young than the ostrich, that the eggs are carefully watched and tended, and when the offspring have chipped their shells, and for some days are unable to run, they are regularly supplied with grass and water by the old birds, who are eager to defend them from harm. Thunberg especially mentions that he once rode past a place where a female was sitting on her nest, when the bird sprang up, and pursued him, evidently with a view of preventing his noticing her eggs or young. Every time he turned his horse toward her, she retreated ten or twelve paces, but as soon as he rode on again, she pursued him, till he had gone a considerable distance from the place where he started her.

The idea of the stupidity of the ostrich seems to have been universally entertained, being taken for granted without investigation. Job, as we have seen, alludes to it; and Pliny, writing from common report, says, “A wonder this is in their nature, that whatsoever they eat—and great devourers they be of all things without difference or choice, they concoct and digest it. But the veriest fools they be of all others; for as high as the rest of their body is, yet if they thrust their head and neck once into any shrub or bush, and get it hidden, they think then they are safe enough, and that no man seeth them.” Many a pretty nursery tale has been written from this, and many a wise saw founded on it; and yet the hiding of the head is, after all, a mere myth. Sparman, when in South Africa, expressly inquired in those parts where ostriches most abound, and “never once heard mention made of the ostrich hiding its head when it finds it cannot make its escape.” The truth is, the ostrich does nothing of the sort; he tries to escape as well as he can, and continues his efforts, till knocked on the head by the hunter, or driven by him, as we shall presently see, to a place where he may be captured.

Conflicting accounts have been published respecting the whole process of breeding and incubation of the ostrich. Ælian states that as many as eighty eggs have been found in one nest,<sup>[2]</sup> fifty or sixty have been certainly discovered, and the question has been whether these are the produce of one female or many?

The balance of opinion inclines to the belief that one male ostrich attaches himself to three or four females, and that all these deposit their eggs in one nest. This, according to Burckhardt, who carefully investigated the subject, is commonly made at the foot of some isolated hill, by

the simple process of scratching a hole in the sand; the eggs are then placed close together, half buried in the sand, and a narrow trench is drawn round this to carry off any water. During the extreme heat of the day, the parent birds are instinctively aware that the warmth of the sun renders their attention unnecessary; but as soon as the shades of evening fall they each take their turn upon the nest. The cockbird, however, sits during the night, and Lichtenstein says that great numbers of the smaller beasts of prey, as jackals and wild cats, who will run any risk to procure the eggs, are found crushed to death around the nests; for the male rushes on them, and tramples them with his powerful feet until life is extinct.

The nests are never completely deserted, and the parent birds relieve each other in keeping watch on the summit of the neighboring hill. When the Arabs descry an ostrich thus engaged, they conclude that some eggs must be near; and on their approach, the old birds retire, although it is not uncommon, especially in South Africa, for them to show fight. Having discovered the nest, the Arabs dig a hole in the ground near it, in which they place a loaded gun, having a long burning match fastened to the touch-hole; the gun is pointed toward the nest, and is carefully covered over with sand and stones. The birds after a time return and resume their places on the eggs; the gun in due time explodes, and next morning the Arab is rewarded by finding one or perhaps both of the ostriches dead. This is the common mode of killing them practiced in the deserts of Northern Arabia.

It is said that some addled eggs are generally found outside the nest, and that the flies bred by their decomposition, furnish the callow young with food.

Such may be the case, and if so, it affords a striking illustration of that happy adaptation of means to ends visible throughout the whole economy of nature; but probably the primary reason for these being ejected from the nest is, that more eggs are laid than can be conveniently covered by the bird when sitting, and that she therefore instinctively throws out the surplus; thus at once getting rid of a useless superabundance, and providing a magazine of food for her future tender young.

Various are the purposes to which ostrich's eggs are applied:—first, they are in great favor as a culinary luxury, and are much sought after by the captains of merchant vessels touching at the African ports, being purchased by them of the slave herdsmen, whose perquisites they generally are, for about sixpence each. A good sized egg weighs eleven ounces, is near seven inches in depth, and holds five pints and a quarter; consequently it is considered to afford a meal which will perfectly satisfy four hungry white men, or eight of the more moderate blacks. The yelk is very rich and luscious, and makes a most enviable omelette, but gourmands agree that the native mode of cooking them is perfect. The Hottentots bury the eggs in hot ashes, and through a small hole in the upper end, the contents are continually stirred until they acquire a certain consistence, which the sable cooks know by experience indicates the right moment for removing them from the ashes to the sackcloth, which covers the traveler's primitive table. They are then eaten with biscuit, and washed down with copious draughts of corn brandy.

The eggs are frequently found to contain small oval pebble-like bodies, about the size of a marrowfat pea, of a pale yellow color, and exceedingly hard. Barrow found as many as twelve in one egg: and they are converted into buttons by the dandified Hottentots, and perhaps also the Boers.

The porcelain character of the shell and its shape, well adapt it for cups, and such vessels are frequently elegantly mounted in silver, and sometimes in chased gold. The ancient Egyptians used them in their places of worship, and, together with the plumes, insisted on their

forming part of the tribute paid by conquered countries where ostriches abounded. They were probably suspended in the temples, as they still are in the Coptic churches, the Copts regarding them as emblems of watchfulness.

When the allied sovereigns were in London, in the days when the Prince Regent was in full possession of his powers of entertainment, and we may add of appetite, a marvelous and unaccountable evaporation of oil took place nightly in the murky lamps, which then served to make darkness visible. In vain were the lamps replenished—they *would* go out, and the glass receptacles were invariably found empty. The contractor was in despair; the churchwardens took the matter up, and the minds of the parishioners were as gloomy as their streets. One night, however, the mystery was unexpectedly cleared up. A worthy old watchman, or “Charley,” as the class was familiarly called, comfortably wrapped in his sixteen-caped great coat, feeling himself tired with his exertions in informing the sleeping world that it was “past ten o’clock and a cloudy night,” sat down on a step in the shade to take five-and-twenty winks, but just as he was composing his thoughts previous to dropping off, he was startled by seeing a strangely dressed, bearded figure approach a lamp, and after a hasty look round, actively swarm up the post, take out the lamp, snuff the wick with his fingers, and drink the oil! Here was a discovery! Away posted the guardian of the night and reported what he had seen, but the inspector roundly told him that he must have been either drunk or asleep, for he shrewdly remarked, “’Taint likely that them beggars of furriners would go a-drinking ile when they could get brown stout or Tipper Hale.” Notwithstanding the utter improbability of the thing, a watch was set, and, sure enough, it turned out that the mysterious strangers were the Cossacks, who nightly indulged in deep libations of train-oil at the parish expense.

A not less puzzling disappearance of oil took place some years ago from the lamps in a certain Eastern church, and so pertinaciously did the lamps go out, that the priests felt a supernatural influence, and apprehending something terrible, gave orders for a general penance and scourging of backs. The minds as well as the backs of the obedient congregation were, however, infinitely relieved by the accidental discovery (by a dyspeptic priest who could not sleep through heartburn) that the extinguishing of the lamps was attributable to natural and not, as feared, to supernatural causes. A colony of rats had taken up their quarters in the church, and following the example of the gallant Captain Dalgetty, looked at once to the procuring of “provend.” An enterprising member of one of the foraging parties scrambling down a rope by which one of the lamps was suspended, was fortunate enough to hit upon some uncommonly nice oil. The news of this glorious discovery spread, and all the rats chorussed,

“Black rats and white, brown rats and gray  
Scramble down the lamp-rope, ye that scramble may.”

Accordingly, the colony flocked to these oleaginous mines with as much eagerness as another description of colonists are now flocking to mines of gold. The result has been described, but in the end the rats were no match for the priests, who, as soon as the rogues were found out, lighted upon the expedient of passing each of the ropes through an ostrich egg. A most effectual and tantalizing barrier was now opposed to the predatory excursions of our furry friends. In vain they sniffed and squeaked; each, as he attempted “to round the cape,” slid off the smooth egg and was smashed on the stones beneath.

The ostrich is a very prudent, wary bird, for which reason the quaggas generally attach themselves instinctively to a troop of these birds, trusting implicitly to their caution for the discovery of danger. This alliance was remarked by Xenophon, who says, "the country was a plain throughout, as even as the sea, and full of wormwood. Of wild creatures the most numerous were wild asses, (quaggas,) and not a few ostriches, besides bustards and roe-deer, (gazelles,) which our horsemen sometimes chased!"<sup>[3]</sup>

This bird was not sacred among the ancient Egyptians, but there is reason to believe that it was so with the Assyrians. It has not only been found as an ornament on the robes of figures in the most ancient edifices at Nimroud, but it was frequently introduced on Babylonian and Assyrian cylinders, always accompanied by the emblematical flower. The Romans appear to have regarded it as a delicacy, for Apicius left a receipt for a particular sauce for dressing it; and it is recorded of Heliogabalus, that he had the brains of six hundred of these birds served up as a dish at one of his feasts. But in trencher feasts the pseudo-emperor Formius far outdid either, as it is related by Vopiscus, that he devoured a whole ostrich to his own share at a single sitting.

It was broadly asserted by Aristotle, that the ostrich was partly bird and partly quadruped; and by Pliny, that it might almost be said to belong to the class of beasts; ridiculous as such assertions might be supposed, they were not altogether without foundation according to the knowledge of the times. The common name by which the ostrich was designated by the Greeks and Romans, and also by the nations of the East, was the *camel bird*. Indeed, the total want of feathers on its long and very powerful legs, and the division of the feet into two toes only, connected at their base by a membrane, are very similar to the legs and long, divided hoof of the camel: nor does the resemblance cease here, for there is another singularity in their external conformation, which affords a still more remarkable coincidence. Both camel and ostrich are furnished with hard, callous protuberances on the chest, and on the posterior part of the abdomen, on which they support themselves when at rest, and they both lie down in the same manner, by first bending their knees, then applying the anterior callosity, and lastly the posterior, to the ground. When to this we add the patience of thirst of both, and their inhabiting the same arid deserts, the two may well be compared with each other.

The ostrich is altogether destitute of the power of flight, and accordingly the wings are reduced to a very low state of development, merely sufficient, in fact, to aid it when running at speed. The sharp keel of the breast-bone, which, in birds of rapid flight, affords an extensive surface for the attachment of the muscles moving the wings, is not required, and the surface of the bone is therefore flat, like that of a quadruped, but the muscles of the legs are of extraordinary magnitude.

The family of birds, of which the ostrich forms the leading type, is remarkable for the wide dispersion of its various members: the ostrich itself spreads over nearly the whole of the burning deserts of Africa—the Cassowary represents it amid the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The *Dinornis*—chief of birds—formerly towered among the ferns of New Zealand, where the small *Apteryx* now holds its place; and the huge *Æpyornis* strode along the forest of Madagascar. The Emu is confined to the great Australian continent, and the Rhea to the southern extremity of the western hemisphere; whilst nearer home we find the class represented by the Bustard, which—until within a few years—still lingered upon the least frequented downs and plains of England.

With the Arabs of the desert, the chase of the ostrich is the most attractive, and eagerly sought, of the many aristocratic diversions in which they indulge; and we are indebted to

General Daumas for a highly interesting account of their proceedings. The first point attended to, is a special preparation of their horses. Seven or eight days before the intended hunt, they are entirely deprived of straw and grass, and fed on barley only. They are only allowed to drink once a-day, and that at sunset—the time when the water begins to freshen: at that time also they are washed. They take long, daily exercises, and are occasionally galloped; at which time care is taken that the harness is right, and suited to the chase of the ostrich. “After seven or eight days,” says the Arab, “the stomach of the horse disappears, while the chest, the breast, and the croup remain in flesh: the animal is then fit to endure fatigue.” They call this training *techaha*. The harness used for the purpose in question is lighter than ordinary, especially the stirrups and saddle, and the martingale is removed. The bridle, too, undergoes many metamorphoses: the mountings and the earflaps are taken away, as too heavy. The bit is made of a camel-rope, without a throat band, and the frontlet is also of cord, and the reins—though strong—are very light. The period most favorable for ostrich hunting is that of the great heat: the higher the temperature, the less is the ostrich able to defend himself. The Arabs describe the precise time as that, when a man stands upright, his shadow has the length only of the sole of his foot.

Each horseman is accompanied by a servant called *zemmal*, mounted on a camel, carrying four goat-skins filled with water, barley for the horse, wheat-flour for the rider, some dates, a kettle to cook the food, and every thing which can possibly be required for the repair of the harness. The horseman contents himself with a linen vest and trousers, and covers his neck and ears with a light material called *havuli*, tied with a strip of camel’s hide: his feet are protected with sandals, and his legs with light gaiters called *trabag*. He is armed with neither gun nor pistol, his only weapon being a wild olive or tamarind stick, five or six feet long, with a heavy knob at one end.

Before starting, the hunters ascertain where a large number of ostriches are to be found. These birds are generally met with in places where there is much grass, and where rain has recently fallen. The Arabs say, that where the ostrich sees the light shine, and barley getting ready, wherever it may be, thither she runs, regardless of distance, and ten days march is nothing to her; and it has passed into a proverb in the desert, that a man skillful in the care of flocks, and in finding pasturage, that he is like the ostrich, where he sees the light, there he goes.

The hunters start in the morning. After one or two days’ journey, when they have arrived near the spot pointed out, and they begin to perceive traces of their game, they halt and camp. The next day, two intelligent slaves, almost entirely stripped, are sent to reconnoitre; they each carry a goat-skin at their side, and a little bread: they walk until they meet with the ostriches, which are generally found in elevated places. As soon as the game is in view, one lies down to watch, the other returns to convey the information. The ostriches are found in troops, comprising sometimes as many as sixty; but at the pairing time, they are more scattered, three or four couple only remaining together.

The horsemen, guided by the scout, travel gently toward the birds: the nearer they approach the spot the greater is their caution, and when they reach the last ridge which conceals them from the sight of their game, they dismount, and two creep forward to ascertain if they are still there. Should such be the case, a moderate quantity of water is given to the horses, the baggage is left, and each man mounts, carrying at his side a *chebouta*, or goat-skin. The servants and camels follow the track of the horsemen, carrying with them only a little corn and water.

The exact position of the horses being known, the plans are arranged: the horsemen divide and form a circle round the game at such a distance as not to be seen. The servants wait where the horsemen have separated, and as soon as they see them at their posts, they walk right before them: the ostriches fly, but are met by the hunters, who do nothing at first but drive them back into the circle; thus their strength is exhausted by being made to continually run round in the ring. At the first signs of fatigue in the birds, the horsemen dash in—presently the flock separates; the exhausted birds are seen to open their wings—which is a sign of great exhaustion—the horsemen, certain of their prey, now repress their horses: each hunter selects his ostrich, runs it down, and finishes it by a blow on the head with the stick above mentioned. The moment the bird falls, the man jumps off his horse, and cuts her throat, taking care to hold the neck at such a distance from the body, as not to soil the plumage of the wings. The male bird, whilst dying, utters loud moans, but the female dies in silence.

When the ostrich is on the point of being overtaken by the hunter, she is so fatigued that—if he does not wish to kill her—she can easily be driven with the stick to the neighborhood of the camels. Immediately after the birds have been bled to death, they are carefully skinned, so that the feathers may not be injured, and the skin is then stretched upon a tree, or on a horse, and salt rubbed well into it. A fire is lit, and the fat of the birds is boiled for a long time in kettles; when very liquid, it is poured into a sort of bottle, made of the skin of the thigh and leg down to the foot, strongly fastened at the bottom; the fat of one bird is usually sufficient to fill two of these legs—it is said that in any other vessel the fat would spoil. When, however, the bird is breeding, she is extremely lean, and is then hunted only for the sake of her feathers. After these arrangements are completed, the flesh is eaten by the hunters, who season it well with pepper and flour.

Whilst these proceedings are in progress, the horses are carefully tended, watered, and fed with corn, and the party remain quiet during forty-eight hours, to give their animals rest; after that, they either return to their encampment, or embark in new enterprises.

The fat of the ostrich is used in the preparation of the favorite dish *kouskousson*, and is often eaten with bread. It is also used medicinally. In cases of fever, for instance, the Arabs make a paste with it and bread-crumbs, which is given to the patient, who must not drink any thing during the whole day. In rheumatism, and in renal diseases, the painful parts are rubbed with the grease until it disappears. The patient then lies down in the scorching sand, his head being carefully covered, and a profuse perspiration ensuing, the cure is often complete. In bilious attacks, the fat is melted, salted, and taken in draughts, with powerful effect, the patient even becoming extremely thin. The Arab doctors say, “the patient parts with every thing in his body that is bad, gains a frame of iron, and acquires excellent eyesight.”

Ostrich fat is sold in the markets, and in the tents of the great a store is kept to give away to the poor—in value, one pot of this fat is equivalent to three pots of butter. The feathers of the ostrich are sold at the *ksours*, at Tougartet: at the time of the purchase of grain, the ostrich-skins are bought, that of a male selling for four or five *douros*, that of a female from eight to fourteen shillings. Formerly, the only use made in the Sahara of the plumes was to decorate the tops of tents.

To the Arab, the chase of the ostrich has a double attraction—pleasure and profit: the price obtained for the skins well compensates for the expenses. Not only do the rich enjoy the pursuit, but the poor, who know how to set about it, are permitted to participate in it also. The usual plan is, for a poor Arab to arrange with one who is opulent for the loan of his camel, horse harness, and two-thirds of all the necessary provisions. The borrower furnishes himself

the remaining third, and the produce of the chase is divided in the same proportions.

The use of ostrich-fat in medicine dates back to a very remote period: and Pliny relates that, on a certain occasion, when Cato—surnamed Uticensis—was accused of selling poison, because “he held cantharides at three-score sesterces a pound, at the same time ostrich-grease was sold for eighty sesterces the pound; and, in truth, it is much better for any use it shall be put unto than goose-grease.”

In the quaint account of “The World encompassed by Sir Francis Drake,” there is a curious description of the mode of hunting ostriches, as practiced in those days at the Cape. The history is written by “Mr. Francis Fletcher, preacher in this employment,” and he thus begins:

“Ever since Almighty God commanded Adam to subdue the earth, there hath not wanted in all ages some heroic spirits, which—in obedience to that high mandate—either from manifest reason alluring them, or by some secret instinct enforcing them thereunto, have expended their wealth, employed their times, and adventured their persons to find out the true circuit of the world.” The worthy chaplain being safely arrived at the Cape, goes on to say, “In this place, the people being removed up into the country, belike for fear of our coming, we found near unto the rocks, in houses made for that purpose, great store of ostriches, at least to the number of fifty, with much other fowl; some dried, and some in drying, for their provision, as it seemed, to carry with them to the place of their dwellings. The ostriches legs were in bigness equal to reasonable legs of mutton: they cannot fly at all; but they run so swiftly, and take so long strides, that it is not possible for a man in running by any means to take them, neither yet to come so nigh them as to have any shot at them with bow or piece. Whereof our men had often proof on other parts of that coast, for all the country is full of them. We found there the tools or instruments which the people use in taking them. Amongst other means which they use in betraying of these ostriches, they have a great and large plume of feathers, orderly compact together upon the end of a staff; in the fore-part bearing the likeness of the head, neck, and bulk of an ostrich, and in the hinder part spreading itself out very large, sufficient being holden before him to hide the most part of the body of a man. With this it seemeth they stalk, driving them into some strait or neck of land close to the sea-side; where—spreading long and strong nets, with their dogs, which they have in readiness at all times—they overthrow them, and make a common quarry.”

The ostrich, like many other of the feathered tribe, has a great deal of self-conceit. On fine sunny days, a tame bird may be seen strutting backward and forward with great majesty, fanning itself with its quivering, expanded wings, and at every turn seeming to admire its grace, and the elegance of its shadow. Dr. Shaw says that, though these birds appear tame and tractable to persons well-known to them, they are often very fierce and violent toward strangers, whom they would not only endeavor to push down by running furiously against them, but they would peck at them with their beaks, and strike with their feet; and so violent is the blow that can be given, that the Doctor saw a person whose abdomen had been ripped completely open by a stroke from the claw of an ostrich.

The cry of the ostrich has been compared to the voice of a lion; but when fighting they sometimes make a fierce, angry, and hissing noise, with their throats inflated, and their mouths open. Dr. Shaw often heard them groan, as if in the greatest agonies, a peculiarity alluded to in Micah, i. 8., where it is said, “I will make a mourning like the *jaanah* (ostrich);” though the word has been improperly translated *owl*.

A remarkable illustration of the strength of the ostrich is afforded by an incident mentioned by Adanson, which took place during his residence at Podor, a French factory on the southern



bank of the river Niger. “Two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, and although young, were nearly of their full size, were so tame that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the largest. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village, as it was impossible to stop him otherwise than by obstructing his passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I ordered it to be repeated, and to try their strength, directed a full grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the largest. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first, they went a tolerably sharp trot, but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness, that they scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Most people have, one time or another, seen a partridge run, and consequently must know that there is no man whatever able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with this advantage; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of, would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true, they would not hold out so long as a horse, but they would undoubtedly be able to go over the space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of an ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it, as we do a horse.”

We are much mistaken if there was not an exhibition of ostrich races in a circus at Paris about two years ago; the birds being ridden by boys, who managed their feathered steeds with great dexterity.

To have the stomach of an ostrich has become proverbial, and with good reason; for this bird stands enviably forward in respect to its wonderful powers of digestion, which are scarcely inferior to its voracity. Its natural food consists entirely of vegetable substances, especially grain; and the ostrich is a most destructive enemy to the crops of the African farmers. But its sense of taste is so obtuse, that scraps of leather, old nails, bits of tin, buttons, keys, coins, and pebbles, are devoured with equal relish; in fact, nothing comes amiss. But in this it doubtless follows an instinct, for these hard bodies assist, like the gravel in the crops of our domestic poultry, in grinding down and preparing for digestion its ordinary food. Its fondness for iron was well-known to our forefathers, and we find Shakspeare makes *Jack Cade* say to *Iden*, in the “Second Part of Henry VI.,”

“But I’ll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin.”

An earlier writer, John Skelton, who was poet laureate to Henry the Seventh, alludes to an idea then prevalent, that the ostrich swallowed iron for the same purpose that ices are taken in these degenerate days. The lines are taken from his poem “The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe,”

“The estryge that wyll eate  
An horshowe so great  
In the stede of meate,  
Such feruent heat  
His stomake doth feat,  
He can not well fly  
Nor synge tunably.”

But there was another and far less selfish reason ascribed for the partiality of these birds to iron—a reason so philanthropic, indeed, that it puts mankind to the blush; for there are few, indeed, who would convert their interiors into a marine-store shop for the benefit of their fellow

creatures. In a singular book by Thomas Scott, published in 1616, a merchant meets with an ostrich in the desert, in the act of swallowing a heavy meal of iron, and gazing on him with astonishment, inquires,

“‘What nourishment can from these mettals grow?’

The ostrich answers: ‘Sir, I do not eate  
This iron, as you think I do, for meate;  
I only keep it, lay it up in store,  
To helpe my needy friends the friendlesse poore,  
I often meete (as farre and neere I goe)  
Many a foundred horse that wants a shoe,  
Serving a master that is monylesse,  
Such I relieve and helpe in their distresse.’”

*Philomythie, etc.*

There was found by Cuvier, in the stomach of an ostrich that died at Paris, nearly a pound weight of stones, bits of iron and copper, and pieces of money worn down by constant attrition against each other, as well as by the action of the stomach itself. In the stomach of one of these birds which belonged to the Menagerie of George the Fourth, there were contained some pieces of wood of considerable size, several large nails, and a hen’s egg entire and uninjured, perhaps taken as a delicacy from its appetite becoming capricious. In the stomach of another, beside several large cabbage-stalks, there were masses of bricks of the size of a man’s fist. Sparrman relates that he saw ostriches at the Cape so tame that they went loose to and from the farm, but they were so voracious as to swallow chickens whole, and trample hens to death, that they might tear them in pieces afterward and devour them; and one great barrel of a bird was obliged to be killed on account of an awkward habit he had acquired of trampling sheep to death. But perhaps the most striking proof of the prowess of an ostrich in the eating way, is that afforded by Dr. Shaw, who saw one swallow bullet after bullet as fast as they were pitched, scorching hot from the mould.

In a very amusing article in the eighty-eighth number of “Household Words,” there are mentioned some of the “wonderful swallows” of an ostrich, which was not long since in the Zoological Gardens, Regent’s Park. A carpenter was one day at work in a stable, the side of which was open to a corner of the cage of the ostrich. A pretty nursery maid chanced to pass that way, and the carpenter having engaged her in conversation, ceased his work for a while, and stood smiling and chatting with his hands behind him, in which he held a gimlet which he had been using. His back was toward the cage. The ostrich observed the gimlet, saw that it was nice, and darting forth his head and long neck between the bars, snapped it out of the carpenter’s hands. The man turned hastily round, but before he could make an effort to regain his gimlet, the ostrich gave a toss with his head, the gimlet disappeared, his neck made a stiff arch for a moment, and the gimlet was safely down.

But the performances of the bird were not to cease with this feat; his reputation was to have other facts to rest upon. Not long after, he saw a young gentleman standing near his cage, displaying to a friend a knife which he had just purchased—it was a many-bladed knife. Directly the ostrich caught sight of this, he knew that it must be very good indeed. Watching his opportunity, he made a sudden dart upon it, and caught it in his beak. The gentleman made a rush at the bars of the cage, but the ostrich, taking a long stride back, stood out of reach with an insolent straddle in the middle of his cage, and with one jerk of his neck bolted the delicious curiosity.

The keepers watched the bird, and examined his cage very narrowly for a long time; but no

traces of his preposterous fancies were ever restored to sight, neither did the ostrich appear in any degree incommoded.

Three months after these performances, the ostrich, from some unknown cause or other, got into a bad state of mind with the bars of his cage, and in a contest which ensued, he broke his back. His death speedily followed, and a *post mortem* examination was speedily made, but no trace whatever either of the gimlet or the many-bladed knife, was discovered in any part of his wonderful interior.

One of the predecessors of this bird at the Gardens had the ill-luck to suffer from his taste for such delicacies as gimlets and many-bladed knives, for he had such difficulty in bolting something of the sort, that his neck never recovered the unnatural curve it then acquired. His lady mate regarding this as an outward and visible sign of effeminacy unworthy of an ostrich, never ceased from that moment to show her contempt by teasing and worrying him in every possible way, and this system of hen-pecking persecution was carried to such an extent, that it was found necessary to separate the pair, without consulting the authorities of Doctors' Commons.

Far different was the behavior of a gallant male in the Jardin des Plantes. He with his spouse had long lived in connubial felicity, when, unfortunately, the skylight over their heads having been broken, a triangular piece of glass fell, and was instantly snapped up by the female, who regarded it as an acceptable offering. Soon after she was taken ill, and died in great agony. Her body being opened, the throat and stomach were found dreadfully lacerated by the sharp corners of the glass. But now comes the pathetic portion of the tale. From the moment that he found himself bereft of his mate, the survivor had no rest. Day and night the poor bird was incessantly searching for her, and gradually wasted away. He was removed from the spot, in the hope that in new scenes his grief would be forgotten; but no! the arrow had entered into his soul; his fruitless, unavailing search after his lost one still continued, so long as strength enabled him to pursue it, and then, literally constant unto death, he laid himself down and died.

The feathers of the ostrich, which play such an important part in adorning the persons of the living, and decorating the funereal processions of the dead, are distinguished in the trade of the *plumassier* by several qualities; those of the male are the whitest and most beautiful, and the feathers of the back, and above the wings, hold the first place; next those of the wings, and lastly those of the tail. The down, varying in length from four to fourteen inches, is merely the feathers of the other parts of the body, and is black in the males, gray in the females. The finest white feathers of the female have always their ends a little grayish, which lessens their lustre and lowers their price. The feathers are imported from Algiers, Tunis, Alexandria, Madagascar, and Senegal; the first obtaining the highest price, the last the lowest.

The first thing is to scour the feathers, which is done by tying them in bundles, and rubbing them well with the hand in a lather of soap and water, after which they are rinsed in clean hot water. They are then bleached by washing first with Spanish white, then are passed quickly through a weak solution of indigo, and the process is completed by exposing them to the fumes of sulphur, after which they are hung upon cords to dry. As much of the beauty of ostrich feathers depends upon their graceful pliability, they generally require to be scraped with glass, to render them pliant; and the curly form so admired, is given by drawing the edge of a blunt knife over the filaments. They are then dyed. The process of dying black needs no preparation; but for receiving the other colors it is necessary that they should be bleached by exposure to the sun and dew; and a bleaching ground presents a very singular appearance, seeming for all the world as if it was bearing a luxuriant crop of feathers, ready to be mown; for each feather is

stuck singly in the grass, and left for fifteen days, after which it is ready to receive the most delicate shades of pink or other color.

By the natives the feathers are little used; but a curious statement is made by Captain Lyons, to the effect that at all the towns of Sockna, Hoon, and Wadan, it is customary to keep ostriches tame in stables, and to take three cuttings of their feathers every two years; and he adds, that the greater part of the fine feathers sent to Europe are from tame birds; as the plumage of the wild is generally so ragged and torn, that not above half a dozen perfect white feathers can be found in each. We have not been able, however, to verify this assertion.

To all Englishmen the triad of ostrich feathers has a peculiar charm as the especial crest of the Prince of Wales. Romantic is the history connected with this well-known badge, which in its adoption was sorely stained with blood; for at the battle of Cressy no quarter was given, and nearly forty thousand good men and true, of the best blood of France, then yielded up their lives. But of all the sad incidents that occurred that day, there was none more touching than that which marked the closing scene of the life of the brave old King of Bohemia, whose crest was the ostrich plume. Barnes, in his "History of Edward the Third," thus describes it:—"And first the Marquis Charles, Elect Emperor, resisted the Prince with great courage, but his banner was beaten to the ground, his men slain miserably about him, and himself wounded in three places of his body; wherefore, though not without much difficulty, he turned his horse and rode out of the field, having cast away his coat armor that he might not be known. The meanwhile his father, John, King of Bohemia, who was son to the noble Emperor, Henry of Luxemburgh, although he was nearly blind with age, when he understood how the day was like to go, asked his captains what had become of the Lord Charles his son? They told him that they knew not, but that they supposed him somewhere in the heat of action. Then the good old King, resolving by no means to disgrace his former victories and cancel the glory of his youth by a degenerate old age, said unto them, 'Gentlemen, you are my men, my companions and friends in this expedition. I only now desire this last piece of service from you—that you would bring me forward so near to these Englishmen, that I may deal among them one good stroke with my sword.' They all said they would obey him to the death; and lest by any extremity they should be separated from him, they all with one consent tied the reins of their horses one to another, and so attended their royal master into battle. There this valiant old hero had his desire, and came boldly up to the Prince of Wales, and gave more than one, or four or five good strokes, and fought courageously, as also did all his lords and others about him. But they engaged themselves so far that there they were all slain, and the next day found dead about the body of their king, and their horses' bridles tied together.

"Then were the arms of that noble king (being the ostrich feathers, with the motto 'ICH DIEN,' signifying 'I serve,') taken and won by the Prince of Wales, in whose memory they have ever since been called the Prince's Arms."

It appears, however, that the same device had been previously worn by a former sovereign, "For," says Guillim, in his "Display of Heraldry," "the ostrich feathers in plume were sometimes also the device of King Stephen, who gave them with this word, 'VI NULLA INVERTITUI ORDO: *No force alters their fashion;*' alluding to the fold and fall of the feather; which howsoever the wind may shake it cannot disorder it; as likewise is the condition of kings and kingdoms well established."

The death of the blind old King of Bohemia recalls to mind an incident which occurred at the battle of Waterloo, and which displays, in a remarkable degree, chivalric bearing. During the heat and fury of the fight, a very distinguished British cavalry officer, who had lost his right arm

in one of the Peninsular actions, led on a dragoon regiment to the charge. In the *melée* which followed, he found himself opposed to a powerful French officer, who raised his sword to hew him down; but suddenly perceiving the helplessness of his antagonist, who made shift to manage his sword with his left hand, holding the bridle between his teeth—the gallant Frenchman suddenly paused, brought his sword to the “salute,” bowed, and galloped on to meet some foe more worthy of his prowess. The English officer, who survived the battle, made great exertions to discover who the French officer was, but was never able to obtain the slightest clue: probably a sabre or a bullet, less merciful than he, had stretched him on the field.

The great swiftness of the ostrich depends not merely upon the length and strength of its legs, or the aid it receives from its plumed wings, but we must take into consideration, in addition, the fact that its bones, like those of other birds, are permeated by air, and are thus lighter than those of animals. The feathers, too, are peculiar; instead of the shaft being, as is commonly the case, unsymmetrically placed as regards the barbs, it is exactly in the middle, and the barbules are long and loose. The accessory plume, too, is wanting in the ostrich. In the emu, on the contrary, the accessory plume equals the original feather, so that the quill supports two shafts; and in the cassowary, besides the double feather, there is also a second accessory plume, so that the quill supports three distinct shafts and vanes.

To Mr. Charles Darwin ornithologists are indebted for the knowledge of the fact, that there are two distinct species of ostrich inhabiting South America. The first is the *Rhea Americana*, a well-known species abounding over the plains of Northern Patagonia and the Provinces of La Plata. It has not crossed the Cordillera, but has been seen within the first range of mountains on the Uspallata plain, elevated between six and seven thousand feet. These birds, though generally feeding on vegetable matter, have been seen to go in groups of three and four to the extensive mud-banks, which are then dry, at Bahia Blanca, for the purpose of catching small fish, and they will readily take to the water. Mr. King saw ostriches on several occasions swimming from island to island at Port Valdes, in Patagonia, and the Bay of San Blas. When swimming very little of their bodies appear above water; their progress is slow, and their necks are extended forward. On two occasions Mr. Darwin saw ostriches swimming across the Santa Cruz River, where it was about four hundred yards broad and the stream rapid. Mr. Darwin went out hunting one day at Bahia Blanca, the men riding in a crescent, each about a quarter of a mile apart from the other. A fine male ostrich being turned by the headmost riders, tried to escape on one side. The Guachos pursued at a reckless pace, twisting their horses about with the most admirable command, and each man whirling the “bolas,” or balls, round his head. At length the foremost threw them revolving through the air; in an instant the ostrich rolled over and over, its legs fairly lashed together by the thong. These balls can be thrown from on horseback to the distance of eighty yards, and a striking proof of their effect was afforded at the Falkland Islands, when the Spaniards murdered all the English, and some of their own countrymen also. A young Spaniard was running away, when a great tall Indian, Luciano by name, came at full gallop after him, shouting to him to stop, and saying that he only wanted to speak to him. The Spaniard distrusting him continued his flight, and just as he was on the point of reaching the boat, Luciano threw the balls. They struck him on the legs with such a jerk as to throw him down and render him for some time insensible. After Luciano had had his talk, the man was allowed to escape, but his legs were marked with great wales, as if he had been flogged with a heavy whip.

The second species, to which the name of *Rhea Darwinii* has been applied by Mr. Gould, takes the place of the former species—*Rhea Americana*, in Southern Patagonia, the part about

Rio Negro being neutral ground. The first notice Mr. Darwin had of this species was in accidentally hearing the Guachos talking of a very rare bird, the Avestruz Petise; afterward, when among the Patagonian Indians in the Straits of Magellan, Mr. Darwin found a half-bred Indian who had lived some years with this tribe, but had been born in the Northern Provinces. On being asked if he had ever heard of the Avestruz Petise, he answered by saying, "Why there are none others in these Southern Countries;" and afterward many of these birds were seen; their distinctive characters being that they are light brown, in place of gray, and the bird altogether smaller than the Rhea Americana.

In the year of grace, 1839, there was brought from New Zealand, by Mr. Rule, a most hopeless-looking osseous fragment, just the middle of a thigh-bone, without a scrap of either end remaining. This, which most persons would have regarded with despair, was placed in the hands of the great authority in such matters, with a request that he would state to what creature it had belonged.

After a careful examination, Professor Owen, in a paper read before the Zoological Society, on the 12th of November, 1839, (and which paper is one of the most remarkable examples of acute inductive reasoning ever published,) announced that, "So far as my skill in interpreting an osseous fragment may be credited, I am willing to risk the reputation for it on the statement that there has existed, if there does not now exist, in New Zealand, a Struthious bird, nearly, if not quite equal in size to the ostrich."

This announcement created not a little stir in the scientific world; but as three years passed away without any confirmation of the opinion, certain wise men looked extra wise, and pronounced that the Professor for once "had made a mistake." But a triumphant vindication was at hand, even from so unpromising a spot as Poverty Bay, in the shape of two goodly boxes crammed full of bones, which looked as if they were the remains of some ante-diluvial pic-nic, where the giants of those days had been picking the scaffolding of the contents of a Brobdignagian pie; and the curiosity connected with the said bones was heightened by a delightfully mysterious history communicated with them by the gentleman from whom they were sent. For the respectable natives, speaking, of course, by the card, had informed him that the bones belonged to a family of extraordinary monsters, one of whom was still in existence in an inaccessible cavern on the side of a hill near the river Wairoa, and that, like the lady in the fairy tales, this creature was jealously guarded by a sort of huge lizard or dragon. Mr. Williams treated these stories as idle fables, but some time after was a little staggered by a sort of corroboration of the tale; for happening to speak to an American about these bones, he was told by him that the bird was still in existence in the neighborhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Straits, and that the natives there had mentioned to an Englishman of a whaling party, that there was a bird of extraordinary size, to be seen only at night, on the side of a hill near there. Our countryman, with a companion and a native guide, went to the spot on murderous thoughts intent, and after waiting some time, they saw the creature at a little distance, towering to the height of something like sixteen feet. One of the men was said to have proposed to go near and take a shot at it, but the other was so utterly terrified that they contented themselves with looking; and after a time, the monster took the alarm, and, in almost seven-league boots, strode away up the side of the mountain.

Professor Owen soon determined that the bones sent to him were portions of a gigantic bird allied to the ostrich, and the publication of this announcement, stimulating inquiry in New Zealand, box after box, full of interesting specimens, found their way to the College of Surgeons, and proved the existence, at no very remote period in the island of New Zealand, of

at least six different species of *Dinornis* (as the bird has been named,) the largest certainly not less than ten feet in height; and in the eloquent words of the Professor, “without giving the rein to a too exuberant fancy, we may take a retrospective glance at the scene of a fair island, offering, by the will of a bountiful Providence, a well-spread table to a race of animated beings peculiarly adapted to enjoy it; and we may recall the time when the several species of *Dinornis* ranged the lords of its soil—the highest living forms upon that part of the earth. No terrestrial mammal was there to contest this sovereignty with the feathered bipeds before the arrival of man.”

But what has become of all these huge birds, for we no longer hear of able seamen or nervous natives being scared by their apparitions? In all probability they gradually became exterminated by the earliest colonists who set foot on this lovely portion of the globe. Conspicuous as to size, heavy in form, stupid, and unprovided with means of escape or defense, the *Dinornis* would easily fall a victim to the destructive arts of man; and although strong hopes to the contrary have been entertained, there is good reason to suppose that all the varieties of the race have been extinct for very many years; consequently the mysterious inhabitant of the cave, and the apparition that strode up the mountain-side, were doubtless legends that had descended from generation to generation from the distant ancestors of the aborigines of the island. There is to be seen in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields, a considerable portion of the skeleton of a *Dinornis*, mounted by the side of that of a large ostrich, above which it towers in the same proportion as its neighbor O’Brien, the Irish giant, towers above all ordinary men.

Gigantic though these New Zealand birds must have been, they were fully equalled in size by a race of birds coeval with them in the island of Madagascar; and it is remarkable that our chief knowledge of the existence of these is derived from that most fragile and perishable of their products—their eggs.

In 1850, M. Abadie, captain of a French merchantman, was at Madagascar, and observed one day, in the hands of a native, an egg of enormous size, perforated at one extremity, and used as a basin for various domestic purposes. His curiosity was excited, and he caused search to be made, which led to the discovery of a second egg of nearly similar size, which was found perfectly entire in the bed of a torrent, among the *débris* of a land slip; and soon after a third egg was found in alluvia of recent formation, all being in the condition termed sub-fossil or partially fossilized. These precious remains were transmitted to Paris, but so carelessly packed, that one was found on their arrival broken to atoms; the other two being happily sound. Casts of these marvelous eggs have been transmitted to Professor Owen, and we can only compare them to huge conoidal cannon-shot. In fact, in these days of cylindrico-conoidal bullets, they might well pass for such a projectile adapted for a sixty-eight pounder. Some idea of their dimensions may be formed from the following facts. The dimensions of the most oval egg (for they differ somewhat in form) are as nearly as possible thirteen and a half inches in length by nine in diameter; and to fill it would require the contents of six ostrich eggs, seventeen of the emu, one hundred and forty-eight of the hen, or fifty thousand of the humming-bird! Various fragments of bones were transmitted to Paris with the eggs, and the comparative anatomists have arrived at the conclusion, that the bird approached the ostrich in its main characteristics, but was of a less slender make than it, and was probably about six times bigger than the largest known bird of that class! To it the term *Æpyornis* has been applied; the epithet *Maximus* being appropriately given to the species to which the bones examined belonged.

[2] Ælian. Hist. Animal. lib. xiv. c. 7.

[3] Xenophon, Anabasis, lib. 1, c. 5.



# IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

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BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

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London! great, magnificent, wonderful London! was the thought which presented itself again and again, during my peregrinations and my visits to various districts of this immense city, and at the contemplation of its rich, varied physiognomy. From the city, where trade lives, strives, and posts its books, speculates and battles for life and death in smoky, gloomy streets and alleys, to Hampstead, where the country joins the town, and children ride upon asses over green hills and dales; from the crowded, noisy Strand, which you can scarcely cross for the throngs of omnibuses and carriages which are unceasingly driving along it, to the silent, elegant Belgravia; from the closely built portions of the city, where human beings live in crowded courts and wretched dens, like moles in the earth, without pleasure and without light, to the immense, magnificent parks—justly called the “lungs of London,” where people wander calmly beneath green trees, or beside the clear little lakes, on which rare water-birds swim rejoicingly; from Westminster to the Tower, from St. Paul’s to Pall Mall and Piccadilly, and so on; all along the Thames, the broad Thames, with its affluent life, with its splendid bridges, with its steam-boats, swift as arrows, which bow down their chimneys as they shoot onward under these bridges—what an abundance of great, characteristic and strong feature is here combined with beautiful detail!—the splendid palaces, the elegant detached houses, with their gardens before them, the markets, with their flowing fountains, the numerous small green inclosures, with their trees and bushes, which are met with every here and there as a refreshment to the eye of the wanderers—these, and many other similar objects. And on all hands that great preponderance of substantial, wealthy, handsome, well-built, well-arranged houses.

In especial must I remark the way in which London, and, in fact, in which all English towns go out into, or up into, the country. It is not, as in many other nations, by the houses becoming smaller, uglier, by smoky chimneys becoming more numerous, marshes more extensive, the refuse of the city more perceptible. No! on the contrary, the gardens become more numerous and more extensive, the houses handsomer and more open, the streets of the town expand and become rows of beautiful villas and cottages, stone becomes less rare, flowers more frequent, the gray is changed into green; one remarks a something “*con amore*” in the care which is bestowed upon every dwelling, upon every grass-plot, in the luxuriant growth of every creeper which is trained up the walls of the houses and which engarlands their windows; in every iron palisade, which at once incloses and ornaments every plot of garden ground, and by the meaning of that English word *comfort* being above all things made evident to the mind of the observer.

In the midst of the city itself one does not think so much of this; other interests have here their life or—death. Because the great, closely-built city, where human beings live in dense masses, where they live, so to say, one upon another, in secret or open warfare for bread or the means of existence—the city becomes always, in a certain respect, a home of death for humanity.

When God, however, created man, he placed him not in a city, but in a garden; and people have now begun to be aware of this in England. Men of high cultivation, and even of high

birth, deliver lectures and print pamphlets on the evils of great cities with their densely-built habitations, and on the injurious effects which they produce on the human soul, as well as on physical life. And people are already taking measures by which, as cities grow, breathing room may grow also, and are preparing for the inhabitants the means by which, even here, they may preserve health, cleanliness, and the fresh enjoyments of life.

London, though in cleanliness, fresh air, general regulations, and the great number of detached houses standing in their gardens, which in this respect far exceeds most other great towns, has yet not been able to avoid the curse of the great city: I saw that—I saw behind the magnificent quarters, behind the stately palaces, streets and markets, where the luxury and pomp of city and aristocratic life flourished in their fullest extent, that there were hidden regions, streets and lanes where might be seen the very opposite of all this—haunts of human wretchedness, of human tatters both outward and inward. I wished also to see these with my own eyes; to see St. Giles's and the dirty quarters behind Westminster; because I endeavor to see, every where, the best and the worst, the heaven and the hell of existence in all spheres of life. I wished to see it also in the life of London; and I saw it.

I began to speak of the city's bright side when I described the Great Exhibition with its cheerful life, and I will yet linger a few moments over this side of London life and over some of its gay scenes—namely, those which may be enjoyed by all, or by nearly all classes, and which are therefore properly the people's pleasures.

Of these, none were more agreeable to me than the promenades in the great parks—Hyde Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park, which last, alone, is several English miles in circumference. On Sundays, one sees them crowded with well-dressed people, mostly of the working classes; children tumble about freely on the green turf, which remains green and fresh notwithstanding, or feed with bread the beautiful swans or other aquatic birds which swim about on the river-like winding pieces of water. There stands also in one corner of St. James' Park a row of cows, from which, if the pedestrians choose, they can drink new milk, and thus taste the pleasures of rural life; neither do other refreshments fail; but the best refreshment here is, after all, the fresh air, the wandering beneath green trees, the sight of the pleasure-takers, of the sports of the children, and the views which are obtained of beautiful palaces and churches. Queen Victoria may often enjoy from her royal residence of Buckingham Palace, the cheerful sight of her people thus wandering for their pleasure. Yes, it is to be feared that she, like other queens and kings, sees too much of this side of the life of her people, and thereby comes to forget that there is any other.

London possesses two scenes of popular enjoyment on a great scale, in its British Museum and its Zoological Gardens. In the former, the glance is sent over the life of antiquity; in the latter, over that of the present time in the kingdom of nature; and in both may the Englishman enjoy a view of England's power and greatness, because it is the spirit of England which has compelled Egypt and Greece to remove hither their gods, their heroic statues: it is England whose courageous sons at this present moment force their way into the interior of Africa, that mysterious native land of miracles and of the leviathan; it is an Englishman who held in his hand snow from the clefts of the remote Mountains of the Moon; it is England which has aroused that ancient Nineveh from her thousands of years of sleep in the desert; England which has caused to arise from their graves, and to stand forth beneath the sky of England, those witnesses of the life and art of antiquity which are known under the name of the Nineveh Marbles, those magnificent but enigmatical figures which are called the Nineveh Bulls, in the immense wings of which one cannot but admire the fine artistic skill of the workmanship, and

from the beautiful human countenances of which glances oriental despotism with eyes—such as those with which King Ahasuerus might have gazed on the beautiful Esther, when she sank fainting before the power of that glance. They have an extraordinary expression—these countenances of Nineveh, so magnificent, so strong, and at the same time, so joyous—a something about them so valiant and so joyously commanding! It was an expression which surprised me, and which I could not rightly comprehend. It would be necessary for me to see them yet again before I could fully satisfy myself whether this inexpressible, proudly, joyous glance is one of wisdom or of stupidity! I could almost fancy it might be the latter, when I contemplate the expression of gentle majesty in the head of the Grecian Jupiter. Nevertheless, whether it be wisdom or stupidity—these representations of ancient Nineveh have a real grandeur and originality about them. Were they then representatives of life there? Was life there thus proud and joyous, thus unconscious of trouble, care, or death, thus valiant, and without all arrogance? Had it such eyes? Ah! and yet it has lain buried in the sand of the desert, lain forgotten there many thousand years. And now, when they once more look up with those large, magnificent eyes, they discover another world around them, another Nineveh which cannot understand what they would say. Thus proudly might Nineveh have looked when the prophet uttered above her his “wo!” Such a glance does not accord with the life of earth.

In comparison with these latest discovered but most ancient works of art, the Egyptian statues fall infinitely short, bearing evidence of a degraded, sensual humanity, and the same as regarded art. But neither of these, nor of the Elgin marbles, nor of many other treasures of art in the British Museum, which testify at the same time to the greatness of foregone ages, and to the power of the English world conquering intelligence, shall I say any thing, because time failed me rightly to observe them, and the Nineveh marbles almost bewitched me by their contemplation.

It is to me difficult to imagine a greater pleasure than that of wandering through these halls, or than by a visit to the Zoological Garden which lies on one side of the Regent’s Park. I would willingly reside near this park for a time, that I might again and again wander about in this world of animals from all zones, and listen to all that they have to relate, ice-bears and lions, turtles and eagles, the ourang-outang and the rhinoceros! The English Zoological Garden, although less fortunate in its locality than the *Jardin des Plantes* in Paris, is much richer as regards animals. That which at this time attracted hither most visitors was the new guest of the garden, a so-called river-horse or hippopotamus, lately brought hither from Upper Egypt, where it was taken when young. It was yet not full grown, and had here its own keeper—an Arab—its own house, its own court, its own reservoir to bathe and swim in! Thus it lived in a really princely hippopotamus fashion. I saw his highness ascend out of his bath in a particularly good humor, and he looked to me like an enormous—pig, with an enormously broad snout. He was very fat, smooth, and gray, and awkward in his movements, like the elephant. Long-necked giraffes walked about, feeding from wooden racks in the court adjoining that of the hippopotamus, and glancing at us across it. One can scarcely imagine a greater contrast than in these animals.

The eagles sat upon crags placed in a row beneath a lofty transparent arch of iron work, an arrangement which seemed to me excellent, and which I hope seemed so to them, in case they could forget that they were captives. Here they might breathe, here spread out their huge wings, see the free expanse of heaven, and the sun, and build habitations for themselves upon the rock. On the contrary, the lions, leopards, and such like noble beasts of the desert, seemed to me particularly unhappy in their iron-grated stone vaults; and their perpetual, uneasy

walking backward and forward in their cages—I could not see that without a feeling of distress. How beautiful they must be in the desert, or amid tropical woods, or in the wild caverns of the mountains, those grand, terrific beasts—how fearfully beautiful! One day I saw these animals during their feeding time. Two men went round with wooden vessels filled with pieces of raw meat; these were taken up with a large, iron-pronged fork, and put, or rather flung, through the iron grating into the dens. It was terrible to see the savage joy, the fury, with which the food was received and swallowed down by the beasts. Three pieces of meat were thrown into one great vault which was at that time empty, a door was then drawn up at the back of the vault, and three huge yellow lions with shaggy manes rushed roaring in, and at one spring each possessed himself of his piece of flesh. One of the lions held his piece between his teeth for certainly a quarter of an hour, merely growling and gloating over it in savage joy, whilst his flashing eyes glared upon the spectators, and his tail was swung from side to side with an expression of defiance. It was a splendid, but a fearful sight. One of my friends was accustomed sometimes to visit these animals in company with his little girl, a beautiful child, with a complexion like milk and cherries. The sight of her invariably produced great excitement in the lions. They seemed evidently to show their love to her in a ravenous manner.

The serpents were motionless in their glass house, and lay, half asleep, curled around the trunks of trees. In the evening, by lamp light, they become lively, and then, twisting about and flashing forth their snaky splendors, they present a fine spectacle. The snake-room, with its walls of glass, behind which the snakes live, reminded me of the old northern myth of Nastrond, the roof of which was woven of snakes' backs, the final home of the ungodly—an unpleasant, but vigorous picture. The most disagreeable and ugliest of all the snakes, was that little snake which the beautiful Queen Cleopatra, herself false as a serpent, placed at her breast; a little, gray, flat-headed snake, which liked to bury itself in the sand.

The monkey-family lead a sad life; stretch out their hands for nuts or for bread, with mournful human gestures; contentious, beaten, oppressed, thrust aside, frightening one another, the stronger the weaker—mournfully human also.

Sad, also, was the sight of an ourang-outang, spite of all its queer grimaces, solitary in its house, for it evidently suffered *ennui*, was restless, and would go out. It embraced its keeper and kissed him with real human tenderness. The countenance, so human, yet without any human intelligence, made a painful impression upon me: so did the friendly, tame creature here, longing for its fellows, and seeing around it only human beings. Thou poor animal! Fain would I have seen thee in the primeval woods of Africa, caressing thy wife in the clear moonlight of the tropical night, sporting with her among the branches of the trees, and sleeping upon them, rocked by the warm night wind. There thy ugliness would have had a sort of picturesque beauty. After the strange beast-man had climbed hither and thither along the iron railing, seizing the bars with his hands, and feet—which resembled hands—and also with his teeth, he took a white, woolen blanket, wrapped it around him in a very complicated manner, and ended by laying himself down as a human being might do, in his chilly, desolate room. They say that he will not live long in this country.<sup>[4]</sup>

After this, all the more charming was the spectacle presented by the waterfowl from every zone. Ducks, Swans, and Co., all quite at home here, swimming in the clear waters, among little green islands on which they had their little huts. It was most charmingly pretty and complete. And the mother-duck with her little, lively, golden-yellow flock, swimming neck and heels after her, or seeking shelter under her wings, is—at all times—one of the most lovely scenes of natural life—resembling humanity in a beautiful manner.

Even among the wild beasts I saw a beautiful human trait of maternal affection. A female leopard had in her cage two young cubs, lively and playful as puppies. When the man threw the flesh into her cage, she drew herself back, and let the young ones first seize upon the piece.

Crows from all parts of the world here live together in one neighborhood, and that the clattering and laughter was loud here did not surprise me, neither that the European crows so well maintained their place among their fellows. That which, however, astonished and delighted me was, the sweet, flute-like, melodious tones of the Australian crow. In the presence of this crow from Paradise—for originally it must have come therefrom—it seemed to me that all the other crows ought to have kept silence with their senseless chattering. But they were nothing but crows, and they liked better to hear themselves.

Parrots from all lands lived and quarreled together in a large room, and they there made such a loud screaming, that in order to stand it out one must have been one of their own relations. Better be among the silent, dejected, stealthy, hissing, shining snakes, than in company with parrots. The former might kill the body, but the latter the soul.

Twilight came on, and drove me out of the Zoological Garden each time I was there, and before I had seen all its treasures. Would that I might return there yet a third time and remain still longer!

Among the places in London which were much visited at this time by the millions of strangers who streamed hither, was the Egyptian Hall—a temple or museum for the remarkable things and curiosities from all foreign lands, which are traveling through the world, together with extraordinary men, animals, conjurors and conjuration—a temple of novelty which ought to be found in every great city, for the support and refreshment of the spirit of curiosity in the human breast. I saw here a couple of beautiful dioramas, and these were a glorious and extraordinary delight. What is the use of giving one's self a deal of trouble to travel through far countries, in the face of danger by land and sea—to make great efforts to be in time for the railway-train—to get up in the night to go on board the steam-boat or by *diligence*—to eat food which does not agree with one—to lose one's luggage and all one's clothes—to be paying one's money away all day long—to have an empty purse and weary body—in a word, to do battle with a thousand difficulties, when one can—here at the Diorama—sit quietly upon a bench, listen to music, and for a shilling behold Europe, Asia, or America pass before one, exhibit their ruins, their rivers, their capitals, their temples, and beautiful natural scenes before one's eyes. Thus it was that I here beheld Egypt and the Nile travel past me: saw the ancient pyramids and temples with their colossal statues: saw Copts and Turks reposing beneath the palm-trees, and European tourists smoke their cigars under the nose of the old gods of the Hindoos: saw Sirius ascending brilliantly above the Nile: saw the beautiful head of the Sphinx glancing upward from the desert sand, whilst night rested above the desert, and Canopus looking down upon it—a sight which I shall never forget. Beyond this, I allowed the journey from London to Calcutta to journey past me; by Malta, and the Mediterranean, through the desert by caravan, with camels, Arabs, and so on to Ceylon and Hindoostan, with its cities and Hindoo temples. And it is impossible for me to say how convenient and entertaining I found it all.

Among the luxurious establishments of London, I heard much said of the clubs; palace-like houses where certain corporate bodies in the government or the city have their place of meeting arranged for their own especial accommodation, and where every thing which is most *recherché* in food and in wine, and every article of life's luxury is provided for the use of these gentlemen. I was shown the Lawyers', the Merchants', and the United-Service Club-Houses,

with many others. Men of all classes, who have good incomes, may here enjoy themselves every day, without any other danger than that of here forgetting the nobler business of life and their better self; for these magnificent abodes are the promoters of selfishness and the desire for self-indulgence; and the man accustomed to the refined enjoyments of the club not unfrequently comes to despise the more frugal meal of home, and simple domestic pleasure. He is afraid of taking an amiable wife, because he might be prevented from having his delicate club-house dinner; and the man thus corrupted by luxury, renders himself incapable of life's best enjoyment. Ah! he does still worse than that, because the evil which self-indulgence begets is not negative, is not merely individual!

And now from these halls, where the thirst of pleasure—a beautiful, false Delilah—seeks to lull men to sleep and rob them of their strength, and the saloons where self-indulgent women trifle away life in vanity, and worse still, although they have not their public club-houses for this purpose, I will pass over at once to scenes which present the strongest contrast and resemblance to these places—the quarters in London where the wretched, the poor and the openly criminal of the community, have also their clubs and places of meeting, the great revelation of the dark side of life.

I had already seen it many times, even in the rich splendid parts of the city. I had seen in front of magnificent shops, filled with bread and confectionery of every kind, women stealing along with pallid countenances and glances which earnestly demanded what the lips dared not to ask. I have seen children coming out of the cross streets of the Strand, children with eyes so beautiful that I could have kissed them, but clothed in rags and covered with dirt which was revolting, and I proposed to myself to seethe “nightshade” of London life in its fullest bloom. The poison-flower of this name, so dangerous to the noblest feelings of humanity, and thence seizing upon life, grew here in luxuriance—that I knew—not in nature, but in human life.

And I saw it, saw it in St. Giles's, and in particular in a part of Westminster, the whole quarter, streets and lanes, filled with wretched half-tumble-down houses, windows stopped up with rags, rags hanging fluttering in the wind outside the houses, as if they were banners; every thing in tatters, every thing dirty, wretched! And human beings with traces of the ale-house upon them, traces of every species of vice, of crime, and want, and misery: pallid-faced women and men, great, ill-conditioned boys and girls, who—in the middle of the day—idled about doing nothing: in fact, “the dangerous classes” were here in vigorous growth. But even into this realm of darkness had the light of the sun began to penetrate.

Only a few years ago, it was not safe even for the police authorities to venture into this quarter, and several persons of the better class who had ventured into houses here were never afterward heard of. Some, however, ventured in yet again, and came out scathless. Clergymen, “The Missionaries of the Poor,” dared to come hither without fear, because they too were poor in every thing but the strength of eternal life—they dared to come hither; visited the sick and dying, penetrated into every corner and nook, helping, comforting, admonishing, and bearing away with them the intelligence of what they had seen and experienced into a higher class of society. That was the beginning. After that, came men of respectability, birth, fortune: men—yes, and women also, of high acquirements, who turned themselves hither both with thought and deed. Thus real and powerful material means were enlisted in the service of humanity. A broad street was opened through the densest portion of the district, through the worst abodes of darkness, and was now in progress of completion. An old house which had been purchased and converted into a “Model Boarding-house,” stood close beside the former den of thieves, whither guests had been inveigled and plundered, if not murdered.

“I expected this summer to have seen many of my countrymen,” lamented a fat and ugly French hostess, to one of her wretched neighbors; “but I have had scarcely any. My room stands empty.”

I did not much wonder at that when I went through this room, up in a third story, and afterward saw the rooms in the large model eating-house just by, established by Lord Canning, and where every thing, although in the highest degree homely, was remarkable for cleanliness and order. This house was under the management of respectable people—a man and his wife, with a fixed salary—who had one hundred boarders, all men. Five or six beds stood in each room. Fresh air, cleanliness, and good order prevailed every where. I saw also a lodging-house somewhat of this kind, but for decayed gentlemen. Each of these had—besides a small sum weekly—a bedroom, together with fuel and the privilege of reading in a common room. Each cooked his own food by his own fire.

I saw in the eating-room here, as well as in the kitchen, several highly original countenances, good studies for a Boz or Hogarth, and evidently still estimable ruins of a better and not insignificant humanity. It seemed to me that I could observe traces of genius or humor of so high a degree that something great might have come out of them, if they had not gone astray or lost their balance. However that might be, still these figures, with their remarkable noses, seen by the light of the fire, with their pipes or their tea-cups, each one busied for himself in that large warm room, produced a peculiar appearance, not unpleasing nor without interest. They had shelter, companionship, a certain independence, and a certain comfort, these old gentlemen. They might wait in peace for the great “flitting day.”

I saw also a newly-erected Ragged-School in this quarter, but the scholars were evidently yet an uncultivated set of urchins, who had great need to go to school. Public baths and wash-houses had been also established here, and these were assiduously visited on Saturdays. Who does not see in all this the commencement of a better state of things?—and already has this begun through these means in various parts of London. In many of the worst and poorest parts of London have model lodging-houses been established, or are about to be so, together with public baths and wash-houses.

I visited one of the larger model dwelling-houses, in company with the good and cheerful Mrs. C——, whose countenance belongs to that class which ought often to be seen in dark places, because it is like sunshine. The building, a large, well-constructed block, with accommodation for twenty families and one hundred and twenty-three single women, was known by the appellation of Thanksgiving Buildings, because it had been erected the year after the last visitation of the cholera in London, and in grateful acknowledgment of its ceasing in a quarter where, in consequence of the unhealthiness of the houses, it had been most fatally prevalent. In truth, a beautiful mode of returning thanks to God: worthy to be considered and imitated.

We visited a few families. The doors of their dwellings had handsome knockers upon them, and every thing in the interior was arranged with the same well-considered attention as in Prince Albert’s cottages. The mistresses of these families, agreeable-looking young women, with many children, took an especial pleasure in showing us how easily and abundantly the fresh water flowed forth by merely turning a little tap. They seemed to place a particular value upon this. The rooms were light, and in arrangement and number similar to those in the dwellings I have already described. One of the women, mother of two little children, lamented that the rent was high, and that she was unable to do any thing to assist her husband in providing for the family. Formerly, and while unmarried, and in the employment of a dress-maker,

she had been able to earn seven shillings a-week. She mentioned this with a melancholy expression; and one could not but—while listening to her—think upon the deplorable manner in which the education of the poor woman is circumscribed, and which allows to her hand no other occupation but that of the seamstress. How easily the woman's work at home, in manufacture or art, might be advantageous to the husband and the family!

A bath and washing establishment were in progress of preparation within the building. The rooms for single women were yet empty: nor were, indeed, all of them complete; and even when they are finished, I hope that they may not become occupied, at least by amiable women. Each room is intended for two occupants, each of whom will pay one shilling per week as rent: and the rooms are so small and so entirely devoid of comfort of any kind, that it required an effort to look at them. I could not help thinking of the magnificent club-houses. Not that I would have such for women; but, nevertheless, I would have something a little nice, and with some convenience—yes, and with something attractive in the neighborhood; this is a mere act of justice which I would demand for these lonely ones.

The great public wash-houses present a gladdening sight. Hundreds of women stood here, each one in her little alcove, with her steaming wash before her, busy and cheerful.

"I can get all my washing done in two hours," said a woman to me, with sparkling eyes, beside whom I stood.

"And how frequently is it needful for you to wash?" inquired I.

"Once a week," replied she. "I have a husband and five little children."

One may fancy this woman doing her washing at home, drying and ironing it on the Saturday in the only room in which is the whole family, in order to have the clothes ready for the Sunday; one may fancy the husband coming home on the Saturday evening from his week's work in order to enjoy rest and refreshment with his family—and finding the room full of wet clothes, damp, or filled with steam during the ironing process; the wife, occupied by her work, tired, and perhaps cross, the children in the way, or else—out of the way, in order to make room for the wet clothes! If the husband, under such circumstances, did not leave home and wife in order to find rest and refreshment at the ale-house, he must have had the soul of a martyr and hero!

In these new public wash-houses, the wife can do the whole of her washing and have it ironed and finished in two hours. And it was in the highest degree interesting to observe the means by which this operation in all its various departments can be carried on so rapidly and so well, and at the same time, for so small a payment.

The baths are also much frequented by the lower classes, but that most generally on the Saturday. And then the numbers are so great, that the lobbies are crowded with people waiting for their turns. Both these institutions are of incalculable benefit to the domestic life of the poor.

What the model dwelling-houses are and may become for the same class, the following anecdote may suffice to prove.

"On one of my visits to the Metropolitan buildings," related to me Dr. S. S., one of the noble men who was foremost in their establishment, "I saw a woman standing at her open door. She greeted me so pleasantly, and with so kind an expression, that I was involuntarily compelled to stand and speak to her. She invited me into her dwelling, a sitting-room and kitchen, (but which also was a sitting-room,) showed me how prettily arranged she and her husband had every thing here, the beautiful, extensive prospect from the window, and how convenient was every thing within; she showed me their flowers, books, birds, and seemed to be made most sincerely happy by all these things. I fell into conversation with her, and by this means became



acquainted with her history.

“‘We have been in better circumstances,’ said she; ‘at one time, indeed, we were very well off. But my husband became surety for a friend in whom he had as entire faith as in himself. His friend, however, became bankrupt, and by this means we lost nearly all that we possessed. We were obliged to sell a part of our furniture, and to remove from our comfortable dwelling to one much worse, but of a rent which we could afford. Here, however, new misfortunes met us; every thing began to go downward with us; we were obliged to sell the greater part of that which was yet left, and again to remove. We took a house in one of the suburbs of London, the best that we could get for the low rent which we could now afford. But it was a gloomy, damp, ugly, and in the highest degree inconvenient dwelling. When my husband used to come into the gloomy, chilly room, he became, as it were, struck with numbness. He sat silent, without taking pleasure in any thing; he could not even open a book, and reading used formerly to be his greatest delight. ‘It is all over with us now,’ thought I to myself, ‘and we must sink down into wretched poverty.’”

“‘One day, however, I saw by chance, in the newspaper, an advertisement of rooms here at a reasonable rate, and I thought, if we could only manage to get into these rooms, he would perhaps come round again. I persuaded him therefore to let us go and look at them. These rooms which we now have, were fortunately still untenanted; and as we could produce the required certificate of character and respectability, we were accepted as tenants. My husband had not been long in these cheerful, excellent rooms, before he again took to his books, and began to work afresh. ‘Thank God,’ thought I, ‘now are we right again!’”

“‘And so it was. My husband now earns good wages, and is promised an advance in them. Our rent costs but three shillings a week. We are now again getting on in the world—God be praised!’”

And a hand extended to the sinking—light, air, health, hope to those who sit in darkness—behold, these are offered by this institution of a truly Christian community, to the children of desolation. Prepare ye the way of the Lord!

“If you could remain longer with us,” said the same friend of humanity to me, “I would take you with me in my walks through the city, and I would show you, not our palaces and places of magnificence, but our wretchedness, and that which we do to alleviate it.”

And I have now seen sufficient thereof for me to say, that *much* is done, but that still more yet remains to be done. How much may be conceived from this single fact, that out of the immense population of the London poor only about fifteen hundred persons can be accommodated in the model dwelling-house!

In connection with these establishments will I mention two of a similar design which I visited during my stay in London. One of these is known under the appellation of “The Dormitory for Thieves.” This was the undertaking of a single individual, and still depends, in a great measure, upon the extraordinary courage and clear-headedness of this one man, together with private assistance which his undertaking has received from noble-minded women and men.

Mr. Nash was a teacher in a Ragged School. Just opposite the school was an open shed, beneath which Mr. Nash observed that early in the morning a number of youths, of from about seventeen to twenty years of age, assembled, who appeared to have no other place of shelter. Before long he fell into conversation with them, and learnt that such was the case, and that these youths spent the greater part of the night, as well as of the day, on foot for the purposes of theft or plunder. He inquired from them whether they would be willing to give up this miserable occupation for something better. All declared that they had no higher wish than to do

so. Mr. Nash then proposed to them that they should pass through a probatory period of two weeks, during which they should be placed in a solitary room, and have no other food than bread and water. After this time of trial, if they passed well through it, he promised to receive them into the school, and teach them some trade, of which they themselves should have the choice, and which would thus open to them a respectable path for the future. The boys willingly entered into the plan, and, under the oversight of Mr. Nash, commenced their noviciate on bread and water; a pound weight of bread each a day, in a solitary room, but without fastenings. Some of them grew weary in a few days, and went out again to cheat and to steal, but the greater number persevered, and with these Mr. Nash commenced the institution called the "Dormitory," which soon extended itself, and now contains about fifty pupils, and at which forty or more candidates present themselves weekly, young men of from sixteen to thirty years of age, who are desirous of leaving the paths of vice. The great school for juvenile offenders, situated a few miles from London, receives only children under fifteen years of age. I very much regret that my time was too short to allow of my visiting it.

The house designed for the Dormitory was now building, and Mr. Nash was therefore compelled from want of room to reject each week many young men who were desirous of being received on trial. The fifty who had successfully passed through the heavy probation—a short one, it is true, but a sufficient trial for young men with hungry stomachs, unbroken wills, and unaccustomed to discipline—were employed in various rooms as shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, smiths, printers, and so on. They scarcely looked up, and were zealously occupied by their work. Three young men, of from eighteen to twenty, underwent, as best for them, their trial in an empty room, the doors of which stood open. They had determined upon pursuing a certain trade, and had firmly resolved upon amending their course of life. I saw among these young men many pleasant, hopeful countenances, and some also which it required courage to admit into an institution for improvement.

But this Mr. Nash has a countenance which is remarkable for great courage and the most cheerful confidence. And, perhaps, it is precisely this very courage and this cheerful confidence which are most needed and of which there is most want in society. Perhaps there would not be found any thing altogether irremediable in the world if we had only this right courage, this right trust—in the strength of resurrection!

The fallen youths in this institution are taught not merely a handicraft trade, but, as a matter of course, first and foremost the principles of Christianity. Many of them are destined for emigration, and, after having well passed through their apprenticeship, obtain aid for their outfit and their voyage, which is in a general way to Australia. For Australia Felix is a picture which floats before the eye of the converted youth as the goal and reward of his industry and his good conduct during his apprenticeship. And the beautiful skies of Australia seem intended by Providence as a symbol of mercy, to entice home the prodigal but repentant son of earth.

I hear at this point an objection which is often made.

"You are promoters of crime, inasmuch as you assist the criminal more than the innocent; inasmuch as the quality of thief becomes a letter of recommendation to 'the Dormitory for Thieves,' and thence to Australia."

This objection would be just if no protecting, aiding hand were stretched forth to guiltless and destitute youth. But in England this objection is overruled by many benevolent institutions. Among these is the Emigrant's Home for young persons who can produce certificates of blameless life, and who wish to emigrate, but have not the means of so doing. I visited the Home, where young women of the working class and of good character are received

for a time, examined, and afterward enabled to leave the country and to obtain situations in the English colonies. Between seven and eight hundred young women had, within rather more than a year, been sent abroad from this Home, their passage paid, and services obtained for them in the colonies, mostly in New Zealand and Australia. In the Ragged Schools also is Australia Felix a land which stands before the souls of the children as a future home with a brighter sky and better prospects for them than their native land, and the sending them thither is a reward for their progress in learning. From thirteen to fifteen years of age they are sent thither—that is to say, to the southern part of the continent, where the climate is most healthy, and where none of the convict population are to be met with; these, as is well known, being confined to the northern coast. The children obtain situations in the families of the wealthy colonists, still remaining in connection with the mother-school which sent them out; and their letters to the teachers and their friends, about the country and the people of that new world to which they have removed, diffuse the utmost pleasure and excite the deepest interest in the old home. I read some of these letters, printed in small, neat, stitched pamphlets, which are sold and circulated for a few pence, together with many other small writings of the same price and form. I read with great interest these child-like, naïve descriptions, fresh with morning dew, from the new world. And this led me to a more intimate acquaintance with the popular folk-literature of England. This subject, however, is too great to be treated of here, and demands a separate chapter. Merely a few words in short.

In order that it may actually be an advantage to the child to learn to read in the school, it is of importance that when it leaves the school it may find something good to read—something improving for the understanding, something ennobling for the heart. Rich men's children have this in superabundance: the children of the poor have long had, and still in many countries have—when they leave school—no other reading of an amusing kind to go to than wretched ballads, rude stories, immoral tales and pictures, which degrade mind and taste—and they form themselves accordingly. In England, and in various cultivated countries, people have begun zealously to provide for the needs of the reading portion of the lower classes. Societies have been formed both in the Episcopal church and other religious bodies, for the diffusion of useful and entertaining reading, designed especially for the youth of the lower classes who have the wish to read, but who have not the means of purchasing expensive books. Small works, illustrated with beautiful vignettes, circulate in England by thousands, especially narratives, biographies, and such like, which are calculated to please the most uneducated as well as the most childish mind. The number of these writings, and so called “tracts”—which are sold at from one penny to six-pence each—is immense in England. They circulate over the whole country, and may be met with in all the book-shops.

In the Ragged Schools, in the Model Boarding-houses, in the Home for poor emigrants, in the Dormitory for thieves, in many benevolent institutions, had I seen a copper-plate portrait of a handsome, middle-aged gentleman, holding a roll of paper in his hand, from which he seemed about to read. This was the portrait of Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury. It was thus that he stood up, time after time, in Parliament, with narratives which he had collected and written down from the life of the working-classes of England, with its neglects and necessities, its temptations to crime, and its bitterness against society, especially in the manufacturing districts. It was thus that he continued to stand forth and to plead, spite of opposition, derision, reproach, and threats, until he aroused that universal attention and that universal sympathy for the sufferings of the lower classes of society, which he made it his mission to search into and to alleviate. Thus, he became the promoter of important reforms, and of many

excellent institutions for the oppressed and the fallen of the laboring classes. Thus, he became so well known for his spirit of active human kindness, that not long since, the thieves of London, to the number of more than a thousand—if I am not mistaken—sent to Lord Ashley, requesting he would meet them at a certain place which they named, where they wished to ask his advice, as to how they might get into some better way of life. Lord Ashley undertook to meet these thieves. These dangerous classes had laid aside their fearful aspect for the occasion. They came now as repentant children to a father, to whose counsel and guidance they would submit themselves. During this meeting, his lordship wished to give a small sum of money to an old man, but not having small change with him, produced a sovereign, and asked if some one would go out and get change for him. Many hands were stretched forth, and Lord Ashley gave the gold coin to a boy, who immediately sprang out with it. As he remained a considerable time away, a general uneasiness spread itself through the assembly; all looked eagerly toward the door, all were evidently anxious that he should not abuse the confidence of his lordship; and when, at length, he returned with the proper amount of change, a general satisfaction showed itself.

I am sorry not to know more about this conference, nor what advice Lord Ashley gave to the thieves, because it must have been something beyond mere theory. The Dormitory, as a preparatory institution, and emigration to countries where there is plenty of honest labor and labor's wages, are good practical means, which Lord Ashley could refer them to.

And it cannot be denied that England, in its extensive and as yet scantily-peopled colonies, has an excellent mode of assistance and resource for its dangerous population, and in especial for its superabundant population. And one cannot but acknowledge that it is the increasing emigration to these colonies which gives England at this time freer breathing-room and a more vigorous life.

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[4] The ourang-outang is dead since Miss Bremer's visit. He died of inflammation of the lungs; and, with truth it may be said, much regretted. During his short life in the gardens he had shown himself docile, and remarkably intelligent.

# THE EXILE.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Weep for the dead! for him in silence sleeping,  
O'er whose lone grave the wild winds coldly sweep;  
Weep for the dead, yet make but little weeping,  
He lies at peace, unbroken is his sleep.  
His last fond look of love on thee was resting,  
His hands last feeble pressure met thine own;  
It was of thee he made his last requesting,  
Fell on thy ear his last, sweet, lingering tone.  
Weep that ye hear his steps no more returning,  
That he in darkness and in stillness lies;  
Make not for him a long and bitter mourning,  
Calm is the slumber that has sealed his eyes.  
But weep for him who far away has wandered,  
Whose feet tread painfully some distant strand,  
Who sad and long life's dream has vainly pondered,  
Who mourns, deep longing, for his native land.

Faint and afar his heavy burden bearing,  
No smile, no word, no look from thee can cheer;  
Once all his cares were lighter for thy sharing,  
Once all his joys, for thee, were doubly dear.  
Oh, weep for him! there is no consolation;  
He liveth, but for thee his life is o'er;  
Count the slow years with weary annotation,  
The mocking years shall bring him back no more.  
Sit by thy hearth-stone in the silence grieving,  
Take from the past its sweet yet faded flowers;  
For thee no tree of hope has spring-time's leaving,  
The song is silent in thy pleasant bowers.  
From all thy future him thou must dis sever,  
Poor broken heart! in vain must thou deplore;  
His feet from that far land shall seek thee never,  
He shall return no more—to thee no more.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Lillian and Other Poems. By William Mackworth Praed. Now first Collected. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.*

Praed, one of the most brilliant, fanciful and peculiar poets of the century, has met with singular ill-luck in his native land in not finding either an editor or a public for the chance-offsprings of his sparkling muse. To Dr. Griswold belongs the credit of rescuing his pieces from oblivion, of collecting them in a permanent form, and of introducing them with a preface which presents, with condensed felicity of expression, the leading incidents of Praed's life, and the subtle peculiarities of his genius. Poet, scholar, and politician, Praed was also a most popular and accomplished man of society, and not a little of the raciness of his poems consists in their curious combination of the romantic and the worldly. They suggest one of those modern parlors opening on one side into a greenhouse, with a strange blending in the atmosphere of musk and sweet-briar, *eau de cologne* and lilies. In such a forced union of the ideal and the conventional we are, of course, all the more piquantly reminded of their essential contrast. With all this clever deviltry, however, in the instinctive action of Praed's mind, he has still given us some poems which indicate that a stout English heart beats beneath the embroidered waistcoat of the man of fashion, and will sometimes gush out in natural tenderness or passion. But his exquisitely nice perception of the falsehood of cultivated and conventual life, combined with a laughing charity for its pleasant hypocrisies, commonly interferes with his poetic faith; and he is continually provoking sentimental readers by raising their serious sympathies only to give the greater force to the flush of sarcasm which dissolves them. This peculiarity springs, perhaps, from a deeper source than mere intellectual mischievousness, and refers to a humorous sadness of mood which is apt to characterize men who are both poets and wits—who see things at once in their ideal and conventional relations, and are fascinated by both. The observing reader will also detect, as a result of this, a certain fine misanthropy in the poems, but a misanthropy which is without malice or hatred. His description of the Troubadour, in his delicious poem of that name, may stand in some degree for his own portrait:

A wandering troubadour was he;  
He bore a name of high degree,  
And learned betimes to slay and sue,  
As knights of high degree should do.  
While vigor nerved his buoyant arm,  
And youth was his to cheat and charm;  
Being immensely fond of dancing,  
And somewhat given to romancing,  
He roamed about through towers and towns,  
Apostrophizing smiles and frowns,  
Singing sweet staves to beads and bonnets,  
And dying, day by day, in sonnets.  
Flippant and fair, and fool enough,  
And careless where he met rebuff,  
Poco-curante in all cases  
Of furious fœs, or pretty fœces,  
With laughing lip, and jocund eye,  
And studied tear and practiced sigh,  
And ready sword, and ready verse,  
And store of ducats in his purse,  
He sinned few crimes, loved many times,

And wrote a hundred thousand rhymes!

Among the best among the many good things in this volume is “The Belle of the Ball,” “The Vicar,” “The Legend of the Teufel-Haus,” “The Bridal of Belmont,” and “The Red Fisherman.” We have but space for a description of Richard Cœur de Lion—a fair specimen of Præd’s dashing manner:

A ponderous thing was Richard’s can,  
And so was Richard’s boot,  
And Saracens and liquor ran,  
Where’er he set his foot.  
So fiddling here, and fighting there,  
And murdering time and tune,  
With sturdy limb, and listless air,  
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,  
Half monarch, half buffoon,  
He turned away from feast to fray,  
From quarreling to quaffing,  
So great in prowess and in pranks,  
So fierce and funny in the ranks,  
That Saladin and Soldan said,  
Where’er that mad-cap Richard led,  
Alla! he held his breath for dread,  
And burst his sides for laughing!

At court, the humor of a king  
Is always voted “quite the thing;”  
Morals and cloaks are loose or laced  
According to the sovereign’s taste,  
And belles and bouquets both are dressed  
Just as his majesty thinks best.  
Of course, in that delightful age,  
When Richard ruled the roast,  
Cracking of craniums was the rage,  
And beauty was the toast.  
Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;  
And lips and shrines were kissed;  
And vows were ventured in the grove,  
And lances in the list;  
And boys roamed out in sunny weather  
To weave a wreath and rhyme together:  
While dames, in silence and in satin,  
Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,  
And flung their sashes and their sighs  
From odor-breathing balconies.

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*The Howadji in Syria. By George William Curtis. Author of “Nile Notes.” New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.*

Mr. Curtis has the finest genius for description among the myriad tourists of the day. His observation is clear, accurate and comprehensive, and the picture formed on his own imagination he can transfer to the imagination of the reader without the omission of a single detail. But he also has the poetic faculty of seeing not only the external form and colors of objects, but their inward spirit and meaning; and this makes his pictures alive with thought and feeling, and constitutes their peculiar attractiveness. The reader is literally transported; his eye

falls on the page, and at once he is in Cairo or Jerusalem, not only seeing those places, but experiencing the pure and perfect luxury of the feelings they awaken in an imaginative mind. It is this magical power which places Mr. Curtis above all contemporary writers of travels. He has really caught the spirit of the east. Some London critics have objected to his book on account of its characteristic excellence, they being pleased to call his felicity and sureness of insight by the name of idealization, using the word to convey a charge of misrepresentation. We believe that he daguerreotypes both forms and emotions, and is equally true to fact and thought. His faculty of external observation is none the less accurate, because he has in addition the genius which most travelers lack.

We do not know whether Mr. Curtis would succeed as well in describing Western as Eastern life, manners and scenery. In the East he is at home, even the fanciful fopperies with which he pertinaciously bespangles his style, aiding the effect of his pictures. It may be that the sensuous and dreamy atmosphere through which he shows us the forms of Oriental life is native, not so much to his own mind, as the scenes he represents, and that he could vary it with a variation in his subject. If so, we hope he will not leave a corner of the earth unvisited, for such a representative faculty would make him the Shakspeare of tourists.

One of the most delightful pictures in the present volume is the “counterfeit presentment” of Oriental shopping. We quote it as a specimen of Mr. Curtis’s word-painting. The Howadjî enters a bazaar:

“The merchant, gravely courteous, reveals his treasures, little dreaming that they are inestimable to the eyes that contemplate them. His wares make poets of his customers, who are sure that the Eastern poets must have passed their lives in an endless round of shopping.

“Here are silk stuffs from Damascus and Aleppo; cambric from the district of Nablus, near the well of Jacob; gold and silver threads from Mount Lebanon; keffie, the Bedouin handkerchiefs, from Mecca, and fabrics of delicate device from Damascus blend their charm with the Anatolian carpets of gorgeous tissue. The fruits of Hamas hang beyond—dried fruits and blades from Celosyria—pistachios from Aleppo, and over them strange Persian rugs.

“The eye feasts upon splendor. The wares are often clumsy, inconvenient, and unshapely. The coarsest linen is embroidered with the finest gold. It is a banquet of the crude elements of beauty, unrefined by taste. It is the pure pigment unworked into the picture.

“But the contemplation of these articles, of name and association so alluring, and the calm curiosity of the soft eyes, that watch you in the dimness of the bazaar, gradually soothe your mind like sleep, and you sit by the merchant in pleasant reverie. You buy as long and as much as you can. Have rhymes, and colors, and fancies prices?

“The courteous merchant asks fabulous sums for his wares, and you courteously offer a tenth or a twentieth of his demand. He looks grieved, and smokes. You smoke, and look resigned.

““Have the Howadjî reflected that this delicate linen (it is coarse crash) comes from Bagdad, upon camels, over the desert?”

““They have, indeed, meditated that fact.”

““Are these opulent strangers aware that the sum they mention would plunge an unhappy merchant into irretrievable ruin?”

““The thought severs the heart-strings of the opulent strangers. But are their resources rivers, whose sands are gold?”

“—And the soft-eyed Arab boy is dispatched for fresh coffee.

“We wear away the day in this delightful traffic. It has been a rhetorical tilt. We have talked,



and lived, and bought poetry, and at twilight our treasures follow us to the hotel.”

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*Paris Sketch Book. By William M. Thackeray. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 18mo.*

In these volumes the author of *Vanity Fair* appears as the social critic of Paris. With an eye that nothing ridiculous or bizarre can elude, he peers into the shady corners of French life, and transfers its oddities to his page. His English sense, it is true, is somewhat too constantly accompanied by his English prejudice; but even where he loses his fairness he never loses his brilliancy.

Among the many attractions of the book are some capital stories illustrative of French manners and character. Perhaps the best chapter is that on Louis the Fourteenth. Its exposition of kingship is mercilessly satirical and remorselessly just. There is a little wood-cut in this part of the book, which the revolutionists should distribute in every country in Europe as an instrument of insurrection. It represents first the royal robes, then royalty without the robes, then royalty in the robes. The inference to the eye is irresistible, that the robes and not the men constitute royalty. The satire is especially directed at Louis XIV, but it might with more justice be fastened on the present sovereigns of the continent of Europe.

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*The Study of Words. By Richard Cheverix French, B. D. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.*

This volume has been very popular in England, having passed rapidly through four editions. The author not only considers words as “fossil poetry,” but fossil ethics and fossil history. Many of his speculations are ingenious, tending to impress upon the mind the truth that language is the incarnation of thought, and that words are things. But in all that relates to the philosophy of the matter he is very inferior to one of our writers, the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, who, in his late theological writings has exhibited extraordinary depth and sentences of thought in demonstrating both the vitality and the limitations of language. Mr. French’s work is sketchy and readable, distinguished rather for the value of its detached remarks than for the comprehensiveness of its general plan. Its tendency, however, is to provoke independent thinking on the subject, in which Mr. French’s “*Story of Words*” may be disconnected from the languid wordiness of Mr. French.

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*The Works of Stephen Olin, D. D., LL. D., late President of the Wesleyan University. New York: Harper & Brothers. Vols. 1 and 2. 12mo.*

An elegant edition, such as the present promises to be, of the works of so eminent a divine as the late Dr. Olin, is a contribution to theological and to general literature. The first and second volumes contain his Sermons, Lectures and Addresses. They are worthy of the author’s extensive reputation as an accurate and practical thinker, and are animated throughout with a tolerant but none the less kindling religious faith. In an age when charity is so common a

screen of indifference, it is a refreshment to read an author whose toleration is the result of the depth and breadth of his religious feeling, and whose zeal is as intense as his mind is large. To young men, especially, these volumes are invaluable as guides in the practical duties of life, and the formation of a manly Christian character. Dr. Olin possessed, in no ordinary measure, that wisdom which comes from the union of exalted sentiment with sturdy sense, and his advice is therefore always elevated and always practical.

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*Claret and Olives; from the Garonne to the Rhone: or Notes Social, Picturesque and Legendary, by the way. By Angus B. Reach. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.*

This little volume, one of the series of Putnam's Semi-Monthly Library, is altogether the most attractive book on the south of France we have ever read. It is written in a style of great liveliness and point, is full of vigorous descriptions of scenery and manners, and some of the legends are told inimitably. The series of volumes to which it belongs we cannot too cordially commend to the public. Taking into consideration the excellence of the type and paper, it is the cheapest collection of books ever published in the country, the price of each volume being but twenty-five cents. The cheapness, however, of the series is not so notable as the rare taste which guides the selection of books. The present volume, "Claret and Olives," is, in point of style alone, a work of high literary merit, and we cannot but think that its author will wake up some fine morning and find himself famous.

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*The English Family Robinson. The Desert Home, or the Adventures of a Lost Family in the Wilderness. By Captain Mayne Reid, author of the "Rifle Rangers." With Twelve Illustrations, by William Harvey. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 18mo.*

This charming volume belongs to a class of works possessing universal interest. It narrates the trials and experiences of an English family lost in the great desert in the interior of North America. In this desert they discover a delightful oasis, and dwell on it for ten years. The descriptions of their housekeeping and hunting are exceedingly vivid, while there is just enough variety in the characters of the family to add a dramatic interest to the narrative. The volume is mostly devoted to exciting representations of hunting adventures, and we know of few books better calculated to convey to young persons a knowledge of natural history. The author evidently writes from personal observation both of the scenery and animals he describes.

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*Gaieties and Gravities. By Horace Smith. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 18mo.*

Most of the pieces contained in this volume were originally contributed to the New Monthly Magazine, in the old days of that periodical, when it was edited by Campbell, the poet. Smith is now widely known as one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and as the sole

author of numerous admirable novels; but we doubt if any of his works show his genius and character in a light at once so amiable and so sparkling as they are exhibited in the present delightful volume. Full of curious information, brilliant satire, keen observation, and tingling wit, every sentence is a stimulant to attention. The essays on “Noses,” “Lips and Kissing,” “Ugly Women,” “The Eloquence of Eyes,” “The Literary Society of Houndsditch,” not to mention others, are radiant with fancy and wit.

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*Thorpe, A Quiet English Town, and Human Life Therein. By William Mountford. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 18mo.*

Mr. Mountford is favorably known to thoughtful readers as the author of “Martyria” and “Euthanasy.” The present volume will add to the reputation he has already acquired by them, conceived as it is in the same kindly spirit, and admitting of a greater variety of incidents and characters. The whole representation of the town is exceedingly felicitous, combining considerable diversity of topic and subject with a pervading unity of impression. The most attractive portions of the book are the religious and philosophical conversations which are naturally interwoven with its homely incidents—conversations which are characterized by profound spiritual feeling, pure in tone, sweet in sentiment, full of original thoughts and suggestions, and expressed in a style of great clearness and beauty.

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*Life of Lord Jeffrey; with a Selection from his Correspondence. By Lord Cockburn. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.*

We have read with great interest this admirable life of Jeffrey, from the pen of an intimate friend, who has performed his “labor of love,” in a most admirable and satisfactory manner. The great Edinburgh critic is presented to us in the character of a most amiable friend, and a profound, but somewhat timid statesman. He who put forth, through the “Edinburgh Review,” his fierce and remorseless criticisms of contemporary literature, is here pictured as the agreeable friend, the loving husband and father, and the honest censor of what he deemed pernicious in letters. He stands out from the canvas “a man of gentle amenities, full of all charity, profoundly impressed with the dignity and responsibility of his mission.” Every reader of Jeffrey should purchase these volumes to obtain a fair estimation of the worth and various ability of the man.

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*A Treatise on a Box of Instruments, and the Slide Rule: for the use of Gaugers, Engineers, Seamen, and Students. By Thomas Kentish. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird.*

This invaluable little volume is a continuation of a series of useful works, for which the country is indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Baird; and we are mistaken if his efforts to extend the knowledge of the useful do not meet a very ample return. The title of the volume is sufficiently significant; and we have only to add, that the book is admirably adapted to fulfill its purpose.

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*The Waverly Novels. By Sir Walter Scott. Complete in 12 volumes. Abbotsford edition, vol. 1.—Waverly. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.*

This beautiful edition of the Waverly Novels, has long been wanted by American readers, and the beautiful type and paper of this edition afford a most desired relief to the eye. The publishers announce that they have now ready, Guy Mannering—The Antiquary—Rob Roy—The Black Dwarf—Old Mortality—and The Bride of Lammermoor. The price per novel, in paper, is fifty cents.

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*Romanism at Home. Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the United States. By Kirwan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.*

These letters are the production of a vigorous and witty controversialist, who brings the full resources of a firm will, a clear understanding, and an animated rhetoric, to the task of assailing the church of Rome. It is a very stimulating book.

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*Hearts Unveiled; or, "I Knew You Would Like Him." By Sarah Emery Saymore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.*

This is what may be called a didactic novel; a kind of composition which we find it very difficult to read. It is, however, replete with shrewd remark, and contains many admirable maxims for the discipline both of the mind and the heart. The question of woman's rights is very elaborately discussed in the volume, and a strong leaning manifested against the new ideas on that topic.

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*The Practical Model Calculator. By Oliver Byrne, Civil, Military and Mechanical Engineer. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird (successor to E. L. Carey.)*

This is another of the series of very highly useful works with which we have been favored from the press of Mr. Baird, and one that will be of great service to the engineer, mechanic, machinist, naval architect, miner and millwright. It is prepared with great care and accuracy, and will be invaluable to all whose business or studies lead them to inform themselves fully of the subjects upon which it treats.

# LITERARY GOSSIP.

## LIFE OF THACKERAY.

Everybody knows Thackeray, and nobody knows any thing about him. We are therefore glad to help ourselves and our readers to a little knowledge of him, derived from a German authority by the *Tribune*. He was born in Calcutta in the year 1811, and is now consequently 41 years old. His father was a high official of the East India Company, which secured him the *entrée* of the best society, and a large income. Our author was born a "gentleman." He went to school in England—experienced all the tyranny of a brutal master, and the misery of that system of fagging, a legalized bullying of the little boys by the larger, which is so repulsive to every noble and decent feeling, and which the Englishmen so stoutly defend, as a process which "takes the starch out of pride," but which is altogether too unreasonable not to lose temper about in discussing. Thackeray has revenged himself upon this inhuman and disgusting system in his Christmas story of "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," and he has a general fling at Boarding Schools in the opening of "Vanity Fair," in which he exhorts the reader to trust the promise of a school prospectus no more than he does the praises of an epitaph. He left school for the University at Cambridge, where he studied with Kinglake, the author of *Eothen*—Eliot Warburton, who wrote "The Crescent and the Cross," and was lost with the Amazon, and Richard Moncton Milnes, a well-known London *litterateur*, a poet, and biographer of Keats, and an ornamental liberal member of Parliament.

Meanwhile the elder Thackeray died, and the future historian of *Vanity Fair*, launched himself into its midst with an annual income of about a thousand pounds. He lived according to his whims, drew sharp and clever caricatures, smoked, lounged, feasted upon books of every kind, and opened the oyster of the world at leisure. His mother, a woman of great beauty, and full of talent and tenderness, whose memory is so filially embalmed in the character of the mother of Arthur Pendennis, married again, about this time, and the young man, always the object of the proudest maternal love, came into possession of his paternal inheritance. He immediately returned from the continent where he had been staying a little time, and took up his residence in the Temple. Nascent Jurists and Budding Barristers at Law, who have completed a full course at Cambridge or Oxford, enjoy the privilege of paying high prices for comfortable quarters in the Temple, and of eating splendid dinners in its ancient dining-room. Here Thackeray entered himself as a student of jurisprudence, and in the character of Warrington in "Pendennis," he has developed the career of the students, and the varied life of the Temple, in some of the best passages he has ever written. Henry Taylor, the dramatist, author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, is among the residents of the Temple, and is mentioned by the German Commentator as the original of a character in Thackeray's romance. We are at a loss to determine which, for if Warrington be so intended, he seems to us to lose the point. Warrington is a man of power without a career—Taylor, a man of talent, who has certainly achieved a reputation quite equal to his just claims. However, the Temple not only furnished our author characters, but also the necessity of drawing them; for while there, and when scarcely more than 23 years old, the young man had "fooled away" his property, and was poor. The days of smoking, lounging, and "loafing" were evidently ending, and he betook himself to Paris, conceiving, from his facility in sketching, that he was born for an artist. A brief time among the Parisian ateliers sufficed to remove this idea. But as his step-father at this period established a journal in London, called "The Constitutional," the artist naturally became its Paris correspondent. Thus, like Dickens, he

commenced his literary career as a journalist. In Paris, Thackeray met his present wife, an Irish lady of good family, and married her.

From this time dates his first purely literary effort—the “Yellowplush Papers,” afterward published as “Jeames’ Diary”—in which his characteristic tendency is clearly indicated. The step-father’s “Constitutional” absorbed most of his property, of course, and failed. The son was obliged to return to England, and to begin work in earnest for himself. He wrote for *Frazer’s Magazine* and literary reviews for “*The Times*,” in which he ridiculed the early Bulwer style of romance—the interesting burglars and romance murderers. But the public, resolved upon enjoying the fascination of crime sentimentally described, received his strictures coldly. The struggling author turned to the humorous, sketchy style, to win an ear and gain a penny. Literary friends, more fairly favored than he, opened their purses to him; but his wife became insane, and is, at this day, the inmate of an asylum. He worked industriously with his pen—he wrote the “Great Hoggarty Diamond,” “The Snob Papers,” the “Irish Sketch Book,” “Journey from Cornhill to Cairo,” “Our Street,” “Rebecca and Rowena,” “The Kickleburies on the Rhine,” and smaller papers, under the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh; and Chambers’ *Cyclopedia* commended him, before he was so universally known, as “a quiet observer.” In all these sketches his characteristic power shows itself. The two last were written after the great fame and success of “*Vanity Fair*,” but they are only studies for his large pictures—and it may be noted as proof of his genuine genius, that the completed figures are infinitely superior to the designs, and it is in completing the picture from the speech, so that it shall gain in meaning as well as in elaboration and size, that the true artist is shown. Mr. Thackeray offered the MS. of “*Vanity Fair*” to a magazine. The editor declined it. The author published it, and made his name immortal. It was followed by “*Pendennis*,” a mellow, riper fruit, to our fancy; but we have no thought of entering upon a criticism of the author. His latest public literary work is the course of lectures upon the wits of Queen Anne’s times, which has been read before literary and fashionable London, and received with the greatest applause. Copious abstracts were published in the leading journals, and there is little doubt that they are quite worthy their author. Mr. Thackeray is now understood to be engaged in completing a novel of which the scene is laid among the persons and the times treated in his lectures.

Of Mr. Thackeray’s intention to visit the United States, we hear nothing said. We think that there could be little doubt of the success of his lectures here.

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TIGHT LACING.—In “*Dickens’ Household Words*,” we find a notice of the first Evening School for Women opened at Birmingham for the instruction of young women who labor in the factories during the day. The experiment has been rewarded with complete success. It is solely under the charge of ladies, who, with the most praiseworthy assiduity, devote their evenings to the moral and intellectual culture of these poor sisters of toil, adding the force of example—even in matters of dress—to the wisdom of precept. The following passage is worthy of the attention of our fair readers.

“As to the matter of dress. There can be nothing but good in telling the plain fact, that the most earnest and devoted of the ladies have found it their duty to wear no stays, in order to add the force of example to their efforts to save the young women who are killing themselves with tight-lacing alone. One poor scholar died almost suddenly from tight lacing alone. Another was, presently after, so ill, from the same abuse, that she could do nothing. A third could not stoop to her desk, and had to sit at a higher one, which suited the requirements of her self-

imposed pillory. In overlooking those who were writing, we were struck by the short breathing of several of them. We asked what their employments were, supposing them to be of some pernicious nature. It was not so: all were cases of evident tight-lacing. The ugly walling-up of the figure is a painful contrast to the supple grace of some of the teachers. The girls see this grace, but will not believe, till convinced by the feel, that there are no stays to account for it.

“And what have you got on?” said one of the ladies, feeling in like manner. “Why, you are perfectly walled up. How can you bear it?”

“Why,” answered the girl, *‘I have got only six-and-twenty whalebones.’*

“The lady obtained some anatomical plates, and formed a class of the older women, apart from the rest, to whom she displayed the consequences, in full, of this fatal practice. At the moment, they appear to disbelieve the facts; but a little time shows that they have taken the alarm—to what extent, the dress of their daughters, as they grow up, will probably indicate.

“The number on the books of this school is about one hundred; the average attendance is about fifty. The eagerness to attend is remarkable; and the dread of losing their place through non-attendance is testified in the strongest ways. Many are detained late at their work on Friday evenings; but they come, if only for a quarter of an hour; or if prevented, perhaps send a supplicating note that their place may not be filled up.”

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AMERICAN LITERATURE IN ENGLAND.—America is rising in literary greatness with startling vigor. The spirit of progressive enlightenment is there ever present, and the motto blazoned in the intellectual escutcheon of the nation is, “Excelsior!” We were aware that a republic with a cheap and unfettered press, and a system of public schools that brings the means of an education within the limits of the humblest class of society, must naturally have a co-existent amount of national intelligence, which other nations with less advantages could not possess. We have long been admirers of the genius of Cooper, Irving, and Bryant; but it is only recently that we have been made acquainted with the weird and subtle efforts of Edgar A. Poe, the remarkable power of Hawthorne, the playful fancy of Holmes and Saxe, the beautiful melodies of Morris, and the ingenious heart-picturings of Grace Greenwood, the sisters Carey, Mrs. Kirkland, and Clara Moreton. The works of these writers have contributed to increase our already formed admiration of the remarkable freshness and vigor of intellect that is daily developing itself in the United States; and it is with a joyous friendliness that we recognize the growing claims of the young country to a place among the literary nations of this era.—*London Daily News.*

## GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

### Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

Among the agreeable letters we have received from many of our subscribers, upon the superior character of our June number, we make room for the following. The remark of our correspondent upon the value of newspaper notices we do not agree with, at least not in their valuelessness, except in cases where they are "paid for" or *solicited*. A frank expression of sentiment in regard to "Graham," we invite, and try sometimes to provoke a little captiousness—but the 1340 editors with whom we exchange, will be honest in spite of us, and pronounce "Graham" a great Magazine; and as these opinions coincide with that of our correspondent, we must submit.

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Cincinnati, May 23, 1852.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, ESQ. }  
Philadelphia: }

The reception of your Magazine for June, with "new type and paper," and, I may add, new attractions in the shape of an increase of "solid matter," reminds me of a promise made myself long ago—to write you a letter expressive of earnest sympathy in your efforts, and hopes of your ultimate success, in the publication of a journal worthy of our country and yourself.

From month to month, since you resumed the management of "Graham," I have noticed a gradual yet sterling improvement in its pages, until the June number relieves me from all anxiety as to its future course and *success*. I congratulate you, my dear sir.

Now that "Opinions of the Press" are so profuse and so *worthless*, (especially to the book-buyer,) I have thought a word of unsought, *unpaid for* praise, might not be received unkindly from

A SUBSCRIBER.

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A FINE LITHOGRAPH.—We have received from Messrs. Pettridge & Co., of Boston, one of the finest specimens of the lithographic art that ever commanded our attention. It is decidedly a credit to the artists and to Boston. The subject of the picture is a representation of Miss E. Kimberly, the celebrated Shaksperian reader and actress, in the character of Isabella in "The Fatal Marriage." It is from a Daguerreotype by Southworth and Harvey, of Boston. Our readers will recollect that this gifted young lady made her *debut* as a Shaksperian reader in this city (Philadelphia) some two and a half years ago. Since that time she has appeared in various cities, before large and intelligent audiences, with entire success. Her reputation is fully established on a remarkably intellectual and correct delineator of the leading characters in the higher drama. She has now fully adopted the stage as her profession; for, with the approbation of such a veteran in histrionic matters as Thomas Barry, Esq., of the Broadway theatre, New York, (who was her instructor,) there can be no question of her fitness for the avocation. Her friends are sanguine that she will reach the highest round in the ladder of histrionic fame. The likeness of her, now before us, portrays the intensity of sorrow more vividly than the portrait of any female actress, in character, we ever beheld.



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The writer of the following asks us to forgive him for venturing into the regions poetic, and begs us not to clip his wings. Well, we wont; and shall say in his defense that there is a very sober and serious vein of prose in his poesy, which it becomes some delinquents to study. Clapping our hand upon our pocket, we can say with the wag,—“You’ll find no change with us;” so, if the following only induces a few of our subscribers to “do better,” the change will be duly recorded.

“DEAR GRAHAM, how ‘heavenly-minded’ you seem,  
Slicing your steel through the poet’s young dream,  
For you off with his wings, as you say, with a sweep,  
And then push him over the dangerous leap;  
Where wingless he falls through the phantom air,  
Shrieking his wail o’er the gulf of despair.

“You’re ‘tender to poets,’ God grant it be true,  
For what would they be if it wasn’t for you,  
Who seem made to carve poets, by slicing away  
The parts they need most when upward they stray,  
For what, my dear sir, could one do without wings  
To carry aloft every lay that he sings.

“There are those, or have been, who need none at all,  
For their writings are far too ethereal to fall,  
They soar of themselves to the regions on high,  
In musical numbers that never can die.  
But then there are those, dearest sir, who in song  
Soar not thus aloft, but are plodding along.

“Perhaps you will say it is better at once  
To slice off their *legs*, or even their sconce,  
Than to be badly *bored* as you’ve been before:  
If so, this will *bore* you at least one time more;  
I know this is bad, your censure’d be just,  
But bore you this once, I shall, for I must.

“You say ‘Mr. Reader, we make our best bow,  
And stand with our cap in our hand even now;  
If you don’t like our rig, don’t turn up your nose,  
But suggest us a change, and what’s proper propose.’  
The change that I’d wish I will give at a glance—  
It’s I wish all subscribers would pay in advance;  
Then the *two dollar fashion-plates* would surely swing clear,  
Instead of nine forty-five per month by the year.

“If I *bore* you much more I shall have to be quick,  
For a message has come to me now from the sick,

And wishing your readers with plenty of *tin*  
To knock at your sanctum and walk boldly in,  
And *fork out* the *rhino*, three dollars apiece,  
'Tis the change that I wish you—may it daily increase.

“For nothing I’ve found in this vain world of trouble  
Will suit *Eds* like having their subscription-lists double;  
Not only in names, but that each one will pay  
In advance for the paper, and take it away.  
Now I wish you, dear sir, in all good to increase,  
With plenty of readers, and money, and peace.

“ORION.”

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FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM.—The other day this beautiful and ably conducted weekly came to us clothed in a new suit of type, and printed upon white and firm paper. THE ITEM is now one of the largest, handsomest, and certainly one of the ablest of our weeklies. All who take an interest in Business, Literature, the Fine Arts, Music, and the Drama, are recommended to subscribe to it. On these and kindred subjects, it has ever been regarded as first-rate authority. Every family, every gentleman and lady of taste and leisure in the country, should take FITZGERALD'S CITY ITEM. It is furnished at the moderate price of \$2 a year, in advance. Address Fitzgerald & Co., 46 South Third street, Philadelphia. (Post paid.)

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Graham's Magazine for June is a capital one, as usual. Graham don't get out any other kind but the best kind. He's quiet, don't brag; but he does better, by publishing the best Magazine in Philadelphia.—*Perrysburg Star*.

Well, yes, brother; we have learned the value of the adage as to “Brag and Holdfast.” Hence our 112 pages were *announced* and have been carried out in every number since January. Our wood-cuts are engravings.

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Church, who has just enlarged his excellent Weekly, enlarges also upon the value of Graham's wood-cuts.

WOOD ENGRAVING.—The beautiful specimens of wood engraving, now beginning to be seen in many of our modern publications, do, indeed, indicate a marked improvement in that branch of pictorial embellishment, over the rough unsightly cuts of a few years back, and at which now the growing taste of the public eye would hardly glance. Nor can we indulge these remarks without bestowing upon the printer his own success in doing full justice to the engraver by clear and beautiful impression, which surely depends upon *him*; and when he has the proper material in ink and paper, our fine publications compare well with those from across the water.

Our friend GRAHAM has not been relax in his exertions to beautify his agreeable monthly with fine embellishments in wood, and his numerous patrons will be much more gratified with the results of Mr. Devereux's prolific pencil, than the smoky mezzotints which have so long intruded upon the pages of magazinedom. We go for good legitimate line engravings, either steel or wood, and nothing else. One of “Mote's” gems is worth a bushel of commonplace

truck. We are right glad to see fine wood specimens interlarded in the pages of GRAHAM. Onward, say we, with your well-stored monthly, rich in literature, beautiful in embellishment. A large list is your sure reward. "To him who wills there is no obstacle."—*Church's Bizarre*.

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THE NEW VOLUME.—The almost universal voice of the American Press, in the notices of our June number, encourages us to great hopes for the volume which commences with the present number. The elevated tone of the work seems to meet with the entire approval of our readers, so far as we can learn from letters received from all parts of the United States, giving us ample warrant for a continuance of our efforts to render "Graham" a Magazine of the very highest order.

If our friends will assist us in extending the circulation of "Graham" for the next six months in their respective post-towns, we flatter ourself that we shall open the volume in January next with a reputation and circulation unequaled by any former volume of this Magazine. A word to a neighbor may secure his co-operation; and as we send five copies for six months at half the yearly club rates, the outlay will be but small for each six months subscriber. Try it, friends!

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THE FAMILY FRIEND.—Our friend Godman, of Columbia, S. C., has assumed, we see, the entire responsibility of the publishing, as well as the editorial department of his admirable weekly paper. That he may extend its circulation, with all the rapidity its manifest merits should insure, is our most sincere wish, and, to aid him, we offer Graham's Magazine and The Family Friend, one year, for Four Dollars, in advance.



## A FRENCH IDEA.

To keep the mind intently fixed  
On number one alone—  
To look to no one's interest,  
But push along your own,  
With the slightest reference  
To how, or what, or when—  
*Eh bien! c'est la première Idée.*  
*Napoléonienne.*

To sneak into a good man's house,  
With sham credentials penned—  
To sneak into his heart and trust,  
And seem his children's friend—  
To learn his secrets, find out where  
He keeps his keys—and then  
To bone his spoons—*c'est une Idée*  
*Napoléonienne.*

BON GAULTIER.

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**SMOKE NO JOKE!**

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### **Transcriber's Notes:**

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals used for preparation of the ebook.

page iii, Race. By BON GUALTIER ==> Race. By BON [GAULTIER](#)

page iii, JULIA C. B. DORR ==> JULIA

page iv, By BON GUALTIER ==> By BON [GAULTIER](#)

page 7, quick retrograde movement ==> quick [retrograde](#) movement

page 11, the unparalled number ==> the [unparalleled](#) number

page 11, a detached segment ==> a [detached](#) segment

page 24, your poor old kinsnam ==> your poor old [kinsman](#)

page 24, Nothwithstanding ==> [Notwithstanding](#)

page 25, of Gaudalupé" is said ==> of [Guadalupé](#)" is said

page 25, out to Gaudalupé, ==> out to [Guadalupé](#),

page 26, gates of Gaudalupé ==> gates of [Guadalupé](#)

page 26, otter of roses ==> [ottar](#) of roses

page 27, Gaudalupé. The building ==> [Guadalupé](#). The building

page 27, others appying a handful ==> others [applying](#) a handful

page 27, tired of Gaudalupé ==> tired of [Guadalupé](#)

page 29, the but-end of a song ==> the [butt-end](#) of a song

page 32, One one side ==> [On](#) one side

page 40, errant of mercy ==> [errand](#) of mercy

page 41, it its true ==> it [is](#) true  
page 49, Countess De Salins ==> Countess [de](#) Salins  
page 50, came down again to day ==> came down again [to-day](#)  
page 51, but cbme and see me ==> but [come](#) and see me  
page 51, received intimatioes ==> received [intimations](#)  
page 52, will comprhend the passing ==> will [comprehend](#) the passing  
page 52, twelve hours te me. ==> twelve hours [to](#) me.  
page 55, accuse himself at any moment of feeling like a scoun-  
Count de Salins Nor do I comprehend how he could ==>  
[Count de Salins. Nor do](#) I comprehend how he could  
accuse himself at any moment of feeling like a scoun-  
page 57, it was done, Jeneatte ==> it was done, [Jeanette](#)  
page 57, Noalles is his confessor ==> [Noailles](#) is his confessor  
page 63, Monsieur de Lacey,” he said ==> Monsieur de [Lacy](#),” he said  
page 65, you were the second, Loius ==> you were the second, [Louis](#)  
page 67, render him comfotrable. ==> render him [comfortable](#).  
page 68, it is quite honor ==> it is [quite an](#) honor  
page 70, stories of Goliah ==> stories of [Goliath](#)  
page 76, like to to know ==> like [to](#) know  
page 79, in his frendly glance ==> in his [friendly](#) glance  
page 83, disappeared frow his lips ==> disappeared [from](#) his lips  
page 86, her rose-colored boddice ==> her rose-colored [bodice](#)  
page 91, callous protruberances ==> callous [protuberances](#)  
page 101, Cops and Turks reposing ==> [Copts](#) and Turks reposing  
page 107, district of Nablons ==> district of [Nablus](#)  
page 107, Anadolian carpets ==> [Anatolian](#) carpets  
page 108, The Bride of Lamermoor ==> The Bride of [Lammermoor](#)  
page 111, too ethereal to fall ==> too [ethereal](#) to fall

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol XLI No. 1 July 1852* edited by George R. Graham]