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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. February, 1852. No. 2.

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Graham’s Magazine 1852

LIFE AT THE SEA-SIDE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1852. NO. 2.

PHILADELPHIA NAVY-YARD.

OUR engraving presents a view of the Navy-Yard, taken from a point of view below the city of Philadelphia. From this yard have come some of the best sailing and steam-vessels that have ever been built for Uncle Sam. The largest vessel that

ever floated upon our waters, “The Pennsylvania,” was built here. She is useless, and is most scandalously given over—we believe, as a sort of “receiving ship,” and is rotting ingloriously. She should have been sent to the “World’s Fair” by Congress, filled with American products, and the Arts of Peace. But Congress was *busy*—talking about the “dissolution of the Union”—*Pshaw!*—and had no time for *national* business.

We have no inclination to talk much about Navy-yards since we read the following. We give you *the picture*, reader—but give us a cheaper postage upon Newspapers and Books, and fewer Soldiers and Naval Commanders.

“Victor Hugo estimates the annual cost of maintaining the standing armies of Europe at five hundred millions of dollars. This outlay would, in a very few years, pay off every national debt of Europe. In a few years more it would, if wisely expended, so equalize the population of the globe, by a great system of emigration, that every man might have a fair opportunity to earn a competence by his labor. Mr. Upham, in his ‘Manual of Peace,’ thus classifies the causes of the wars of Europe since the age of Constantine the Great—that is, since the Christian religion became the prevailing one: wars of ambition, forty-four; of plunder, twenty-two; of retaliation, twenty-four; of honor, eight; of disputed territory, six; of disputed titles to crowns, *forty-one*; of alliances, thirty; of jealousy, twenty-three; of commerce, *five*; civil wars, fifty-five; of religion, twenty-eight: total, two hundred and eighty-six. The national debt of England, caused by wars alone, is equal to about one-ninth of the whole property of the United Kingdom. The cost of maintaining the war establishments of Europe and the United States is fifty-four per cent. of the whole revenue of the nations. Of the revenue of the Austrian government, thirty-three per cent. is expended in maintaining the army and navy; France, thirty-eight per cent.; Russia, forty-four per cent.; Great Britain, seventy-four per cent.; *the United States, eighty per cent*.” Uncle Sam should take a fresh look at his figures.

GRANNY AND I.

BY ELIZA SPROAT.

DAYS agone, days agone!
When my life was all at dawn,
Ye are sweet to muse upon
'Mid the world's sad dinning.
I an aproned urchin trim,
And, within the cottage dim,
Crooning quaint an ancient hymn,
Granny at her spinning.

Spinning at her cottage-door,
Where upon the sanded floor,
Through the leaves, the light ran o'er,
All the summer weather.
Granny's cheek was old and lean;
Mine was round and hard, I ween;
Very quaint it must have been
To see them close together.

Very old was granny's hair,
Short and white, and none to spare;
Very old the lips so dear
That dropped my nightly blessing;
Very old the shrunken eyes,
Through her specs of goggle size,
Looking down their kind replies
On my rude caressing.

I could spell my primer o'er;
Granny knew but little more—
Bible readings all her lore,
Spinning all her glory.
Yet—how was it? now and then,
Something past the thoughts of men
Opened heaven to my ken
Through her teachings hoary.

Tones that age could ne'er destroy,
Struck her little wondering boy
With a majesty of joy;
And at times has striven
Something grand within her eyes,
As from out the cloud-heaped skies
Some strong angel vainly tries

To call to us from heaven.

Days agone! days agone!
When the world was all at dawn,
And the heaven round it drawn,
Smiled so near above us;
Then the sun shone real gold,
Then the flowers true stories told,
Then the stars were angels bold
Reaching down to love us.

Then a marvel, now a flower,
Seen in any common bower,
Fed with common earth and shower,
Common sunlight under.
Then an angel, now a star,
Small and bleak and very far;
Nothing left for folly's mar,
Naught for happy wonder.

I have learned to smile at youth;
I have learned to question truth;
I can hear my brother's truth
With a sage misgiving.
I have grown too wise to see
False delights in things that be;
Far too wise for childhood's glee—
Nay—is learning living?

Days agone, days agone!
Bitter-sweet to muse upon,
Counting up the lost and won
In the coals at even.
Never more—never more!
Comes the witless bliss of yore;
Baby faith and baby lore—
God! is knowledge heaven?

SONNET. TO JULIA,

ON HER OWN EYES, AND HER SISTER LESBIA'S.

NIGHT'S star-gemmed coronal is not more bright
Than are those flashing, joy-lit eyes of thine;
Me thinks I should not need the day-orb's light,
When on my path such lovely planets shine.
Like veins of gold that sparkle in the mine,
Their glittering radiance dazzles the beholder;
And yet to me thy brilliant eyes seem colder
Than Arctic ice or snows. Far more benign
And beauteous are the windows of her soul
Whom I have loved—the long desired goal
Of my most cherished hopes. The paly moon
Sheds not a softer light on copse and stream
Than on my heart her lucid orbs. The moon
Of Summer is not warmer than her blue eye's beam.

G. McC. M.

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE autumn sun is shining,
Gray mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blowing still!

Still bright, in wood and meadow;
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
On every breezy down.

The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dew-drops wet,
Are saying with a spirit-voice—
"We have not vanished yet!

"No, though the spring be over;
Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn's wealth be garnered,
And winter cometh on;

"Still we have not departed.
We linger to the last.
And even on early winter's brow
A cheerful ray will cast!"

Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling men grown gray.

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren
But some sweet flower is there!

Flowers spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in the dreariest wood;
They gem the dullest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care;
They only need the dews of earth,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children;
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair was driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with thorns,
The little flowers were given!

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade!

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker, Adam,
Saw roses gem the soil!

And still for anxious workers;
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DANDYISM.

BY THOMPSON WESTCOTT.

LIKE auriferous deposits in common quartz, the readers of GRAHAM, the precious ore amidst duller literary encompassment, brighten the continent from Canada even to California. A few rich veins are to be found in large cities, but the valuable aggregate is scattered through the more rural portion of the country, where the free air whistles by, uncontaminated by the smoke of thousands of chimneys, and where night reigns in sable supremacy, and is not turned into decrepit day by blazing gas and brilliant illuminations. The great mass of Grahamites are, therefore, but slightly versed in the etiquette of towns, and know little of city follies and city pride.

In farm-houses midst pleasant valleys, in log-cabins which dot clearings midst

western prairies, even in the unsubstantial tents of seekers in El Dorado, they turn to its pages for amusement, moral cultivation and instruction. These demands have been often attended to, though perhaps a trifle too gravely. The time has at length come, when the growing public taste bids us prepare to have a little fun. Human folly is the best and most natural subject for human ridicule. To laugh with the manes of the Jolly old Grecian philosopher, is more agreeable than to snivel with the lugubrious ghost of his weeping rival. We therefore must needs have a hearty guffaw together, and as the most appropriate subject for mirth, suppose we select that incarnation of vapid creation, but that idol of self-esteem—A CITY DANDY.

The assertion made by the ancient sage Socrates, that "a dandy is like a jackass, because he wears his Sunday-coat every day," would scarcely fit a modern exquisite, whose diurnal attire varies with each revolution of the sun. The apothegm of Plato, that "a monkey owes his distinction to his tail and a fop to his tailor," is not thoroughly apt, because the human ape owes something (generally a considerable sum) to his hatter and boot-maker. The well-known assertion of Virgil, "*in squirtibus nihil sed aquæ lactissimus*"—in squirts you will find nothing but milk and water—has about it the usual license taken by poets, inasmuch as if we examine *our* squirts, they will be pronounced empty. Bacon's celebrated maxim in his Novum Organum, that "what are considered petty matters are often of importance, but there is no importance in a *petit maître*," will probably be acquiesced in by common people, though those implicated by the serious pun may think it uncommonly impudent. Newton's position taken in the *Principia*, that "in apples and men there is much specific gravity, but mushrooms and dandies are of trifling lightness," may be disputed by the latter, who with some show might liken their weight to that of "some pumpkins." Euclid's celebrated rule, "a plane superficies is every where flat, *e.g.* a dandy who is plainly superficial is a flat every where," has long been a fixture in geometrical lore, which may be doubted, though dangerous to dissent from. We, therefore, seek in vain in the lessons of ancient science and wisdom for competent authority to settle the question—"What is a dandy?" *Hamlet*, who being the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," was of course a fop, did on one occasion confess that himself and some other leaders of the ton at that time, yclept *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, were "fools of nature," and horribly shook their dispositions "with thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls." His candid admission that exquisites are natural fools—"rather weak in the upper story," and unable to stand the overpowering weight of grave thought—has long been admired as a fine picture of the mental condition of the dandies when something was "rotten in the state of Denmark." But even this idea of the immortal bard will scarcely assimilate to a proper notion of our modern bucks, because the foppery natural to a Hamlet would not be similar to that of a large City.

We therefore rummage the books with little success in search for authorities upon this subject. We are constrained to a belief that Linnæus has not classified the *genera* or Buffon discriminated the species. If exquisites, by reason of their sappiness, are vegetable, the Swedish naturalist has passed over the variety—if they are animals, the Frenchman has not given them a proper place among the *mammalia*. The history, habits and peculiarities of these mandrakes, these "forked radishes," these nondescripts, who afflict the south side of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, or the west side of Broadway, New York, has not yet been written, but the subject has latterly assumed an importance which can be no longer disregarded. If the comic dissector, with scalpel in hand, were to desire the fop for a subject, he would have to wait until he was defunct, but the dandy never dies; he is a living example of the verity of the adage, true whenever made—"the fools are not all dead yet"—and it is therefore impossible to imagine the time when there will not be a dandy. We cannot consequently dissect. We may apply the stethoscope to the chest of the exquisite; we may feel his weak pulse, or examine his silly tongue. So may we make our diagnosis, and though we cannot "minister to a mind diseased," we may, at least, "hold the mirror up to nature," for the benefit of all gazers. Therefore, in pursuance of the task, come we to our first great inquiry:

HOW ARE DANDIES MADE?

This is a grave question, for fops are like veal pies—in the opinion of the waggish Weller—the crust may be rather respectable, but the making up of the interior is "werry duberous." Exquisites at this present writing, are a conglomeration

of lanky legs, hairy heads and creamy countenances. Such are their natural peculiarities. But it is evident that in considering this subject, the great topic of inquiry is, What is a dandy sartorially? Here description will proclaim him to be a being stuck into tight trowsers, ditto coat and vest, ditto boots, not so much ditto overcoat, and crowned with a cylindrical structure of felt, which is called a hat. Mentally the subject of dandyism offers little field for remark, because the weakness which distinguishes the unfortunate class of our fellow citizens now under consideration, is caused by natural imbecility and want of common sense.

It is a topic of inquiry worthy of the most acute philosophical research whether buckishness is a natural or acquired folly. Some who have argued upon the matter have taken the ground, that all such vanities are the consequence of the great fall, and that as the expulsion from Eden was followed by the assumption of apparel, good Mother Eve was tempted and overcome by the fascinations of dress. For support of this view of the subject it may be urged, that with the fall came dress, with dress came fashion, and with fashion came the Dandy. Others suggest that such an argument as this, going back beyond the flood, is far-fetched, and they profess to be able to assign a much better cause for dandyism. According to these philosophers every fop has "a soft place in his head," which has been very beautifully described by the poet as

> "The greenest spot
> In Memory's waste."

They affirm that this weak portion of a skull otherwise thick, is the chosen place of the "organ of dandyism," and controls the habits of its possessors. If this were so, we might pardon a failing which cannot be remedied, but, with Combe in our hands, we in vain run over the head to find this organ, which is certainly not a hand-organ. None of the phrenological authorities—it is a striking fact—give the locality of this bump.

No; "the milk of human kindness" which was "poured into Gall," forbade him from making known the situation of the protuberance, and Fowler unfairly dodges the question.

Nothing is to be made out of this inquiry, and after considering the matter with great gravity, we are driven to the conclusion that Dandyism is like a bad cold, caught nobody knows how, or when, or where, or why. Some may be afflicted because they have the pores of vanity open—others who sit in the draught of affectation, may suddenly be seized by a fashionable influenza—going suddenly from the warm room of common sense into the cold air of ostentation, may give the "*grippe*" to some—but with many it is chronic, having been acquired in childhood when their dear mammas tricked them out in fantastic velvets and fine caps, with feathers, making them juvenile dandies among the little boys of their neighborhood.

But all this may be tiresome to the reader who desires to plunge at once in the middle of the subject. We must really get on with this important theme, and

responding categorically to the inquiry, “how dandies are made?” respond: by eight honest mechanics, to wit, the tailor, hatter, boot-maker, linen-draper, haberdasher, glover, hosier and jeweler. Take away the articles fabricated by these men, what is he but a helpless mortal, a mere man and terribly unfashionable? We might once have added to the list of dandy manufacturers the barber—but our modern exquisites have so little to do with that artist that the claims of Figaro to the distinction would be strongly controverted.

An inspection of a buck in this month of February, anno domini eighteen hundred and fifty-two, will convey to the mind of the spectator ideas of a pair of very thin legs, surmounted by a very short specimen of an overcoat, with monstrous buttons and wide sleeves—a cravat with a bow about six inches wide and three inches broad, with fringes at the ends—a standing shirt collar, running up to a very sharp point—something like a face, covered with hair over what, in Christians, are the chin, cheek and upper-lip—and a hat thereon. Simile fails in ability to convey any adequate notion of this figure. Two pipes, bowl downward and stems upward, might give an idea of the lower extremity of the dandy. We will carry out the nicotian metaphor by placing on the upper portions of the stems a paper of “Mrs. Miller’s best”—the short-cut, oozing from the top of the torn paper, will do very well for the hair on the face—a tobacco-box placed on the whole, will give some idea of a figure, which, if greatly magnified, would in the outline much resemble a modern fop.

The clothing of an exquisite is a work of time and science. We can imagine how much of the labor is done. But there are two subjects, in the making of a fop, that have long been considered puzzles. One of these questions is—how does he manage to tie those huge bows in his cravat, which stand out just below his chin, giving him thereabout the appearance of a cherubim, all head and wings? What a work of fixing must there be before he gets the knot exactly right! What gazing into the mirror—what pulling of ends—what twisting of folds—what tying and untying! Every thing must be just so. There must be no wrinkles—all must be smooth and “ship-shape,” or the dandy so remiss upon this subject would be avoided forever by his associates. It has been asserted that a smart exquisite is able to tie his cravat in half an hour, but the general average of time is believed to be an hour and a half. There is a melancholy instance on record, of a fop who once took three hours to fix the bow of his cravat. The sad occurrence took place on what should have been his wedding-day. He commenced the work at seven o’clock in the morning and had “a nice knot” at ten. Unfortunately, the hour of the wedding was fixed at nine. The anxious intended wailed impatiently at the altar for her expected lord, for half an hour, and then concluding that he meant to insult her, went away in a huff, so that the unfortunate dandy, by being too particular as to tying a nice knot, lost the opportunity of fastening a nicer knot, and worse still, a bride “worth a hundred thousand.”

This inquiry into the time occupied at the cravat, though very interesting, must

yield in importance to another, to wit:—How do dandies get into their boots?

In former years this puzzling topic could not have arisen. Loose trowsers gave plenty of room to boots which were wide in the legs. There was no difficulty in getting heels into them, and though there might have been some screwing and stamping, it was certain that eventually the articles would be drawn on the feet. Then, too, the tightness was only in the foot part of the boot. It required considerable muscular exertion to coax the five toes into the close prison designed for them, but by pulling one moment, working the foot the next, and then screwing the face into ugly contortions, considerable progress was usually effected. The power of the human countenance over upper leather is one of those extraordinary psychological facts which dabblers in animal magnetism have failed in accounting for satisfactorily. Yet that it does exist, is vouched for by all experience. Tight boots have always been susceptible to this influence. History herself cannot point to an instance where a new leathern foot-envelope was drawn on the walker with a countenance "calm as a summer's morning." It is notorious that no boot of character ever yielded until it saw, from the knitting of the eyebrows, the puckering of lips, and the distortion of muscles, that the putter-on was in absolute earnest. And how stubbornly the leather yields when it comes under the influence—how it relaxes with stiff dissatisfaction, and at last creeps over the part assigned, with an air of unwrinkled disgust. The philosophy of this subject is strange, and should be investigated by some modern Mesmer of sole and upper leather.

But really this is a digression, which the importance of the correlative subject has drawn us into. "Let us return to our—mutton." (We might have said our *veal*, were it not that the idea of dandies' legs and calves are incongruous and unnatural.) It is an inflexible rule in the making up of an exquisite, that there shall be no calves to his legs. The mere osteological peculiarities of that part of the frame are to be preserved, and the epidermis must clasp the attenuated limb, without embracing a superfluity of muscle similar to that which we see in the lower limbs of the statues of Hercules. Hence it follows that the heel of a true dandy is expected to protrude an inch at least beyond what, under happier circumstances, would be the calf of his leg. There is really no difference between the formation of the lower pedalities of a pure dandy, and those of a pure Ethiopian. In this anatomical fact lies the great difficulty in the way of modern "squirts." The heel unfortunately requires a greater opening at the top of the boot than can be filled up by the upper part of the leg when the article is upon the foot. This is a very distressing difficulty. The pantaloons are expected to hug the leg as tightly as possible, so that the thinness of the "trotters" may be revealed in all their natural beauty. But an obstacle exists in the shape of an inch or two of superfluous leather at the top of the boot, which will have a tendency to give the limb an appearance of greater circumference than nature or fashion permits. This trouble is really of disgusting importance. How do the dandies manage, then, to produce those thin legs, the slightness of which is so strikingly graceful? The world has long wondered over this subject, and it was not until lately that a true philosopher revealed the mystery. He asserts that after fops get into boots and

unmentionables, they turn up the latter until they get a fair purchase on the leather inconveniencies. Then, with broad bandages they swathe their legs and the upper part of their boots quite carefully, until the superfluous leather is bound tightly down, and there is a comparatively smooth surface all the way down the limb. After having got his trowsers pulled down, the fop is ready for a promenade upon Chestnut street, or a conquest in a drawing-room. In the former exercise he gets along as well as can be expected, being very careful in his mincing steps lest an unlucky rip should damage the integrity of his apparel. In the latter situation he is often put to great inconvenience. When sitting down, the unwhisperables are, by the disposition of his body, drawn a considerable distance above the ankle. To get them down again is a matter which no thorough dandy can accomplish. If he were to bend to do it, the consequence would be disastrous. He therefore takes his leave of the ladies with pantaloons half-way up to the knee, and, stopping in the entry, exclaims —"Wait-ah! wait-ah! hea-ah, fell-ah, assist me! Come hea-ah and pull down my pants! Really, ah, they-ah have risen until they are quite uncomfortable."

Thus much for the present division of our task, from which we draw the deduction that every exquisite has his troubles like plainer people. One day he may be in agonies because his cravat is not decently tied. On another he may be in torture because, notwithstanding all his efforts, his legs seem thick. These and other ills are occasional misfortunes. It is not considered by him that although these griefs come once in a while, he is at all times in manners a puppy, and in mental strength only a ninny.

A FILIAL TRIBUTE.

BY CORNELIA B. BROWNE.

We thank thee, Father, for thy kindly teaching;
It makes our "desert blossom as the rose,"
When a fond parent, exile over-reaching,
His arm of counsel round as gently throws.

Daily we'll ponder, as a sacred pleasure,
These calm outpourings of a tender love:
Nightly our prayer shall be, this precious treasure
So to receive, as to be thine above.

Thou heedest, then, that three swift lustres, wending
O'er Time's winged course, have made me soberer now;
That maidenhood with infancy is blending,
To cast a shade of thought upon my brow?

As the meek virgin merges in the woman,
Aid me to drink of waters more divine;
To purify the needful, earnest, human,
And lay soul-offerings on a holy shrine.

Upon this day, that sealed her blissful union,
Our mother bids us offer thanks to thee:
Permitted foretaste of that high communion,
Where all earth's exiles are supremely free.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG;

OR THE TALBOTS IN TEVIOTDALE.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The blood-hound's deep resounding bay
Came swelling up the rocky way.
LADY OF THE LAKE.

"TAYHO! Tayho!"[1]

And straightway to the cry responded the long-drawn, mellow notes of the huge French-horns which were in those days used by every yeoman pricker, as the peculiar and time-honored instrument of the stag-hunt, the *mots* of which were as familiar to every hunter's ear, as so many spoken words of his vernacular.

It was the gray dawn of a lovely summer morning in the latter part of July, and although the moor-cocks were crowing sharp and shrill from every rocky knoll or purple eminence of the wild moors, now waving far and wide with the redolent luxuriance of their amethyst garniture, for the heather was in its full flush of bloom, although the thrush and black-bird were caroling in emulous joy, at the very top of their voices, from every brake and thicket which feathered the wild banks of the hill-burns, the sun had not lifted a portion of his disc above the huge, round-topped fells which formed the horizon to the north and westward of my scene. That scene was the slope of a long hill—

"A gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity—the last,
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base
But a most living landscape and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs."

The hills above and somewhat farther off to the southward and eastward, are clothed and crowned with oak woods of magnificence and size so unusual, and kept with such marked evidences of care and culture that no one could doubt, even if it were not proved by the gray turrets of an old baronial manor and the spire of a tall clock-house shooting up high over the tops of the forest giants, that they were the appendages and ornaments of some one of those ancient homes of England, which, full of the elegancies and graces of the present, remind us so pleasantly of the ruder, though not less homely, hospitalities of the past.

The immediate summit of the slope I have mentioned is bare, yet conspicuous for a single tree, the only one of its kind existing for many miles in that district—a single white pine, tall enough for the mast of some huge admiral, and as such visible, it is said, from points in the four northern provinces of England, and the two southernmost of Scotland—whence it is known far and wide, in many a border lay and legend, as the one-tree hill on Reedswood.[2] Below the bare brow of this inland promontory, for such indeed it is, which is covered with beautiful, short, mossy grass, as firm and soft as the greensward of a modern race-course, and used as one vast pasture of two hundred acres, lies a vast tract of coppice, principally of oak and birch, but interspersed with expanses of waving heather, where the soil is too shallow to support a larger growth, and dotted here and there with bold, gray crags which have cropped out above the surface, and amongst these, few and far between, some glorious old, gnarled hawthorns, which may well have furnished May-wreaths to the yellow-haired daughters of the Saxon before the mailed-foot of the imperious Norman had dinted the green turf of England. This coppice overspread the whole declivity and base of the hill, until it melted into the broad, rich meadows, which, with a few scattered woods of small size, and here and there a patch of yellow wheat, or a fragrant bean-field, filled all the bottom of the great strath or valley, down to the banks of a large stream, beyond which the land rose steeply, first in rough moorland pastures, divided by dry stone walls, then in round heathery swells, then in great, broad-backed purple fells, and beyond all, faintly traceable in the blue haze of distance, in the vast ridges of the Cheviots and the hills of Tevydale. Along the base of the hill-side, parting it from the meadows, ran a tall, oak park-paling, made of rudely split planks, not any where less than five feet in height, through which access was given to the valley by heavy gates of the same material, from two or three winding wood-roads into the shadowy lanes of the lovely lower country.

Such was the scene, o’er which there arose before the sun, startling the hill echoes far and near, and silencing the grouse-cocks on the moors, and the song-birds in the brake and thicket by their tumultuous din, the shouts and fanfares that told the hunt was up.

“Tayho! Tayho!”

Tarà-tarà-tara-tantara-râ-taratantara-tantara-rà-rà-râh. Which being interpreted into verbal dog-talk is conceived to say—“Gone-away! gone-away! gone-away! away! away! away!” and is immediately understood as such not by the well-

mounted sportsmen only, but by what Scott calls, himself no unskilled woodsman, “the dauntless trackers of the deer,” who rush full-mouthed to the cheery clangor, filling all earth and ether with the musical discords of their sweet chidings.

The spot whence the first loud, manly shout “Tayho” resounded, was almost within the shadow of the one tree, where, as from a station commanding the whole view of the covert, which a powerful pack of the famous Talbot blood-hounds, numbering not less than forty couple, were in the act of drawing, a gay group was collected, gallantly appareled, gallantly mounted, and all intent, like the noble steeds they bestrode, eyes, ears and souls erect on the gallant sport of the day.

Those were the days of broad-leaved hats and floating plumes, of velvet justaucorps, rich on the seams with embroideries of gold and silver, of the martial jack-boot and the knightly spur on the heel, and the knightly sword on the thigh, and thus were our bold foresters accoutred for such a chase as is never heard tell of in these times of racing hounds and flying thoroughbreds, when the life of a fox is counted by the minutes he can live with a breast-high scent before the flyers, and the value of a hunter by the seconds he can go in the first flight with a dozen horseman’s stone upon its back.

Things then were otherwise, the fox was unkenneled, or the stag unharbored at daybreak, and killed if the scent lay well, sooner or later, before sunset—runs were reckoned by hours, hounds picked for their staunchness not their fleetness, horses bought not for their speed but for their stoutness, and the longest, steadiest last rider, not the most daring or the foremost won the palm of the chase, were it brush or antler, when the game fox was run into, or the gallant stag turned to bay.

The gentlemen, who were gathered on the broad, bare brow of the one-tree hill, were in all, twelve or thirteen in number, all at first sight men of gentle blood and generous education, although as there ever is, ever must be in every company, whether of men or of inferior animals, there was one to whom every eye, even of the unknown stranger or the ignorant peasant, would have naturally turned as evidently and undoubtedly the superior of the party, both in birth and breeding; he mingled nevertheless with the rest on the most perfect terms not of equality only, but of intimate familiar intercourse and friendship. No terms of ceremonial, no titles of rank or territorial influence, but simple Christian names passed between those gay and joyous youths; nor was there any thing in the habit of the wearers, or the mounting of the riders, to indicate the slightest difference in their positions of social well-being and well-doing. One youth, however, who answered to the name of Gerald, and sometimes to the patrimonial Howard, was so far the handsomer both in form and feature, the statelier in stature, the gracefuller in gesture, the manlier in bearing, the firmer and easier of seat and hand on his hunter, that any one would have been prompt to say almost at a glance, there is the man of all this gentle and generous group, whom, if war wakes its clangor in the land, if external perils threaten its coasts, or internal troubles shake its state, foreign war or domestic strife will alike find the foremost, whether in his seat with the senate, or in his saddle on

the field, wielding with equal force and skill the stateman's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword—all honored him, indeed, and he deserved that all should honor him.

I have omitted, not forgotten or neglected, to mention as first and fairest of that fair company, a bevy of half a dozen fair and graceful girls—not like the gentlemen, all of one caste, but as was evident, not so much from the difference of their grace and beauty—though in these also there was a difference—as from the relative difference of position which they maintained, four remaining somewhat in the rear of the other two, and not mingling unless first addressed in the conversation, and from some distinction in the costliness and material of their attire.

A mounted chamberlain, with four or five grooms, who stood still farther aloof, in the rear of the ladies in waiting, and two or three glittering pages standing a-foot among the latter, in full tide of gallantry and flirtation, their coursers held by the grooms in attendance, made up the party. From which must always be excepted the huntsman, the verdurer, and eight or ten yeomen prickers, in laced green jerkins, with round velvet caps, like those worn by the whippers-in of the present day, and huge French-horns over their left shoulders, who were seen from time to time appearing, disappearing, and reappearing in the glades and dingles of the hill-side covert, and heard now rating the untimely and fallacious challenge of some wayward and willful puppy, now cheering the earnest and trusty whimper of some redoubted veteran of the pack, as he half-opened on a scent of yester-even.

The hounds had been in the coppice above an hour, and two-thirds of its length had already been drawn blank—the gentlemen were beginning to exchange anxious and wistful glances, and two or three had already consulted more than once or twice their ponderous, old-fashioned repeaters—and now the elder, shorter and fairer of the two damsels, giving the whip lightly to her chestnut palfry, cantered up to the side of Gerald Howard, followed by her companion, whose dark redundance of half-disheveled nut-brown tresses fell down from beneath a velvet cap, with a long drooping plume, on each side of a face of the most exquisite oval, with a high brow, long, jet-black eyelashes, showing in cold relief against her pure, colorless cheeks, for her eyes were downcast, and an expression of the highest intellect, which is ever found in woman mingled with all a woman's tenderness and softness. She was something above the middle height, with a figure of rare slenderness and symmetry, exquisitely rounded, and sat her horse at once most femininely and most firmly, without the least indication of manliness in her seat or demeanor, yet with a certain of-at-homeness in her position and posture, that showed she could ride as well, perhaps as boldly, as the best man among them.

"Ah! Gerald, Gerald," said the elder girl, laughingly, as she tapped him on the arm with the silver-butt of her riding-whip, "is this your faith to fair ladies, and especially to this fairest Kate, that you deluded us from our soft beds at this untimely hour, with promise to unharbor us a stag of ten within so many minutes, all for the pleasure of our eyes, and the delectation of our hearts, and here have we been sitting on this lone hill-side two hours and upward, to the great craving of our

appetites and the faintness of our hearts, yearning—as the queen's good Puritans would have it—after creature comforts—out on you! out on you, for a false knight, as I believe not, for my part, that there is one horn or hoof from the east to the west on the hill-side—no, not from the 'throstle's nest' to the 'thorny brae.' "

"Ah! sister mine, art so incredulous—but I will wager you or ere the Talbots reach that great gray stone, with the birch boughs waving over it like the plumes, as our bright Kate would say, of a dead warrior's helmet over his cold brow, we *will* have a stag a-foot—ay, and a stag of ten." And instantly raising his voice to a quicker and clearer note—"See now!" he cried, "see now!" as a superb, dark-colored animal, not lower than a yearling colt at the forehand, leaped with a bound as agile as if he was aided by wings, on the cope-stone of the dry stone wall which bounded the hither side of the hill coppice, with vast, branching antlers tossed as if in defiance, and a swan-like neck swollen with pride and anger. He stood there an instant, self-poised, self-balanced, "like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill"—uttered a hoarse, belling cry, peculiar to the animal in his season, and then sailing forth in a long, easy curve, alighted on the springy turf, whose enameled surface he scarce dinted, and then swept up the gentle slope almost toward the admiring group on the brow, but in a diagonally curved line that would carry him in the long run to the south-west of them, at the distance of perhaps a hundred yards.

"Tayho! Tayho!" burst in a clear and cheery shout from the excited lips of Gerald Howard.

And instantly from every part of the hill-side from east to west, from the throstle's nest to the "thorny brae," from ten well-blown French-horns burst the wild call Tarà-tarà—tara-tantara-ra—tara-tantara-tantara—ra—ra—rah—"Gone away—gone away—gone away—away—away!" and the fierce rally of the mighty Talbots broke into tongue at once through the whole breadth and length of the oak coppice, as they came pouring up the hills, making the heather bend and the coppice crash before them like those famed Spartan hounds of Hercules and Cadmus,

> "When in the woods of Crete they bayed the bear—
> So flewed, so randed, and their heads were hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells
> Each under each"

As fifty separate spots they leaped the wall nearly abreast, but four were it may be a spear's length the leaders, and they laying their head right at the noble quarry, which was still full in view, came straining up the hill, making all ring around them with their deep-mouthed thunder. The rest topped the wall one by one, in view too, and on a breast-high scent at once came streaming up the rich grass slope on converging lines, so that as they passed the attentive group to the westward within a hundred yards, the pack had got all together within, perhaps, another hundred yards of his

haunches, running so that a large carpet might have covered the whole forty couple, and raving with such a din of harmonious discords, such shrill and savage trebles of the fierce fleet bitch hounds, such a deep diapason of the old veteran dogs, such sweet and attuned chidings of the whole, that not an ear but must have listened with delight, not a heart but must have bounded with rapture at the exulting sounds.

And ever and anon there rang up from the wildwood, the deep, mellow blasts of the French-horns, blent with the jangled cries of the Talbots into a strange and indescribable clangor and crepitation, at once most peculiar and most entrancing.

At the same moment the sun burst into full view above the eastern hills, and pouring down a great flood of golden lustre over the whole glowing scene, kindled up every thing into light and life—tinging with ruddy light the dappled sides of the noble beast as he swept by them now within fifty yards—for he had circled round them wantoning and bounding to and fro, perfectly unconcerned by the nearer presence of his pursuers, and seemingly desirous to display the miracles of his speed and beauty to the fair eyes that admired him—enlivening the dappled hides of the many-colored glossy pack—burnishing the sleek and satin coats of the noble coursers, till they glowed with almost metallic splendor—flashing upon the rich laces, the bright buckles, and the polished sword-hilts of the hunters, and gilding the bridle-bits and brazen horns of the verdurers and yeomen prickers, until the whole hill-side was glittering with a thousand gay hues and salient lights, filling the mind with memories of faëry land and magic marvels.

Hitherto the little group on the brow of the one-tree hill had stood motionless, while the gay, animated scene revolved around them, a glittering circle wheeling around the stationary centre; but now, when the servants of the chase, huntsman and verdurer, prickers, all streamed up the long hill at their best pace, all wheeled around the tree and its gay company, swelling the din with the flare and braying of their horns, the gallant stag appeared to comprehend that a fresh band of enemies were added to his first pursuers—for he half turned his head to gaze on them, half paused for a moment to snuff the air, with nostrils pridefully dilated, and flanks heaving, not with weariness as yet, but with contempt and scorn, then with a toss of his antlers, and a loud snort of indignation, set his head fair to the north-west, full for the hills of Scotland, and went away at long sweeping bounds that seemed to divide the green slope by leaps of eight yards each, soared back again over the rough stone wall, and went crashing through the thickets straight for the tall oak palings and the river, as if he were bound for some distant well-known point, on a right line as the crow flies it.

And now for the gentlemen the chase was begun, and Gerald Howard led it, like their leader as he was in all things, and the rest followed him like men as they were, and brave ones—but to the ladies it was ended so soon as they had breathed their palfries down the slope to the stone wall and the wood-side at an easy canter; and they returned to the hill-top, where they found viands and refreshments spread on the grass; and long they lingered there watching the hunt recede, and the sounds of

the chase die away in the far distance. But it was long ere the sights and sounds were lost all and wholly to their eyes and ears—for the quarry still drove on, as straight as the crow flies, due northward—due northward the chase followed.

They saw the gallant stag swoop over the oak-pales as if they were no obstacle—they saw the yelping pack crash and climb after him; then they saw Gerald Howard on his tall coal-black barb soar over it unhindered—but all the rest turned right and left to gate or gap, or ere they might follow him. The valley was crossed as by a whirlwind—the river swam by hart, hound, and hunters, unhesitating and unheeding—and far beyond up the green moorland pastures, over the stone walls, now disappearing over the hill-tops into the misty hollows, now glinting up again into light over some yet more distant stretch of purple heath, and still the chiding of the hounds, and still the wild bursts of the French-horns fell faintly on the ears, as the wind freshened from the westward—but at length sound and sight failed them, and when silence had sunk still and solitude reigned almost perfect over the late peopled slope of thorny brae and the one-tree hill, the gay bevy of dames and damsels returned homeward, something the more serious if not the sadder for the parting, to await the gathering of their partners to the gay evening meal.

Long they awaited—late it grew—the evening meal was over—the close of night had come—the lights in bower and hall were kindled—the gates were locked and barred—long ere the first of the belated foresters, returned soiled and splashed, way-worn and weary, with the jaded and harassed hounds, and horses almost dead from the exertion and exhaustion of the day. At midnight, of the field all the men save one were collected, though two or three came in on foot, and yet more on borrowed horses—their own good steeds left in the morass or on the moorland, to feed the kites and the hill-foxes—of the pack all save two mustered at the kennel-gates in such plight as the toil they had borne permitted.

The man missing was Sir Gerald Howard, the master of the pack, the two hounds were its two leaders, Hercules and Hard-heart, of whom no rider had ever yet seen the speed slacken or the heart fail.

The old verdurer, who gave out the last, reported Gerald Howard going well, when he saw him last, with the stag and two Talbots of all in full view—and this many miles into Scotland within the pleasant vale of Teviotdale, with the great Scottish hills grim and gray, towering up before him, and the night closing fast on those dim solitudes.

It was late on the next day when Sir Gerald Howard was seen riding up the road on the same steed he had backed so gallantly, still weary and worn, though recruited—with the huge antlers at his saddle-bow, but no brave Talbots at his heel.

He had ridden far into the darkness, still guided by the baying of the staunch hounds; and when he could see to ride no longer, had obtained timely succor and refreshment from a stout borderer of Teviot-side. At daylight remounted a fresh horse, a garron of the country, to renew the chase; but it was now soon ended. Scarce had he gone a mile on the straight line they had run throughout ere he found

Hard-heart stiff and cold on the mountain heather, and not a hundred yards yet onward, ere the great stag lay before him, not a hair of his hide injured, and Hercules beside him, with his head upon his haunches, where he had breathed his last, powerless to blood the brave quarry he had so nobly conquered.

Sixty miles had they run on that summer's day from point, they had died together, and in their graves they were not confounded, for a double tomb was scooped in the corrie or hollow of the mountain-side, wherein they were found, and above it was piled a rough, gray column, whereon may be seen rudely sculptured this true epitaph,

> Hercules killed Hart O'Grease,
> And Hart O'Grease killed Hercules.

For, reader mine, this is a real and true tale, and I, who tell it you, have sat upon the stone, and tempered my cup of Ferintosh from the little rill beside it, with the wild peak of the Maiden's Pass before me, the dark Cheviots at my right, the blue heights of the Great Moor looming away almost immeasurably to the westward, and no companions near me save the red grouse of the heather, and the curlew of the morass, nothing to while away the time that my weary setters slept in the noonday sun, save this old-time tradition.

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[1] "Tayho!" is the technical hunting halloa when a stag has broken cover, as is "Talliho!" the corresponding cry for the fox. Both words are corruptions from the French "*Taillis Hors!*" "Out of the thicket," French being used to a very late day as the especial language of the chase.

[2] In Northumberland a few miles from the Scottish border.

“GRAHAM” TO JEREMY SHORT.

WINTER.

“When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt—”

WINTER is here—Jeremy! Desolate winter! and the white fields are shivering in

the sunlight—the old woods are solemn and sad—the voices of the air are hushed, and a quiet, save the moan of the wind, tells us that nature is passing through the dark valley, typical of death. We know that she will burst the stern fetters, and rising from her sleep, shall laugh again with infant glee in all her brooks; and spreading her motherly arms over the earth, will shower with parental liberality her treasures into our laps once more. Yet still we feel her silence—we are sad because of her desolation.

Winter is here—Jeremy! The long nights have come—the long, dark winter nights; and we draw the heavy curtains, and sit down in our warm parlors, carelessly to ponder and to dream. The light has gone out of the starry skies which bended over us in youth, and the dun clouds surge up from the horizon, and grow heavier and blacker as we muse—the Present is dreary! We turn back with memory, and over all the Past we wander. We remember the snug cottage nestled in the hills—the crackling faggots on the old hearth-stone—they have their young vivacity now, and the whole picture of our youthful home in this beautiful cloud-land rises gradually and expands before us. Faces all rosy with the light of the Immortals appear and vanish—bright wings of angels flash and fade to the view—and as the scene swells to our mental vision, the old familiar tones of the old familiar lips ring out their silver syllables again. We listen to the joyous laugh, as to the gushing of music, and almost feel the presence of soft hands in ours. The glad, beaming face of the young creature we first worshiped, with all the innocence of love's first delusion, sparkles with the radiant beauty of those happy hours. The mother in that quiet chamber, with the dim lamp and the snowy curtains gleaming out from the corner, where we knelt at her side and uttered the evening prayer, lifts her white hands to our brow again, and says, "God bless and keep thee, my boy!" God help us now—how have we wandered since our souls felt that earnest benediction!

Winter is here! and the long, stormy nights have come, Jeremy—the nights of dread and desolation to the poor. The roar of the tempest has the voice of a demon out there! Do the moan and the howl, which sound so fearfully now, stir in the heart a thought of the perishing ones, who, in the midst of this splendid city, sit shivering, ragged, and starved? The pale brow and the hollow eye of the consumptive mother, sitting desolate amid her famishing ones, grow paler and sadder as the storm rolls on! Does her low wail of agony reach the ears of angels to-night? If not—God help her!

Scores of Christian churches stand grandly out in the storm, and bravely defy the tempest. They are tenantless, now, of the rosy lips and bright eyes which have looked appealingly to Heaven, and muttered prayers for the poor. Are willing hands employed to-night in confirmation of the Sunday's sincerity? Or do cards, the piano, or the dance, lend a sorry confirmation of the utter hollowness of words? Is all the wealth and splendor of Gothic steeples and stained-glass—the majestic column—the lordly porch, and the sweeping aisle, but the magnificence of delusion?—mere monuments of the wickedness of man endeavoring to cheat the Creator with tinsel—

with show, not worth—with words, not deeds! God help the homeless, Jeremy, where this is true! And help the disciple, too, who prays, but never *thinks*! God bless the humble Christian, who *labors* and cares for THE POOR!

"Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these?"

G. R. G.

A LIFE OF VICISSITUDES.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

(*Continued from page 11.*)

FIRST LOVE.

THE poor little girl by my side made no struggle to quit me, no effort to return to her mother, but ran along holding my hand, with perfect docility and confidence, weeping bitterly, it is true, and never uttering a word. It was a strange situation for a boy of twelve years of age, and yet I felt a certain sort of pride in it—in the trust which was reposed in me—in the right, and, as I fancied, the power of protecting. I would have fought for that little girl to the death, if any one had attempted to molest her; and although I had never at that time heard of paladins and knights-errant, I was quite as valiant in my own opinion as any one of them ever was. I was not very hard-hearted at that time—youth seldom is—and I felt greatly moved by the poor child's grief.

After we had gone about a mile, at a very quick pace, I began to slacken my speed, and to try and comfort my little companion. At first she appeared inconsolable, but by trying hard, I at length made some impression—won her mind away from the terrors and sorrows of her situation, and got her to speak a word or two in reply to my question. She told me that her name was Mariette, and that she had walked some way that day—that her mother had rushed into the room where she was playing, all covered with blood, as I had seen her just before—had caught her up in her arms, and rushed out of a château where they lived, by a back way, plunging at once into the wood. They had then walked a long distance, she said, her mother sometimes carrying her, sometimes letting her run by her side; and I could perceive that, delicately nurtured and unaccustomed to hard exercise, the poor little thing was already considerably tired. I was a strong, big boy, and so without more ado, I took her up in my arms and carried her. After some way, I put her down again, and she walked on refreshed, and then I carried her again, and then we sat down upon a bank and rested; and I got her water from the stream in the hollow of my hand, and tried to amuse her by telling her stories. But I never was a good story-teller in all my life, and I did not succeed very well. All this occupied time, however, and when we arrived within half a mile of the town, light was fading fast. This alarmed me; not that I had any fear of darkness, but it was good Jeanette's custom, in the gray of the evening to walk out through our little garden in the tower,

down the stair-case, the door of which lay on the left-hand side, and lock the door below. I did not like to go in by the great gates of the town, both because the distance was greater, and because I thought some questions might be asked about Mariette; and I resolved, at all events, to attempt our private entrance before I yielded to necessity. I encouraged my little companion to hurry her steps, by pointing out the town rising before us, and telling her that if she made haste, she would in a few minutes be with Father Bonneville, and he would be so good and kind to her she could not think. I told her, also, of good Jeanette, and what a nice creature she was, and I succeeded in engaging her attention and leading her on much faster than before. We soon reached the foot of the hill, climbed the steep little path which led to the door at the foot of the tower, and with great joy and some surprise I found it open.

"Now come in, Mariette," I said, "and don't be afraid of the dark; for this stair-case leads to our garden, and the garden to the house."

She said she was not at all afraid of the dark; that her papa often made her walk with him in the dark; and she followed me quite readily, holding tight by my hand, however.

In the garden above we found good old Jeanette, with her snow-white cap, and her mittens. I found that she had become anxious at my long absence, and had abstained from locking the door lest I should determine to come in that way. Her surprise to see my little companion, and the state of grotesque agitation and bustle into which the sight threw her, I shall never forget. My explanations soon banished surprise by other emotions. I told all I knew of poor Mariette's story as simply as I could, and the good creature's heart was instantly touched; the tears gathered in her eyes, and taking the poor little girl in her arms, she said, "Come with me, my child —come with me. Here we will make you a home where you will be as happy as the day is long."

"I can't be happy without papa and mamma," replied Mariette, bursting into tears again, and Jeanette, weeping for company, carried her off into the house, while I ran down the stairs to lock the door of the tower. When I entered the house again, I found that Father Bonneville was out visiting some sick people, and had been absent for several hours. Mariette wanted no kind of tendence, however, that was not given to her by good Jeanette. She put her pretty little feet in warm water; she gave her a cup of the thin chocolate which usually formed the good priest's supper, and she endeavored, with far greater skill than mine, to wile away her thoughts from all that was painful in memory, or her new situation. Mariette soon began to prattle to her, and leaning her head upon her shoulder, said she loved her very much; but then, after a few minutes, the bright young eyes closed, the little head leaned heavier, and Jeanette, moving her gently, carried her away to my small room, and placed her gently in my bed, "to sleep it out," as she said.

About half an hour after, good Father Bonneville returned, and his face showed evident traces of sorrow and perplexity. But still my story was to be told, and it

seemed to perplex him still more.

"Do you know her name?" he asked.

"Mariette, Father," I replied.

"But what more, besides Mariette?" he asked; and as I could give him no information, he made me describe, as accurately as I could, the appearance of the lady I had seen. I spoke of her bright and beautiful eyes, and I described her as very pale; but the good priest inquired whether she was tall.

"Oh yes," I replied; "a good deal taller than Jeanette."

The good priest smiled; for Jeanette was a good deal below the height of the Medicean Venus, and she is no giantess.

"It must be Madame de Salins," he murmured, after a moment's consideration. "Holy father, have mercy upon us! Killed Monsieur de Salins, have they, before his poor wife's eyes? A better young man did not exist, nor one who has done more good, both by his acts and his example."

"Wouldn't you know Mariette, if you saw her, Father?" I asked; and Jeanette coming in from the room where the child was at the moment, led the good Father away to see her. When he came back, he said no more for some time, but sat thinking, with his head bent forward, and his eyes half closed. Then he called Jeanette, and somewhat to my surprise, gave very strict orders for concealing the fact of the little girl's residence in our house. My little room was to be assigned to her; a large, wide, rather cheerful, long uninhabited room, up stairs, was to receive a table, and a few chairs from somewhere else, and to be made a sort of play-room for her, and I and Jeanette were to do the very best we could to make the little prisoner happy, while her existence was to be kept secret from every one but our three selves. At the same time he laid the strongest injunctions upon me to abstain from even hinting to any one the adventure I had met with in the wood, and never to call the child Mariette de Salins, but merely Mariette, or Mariette Brun.

And now began a new sort of existence for me. Mariette became, as it were, my property—at least I looked upon her almost as such. I had carried her in the forest. I had led her along by the hand. I had brought her there. She was my little foundling, and my feelings toward her were as strange as ever came into the breast of a boy of thirteen. There was something parental about them. I could almost have brought myself to believe that I was her father; and yet I looked upon her very much in the light of a toy, as grown-up parents will sometimes do in regard to their children. I was with Mariette the greater part of every day, playing with her, amusing her, devising all sorts of games to entertain her. She soon became very fond of me, and quite familiar; would sit by the hour with her arms round my neck, and would tell me little anecdotes of her own home. A pleasant home it seemed to have been till the last fearful events occurred, full of harmony, and peace, and domestic joy. Continually she seemed to forget the present, in pictures of brighter hours gone by, but from time to time—especially at first—a torrent of painful memories would

seem to burst upon her, and the end of the little tale would be drowned in tears.

Two months passed over in this manner, and little Mariette seemed quite reconciled to her situation. With the elasticity of childish hope, she had recovered all her spirits, and no two young, happy, innocent things were ever gayer than we were. Her state of imprisonment, too, was somewhat relaxed; for, in our own town at least, a lull had come upon the political storm, which, as every one knows, came up sobbing, as it were, in fits and starts, like a south-westerly gale, till the full hurricane blew and swept every thing before it. After some hesitation, Father Bonneville permitted her to go out with me into the garden, and there to play amongst the shrubs, now, alas! destitute of flowers, for an hour or two before she went to bed. In the town she was never seen, and with a sort of prescience, which was, perhaps, not extraordinary, the good Father explained to me that it would be wiser to use, as little as possible, the way out of the town by the garden and the tower. He treated me with a degree of confidence and reliance on my intelligence and discretion, which made me very proud. The agitated and terrible state of the country, he said, and the anarchical tendencies which were visible throughout society in France, had induced a number of the most wealthy and influential people to seek a refuge in other lands. Those who had got possession of power, he continued, were naturally anxious to put a stop to this emigration, and a system of espionage, which was well-nigh intolerable, had been established to check it. The advantage we possessed of being able to go in and out of the town when we pleaded, without passing the gales, might be lost to us by the imprudent use of it; and although two or three other citizens, whose houses abutted upon towers of the old wall, had the same facilities, he knew them to be prudent and well-disposed men, who were not likely to call attention to themselves by any incautious act.

Although the door below was unlocked and locked every morning and evening, it may well be supposed that I adhered strictly to the good Father's directions, and always when I wanted to get out of the city took the way round by the gates. This was not very often, indeed, for I had now an object of interest and entertainment at home, which I had never had before, and Mariette was all the world to me for the time. Good Father Bonneville in speaking of her to me used to call her with a quiet smile "Tu fille"—thy daughter—and pleasant was it for me to hear him so name her. Certain it is, what between one thing and another—the little vanity I had in her—the selfish feeling of property, so strong in all children—the pleasant occupation which she gave to my thoughts, and her own winning and endearing ways, (for she was full of every sort of wild, engaging grace,) together with her real sweetness of disposition, which had something more beautiful and charming in it than I can describe—certain it is, I say—I learned before a month was over to love nothing on all the earth like her. Nay more, amongst all the passions and objects and pursuits of life I can recall nothing so strong, so fervent, so deep, as that pure, calm, boyish love for little Mariette de Salins. I could dwell upon it, even now, for ever, and from my heart and soul I believed she returned that affection as warmly. Two months and a fortnight had passed by: heavier clouds than ever were beginning to gather on the

political horizon: menaces of foreign invasion to put down the disorderly spirit which had manifested itself in the land, roused the indignation both of those whose passions refused correction, and those who loved the independence of their country. The very threat swept away one of the few safeguards of society which remained in France. There was a great body of the people who disliked the thought of anarchy; but a short period of anarchy seemed to them preferable to the indefinite domination of foreign soldiers in the land, and multitudes of these better men were now driven to act with or submit to the anarchists.

I could see that Father Bonneville was very much alarmed, and in much agitation and distress of mind. I twice saw him count over the money which I had brought him from Madame de Salins, and looking up in my face, he said, with a thoughtful air:

"I suppose I ought to send her away—the time is past—but I know not really what to do—where could I put her in England?—who could I send with her?—how could I let her mother know where she is to be found? This is a small sum, too, to support her for any time in England. A hundred and forty-seven louis! England is a dear country—a very dear country, as I know. Every thing is thrice the price that it is here."

Youth always argues from its wishes. They form the goal to which, whatever turns the course may take, the race is always directed in the end. Father Bonneville's words were very painful to me, and I ventured to strive to persuade him that it would be better to wait a little: that Mariette was well where she was: that something might have occurred to delay Madame de Salins.

The good Father shook his head, with a sigh, and he then took a little drawer out of a cabinet, and counted some forty or fifty gold pieces that were within. I could see, however, that there were, at least, three little rolls of thin white paper diapered by the milling of the coin within, and I knew by their similarity and size with the one which I had myself received, that each must contain somewhere about a hundred louis. To me this was Peru; but Father Bonneville, who knew better, sighed over it, and put it back again.

One very stormy night the wind blew in sharp, fierce gusts against the front windows, and the rain pattered hard. The streets were almost deserted, and utterly unlighted, as they were in those times, they offered no pleasant promenade on such a night as that. Suddenly the bell rang, as I was sitting by Father Bonneville reading, when Mariette was sound asleep up stairs, and Jeanette was working away in her kitchen.

"Who can that be?" said Father Bonneville, turning a little pale. "Stay, Jeanette, stay for a moment;" and he put away one or two things that were lying about, and locked the door of the little cabinet.

Now, it might seem a cruelty to keep any one waiting at the door even for a minute or two in the pitiless pelting of the shower; but I forgot to mention in describing the house, that it, and a neighboring house, which bent away from the

main into a side street, formed a very obtuse angle, and that between the two there was a little arched entrance overshadowing a flight of steps which led to the good Father's door. Thus, any visitor was as much sheltered from the rain on the outside, as if he had been in the house itself.

Jeanette had, at length, permission to go to the door, and to tell the truth, both Father Bonneville and I peeped out to see who was the applicant who made so late a call.

"I wish to see Father Bonneville," said a woman's voice, marvelously sweet and pleasant.

"Is your business very pressing, madam?" asked Jeanette, adding, "it is late, and just the good Father's time for going to bed."

"Life and death!" said the visitor. "I *must* see him, and see him alone."

"Well, madam, come in," was the reply, and at the same moment Father Bonneville said in a low tone, but it seemed to me with a happy air, "Leave me, François. Go to bed, my son."

I obeyed at once, and in moving across the passage to the kitchen for a light, I crossed the visitor, nearly touching her. All I could see, however, was that she was tall, dignified in carriage, dressed in deep black, and wrapped up in a large mantle with a veil over her head.

I felt sure that it was Mariette's mother, and hurrying away to my new room, which was over the little archway sheltering the entrance, I shut the door and gave myself up to a fit of despair. I fancied that she had come to take my little pet away, to separate her from me forever, to deprive me of my property, and I cannot describe in any degree what I felt. The anguish of that moment was as great almost as I ever experienced in life. All I did within the next ten minutes I cannot tell, but one thing I know I did, which was to sit down and cry like a great baby. I would have given worlds to have known what was passing; but I did not listen though I might have done so easily from the top of my little stairs. But good Father Bonneville had so early, so well, and so strongly impressed upon my mind the duty of avoiding any meanness, that eaves-dropping seemed to me in those days almost as great a crime as murder. Indeed it was in somewhat of that shape that the good Father placed it before my eyes. "What right," he said, "has one man to rob another of his secrets any more than of his money? They are both his property, and if they are not given they are stolen."

I was not very long kept in suspense, however, for by the time I had got my little coat off, and was still sitting on the edge of the bed crying, I heard the lady quit the good Father's little study, and his voice speaking as he escorted her toward the door. I knew that Mariette could not have been awakened, dressed, and carried off in a quarter of an hour, and I went to bed and slept with a heart relieved. It was only a respite, however. Four days after that good Father Bonneville took an opportunity when Mariette and I were at play of telling her that she was that night to go away

with her mamma, and take a long journey. He advised her therefore not to tire herself, but to keep as quiet as possible till the evening came, even if she could not lie down and take a little rest during the day.

The poor child's agitation was extreme. The idea of seeing her mother evidently gave her great delight, but the thought of going away from a house where she had been made so happy, and from a companion who loved her so much, seemed not exactly to qualify her joy, but to tear her between two emotions. Her face was, for an instant, all smiles and radiant with satisfaction. The next instant, however, she burst into tears, and snatching Father Bonneville's hand she kissed it once or twice. Then pointing to me, she said, "Cannot I take him with me?"

The good priest shook his head, and soon after left us to pass the time till the hour of separation came as best we might. I do not think he knew, and indeed it would be difficult to make any one comprehend, who has left the period of early youth far behind him, what were the feelings of Mariette and myself. I am very much inclined to believe from my own remembrances, that the pangs of childhood are much more severe than most grown persons will admit.

Day wore away; night came. Little Mariette was dressed and prepared, and about nine o'clock the bell rang. In a moment after the poor child was in her mother's arms, and weeping with joy and agitation. Madame de Salins hardly sat down, however, and there was a look of hurry and anxiety as well as of grief in her face which told how much she had suffered, and how much she expected still to encounter.

"I am somewhat late," she said, speaking to Father Bonneville; "for there were two men walking up and down before the house in which I have been concealed, and I dared hardly venture out. Let us lose no time, good Father. Who will show us the way?"

"Louis, my son, get the lantern," said the good Father; and turning to Madame de Salins he added, "He will show you the way."

These words first seemed to call the attention of the lady to myself, and advancing toward me she embraced me tenderly and with many thanks for the charge I had taken of her little girl in a moment of danger and of horror. I felt gratified, but I do not know that I altogether forgave her for coming to carry off my little companion, and I was also struggling with all my might not to show myself so unmanly as to shed tears; so that I replied somewhat ungracefully I am afraid. I went away for the lantern, however and by the direction of good Father Bonneville, lighted Madame de Salins and Mariette through the garden, and down the stair-case in the tower. I then proceeded to open the door for them, almost hoping that the key might be rusted in the lock so as to prevent their going. It turned easily enough, however, and when I opened the door I was startled at seeing the figure of a man standing at the top of the little path which led down to the foot of the hill. Madame de Salins, however, accosted him at once by his name, and he told her that Peter and Jerome were waiting down below. The parting moment was now evidently come,

and it seemed as bitter to poor little Mariette as myself. She threw her arms around me. She held me tight. She kissed me again and again, and her tears wetted my cheek. At length, however, she was drawn away from me, and her mother holding her hand led her down the hill while the man followed. I looked after them for a moment or two, till they were nearly lost in the darkness. Then locked the door, and turned sadly toward the house.

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THE FLIGHT.

Oh, how dull and tedious was the passing of the next month to me. There was a vacancy in all my thoughts which I cannot describe, a want of object and of interest, which nothing seemed to supply. But the dullness of the calm was soon to be succeeded by the agitation of the storm. The populace, particularly of the suburb, was becoming more fierce and unruly every hour. If at any previous period there had been such a thing as tyranny in France—of which I knew, and had felt nothing—it must have been the tyranny of one, far removed from the humble or even the middle stations of life, and much less terrible than the tyranny of many, which now came to the door of every house in the land. There was a butcher living in the lower part of the town, the terror of his neighbors, and an object of abhorrence to all good men. Fierce, licentious, and unprincipled, his courage—the only good quality he possessed—was the courage of a tiger. On more than one occasion in former years good Father Bonneville had had to reprove him, and it would seem he had not forgotten it.

One day, about a month after Mariette had left us, I had walked out into the town during Father Bonneville's absence from home, and was crossing the square in front of the great church. On one side of the square was the best inn in the place, and upon the steps of that inn were standing several officers of a dragoon regiment which had lately been quartered in the town. In the midst of the square, I saw a great crowd of people moving to and fro, and apparently busy and agitated. There were muskets amongst the crowd; for in those days the more ragged and poverty-stricken a man was, the more certain was he of having some weapon of offense in his hand; and amongst the rest, with a red night-cap on his head, and his shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbow, I could perceive the great stalwort figure of the butcher I have mentioned. I saw also, however, other garments than those of the mere populace. There was the black gown of a priest in the middle of the crowd, and as I approached with a faint and fearful heart, I not only saw that the mob were dragging along a priest by the arms, but also that he was good Father Bonneville. I heard shouts too of "up with him! Hang him up, hang him up! To the spout with him, to the spout!"

The officers I have mentioned were standing quietly looking on, laughing and talking with two or three of the more respectable citizens. But at the first impulse I

ran toward them, caught the hand of one of the young soldiers, who seemed to bear a high rank amongst the others, and whose face was a kindly one, and with eager and terrified tones exclaimed—

"Oh, save him, sir, save him. They are going to kill the best man in all the town."

"Who are they going to hang, boy?" asked one of the citizens in a tone of assumed indifference; for few persons ventured in those days to show any sympathy with the victims of popular fury.

"Father Bonneville," I answered, "Oh it is Father Bonneville—Save him, save him—pray make haste!"

"He is, indeed, one of the best men in the world," said the gentleman, with a look of deep distress.

The young officer, however, without more ado, ran down the steps and plunged into the crowd. One or two of his companions followed, I saw a sudden pause in the mob, and heard a great outcry of voices; some apparently in persuasion, others in mere brute clamor. A moment after, however, while the parties seemed still disputing, a squadron of dragoons came into the square, and their appearance, though they took no part in what was going on, seemed to have a great effect upon the mob. A number of the ragged ruffians dropped off every moment, some walking away down the street, singing ribald songs, some coming up to the soldiers, and speaking a word or two to them as if to show that they were not afraid, but walking away in the end. At length, however, I had the satisfaction to see the young officer emerge from the little crowd that remained, holding Father Bonneville by the arm, while another of the dragoon officers walked on the good priest's other side. The only one who followed them was the butcher, and he continued pursuing them with execration and abuse till they reached the steps of the inn, in which they lodged the good Father for the time. The young officer made no reply to all the ribald language with which he was assailed, except on the inn steps, where he turned, and said in a calm tone—

"It may be all very true, but proceed according to law. If he has refused to take the oath required, he can and will be punished for it, but you are not to be the judge, and shall not break the law while I am in command of this town."

Thus saying, without waiting for any answer, he walked into the inn, and I ran after Father Bonneville. The good old man was somewhat out of breath with the rough handling he had received, but I could not perceive any traces of fear or great agitation either in his face or manner. As soon as the young officer and I entered the back-room in which he had taken refuge, he held out his hand kindly to me, but addressed his first words to the other.

"I have to thank you much, my son," he said. "I do believe if you had been two minutes later those poor misguided people would have hanged me."

"I do believe they would," replied the officer, with a smile; "but you have to

thank this good lad for my coming as soon as I did. I did not perceive what they were about till he told me."

"Thank you, Louis, thank you," said Father Bonneville. "I have had a narrow escape, my son. Although, God knows, I have never done these people any harm, and have tried to do them good, yet they seemed resolved to have my blood. Do you think it will be safe for me to go now, sir? I have some sick people to attend upon."

The young officer besought him however to stay till the town was more completely quieted, and advised him even then to betake himself to his own house, and remain concealed and quiet for a day or two.

I knew quite well that Father Bonneville would not follow this counsel implicitly, and he did not. He got safely home two or three hours after, and remained within till nightfall; but then he went out to visit the sick persons he had named, and on the following morning was pursuing his usual avocations as if nothing had happened. It was not long, however, before he became convinced that such conduct could only lead to martyrdom, without being of the slightest benefit to his flock. Death would have been nothing in his eyes, if by it he could purchase good to others, but that was not a period at which such sacrifices would be at all available.

One day while he was out, a Sister of Charity came to the house, and talked long and earnestly with good Jeanette in the kitchen. I was not present at their conference, but when the Sister went away again I saw that the old housekeeper was in a state of the utmost consternation and grief. The expression of these passions took a curious form with her. It seemed as if she could not be still for one moment. She bustled about the kitchen, as if it were too small for her energies, took down and put up again every pot, kettle, saucepan, and spit, at least a dozen times, gazed into the frying-pan with an objectless look, and seemed only anxious to spend the superfluous activity of her body upon something, while her mind was equally busy with something else. When Father Bonneville returned, however, she had a long conference with him, and he seemed very thoughtful and anxious. At night the Sister of Charity again returned, and this time she bore a letter with her. I only know what took place between her and the good Father by the result; for as soon as she was gone, he called me into his study, where Jeanette had been all the time, and I at once saw that my good old friend and instructor had made up his mind to some great and important step.

"My dear Louis," he said, with a calm but very grave face, "we have heard very evil news. A persecution is raging against the ministers of religion, which must soon reach me if I remain here. They have already commenced in a town not very far distant, a practice of tying priests and nuns together, and drowning them in the river, adding, by the term they apply to these massacres, impiety to murder. This good creature and Sister Clara, who has just been here, both urge me strongly to fly. I should have hesitated to take such a step, but I find that it is necessary that you should be removed to another country as soon as possible. I have no one to send

with you, and I trust I am not biased from my duty by any mere fears for my own life when I determine to accompany you myself. I shall still be fulfilling at least one of the tasks which I have undertaken to perform, and I sincerely believe it is the one in which the remains of my life can be most serviceable."

He then went on to explain to me that he had determined to pass the next day in the town, and to make his escape at night. Disguise, he added with a sigh, would be necessary. But good Jeanette undertook to procure what was fitting for the occasion, and good Father Bonneville retired to rest that night grave and sad, but, apparently, in no degree agitated. On the following day, a few minutes before noon, a great mob passed up the street, carrying a bloody human head upon a pole. They stopped opposite to the good priest's house, shouting for him to show himself, and with a quiet and undismayed air he walked to an upper window, and looked out. He was instantly assailed with a torrent of abuse, and I do not feel at all sure that the mob would not have sacked the house and put him to death, if it had not been so near the tiger's feeding-time. All the lower classes dined at twelve, and Father Bonneville retiring from the window as soon as he had shown himself, the crowd marched on again down the street with their bloody ensign at their head.

Nothing that I remember worthy of notice occurred during the rest of the day, though Jeanette was in a good deal of bustle, and went in and out more than once. Several persons came to see Father Bonneville, and talked with him for some time; but the day passed heavily with me, although I will acknowledge that I felt a good deal of that eager and pleasant expectation with which youth always looks forward to change.

At length night fell; the outer door of the house was carefully locked; Father Bonneville retired to his own sleeping-room; I assisted Jeanette to bring down a pair of somewhat heavy saddle-bags, the one marked with black paint L. L., the other J. C. Shortly after I heard a step upon the stairs, and a gentleman entered the room, whom I did not at first recognize—and could hardly, for some time, persuade myself that it was Father Bonneville. Soutane and bands, and small black cap, and cocked-hat were all gone, and he appeared in a straight-cut black coat, with a small sword by his side. His thin, white hair, powdered and tied behind, and a round hat, with a broad band and buckle, on his head. The effect of this change in costume was to make him look very much smaller than before. He had seemed a somewhat portly man in his robes, but now he looked exceedingly lank and spare, and even his height seemed diminished. He looked strange and ill at ease, but showed no indecision, now that his mind was made up.

"I thought of burning my papers," he said, speaking to Jeanette, "but I don't know, ma bonne, that they contain any thing unworthy of a good Christian or a good citizen. I shall therefore leave them as they are, to be examined by those who may take the trouble. You understand all, Jeanette, that I have said, and what you are to do, and where I am to hear from you."

Jeanette comprehended every thing; but the feelings of the good creature's heart

were at this time surging up against her understanding with greater and greater force every minute. At length, when all was ready for our departure, she fell upon her knees at good Father Bonneville's feet, weeping and kissing his hand, and begging his blessing. The old man put his hand upon her head, and with an air of solemn affection, called down the blessing of God upon her. Then embracing her kindly, he said, "You have striven, I know, Jeanette, to be as good a servant to God as to a mere mortal master. He deserves more and better service than any of us can give, but he is contented with less than any of us require, if it be rendered with a whole heart. Farewell, my Jeanette—farewell for the present! We shall meet again soon—I trust—I believe."

The good Father took one of the saddle-bags, and I took the other; Jeanette loading me, moreover, with a large paper parcel of which she bade me take great care, hinting at the same time that it contained sustenance for the good Father and myself which might be very needful to us on our first night's journey. She followed us in tears through the garden in the tower, and down the stairs to the foot. There she hugged and kissed me heartily, but she had no power to speak, and by this time, all the pleasant fancies in regard to setting out to see new scenes, and to find new enjoyments, which I had entertained for a moment or two, had passed away, and nothing remained but sorrow and regret. We made our way, not without difficulty, down the little path to the valley; for the night was as black as crime, and then walked on along the road by the stream, which, however, we were obliged to quit soon, in order to avoid a party of men who had a sort of guard-house where the two roads met. This was easily done, however. The river was not very full; for the air was frosty, but dry, and neither snow nor rain had fallen for two or three days. Some large stones served us as well as a bridge, and crossing the meadows on the other side, we reached the high road from the town toward Paris without going through the suburbs. About a quarter of a mile farther upon this road, we found an elderly man standing with two horses; and although I could hardly see his face, I recognized in him an uncle of good Jeanette, who was accustomed every fortnight to bring poultry to the house, and who, to say the truth, looked a good deal younger than his niece. Few words passed between him and us; the saddle-bags were arranged on the horses' backs nearly in silence. Father Bonneville mounted one, and the good farmer helped me to mount the other. I had never been upon a horse's back in my life before, and the animal upon which I was perched, though somewhat less than that which carried Father Bonneville, seemed to me a perfect elephant. I was awkward enough, and uncomfortable enough, no doubt, at first, but I soon got accustomed to my position, and took rather a pleasure in the ride than not, till we had gone some eight or nine miles, when I began to feel the usual inconveniences to which young horsemen are subject.

A good deal of apprehension was entertained both by my reverend companion and myself, lest our flight should be discovered, and immediate pursuit take place. But we found afterward that such fears were quite vain, the minds of the people of the town, especially of the anarchists, were turned by various events in a direction

quite different from Father Bonneville. They had their mayor to guillotine, and two or three of the principal inhabitants to throw into prison, which occupied them satisfactorily for several days. Father Bonneville's absence was never noticed by any but his own immediate parishioners, who wisely forbore to talk about it till Jeanette, with a bold policy which did her credit, judging that our escape had been safely effected, went up to the municipality, and begged to know what she was to do, as her master had gone away several days before, and had not returned.

In the meanwhile we rode on through that live-long night, neither directing our course straight toward Paris, nor to the sea-side. When morning dawned I was terribly tired and sleepy, and saw all sorts of unreal things in the twilight—the mere effect, I suppose, of exhaustion. Father Bonneville had talked to me from time to time, giving me directions for my general conduct and demeanor toward himself. I found that it was his intention to assume the name of Charlier, and that I was to pass for his nephew, still retaining the name of Lacy, deprived of its aristocratic prefix of dé. The name, however, soon got corrupted by the people of the inns as we went along, and I passed as young citoyen Lassi throughout the whole of the rest of our long journey.

At daylight, after the first night's march, we halted on a piece of uncultivated ground at the side of a wood, and suffering our horses to crop the grass, of which they stood in some need, we seated ourselves on a dry bank under the trees, and made free with the food which good Jeanette had provided for us. After I had satisfied my keen appetite, and drunk some wine out of a flask, I fell into a sound sleep before I was at all aware what was coming upon me, nor did I wake till Father Bonneville shook me gently by the arm, at about one o'clock in the day.

We then resumed our journey, having to take the first very dangerous step after quitting the town, in entering the busy haunts of men, and exposing ourselves to the eyes and inquiries of strangers.

A tall church-tower was soon seen rising before us, at a considerable distance, and Father Bonneville took the opportunity of a peasant woman, passing us on the road, to ascertain the name of the town to which the church belonged. This gave him the key to his topography, which he had lost during the night, and as the town was still full fifteen miles distant, he determined to stop at any village he found a few miles ere we reached it, in order to avoid the stricter examination which was likely to be enforced in a city. Upon calculating as nearly as our knowledge of the country enabled us to do, we found that we had made five-and-thirty miles during the night, and ten or twelve miles more would put what might be considered a sufficient distance for the time between ourselves and our enemies. We jogged on quietly then, encountering a good number of the peasantry who were returning from market or fair. For a part of the way we rode by the side of an old man who was journeying in the same direction with ourselves. He had a shrewd, thoughtful, but quiet eye, and a bland, easy smile, which perhaps might have made a man well versed in the world doubt his perfect sincerity, notwithstanding his tall, broad forehead, and a certain

dignity of air that did not bespeak low cunning. He addressed good Father Bonneville at once as “Monsieur L’abbé,” but looked at him several times before he said more.

At first my old companion did not seem to notice the epithet he bestowed upon him, but after a few more words had passed, he inquired somewhat abruptly, “What made you call me ‘Abbé,’ citizen?”

“Your dress,” replied the countryman, “your manner, and your look. The aristocrat is proud, because he has always commanded, and thinks he has a right to command. The peasant is vain, because God has implanted in every French breast the notion that each man is equal to his neighbor, whether he be a fool or a wise man, a scholar or a dunce, a brave man or a poltroon, a good man or a knave. But the teacher of religion has a different look. He has been accustomed to guide and to exhort, and he knows that it is not only his right but his duty so to do. There is, therefore, in him a look of confidence and authority, very different from the haughtiness of the one or the vanity of the other I have mentioned.”

“You must have thought and studied more than might have been expected,” said Father Bonneville, examining him closely.

“There is no reason why any man should not study, and still less why he should not think,” replied the other. “I have done both, I acknowledge. There are more sins committed in France every day than that.”

“And pray where do you live?” asked Father Bonneville.

“Come and see,” replied the stranger. “Your horses seem tired, and I have still some nine miles to go, but we can ride slowly, and at this next turn we shall quit the high road, which will be a convenience.”

Father Bonneville agreed to the proposal, and we rode on by the side of our inviter in desultory conversation, pointed occasionally by references to passing political events, but generally referring to subjects altogether indifferent. I was dreadfully tired, I confess, before we got to the end of our long, slow journey. At length after two hours’ quiet ride, the stranger said, “We are coming to my home, where you will be very welcome, and it is as well for you to stay there to-night; for there is a grand fête of Liberty going on in most of the villages round, and that lady, like most other pagan deities, is very fond of human sacrifices. Now it does not much matter whether one is crushed under the wheels of Juggernaut, or burned by Druids in a basket of wicker-work, or made to pass through the fire like the children of those obedient and docile Israelites of old, or have one’s head chopped off on a little platform in a public square, before the image of a monstrous woman, in a red night-cap, and with a spear in her hand. It does not much matter, I say; but all are disagreeable, and all are to be avoided by every reasonable means. You will therefore be better in my home there, than in any inn in the neighborhood.”

“Where?” asked Father Bonneville, gazing on before him, in expectation of seeing a farmer’s house.

“There,” replied the stranger, pointing to a magnificent château upon a rising ground near. “You marvel, I see, and I can guess your inquiry—how I have contrived to keep possession of my own, when the universal war-cry through all France is, ‘War to the Castle, Peace to the Cottage.’ I have not time for long explanation; but sufficient may be told briefly. You see this coat of coarse gray cloth. It is the sign, the key, of my whole life. I too was bred an ecclesiastic. The death of three elder brothers put me in possession of that thing upon the hill. I have unfrocked myself, but I retain my early habits, and respect my voluntary vows. I remain in two or three little chambers, while very often boors revel in the halls of my ancestors. But they have a shrewd notion that if I were gone they would not have the means of revelry to as great an extent as at present—that if my property was confiscated, it would fall into the hands of worse men than myself; and so long as I, the master of it, act but as the steward of it, they are well contented to leave me alone in my office without bringing my head to the guillotine, which would be of no use at all to any one, and without seizing upon my lands, it would be a great embarrassment to themselves. Moreover, I have once or twice threatened to resign all my possessions into the hands of the Commune, and the very lowest of the people have been those to beseech me the most earnestly to refrain, knowing very well that they get a better part of the spoil now than they otherwise would. Thus I have got a certain command over them, and I do what I like without fear of any buzzing rumors, or public denunciations. The man who denounced me would very soon find his way to the lantern, and as it is unpleasant to occupy in darkness the place of a light, with a rope round one’s neck, people abstain. There are a hundred people in yonder town who could hang me to-morrow; but my death would be sure to hang a hundred of themselves, and therefore I have the majority on my side. But come, let us go in through the gates.”

We entered the château, leaving our horses in the care of a laboring man in the court, who seemed not a bit less respectful to the master of the house than the servant of any old noble in the ancient days. This was in itself an anomaly in those times; for the vain desire of equality had completely perverted men’s judgments, and they sought not alone to sweep away the differences created by a long established social system, but even those fundamental differences produced by the will of God. I believe, in those days—amongst a great mass of the people at least—as much jealous hatred was felt toward superior intellect as toward superior wealth or superior station.

On passing the doors of the building we found some ten or twelve men seated in the eating-room drinking and talking. The master of the house passed through, nodded to them, called them citizens, and said, “Make good cheer of it. There is more where that comes from.”

A cheerful, good-humored laugh was the reply, and he walked on up the stairs, leading us to a little suite of apartments which he reserved for himself, and where his privacy was respected even by the rude men who surrounded him. There he left

us, and went out to procure some refreshment for us, part of which he brought in himself. The rest, with a considerable quantity of plate, which he seemed to think in perfect security, notwithstanding open doors and strange visitors, was brought in by a servant of the old school, but not in livery. When the man was gone we ate and drank and refreshed ourselves, and a conversation, not only of interest but of importance, occurred between our entertainer and Father Bonneville. The former seemed to comprehend our situation, or at least as much of it as was necessary, without any explanation; and he gave a great deal of very good and minute advice as to our conduct while traveling through France. He advised the good Father, strongly, to put on a brown coat, saying that the reputation of an abbé was worse than that of a priest. He advised him also to give up the plan of traveling on horseback, and betake himself to a *chaise de poste*.

"I don't ask where you are going, or what you intend to do, but by coming with post-horses, and lodging at the post-house, wherever they entertain there, you gain favor with one class of the community whose assistance is of great importance to travelers."

Father Bonneville ventured to tell him that there were difficulties in the way of posting, as we were not furnished with those papers which were sometimes inquired for at post-houses.

"Oh, I will manage that very soon for you," said our host. "The mayor shall furnish you with the necessary passports."

"But he knows nothing of us," replied Father Bonneville.

"He knows me," replied the other, with a significant nod of his head, "he wont refuse me. It is rather a painful state of things when each man's life is in another man's power. There are plenty to misuse the advantage, and I have never seen why I should not employ it to better purposes. The mayor will probably be guillotined in six months. He calculates it will be longer, but I think he makes a mistake. However, he knows I could have him guillotined in six days, and is therefore very compliable."

"And pray," said Father Bonneville, with a somewhat rueful smile, "how long do you contemplate keeping your own head where it is?"

"It is hardly worth consideration," replied the other; "for I say of my head, as a friend of mine said of his house which was likely to fall about his ears, 'It will last my time.' In truth it is of very little use to any but myself, or I dare say they would have taken it long ago. The same worthlessness may or may not protect it for a month, a year, or even till these evil times pass away; for you are not to suppose, my good friend, that this state will last for ever. It is a mere irruption of human vanity. We Frenchmen are the vainest people upon earth, the whole nation is vain, and every individual is vain. This vanity makes each man unwilling to see any other a bit higher, richer, or in any respect better off than himself; but there are certain fundamental laws of order which man may overturn for a time, but which always resume their power. The wise rule in the end. Industry and talent raise themselves in

spite of resistance, forethought and care produce wealth, and if you were to take every acre of land throughout France, and every louis d'or, and divide them equally amongst the whole people, so that there should not be the difference of a sous, before fifty years had passed you would find the differences all restored, some men rich, other men poor, some men ruling, other men obeying, some enjoying, others laboring. Nay more, my belief is, that within the same time, you would find rank, titles and distinctions restored also."

Father Bonneville shook his head.

"I am very sure of it," replied the other, in answer to the doubtful shake. "There are many countries in which a pure democracy might exist—perhaps in England—but certainly not in France. Our very blood is feudal and chivalrous. History, which is the memory of nations, is filled with nothing but feudal and chivalrous facts. We are too light, too vain, too volatile to do without distinction for any length of time, and we have not a sufficient spirit of organization in our character to do without a king in some shape or other. I think it must be an absolute shape; but take my word for it, France will never be forty years at any one time without counts, barons and marquises, dukes, peers, stars and ribbons. You might as well attempt to make us Quakers as real republicans. A lion may perhaps be taught to dance like a monkey for an hour or two, but take my word for it, in the end he will eat his dancing-master; and you might as well attempt to change a lion's nature as a Frenchman's. However, you shall have the passports to-morrow, or I do not know the mayor. He is a very excellent person, but has an over-strong regard for the integrity of his neck."

"I wish I possessed your secret of living so much at ease amidst such scenes, and exercising so much influence over such men," said Father Bonneville.

"Mystery, mystery!" said our host with a smile. "That is the whole secret. No one knows what I am going to do next. No one knows why I am going to do it. Whenever there is any great question agitated in regard to which I am forced to take a part, I give a full and complete explanation of my views, in terms which not a man who hears me can comprehend. I use the language of the times, the cant words and pet phrases of the multitude, and generally I go one little step before any of the movements I see coming; for where millions of people are running a race, as we are in France, the man who stops even to buckle his shoe is certain to be knocked down and trampled to death. But now I will show you your sleeping place. You will find the beds good. May you never have worse."

Our host was as good as his word in all respects. Before we woke in the morning the passports had been procured, containing a very tolerable description of Father Bonneville under the name of Citoyen Jerome Charlier, and of myself under that of Louis Lassi. Our horses were sold to no great disadvantage by the intervention of our entertainer, a little post-chaise bought from the post-master himself, at about five louis more than it was worth, and at about eleven o'clock in the day we set out on the direct road for Paris, in a manner which suited me much better, I confess,

than that which we had previously pursued. I have little doubt that the good Father, too, who had not ridden for twenty years, was in the same predicament. I will only dwell upon our farther journey toward the capital so far as to state that it passed easily, and without interruption, which we attributed to the fact of having cut across the country, in such a direction as to be now traveling upon a line of high road totally different from that which led from Paris to the place of our previous residence.

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THE CAPITAL.

My remembrance of the journey to Paris, and the conversations which took place upon the road, is more perfect than of any other of the events which took place at that time. But it is, perhaps, in some degree a factitious memory; for I have talked about it so frequently since, that I hardly know which are the facts supplied by my own mind, which those related to me by others. I recollect clearly and distinctly, however, our entrance into Paris on a dark and stormy night, our detention at the gates, and the examination of the carriage by lantern-light. I shall not, I think, ever forget the impression produced upon my mind by the long, tortuous streets of that great capital, with the dim lanterns swinging on chains stretched across from house to house, the enormously tall buildings on every side, and the multitude of people who thronged the streets even at that hour, and in that weather. I thought the journey through Paris would never have come to an end, but at length the *chaise de poste* drove into the court of a second-rate inn, in the Rue des Victoires, not far from the hospital of the Quinze-vingts. Our arrival created no sensation. No active porters, no ready waiters were there to welcome or assist. The house rose dark and gloomy, on the four sides of the court-yard, up to an amazing height in the sky, leaving us, like Truth, in the bottom of a well, and as good Father Bonneville knew not much more of the ways of Paris than I did myself, I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been necessary to pay the postillion. It was too dark in the court to see the money, and as he did not choose to take it upon trust, he said he would go and fetch the concierge and his lantern. Accordingly, he dug out of a den, at the side of the port-cochere, a very curious, antiquated specimen of humanity, with a broad belt over his shoulder, very much like one of those in which the beadles of old French churches used to stick their useless swords. He held the lantern while the money was counted out, and then was kind enough, though somewhat slowly, to lead us up a very dark and narrow stair-case to the first floor of the house, where the hotel in reality began. I never discovered what was done with the ground floor; for there were no shops in it, and it seemed to be left entirely to take care of itself. The mistress of the house—she had a husband, but poor little thing, he never presumed to interfere in any thing—was an enormously tall, and tolerably portly woman, apparently of five or six and thirty years of age, very fresh, good-looking and good-humored. She was a Fleming by birth, and bore evident traces of her origin in her

fair hair, blue eyes, and brilliant complexion. She was enchanted to see us, she assured us, would provide for our accommodation as no other people had ever been provided for before, ordered some supper for us immediately, and in the meanwhile, took us to see our rooms, which were a story higher. There was a great, large, gloomy chamber, tesselated with brick well waxed, a bed in an alcove, two small closets on each side of the alcove, and a fire-place big enough to burn a forest. This was for Father Bonneville. My own room was about the size of the alcove and its two closets, and close by the side of the good Father's chamber. To my young eyes it looked more snug and comfortable than his. But we were each contented it would seem. The bags were brought up, the post-chaise put in the remise, and my little store of clothing being placed in my room, I washed away the dust of travel, brushed the young, unfrosted hair which then curled so thickly over my head, and feeling somewhat solitary in the great world around me, found my way to the chamber of my good preceptor, who was sitting with his feet, one upon each andiron, contemplating with deep interest, as it seemed to me, the blazing logs as they fizzed and crackled on the hearth. Poor man, his thoughts, I fancy, were very far away, and he took no notice of me for a minute or two, while I meditated on the intense smell of roasting coffee and veal ragout which seemed to form the atmosphere of the house.

Father Bonneville had just wakened from his reverie, and was speaking a word or two as the commencement of a conversation, when a waiter came in to announce that our supper was ready, with as discreet and deferential an air as if we had been two aristocrats living under the ancien regime.

"Go down with him, Louis," said Father Bonneville, "and I will join you directly."

I followed the waiter down the stairs which I was now happy to find lighted by a single lamp, and entered the *salle à manger*. How can I describe the dinginess of that strange room? It was long and not very large, with a good-sized table down the middle, and a fire-place with a broad mantlepiece in one corner. Three windows, which were supposed to give it light in the day time, but which, as they looked into the narrow court, never caught one genuine, unadulterated ray of the sun, now looked as black as ink upon the wall, although, sooth to say, that wall itself was of a hue little less sombre. Who was the inventor of painting panneling in oil, I really do not know, but I cannot imagine that any hand but his own could have so decorated that wall, or that a brush of any kind could ever have touched it afterward. I believe that there were nymphs dancing, represented on the spaces between the windows, but they certainly looked like Hottentots dancing in the dark. The furniture of the room was very scanty, consisting of nothing but the long dining-table, and chairs enough to fit it, but over the end of the table nearest the fire-place, was spread a beautifully white damask cloth, on which appeared two candlesticks, two napkins, a number of knives and forks and plates, and no less than eight dishes, from which exhaled a very savory odor, I mechanically walked up toward the fire, when

suddenly, to my horror and consternation, a voice addressed me from the mantlepiece, exclaiming, “Petit coquin, petit coquin!” and the next instant there was a whirr, and I felt something brush my cheek and fall upon my shoulder. On examination, it proved to be a bird of a kind which I had never seen before, and which, in this individual instance, I probably should not have recognized, if I had seen a thousand of its species. It was a cockatoo, which had thought fit to moult in the midst of the winter, and had done it so completely, that though warmly enough robed in a covering of fine down, not a feather was to be seen upon its body, except the pen feathers of the wings, those of the tail, and a long yellow crest on the head. I call it yellow, because that is the color it ought to have been, but, to say sooth, its fondness for the chimney-corner had so completely smoked my new friend, that the general hue of its whole body was a dull but most decided gray.

It seemed an amiable and affectionate bird, however, although with its yellowish crest, and unfeathered form, it looked very much like one of those meagre dowagers whom we see at parties with dresses a great deal too much cut down for the satisfaction of the beholders. It continued repeating in a playful and endearing tone, “petit coquin, petit coquin!” as if it imagined the epithet to imply the greatest tenderness. While the words were yet in its beak, however, and before any regular conversation had begun between us, the party was augmented by another gentleman carrying in his hand a round hat with three broad bands, which was generally one of the signs or symbols of a man well provided in official situations.

He was a stout and self-important, but evidently a very keen personage. He was one of those for whom trifles have much importance, not from any peculiar capacity for dealing in details, but because a natural tendency of the mind of man to attach a certain degree of magnitude to all he observes himself had not been properly corrected in his youth. The bird was still rhyming, “petit coquin, petit coquin,” and advancing at once toward me with an air of jovial frankness, he caught me by the arm, saying, “Ah, little rogue, the bird knows you, it seems. Now, you are some young aristocrat, I will warrant.”

Now it so happened, that I made the exact answer which was required under the circumstances. Let it be understood that I had received no instructions whatever; that Father Bonneville had never even touched upon the subject of politics in his own house; that while deploring excesses, and excited and alarmed by the crimes, which he saw going on every day around him, he had never even hinted an opinion upon any of the great questions which agitated the public mind at the time. But in my walks through the town and the country, I had been so much accustomed, for the last twelve months or more, to hear the name of aristocrat applied to any one who wore a better coat than his neighbor, that I gradually learned to look upon that term as implying the basest, meanest, and most pitiful of all things. My cheek flushed, my brow contracted with an expression of anger which could not be assumed, and I replied, sharply, “No, citizen, no! Neither I, or any one I know, are aristocrats. You insult us by calling us so.”

My passion was ridiculous enough; for I had not the slightest idea in the world what the word aristocrat meant. Nevertheless, it had its effect, although that might have been lost for want of witnesses, had not Madame Michaud entered the room at the moment, to see that everything was properly provided for her honored guests.

"There, Monsieur Le Commissaire," she said, "I think you have got your answer. You do not expect to find aristocrats in my house, I suppose."

"I have found one," answered the commissary, nodding his head; "and he will find soon that he is discovered. Shake hands, citizen, if you are really and truly a lover of your country and the rights of man. But mind, you don't presume to touch my hand if you are only shamming a love of freedom."

I placed my hand in his boldly, and shook it warmly; for I had as little idea of that in which true freedom consists as most of his patient followers in the political career, who, with very rare exceptions, were devout worshipers of words, with a very indefinite notion, indeed, of things.

He was satisfied, it seemed, and sat down to take a cup of coffee and drink a glass of liqueur with Madame Michaud—without paying for them. Indeed, he seemed upon very amicable terms with the lady, and I strongly suspect that it was good policy in all hostesses of Paris, not to refuse any thing that commissaries of police might think fit to demand.

Shortly after, Father Bonneville made his appearance, and although he answered all civil interrogatories, he played his part so discreetly, that no suspicion seemed to be aroused.

The commissary quitted the room in jovial good-humor, and the rest of the evening passed without any thing remarkable.

About this time, the images which memory presents in her long looking-glass, are somewhat vague, and ill-defined—perhaps I have not had the opportunity of refreshing my remembrance as to the minute details, and many a scene stands out in strong relief from a picture generally dark and obscure. Only one of those scenes will I notice here, before I go on to matters more immediately affecting myself.

There was what is called a *table d'hôte* at the inn where we stayed—a great accommodation to travelers—which is now very common, though in the time I speak of, it was more customary to lodge in what is called an *hôtel garni*, and to obtain one's food from without. One day, I know not whether it was the second or third after our arrival, we were seated at the dinner-table in the hall, when the same commissary of police I have mentioned, entered the room, and slowly looked round the guests. I could see many a changing countenance at the table—some rosy faces which became white, and warm, glowing lips, which partook of on ashy paleness. The commissioner, however, fixed his eyes upon one particular gentleman, a man, perhaps, of fifty-seven or fifty-eight years of age, who had been one of the lightest and gayest of the guests. He saw the peculiar look of the officer, and probably understood its meaning completely; but he staid to finish quietly the joke which

hung upon his lips, and then asked with the laugh still ringing around him—

"Mister commissary, is your business with me?"

The commissary slowly nodded his head, and our friend who was sitting next to Father Bonneville on the right, instantly rose, saying with a jocund smile—"I anticipated great things from the second course, but I must resign it, and do so with the self denial of a hermit. Ladies and gentlemen, there are three things greatly to be desired in life: a pleasant hopeful youth; a warm and genial middle life; and a short, unclouded, old age. The two first I have obtained, by the mercy of God—or of the Gods—or of any God that you like, Monsieur Commissaire—the third is very likely to be granted to me likewise. I will therefore only drink one more glass to the good health of all here present, before I drink another draught little less acceptable, and infinitely more tranquilizing."

Thus saying, he raised a glass of wine already filled, toward his lips, bowed gracefully round the table, drank the wine, and walked out of the room with the commissary of police.

The next day, at noon, we heard he had just been guillotined.

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OLD ACQUAINTANCES RENEWED.

Why we lingered in Paris I never knew, or have forgotten. It is very probable, there were difficulties in the way to the frontier, which good Father Bonneville feared to encounter—or, perhaps, he was sensible of the approach of severe illness, and feared to undertake the journey in such a state of health. The fatigues of our flight had been too much for the old man, and although he never appeared upon the way half as tired as I was, yet, after our labors were over, while I rallied and became as brisk and active as ever in four-and-twenty hours, he remained languid and feeble, and unwilling to stir out of his room. He would not confine me, however, to the hotel, but suffered me to visit various parts of Paris, where objects worthy of attention were to be seen. I thus acquired a tolerable knowledge of the principal leading thoroughfares of the town, and could find my way from one part of the city to another, with perfect ease.

For some time, I shut my eyes to the fact that my old friend and protector was really ill; but when we had been in Paris about a fortnight, the change which had taken place in his appearance, his pale and haggard face, and the thinness of his always delicate and beautiful hands, awoke me to a sense of his real state.

"I fear you are not well, my Father," I said, as I sat by his side, while he leaned back in his great chair, with his feet to the fire.

Father Bonneville shook his head mournfully, and I urged him to let me go for a physician.

"I believe you must, Louis," he answered; "for I do feel very ill, and I would

fain recover strength enough at all events, to place you, my son, in safety before I die."

"There is a physician lives close by," I said, "I can run for him in a minute."

"No, no," cried the good priest, "that will not do. There was a physician here in Paris, whom I knew in days of old—a good and a sincere man, who would not betray us, but on the contrary, would give us aid and advice in other matters, besides those of mere health. Do you know the Place Du Petit Chatelet, Louis?"

I replied, that I knew it well, and Father Bonneville wrote down the name of a physician, and the number of his house, saying in the desponding tone of sickness—

"Very likely he may be dead, and then I know not what we shall do."

Without any loss of time, I sallied out into the streets of Paris, in search of Dr. L ——. It was a fine, clear, cold afternoon, with the snow lying piled up at the sides of the streets, the fountains all frozen, and the chains of the street-lamps covered with glittering frost. The wind was keen and cutting, and few people, especially of the lower orders, were in the street; for though *sans culottism* may be a very good thing, it is by no means warm, and the worthy rulers of the destinies of France at that moment, had not great-coats enough amongst them to render them indifferent to a north-east wind. I could thus pursue my way rapidly, uninterrupted by the crowds which usually thronged the streets of the French capital, and though doubtless I did not take all the shortest ways, I soon reached the place I was seeking. The houses were tall, dirty, well-smoked, and ever open doors round the whole place, gave entrance to innumerable stair-cases which led up to the dwellings of low advocates, notaries public, physicians, artists, poor men of letters, and all that class who scrape a precarious existence from the faults, the follies, the misfortunes, the miseries of others. But now I had a very puzzling calculation to make. Father Bonneville had written down, after the name of Dr. L——, number five, Place du Petit Chatelet, but not a house was to be seen which had a number on it, and I was obliged to guess at which corner the numeration commenced. I was evidently wrong in my first essay, for no Doctor L—— could I find in the house which I fixed upon; and short and snappish were the answers I got at the various doors where I applied.

That could not be number five, and so I turned to the other side of the square, and began in the opposite direction. As I was counting the houses from the corner, I saw a little girl coming from a street nearly in face of me, with a basket in her hand, and poorly dressed. She turned suddenly into one of the door-ways, and I sprang after her, running as fast as possible and nearly overturning an old woman, who was roasting chestnuts in a tin kettle—for which I had my benediction. Little cared I, however; for my heart beat wildly, and the only thing I feared at that moment, was, that I should lose sight of that little girl with the basket; for I had taken it into my head at once that she was Mariette de Salins. She had gone up the stairs, however, when I reached the door, and without pausing for an instant I ran up after her, just in time to see her enter an apartment on the second floor, the door of which was closing as I approached. I knocked sharply, without a moment's consideration, when

an elderly man, with thin and powdered white hair, and a pleasant, though grave expression of countenance, presented himself, asking who I wanted.

A moment's consideration had shown me that it might be dangerous to mention the name of Mariette; nor must it be supposed that such discretion was at all marvelous in a boy of my age at that time; for those were days of constant peril, when every act was to be thought of, every word weighed, and the habit of caution and reserve was inculcated as a duty upon even mere children. On the spur of the occasion, then, I replied that I was seeking Dr. L——, still keeping my eyes fixed upon a door which stood ajar heading into a room beyond.

"My name is Doctor L——," replied the old man. "What is it you want with me, my son? And why are you looking so earnestly in there?"

"I want you to come and see a gentleman who is sick," I replied, "in the Hotel de Clermont, close by the Quinze-vingts."

"Is he very ill?" asked the doctor. "What is his name?"

But before I could answer either of his questions the inner door I have mentioned was drawn back, the beautiful little face peeped out, and in a moment after Mariette was in my arms.

"I thought it was you, dear Mariette," I cried, kissing her tenderly, while she seemed never tired of hugging me. "Where is your mother? How is she?"

"Hush, hush!" said the old doctor, closing the outer door; "no questions or answers of any kind here, except medical ones. Mariette knows well that she must be silent, and answer no inquiries—and so," he continued, after having thus stopped all explanations between us, "I suppose I am to conclude, my son, that this story of the sick man is a fiction, and that your object was to catch your little playfellow here."

"No indeed," I replied, with some indignation, "I have not been taught to speak falsehoods, sir. The gentleman I mentioned, does wish to see you, and is very ill. His name you will know when you see him; for you have met before—not that I mean to say I did not want to see Mariette, and indeed you must let her tell me where I can find her; for it is a long, long time since I have seen her."

"That cannot be," said the doctor, gravely; "she must learn to keep counsel—are you of the same town, then?"

"Oh, she lived with me for a long time," I replied; "and the gentleman whom I want you to come and see is the same who was so kind to her there."

"I should like to see him very much," said Mariette, looking down.

"Well, well, I will go to him," said the doctor, gravely, "and if it be proper that you two children should meet again, I will bring it about. Now you, Mariette, go in and empty your basket as usual. You, my son, go back to your friend, and say I will be with him in an hour."

Thus saying, he led me gently by the arm to the door and put me out, and I

hastened back with all my intelligence to Father Bonneville, asking him if it were not strange that I should find Mariette just at the house of Doctor L——.

"Perhaps not," replied the good priest, with a faint smile. "The doctor is a native of our own province, and known to many of the good and the wise there."

He said no more upon the subject, and made no inquiries, but remained somewhat listlessly in his chair gazing into the fire, till at length came a gentle knock at the door, and the physician entered, dressed with somewhat more care than he had been an hour before, with a three-cornered hat on his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand. He approached Father Bonneville with an unconscious air, and without the slightest sign of recognition, till the old priest held out his hand to him, saying—"Ah, my friend, do you not remember me? You have not changed so much as I have, it would seem."

Doctor L—— started back; for the sweet, silvery tones of the voice seemed to wake up memory, and he exclaimed—"Is it possible? my good friend, Bonneville! —Nay, nay. You are too much changed for time to have done it all. You must be really ill. Leave us, my young friend, I doubt not we shall soon set all this to rights."

I retreated into my little room where it was cold enough, for there was no fire-place, and waited there shivering very tolerably for nearly an hour, while Dr. L—— and the good priest remained in consultation. At the end of that time Dr. L—— came and called me back, and when I re-entered Father Bonneville's room, held me by the arm at a little distance from him, gazing very earnestly in my face, and seeming to scrutinize every line.

"Yes," he said at length, turning to my old friend; "yes, he is very like him—Poor boy, what a fate!—Well, my young friend," he said, suddenly changing the subject. "We must get good Citizen Charlier here, to his bed as soon as possible. He will be well soon, and would have been well by this time if he had sent for me before. But we must try and make up for lost time. I will not send him to the apothecary's," he said, "for drugs, for we are never sure of them at those places—one man acknowledged the other day that during twenty years he had never sold one genuine ounce of rhubarb. I have two other visits to pay; but let him come to my house in an hour and a half, and I will send what will do you good. Perhaps I may see you again to-night."

"Shall I find Mariette with you?" I asked, looking up in the doctor's face.

The good man shook his head, and then turning to Father Bonneville, said with a smile—"I think these two children are in love with each other; but little Mariette is so discreet that she would not even tell me who he was or who you were. She has had bitter lessons of caution for one so young—perhaps you may sometimes see her at my house, my son; but you must imitate her discretion, and neither ask any questions, nor answer them if put to you by strangers."

"Oh, Louis is growing very discreet," said Father Bonneville; "for we have had warnings enough since we have been in this house to prevent us from taking the

bridle off our tongues for a moment—fare you well, my good friend, I shall be glad to see you again to-night if you can contrive to come; but yet I do not think it is needful for my health that you should take such trouble."

"We will see, we will see," replied the doctor, and shaking him by the hand he left the room.

The good Father, then, with my assistance, undressed and went to bed, where, to say sooth, he would have been much better three or four days before; and at the appointed hour I went for the medicines which had been promised, but saw no one except an old female servant, who gave me two bottles addressed to Citizen Charlier.

As I returned, I met a furious mob coming up the streets with a bloody head upon a pike, and perhaps I was in some peril, though I was not aware of it at the time. My dress, though very plain, was neat and whole, and I was seized as I attempted to pass through the mob, by a gaunt, fierce-looking man, with hardly one untattered piece of clothing on his back. He called me a cursed little aristocrat, and made the man who bore the head upon the pike, lower the bloody witness of their inhuman deeds to make me kiss it. They brought it to the level of my head, and thrust its dark, contorted features into my face. But I stoutly refused to kiss it, saying I was not an aristocrat; and why should I kiss a head that they told me had belonged to one.

"If you can make me out an aristocrat," I exclaimed, "I will kiss it."

"What have you got here in your hand?" cried the sans-culotte, snatching the bottles from me.

"Only medicines for a sick man," I replied.

He tore off the paper, however, opened one of the bottles and put it to his mouth, then spat upon the ground with a blasphemous oath, exclaiming—"He is only a garçon apothecaire. Let him pass, let him pass! He will kill as many sacre aristocrats with his cursed drugs as we can with the guillotine. Let the imp pass. His is a trade that should be encouraged."

Thus saying, he marched on, and his fierce and malignant companions followed. I cannot say that I was in reality at all frightened. Every thing had passed so quickly that I had not had time to become alarmed; but I felt bewildered, and paused for a moment to gather my senses together after the mob had passed into the Place du Petit Chatelet which was close at hand. I was still standing there when I heard a voice saying, "Louis, Louis."

I looked round, but could see nobody, and the only place from which the sound could proceed, appeared to be one of those open doors so common in Paris at the time, with a dark passage beyond it.

"Louis, Louis," said the voice again; "come in here, I want to speak to you."

It was not the tongue of Mariette certainly; for her sweet, child-like tones I should have known any where; and I hesitated whether I should go in or not. I

resolved not to seem cowardly, however, and walked into the passage. I could then see faintly, a tall, and as it appeared to me, graceful figure move on before me, and I followed into a little room quite at the back of the house, to which the light was admitted from a little court behind. There the figure turned as I entered, and I beheld Madame de Salins.

The room itself presented a painful picture of poverty. It could not have been above ten feet square, and in one corner, without curtains, or any shelter from the wind, was the bed of Madame de Salins herself, and close by it a little bed for her daughter. The latter, indeed, was fenced round with a shawl hung upon two chairs, which only left one in the room vacant. A table, a broken looking-glass, a few cups and glasses, with a coffee-pot standing by the fire, seemed to form all the other furniture of the chamber. I had very little time to look round me; for Madame de Salins at once began to inquire after the health of Father Bonneville.

"I saw you from a front window," she said, as soon as I had answered her first questions, "and feared that those men would maltreat you; for they have the hearts of tigers, and spare no one."

A sudden fear seized me, lest Mariette should be even then coming from the house of good Doctor L——, and encounter the ruffians whom I had just escaped.

"Is Mariette at the Place du Chatelet?" I asked, eagerly. "Let me go and see that no harm happens to her."

"No, no," replied Madame de Salins. "She is here with the old lady in the front room, who lets us sometimes sit with her, as a relief from this dark, dismal hole. You are a good, brave boy, however, Louis, and for every kind and generous act you do, depend upon it you will have your reward. Mariette, thank God, is quite safe, and she has learnt whenever she sees a crowd to avoid it. But tell me more about Father Bonneville. Does Doctor L—— think he is in danger?"

I was not able to give her any satisfactory answer, for I really did not know what was the physician's opinion of my good preceptor's case.

"Tell him," said Madame de Salins, "that I will come to see him if I can do so secretly; but I am under surveillance, and all my movements, I fear, will be watched till some new change takes place in this ever-shifting government. I have several things to say to him, and could wish to see him much."

She spoke in an anxious and thoughtful tone, and doubtless had many matters of deep and painful importance pressing upon her mind at the moment. Boy-like, however, my attention was directed principally to the more obvious inconveniencies which she suffered, and I said, "I am afraid you must be very badly off here, madame."

The lady smiled. "Badly enough, my dear boy," she replied. "But yet we might be very much worse—nay, we have been much worse in mind, if not in body. But I will not keep you now. Tell Monsieur de Bonneville what I have said, and add that if he has any thing to reply, he can communicate it to me through Doctor L——."

When I reached the inn, my first task was to give good Father Bonneville the medicine prescribed for him, and then to tell him of my interview with Madame de Salins. He seemed greatly interested, and repeated once or twice, “Poor thing! poor thing! I hope she will be successful; but I can’t help her—I can do nothing to help her. I know too little to give her advice, and have no power to give her assistance.”

I did not press the subject upon him, nor make any inquiries, but sat for a long time by his bed-side reading to him both in Latin and in French. English was by this time quite forbidden between us, and we had no English books.

In the evening, toward nine o’clock, Doctor L—— came again, and felt his patient’s pulse with a cheerful air.

“The good woman of the house,” he said, “waylaid me on the stairs, to ask if you were likely to die, my good friend, and to suggest that in that case it would be as well to send you to the hospital. I have spared you that journey, however, by assuring her that in a week or ten days you will be well enough to go to the opera, if by that time they have left any singers with their heads on. They guillotined poor Benoit this morning. I ventured to suggest that they would not get such another tenor in a hurry; and so they made him sing before they put him into the cart, to try, I suppose, how they liked it. Whether he sang too well or too ill to please them, I don’t know, but they drove him off to the guillotine, while I was seeing another prisoner.”

Father Bonneville gave a shudder; but sickness is always more or less selfish, and though naturally one of the most unselfish men in the world, his thoughts speedily reverted to himself. “I trust,” he said, “that there will be no necessity for sending me to the hospital. Did you quite satisfy the good woman?”

“Quite,” replied Doctor L——. “I told her that I would be answerable for your not giving occasion to a funeral from her house, which is what all these good aubergiste fear. I told her, moreover, that when your daughter and your granddaughter arrived from the country, you would very speedily rally.”

“My daughter,” said Father Bonneville, with a faint smile. “I have no daughter but spiritual daughters, my friend.”

“Perhaps we may find you one for the occasion,” said Doctor L——, laughing. “But I will tell you more about it to-morrow; for although you must be, of course, consulted whether you will have a child or not, yet in this case, out of the ordinary course of nature, the child must first be asked whether she likes to be born. In short, I have a scheme in my head, my good friend; but it requires maturing, and the pivot upon which it all turns is your rapid recovery. So take care of yourself; cast care from your mind for the present, and you will speedily be both well and strong again.”

Thus saying, he left him, and for two or three days no event of any importance occurred, except the gradual improvement of Father Bonneville, under the kind and zealous treatment of the good physician.

A PERIOD OF CHANGES.

At the period I speak of there were changes in Paris every day. True, one horror was only succeeded by another, and one fierce tyranny but made place for a tyranny more fierce and barbarous. The condemnation of the king, and his death, which followed shortly after, occupied for a time all thoughts, and filled many a bosom which had previously felt the strongest, nay, even the wildest aspirations for liberty, with gloom, and doubt, and dread. The moment, however, the head of the good king fell upon the scaffold the death-struggle began between the Mountain and the Gironde, and in the many heaves and throes of the contending factions, many persons found opportunity to escape from perils which had previously surrounded them. Although a mere boy at the time, I was quite familiar with the daily history of these events; for they were in every body's mouth, and I might even greatly swell this little memoir, by narrating minutely the various scenes, some terrible, some ludicrous, which I myself beheld. The most terrible was the death of the king, of which, jammed in by the multitude, without a possibility of escape, I was myself present, and within a few yards of the instrument of death. But it is my object to pass as lightly as possible over these young recollections, though many of them were too deeply graven on memory ever to be effaced. I shall never forget, as long as I live, the face of a tall, gaunt man, who was close to me at the moment when the king attempted to speak to the people, and the drums were ordered to beat, to drown the voice of the royal martyr. Rage and indignation and shame were written in every line, and I heard him mutter between his teeth, "Oh, were there but an hundred men in Paris true to France and to themselves!"

My own belief is, that a very few acting at that moment in concert, and fearless of their own safety, might not only have saved the effusion of the king's blood, but might have given a different direction to the revolution, and saved the lives of thousands. However that might be, I went away from the scene with horror, and shut myself up for the rest of the day with good Father Bonneville, who was now able to rise. The physician saw him twice during the day, and once I was sent out of the room for a short time. Doctor L—— spoke jokingly more than once in my presence, of the good priest's daughter and granddaughter, and though I did not see the point of the jest, I imagined it was one way he had of amusing himself.

Father Bonneville, however, seemed to me to humor him strangely, answering him in the same strain, and inquiring when he thought his daughter would arrive.

"I really cannot tell," replied the physician. "But, of course, you will have a letter from her before she comes."

Three days afterward a letter was brought from the post-office, and Father Bonneville examined the seal with a smile. It had not been considered inviolable, that was clear; for either at the post-office or in the hotel, they had thought fit to open the letter without even taking the decent precaution of resealing it again. The

contents of the epistle I saw, and they certainly puzzled me a good deal when first Father Bonneville gave the paper into my hand.

The letter began, “My dear Father,” and went on in the usual strain of a child writing to a parent, telling him how much grieved she was to hear that he had been sick in Paris, expressing fears that he had over-fatigued himself in seeking for news of her dear husband, and informing him that she would soon be in Paris herself, with her little girl, to pursue the inquiry. The letter throughout was filled with a great number of the cant expressions of republicanism, then common, and it ended with declaring that if the writer’s dear husband was dead, she could console herself with the thought that he had died in defense of his country, though she could not bear the idea that he might be lingering ill of his wounds without any affectionate hands to tend him. The letter was addressed to “Citizen Jerome Charlier,” was dated from a provincial town in Poitou, and was signed “Clarisse Bonfin.”

Father Bonneville smiled as he marked the expression of my face in reading the letter; and when I had done, he asked me if I knew who these relations of his were. I replied in the negative, and he answered, nodding his head, “Some whom you know very well; but you must remember, Louis, you are only to know them as my daughter and granddaughter, and as your own aunt and cousin. Call the lady ‘Aunt Clarisse,’ or ‘Aunt Bonfin,’ and the little girl, ‘Mariette Bonfin.’ ”

The last words threw a ray of light upon the whole affair—and I was delighted. There is nothing, I believe, that children love so much as a little mystery, especially boys of thirteen or fourteen; but I had the additional satisfaction of having to play a part in the drama—a task always charming to a child brought up in France. I acted my character rather well, I flatter myself; and when Father Bonneville, well knowing that the letter had been read before it reached him, sent me to talk to our good hostess about rooms for our expected relations, I gave the buxom dame quite enough of Aunt Bonfin and Cousin Mariette, and described them both so accurately, that she could have no doubt of my personal acquaintance with these supposed connections. She thought it best, however, to deal with Citizen Charlier himself in regard to the apartments to be engaged, and visited him in his room for that purpose.

The old gentleman was very taciturn, and seemed to think it a part of his character to drive a hard bargain.

“His daughter,” he said, “was not rich: she had a great deal of hard-work and traveling before her to find out what had become of her husband, who had been wounded if not killed at Jenappes, and she could not afford to throw her money away in inns.” There was a good deal of skirmishing on these points, and a good deal of laughter and jest upon the part of our hostess, who seemed as well contented, and as comfortable as if there were no such thing as a guillotine in the world, though her table d’hôte rather suffered from time to time, in consequence of her guests being deprived of the organs of mastication amongst others. The whole, however, was settled at length, and two days afterward, I was informed that Madame Bonfin had arrived with her daughter in a little post-chaise.

The good priest was not yet well enough to quit his room, but I ran down the dingy stair-case into the court-yard, and as I expected, found Madame de Salins and Mariette just getting out of a dirty little vehicle, with a wooden apron, which bore the name of a cabriolet. Madame de Salins embraced me kindly, and I did not forget to call her Aunt Clarisse, while Mariette literally sprang into my arms, and I thought would have smothered me with caresses. If there had been any doubts previously in the minds of the people of the inn, they were all dissipated by the tenderness of this meeting, and Madame de Salins and her daughter followed me up stairs to the room of good Father Bonneville. One of the waiters accompanied us, but there the meeting was conducted as naturally as it had been below, and the words, "my daughter" and "my father," passed habitually between the good priest and the high-born lady without any pause or hesitation.

Her own apartments were next shown to Madame de Salins, and her baggage was brought up from below, when I remarked that every thing had been carefully marked with the initials C. B., to signify Clarisse Bonfin.

Oh what actors every body in Paris became at that period! Some were so by nature; for very nearly one half of the world is always acting a part. Others did it because it was the tone of the day; and these formed the heroic or tragic band, who did every thing with Roman dignity and firmness, and carried the farce of representation into the very last act of the tragedy. Others were driven to act parts which did not belong to them, by the perils or necessities of their situation; and amongst these, was Madame de Salins, who, dressed somewhat in the *mode paysanne*, was out frequently, went boldly to police offices, and to military authorities, inquiring diligently after her husband, John Bonfin, and demanded intelligence regarding the state and condition of a man who had never existed. A change in the direction of civic affairs, and the decapitation of two or three gentlemen, who had watched her diligently while in her lodging near the Place du Petit Chatelet, had now set her comparatively free, and she used her powers of persuasion, and her liberty, so well, that she obtained letters of recommendation to the medical officers of the armies of Dumouriez and Kellerman, with a satisfactory pass for herself, and her father, with two children. Upon what pretence she made her traveling party so large, I do not know; but she certainly carried her point. She was out more than once at night, too, and I remarked that Mariette was now sent daily to the house of Doctor L——, to bring the bottles of medicine which were still required by Father Bonneville—a task, which I always previously fulfilled.

As the distance was considerable, and the way somewhat intricate, I was permitted to accompany and guide my little companion, as far as the street leading into the Place du Chatelet, but was directed to go no farther, and wait there for her return. I had learned by this time to ask no questions, but I could not help thinking that Mariette often stayed a long time.

I do not know that I was of a very observing disposition, or inclined to be particularly censorious, but one thing I remarked which surprised me a good deal,

and I recollect, quite well, that it gave me uncomfortable feelings. In my first interview with Madame de Salins, she had appeared overwhelmed with grief and terror, her clothes stained with her husband's blood, and a look of wild, almost frantic horror in her face, which was never to be forgotten. Now, however, she had not only completely recovered her composure, but was generally cheerful, and sometimes even gay. Clouds of anxiety, indeed, would occasionally float over her beautiful brow, and she would fall into deep fits of thought; but it often seemed to me very strange that she should have so soon and so completely forgotten the husband, for whom she had seemed to mourn so sincerely. Indeed, there is nothing which so shocks—I might say, so terrifies, the earnest heart of youth, as to perceive how transient are those feelings of which to them life is made up, in the bosoms of persons older, of more experience, and more world-hardened than themselves. I loved Mariette, however, and Mariette loved me, and that was a feeling which I then fondly fancied could never decay or alter.

At length, one day, Father Bonneville declared himself strong enough to go out, and as there was a slight lull at the time in the political storm, we went to see—that is he and I—some places of public interest. I recollect an elderly gentleman coming up and joining in conversation with us, in a very mild and placable tone. The good Father was very much upon his guard, however, and in answer to some questions, said he had been very ill since he had come to Paris, and had enjoyed no opportunity of seeing the sights of the capital till the time of his stay was nearly expired. Whether the old gentleman considered us as very stupid or not I do not know, but he soon left us, and we found afterward that he was one of those worthy public denunciators, who at that time brought so many heads under the axe of the guillotine. He lived to a good old age, and I saw him afterward in London, playing at cards with great devotion, and furnished with a handsome diamond snuff-box.

This little incident, which I have only mentioned as characteristic of the times, had no result that I know of upon our fate. Three days afterward, the two post-chaises were got in order, horses were brought from the post-house, and to my infinite satisfaction we all rolled away together out of that grim city of Paris, which will ever remain associated in my mind with memories of blood and crime. It was a fine day—one of those days in February which come as if to bid us prepare for summer, long ere summer is near, and which I think are more beautiful and striking in France, than in any other country I know. The sunshine lay softly upon the face of the country, and on the top of a tall, bare tree, near the post-house, where we first stopped to change horses, a thrush was pouring forth its evening song, and making the air thrill with melody. I got out of our own little post-chaise to call Mariette's attention to the bird, but when I looked into their cabriolet, to my surprise I saw that Madame de Salins was weeping bitterly. The post-master approached and looked in likewise; but she had great presence of mind, and instantly beckoning the man up, she asked him some questions regarding the movements of the armies, and whether he could give her any news of Citizen Bonfin, who commanded a company in Davoust's volunteers. The man, who seemed to compassionate her greatly, replied

that he could not, and asked if she had any apprehensions regarding him. She answered that the last she had heard of her husband, was, that he had been very severely wounded, but that careful nursing might yet save his life. The good post-master was not a Parisian, nor a litterateur, and so without affecting atheism, he prayed God to bless her endeavors, and we rolled on upon our way.

We went on for two or three hours after dark, and lodged as we found it expedient, at a post-house some little distance from Clermont. There, however, our landlord, the post-master, proposed a change in our arrangements, which was a very agreeable one to me. He laughed at four persons of one family traveling in two post-chaises, assured us that it would be much more convenient for us to go in a larger vehicle, having one to dispose of which would exactly suit us, and that we should save a good deal of money by the number of post-horses. His arguments seemed quite conclusive both to Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins, although he demanded two hundred livres, and our two carriages, for the one he intended to supply, which was not worth two hundred livres in itself. I was surprised at their acquiescence; for I did not believe they had much money to spare; but I rather imagine that they were afraid to oppose any thing he thought fit to suggest, and that if he had known their exact situation, he might have taxed them still more largely. By one contrivance or another, however, the papers of the family had been put into such good order, that no suspicion seems to have been excited any where. Perhaps, indeed, we were too insignificant to attract much attention, and at the end of a four days' journey, we found ourselves rapidly approaching the frontiers of France, somewhat to the right of our then victorious army. This was, perhaps, the most dangerous point of our whole expedition, and at a spot where two hours more would have placed us in security beyond the limits of France, we paused for the night, in order to consider carefully the next step, lest we should lose the fruit of all our exertions at the very moment that it seemed within our grasp.

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A BOY'S MANŒUVRE.

It was decided to drive right toward the frontier, beyond which the advance of the French army has already been considerable. All the country, almost to the banks of the Rhine was virtually in the hands of France; but no general system of administration had been thought of. The people were foreign, monarchical and anti-Gallican, and were ready enough to give every assistance to fugitives from a system which they hated and condemned.

This decision was taken, like all desperate ones, upon the calculation, right or wrong, of the chances. I was in the room when all points were discussed between Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins. Mariette lay sleeping in a corner of her mother's bed, looking like a cherub; but I, more anxious perhaps, and more alive to the real perils of our situation than any one of my age could have been, not

disciplined by the scenes which I had gone through during the last two months, was still up, and listening eagerly for every word. The order was given for the post-horses to be put to, the next morning, and as was necessary, the route was stated.

The post-master showed some little hesitation, saying that the road we proposed to go was directly that to the head-quarters of the army, and that we were none of us military people.

"But I am the wife of a soldier," replied Madame de Salins, at once, and with a tone of dignity, "and these letters are for the surgeons-general of that army, to whom I must deliver them."

She laid her hand upon the packet of letters which she possessed, as she spoke, and the post-master replied in a more deferential tone—"Very well, citoyenne, I dare say it is all right, and I can send you to the frontier; but whether you can get horses beyond or not, I can't tell. Mind, I am not responsible beyond the frontier."

The next morning at the hour appointed the horses were put to the carriage. They were three in number—we had previously had four—and they were harnessed, as was very common then in France, and is now, abreast. The postillion, instead of getting into his great jack-boots, as I had always previously seen, got upon the front seat of the carriage, gathered up the reins, and with the crack of a long whip set out toward the frontier. He was a sullen-looking, dull, uncommunicative person of that peculiar race found in the neighborhood of Liege, and called Walloons; and I, who was sitting with my shoulder close to his, though with my back toward him, and with nothing to intercept our communication—for the carriage was open in front—endeavored in vain to make him speak a word or two, addressing him frequently but obtaining no reply.

At first I supposed that he could speak no French, and at last gave up the undertaking. But I soon found that he could speak French enough when it suited his purpose.

We drove along for about seven miles without meeting a single human being, and seeing very few cultivated fields; for as frontier districts generally are, the land was left nearly untended, nobody caring much to plant harvests that they were never sure of reaping.

We at length came to a rude stone pillar, upon as bleak and desolate a spot as I ever remember to have seen. The ground was elevated, but sloped gently down to the neighboring country both before and behind us. At least three miles of desolate marsh, which retained its moisture, heaven knows how, swept around us on every side, and the only object which denoted human habitation was the outline of a village, with some trees, seen at the distance of some four or five miles on the plain which lay a little below us in advance. When we reached the rude sort of obelisk I have mentioned, the driver drew in his reins, and the horses stopped to breathe, as I supposed, after climbing the hill: but the next moment the man got down from the front seat, and approaching the side at which Father Bonneville sat, demanded his drink-money.

“I will give it you when we reach the next post-house,” said Father Bonneville.

“This is the only post-house I shall take you to,” replied the man sullenly, but in very good French, “I am not bound to go an inch beyond the line.”

The good priest remonstrated mildly, but the postillion answered with great insolence, threatening to take out the horses and leave us there.

Father Bonneville answered without the slightest heat, that he must do so if he pleased; that we were at his mercy; but that he was bound, if possible to take us to the next post-house.

Seeing that this menace had produced no effect upon the quiet and gentle spirit of the good old man, the postillion now determined to try another manœuvre, and grumbled forth that he knew very well we were aristocrats, seeking to fly from the country, and that therefore, like a good citizen, he should turn his horses round, drive us back, and denounce us at the municipality.

I had listened anxiously to the conversation, with a heart beating with the fear of being stopped, and indignation at the man’s conduct. At length a sudden thought struck me—what suggested it I do not know—nor how it arose, nor whether indeed thought had any thing to do with it, though I have called it a thought. It was more an impulse—an instinct—a sudden determination taken without reason, which made me clamber with the activity of a monkey over the back of the seat on which I was sitting, and snatch up the reins and the whip which the postillion had laid down upon the foot-board. I was determined to be out of France at all events, whoever staid behind; and I cut the horses on either flank without waiting to give notice or ask permission. I had once or twice driven a cart, loaded with flour, from the mill by the banks of the stream, up to Father Bonneville’s house and back again. I had not the slightest fear in the world; Father Bonneville cried, “Stop, stop!” but I drove on.

Madame de Salins gave a timid cry of surprise and fear, but I drove on. The postillion ran shouting and blaspheming after the carriage and tried to catch the reins; but I gave him a tremendous cut over the face with the whip, and drove on.

I know not what possessed me; but I seemed as if I was suddenly set free—free from the oppressive shackles of everlasting fear, and forethought and anxiety. The frontier of France was behind me. I was in a land where there were no guillotines—no spies, as I thought—no denouncers—no sans-culottes with bloody heads upon their pikes. I was free—to act, and to think, and to speak, and to come, and to go, as I liked. The cold, leaden, heavy spell of terror which had hung upon me was broke the moment I passed that frontier line, and the first use I made of my disenchantment was to drive the horses down that hill like a madman. Father Bonneville held tight on by the side of the carriage. Madame de Salins caught up Mariette, and clasped her tightly in her arms; but still I drove on without trepidation or pause; not that I disregarded the commands of my good preceptor: not that I was insensible to the alarm of Madame de Salins; but a spirit was upon me that I could not resist. I had no fear, and therefore I saw not why they should have any. The course I was pursuing seemed to my young notions to offer the only chance of

safety, and therefore I thought they ought to rejoice as well as myself; and on I went, making the dry dust of a March day fly up into clouds along our course, and leaving the unhappy postillion, cursing and swearing, far, far behind us.

Happily for me, the horses were docile, and had been long accustomed to run between the two post-houses. If they had had a will of their own, and that will had been contrary to mine, I am very much afraid the majority of heads and legs would have carried the question; but they comprehended the object of which I aimed, and though unaccustomed to the hand that drove them, yielded readily to its direction—which was lucky—for about half-way down the hill there was an enormous stone in the middle of the road, which would have inevitably sent us rolling down into the middle of the valley if either of the off wheels had come in contact with it. The third horse puzzled me a little; but it did not matter. They had but one way to go, and we got to the bottom of the hill without accident.

"Stop them, stop them, Louis," cried Father Bonneville, when all danger was in reality passed.

"I cannot just yet, Father," I replied, tugging a little at the reins, "but they will go slower in a moment themselves;" and for nearly a mile we went on at a full gallop. Then the good beasts fell easily into a canter, with the exception of one, who shook his head and tugged at the rein when I attempted to bring him in, but soon yielded to the influence of example, and was reduced to a trot as speedily as the other two.

When our pace was brought to a speed of about eight miles an hour, I looked round joyously into the carriage, saying—"We have left that rogue far behind."

"Louis, Louis, you should not have done this!" exclaimed Father Bonneville, shaking his head.

But Madame do Salins put her hand on his arm, saying, "He has saved us, Father. Do not—do not check such decision and presence of mind. Remember he is to be a man, and such qualities will be needful to him."

I was very proud of her praise: got the horses easily into a quiet, ordinary pace, and drove directly into the village which we had seen from above, and where, as I had expected, the post-house was to be found.

The horses stopped of their own accord at the door, and we soon had two or three people round us. Thanks to Father Bonneville's peculiar skill in acquiring languages, the people who seemed good and kindly disposed, were soon made acquainted with as much of our story as was necessary to tell. They entered into our cause warmly; but the post-master—or rather the post-mistress's son—a little in awe of the French army, some thirty or forty miles distant, strongly advised that we should proceed without delay, lest our French postillion should come up, and embarrass the authorities by demanding our apprehension.

The advice was very palatable to us all; the French horses were unharnessed in a few minutes; four fresh ones—somewhat fat and slow, indeed—were attached to the

carriage; and Father Bonneville conscientiously deposited with the post-master the "*pour boire*," or drink-money, for our abandoned postillion, with a couple of livres additional for the long walk he had to take.

It mattered little now whether we went fast or slow; for we were in a hospitable country, and amongst friendly people, and ere nightfall we were many miles beyond pursuit.

[*To be continued.*

MADELINE.

A LEGEND OF THE MOHAWK.[3]

BY MRS. MARY O. HORSFORD.

WHERE the waters of the Mohawk
Through a quiet valley glide,
From the brown church to her dwelling
She that morning passed a bride;
In the mild light of October
Beautiful the forest stood,
As the Temple on Mount Zion
When God filled its solitude.

Very quietly the red leaves
On the languid zephyr's breath,
Fluttered to the mossy hillocks
Where their sisters slept in death:
And the white mist of the autumn
Hung o'er mountain-top and dale,
Soft and filmy as the foldings
Of the passing bridal veil.

From the field of Saratoga,
At the last night's eventide,
Rode the groom—a gallant soldier
Flushed with victory and pride;
Seeking as a priceless guerdon
From the dark-eyed Madeline
Leave to lead her to the altar
When the morrow's sun should shine.

All the children of the village,
Decked with garlands white and red,
All the young men and the maidens
Had been up to see her wed;
And the aged people, seated

In the doorways, ’neath the vine,
Thought of their own youth, and blessed her
As she left the house divine.

Pale she was, but very lovely,
With a brow so calm and fair,
When she passed the benediction
Seemed still falling on the air.
Strangers whispered they had never
Seen who could with her compare,
And the maidens looked with envy
On her wealth of raven hair.

In the glen beside the river,
In the shadow of the wood,
With wide open doors for welcome,
Gambrel-roofed the cottage stood,
Where the festal board was waiting,
For the bridal guests prepared,
Laden with a feast, the humblest
In the little village shared.

Every hour was winged with gladness,
Whilst the sun went down the west,
Till the chiming of the church bell
Told to all the hour for rest:
Then the merry guests departed—
Some a camp’s rude couch to bide;
Some to bright homes—each invoking
Blessings on the gentle bride.

Tranquilly the morning sunbeam
Over field and hamlet stole,
Wove a glory round each red leaf,
And effaced the frost-king’s scroll.
Eyes responded to its greeting
As a lake’s still waters shine,
Young hearts bounded—and a gay group
Sought the home of Madeline.

Bird-like voices ’neath the casement
Chanted through the fragrant air
A sweet orison for wakening—

Half thanksgiving and half prayer.
But no white hand raised the curtain
From the vine-clad panes before;
No light form with buoyant footstep
Hastened to fling wide the door.

All was silent in the dwelling—
All so silent a chill fear
Of some unseen ill crept slowly
Through the gay group waiting near.
Moments seemed as hours in passing,
Till the mild-eyed man drew nigh,
Who had blessed the blushing orphan
Ere the yester sun was high.

He, with glance of dark foreboding,
Passed the threshold of the door;
Paused not where a crimson torrent
Curdled on the oaken floor:
But sought out the bridal-chamber—
God in Heaven! could it be
Madeline who knelt before him
In that trance of agony?

Cold, inanimate beside her,
By the ruthless Cow-boys slain
In the night-time whilst defenseless,
He—the brave—she loved was lain.

O’er her snowy dress were scattered
Stains of deep and fearful dye,
And the soul’s glance beamed no longer
From her tearless, vacant eye.
Round her slight form hung the tresses
Braided oft with pride and care,
Silvered by that night of madness
With its anguish and despair.

She lived on to see the roses
Of another summer wane,
But the light of reason never
Shone in her sweet eyes again.
Once, where blue and sparkling waters

Through a verdant forest run,
And the green boughs kiss the current,
Wandered I at set of sun.

Twilight, as a silver shadow,
O’er the softened landscape lay,
When amid a rambling village
Paused I in my wandering way:
Plain and gray the church before me
In the quiet grave-yard stood,
And the woodman’s axe resounded
Faintly from the neighboring wood.

Through the low, half-open wicket,
Slightly worn, a pathway led—
Silently I paced its windings,
Till I stood among the dead.
Passing by the grave memorials
Of departed worth and fame,
Long I paused before a record
That no pomp of words could claim.

Simple was the slab, and lowly,
Shaded by a jessamine,
And the single name recorded,
Plainly writ, was “Madeline.”
But beneath it, through the clusters
Of the jessamine, I read
“Spes,” engraved in bolder letters—
This was all the marble said.

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[3] A detail of the incident related in the poem may be found among the records of the Revolutionary War.

MOORISH MEMORIES.

(SUGGESTED BY A TILE FROM THE ALHAMBRA—THE GIFT OF THOMAS H. HYATT, ESQ., LATE CONSUL-GENERAL TO THE BARBARY STATES.)

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

AN hour of precious romance I owe, my friend, to thee,
And on the wings of Fancy my spirit crossed the sea;
The same transporting magic did to thy gift belong
That sparkled in Aladdin's Lamp, old theme of Eastern song!
An Andalusian summer clad earth in brightest guise—
Gave dark green to the foliage, deep azure to the skies,
And sternly mountain-barriers up reared their crests of snow,
While palace-spire and minaret flashed at their feet below.

Approached by winding avenues, Grenada lay in sight—
Gay pleasure-grounds and gardens basked in the dazzling light;
To groves of palm and cypress flocked birds of plumage rare,
And happy genii were afloat upon enchanted air.
Throned on a height, commanding the Darro's vale of flowers,
I saw the red Alhambra's tall battlements and towers;
Oh! would that mine were language to paint its pictured walls,
Its colonnades and court-yards, its galleries and halls.

Methought the dreams of childhood were realized at last,
And magic hands uplifted a pall that hid the past,
While looking on its panels with colored stones inlaid,
And alabaster vases on which the sunbeam played.
In gem-embroidered kaftan, and grave with cares of state,
Dispensing equal justice, a king was at the gate—
The hajib[4] was in waiting to hear his high command,
And in the foreground gathered proud nobles of the land.

Luxurious rooms I entered through quaintly carven doors,
And trod on fretted pavements and tessellated floors;
And in secluded chambers, for beauty's use designed,

On gorgeous silken cushions voluptuous forms reclined.
To win their smiles full often had gallant cavaliers
Met with a shock, like thunder, at the Tournament of Spears,
And all had won the homage by Love and Valor paid,
When, under moon-lit balconies awoke the serenade.

Xarifa, rose of sunset—Zoroyda, star of dawn!
Ye never can be numbered with things of beauty gone:
Poetical embalmment bestows a glorious light,
That frights away the minions of darkness, dust and blight.
Umbrageous courts I traversed, where lime and orange grew,
And fig and date their shadows on beds of roses threw,
Then bathed in perfumed waters, and listened to the sound
Of singing founts diffusing a grateful coolness round.

While silvery Xenil wandered through blooming bower and plain,
Back came once more the splendor of Moorish rule in Spain;
I heard the stormy clarion, the atabal's deep roll,
And felt the joy of battle awake within my soul.
Elvira's gates unfolded, and, grim with many a scar,
A host of Moorish horsemen rode fiercely forth to war;
The standard of the Prophet above them was unrolled,
And dallied with the lifting wind its green and golden fold.

Gemmed saddle-cloth and armor were blinding to the gaze,
And burnished lance and scimetar flashed back the sunbeam's blaze,
While prancing in the van, as if their nostrils scented gore,
The milk-white steeds of Yemen, king, sheick and emir bore.
When fled that martial pageant, like vapor on the gale,
Woke on the banks of Darro a startling voice of wail,
And tones so full of sweetness and wild, despairing wo,
Were never heard by listening ear from mortal lips to flow.

LAMENT FOR GRENADA.

Alas for thee, Grenada!
Thy Crescent waned away
When traitors leagued to shatter
Thy mace of royal sway.
Unworthy of the mother
That warmed them into life,
They heard the Gothic trumpet,
And armed not for the strife.
Look round! an earthly paradise
Is changed into a tomb,
A blight is on thy loveliness,
And mildew on thy bloom;
Where streamed the Moorish pennon
Triumphantly of old,
Decay and mournful silence
Divided empire hold.

Alas for thee, Grenada!
Thy chiefs are shadows now,
And ashes have been sprinkled
Upon thy crownless brow:
Thy glory is departed,
Thy day of pomp is o'er,
And "Allah illah Allah!"
Is a battle-cry no more.
Castilian valor vainly
To cloud thy glory strove
Ere Treachery within thy walls
His cunning web-work wove;
By bloody parricidal hands
Inflicted was the blow
That brought thee, gem of cities!
In all thy grandeur low.

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[4] Prime Minister.

MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

THIS masterpiece of Mozart must always stand as the highest type of musical drama. Yet most persons who go to this famous opera for the first time, and look over the libretto, are disappointed in a worse sense than the travelers who complain of the first unimposing view of Niagara. It seems to them a waste of so much fine music, to couple it with the mere story of a desperate rake, (a young cavalier *estremamente licenzioso*, as he is set down in the list of characters,) who, after running a most extravagant career, is brought to judgment in a marvelous way; namely, by his inviting in jest the statue of an old man whom he had murdered, the father of the noble lady he had sought to ruin, to sup with him; and by being surprised in the midst of his feast by the statue in good earnest, with the whole *posse comitatûs* of the nether world rising to claim him! We are at a loss at first to account for the charm of so vulgar and grotesque a tissue of absurdities. Yet there is a meaning in it that concerns us all.

Don Juan is one of the permanent, traditional types of character; and Mozart's music sympathetically, instinctively, rather than with any conscious philosophical purpose, brings out the essence of it. The gay gallant, magnetic disturber of every woman's peace that comes within his sphere, is not intended for that vulgar sensualist, that swaggering street-rake, which caricatures the part in most performances we may have seen. The true conception of Mozart's Don Juan is that of a gentleman, to say the least, and more than that, a man of genius; a being, naturally full of glorious passion, large sympathies, and irrepressible energies; noble in mind, in person, and in fortune; a large, imposing, generous, fascinating creature. Dramatically he is made a little more than human, yet in a purely human direction. He is such as we all are, "only more so," to borrow an expressive vulgarism. Remarkably is he such as Mozart himself was. He is a sort of ideal impersonation of two qualities, or springs of character, raised as it were to the highest power, projected into supernatural dimensions—which is only the poet's and musician's way of truly recognizing the element of infinity in every passion of the human soul, since not one ever finds its perfect satisfaction. Mozart in his own life knew them too well, these two springs or sources of excitement! They are: (1.) the genial temperament, the exquisite zest of pleasure, the sensibility to every charm and harmony of sense, amounting to enthusiasm, and content with nothing short of ecstasy; that appetite for outward beauty, which lends such a voluptuous, Titian coloring to his music. And (2.) as the crowning enthusiasm of the young, fresh soul,

as the highest mortal foretaste of celestial bliss, the sentiment of sexual love—that sentiment which is the key-note of every opera. In Mozart, music appears as the peculiar native language of these passions, these experiences. His music is all fond sensibility, pure tranquillity of rapture, and most luxurious harmony of soul and sense; and therefore in him we have the finest development of the dramatic element in music. The two together make the genuine Giovanni creed—the creed of Mozart and of Music—the natural creed and religion of joy. This free and perfect luxury of passion and fruition, Mozart imagines raised (as we have said) to the highest power, in the hero of the old tradition. His Don Juan is a grand believer in the passions and in pleasure; he is the splendid champion and Titan of that side of the problem of life, a superb vindicator of the senses. He stands before us in the glorious recklessness of self-assertion and protests against the soul-and-passion-starving conventionality, the one-sided, frigid spiritualism of an artificial, priest-ridden, Mammon-worshiping society; opposing to those meshes of restraint his own intense consciousness of *being*, (with a blind instinct that it is good, divine at bottom, and only needing to appear in its own natural language of a Mozart's music to prove this;) strong in the faith, against the world, that JOY, JOY is the true condition and true sign of life; but blindly seeking to realize this in the ecstatic lawlessness of love, which necessarily involves sooner or later a proportional reaction of the outraged Law and Wisdom of the Universe.

Excessive love of pleasure, helped by a rare magnetism of character, and provoked by the suppressive moralism of the times, have engendered in him a reckless, roving, insatiable appetite, which each intrigue excites and disappoints, until the very passion in which so many souls are first taught the feeling of the Infinite, becomes a fiend in his breast and drives him to a devilish love of power that exults over woman's ruin, or rather, that does not mind how many hearts and homes fall victims to his unqualified assertion of the everywhere rejected and *snubbed* faith in Passion. The buoyant impulse, generous and good in the first instance, goes on thus undoubtingly, defying bounds, till it becomes pure willfulness, and the first flush of youth and nobleness is hardening to Satanic features. The beauty and the loveliness of woman have lost to him now all their sacredness; they are mere fuel to the boundless ambition of a passion which knows no delight beyond the brief excitement of intrigue and sensual indulgence. He becomes the impersonation and supernatural genius of one of the holiest springs of human sentiment *perverted*, because *denied*; and he roams the earth a beautiful, terrible, resistless, fallen angel, and victim after victim are quaffed up by his hot breath of all-devouring passion. And so he perseveres until Hell claims its own in the awful consummation of the supper scene. Art could not choose a theme more fraught with meaning and with interest. It is still the old theme and under-current of Opera: the Body and the Soul;[5] the Liberty of passion, unmeet for its own guidance, in conflict with the Law, intensely narrowed down by social custom from God's great law of universal harmony.

The character of Don Juan, thus conceived, this splendid embodiment of the

free, perfect, unmisgiving luxury of sense and passion, would be no character at all, but only an absurdity, an impossibility in the spoken drama. There is no prose about it; nothing literal and sober; take away the exaltation, the rhythmical nature of it, and it falls entirely to the ground. Only Music could conceive and treat it; Music, which is the language of the ideal, innermost, *potential* life, and not of the actual life. But music equally does justice to both sides of the fact. In this triumphant career of passion, inasmuch as it is among men and laws and sympathies and social customs, a fearful retribution is foreshadowed. But not in *him*, not in this Titan of the senses, this projected imagination of unlimited enjoyment and communion. It is through the music that the shuddering presentiment continually creeps. Through music, which in acknowledging the error, in laying bare the fatal discord, at the same time symbolizes its resolution. Through music, in whose vocabulary sin and suffering and punishment are never final; in whose vivid coloring the great doom itself is but a vista into endless depths of harmony and peace and unexclusive bliss beyond.

The splendid sinner's end is rather melodramatic in the opera; and yet there is a poetic and a moral truth in it; and the spectre of the *Commendatore* is a creation fully up to Shakspeare. No man ever literally came to that; but many have come to dread it. Beings, as we are, so full of energies and of exhaustless passional promptings to all sorts of union and acquaintance with the rest of being; urged, just in proportion to the quantity of life in us, to seek most intimate relationship all round, materially and spiritually, we dread the mad excess of our own pent up forces. Surrounded by set formulas; denied free channels corresponding to our innate tendencies and callings; plagued by traditions, and chafed by some social discipline, in which the soul sees nothing it can understand, except it be the holy principle of Order in the abstract, do we not often start to see what radicalism lurks in every genuine spring of life or passion, in everything spontaneous and lovable? Who, more than the pleasure-loving, sympathy-seeking, generous, child-like, glorious, imaginative, sensitive, ecstatic, sad Mozart, would be apt to shudder in dreams, in the night solitudes of his over-worked, and feverish and wakeful brain, before the colossal shadow of what possibly *he* might become through excess of the very qualities that made him diviner than common mortals? This allegory can certainly be traced through "Don Giovanni." The old governor or commander, whom he kills, personates the Law. The cold, relentless marble statue, that stalks with thundering foot-fall into the middle of his solitary orgies alter him, is the stern embodiment of custom and convention, which he defies to the end, and boldly grasps the proffered stony hand, from an impulse stronger than his terrors.

It is an old Middle-Age Catholic story. Under many forms it had been dramatized and poetized as a warning to sinners, before Da Ponte[6] found it so much to the purpose of Mozart, when he wanted to do his best in an opera composed expressly for his dear and own peculiar public at Prague. Coarse as the story seems, perhaps the conflict between good and evil in the human soul was never represented in a better type. It was for Mozart's music to show that. That in adopting it for

music he had any metaphysical idea at all about it, there is no need of supposing. His instinct found in it fine sphere for all his many moods of passion and of music. Here he could display all his universality of musical culture, and his Shaksperian universality of mind. Genius *does* its work first; the theory of it is what an appreciating, philosophical observer must detect in it when done. "They builded better than they knew." Love, if it was the ruling sentiment of Mozart's nature, was for that very reason his chief danger. If it was almost his religion and taught his soul its own infinite capacity, so also seemed the danger therefrom infinite, raising presentiments and visions of some supernatural abyss of ruin, yawning to receive the gay superstructure of man's volatile enjoyments here in time. Life, power, love, pleasure, crime, futurity and judgment—and a faith left beyond *that!*—what dream more natural, what circle of keys more obvious to modulation, to a soul, whose strings are all attuned to love and melody, whose genius is a powerful demon waiting on its will, and whose present destiny is cast here in a world so false and out of tune that, to so strong a nature, there seems no alternative besides wild excess upon the one hand, or a barren sublimity of self-denial on the other.

In this old legend the worldly and the supernatural pass most naturally into one another. Don Juan, gifted with all the physical and intellectual attributes of power, urged by aspirations blind but uncontainable, full of the feeling of *life*, and resolved to LIVE, if possible, so fully as to fill all with himself and never own a limit, (and this is only a perversion of the true desire to live in harmony *with* all,) finds the tempting shadow of this satisfaction in the love of woman, and the poor bird flutters charmed and trembling toward his fascinating glance. Imagine now the elegant, full-blooded, rich, accomplished and seductive gallant on his restless rout of pleasures and intrigues. At his side his faithful knave, droll Leporello, expostulating with his master very piously sometimes, yet bound to him by potent magnetism, both of metal and of character (for passion like Giovanni's *will* be served.) Leporello is the foil and shadow to his master, and adds to the zest of his life-long intoxication by the blending of the comic with this exquisite wild fever of the blood. Throughout the whole he plays the part of contrast and brings all back to reality and earth again, lest the history should take too serious possession of us. He is the make-weight of common sense tossed into the lighter scale. He justifies its original title of "Don Giovanni, *un drama giocoso*;" for this opera is tragedy and comedy and what you please, the same heterogeneous yet harmonious compound that life itself is. He on the one side gives a dash of charlatanry to Don Juan, just as on the other side he borders on the supernatural. Mark the poetic balance and completeness here: this passion-life of Don Juan has its outward and its inward comment: on the one side Leporello, on the other the supernatural statue and the bodily influx of hell. On the one side it is comic, grotesque and absurd; on the other, it is fearful. Seen in one light he is a charlatan, a splendid joke; seen in the other, he is an unfolding demon and a type of doom; while in his life he is but the free development of human passion in human circumstances. Man always walks between these two mirrors! One shows his shadow, as of destiny, projected, ever-widening, into the Infinite,

where it grows vague and fearful. The other takes him in the act, and literally pins down all his high strivings and pretensions to such mere matter of fact, that he becomes ridiculous.

We come now to the Opera itself, which we can only examine very briefly and unequally, touching here and there. Were we to set about it thoroughly, our article would soon overflow all magazine bounds, since there is not a scene, an air, a bit of recitative, from the beginning to the end, that would not challenge our most critical appreciation.

And first the Overture, composed, they say, in the single night before the first public performance of the opera in Prague; his wife keeping him awake to his work by punch and anecdotes and fairy tales, that made him laugh till the tears ran down his cheeks; and only ready for the orchestra (which had not its equal in all Europe) to play at sight without rehearsal. He may have *written* it that night, that is to say, have copied it out of his head. It was his habit of composition; his musical conceptions shaped themselves whole in his brain, and were carried about there for days until the convenient time to put them upon paper; and it is not possible that his brain that time could have been without an overture, since there the opera existed as a perfect whole, and in that glowing and creative mood, the instrumental theme and preface to the same must have floated before him as naturally as the anticipation of his audience. Moreover, the first movement of it, the Andante, is essentially the same music with the grand and awful finale of the opera, and is properly put first in the overture (whose office it is to prepare the hearer's mind) as the grand end and moral of the piece. Accordingly it opens with three stern, startling crashes on the chord of D minor, the sub-bass dividing the measure into equal halves, but the upper parts syncopated; then a pause, and then the same repeated in the Dommant—like the announcement of a power not to be trifled with. Then a series of wild modulations, full of terror, enhanced by the unearthly brass and low reed tones, surging through chromatic intervals, which make the blood creep, and presently overtopped by a pleading melody of the first violins, while a low, feeble whimper of the second violins is heard all the time like the moaning of the wind about an old house. Then alternate sharp calls and low, tremulous pauses; the ground quakes; the din becomes more fearful; the melody begins to traverse up and down all kinds of scales, through intervals continually shifting, and expressive of all manner of uncertainty, like the quick and fruitless runs in all directions of a beast surrounded by the hunters. It is like the breaking up of the familiar foundations of things, that unsettling of the musical Scale!—All this is brief, for it is but a synopsis and foreshadowing of the last scene in the opera. The string instruments then dash off, in the major of the key, into a wild, reckless kind of Allegro, than which there could not be a better musical correspondence of the general subject, that is, of the restless, mischievous career of one outraging all the social instincts and defying all pursuit. This spends itself at leisure, softening at the close toward the genial F natural, the

key of nature and the senses, where the overture is merged into the dramatic introduction.

The curtain rises. Scene, a garden in Spain. Time, just before daybreak. Leporello, cloaked, with a lantern, paces watchfully to and fro before a noble villa, and sings with heavy bass of his drudgeries and dangers in the service of his graceless master; kindling half seriously at the thought how fine a thing it would be to play the gallant and the gentleman himself. The light and exquisite accompaniment of the instruments meanwhile is like the softness of a summer night, and seems to count the moments of pleasure. The dreams of the valet are soon disturbed. Don Juan, his face hid by his mantle, rushes from the house, struggling from the grasp of Donna Anna, who, pale and disheveled, clings to him convulsively, and seeks to detain and to discover the bold, mysterious man, who has dared thus to invade her privacy and her honor. Her hurried and accusing melody, in these snatches of recitative, is full of a dignity and a pure and lofty fire that characterize alike her person and the whole music of her port. With drawn sword in one hand, and a torch in the other, her old father, the Commendatore (commander of a religious order) rushes out and challenges the bravo, who deals him a death-thrust. The startlingly vivid orchestral picture, which accompanies and as it were guides these sword thrusts, is followed by a slow, mournful trio of bass voices, in which are gloomily contrasted the scornful triumph of Don Juan, the dying wail and warning of the old man, and the comic terror of Leporello. Nothing could be more thrillingly impressive; that music could mean nothing else but death stalking suddenly into the very midst of life! Then comes the passionate outpouring of the daughter's grief, and that inimitable scene of the most musical as well as most dramatic dialogue in the whole range of the lyric drama. It is the perfection of recitative. What exquisite tenderness and sincerity of sorrow in that violin figure which accompanies her inquiry for her father, (*padre mio*,) when she first recovers from her swoon! How sweet and comforting that fall of the seventh, where Ottavio tells her: *Hai sposo e padre in me* (Thou hast husband and father in me!) And how fiery and grand the passage where she inspires the tame lover with that sublimely solemn oath of revenge, and the hot, scouring blast of their swift and wonderful duett which follows it. In all this there is no delicate touch of feeling, no spiritual token of great passion and great purpose, possible to voice or instruments, omitted; no note omissible or of slight significance. Here is an opening of most pregnant import. One scene of moderate length has impressed us, as by the power of fate, to the seeing through of the profoundest drama of life. Here we have witnessed, as it were, the first reaction of the eternal Law, the first hint of destiny in this splendid libertine's thus far irresistible career. Already is this almost superhuman pleasure-hunt of genius past its climax, and the dread note of retribution is already sounded.

The next scene introduces us to one of the personified reproaches of Don Juan's better nature. As the Don and his man are plotting new adventures, a lady passes, in hat and feathers, with excited air, and, as they retreat into the shade to note her, she pours out her most musical complaint against the traitor who has played falsely with

her heart. The introductory symphony or ritornel, in E flat major, by its bold and animated strain indicates the high-spirited and passionate nature now before us, whose song of ever constant though wronged love, to words that would fain threaten terrible revenge, commences the Terzetto, mainly solo, to which the mocking by-play of the Don and Leporello, accompanied by a mocking figure of the instruments, supplies the other two parts. As he steps up to offer consolation to the lady, he recognizes his own simple, loving, poor deserted mistress, Donna Elvira, and while the same mocking instrumental figure leaves the song hanging in the air, as it were, without any cadence or any close, he slips away and leaves the task of explanation to the disconcerted servant. There is an ardent, passionate yearning in this as in all of Elvira's melodies, which climb high and are perhaps the most difficult in the opera. The character is seldom conceived truly by the actress. Interpreted by its music, its intention is distinct enough. Elvira is no half-crazed, foolish thing; but one of the highest moral elements in the *personnel* of the opera; next in dignity, at least, to Donna Anna. However she may appear in the libretto and in the common usage of the stage, Mozart in his music makes her the soul of ardent and devoted love and constancy, still fondly hoping in the deeper, better self of the man who has trifled with her; like a sweet, genuine ray of sun shine, always indicating to Don Juan a chance of escape from the dark labyrinthine fatality of crime in which he goes on involving himself; always offering him true love for false.

Let her not listen then (like the silly girl we commonly see upon the stage, half-magnetized out of a weak sorrow into a weaker involuntary yielding to the ludicrous) to the exquisitely comic appeal of Leporello, when the vain-glorious fellow unrolls his tremendous list of his master's conquests among the fair sex, enumerating the countries, ranks, styles of beauty, etc. The melody of this "Catalogue Song" is altogether surpassing. It is the perfection of *buffo,* as we have before had the perfection of serious recitative. After naming the numbers for Italy, Germany, etc., when it comes to the climax (Elvira's own land): *Ma in Espagna mille e trè*, [But in Spain one thousand and three,] it is ludicrously grave; the orchestra meanwhile has chopped the measure into short units, alternate instruments just touching different points of height and depth, till they seem at last to count it all up on the fingers, first downward in the tripping *pizzicato* scale of the violins, then upward in gruff confirmation in the basses. In the slow time, where it comes to the specification of the different qualities of beauty, the *grande maëstosa*, the *piccina*, etc., the melody is one of the most beautiful and pathetic that could be imagined. One wonders how Mozart could have expended such a wealth of melody upon so light a theme; it seems as lavish a disproportion of means to end, as when we read of travelers roasting their eggs in the cinders of Vesuvius. But such was the musical fullness and integrity of Mozart; the genial vein, once opened, *would* run only pure gold; and his melodies and harmonies are not merely proportioned to the specialities of the subject, but are at every moment moulded in the style and spirit of the whole work. Besides, the comedy consists here in the contrast of a pathetic melody with a

grotesque thought. Moreover the whole thing is truer in the fact, that not only Leporello's, but Don Juan's own melodies, as indeed the very nature of music, seem mournfully to rebuke the desperado. In the most comic and most bacchanalian strains, the music saddens with a certain vague presentiment of the fearful *dénouement* of the drama.

The Don's next adventure is the meeting of a gay group of peasants at a wedding festival, where he attempts to seduce away the pretty bride, Zerlina, whose naïve and delicious songs, right out of a simple, good, loving heart, a little coquettish withal, are among the purest gems of the piece, and have mingled their melody with the civilized world's conceptions of truth and nature and the charm of innocence. Those of our readers who have enjoyed with us the privilege of hearing and seeing a worthy, indeed a perfect personation of Zerlina, by that refined and charming artist, Signora Bosio, will need no words to give them a just conception of the character, and of its music, which is as individual as that of Anna or Elvira. Suffice it to say, that the simplicity, the tenderness and the coquetry of this pretty peasant, have the natural refinement of a superior nature. Mozart must have been in love with the part. The rustic chorus opening this scene, in which the bridal pair lead off, is one of perfect simplicity, (Allegro, 6—8 time,) and yet inimitable beauty. The Duett, *La ci darem la mano*, in which Don Juan overcomes the hesitation of the dazzled, spell-bound girl, breathes the undoubted warmth of passion; few simple souls could be proof against such an eloquent confession. Indeed the *sincerity* of all this music is a great part of its charm; it has never the slightest symptom of any striving for effect, and yet it is consummate art; it flows directly out of the characters and situations and the dramatic tendency of the whole. The poor girl is rescued this time by the entrance of an experienced guardian angel, who sees through the case at once. It is Donna Elvira, who, just as she is tripping away with the fascinator to the gay, consenting tune of *Andiam*, (let us go,) snatches the bird from his hands. Her song of warning to the simple one, *Ah! fuggi 'l traditor*, is a strangely elaborate Handelian aria, so different in style from the rest of the opera that it is never performed. As if all things conspired to confound the traitor, Donna Anna and her lover also enter, (Zerlina having withdrawn,) and here ensues that wonderful Quartette, *Non ti fidar*, in which each voice-part is a character, a melody of a distinct genius, and all wrought into a perfect unity. Elvira warns Anna and Ottavio against confiding in this generous-looking Don, whose aid they have unwittingly bespoken in their search for the murderer of the first scene (namely himself;) Don Juan declares that she is crazy, and not to be minded; the others are divided between pity for her and respect for such a gentleman; and all these strands are twisted into one of the finest concerted pieces in all opera. It is one of those peculiar triumphs of opera which make it so much more dramatic than the spoken drama; for here you have four characters expressing themselves at once, with entire unity of effect, yet with the distinctest individuality. The music makes you instantly clairvoyant to the whole of them; you do not have to wait for one after the other to speak; there is a sort of song-transparency of all at once; the common chord of all

their individualities is struck. Especially is this achieved in the concerted pieces, the quartettes, trios, and so forth, of Mozart, which are beyond comparison with most of those in the Italian opera of the day, since the harmony in them is not the mere coloring of one thought, but the interweaving of so many distinct individualities.

Zerlina is saved, but by arrangement with her protectors agrees to go up to the Don's palace, whither Leporello has conducted the whole wedding party, and even coaxed along the jealous bridegroom. A scene ensues between Donna Anna and her lover. The orchestra, in a few startling and almost discordant shrieks, indicates the intense excitement of her mind, for, as Don Juan took his leave, she recognized the look and voice of one whom she had too much cause to remember; and in impassioned bursts of hurried recitative, alternating with the said spasmodic bits of instrumentation, she exclaims, *Quegli è il carnefice del mio padre*, (this man is my father's murderer,) and in the same grandly lyric style, rising higher and higher, she tells Ottavio the story of her outrage. Having reached the climax, this magnificent recitative becomes melody, and completes itself in the sublime Aria, *Or tu sai*, "Now thou knowest who attempted my honor," etc. There can be nothing greater, more Minerva-like in dignity and high expression of the soul of justice outraged, and at the same time full of all feminine tenderness and beauty, in the whole range of opera or drama. And it is Music, it is Mozart that has done it all. We have here the character of Donna Anna in its most sublime expression; a character that transcends mere personal relations, that bears a certain mystical relationship with the higher power beginning to be felt in the development of this human history. In this song she rises, as it were, to the dignity of an impersonation of the moral principle in the play, and this high sentiment of hers is like a foretaste of the coming fate and supernatural grandeur, which are to form the never to be forgotten finale of the piece. Elvira is entirely in the sphere of the personal; she *loves* Don Juan to the last, and like the simple good humanity that still appeals to him though still rejected. But Anna is superhuman and divine; she reveals the interworking of the Infinite in all these finite human affairs; to Heaven, rather than to Ottavio, is her appeal; and from beyond this life she looks to see the vindicator of her cause appear. The loftiness of the music just considered, and the stately trumpet-tones of the orchestra, which always herald the entrance of Donna Anna and her party, connect her unmistakably with the marvelous elements of the drama; she is Feeling prophesying Justice; she is Faith in the form of woman; and the singer who could perfectly present Donna Anna would be worthy to sing Handel's song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

From one extreme we pass to its opposite. In strongest possible contrast with the high moral passion of this last, is what now follows. We have a song embodying the very frenzied acme of Don Juan's zest of sensual pleasure. He directs Leporello about the feast, and trolls off, like one possessed, his famous champagne song, *Finch'an del vino*, whose rapidity and glorious *abandon* are too much for almost all the baritones; those, in whose dragging utterance it does not become commonplace, are apt to give it with a swaggering glibness, and a coarseness that has nothing of

the fine champagne enthusiasm about it. In this song and that last of Donna Anna's the two electric poles, as it were, of the whole play, have met. And now for the pretty episode of peasant life again; the inimitably sweet, insinuating, loving song in which repentant little Zerlina seems to invite chastisement from her offended, jealous lover, *Batti, batti, O bell' Masetto,* (beat me, beat me, dear Masetto!). With what soft tendrils of melody, enhanced by the delicious instrumentation, she steals around his senses and his heart! And to what unaffected rapture (to say nothing of a little coquettish triumph) the strain changes when he forgives her, as she knew he would! This seems a very simple song, but it is the perfection of art. O that Mozart could go into ecstasies with his own pet Zerlina, hearing Bosio sing this!

We have now reached the musical Finale of the first act, though there is much shifting of scenes and characters before the last grand *ensemble,* which is the ball in the Don's palace. But these only suspend, to wonderfully enhance, the final stroke. We can only enumerate the delicious series of ever new and characteristic musical ideas preliminary to the feast: (1.) Masetto urging Zerlina to hide herself—how full of the bustle of approaching splendors is the music during this little hurried duett! (2.) The Don's voice stimulating the peasants to the coming mirth, with their responsive chorus. (3.) Then his discovery of the shy bird and half reclaimal of her love, with his blank surprise (so perfectly depicted in the sudden modulation of the music) as he leads her off only to meet the watchful bridegroom: *Masetto si, Masetto*! (during all which the light twittering phrases of the accompaniment make the whole atmosphere instinct with joys expected.) (4.) Then, as the instruments suddenly change to a cautious, half-hushed, tip-toe melody, unflagging in its speed, yet in the minor mood, (for these have no festivity in their hearts that now come) the entrance of Donna Elvira, Donna Anna, and Don Ottavio, in black dominos, and masked to the outward eye, though each betrayed by a distinctive style of melody. (5.) Then the sounding (from within the house) of that stately *minuett,* a strain which everybody knows and loves, and still as fresh as when first written, here introduced as a mere foretaste of itself, and of the ball, and made the musical ground-work of lordly courtesy and hospitality to the salutations of Don Juan and Leporello, who appear above at the window, and invite the maskers in. (6.) The surpassing Trio, in which the three, lingering on the threshold, invoke Heaven's protection to innocence ensnared. Can any other opera show such an exuberance of musical ideas in the same space? And it is all *en passant,* all incidental to what follows, to what now bursts instantly upon the view as the back scene is withdrawn, and you see all the crowd and splendor of the ball-room, and are transported by the indescribably rich Finale, that ever climbing, widening *crescendo* and accumulation of all musical effects, till the climax is reached in a general storm and inundation of harmony. The simple, gay, continuous six-eight melody, to which the whole brilliant spectacle moves at first, is the very soul of festivity. Suddenly there is a full chord in C from the whole orchestra, with trumpets, and a stately, march-like strain, preluding the entrance of the three in masks, with the lordly welcome of the Amphytrion. He will have no time lost, however, for into this one high hour he has concentrated all the

delights and harmonies of sense—short, bright and strong be the blood-quickening chorus, *Viva la liberta!* and now let the dance go on. And now are crowded into a brief but most capacious moment, the reintroduction of the Minuett in a bolder key than before, to whose grave, deliberate measure the more elegant company begins to move in antique, solemn steps; then presently, commingling with the Minuett, but not disturbing it, two other tunes, to other rhythms, namely, a rustic contra-dance, and a most rapid waltz, inspiring the heels of the peasants; the droll attempts of Leporello to make Masetto dance, while his master has bespoken the arm and ear of the pretty bride, to win whom he has planned this whole array; the indignant observation of this game by Donna Anna, with difficulty moderated until due time by her companions; the piercing shriek of the music as Don Juan whirls Zerlina away out of the dance; the cry for aid; the general rush to the door whence the sounds proceed, and when it is broken in, the grotesque brief diversion of the Don dragging Leporello by the ear, and trying to fasten his own crime on him; the incredulous and accusing phrase, in which the voices of the trio, now unmasked, confront him successively in *Canon* style; and the out-bursting of the general tempest of wrath upon the exposed deceiver, heightened, too, by the sweeping wind and hissing lightnings of an actual physical storm that is supposed to be passing without. The strength of the accusing chorus is splendidly terrific, and like the rush of a whirlwind, where all the voices in unison swiftly traverse up and down several times the first five notes of the scale. But he of the dauntless will and the magnetic eye, with one sword awes back and penetrates the maddened mob, escaping with a loud laugh of defiance.

Our very slight and hasty sketch has already grown to considerable length, and yet we have examined only one act of the three, into which “Don Giovani” is usually divided in the performance. One act was enough to show (if *that* were all our object) how this opera wells up as from an exhaustless fountain of musical ideas, all of which are of the inspired, enduring quality; we have listened to materials enough already for some twenty of the fashionable operas of our day. We must glance more hastily at the remainder.

Act II. opens with one of those half humorous, half serious conversations between the Don and Leporello, which ever and anon relieve the story. The servant, stung by the ungrateful and outrageous conduct of his master in the ball-room explosion, announces his determination to quit him; but they are too essential to each other, and the Don soon coaxes, laughs, and bribes him out of that notion. This duett is in real Italian *parlando* style, a syllable to every note, quick and brief as it is comically expressive; for this enemy of woman’s peace has new business on hand; the unlucky night is not too far gone to try one more adventure. So here follows the summer warmth and beauty of the serenade scene under Donna Elvira’s window, who sits above there, pouring out her nightingale complainings under the stars, in a melody of ravishing sweetness and tenderness, forming the upper part of a *Terzetto*, in which the *sotto voce* dialogue of the Don and his man below grotesquely blends. He changes garments with Leporello, and lending his own voice, while Leporello

gesticulates, in strains of feigned repentance and returning love, entices the too easily persuaded lady down into the arms of his counterfeit, while he takes up his guitar to serenade, not Elvira, but Elvira's maid, now that the field is clear, in that most graceful little serenading air, which seems so easy and so off-hand, with its light *arpeggio* accompaniment by violins alone: *Deh vieni alla finestra*. But the fortunate stars of our all-seducing hero seem this night to have forsaken him; again his business is balked. Mirth and melody, fun and sentiment are strangely mingled in this scene, and, indeed, in this whole act. The serenade gets finished; the tree, as it were, is climbed; but before the fruit can be gathered, the game is interrupted by Masetto and the peasants armed, hot from the ball-room scene, in search of the splendid scoundrel. Masetto gets the worst of it; and here we have one of the world's three or four very choicest and purest gems of melody, Zerlina's exquisitely tender and comforting song to her poor, bruised, and beaten bridegroom, *Vedrai carino*; so beautifully simple, in the homely key of C natural; so innocently voluptuous; so full of blissful love; so like the balsam (*un certo balsamo*) of which she hints with fond and arch significance! And as she makes him place his hand upon her heart at the words, *sentilo battere*, (feel it beat,) you seem to hear its glad and honest beating in the music. We cannot forbear inserting here the following interpretation of this song, which we have read since our analysis of the opera was made. It is from the pen of an intelligent Russian gentleman, who has written in French and German an admirable Life of Mozart, with a critical examination of his works. We translate from the German copy:

"*Vedrai Carino* is, like so many pieces of our opera, super-dramatic music. When we hear it, we forget the text, we forget the person. There is no longer any Zerlina or Masetto. Something infinite, absolute, and verily divine announces itself to the soul. Is it perhaps nothing but love, represented under one of the countless modifications by which it is distinguished in each individual, according to the laws of his nature, and the peculiar vicissitudes of his fortune? No; the soul feels rather a direct effluence of the principle itself, from which all youth, all love, all joy, and every vital reproduction flows. The genius of the Spring's metamorphoses, he namely, whom the old theosophists called EROS, who disembroiled chaos, who fructified germs and married hearts; this genius speaks to us in this music, as he has so often spoken in the murmurings of the brook that has escaped its icy prison, in the rustling of the young leaves, in the melodious songs of the nightingale, in the balmy odors which pervade the eloquent and inspiring stillness of a May night. MOZART had listened to and firmly held this ground-accord of this universal harmony; he arranged it for a soprano voice with orchestral accompaniment, and made of it the nuptial air of a young bride. Zerlina sings, surrounded by the shadows of the marriage night, while just about to cross the threshold, at which virginity pauses with prayer and trembling, expecting the confirmation of the holy title of wife. In this place the Aria becomes a genuine *scena* of love, the source of life and of eternal rejuvenescence for all nature—of love, the spring-time of souls, and the most unstinted revelation of the all-goodness of the Creator. It is a marriage-song

for all that loves, conceived in the same spirit with the 'Ode to Joy' by SCHILLER, allowing for the difference of tone and style between a Dithyrambic and an Eclogue. The theme, the image of the purest bliss, betrays none the less that inexplicable and seldom justified exaltation, which, in the fairest poetic hours of our existence, leads us to that unknown good whereof all other goods of earth are only shadows and foretastes. A rhythm without marked accent; a harmony without dissonances; a modulation which rests in the Tonic, and forgets itself, as if held fast there by a magic spell; a melody which cannot separate itself from its ineffaceable *motiv*; this tranquil rapture, this soft ecstasy, fill out the first half of the air. After the pause, hosts of nightingales begin to sing in chorus in the orchestra, while the voice, with exquisite monotony, murmurs, *Sentilo battere, toccami quà*. Then the same words are again uttered with the expression of passion; the heart of the young woman beats stronger and stronger; the sighs of the orchestra are redoubled, and the last vocal phrase, which bears the impress of chaste devotion, shows us the wife as she sinks softly upon the bosom of her husband. MOZART seems to have anticipated the desire of the ear, in that he lets the orchestra repeat the whole *motiv* and the enchanting final phrases once again. He knew that the piece would be found too short, as it actually is the case."

Good-night, then, to this happy couple, whom we leave, to trace the sequel of the comic vein just opened in that 'Sartor'-ian exchange of personality between the master and the servant; but also at the same to receive still more distinct and solemn intimations (all the more significant for this very contrast of the comic) of the supernatural reaction that is preparing soon to burst upon the head of the magnificent libertine and outlaw. The Sextette which now follows is altogether unique and unrivaled among concerted pieces in opera. The music of this Sextette covers such an ever-shifting variety of action, and so much of a *scene*, that one may hear it once without thinking of its wealth and admirable structure as music. Yet for every point in all this action, and for all shades of relation between the persons, as well as for each separate personality, there is a correspondence in the music. The scene has changed to a *bujo loco*, or dark place, (the libretto says, a porch to Donna Anna's palace.) First appear the counterfeit Giovanni and Elvira, who is too happy to walk with him to the end of the world, if need be; while he, (Leporello,) tired of imitating his master's voice, is groping about to find an exit. In an Andante melody, in the same key, and of a kindred character with that by which we first knew her (*Ah! chi mi dice mai*,) she utters her fear of being left alone in this bujo loco. Just as her companion finds the door, the groping, cautious music brightens into the bold key and trumpet-style which always heralds Anna and Ottavio, who enter amid blaze of torches. Sweet is the consoling appeal of the *tenore* to his grief-stricken Anna, whose response, less fiery and commanding, but not less sublimely spiritual than her last great solo, even hints of death as the only solution of life's riddle for her. Meanwhile the first two, who have lurked unnoticed, are just making good their exit, when Zerlina and Masetto appear, who thinks that now he has the *briccone* at his mercy; the bluster of Masetto, the surprise of Anna and Ottavio at the sight of

the supposed Giovanni, the grotesque, crouching plea of the valet, the intercession of still deceived Elvira for "her husband," then their recognition of *her*, then a new brandishing of Masetto's club, and then the ass throwing off the lion's skin, and begging mercy, all are made thrice expressive by the music, which varies instinctively each moment, and yet ceases not to weave the unitary complex whole. At last all the six voices join in a swift and wind-like Allegro, in which Anna's voice takes the highest and most florid part, Zerlina's the second, Elvira's the third, and so on, and in which there is now and then a wild Æolian-harp-like passage of harmony, which seems the fore-feeling of the higher powers which henceforth are to take part in the drama.

But first we have the masterpiece and model of all tenor solos. In it Ottavio commends his *Il mio tesoro* to the care of these friends, and in it he proves himself the truest, tenderest, most devoted and most religious of lovers, if Heaven *has* reserved it to a stronger force than his to crush the mighty sinner against whom he has taken such an oath of vengeance. But the opera could not rob itself of the statue, and its last scene, and its whole sublimity, to make him a hero, when it was enough that he should know how to *love* a Donna Anna.

Passing over a duett between Leporello and Zerlina, rarely sung, in fact an after-thought of the composer, which he is said to have added to conciliate the lower taste of a Viennese manager or audience; and passing over (for we must be brief) a truly transcendent solo for Elvira: *Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata*, in whose fluid, ever-modulating melody her musing, sad soul seems dissolved in reverie, we come to the marvelous church-yard scene. Here glimmers the white equestrian statue of the murdered commander in the back-ground; and here the Don and Leporello seek a rendezvous after their new discomfiture, to re-exchange hats and mantles, and so forth. Their loud levity is suddenly hushed by a voice of warning from the statue, accompanied in strange chords by the unearthly tones of the trombones (which instruments, instead of being lavished in Verdi fashion, upon all the strong passages, have been entirely kept back till now for this supernatural "beginning of the end,") mingled with the low reed tones. *Di rider finirai*, etc. ("Thou shalt cease to laugh before dawn!") A short old choral strain, in which the voice ends, spectral-like, upon the Dominant of the key (A minor), struck with the major Third. This is a church cadence; it belongs to eternity, which knows no Minor, no such type of "earthly un-rest." It freezes to the heart of Don Giovanni, who starts dismayed, but only for a moment; and soon the marble lips break silence once more to rebuke his mockery. So far it has been introductory recitative; but now the orchestra is all life and melody again, for the luscious music of the duett in which Giovanni compels the trembling servant at the sword's point to salute the statue and invite him to sup with him. There is no more exquisite fairy-work in the whole opera than the instrumentation of this scene. It were hard to tell whether the impression left by it partakes most of the comic, of the supernaturally terrible, or of the beautiful. All these elements are grotesquely blended in it, yet without seeming incongruity. The beauty of the music harmonizes and idealizes the action; it lends its singular

fascination to the marvelous; it makes the terror doubly real, by expressing the vague charm which every terror has after all to the soul, glad (even in its terror) of the excitement of something altogether strange and infinite. Mozart knew better than to freeze the blood up here entirely, with unearthly tones of horror, except during those brief utterances of the marble rider; that he reserved for the end, of which this is but the beginning. He has lavished all the luxury of melodic invention upon the instrumentation of this duett; the music in the main still gushes warm and genial and human, and hence you feel the supernatural all the more inwardly and powerfully, when shudders of strange awe cross occasionally its placid, sparkling flow. *O statua gentillissima*—cheerily and bravely the beautiful strain sets out, in the rich key of E major; but as the knave shrinks back in terror, crying *padron! mirate!* etc., the deprecating expression of his voice dropping through the interval of a Seventh, with the instruments accompanying in unison, is alike droll and marvelous. Still the cheerful melody goes on, in spite of ghosts, until the statue nods acceptance, when the unearthly modulation and *tremolo* of the music, falling with sudden emphasis upon Leporello's *Ah! — —h! che scena!* (Ah! what a sight!), gives the whole scene for the time the superstitious coloring of his soul. But when he comes to tell his master how the spectre nodded, and when his master repeats the strain and gesture with him, the fear has become subordinate to the charm of adventure, and the music takes the gay and reckless tone of Giovanni. Life shall be all a feast, is *his* creed, ghosts and miracles to the contrary; and festally the bright strain dies away, softer and softer, as they depart, to the tune of *Andiamo via di qua* (let us quit this place), to which the servant's voice chimes in as second very heartily.

Here the curtain usually falls, closing a second Act, although the composer covers the homeward flight of the pair, fatigued and hungry with that night's adventures and discomfitures, and the preparation of the supper, by a beautiful and elaborate recitative and aria of Donna Anna, addressed to her devoted Ottavio, whose urgent plea for the consummation of their union she tenderly puts off, as with a presentiment that her love is to know no earthly consummation, and that her life is already too much of the other world. This song: *Non mi dir*, bloomed one of the heavenliest and purest in the wreath of Jenny Lind.

Act Third is the grand Finale, with its tremendous music, its apparition, its supernatural vindication of the Law, and the splendid sinner's doom. Remember, day has not dawned yet since that other Finale, to the First Act; their supper that time was stormily broken off, and they have had little rest in the mean time. But they have got home at last, and *Gia la mensa è preparata*: now the supper is prepared; a smart and animated strain of full orchestra in the bold key of D. The Don has shut himself in by himself with all the harmonies of sense and appetite; it is the pure feast of egoism; there are no guests, but his own appetites and riotous imaginations, for whom all things are provided; and little thinks he of the guest whom he *has* invited! Droll Leporello, now all appetite, is in attendance, devouring furtive morsels of the rich dishes, and uncorking the champagne, (a situation commonly too tempting to our buffo, who makes the fun excessively and

disgustingly broad,) and making broad allusions to the *barbaro appetito* of his master. There is a band of wind instruments, too, from whom all the while proceed the most enlivening appeals to composite enjoyment, in a succession of rare morsels of melody from well-known operas of the time, for which both master and man show an appreciating ear. The last of these is the famous *Non piu andrai*, from Mozart's own "Nozze di Figaro," to which Leporello may well exclaim: "That I know too well." Through all this the Titian-like, voluptuous quality of Mozart comes out afresh. It is the music of pure, unalloyed sensuous enjoyment; not a shadow of aught serious or sentimental comes over its harmony, until once more his better nature makes one final appeal, entreating him to repentance, in the person of poor, constant Donna Elvira, who suddenly rushes in and kneels at his feet. But the Don laughs at her simple lecture, and preaches up to her his bacchanalian gospel.

Here mark a fine point in the action, a fine touch of poetic truth, worthy of Mozart's genius. It is *she*, his better nature, as we have said, his own rejected truer self, who loves him better than he loves himself; it is she, Elvira, who, as she leaves the stage, is the first to meet the fearful apparition and by her shriek give warning. That shriek, thrown into the music, has suddenly changed its smooth, sparkling surface into fierce boiling eddies, and stirred up the whole sea of harmony from its profoundest depths. The musicians on the stage have vanished. No time now for their toy melodies! Every chord now cleaves the dark veil of the supernatural, like lightnings in the blackest night; the syncopated rhythm tells of vague and wonderful forebodings. *Che grido è questo?* (What noise is this?) And Leporello is sent out to see. Wilder and heavier grows the music, as he returns white and speechless, and only able in his half-wittedness of terror to imitate with his feet the heavy *ta, ta*, the approaching foot-fall of the man of marble, who has descended from his charger in the grave-yard. It requires the master's hardihood to open the door for him, and amid those solemn and terrific crashes of the orchestra, with which the overture commenced, the strange guest stalks into the middle of the scene.

With hard, ponderous, marble tones, like blows, falling whole octaves, the statue announces himself as good as his word in accepting Giovanni's invitation. The amazed unbeliever, trembling and yet summoning up his whole pride of will, which never yet forsook him, would fain prove as good as *his* word, too, and orders Leporello, who has crawled away under the table, to get ready another supper. But "not on mortal food feeds" this guest from the other world; "graver concerns" have led him here; and the instruments are again traversing those *unsettled* scales, whose wonderful effect we noticed in the overture. *Parla, parla*: rings out the rich, fresh baritone of the dauntless Amphytrion, as much as to say: "talk on, old fellow! I listen; you are a ghost, but I am a substance; I believe in myself, say what you will." All very brave! but listen to the orchestra (as you cannot *help* listening) if you would know how nevertheless it goes with him in the inner workings of his soul, in those mysterious depths of consciousness which hitherto he has so wilfully refrained from sounding. That heavy, muffled tread of the sub-bass in triplets, making the ground quake, means more than the "tertian ague" of poor Leporello there, with

head thrust out cautiously from under the table, and voice, automaton-like, moving in unison with the *basso profondo* of the orchestra. A pause is filled with a monotonous beat of the basses, when the crashing diminished-seventh chords begin anew, and louder than before, while the spectre again opens its marble jaws to tender the Don an invitation in its turn, which he, stout-hearted to the last, in spite of Leporello's trembling, grotesque warnings, accepts. The statue asks his hand in pledge; he boldly gives it, starts as if an infinite pang and sense of death shot from the cold, stony hand through all the marrow of his bones; with an infinite audacity of will he refuses to repent; the spectre sinks through the ground; he is a doomed one; the flames of hell burst in on every side, with visions of the damned; a chorus of spectres: *vieni!* (come!) is heard amid the infernal whirl and tempest of the music; he wrestles with the demons and drops dead, the whole phantasmagoria vanishing, just as the other characters of the piece come in search of the reprobate, who listen to Leporello'a chattering story, dispose of their several destinies after the approved fashion of dramatic conclusions, and wind up with chanting a solemn canon over the *Dissoluto punito*, to the words: "Such is the end of the evil-doer!"

It is usual, however, to terminate the performance with the fall of Giovanni. The parts which follow, although admirable as music, are plainly superfluous to the action, as a poetic and artistic whole, and must have been added by Mozart out of mere conformity to old dramatic usage, which assembles and disposes of all the surviving characters of a piece in the last scene.

There is great room for melodramatic nonsense and *diablerie* in this judgement scene, in which the theatres have used full license. But if the orchestra be complete and efficient, there is no possibility of travestying or perverting the sublime and terrible intention of the music, which from the moment that the statue enters is enough to freeze one's blood, and preoccupies all avenues of sense or consciousness with supernatural and infinite suggestions. And yet does Music's sweet and faithful prophecy of reconciliation, like the "still, small voice" out of the inmost heart of things, still reach us somehow through it all!

The reader, who has followed us through this review of "Don Giovanni," clinging always to the musical thread of interpretation, will find himself as little able as ourselves to sympathize with the regret, so frequently expressed, that Mozart should have prostituted his genius in this composition, by the false marriage of so much divine music with an unworthy subject. We believe the marriage was a true one. He did not merely cater to a low, licentious taste, in the selection of this story. Never was a choice made more heartily. Or, if he did not himself *choose* the plot, yet he *fell in* most heartily, and as it were, by a providential correspondence with the invention of Da Ponte—as heartily as he afterward fell in with the terrific images of the old Latin hymn, when he composed his own "Requiem," in writing a Requiem to order for another. In these two works the life and genius of Mozart found their highest expression. "Don Juan" and the "Requiem," in all their contrast, are alike

true to the very texture and temper of the man. “Don Juan,” written in the hey-day of his genial faculties, in his hour and scene of greatest outward success, in the city of Prague, where he was understood and loved as nowhere else, surrounded by devoted friends, and with an orchestra and troup of singers worthy to be his interpreters, represents his sunny side, his keen sensibility to all refined delights of sense and soul, and his great faith in joy, in ecstasy, in all material and sensual harmonies. The “Requiem” bears to “Don Juan,” as a whole, the same relation that the last scene of that opera bears to the preceding parts; it expresses the religious awe and mystery of his soul, his singular presentiment of death, his constant feeling of the Infinite. The opera, in its last scene, rises to a sphere of music kindred with the “Requiem;” there vibrated the same deep chords of his nature. It was the very subject of all others for him to pour the whole warm life-tide of his soul and music into, and thus lift up and animate a poor old literal fiction, that somehow strangely kept its hold upon the popular mind, with all its weight of grotesqueness, extravagance, vulgarity and tom-foolery, into a vivid drama of the whole impetuous, bewildered, punished, yet far-hoping and indomitable experiment of human life.

Here are the two elements which seem in contradiction. Here, on the one side, is this bold, generous passion-life, with its innate gospel of joy, and transport, and glorious liberty; how well could Mozart understand it, and how eloquently preach it in that safe, universal dialect of MUSIC, which utters only the heart-truth, and not the vulgar perversion of any sentiment! Here, on the other hand, is the stern Morality of being, frowning in conflict with the blind indulgence of the first. The first is false by its excess, by losing Order out of sight; while Order, sacred principle, in its common administration between men, in its turn is false, through its blind method of suppression and restraint, blaspheming and ignoring the divine springs of passion, which it should accept and regulate. The music is the heavenly and prophetic mediator that resolves the strife.

Hence the music of “Don Giovanni” presents two sides, two parts in strongest contrast. Love, joy, excitement, freedom, the complete life of the senses, are the theme of the first part, represented in the keen and restless alternation of the Don’s intrigues and pleasures—a downright, unmistrusting, beautiful assertion of the natural man—and you have it all summed up to one text and climax, in the first Finale, in the brief champagne sparkle and stormy transport of the little chorus, *Viva la* LIBERTA! As the burden of that part is LIBERTY, so the burden of the last part, the counter-text and focus, is ORDER, the violated LAW; and as the central figure here stalks in the supernatural statue, stony and implacable. It is the whole story of life, the one ever-repeated, although ever-varied drama of dramas; and it is set forth here, both sides of it, most earnestly in this sincere and hearty music, which in its own exhaustless beauty hints the reconciliation of the two principles, and to the last is true to the divine good of the senses and the passions, and to the presentiment of a pure and perfect state, when these shall be, not dreaded, not suppressed, but regulated, harmonized, made rhythmical and safe, and more than ever lifesome, and spontaneous by Law as broad and deep and divine us themselves.

Do we defy the moral of the matter, when we feel a certain thrill of admiration as Don Juan boldly takes the statue's hand, still strong in his life-creed, however he may have missed the heavenly method in its carrying out, and somehow inspired with the conviction that this judicial consummation is not, after all, the end of it; but that the soul's capacity for joy and harmony is of that god-like and *asbestos* quality that no hells can consume it?

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[5] It is a curious fact that the first opera of which we read, and which was produced at Rome in the year 1600, bore the title of: *Rappresentazione del Animo e del Corpo*.

[6] "Don Giovanni" was composed in 1787. The Abbé Da Ponte, who wrote the book, and who enjoyed at Vienna the same distinction with Metastasio as a writer of musical poetry, died in New York, in December 1838, at the age of 90 years, in a state of extreme destitution. For thirty years he had sought a living in that city by teaching the Italian language.

AUTUMN RAIN.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

How I love the Autumn rain!
Pattering at my window-pane,
With a liquid, lulling tone,
As I sit all day alone—
Thinking o'er and o'er again
Only how I love the rain!

How I love the Autumn rain!
When it brings a thoughtful train—
When in meditative mood
I enjoy my solitude,
While the full and active brain
Works as busy as the rain.

How I love the Autumn rain
When, without a care or pain,
I can dream, and dream all day,
Or with loitering Fancy stray—
Weaving some capacious strain
Musical as Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain!
When gray twilight comes again:
When the flickering hearth-flumes dance,
While the shadows dart askance—
Seeming goblins to the brain,
In the dreamy Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain!
Pattering at my window-pane,
When upon my bed reposing—
Half in waking, half in dozing,
Then a dulcet music-strain
Seems the pleasant Autumn rain.

How I love the Autumn rain!
Though it come, and come again,
Never does it weary me
With its dull monotony;
Never on my ear in vain
Falls the pattering Autumn rain.

TO MARY ON EARTH.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

I'm thinking of thee, Mary,
And twilight shadows fall
With mournful stillness o'er the scene
And deepen on the wall;
But with the dim, departing light,
Breaks faintly, from afar,
Upon the bosom of the night,
A solitary star!

I'm thinking of thee, Mary,
For like that twilight scene,
The dusk and dew were on my heart,
To darken what was green;
The dusk and dew were falling fast
Upon its faded dreams,
When, through the gloom, thy young love cast
The fervor of its beams.

I'm thinking of thee, Mary,
For in this lonely hour
A thought of other times will come,
Of parted friends will lower;
And early images arise,
With freshness flushed in pain,
Of tender forms and tearful eyes
I may not see again.

I'm thinking of thee, Mary,
For when such moments dwell
Upon my spirits with the weight
Of a departing knell,
A thought of thee breaks through the night
Of memories that mar,
With the lone glory of that bright,

That solitary star!

Oh, Mary, Mary, Mary dear!
If in my bosom shine
One hope, one dream, one single wish,
That single wish is thine;
And if to see and feel and hear
But thee, in heart and brain,
Be love, I love thee, Mary dear,
And cannot love again!

TO ADHEMAR.

BY E. ANNA LEWIS.

’Tis just one year ago, beloved, to-day,
Since, my pale hand between thy hands compressed,
I laid my burning brow upon thy breast,
And bade the flood-gate of my heart give way—
Then shut it down upon its streams for aye.
We sought to speak, yet neither said farewell;
Fate rung her larum through my spirit’s cell
Until the chill of death upon me lay.
I never could relive that hour again:
Through every artery shot an icy pang,
As if an adder pierced me with its fang,
And dashed the roseate fount of life with bane.
My eyes were open, yet I could not see—
I breathed, yet I was dead. All things were dead to me.

ANNA TEMPLE.

A TALE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY JANE GAY.

CHAPTER I.

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
KING RICHARD III.

THE Lord Protector was seated beneath a royal canopy in the lofty parliament-chamber of England. At his left stood Thurloe, his secretary, on his right was seated a part of the bold Puritan band who had dared affix their signatures to the death-warrant of Charles Stuart. There was Bradshaw, the intrepid judge who wrote his name first on that fatal paper; there was Ireton—the fiery-hearted Ireton—who had come up in defense of Protestantism fierce and raging "as a lion from the swelling of Jordan;" Goffe, and Whalley, and Dixwell, too, were there, whose ashes repose in our own quiet "City of Elms," and many others of that fearless band of regicides that three years after were fleeing from home and country, to escape the block or gibbet. Ambassadors from every nation were there—princes and courtiers, officers of the army, judges, petitioners, all helped to make up the illustrious Protectorate Assembly of 1655.

Seated side by side, and discoursing in low tones of the projected treaty, were Sir Matthew Hale and Milton, the world-renowned bard; and in a listening posture near them, was the accomplished Lambert. No purple robe or kingly crown distinguished the chief of this august body, but nature had stamped a seal on him that could not be mistaken, for Oliver Cromwell bore in the parliament-hall the look and bearing of a man born to command, while at the same time the most unconquerable determination and the highest-wrought enthusiasm were traced on every lineament of his face. But to our story.

A gentleman, in the splendid dress that distinguished the court of Louis Fourteenth, approached the Lord Protector, and bending low, presented a paper to his highness. It was Bordeaux, the French ambassador, and the treaty so long in contemplation between the two nations, was this day to receive the seal of the Protectorate. The hand of Cromwell was already on the paper, when some confusion near the door arrested his attention, and a frown was gathering on his brow, when his piercing eye detected a youth with foreign air and aspect boldly striving to make

his way through the guards that were stationed near the entrance of the hall.

"Silence, guards!" shouted the deep, nasal voice of the Protectorate, "stay not the boy; let him approach our presence if he have petition to offer."

The guards gave way, and a slender but graceful-looking youth of some fourteen years came forward, and, knelt at the feet of the sovereign. Every eye was fastened upon him, and a deep silence came over the throng as he knelt there with clasped hands, his dark, earnest eyes fixed on the stern-looking, shaggy-browed Puritan in mute supplication—for no word fell from the boy's lips. A heavy mass of raven curls were gathered back from the snowy forehead of the strange youth, and fell in singular beauty over his shoulders, and his simple peasant garb, had forced the idea of some wandering minstrel-boy, but for the deep and earnest pleading of the eyes, which told of excitement and anguish too deep for the utterance of the lips.

The silent but impassioned pleading of the poor youth touched the susceptible heart of Cromwell, and he laid his hand kindly and caressingly on the locks of the fair stranger, and said, in his gentlest accents,

"Whence come you, my son, and how can the Protectorate aid you? Be calm," added he, noticing a nervous tremor on his countenance, "you have nothing to fear here—speak your errand plainly."

"I am come from the valley of Piedmont, my noble lord," replied the youth, "and the snow was red with the blood of the poor Vaudois;" and a cold shudder passed over his pale face.

"Hell and furies!" shouted Cromwell, in momentary wrath; "Are the cursed heretics on their track again?" Then bursting into tears, he added, in a subdued tone, "Poor martyred saints of the Most High, ye shall wear a glorious crown, in spite of your persecutors, and your blood shall not redden the Alpine snows in vain! If there is might in human arm, your enemies shall be humbled, and know that the Lord of Hosts will avenge his elect."

Then taking up the paper on which the sovereign seal was not yet fixed, he delivered it to the French ambassador, saying somewhat haughtily, "Take it back to your monarch, and tell him that Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, rejects the treaty, until the King of France, and his prime minister, shall pledge their assistance in succoring the persecuted Protestants of Piedmont! Until such pledge shall be given, our negotiations are ended."

Bordeaux reddened with resentment as he folded the rejected paper. "The war is then inevitable," he muttered. "Shall I say, sire, that you refuse the treaty?"

"Say I will wage war with all Europe but this persecution of Christians shall cease!"

"But the King of France can do nothing, my lord," persisted Bordeaux. "The Duke of Savoy may make laws for his subjects as independently as your highness; and no foreign force can be brought to bear upon them in those mountain wilds."

Cromwell stamped his foot with impatience. "My word has gone forth, and 'the

ships of England shall sail over the Alps,' sooner than another hair of their heads shall perish! Tell *both your masters* that this is my decree."

The Frenchman was indignant at this speech of the Lord Protector, for although every Frenchman understood that Mazarin, the prime minister, was the real monarch, they could not endure to have it thus thrown in their teeth, and he angrily asked permission to retire, which was readily granted; and the parliament was soon after adjourned.

That same evening young Francois Waldo—for that was the name of the Vaudois youth—sat in the palace of Whitehall, with the Protector and his family; and though but a simple peasant-boy, he looked with a calm indifference upon the courtly splendor that surrounded him; for he had been bred amid the wild magnificence of the snow-capped Alps, and they pictured to his youthful imagination the "everlasting hills," of which he had early been taught to sing, as he sat with the pious shepherds tending their flocks in the evening starlight.

It was a sad story he told of his poor, persecuted people, how, in the very heart of winter, six stout Catholic regiments had broken in upon their quiet homes, to overpower and destroy; how the innocent children had been dashed from the icy pinnacles—the fathers and mothers beheaded—their villages burned to the ground—and those who fled for safely to the mountain-caverns, were hunted like wild beasts by the Pope's minions; and Cromwell—the lion warrior and the dauntless regicide—the unflinching patriot, and the powerful sovereign, clasped the poor fugitive to his heart, and loudly bewailed the fate of these martyred Christians.

"Had you parents, and were they victims of this terrible slaughter?" weepingly inquired Mary Cromwell, one of the Protector's daughters.

"Yes, lady—parents; and a sweet little blue-eyed sister, like the little girl by your side;" and he pointed to a beautiful child that had been listening with a sorrowful face, and eyes brimfull, to his sad recital. "We called her our mountain violet; but in one night I was left alone—for they burned our cottage, and slew both parents and child. I was away, but came next morning and sat awhile by the mouldering embers of my home, and then rose up determined to seek the shores of Christian England, and plead for succor. I hid myself among the rocks and cliffs by day, and at night wandered, hungry and alone, until I reached the sea-coast, lest I should fall into the hands of the soldiers, and none escape to carry aid to my suffering nation."

"You are a brave, blessed boy, and you shall not go hungry any more," said little Anna Temple, forgetting her childish timidity; and going up close to him, she gazed earnestly and lovingly in his face. "Stay here, and we will *all* love you, because you have no sister—wont we, Mary?" said the child, in the warmth and innocency of her heart.

"Yes, darling," replied she, "and he shall go to school, if he wishes, with you and Robert, and Eugene."

The heart of Francois Waldo was nigh to bursting, as the gentle accents of the child fell on his ear—so like the tones of his own Christine, which had so often gladdened him in their happy home—and he bowed his head and wept for the first time since his bereavement; and every member of that lordly household wept in sympathy.

Months went by, and the Vaudois youth was still an inmate of the Protector's family—a calm, intellectual, devoted student, destined as a preacher of that faith for which his kindred had suffered martyrdom. He went not back to his native valley, for here he might better fit himself for the work of the glorious mission he felt desirous of fulfilling; and Cromwell had been true to his word—the arm of oppression had been unnerved, and peace and plenty secured to the faithful survivors.

Anna Temple was the only earthly being that withdrew his thoughts for a moment from the prosecution of his great and holy purpose; but when her soft blue eyes pleaded, as they often did, with her lips, for an hour's relaxation and amusement in the park or garden, he would sometimes unbind the mental chain for a little space, and go forth with spirit unfettered and free. Then he would talk to the fair child of his lost home—of the icy palaces of the Alps, pure as spirit-haunts—of the wild-flowers springing from their rocky beds, and of the holy starlight of the mountains, until the enthusiastic creature would regard Francois as a being of purer mould, more spiritual and good, than any other person with whom she held companionship.

And thus years passed; Francois still saw in the beautiful Anna Temple, or fancied he saw, the image of his lost Christine; and the young girl read in the large, soul-earnest eyes of the Vaudois student, the first mysterious leaf of womanhood—and they were both happy.

Meantime a shadow was darkening the sky of England—a storm-cloud, destined to shake from its foundation her political fabric, and place another Stuart on the throne. Cromwell, the Protector—the hero of the seventeenth century, was summoned to repose! Bravely had he borne his armor on the great battle-ground of life, and his valiant heart had not fainted in the heat of the conflict. The humble plebian had dared boldly to take up arms against his country's foes in defiance of his king; and subsequently, at the same country's call, and in defense of her liberties, with the Book of God in his hand, and a psalm on his lips, to affix his signature to the death-warrant of the sovereign traitor. Ever, where duty called, was he found foremost in the ranks of the faithful, battling for the right; and when in the maturity of manhood the sun of glory brightened his gray hairs with the splendor of royalty, he turned coldly away from the crown of a king, preferring the simple title of Protector of the Commonwealth. His sword was still girded against the Lord's enemies, when a voice from above summoned him from earthly glory to heavenly rest; and on the third of September, one thousand six hundred and fifty-eight, Oliver Cromwell stood girded for his last conflict.

Historians have recorded *that* as a fearful night when the Lord Protector lay struggling with the final enemy. Wildly wailed the wind around that earthly palace; but the eye of the dying was on the eternal mansion, and so amid the fury of the elements, the great spirit of Cromwell achieved its final victory.

A loud wail burst from the whole army of Puritans, for well they knew there was none powerful like him to cope with their adversaries. The master-spirits among their opponents would not reverence his son, because the father had held them in check; and the inefficient Richard Cromwell had nothing to claim for himself. He beheld the country rent by faction, and having no power to quell insubordination, and, moreover, fearing the result to himself, he quietly resigned his Protectorate, and all that had been gained to England by Cromwell's life, was lost in his death. Whither would now flee the fifty-nine judges who had decreed Charles Stuart to the scaffold, or where the friends of the Protector find safety?

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CHAPTER II.

When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand.

Ibid.

Not far from the shores of a sunny lake in the depths of the American forest stood the rude log-hut of an emigrant. The site was one of surpassing loveliness—for nature here, in her unbounded domain, had done the work of ages, and the majestic oak towered in silent grandeur beside the graceful elm and the drooping willow, making mockery of art. Birds of glittering plumage sang all day in this wildwood retreat—for, save this one log-cottage, for miles and miles around was no human habitation. The slight clearing, scarcely sufficient for a garden-patch, sloping down to the water-side, told of no hardy adventurer hunting fortune in the wilderness of the new world; and it would have puzzled even a Yankee of this present age to have *guessed* at the pursuit or object of the tenants of that forest home, so contradictory seemed they in outward aspect.

The family consisted of but four members—a tall, noble-looking man, a little past the meridian of life, with piercing eyes, and dark locks sprinkled with white, falling rather thinly over his broad forehead. His dress was of the plainest, coarsest drab cloth; indeed, there was nothing to distinguish it from that of the negro servant who attended him, except the natural grace and dignity imparted by the manly form of the wearer. The other two occupants of this secluded abode were a young girl, who might have numbered seventeen summers, and an elderly female, who had once been her nurse, but who was now a sort of housekeeper in general, inasmuch as there was none other to superintend the domestic arrangements; but had you taken a peep into the interior of the cottage, you would have seen no lack of comfort, and even some faint show of taste, considering the dearth of material. A

coarse carpet was thrown over the rough log-door, and ranged around the sides of the apartment were rustic seats composed of branches of trees, covered, sofa-like, with skins of animals, forming comfortable couches for sitting or reclining. Indian blankets, tastefully embroidered, served as a partition between this and a small room adjoining, which was fitted up for the young lady's boudoir, and which was occupied in common by both females. Here, on a table of oak, covered with kid-skin, lay a few books, and a guitar, evidently the relics of other days. A large sea-shell served for a vase, and stood on the rude table, filled with wood-flowers, the first gift of summer. Perhaps, too, you might have noticed some large, massive chests in either apartment, and wondered how such ponderous articles had found place in so small a habitation; but we have a key to the mystery, reader, and will give it thee, together with the secret of this secluded family.

Some eighteen months prior to the time our chapter commences, a gentlemanly-looking resident of the new Quaker city, calling himself, John Brown, saw every where posted up, by order of the new king, directions for the seizure and arrest of all persons known or supposed to be implicated in the fate of Charles Stuart—with large rewards held out as an incentive, to those who should successfully aid the king's officers in their search.

It was an hour of darkness to many a poor fugitive, for disguises were no longer to be trusted, and life's last hope lay in strict concealment in rocks or forests, or amid the haunts of the savages. Every tie of kindred was now to be sundered—every communication with the world of mankind to be cut off, and the wanderer was henceforward to live with all the golden threads of being rudely snapped by a tyrant. There was no time to be lost, for "blood for blood" was the royal watchword, and his legions were on the track.

Brown was fully alive to his danger, but with the cool, undaunted heart of a man accustomed to war with obstacles, he sat down calmly to meditate the best course of procedure. To remain a day longer in the city he knew full well was madness, and every hour was fraught with danger. Could he leave here in a land of strangers, alone and unprotected save by one frail woman, the delicate blossom he had cherished as "Love's lost token," and borne over the waters to cheer his declining age? How could he talk of a separation of years, perhaps forever, from the gentle creature, whose life was all centered in his—how could she bear this last stroke also? True, he had wealth—treasures of gold and silver; wealth would purchase friends, but dangerous friends, too, he thought, for a lonely orphan girl.

He sat deep in thought for a moment longer, then reached his hand and touched a silver bell, exclaiming—"It shall be as *she* wishes. I will abide *her* choice at all events!"

The ring was speedily answered by a good-looking man-servant.

"I here, Massa Brown," said the ebony, making a full display of ivory.

"Is Miss Anna in, Carle?" inquired the master.

“Do no! rudder tink she be, Massa.”

“Go then, and tell her I would see her. Be quick, Carle, and do you wait until I call, for I shall want you again soon.”

A moment after, a fairy-like creature bounded into the presence of her father, and winding her arms caressingly around his neck, waited his pleasure.

“You are ill, dear father,” said she at length, observing his pale forehead. “I have wasted all the morning on my pet birds, thinking you were out as usual.”

He kissed her cheek fondly, and replied—

“I did go out, my child, but quickly returned, for there is danger abroad, and there is no more rest for thy father. ’Tis a mournful summons for thee, darling, but there is no time to be lost in revealing the true cause of it. I must flee speedily, or the new king’s officers will soon bear me back to drop my head at Whitehall. Bear it bravely, Anna, you are my own daughter, and know well the happy days of the Protectorate are ended. There is gold, more than sufficient for all thy wants!”

“But, father, *you* are *my wealth*; all the treasure of this world to me! Whither would you flee, and wherefore leave me behind?”

“I know not, daughter—some secret hiding-place where the hand of a Stuart may not reach me, far from the abodes of civilized life. Every thing is to be encountered—want in its worst forms, and you, who have been nurtured in a palace, could poorly cope with cold and hunger! Stay here, my child, amid ease and plenty, and let thy father go forth to meet his fate alone.”

“No, father, Anna Temple is not the weak child you suppose, if you can urge her to forsake her gray-haired parent, because, perchance she must leave behind the downy pillow on which she was cradled! There is no privation in going which I cannot readily undergo, and who knows, father, but we may make us a new home in the wilderness. At all events, wherever thou goest I will go, and thy lot shall be mine for ever!”

The noble Lord Temple—for the self-styled John Brown was no other than the friend and ally of Cromwell, clasped his child to his heart, and said—

“If this be your wish, Anna, I will see what can be effected in a few brief hours. Carle must be summoned immediately, and you may proceed to put in as small compass as possible your own treasures and your mother’s relics, and provide yourself with plain Quaker apparel, for such must be our disguise. Judy, your old nurse must be let into the secret without loss of time, and I will inform Carle; the other servants must be kept in the dark.”

Anna departed with alacrity to obey the directions of her father, for in her breast the fount of life still sparkled with the delightful romance of youth; while her sire, who had seen bubble after bubble rise and break upon its surface, proceeded with emotions entirely different to unfold to the faithful Carle the plan of procedure.

The trusty negro was directed to go and purchase a number of suits of Quaker clothing for his master, with the broad-brim hat, to render the disguise as complete

as possible, while he, himself made haste to fill the large chests they had brought over sea with treasure, and whatever they would be most likely to need in their unknown resting-place; and in less than three hours every thing had been prepared for their departure. John Brown, with his felt-hat and wide lappel made a pattern Quaker, and Anna looked rogueishly out from beneath her straight bonnet—then arose the question when, and how they should depart. After some consultation, it was agreed they should wait until nightfall; when master and the ladies should set forward on foot, and walk on as fast as possible, and Carle should put the carriage-horses into an emigrant's waggon, with boxes, chests, etc., not forgetting a supply of axes and fire-arms, and meet them at a spot designated a few miles from the city.

There remained but one more apparent difficulty; the other servants of the household must be informed of their sudden purpose, as all efforts to conceal their departure would be ineffectual, and the truth could not be confided to them with safety. The disguises were again thrown aside, the servants all summoned, and Lord Temple addressed them, thus—

"I have received an unexpected summons from the new king, and must depart immediately. I shall take but Carle with the young mistress and her nurse, and leave the rest of you in charge of the house until our return; but should any thing occur to prevent my coming back in the spring, you are one and all entitled to your freedom. Until then you will be faithful to the interest of your master!"

"Yes, massa. Lord bless good Massa Brown and young missey, too!" chimed in half-a-dozen voices at once; for the refugee had maintained an independent household, and lived as became a man of wealth and fashion. He had left England immediately after the death of Cromwell, foreseeing the probable issue of the Protectorate; and wishing to spend the residue of his days in peace, he dropped at once his name and title, and was known only in the young city as a private gentleman of good fortune.

That night, when all was hushed in the good "City of Brotherly Love," Lord Temple, with his daughter and nurse Judy, stole softly from their new and pleasant home, to seek some sheltering asylum from the merciless hand of persecution. They walked on in silence until they gained the outskirts of the city, the young and delicate Anna clinging to both her father and nurse; for the deep silence of the night filled her heart with strange fancies.

"Your strength is not sufficient for your purpose, Anna," said her father, noticing how nervously she clung to him. "The way will be long and solitary for a tender child like you! Will not my daughter return now to a home, that will afford her still a shelter at least?"

"And would not the way seem longer and darker to my father, if his only child were behind him? Think not because I tremble a little now at first that my heart is weak and cowardly. I have never before walked in the street at midnight, you know, and every rustle seems a king's officer to me."

"Bless you, my darling," exclaimed her father. "The blood of the Temple's is in

your veins, warm and noble; I cannot bear to see it chilled by misfortune."

"I have no regrets for the world we are leaving behind save on your account, my dearest father; on the contrary, I feel it will be charming to dwell alone in the great forest of the West, where the fetters of fashion, pride and ambition will cease to enthral, and we may learn of the great Creator by the infinity of his works, instead of the multitude of man's words."

Thus did the brave girl attempt to cheer the desponding spirits of her father as they moved forward amid the darkness of their solitary way. They directed their course northward, and although they were in the main road, the "woods of centuries" were all around them, and their giant shadows seemed like some spectral army gathered in the gloom of night.

The morning dawned on the little band nearly ten miles from the city, and although they had two or three times paused for a little rest by the wayside, it found them weak and weary; but the spot where they were to turn aside and wait for their wagon and refreshments was near, and they pressed forward. Their stopping-place was a few hundred yards from the road-side—a beautiful spot, by a spring of fresh water, where hunting parties often stopped to regale themselves with a dinner of game, or at least, to quaff a drink of water from the spring. Carle had often been there, and had described the spot so minutely it could not be mistaken; and when at length they seated themselves, and Judy took from her pocket some cakes, which, woman-like, she had been provident enough to bring along with her, their drooping spirits revived, and they ate the morsel cheerfully and drank from the spring, for they were faint as well as weary.

It was a bright morning of early autumn! The breath of summer yet lingered in the air, though the mists were on the hill-tops, and the forest was tinged with the faintest hue of red—the first presage of decay.

"O, father, is it not magnificent!" exclaimed Anna Temple, as she pointed to the boundless woods rising like an ampitheatre on either hand! "This is like what I have read of the new world, only more sublime if possible. Positively there is more of grandeur in this one scene than in all the courts of royalty in the world. Why, just see—the Eastern kings have never worn mantles more elegantly tinged with scarlet and gold, than these old patriarch trees have put on. It really makes our Quaker garb look sombre, and I expect the very birds will be *theeing* and *thouing* us as we pass on through their territory." And the happy-hearted creature clapped her hands and laughed until the hills sent back an echo.

"Hush, hush, daughter; there is the rumbling of wheels near—nearer than the main road, too, I fear! It may be some party of hunters who have made this a place of rendezvous; it cannot be that foes are thus early on the track, I think."

At the mention of foes the cheek of Anna was pale as clay, and she nestled close beside her father; but a moment afterward she started to her feet, and the red blood again mantled her brow as she exclaimed:

“ ’Tis Carle, I really think—’tis only Carle, father! I know by the snap of his whip, for no other person ever snapped one like him. Why, Judy, he thinks it time you are making coffee, and has whipped up!”

It was indeed Carle, who came thus unexpectedly upon them, two hours at least sooner than looked for by his master, who had recommended him to stay behind until they had got a fair start, lest some suspicious eye should detect them, and the whole plan be frustrated.

“He! he! he! You got here fust, anyhow,” said the darkey, as he brought his horses to a stand beside them; “though I tried hard to catch up and give young missy a ride. Guess we had better eat breakfast in a hurry and be off, for some of dem nigger ask a great many question last night ’specting de big boxes we load in. But I guess I set ’em on de wrong track, any how. He! he! he!”

A flint was produced and fire struck, and shortly after the air was fragrant with boiling coffee, and a very comfortable breakfast was eaten on the green grass by the spring side; after which, things were quickly put in place, and the little company took the seats arranged for them in the broad, emigrant’s wagon, and sped on as ignorant of their destination as the ancient patriarch journeying on to the “Land of Promise.”

For five long, tedious days they went forward as fast as the miserable state of the roads and the jaded condition of the horses would allow, stopping occasionally to refresh themselves by some pleasant stream that crossed their path in the wilderness. They occasionally fell in with some person who questioned them of their journey, and their reply was invariably, “Going north to settle;” but one *real Quaker* was not thus contented.

“Thee lookest tired friend, wilt thou partake of a brother’s hospitality on thy way? Nay, no refusal, the young woman looketh sick and needeth a night’s rest! Rachel will give her nursing right gladly, for no Friends have crossed our threshold for months.”

It was the third day of their flight, and worn down with fatigue and loss of rest, they could not resist this pressing appeal of the good brother, and accordingly the horses were allowed to stop in front of a large log farm-house on the banks of the Susquehanna.

But the *soi disant* John Brown had some trouble in sustaining the new character he had assumed, for he not only made laughable blunders in the Quaker dialect, but when questioned of the prosperity and welfare of his brethren in the good city, betrayed an ignorance certainly unwarrantable in a brother; but his host was a shrewd, sensible man, and soon guessed more of his guest’s secret than would have rendered his stay comfortable had he surmised it. But the secret was in safe keeping, and the poor fugitives were loaded with kindness and sent forward on the morrow with the nicest provisions of the dairy for their future necessity.

“Beware of New England Friends,” said their hospitable host, with a sly look, at

parting, "or the *good Puritans* there may send thee back *with holes in thy tongue*, or *minus ears*."

The last two days of their journey were beset with difficulties and dangers. They had forsaken the public way, and their path was literally in the wilderness, and so thickly strewn with obstacles as to render every step tedious and toilsome; but death was behind, and the hope of life before, and so they went forward steadily and patiently.

Near the close of the fifth day they came suddenly into a beautiful valley, sheltered on all sides by bold hills, and encircling in its bosom a clear, quiet lake. Not a vestige of human kind was discernible in this spot, so charming that it seemed fresh from the hand of its Creator.

"Is not this such a spot as we have been seeking, father?" inquired Anna, with a pleading look.

"Yes, daughter, if there is peace and safety on earth it must be in this Eden of the forest. Here we will fix our dwelling-place, in the midst of this romantic scenery. To-morrow, Carle, we must set to work to prepare a habitation; you are something of a carpenter I think?"

"O, yes, massa; me learn de trade in good old England, but not wid such big log as dis."

We have now traced the flight of the illustrious but unfortunate Judge Temple from the Quaker city—his first resting-place in the Western world—to the forest home introduced to our reader at the commencement of the chapter. More than a year and a half had passed since the wanderers had sought refuge in the friendly wild, whose shelter had afforded a safe retreat from friend or foe; for no white face had smiled or frowned on them in their new habitation. They had lived alone! The forest and lake supplied them with food, and they had a little garden which furnished them with vegetables, having brought with them a variety of seed and utensils for the culture of the soil. They had a few books, and Anna and her father read together, to while away the long hours of winter; but in summer they dragged not heavily; for there was life and beauty around them, and in the warm breast of Anna Temple was a perpetual fountain of sunlight. To her father she seemed as happy as the birds that warbled all day in gladness—and she was truly happy—happy in herself, in her only parent, and in every thing bright and beautiful around her; still her thoughts in their loneliness often reverted to her *first home*, and the blessed hours of her childhood.

But not for lost splendor did she dwell thus fondly the memory of the past, it was for the lost companions of those rainbow-tinted years, whose fate she might never know. Scattered far and wide over the earth she knew them to be, but who among them had fallen victims, she vainly strove to conjecture.

And one among those whose images were linked with her dreams, was the dark-haired Vaudois student, who had taught her the Alpine shepherd songs which she

still loved to play at nightfall, as she watched the stars peering out, with their angel-eyes, and she would sometimes weep as she thought that pale-browed youth might even then be wearing the golden crown he had so early sought to win.

It surely was a solitary life for an ardent young creature like Anna Temple to dwell thus apart from the world, shut out from every association of her earlier and happier years; still she was never for a moment discontented with her lot. A nest of young birds she fed and tamed, and every wild-flower of rare beauty was transplanted in her garden-plot—so her loving heart had food for its impassioned yearnings. One human creature, too, had found a place in her affections even here in the wilderness. The summer after their arrival, a party of Indians from a neighboring tribe had sought, as was their custom, the shores of this sunny lake to fish. Among them came the chief, with his only daughter, nearly the same age as Anna.

Weetano was a most superb creature; graceful as a fawn, with eyes clear and dark as a gazelle's, and she burst upon them like a glorious vision—so unlike any thing they had seen, or even fancied. Her father, the old chief, seemed not at first well pleased to find his summer retreat invaded by a pale face, but Lord Temple's courteous address soon won his favor, and he came with confidence to the cottage, where he was entertained with so many presents and novelties, that he went and brought his daughter to see the "white squaw," as he called Anna, and hear her sing.

Anna took her guitar and sang with it to the infinite delight of her visitors, who asked her if the creature were alive, for they had learned a little English from the fur-traders. She then displayed to the Indian maiden her treasures, and presented her with a beautiful coral necklace, that had pleased her fancy better than any thing else. The chief looked highly gratified to see Anna clasp the trinket round his daughter's neck, and he inquired with some pride—"Will the Pale-Lily sail in the canoe with Red-Bird?" for thus he called his daughter.

Anna was delighted with the novelty of the proposition, and hastened to accompany her new companion to the lake-side, leaving the old chief with her father at the cottage. She had never before seen a canoe like Weetano's, it was befitting a chief's daughter, or a princess royal, with its snowy mat of swan's-down, and decorated with the quills of the porcupine and feathers of every hue. The Indian girl seized the paddles, and jumping into the fairy-looking bark motioned Anna to a seat on the mat opposite, but with all the romance and enthusiasm of her nature, she hesitated; for the thing seemed all too frail for the burden of a human weight on the dark waters.

"Does the white girl fear?" inquired Weetano, in most musical accents. "Look how Red-Bird can guide a canoe."

And quick as thought she dipped the oars, and the boat darted away like a bird on the wing. Round and round she went in swift circles, and a more picturesque looking creature could not be imagined than the beautiful forest-girl in the wild costume of her tribe. Her richly beaded robe, clasped on the right shoulder, fell gracefully over a form of the most perfect mould, and was confined around the left

knee, leaving the arms and limbs entirely bare; while her long, raven hair floated wildly over her neck; but encircling her head was a fillet of beads, into which were woven feathers of the white-hawk—the insignia of their tribe. Anna gazed with delight and astonishment on the glorious creature in her fantastic bark skimming the blue lake with a motion as light and graceful as we image a fairy's.

The Indian girl soon rowed to the shore again, and Anna now seated herself on the soft mat beside Weetano with delight, and away they went—the high-born daughter of Europe and the red forest-maiden in happy companionship; and though differing widely in outward mien, each wore the seal of beauty and the air of nobility.

From that day there was an ardent attachment between Anna Temple and the chief's daughter. Every day found the little canoe moored at the point of the lake nearest the cottage, and many a bright summer hour was passed by them roaming the woods, or sailing the fairy boat, before the chief and his party were ready to depart. It was with real sorrow that Anna heard she was to lose her new companion, but Weetano told her they would come again the next summer, and Pale-Lily should have a canoe like hers.

Oliwibatuc was the chief of the Mohawks, and his principal village was about thirty miles from the north shore of the lake. He was a powerful chieftain, and held a stern body of warriors and braves ready to do his bidding. His wigwam was hung with the trophies of his own deeds and daring. He was now going back to sound the war-cry and seek revenge for the real or fancied injury done his tribe by the French traders on the Canadian frontier. It was a dark passion and bloody would be its fruits, but surely one less reprehensible in an unenlightened savage than in those who wear the garments of Christianity.

The second winter passed more fleetly with our fugitives than the first, and at the time our chapter commenced they had gathered around them many conveniences and comforts in their forest home. As the season advanced, Anna began to watch with impatience for their summer visitors, for she longed for something to disturb the monotony of her life, and Red-Bird's visit would be sure to bring with it new amusements and pleasures.

One morning she descried a speck on the distant water, and exclaimed with delight—"A canoe, father—it must be a canoe! There is a speck on the lake; now another, and another—it must be the party of Oliwibatuc with darling Red-Bird! O, I am so happy! Hasten, and go with me, father, to the shore to meet and welcome them."

It was indeed the party of the Mohawk chief, who had come this season to encamp on the south shore of the lake at a little distance from the emigrant's cottage. Their number was much greater than on the summer preceding, and their dress and appearance far more imposing. Every warrior wore the tuft of hawk's-feathers, and a gay wampum-belt, and Oliwibatuc was borne down almost with his symbolic decorations, among which the claws of the eagle were most conspicuous.

They had come back from their last campaign victorious, and the savage and Christian victor must alike wear the regalia in the hour of triumph.

Weetano had been true to her promise, and brought the Pale-Lily a little canoe, the very counterpart of her own, and after she had gained a little experience in rowing side by side, they glided over the smooth waters gathering white lilies in the shallows to wreathe in their hair, or starting up the wild birds that often lay in multitudes on the bosom of the lake.

But Anna was not long in discovering that a change was on her young companion. Weetano was not now the glad, sunny-hearted creature she had known in the year gone by. Her wild, musical laugh no longer awoke the mountain echo, and her step had lost its fleetness—for, the delicate white girl could now outstrip the forest-maiden who so lately outstripped the deer. She would sometimes sit silent and motionless in her canoe, gazing down into the deep waters with an intensity that both surprised and alarmed her companion, and once, when questioned by her, she replied—"She was listening for whisperings of the Great Spirit."

"Will the Lily teach Weetano to read the Great Book of the white man?" inquired the Indian girl one morning, as they were sitting alone in Anna's little room. "She has a new brother in her father's lodge; he is a Book man, and will not take up the bow and tomahawk! He sings the songs of the spirit-land, but no war-song; and when Weetano was sick and dying, he pointed her to the blue home of the weary! Weetano has looked on the face of her pale brother, and the image of her Brave has faded from her heart! The Huron's spirit no longer comes to me in dreams! Owanaw should take a warrior maiden to his wigwam, and leave the daughter of the Mohawk to dwell in peace! Teach me the Book then, but tell it not to Oliwibatuc."

It has been already stated that the Mohawk chief and his party had returned from their last campaign victorious. The hair of many a scalp was braided with serpent-skins around their necks, and twelve young captives had been brought home to suffer in the presence of the whole tribe. As they drew near their principal city, the captors sent up a savage yell, and prolonged it until the hills sent back the sound; but the aged warriors and the braves who remained at home echoed it not. Wherefore came they not forth as was their custom, to greet their triumphant brethren? The silence boded no good, and Oliwibatuc led on his band with a sullen, down-cast eye. He approached his lodge with the prisoners and their guard, and entered it in silence; but within, all was noise and distraction. Hideous outcries, mingled with strange incantations saluted his ears, and there on a low couch lay the prostrate form of the chief's daughter. The low moaning of the poor maiden was a sad welcome for the old warrior, for Weetano had been the song-bird of his lodge, and the sunlight of her face had once been the sunlight of her mother's. He stood by her couch with stern composure, and thrice uttered "Weetano," but the ear of his daughter was dull to the voice of affection, and the haughty warrior uttered a deep groan, and bowed his head, for his pride was low.

There was one among the prisoners of Oliwibatuc who looked not unmoved on the mournful spectacle—one, whose faith taught "Love to enemies," and whose mission on earth was that of his Master—*to do good*. It was a youthful "soldier of the Cross," that stood a captive in the lodge of the Mohawk chief. Torture and death he was expecting soon to receive from the hands of his merciless captors, but the light of his faith was clear and bright, and his last deed should be one of mercy. He saw that the disease had formed a crisis, and the poor sufferer seemed rapidly sinking with exhaustion; but there was still life, and a shadow of hope, and he approached the stricken chief, and laying his hand gently on his arm, said—

"The Great Spirit has given the Pale Face the art of healing; if it be not too late, I will restore thy daughter; but the tumult must first be hushed!"

There was gratitude in the old chief's eye: for a tone of sympathy falls never unheeded, no matter how barren the heart; and with a motion of his hand the savage din was hushed.

"Yes, save her, and ye shall live, young Pale Face!" murmured the chief. "She is my only child—the last of the eagle's nest! Save her, and ye shall be as Olo, the son of Oliwibatuc, who fell by the great Lakes in battle!"

The captive knew that a flask of brandy was in possession of one of the prisoners. The Indians had not then learned its use, though something of its abuse they had found out in their intercourse with the traders. He obtained this immediately, and diluting a little with water, put it to the lips of the poor girl, who lay unconscious of all around her. She swallowed with great difficulty, and he perceived an unearthly chill in the perspiration that damped her forehead.

"Blankets and fire, chief," said the young man, with a trembling voice. "Soon, or it will be too late! Set these prisoners to work," added he, on looking round and perceiving the lodge deserted save by the chief and his captives. "Hot blankets must be had immediately!" And he set himself to work, chafing the cold hands of the poor moaning sufferer, with an activity that manifested the earnestness of his purpose.

Oliwibatuc went to the door of his wigwam, and sent up a cry, that immediately brought a dozen of his tribe at his feet.

"Fire and hot blankets must be had instantly," said he, in the tone of one accustomed to command. "Where is the old woman, Zohah? Summon her again—the maiden must not die!"

His directions were promptly obeyed. But the red men looked sullen and displeased to see the young captive employed in the service of their chief. The old Indian nurse-woman, too, had come again, and seeing the preparations, she muttered —

"No good! No good! Bad Spirit will not submit, and Good Spirit has forsaken Weetano! Zohah has used all healing herbs, but—bad, bad. Zohah's arts cannot hush the voice from the far south-west! The maiden has heard the call! She will

die!”

“Perhaps, not, mother,” said the young physician, soothingly. “The Great Spirit can hush the voice. Will you not lend your aid, that the daughter of your chief may live?”

Thus addressed, old Zohah seemed pleased to follow his directions, and after the patient had been carefully wrapped in the heated blankets, and a few more drops of the brandy put into her mouth, they sat down to watch for its effects, on the unconscious girl. Long, long seemed the moments of that weary watch, and yet the anxious prisoner could discern no change. He took her hand in his, and counted the feeble pulsations—it was still chill and cold, yet his heart encouraged him on in his ministry of mercy.

“Some herbs, good Zohah. Put some herbs on her feet—the long dock-leaves will do, if bruised and withered. She must have some more of the liquid, too,” and for the third time the red beverage was put to her lips. She now swallowed with less difficulty, and her breath was not so hurried and faint; still there was no sign of consciousness, and her attendant relapsed again to his watch, still retaining the wrist of the sufferer in his hand.

The old chief stood a little apart, gazing with an eagle-eye on every movement, but not a word had escaped his lips since his first orders had been obeyed, and he betrayed no sign of weariness, though he had not been seated since his long march.

An hour afterward, the low moaning had died away, and the voice of the captive youth whispered in the ears of Oliwibatuc—

“*She sleeps: thy daughter sleeps!*”

“Seven suns have set, and this is the maiden’s first quiet sleep,” said old Zohah. “The Pale Face brings witch-water.”

“Nay, nay, mother, thy good herbs and gentle nursing have aided the sufferer; but we must still watch, for on this slumber perhaps, depends her life.”

The old chief approached his captive, and said in grateful accents—

“Thy life is not sufficient; what boon wilt thou ask at the hand of the Mohawk?”

“That thou wilt send my fellow-captives back to their country, chief; and I will still be thy prisoner. They have homes there. I have neither country nor home. I will stay and watch the recovery of thy daughter, but let my brethren go without torture.”

It was a great request for an Indian to give up his prisoners, and for a moment he seemed wavering—then he added—

“It is more than leagues of wampun—but it shall be done. To-morrow, they shall go, and thou shalt stay in the lodge of Oliwibatuc—not my prisoner, but my son, instead of Olo.”

All was silence again in that forest wigwam, and the youthful captive held on his watch. Old Zohah was snoring loudly on one hand, and the old chief had at last spread his blanket, and laid down to rest after his weary march. The youth was

alone. The deep shadows of the night hung a solitude over the wilderness, and as he sat there in the rude wigwam of the savage, his thoughts took backward wing: he was a child again, climbing the mountain-path with the flocks—gathering wild grapes in the valleys, and returning to a happy cottage-home at evening. Then a soft footstep was in his ear, and a gentle tone—*they were his mother's*! A little hand was nestled in his, as his sire took the Book of God and read the words of wisdom from its holy pages; then came back to his weary heart those home-voices mingling in the evening psalm, and his face brightened—but memory was soon too faithful to the reality, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

A new leaf was turned in his life-book! He was a youth in a foreign land: strange objects were around him—the tones of strangers in his ears. The cottage of the Alps had been exchanged for a home in a kingly palace. Men of learning and science had there been his teachers, and his ardent heart had loved and treasured up the words of wisdom. Gentle forms had floated around him, and the image of *one* sweet, youthful face, was yet a dew-drop on his spirit.

Another leaf—and he was again a wanderer! Another cloud had burst in storm over his head, and a wide ocean spread its stormy waves betwixt him and the land of his birth. He had come a fugitive over its waters, bearing the gospel seed, which he hoped ere long to see springing up in the boundless field of the west; but a twelvemonth had scarcely passed, ere a merciless war-party had numbered him with its victims. Persecution and torture had no power to make his youthful spirit quail, for men of iron purpose had moulded him for a martyr to his creed, and as he sat there that night in his lonely watch, he looked upward to his home above, with a clear unshaken confidence, and forward into the dim, uncertain future without a fear. He had been the happy instrument of saving a number of his fellow-beings from torturing death, and on the morrow they would be restored to home and freedom. He had no home—had left behind him no kindred, and here, perchance, was the vineyard which his Master had given him to plant with the "Living Vine."

Such were the thoughts that rapidly winged their way through the mind of the young captive as he sat listening to the now low, soft breathing of the Indian maiden, and his heart was happy in the consciousness of its right and holy purpose.

There was a low murmur—he turned his head and the dark eye of the chief's daughter was fixed upon him with a look of conscious scrutiny, but in a moment the lids were heavy again with slumber. He went cautiously to Zohah and awoke her, lest the maiden might fear finding herself with a stranger. Old Zohah took the cup, and bending over the couch said—

"Is Weetano thirsty? Here is drink."

She opened her eyes again, and said—

"Is it you, good Zohah? I dreamed a Pale Face was beside me. Has my father yet returned?"

"He sleeps weary with the war-chase. He spoke to Weetano, but she answered

not. Will the maiden see her father?"

"No, let him rest until morning. The warrior is aged, and comes to his lodge weary."

But the old chief was awake to the first tone of his daughter's voice, and he bent over her couch caressingly, saying—

"Red-Bird is better now; she has a new brother, and he has saved her life! He must slumber now, for the march was long! He shall eat, hereafter, at the board of Oliwibatuc."

The captive came forward again, and gave some directions to Zohah for the remainder of the night, and then gladly lay down as the chief desired, for the danger was past, and he was sorely fatigued. Sweet were his first slumbers in the lodge of the Mohawk chief, and his dreams like the waking vision, were of the Alps; for as the reader has already imagined, the stranger was no other than Francois Waldo—the Vaudois peasant-boy.

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CHAPTER III.

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

HEMANS.

As the summer wore on, the change in Weetano grew more and more apparent to the watchful eye of Anna Temple, and awoke in her loving heart an earnest anxiety for her safety. Her strength was no longer sufficient to urge forward her canoe—and it rested like a bird on the water; and though she still insisted on the daily ramble in the greenwood, she followed her companion with faltering footsteps, and each day their resting-place was some fallen trunk or mossy rock nearer home than on the day preceding.

It was during these summer rambles that Anna had acceded to the earnest entreaty of her friend to instruct her in the "Book of the Pale Face;" and the avidity with which she gathered the words of instruction betrayed an ardent thirst for wisdom. She was soon able to read with a little assistance, and Anna presented her with a little Pocket-Bible, that had been the companion of all her wanderings, with her own name in gilt on the cover. It was her sole copy of the Scriptures—but the family Bible lay on the shelf, at their cottage; and she wisely thought her little volume would be of greater worth to Red-Bird than to herself—and much cause had she afterward for joy that her gift of love was thus bestowed.

As the season advanced, Weetano manifested an anxiety with regard to their

return, and evidently dreaded her father's orders to depart—for she had learned a little of the tastes and habits of her white friends, and they seemed more congenial to her now delicate frame than the ruder customs of her tribe. There seemed, moreover, some secret care weighing down her spirits; and although she, Indian-like, buried it for a time in her own bosom, and Anna forbore questioning, it at length found voice in words. They were sitting by the lake-side one morning, and Anna plucked a pretty blue flower just opening there, and gave it to Red-Bird.

" 'Tis the first herald of autumn," said Weetano. "The gentian opens for the corn-dance, and Oliwibatuc will soon go to his tribe. Would that Red-Bird might stay in the lodge with Pale-Lily until the feast of the braves is over! She cannot dress the lodge of the chief—Weetano is weary;" and the Indian girl burst into tears.

"You are sick, darling Red-Bird," said Anna, taking her hand in a caressing manner. "Tell me what is the matter, and I will nurse you, for you are all the sister I have here in this distant home. You are not afraid to trust *me*, Weetano?"

"No! Weetano love the pale face! Listen, she will whisper all! Next moon the Mohawk chief will spread the corn-feast, and the Huron warriors will come with their braves to smoke the pipe with our tribe, and bury the bloody tomahawk! 'Tis a hundred moons since our fathers took it up, but the young chief of the Hurons sent presents to the Mohawk's wigwam, and comes to seek his daughter; Oliwibatuc has sent back the belt of friendship, and Weetano must go to the lodge of Owanaw, to make sure the bonds of the warriors. She had sooner die, for the shadow of her pale brother will go with her to the land of spirits; but it will not follow her to a warrior's wigwam—for he loves not the bow and tomahawk."

"But your father will not force you to go, Weetano; why do you speak so mournfully?"

"His word was pledged more than twenty moons ago. A warrior breaks not his word! Weetano was a gay child then, and loved the feast and the dance of the braves. But she has learned another life now—her new brother has awakened it, and she reads it in Pale-Lily's book; but Oliwibatuc will shut his ears and be angry, and Weetano must go. She is the last of his race, and must wed a warrior."

There was a mournful look of despair depicted on the countenance of the Indian maiden as she uttered these last words, that went to the heart of Anna—and she sought to divert her from the unwelcome theme, by telling her stories of her first home over the blue waters. After exhausting many a topic, she told her of the beautiful peasant-boy who had been her companion for years, and the story of his persecuted people, and of his little sister, whose fate he had so often bewailed in her childish ears. She then told her she would sing her a song he had learnt her of his own wild hills; but before she had proceeded far, Weetano stopped her with an exclamation of delight.

"My pale brother sings the Lily's song at the silence of nightfall in the lodge of Oliwibatuc! He, too, came over the great waters, but he speaks the words of the French."

A sudden thought flashed through the mind of Anna, flushing her cheek with crimson at first, and then leaving it paler than before. “Could it be possible!” she thought; “but no, the idea was preposterous! The Canadians were all French—many of them would, doubtless, sing the songs of their own mountain peasantry!” The object of her young imaginings had probably gone back to his native valley, if, indeed, he had escaped the hands of the new Stuart: and so the thought was dismissed with a sigh.

Weetano was right in her conjecture that Oliwibatuc would soon return to his tribe, as his directions next morning proved; but the old chief read plainly in his daughter’s countenance a reluctance to comply, which he attributed to the parting from her white friend. “Red-Bird is the daughter of warriors;” said the old chief, reprovingly! “Doth she carry a faint heart in her breast?”

“No,” she replied; “but Weetano is weary, and her way is in the mist! She can no longer lay the couch for the warriors, or spread the cup for the braves! Let her stay until the feast is over, for she hears the voice of spirits, and is no longer a mate for the young eagle of the Hurons!”

There was stern pride in the look of the chief, but he only replied, “The maiden will go to her lodge with Oliwibatuc! The Pale-Lily will come thither to the corn-feast with her father!” No other word was spoken—and the chief, with his party, went his way.

Lord Temple and his daughter were both highly pleased with the Mohawk’s invitation to be present at the corn-dance, and witness the meeting of tribes long hostile, at the feast of peace. Oliwibatuc had promised to send a convoy of braves to conduct them thither, but the anticipated pleasure could not remove from Anna’s mind the mournful tone of Red-Bird, and the words still haunted her memory, “Weetano must dwell in the Huron’s lodge to make sure the bonds of peace. She would sooner die.” And she wondered much whether the poor girl would really undergo so great a sacrifice. Could not her pale brother save her? Why had she not counseled Weetano to make a confident of him?

From thoughts like these she was one day aroused by her father, who observed, “There is something on the lake that appears like a canoe; but it cannot be the Mohawks, for it wants nearly two weeks of the time specified for our visit. They may be stragglers from some other tribe come to fish in the Mohawks’ waters.”

“But is there no danger, father? In our long security I fancied I had become a stranger to fear; but I find it revives upon the least suspicion of evil. I am really less courageous than I imagined!”

“There is no cause for alarm, Anna. We have injured none—have defrauded none. Moreover, an Indian will not harm a Quaker—and *our garb at least is true*.”

They watched the boat, and half an hour afterward saw it approaching the cottage, when they recognized the hawk’s-feathers—the well-known badge of the Mohawks, and they strove in vain to conjecture the cause of their sudden

appearance. It gained the landing-place, and to their surprise, there sprang on shore a gentleman, clad in the garb of their own nation. He paused a moment, as if giving some directions to those he left behind, and then advanced rapidly toward the abode of the emigrant. Lord Temple went forth to meet him, and Anna stole a cautious peep at the stranger whom her father had gone to welcome. There was something mysteriously familiar in that stranger's look, as her father's greeting fell on his ears, and a faint smile passed over his features; by that smile he was recognized. She had never seen but one like it—it was the same; and she sprang out, exclaiming, "Do you not know him, father! We knew him well in dear old England, and I know him even here! 'Tis Francois Waldo—my old playmate, and teacher, too;" and the next moment they were clasped in each other's arms—and Anna was shedding the happiest tears that had ever dimmed her eyes, whilst her father looked on in bewildered amazement, scarcely able to determine whether the scene was real, or one of the strange phantasms of slumber.

After recovering a little from his astonishment, however, he said, "Whence come you, my son, and how in the world did you discover our hiding-place? Strange! that the first white face which has greeted us since our flight, should be that of a dear old friend! But, tell me—how came you here among the Quakers, as rigid a Puritan as you were educated under our good Lord Protector?" And Lord Temple greeted the new comer with a hearty shake of the hand, accompanied with a significant glance at his own altered attire!

"I came hither, my lord, with your friends, the Mohawks, among whom I have been for nearly a year captive. I have had suspicions that their new pale face friends might possibly be yourselves, since Weetano showed me the volume which she said the White Lily had given her—for on the cover was the name of Anna Temple. Still, with all my inquiries, I could ascertain nothing with certainty, for the old chief said you were 'Blue Jackets!' meaning Quakers; and that 'on the head of his new brother, John Brown, had fallen much snow.' I remembered you with raven locks, and thought not of the changes a few years will sometimes occasion. But tell me a little of your wanderings, for time urges me back. Let me first, however, state the immediate cause of this visit. Weetano is ill, and she has entreated her father to send for Anna to his lodge, that she may hear her talk again before she goes to be the companion of spirits. The old chief is sorely afflicted, for she is his only child, and he was soon to have sealed with her hand an alliance with his warlike neighbors, the Hurons. The young brave to whom she is betrothed will soon be there; but, if I can read the Indian girl aright, she shrinks from the coming of Owanaw, though in my hearing she has never spoken of him. However, she has nothing to fear, for she will soon change her dwelling for a long resting-place. Consumption is upon her. Will you return with me, Anna? Can you undergo the privations of an Indian wigwam for a few days?"

"O, gladly! gladly! May I not go, father, to nurse poor Weetano a little, or will you feel too lonely in my absence?"

“I certainly should prefer to have Francois remain with us,” replied Lord Temple, “but Oliwibatuc has been a faithful friend; if his daughter is sick, you shall go if he desires it; I believe I can entrust you a few days with your old companion. But how is the journey to be performed, my child? You surely cannot walk from the opposite lake-shore?”

“Oliwibatuc ordered his trusty warriors to bear her as they bore Red-Bird on her return,” replied Francois. “I will see that she is not overwearied, and secure from accident. Her carriage shall be made firm, and I will be *her footman*—she shall be *the Lady Anna* again!”

Her father proposed sending one of the old carriage-horses round by Carle, but the young people would not listen to the plan, for it would delay their journey at least a whole day; and so Nurse Judy was ordered to put up some medicine for Red-Bird, with a few articles of necessary clothing for Anna—and in a little time they were crossing the blue water, Anna in a canoe with her father, who crossed the lake with them, and Francois, with the dusky Mohawks, among whom he was a great favorite, for many a deed of kindness and charity had this young captive-minister done for their tribe.

The close of the second day found them approaching the Mohawk village, and the journey had been performed with the greatest ease by Anna—indeed, two pleasanter days she had not passed since the green lawns of England had been exchanged for the western forest. Waldo had been accompanied by eight young warriors, who, according to the fashion of their nation, had constructed a light carriage of green boughs and branches interwoven, which was alternately carried forward by four of their number, without the least inconvenience or fatigue. Borne along thus by her fantastic guides, she felt not the least emotion of fear. By her side was one who watched her with the most unwearied care—who plucked for her every flower in the wild pathway, and brought her water from each cool spring. It was the living form of one whose image had often been with her in dreams, when the spirit’s messengers link again the parted in sweet companionship. They recounted to each other the story of their wanderings, and each felt that time and absence and sorrow had but strengthened the ties of youthful affection; and the dark eye of Francois had not been so lit up with sunshine since the days long gone by, when his simple mountain reed awoke a hundred echoes in the ear of the happy peasant-boy of the Alps!

Anna, too, was happy. O, how happy! as she read in the earnest gaze ever fixed upon her that it was her presence that had imparted unwonted color to the pale cheek, and additional lustre to the dark eye—but mournful memories would come flashing over her mind, and the low, confiding tones of Red-Bird would sound again in her ears—“Weetano has looked on the face of her pale brother, and the image of her brave has faded from her heart”—and for the first time she felt in her spirit a rising of selfishness. Poor Anna—there was a bitter struggle, but brief; and her better nature was triumphant! No wonder, she thought, the forest-maiden should

love the fair-browed captive who had come to her father's wigwam and saved her life! No wonder her ardent, grateful heart should treasure up the rich, low tones of her preserver, and turn with sickening disgust from the stranger Huron! And, then she thought of Weetano, sick and wasting away perhaps with an untold sorrow, and she wished in her heart the love of her red friend had been requited, even though the bright spark she had so long nursed in her own breast had gone out in another's joy. The daughter of the Indian chief was a fit mate for the gifted or noble of any nation—one such had already shone with peerless lustre at a royal court, and Weetano was as rich in beauty and intellect as the far-famed daughter of Powhatten!

Such were the thoughts that rapidly coursed through Anna's brain, and when her companion announced to her that they were already in view of the village, and that Weetano was coming forth to meet them, her heart leaped only with gladness—not a trace of its tumultuous workings remained! She soon descried her friend, supported by the old chief, followed by a long train of warriors. She had been borne forth on a couch to the outskirts of the village to await the Pale-Lily, and now, weak and feeble as she was, at her earnest entreaty, had been permitted to walk forward a few steps to meet and welcome her.

As they drew near Oliwibatuc stepped forward and courteously presented a belt of wampum; and Anna, seeing her friend for the moment unsupported, sprang forward, and clasping her in her arms, exclaimed—

"You, darling sick, Red-Bird! I have come to nurse you in your own home."

"Pale-Lily has come in time," she calmly replied. "The summer is over, and the song of Red-Bird will cease with the early frost. But you are weary now—come to the feast of Oliwibatuc."

The couch of Weetano was now brought forward, and she was laid gently thereon, and supported by her father on one side, and on the other by Francois and Anna, followed by those of her tribe who had come forth to welcome the "Lily of the Pale face," she was borne back to her father's wigwam. Here a feast had been spread in honor of the expected guest, of every variety which river and forest afforded, and a soft, downy mat was spread for her and Weetano beside the old chief, who seemed pleased to see Anna smiling familiarly on the dusky warriors whom she recognized as Oliwibatuc's companions of the past summer.

The meal was taken in silence, and at its close Red-Bird took Anna by the hand and led her to a soft couch of furs, tastefully spread over with embroidered blankets, side by side with her own.

"The way was long for the weak Lily," she said in pleasant accents, "she must rest; Weetano will watch her first slumber—it will be secure in the lodge of the Mohawk chief. She will not fear," added she, in an inquiring manner; and placing her hand at the same time in hers, Anna was struck with its mortal coldness.

"Why, you are cold, Weetano," said she, pressing the hand affectionately, "it is *you* who most need rest, and I came to watch beside you—not *you* with *me*."

“Only to-night, white maiden; Red-Bird has spread your couch with her own hands to-day, and when she has seen you sleep she will lie down on her couch beside you happy, though her heart is frozen, and its streams are fast wasting. Slumber will revive the weary Lily, and Weetano will sing her a song of the Great Spirit. She has learned it of her white brother.”

Thus prevailed on, Anna Temple lay down on the downy bed her friend had spread for her, but she felt no disposition to sleep, for too many thoughts came crowding thickly on her mind, and when, to her surprise, the child of the dusky Mohawk half sung, half chanted the “Cradle Hymn of the Shepherds,” in a voice wildly musical, it brought back with overpowering force the hours of her childhood and the dimly remembered tones of her mother’s voice, for that hymn had often been her lullaby. She buried her face in the blankets, but in spite of her utmost efforts her sobs reached the sharp ear of her companion, who paused quickly in her hymn.

“Does the song of Red-Bird make the tired Lily weep? She meant it not so—but the wounded bird has ever a mournful strain. She will sing no more!”

“Nay, nay, dear Weetano, it is not that; but long years ago my mother used to sing me that hymn, and it seemed so very strange that its echo should come back to me far away in these dim old woods. Francois Waldo must have heard it, too, among the Alpine hills.”

At the mention of that name Weetano started slightly, and looking earnestly at Anna, said—“I remember those words—the Frenchman spoke them—they mean my pale brother. You knew him, then, over the great waters?”

“Yes, Weetano. I knew him there. His enemies burnt his home and murdered his parents—then he fled to my country for shelter. Did I not tell you once of the peasant-boy and his poor little sister Christine? He used to be my tutor there, in my first home—that is all, Weetano.”

“Nay, maiden, doth thy heart whisper truly? Listen! When he read the name on the beautiful book which the Lily gave to Red-Bird, his brow grew whiter, and his eyelids quivered like the poplar before the storm. ’Tis not every breath that moves my brother!”

The shrewd girl’s artifice revealed a truth which the lips denied, and the heart would fain have concealed; but those few words had called it forth, and it was written on every lineament of her face too plainly for an eye less penetrating than an Indian’s to have mistaken its import. Weetano smiled meaningly on her confused and trembling companion, and continued—

“Why would you hang mist before the eyes of Red-Bird? Did she not trust the white maiden, and does she suppose the daughter of the Mohawk cannot hold her tongue?”

“Nay, nay; you wrong me, Weetano. ’Tis but now I learned that my old companion dwelt in the Mohawk’s lodge. Had not my sister already told me before,

‘that she had looked on the face of her white brother and a new life had been awakened in her heart.’ Should the Lily pluck the sweet morsel from the taste of Red-Bird? No, she is not so selfish—she would sooner feed her with her own heart’s food.”

“But the food is poison for Weetano, she will not eat it,” persisted she, somewhat mournfully. “My brother loves the fair maiden of his own land—why should he not! Oliwibatuc, too, would have given his daughter to a dog sooner than to an idle ‘book man.’ When he brought the hatchet and bow of my dead brother and gave them to his captive, he turned away from them and spoke the words of peace, and the warrior sighed—‘Who will hang the trophies of Olo in his father’s wigwam? By his true spirit Weetano shall wed a brave, and he shall be the chief of the Mohawks instead of Olo!’ He has spoken, but the Great Spirit loves Weetano, and will not give her to the Huron, for he will soon lay her beside the still waters to slumber, and the Lily shall bloom for my new brother. Nay, do not weep so—the eye of Weetano can now see the path plainly, and the way looks pleasant, but she was sorry to leave her new brother alone, for though he toils hard to do the Mohawks good they are not his own people, and I know he must sometimes be very sad and lonely. It was for this I plead for him to bring you hither; I knew you were his spirit-mate, and longed to see you both happy.”

Anna Temple gazed long and earnestly on the beautiful face that bent over her couch, but was unable to trace thereon a shadow of emotion; its expression was calm and unvarying, and though the clear, dark eyes sparkled brightly, the light they shed was as the brightness of a silver fountain that reflects the moonbeams from its surface soft and almost holy. Her own heart beat wildly, and when she attempted to speak, her voice was choked and broken with sobs.

“O, Weetano, do not speak so low and mournfully,” she at length uttered. “You will still live and be happy, you are so good and true! Nurse Judy has sent some medicine, and I know well how to administer it; then I have something else to offer beside; so bend down your ear close to me, Weetano, and I will whisper it.”

Weetano did as she was desired, and whatever the words of her companion might have been, they had no effect on the Indian girl, for when she raised her head the same serene smile rested on her features.

“The heart of Red-Bird would be weak, indeed, to listen to the words,” she replied. “The white maiden has not read it rightly, for its pride is as stern as the rock of her mountains, that may be broken but cannot be bowed. It fears not the blast! Weetano’s heart is like it—it will bide its lot.”

“And its lot may yet be happy—yea, I am persuaded it will be, only do not indulge in dark fancies, Weetano.”

“Weetano has no dark fancies now! Sunshine has broken through the dim future since the words of the Lily’s book fell on her ears. The shadowy land has no fears now, and beautiful images beckon me there in slumber! Weetano will come again with messages of good to the Lily and her pale brother, for they taught her the way.”

The next morning Anna awoke early, and refreshed, although her slumber had not been unbroken; for whenever she stirred the dark eyes of Weetano were fixed upon her with the same placid smile that had greeted her coming, and sorely, bitterly did her heart ache for the poor creature who regarded her with an affection so earnest and grateful. She feigned sleep at length, fearing her friend would become exhausted with care for her, but when the low, soft breathing of Weetano assured her she had relapsed from her watching, she turned away from her and wet her couch with tears. When she awoke in the morning, Weetano still slept, and she arose noiselessly, lest she might disturb her; but when some time passed and she still betrayed no signs of waking, Anna seated herself beside her couch, murmuring softly, "This sleep will do her good—she looks so happy now." Her dark, glossy locks had fallen over her forehead, and she stroked them gently back, smiling on the beautiful picture before her, for though the cheek of Weetano had lost its roundness, the outline was still perfect, and still she was marvelously beautiful.

An hour or more passed on, and Anna had not left the side of the sleeping maiden. Over her features brooded the same tranquil repose, so hushed indeed, that she would often bend down her ear to catch the low breathing, and satisfy her mind that there was nothing unnatural in a repose so profound. Without she heard the murmur of voices, and cautious footsteps, for only a hanging of skins separated them from the large, open space where the feast had been spread the evening previous, and where breakfast was now preparing. At length an old Indian woman peeped cautiously from behind the curtain, and seeing Anna already dressed, she came forward with a look of surprise that her companion was yet sleeping.

"What!" said she, "is not the daughter of the chief risen? 'Tis her custom to rise with the dawn; she must be weary with the labor of yesterday. Oliwibatuc gave orders not to disturb you, thinking the white maiden would need rest; but Red-Bird has slept long now, we will break her slumber. Weetano, Weetano!" said the Indian woman, "the sun is high in the east, 'tis time the Lily should eat something, Oliwibatuc has called for his daughter."

A smothered murmur escaped from her lips, like one half aroused to consciousness, and the eyelids unclosed for a moment, but were soon heavy with sleep again.

"Wake up, wake up, Weetano," continued she, "the morning is fair, and the air as fragrant as the month of flowers. The chief will take you forth to sail on the river—wake up maiden."

Weetano breathed a low sigh, and there was a struggle, like one who strives to burst a charm. The effort seemed ineffectual, but she spoke faintly, "Weetano is weary, Zohah—leave her to rest a little."

"Yes, let her rest," whispered Anna, "she will gain strength, and I will watch beside her until she awakens."

"The maiden sleeps strangely," muttered the old woman, as she retreated behind the curtain, leaving Anna to resume her watch.

Another hour passed by, and she ventured to lift the hand that had fallen over the blankets of her couch—it was soft and warm as a slumbering infant's. She pressed it in her own, whispering, "Weetano, Weetano!" and a happy smile passed over the features of her companion, and the pressure of her hand was gently returned. "She must have watched longer than I supposed," thought Anna, "and is exhausted with the effort; it would be wrong to disturb her."

She arose and lifted the curtain, for it was growing late, and she began to feel faint and weary herself; no one was to be seen, and she went forward to the open air. Oliwibatuc was sitting on the ground, at a little distance from the lodge, with a number of his warriors in an idle manner, but when he saw Anna standing in the door of the wigwam, he came forward with a smile on his dark, grim features, and said—"The Lily has slumbered long; was she wearied with her journey through the woods?"

"No, chief, very little," she replied. " 'Tis Red-Bird who is fatigued, and she still slumbers; I have watched her for hours, but her sleep was so quiet I would not waken her."

"Why, what aileth the maiden," he exclaimed; "she was never last to leave her couch, but her song has been sad of late, and her feet have trod lightly in the wood-paths. She hath leaned on the strong for support. I will rouse her myself, while Zohah helps you to break the long fast of the morning."

Anna partook lightly of some refreshments from the hand of Zohah, while the chief went to Red-Bird; but he soon returned with a satisfied air, saying, "She sleeps well; I will let her rest until we go forth with the canoe on the river."

The sun was high in the heaven and the daughter of the chief had not awakened! Hour after hour had Anna Temple lingered by the low bed-side, while her repose seemed only deepening, and an indefinite fear crept over her—a mysterious sense of evil, and she felt sad and lonely. Near the curtain sat the old chief, for he, too, seemed ill at ease, and Anna put aside the skin hanging, and said—

"Shall not we rouse her now, chief; she must require nourishment, and this long sleep alarms me!"

"Say you so, maiden; the slumber must then be broken, for I, too, have fears! Wake up, Red-Bird!" said he, advancing toward her, " 'tis noonday, you must not sleep;" and he shook her gently by the shoulder.

She partially opened her eyes, murmuring as before—"Weetano is weary—let her rest."

"Take some food, first, Weetano," said Anna, imploringly; "don't go to sleep again for I am very lonely."

The sound of her voice seemed to reanimate her for a moment, and looking round, she said, "Where is my brother?"

"Gone," said the chief, "to his daily toil, (for every day he visited the sick of the tribe,) but he will be here soon to go forth with us on the river. Rouse up then." But

the head of Weetano was drooping again like a sleeping flower.

"Drop the curtain, and let in more air and light," said Anna in a beseeching tone, "she is faint and languid; something must be done to revive her. *What can we do!*"

"Send for the 'medicine man,' " said old Zohah; "he will arouse her if any one can."

"Yes, send for Francois Waldo quickly," exclaimed Anna Temple; "his voice may have power to break this dreadful slumber."

Oliwibatuc made a motion with his hand for some one to depart, but his eyes were fixed earnestly on the prostrate form of his daughter. "Raise her up, Zohah," said he to the old woman, who was wetting her lips with some beverage, "perhaps she will drink."

They pillowed her up on her couch, and Anna knelt there beside her, taking her hand in her own and supporting her head on her shoulder, while she vainly endeavored to render her conscious by numerous questions. The messenger soon returned, accompanied by the young missionary, who had hastened at the first mention of Weetano's illness.

"What has been the matter with Red-Bird?" asked he in a whisper, at the same time regarding her closely. "She sleeps quietly now."

"She has slept thus all day, and will not waken," replied Anna, bursting into tears. "O, Francois, can you not arouse her?"

"*Thus*, did you say—has she slept peacefully all day? 'Tis strange," added he, taking her hand, "her pulse beats well, and her breathing is regular: has she spoken?"

"Two or three times," replied Zohah. "Once she inquired for you. Let her know you have come."

"Weetano, Weetano!" said he, bending his lips close to her ear, "speak to your brother, Weetano—he has come back from his toil. Will not his sister welcome him?"

Those tones fell not unheeded; there was another struggle as if to burst the leaden chain, and an expression of happiness spread like sunlight over her features. Her dark eyes were again unsealed, and a momentary brightness fell from beneath the long lashes, as she said faintly, "Weetano heard her brother's voice in her dream, but she cannot awaken to its music—her slumber is not over;" and her voice died away in a murmur, like the lingering pulsations of a harp, and her head hung heavily.

All through the long afternoon did they labor to break that strange lethargy, but no care or remedy proved successful, and her breath grew shorter and fainter until evening, when she revived a little, and looked consciously on all around. The old chief was near, gazing mournfully on his drooping child, and beside her were Francois Waldo and Anna Temple, upon whom she still leaned for support. She bestowed on each a look of the most earnest affection, then said, in clear, unbroken

accents—

"The Lily will brighten my brother's pathway, but Oliwibatuc will be alone! You will not forsake my father," continued she, fixing her dark eye on the pale youth before her, inquiringly.

"Never, Weetano, I promise in the sight of heaven, while I live he shall find in me a son to lean upon; he has been as a father to his captive—I will never desert him."

"I believe you," she said, pressing his hand to her lips—"Your words are true." Then placing the hand of Anna Temple in that of her white brother, with a quiet smile she closed her eyes again for their last slumber.

All night the spirit of Weetano clung to its earthly tenement, and the morning found it still hovering around its beautiful abode, as if unwilling to forsake its companionship. The lodge was filled with the sorrowing faces of those who had gathered to obtain a last look of the daughter of their chief, who lay there in their midst like a breathing statue—but while the dew still lingered on the flower, the lips of the sleeper parted gently, her eyelids quivered—a momentary shudder passed over her frame, and the strife was over.

Captive Red-Bird had at last burst her prison bars, and unfolded her wings in the sunnier bowers of the spirit-land. One by one those who had gathered near to witness the last moments of the chief's daughter went forth, that Oliwibatuc might stand alone in the presence of his dead. Francois and Anna withdrew to a little distance from the couch of the dear departed, and gazed with tearful faces on the old warrior, who stood with a mournful face gazing on the last of his household! He stooped at length, and took the hand, scarcely yet cold, in his own, and, pronounced in an unbroken tone an Indian farewell:

"The Great Spirit help thee on thy journey, my daughter—the way is long and fearful! Thou art a tender bird to try the unseen path alone, but let not thy wing falter in the misty valley, for the blue hills are shining brightly beyond! Pass onward—thy mother hath spread her couch there; thou art the last bird of our nest, and she waiteth for thee! Tell her—her warrior hath dwelt alone in his wigwam since we laid her by the quiet river! Tell her—that thou alone hast been the sunbeam of his lodge, and hast spread the couch of the weary! O, Weetano! thy father is lonely now—why didst thou go before him to the dwelling-place of the happy? The hunter will come to his wigwam weary at evening, but the torch will not be lighted, for Weetano will not be there! His cup will be empty, and his board desolate! No song shall lull him to slumber, for Red-Bird has gone to her mother!"

The old chief's voice faltered here, for the first time; and he bowed his head. They saw him brush a tear from his eye—then another rolled down his dusky face, and Anna would have rushed to his side to pour forth her sympathy, had not Francois withheld her—he knew, better than her, the customs of the people among whom he dwelt, that they share with none their woes, but bear their burden alone. The momentary struggle was past, and Oliwibatuc spoke again, calmly, but with

lower, sadder tone.

"Weetano, thou hast led us in all thy beauty! Thou hast gathered up the flowers of a few summers—but the great snows have not fallen on thee! I will lay thee gently by thy mother, and the braves shall rear the green mound, where I will sit with my bow at evening, gazing on the bright hills of the far south-west. Farewell! Weetano, I go to make thy grave by the river-side!"

He drew himself up to his full height, and passed slowly out of his wigwam, and Anna now went forward, and stood sobbing by the couch where darling Red-Bird lay as in a peaceful slumber. How short to her the period since she first beheld her a creature radiant with health and beauty—the fleetest fawn of the wilderness—the gayest bird on the wing! But how soon had all this glory and beauty departed. Weetano had lived, loved, suffered, and died. Thus had she fulfilled her woman's lot; early indeed—but fully and truly. There remained but to lay her in her last resting-place, according to the custom of her nation, without coffin or shroud—but what matter? Beside her grave the clear tones of the young Vaudois preacher pronounced—"*The dead shall be raised*," and as his voice went up in prayer, there, in the mighty forest, the red warriors looked at him in wondering silence, and the captive "Book Man" was a mystery.

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CHAPTER IV.

"We lift our trusting eyes
From the hills our fathers trod;
To the sunshine of the skies.
To the sabbath of our God."

Ten years after the events noticed in our last chapter, a pleasant village was rapidly springing upon the sunny lake-side, so long tenanted only by the lonely refugees. The broad old forest had been rudely cut away by the axe of the settler, and cottage-homes were reared thickly side by side. The emigrant's hut had been transformed into an elegant mansion, whilst the green lawn in front, sloping down to the water, and planted with shrubbery and vines—was the play-ground of happy children. At a little distance, among the trees, a pretty church raised its slender spire toward heaven, and behind it, several mounds of fresh earth told plainly there was no retreat from death. But who was the dark-haired pastor that had first awakened the voice of prayer in that remote settlement? The imagination of the reader will furnish a ready reply.

Oliwibatuc had gone to his rest! Faithfully, had his devoted young captive labored to sow with good seed the hearts of his red brethren, and in some instances, the scalping-knife and tomahawk had been buried by the living warrior; but after the death of the old chief, he had taken up his abode with Lord Temple, having been married to Anna soon after the death of Red-Bird. Long and happily did they dwell

together, wondering much that an over-ruling providence should have watched over the divided current of their lives, and united them so mysteriously in a far, foreign land. Lord Temple lived until his head was white with four-score years; but until death retained his Quaker dress and appellation.

That village is now a beautiful and flourishing town in the heart of the old empire State. The lone canoe of the Indian long since disappeared from the blue lake, but hundreds of snowy sails now whiten its waters. Few of the busy multitude that now throng these streets, could point the curious traveler to the spot on which stood the humble cottage of the first settler—many would not even remember his name; but go to the ancient records, and there you will find that as early as 1660, a wealthy Quaker, calling himself John Brown, made purchase of a large territory of the Mohawk chief, and settled upon it with his own family—that he afterward built a church of the *Presbyterian order*, and endowed it with a fund, for its after-support, and left at his death many rich legacies. It is also added, that much mystery shrouded the aforesaid Brown, and by some he was supposed to have been an associate of Oliver Cromwell.

An elegant edifice stands now on the site of the little church of the first settler; but the burying-yard behind it remains unchanged, and there on a broad slab may still be traced, a long obituary of John Brown, the earliest settler, and by his side sleeps the first pastor of that ancient church, of whom it is recorded, that he labored for a number of years as a faithful missionary among the Mohawks, by whom he was taken captive; and, afterward, for nearly forty years, as the minister of the first church of Christ in the wilderness. By his side, sleeps Anna, his wife—and children, and children's children are around in long ranks, with the slumber of years upon them.

Reader! My story is brought to a close. It but feebly illustrates the chance and change of life—but if it serve to awaken a more earnest interest in those who have gone before us, its author will not have spent those few pleasant hours amid the records of the past in vain. Life is not all with us! Those who trod the paths we are now treading, knew as much of its joys and sorrows—perchance even more than ourselves, and would we search more deeply the annals of our forefathers, our toil would often be rewarded with histories as full of vicissitude and adventure, as that of the illustrious Judge Temple, or the Vaudois peasant-boy of the Alps!

ERNESTINA.

(OR THE GILIA TRICOLOR.)

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

THUS have ye named this modest flower,
Bright Gilia—of colors three:
What hath God given as its dower?
In what doth it resemble me?
Tiny, it hath persistent power—
It heedeth storm nor frost, ye see.

If therefore ye have named it thus,
More fitting fond ye will not find:
"But Ernestina makes more fuss,
At wintry frost and chilling wind,
Than hosts on hosts, robust like us!"
Persistence, love, is in the mind.

The little blossoms of her soul
Come forth at every sun-ray's will:
Glance at the seed-calls! every stroll
Of warmth from heaven doth some one fill:
Let cloud and tempest o'er her roll,
The flowret and the fruit come still.

Well has love named the humble flower,
Meek Gilia, of colors three;
Well have ye placed it in your bower,
To emblem there, Humility;
Thus may it gain a higher power
Than it may ever claim from me.

ODE ON IDLENESS.

BY T. YARDLEY.

WITH walking wearied, sat I, at the time
When, pausing far above the world, the sun
Seems musing whether he shall higher climb
The pathway up to heaven; or the one
Retrace till eve, which was at morn begun;
Or drive his cloud-clad coursers from the shade
Where lie the lightnings when the storm is done,
And where the rainbows by the saints are made,
O'er many a western wild and island everglade.

'Twas one of those sweet noons the restless soul
Most loves to dream of. Just enough of breeze
To chase the overheated air and roll
Away in music. Silent symphonies,
Among the olden avenues of trees,
The spirit gathered, weaving into wings,
To waft it up through space-encircling seas,
Whose waves are inspiration, and where rings
The octave of the spheres, with quiv'ring echoings.

My ever eager eyes, with quenchless thirst,
Drank in the glory of the scene. Before,
Commingling mountains, indistinct at first
And far, sublimely rose: each range would o'er
The rearward, slow-ascending summits soar,
Like some vast army on the Appenines,
With all the bright artillery of war,
Banners of painted clouds, with proud designs,
Helmets and jeweled shields along the glitt'ring lines.

Below me slept a valley, with its fields
O'erflowing with the ripe and yellow corn:
And harvesters, whose distance-mellowed peals
Of laughter touched the ear, as echoes borne

At vesper hour from some far Alpine horn,
Reclined, at length, beside a narrow stream
That lingered lullingly beneath its worn,
Wild-blossomed banks awhile, and then would gleam
Away and windingly, like music in a dream.

Slow sloping shores, o'er-velveted with green—
Old oaks, which, sighing softly, seemed aware
That summer is not always, as between
Their branches breathed the wing-unweary air—
Blue skies that bent above, serenely fair—
And tinklings faint of distant bells among
The snowy sheep and herds of kine, that where
The grass was deepest browsed—gave to the young,
Reposing there, an Eden-hour, and brightly hung,

Round age's mem'ries, as at eventide,
By lighted lamps, glow carved transparencies.
I felt the perfume-freighted zephyrs glide
On tiptoe by me from the midst of these:
And as they whispered lowly, by degrees
My brain grew dizzy with felicity;
And fancy, with the warm realities,
Mingled such floating, fairy imagery,
That all was isles of Greece and air of Italy.

There seemed low music swelling from afar.
Which, as it nearer came, grew lovelier;
And then smooth, iv'ry voices, such as are
Heard only from some heavenly messenger,
With harp-like pinions, warning ere we err
In words that die not, and through after time,
When evil tempts us, draw us nearer her.
And as in thought I saw the Past, sublime,
With many a sunny sky and calm Arcadian clime,

The cooling rippling of the stream of song
More deeply in its tone went sweeping by;
For other rills, its winding way along,
Had mingled with its waters leapingly.
And skimming swift the waves with ear and eye,
I found the fountains whence the river came—
A group of singing sylphs—and standing by

The one that *looked* the queen, though robed the same,
And languishingly lovely—Idleness her name.

Her dark, luxuriant hair fell loosely o'er
A neck that said a thousand things unthinking,
And soft as if 'twere only fashioned for
A pillow to support a loved head sinking
Beneath the draught, deliriously drinking,
Of her resistless beauty; and her eyes
Were open volumes, which, like planets blinking,
Seemed saying, "Read us, all around us lies
The starry Infinite—the realm of Mysteries."

Her thoughts environed me, for with a smile
And gesture of her hand, the group arose;
And pausing as they neared me, for awhile,
Drew round, encircling, in converging rows,
Enshrouding me in incense. A repose
Crept through my senses, such as sweetly stole
Over the Lotus-eaters—such as throws
Its dreamy spells around the bounding soul,
Like silken lassos, where the waves of Lethé roll.

And I was borne aloft through azure air,
Her warm, white arms around me, and her cheek
Close pressed to mine; her cooling, curling hair
Bathing my temples, as in Easter week,
In Rome's cathedrals, ere the Fathers speak,
They lave in holy-water. Unopposed,
My burning, lightning-learning lips would seek
With hers communion; and though undisclosed
The secrets whispered, yet our hearts full well supposed.

We floated on, with wings extended wide,
To that fair region, where the thoughts of men,
The holiest they breathe, like angels glide,
Gathering the purely beautiful, and then
Returning laden to the earth again—
Imagination's realm—the vast Unknown,
Full of as glorious images as when
The first Thought-angel gazed within, alone,
And will be while the world has evil to atone.

I touched Futurity’s thrice veiled domain.
And felt the moments of swift coming years
Fall sparklingly around me, like the rain
From over-heavy clouds of unwept tears,
Dropping through sunlight; while my eager ears
Caught from far sounding avenues, a name
Like mine, breathed in the tones affection hears
Swelling so sweetly on the earth the same,
Though lowly laid in flowers, the lips from whence they came.

My brain reeled with repletion, and no more,
Through such celestial scenes, and thus to be
Clothed with mortality, could I explore.
Fading, still fading slowly, I could see
The rolling prairie-land of Poesy,
Blooming with stars, and eastwardly a light,
Like the full moon rising gloriously,
Which streamed o’er it from Heaven—then our flight,
Unwilled, was earthward, with the soul’s archangel, Night.

Full many a shadow o’er the sun and me,
Subduing both a time, has passed since then;
And darker, colder ones in store may be
Unopened, with the woes awaiting men:
But still, in rose-wreathed summer, sometimes, when
The hour is noontide, and the noontide fair,
Sweet Idleness bends over me again
And whispers of Elysium—while Care
Flaps her broad, vulture wings and melts away in air.

RAIN AND SUNLIGHT IN OCTOBER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

THE grape-leaf's edge is crisping
Beside our window-pane;
Small chirping things are shrinking
From cold October rain.

I hear the pattering of its feet
All round about our home—
Among the loosely garnered shocks,
Along the runnel's foam.

There sings no bird among our trees—
Whose robes are waxing thin—
And yellow leaves, on withered grass,
Dim graves are sinking in.

Chilling is touch of Autumn rain,
Darkly the gray cloud lowers,
Shutting the sunlight from our paths
Among the drooping flowers.

Yet gently, as to our weary brows
Come folding wings of sleep,
It moves along the furrowed fields
Where summer dust lies deep.

Bravely 'twill nurse the infant grain
That in its cradle lies,
And nerve it to struggle with the storm
Before old Winter's eyes.

And now how quietly all about
October sunlight falls;
Tracking, with stars, the evening rain,
Sparkling on dead leaves' palls.

Moving, in shocks of garnered maize,
Is many a fluttering wing;
And the wheat smiles to gentle light
As if ’twere a living thing.

In showers, their crimson garments fall
From off majestic forms,
Whose hearts, in the living sap kept warm,
Are fearless of wildest storms.

Round us the forest, in mellow haze,
Shuts a still glory in;
Under its shadow the cattle graze—
Soon to it we shall win!

Shaking their nuts from laden limbs,
Sharing the squirrel’s mite,
Gaily we’ll gather on tufted moss
In the yellow Autumn light.

By freshening green on the fading grass
Life in its depth has stirred,
We are not alone among changing leaves,
For, hark! there’s a singing bird!

FRAGMENT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

WHEN, in his strength, the monarch of the air
Soars proudly through the azure fields of heaven,
His pinions burning in the noontide glare,
Or flashing in the deep red dyes of even,
He sees the earth receding from his eye,
And looking round him, in his chainless glee,
Utters a loud, a long, wild, piercing cry—
And that's the joyous shout of Liberty.

But when he leaves those vast ethereal plains,
And falls into the fowler's hidden snare,
Beneath the icy pressure of his chains,
How soon his sounding wing hangs listless there;—
And oft, as o'er their galling links he broods,
Dreaming of the bright hours when he was free,
He looks up through those shining solitudes,
And shrieks—the bitter shriek of Slavery.

If thus 'tis, from the eagle to the dove,
Say, how can we upon our fetters smile,
Save those that, woven by the hand of Love,
Are round us flung with many a tender wile?
So pure a shrine of Freedom is the soul,
That could our chains lose all their weight and chill,
And, 'twined with light, extend from pole to pole,
We'd sigh and feel that we were captives still.

NATURE AND ART.

BY SAMUEL MARTIN.

WHEN we see an insect in the fields pumping a sweet fluid from the nectaries of flowers, and carrying it home and storing it in convenient receptacles, which it carefully covers so as to exclude the dust and hinder evaporation, we are filled with devout astonishment; and as we write hymns about the "Little Busy Bee," in her industry and foresight, and curious contrivances, we recognize an all-pervading Mind and an all-controlling Hand. And in this we are right. But here is another animal, still more resourceful and provident. The bee collects the honey from such flowers as happen to contain it, and which yield it almost ready-made; but she takes no trouble to secure a succession of those flowers or to increase their productiveness. This other creature is at infinite pains to propagate and improve his favorite mellifluent herbs. From the sweet juices of flowers the bee can only elaborate a single fluid, while her rival from the same syrup can obtain a multitude of dainties; and, according to the taste of the consumer, he offers it in the guise of nectar or ambrosia, in crystals of topaz or in pyramids of snow. And when the manufacture is complete, the bee knows only one mode of stowage; this other creature packs it, as the case may require, in bags or baskets, in boxes or barrels, all his own workmanship, and all cleverly made. What, then, is the reason that when we look at a honeycomb we are apt to be reminded of the wisdom and goodness of God; but looking at the same thing magnified—surveying a hundred hogsheads of sugar piled up in a West Indian warehouse—we have no devout associations with the ingenuity and industry which placed them there? Why are chords of pious feeling struck by the proceedings of an insect, and no emotion roused by the on-goings of our fellow-men?

We examine two paper-mills. The one is situated in a gooseberry-bush, and the owner is a wasp. The other covers some acres of land, and belongs to a kind-hearted and popular legislator. But after exploring the latter with all its water-wheels and steam-engines, and with all the beautiful expedients for converting rags into pulp, and then weaving and sizing, and cutting and drying, and folding and packing, we go away admiring nothing except human skill; whereas, the moment Madam Vespa fetches a bundle of vegetable fibres and moistens them with her saliva, and then spreads them out in a patch of whitey-brown, we lift our hands in amazement, and go home to write another "Bridgewater Treatise," or to add a new meditation to Sturm. That a wasp should make paper at all is very wonderful; but if the rude fabric which she compiles from raspings of wood is wonderful, how much more admirable

is that texture which, as it flows from between these flying cylinders for furlongs together, becomes a fit repository for the story of the universe, and can receive on its delicate and evenly expanse, not only the musings of genius but the pictures of Prophecy and the lessons of Inspiration!

However, it is said, the cases are quite distinct. Man has reason to guide him; the lower animal proceeds by instinct. In surveying human handiwork, we admire the resources of reason; in looking at bird architecture or insect manufactures, we are in more direct contact with the Infinite Mind. Their Maker is their teacher, but man is his own instructor; and, therefore, we see the wisdom and goodness of God in the operations of the lower animals more clearly than in our own.

Without arguing the identity of reason and instinct, it will be admitted that the lower animals frequently perform actions which imply a reasoning process. Reverting to our insect illustrations, Huber and others have mentioned cases which make it hard to deny judgment and reflection to the wasp; and the reader who is himself "judicious" will not refuse a tiny measure of his own endowments to the bee. On a bright day, four or five summers since, we were gazing at a clump of fuchsias planted out on a lawn, not far from London. As every one knows, the flower of the fuchsia is a graceful pendent, something like a funnel or red coral suspended with the opening downward; and in the varieties planted on this lawn the tube of the funnel was long and slender. In the case of every expanded flower, we noticed that there was a small hole near the apex, just as if some one had pierced it with a pin. It was not long till we detected the authors of these perforations. The border was all alive with bees, and we soon noticed that in dealing with the fuchsias they extracted the honey through these artificial apertures. They had found the tube of the blossom so long that their haustella could not reach the honey at its farther end; and so, by this engineering stratagem, they got at it sideways. Surely this was sensible. When a mason releases a sweep stuck fast in a chimney by digging a hole in the gable, or when a chancellor of the exchequer gains a revenue by indirect taxation, he merely carries out the principle. And what makes the manœuvre more striking, is the fact that the problem was new. The fuchsias had come from Mexico and Chili not many years ago; whereas the bees were derived from a long line of English ancestors, and could not have learned the art of tapping from their American congeners. In cases such as these, and hundreds which might be quoted, no one feels his admiration of the all-pervading Wisdom lessen as instinct approaches reason, or actually merges in it. In the case of the inferior animals no one feels—The more of reason, the less of God. And, because man is all reason together, why should it be thought that in human inventions and operations there is nothing divine? How is it that in the dyke-building of that beaver, or the nest building of that bird, so many mark the varied evolutions of the Supreme Intelligence; but, when they come to the operations of the artisan or the architect, they are conscious of an abrupt transition, and, feeling the groundless holy, they exclaim,

"God made the country, but man made the town?"

One would think that the right way to regard human handiwork is with the feelings which an accomplished naturalist expresses:—"A reference to the Deity, even through works of human invention, must lead to increased brotherly love among mankind. When we see a mechanic working at his trade, and observe the dexterity which he displays, together with the ingenious adaptation of his tools to their various uses, and then consider the original source of all this, do we not see a being at work, employing for his own purposes an intelligence derived from the Almighty?—and will not such a consideration serve to raise him in our opinion, rather than induce us to look down slightingly upon him for being employed in a mechanical trade? For my own part, when I watch a mechanic at his work I find it very agreeable, and, I believe, a very useful kind of mental employment, to think of him as I would of an insect building its habitation, and in both see the workings of the Deity."[7]

And yet it must be admitted that few have the feelings which Mr. Drummond describes. They cannot see as much of God in the manipulations of the mechanic as in the operations of the bird or the beaver; nor can a life-boat send their thoughts upward so readily as the shell of a nautilus or the float of a raft-building spider.

The difference is mainly moral. Man is sinful. Many of his works are constructed with sinful motives, and are destined for evil purposes. And the artificer is often a wicked man. We know this, and when we look on man's works we cannot help remembering this. It is a pure pleasure to watch a hive of bees, but it is not so pleasant to survey a sugar plantation in Brazil, there is a painful thought in knowing how much of their produce will be manufactured into intoxicating liquors. It is pleasant to observe the paper-making of a hymenopterous insect; for it does not swear nor use bad language at its work, and, when finished, its tissues will not be blotted by effusions of impiety and vice; but of this you can seldom be assured in the more splendid manufactures of us lords of the creation. But if this element were guaranteed—if the will of God were done among ourselves even as it is done among the high artificers of heaven and among the humble laborers in earth's deep places—our feelings should be wholly revolutionized. If of every stately fabric we knew, as we know regarding St. Paul's, that no profane word had been uttered all the time of its construction; if of every factory we could hope, as of the mills at Lowell, that it is meant to be the reward of good conduct and the gymnasium of intelligence and virtue; if of every fine painting or statue we might believe that, like Michael Angelo's works, it was commenced in prayer; this suffusion of the moral over the mechanical would sanctify the Arts, and in Devotion's breast it would kindle the conviction, at once joyful and true, "My Father made them all."

Still, however, in man's works, we are bound to distinguish these two things—the mechanical and the moral. When God made man at first, he made him both upright and intelligent; he endowed him with both goodness and genius. In his fall he has lost a large amount of both attributes; but whatever measure of either he retains is still divine. Any dim instincts of devotion, as well as every benevolent

affection which lingers in man's nature are relics of his first estate; and so is any portion of intellectual power which he still possesses. Too often they exist asunder. In our self-entailed economy of defect and disorder, too often are the genius and the goodness divided. Too many of our good men want cleverness, and too many clever men are bad. But, whether consecrated or misdirected, it must not be forgotten that talent, genius, dexterity, are gifts of God, and that all their products, so far as these are innocent or useful, are results of an original inspiration.

It is true that his Creator has not made each individual man an instinctive constructor of railways and palaces, as he has made each beaver a constitutional dyke-builder and each mole a constitutional tunnel-borer. But he has endowed the human race with faculties and tendencies, which, under favoring circumstances, shall eventually develop in railways and palaces as surely as beaver mind has all along developed in dykes, and mole mind worked in tunnels. And just as in carrying out His own great scheme with our species, the Most High has conveyed great moral truths through all sorts of messengers—through a Balaam and a Caiaphas as well as a Daniel and a John;—so, in carrying out His merciful plan, and gradually augmenting our sum of material comfort, the Father of earth's families has conveyed His gifts through very various channels, sometimes sending into our world a great discovery through a scoffing philosopher, and sometimes through a Christian sage. Be the craftsman what he may; when once we have separated the moral from the mechanical—the sin which is man's from the skill which is Jehovah's—in every exquisite product, and more especially in every contribution to human comfort, we ought to recognize as their ultimate origin the wisdom and goodness of God. The arts themselves are His gift; the abuse alone is human. And just as an enlightened Christian looks forth on the landscape, and in its fair features as well as its countless inhabitants beholds mementoes of his Master; so, surveying a beautiful city, its museums and its monuments, its statues and fountains, or sauntering through a gallery of art or useful inventions—in all the symmetry of proportion and splendor of coloring, in every ingenious device and every powerful engine, he may read manifestations of that mind which is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working;" and, so far as skill and adaptation and elegance are involved, piety will hail the Great Architect himself as the Maker of the Town.

Reason may be regarded as the Instinct of the human race. Like instinct, commonly so called, it has an irresistible tendency toward certain results; and when circumstances favor, these results evolve. But reason is a slow and experimental instinct. It is long before it attains to any optimism. The inferior races are only repeating masterpieces which their ancestor produced in the year of the world One. Man is constantly improving on his models, and there are many inventions on which he has only hit in this 59th century of his existence. Nevertheless, as the oak is in the acorn, so these inventions have from the first been in the instinct of humanity. That is, if you say that its nest was in the mind of the bird, or its cocoon in the mind of the silk-worm as it came from the hand of its Maker, and if you consequently deem it true and devout to recognize in these humble fabrics a trace of the wisdom

which moulds the universe; so we say that the Barberini Vase and the Britannia Bridge existed in the mind of our species when first ushered into this earthly abode, and now in the providential progress of events these germs have developed in structures of beauty or grandeur, whilst admiring the human workmanship, it is right and it is comely to adore the original Authorship.

His are the minerals and the metals, the timbers and the vegetable tissues, from which our houses and our ships, our clothing and our furniture, are fabricated. Of these, the variety is amazing, and it plainly indicates that, in the arrangements of this planet, the Creator contemplated not only the necessities but the enjoyments of his intelligent creatures. For instance, there might have been only one or two metals; and the eagerness with which tribes confined to copper, or to gold and silver, grasp at an axe or a butcher's whittle, shows how rich are the tribes possessing iron. But even that master-metal, with all his capabilities, and aided by his three predecessors, cannot answer every purpose. The chemist requires a crucible which will stand a powerful heat, and which, withal, does not yield to the corroding action of air or water. Gold would answer the latter, and iron the former purpose, well; but every one knows how readily iron rusts and how easily gold melts. But there is another metal—platinum—on which air and water have not the slightest action, and which stands unscathed in the eye of a furnace where iron would run down like wax, and gold would burn like paper. In the same way there are many ends for which none of these metals are available, but which are excellently answered by tin, and lead, and zinc, and rhodium, and mercury. Or will the reader bestow a passing thought on his apparel? His forefathers found one garment sufficient, and for mere protection from the weather a suit of cat-skin or sheep-skin might still suffice. But, oh reader! what a romance is your toilette! and should all the rest of you be prose, what a poem you become when you put on your attire! That snowy lawn once blossomed on the banks of the Don or the Dnieper, and before it shone in a London drawing-room, that broad-cloth comforted its rightful owner amidst the snows of the Cheviots. Did these boots really speak for themselves, you would find that the upper leathers belonged to a goat, and the soles to a horse or a cow. And could such metamorphic retributions happen now as in the days of Ovid, the best way to punish the pride of an exquisite would be to let every creature come and recover his own. A worm would get his satin cravat, and a pearl oyster his studs; and if no fabulous beaver laid claim to his hat, the rats of Paris or the kittens of Worcester would assuredly run off with his gloves. But viewed in a graver and truer light, it is marvellous from how many sources we derive the several ingredients in the simplest clothing, many of them essential to health, and most of them conducive to our well-being; so that we need not go to the crowded mart or the groaning wharf in order to convince ourselves of earth's opulent resources. Few will read these pages who have not the evidence at home. Open that cupboard, unlock that wardrobe, look round the chamber where you are seated, and think a little of all the kingdoms of Nature and all the regions of the globe from which their contents have been collected, and say if the Framer of this world is not a bountiful Provider. "O Lord, how manifold are thy

works! The earth is full of thy riches; so is this great and wide sea."

The Supreme Governor has so ordered it, that the progress of the arts—that is, of human comfort and accommodation—shall be nearly in proportion to human industry, sobriety, and peacefulness. The last thirty years have been fraught with inventions, chiefly because they have been years of peace. In England, however, the reign of Charles II. was tolerably tranquil; but, except for the accident of Newton and the Royal Society, its peace was the parent of few discoveries, for it was a peace which had converted the noise of the warrior, not into the quiet of the artisan, but into the din of the drunken debauchee. Such honor does the Most High put upon peaceful activity and sober perseverance, that wherever these exist economic comfort is sure to follow. Thus, without uncommon intellectuality, and with a false religion, the Chinese anticipated many of the arts of modern Europe. Whilst Christendom, so called, was divided betwixt lazy monks and a brutal soldiery—whilst mediæval churchmen were droning masses, and feudal barons amused themselves in knocking out each other's brains—the Chinese, neither fierce nor indolent, were spinning silk and manufacturing porcelain, compiling almanacs, and sinking Artesian wells. And long before any Friar Schwartz, or Gutenberg, or Flavio di Gioia, had revealed them to the Western World, the pacific and painstaking Chinese were favored with prelibations of our vaunted discoveries—gunpowder, book-printing, and the mariner's compass.

We have compared our world to a well-furnished dwelling, in which, however, many of the treasures are locked up, and it is left to patience and ingenuity to open the several doors. Caoutchouc and gutta percha have always been elastic and extensible; but it is only of late that their properties have been ascertained and turned to profitable account. The cinchonas had grown for five thousand years in Peru before the Jesuit missionaries discovered the tonic influence which the bark exerts on the human system. Steam was always capable of condensation, so as to leave in its place a vacuum; but it is only a century and a half since it struck the Marquis of Worcester to employ this circumstance as a motive power. And ever since our earthly ball was fashioned, electricity has been able to sweep round it at the rate of ten times each second, though it is only within the last few years that Professor Wheatstone thought of sending tidings on its wings. And doubtless the cabinets still unlocked contain secrets as wonderful and as profitable as these; whilst the language of Providence is, "Be diligent, and be at peace among yourselves, and the doors which have defied the spell of the sorcerer and the battle-axe of the warrior will open to the prayer of harmonious industry."

So thoroughly provided with all needful commodities is the great house of the world, that, in order to obtain whatever we desiderate, seldom is aught else requisite than a distinct realization of our want and a determined effort to supply it. In working mines, one of the difficulties with which the excavator has to contend is the influx of water. The effort to remedy this evil gave birth to the steam-engine; and, with the relief afforded by the steam-pump, many mines are easily and profitably

wrought which otherwise must have long since become mere water-holes. But a worse enemy than water encounters the collier, in the shape of fire-damp, or inflammable gas. Formerly, in quarrying his subterranean gallery, the axe of the unsuspecting pitman would pierce a magazine of this combustible air, and unlike water, there being nothing to bewray its presence, it filled the galleries with its invisible serpent-coils; and it was not till a candle approached that it revealed itself in a shattering explosion, and a wretched multitude lay burning and bleeding along its track—a fearful hecatomb to this fiery dragon. What was to be done? Were the blast furnaces of Wales and Wolverhampton to be extinguished, and were household fires to go out? Or, for the sake of a blazing ingle and good cutlery, were brave men still to be sacrificed to this Moloch of the mine? The question was put to Science, and Science set to work to solve it. Many good expedients were suggested, but the most ingenious was in practice the simplest and safest. It was ascertained that a red heat, if unaccompanied by flame, will not ignite the fire-damp; and it was also known, that the most powerful flame will not pass through wire-gauze, if the openings are sufficiently small. A lamp or a candle might, therefore, be put into a lantern of this gauze, and then plunged into an atmosphere of inflammable air; and whilst the flame inside the lantern gave light enough to guide the laborer, none of that flame could come through to act as a match of mischief. And now, like a diver in his pneumatic helmet, the miner, with his "Davy," can traverse in security, the depths of an inflammable ocean.

So plentiful is the provision for our wants, that little more is needed than a distinct statement in order to secure a supply. During his long contest with England, and when both the ocean and the sugar-growing islands were in the power of his enemy, Napoleon said to his *savans*, "Make sugar for the French out of something which grows in France." And, like Archimedes with the tyrant's crown, they set to work on the problem. They knew that sugar is not confined to the Indian cane. They knew that it can be obtained from many things—from maple, and parsnips, and rags; but the difficulty was to obtain it in sufficient quantities, and by an inexpensive process. However, knowing the compartment in which the treasure was concealed, they soon found the key; and it was not long till beet-root sugar was manufactured in thousands of tons, nearly as good, though not nearly so cheap, as the produce of England's colonies. A few years ago the British Foreign Office had a dispute with the Neapolitan Government. The best sulphur is found in Sicily, and from that island Great Britain imports for its own manufactures about 20,000 tons a year. On the occasion referred to, the Neapolitan Government was about to complete an arrangement which would have enormously enhanced the price of this important commodity. Some wished that England should make it a *casus belli*, and send her ships of war to fetch away the brimstone by force. But the chemists of England took the quarrel into their own hands; and, had not the King of Naples yielded, doubtless we should now have been supplied with sulphur from sources at command but yet undeveloped.

A modification of the same problem is constantly occurring to practical science,

and its almost uniform solution shows that our world has been arranged with a benevolent eye to the growing comfort of the greater number. Science is perpetually importuned to cheapen commodities; and by substituting a simple method for an intricate process, or by making a common material fulfill the part of a rare one, it is every year giving presents to the poor. Few substances are more essential to our daily comfort than soda. It is a large constituent of glass and soap, and many other useful articles. The cleanliness of a nation depends on the cheapness of soda; and if soda is cheap, you can substitute plate-glass for crown in your windows, and you can adorn your apartments with glazed pictures and mirrors. So that from the bleacher who spends thousands-a-year on the carbonate, to the apprentice who in the dog-days lays out a penny on ginger-beer or soda-water, all are interested in the cheapness of soda. But this alkali used to be dear. Small quantities were found native, and larger supplies were obtained from the burning of sea-weed. Still the cost was considerable. However, it was well known that a vast magazine of the precious article surrounds us on every side. The sea is water changed to brine by a salt of soda. If only a plan could be contrived for separating this soda from the hydro-chloric acid, which makes it common salt, there is at our doors a depot large enough to form a Mont Blanc of pure soda. That plan was discovered; and now a laundress buys a pound of soda (the carbonate) for three half-pence, and the baker of unfermented bread can procure the more costly bicarbonate for sixpence.

Lately, if not still, in the shops of provincial apothecaries, no article was in such demand as one styled in the Pharmacopœia, muriate of magnesia. This popular medicine was first obtained by evaporation from certain mineral waters, and as the supply was limited the price was high. But few ingredients could be cheaper than the earth and the acid from which it is combined. The earth forms whole mountains, and the acid is that cheap one set free when the soda is separated from common salt. Accordingly, chemists went to work, and in their laboratories did what the mineral spring had been doing since the Deluge, and by a simple process they manufactured the muriate of magnesia. A few years ago, looking at the remarkable rocks of magnesian limestone which defend the Durham coast, near Shields, our companion remarked, “Many a hundred tons of these rocks have we converted into Epsom salts!”

“Waste not, want not.” An adage which received a touching sanction when, after a miraculous feast, and when He could have converted the whole region into bread, the Saviour said, “Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.” And in the progress of discovery, God is constantly teaching us not to waste anything, for this is a world of which nothing need be lost. At the woollen factories of Rheims there used to accumulate a refuse, which “it cost something to throw away.” This was the soap-water containing the fatty matters washed from the woollen stuffs, along with some soda and other ingredients. With its offensive scum this soap-water was a nuisance, and required to be put out of the way with all convenient speed. But now, from one portion of it gas is manufactured, sufficient to supply all the works, and the remainder yields a useful soap.[8] In the same way, when Lord Kaims found

himself proprietor of an extensive peat-moss in the neighborhood of Stirling, with characteristic energy he commenced its improvement. On digging through the moss, he came to a rich alluvial soil; so that to his sanguine imagination, fifteen hundred acres, at whose barrenness his neighbors laughed, were a splendid estate, covered over meanwhile by a carpet seven feet thick. To lift this carpet was the puzzle: for every acre of it weighed some hundred tons. But "the mother of invention" is the near kinswoman of most Highland lairds, and "necessity" suggested a plan to Lord Kaims: a plan which must have approved itself to the mind of a judge, for, by a sort of retributive process, it forced the element which had done the damage to undo it again. By a hydraulic contrivance, a powerful current of water was made to traverse the moss and carry off the loosened fragments, till they reached the river Forth, and were finally floated into the German Ocean. And now "a waste," which last century was the haunt of the curlew, is covered with heavy crops, and yields its proprietor a revenue of two or three thousand pounds a year. But had Lord Kaims foreseen Mr. Reece's researches into the composition and capabilities of "bog-earth," he would, perhaps, have hesitated before he consigned such a treasure to the deep. At this moment we are writing by the light of a candle which last year was a peat! And, however opinion may differ as to the probable expense of the process, there can be no doubt that peat yields in large quantities the ammonia which is so largely used by farmers; the acetic and pyroligneous acids, extensively employed by calico-printers, hatters, etc.; and, along with naptha, a fatty substance capable of being converted into beautiful candles; so that Mr. Owen's benevolent calculation will, doubtless, sooner or later be fulfilled, and "Irish moss" become a cure for Irish misery.[9] It is pleasant to know that on every side we are surrounded with mines of unexamined wealth. Some of the old workings may be exhausted; but if we be only devout and diligent new veins will open. Forty years ago, so much oil was required for lighting the streets of cities as well as for private dwellings, that fears began to be entertained lest the great oil-flask of the Northern Ocean might run dry, and the whale family be extirpated. That fear was superseded when, in 1812, gas illumination was introduced.

"The best of things is water." So sang a very ancient Greek; and of all the fragments preserved in Aristotle's "Rhetoric," hydropathy and teetotalism have assigned the palm to this old water-poem. Not so our ship-owners. To them the sorest of problems and the saddest of expenses is water. Soup can be inspissated into osmazome, and meat can be squeezed into pemican; but water is not compressible, and it is rather provoking to see the space available for stowage occupied by tanks and barrels of this cheap element. Many expedients have been suggested, and some have partially succeeded. But since we began to write this paper, our attention has been called to a beautiful contrivance which promises to conquer every difficulty. By means of Mr. Grant's Distilling Galley,[10] the brine may be pumped up from the ocean, and, after cooking the mess of the largest ship's company, it may be collected in the form of the purest fresh water, to the extent of some hundred gallons each day. Nor is it only a vast saving of room which is

effected by this beautiful expedient. It is a saving of time. Frequently ships are compelled to leave the straight route, and sometimes lose a favoring wind, in quest of water. But a ship provided with this apparatus is as independent as if she were sailing over a fresh water lake; and, instead of putting into port, she has only to resort to the never-failing pump. And we may add that it is not only space and time which are saved, but the health of the crew and the passengers. With every precaution cistern-water is apt to spoil, and in the Indian Seas and other regions the water obtained on shore is apt to occasion disease. But the produce of this engine is always as pure as the rain which falls from the clouds.

When Pythagoras demonstrated the geometrical proposition, that in a rectangular triangle the sum of the two lateral squares is equal to the square of the hypotenuse, he is said to have offered the sacrifice of a hundred oxen. In modern art we fear that there are many discoveries for which the thank-offering has not yet been rendered.

Both the reader and the writer are deeply indebted to that gracious Providence which has cast our lot in the most favored of all times. Chiefly through the progress of the Arts, the average of existence has been lengthened many years, and into these years it is possible to concentrate an amount of literary acquisition, and moral achievement, and intellectual enjoyment, for which Methuselah himself had not leisure. For lives thus lengthened let us show our gratitude by living to good purpose; and, remembering that railways and telegraphs and steam-printed books are the good gifts of God, let the age which enjoys them be also the age of holiest obedience and largest benevolence.

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[7] Drummond’s Letters.

[8] Knapp’s “Chemical Technology,” p. 179.

[9] See Professor Brande’s “Lecture,” Jan 31, 1851.

[10] The invention of Mr. Grant, of the Victualling Department, Somerset House.

SNOW.

BY J. P. ADDISON.

FALLING, falling,
The snow is falling;
  Floating, falling,
To the earth tending
With motion unending;
  Floating, falling.

Veiled are the mountains,
  Dim is the plain;
Who looketh afar,
  He looketh in vain;
Wrapped in the shower,
Dark pines tower,
  Shadow-like near,
Arms outspread,
As over the dead,
  Solemn and drear.

Snow-birds cheerily
  Chirp as they fly;
Ravens drearily
  Answer on high:
Else, in the distance,
One who listens,
  Naught may hear,
Voice nor sound,
In the country round,
  Far or near.

Roof of the cottage
  And vine at the door,
Chimney and lattice
  Are rounded o'er;
The black tree

Is fair to see
   In its net of snow,
And the apple-bough
Bends nearer now
   To the casement low.

The paths lie buried,
   The storm covers all,
The high-road wide
   And the house-path small;
Hid is the stain
Of wind and rain
   On the fences nigh,
And afar, each row
With the feathery snow
   Is rounded high.

Muffled and heavily
   Moveth the wain,
Wearily waiteth
   And moveth again;
How for his hearth-fire
Sigheth the farmer
   Here in the storm;
There, the fire verily
Crackleth merrily
   Thinks he, and warm.

Gained that warm hearth-side,
   Glad by the fire
’Mid his dear loved ones
   Sitteth the sire.
“Ah the fire verily
Crackleth merrily,
   Children mine,”
In the answering gleam
Glad faces beam,
   The white walls shine.

Still it is falling,
The snow is falling,
   Floating, falling;
To the earth tending

With motion unending,
Floating, falling.

THE LOST DEED.

A LEGEND OF OLD SALEM.

BY E. D. ELIOT.

(*Continued from page 29.*)

ONE day after one of the youth's little visits to the terrace, Captain and Mrs. Stimpson were sitting at the door enjoying the afternoon breeze which came fresh from the ocean, and watching the craft in the harbor, when Judith came skipping up to the door, with a great red rose in her hand. Her father accosted her:

"Judy, my gal, where have you been? Sir's flower! Come, light old daddy's pipe for him, and tell what that youngster has been talking about so long at the gate."

"Oh, I will, sir," (jumping on her father's knee, and putting the rose in his button-hole,) "if you will please call me Judith, and not keep calling yourself old daddy. You are not old, I am sure. He always says pa, or my father, and it sounds so much prettier—don't it, ma?"

"He! who's he?" chuckled the delighted father, winking to his wife.

"Why, didn't you say George Fayerweather, sir?" asked Judith, stroking his chin. "He often asks me why I don't call you two, pa and ma. Now, wont you promise not to laugh at me if I call you so sometimes?"

"You may call me what you please, if you don't call me too late to dinner," said her father. "But you don't tell your old dad—father, I mean—what you've been talking about."

"Why, he says," she replied in a tremulous voice, her rosy lip quivering, "he's going to sea soon, to be gone a year; and he says"—her eyes brightening—"that he means to bring you home the handsomest pipe he can find up the Straits."

"I thank the lad, I thank him," said the captain, with his usual sonorous h-m-gh; "that youngster's a smart chap." Turning to his wife—"Mind what I say, he'll turn out something remarkable."

"And he is going to bring you, mother, a beautiful tortoise shell snuff-box."

"And what is he going to bring you, my darling?" said her father.

"I told him I would not have any thing."

"And what did he say to you, dear?" asked her mother.

“Here comes old Mary to call us to tea,” said Judith, glad to dispose of the interrogatory in so propitious a manner.

Could you have seen Captain Stimpson at his well-furnished board, you would have been at no loss to account for his rotundity. Judith presided, with her father and mother on the side at her left hand, old grandsir Stimpson, in his arm-chair, at her right, and Mr. Solomon Tarbox, the foreman of the rope-walk, on the fourth side, opposite to her. A small, japanned tea-tray was placed before her, upon which were ranged the tea-cups of burnt china, about the size of egg-shells, with saucers to match, a silver sugar-dish and cream-pitcher, but little larger than those which would grace a child’s baby-house at the present day, and two shining black tea-pots, each holding about a pint, one filled with the best bohea and the other with boiling water.

A pewter tankard, filled with small-beer of Mrs. Stimpson’s own brewing, was placed at her husband’s right hand; it being a beverage of which he was fond, not being able to bring himself to like the new-fangled wishy-washy stuff called tea. Before grandsir was placed a small mug of peppermint-tea, which the old gentleman thought more healthful. A lobster in his scarlet suit occupied the centre of the table; flanked on one side by a parallelogram of smoked salmon, six inches by seven; on the other by a dish of cold baked beans. A plate of white bread and another of brown, half an oblate spheroid of butter, and a truncated cone of Dutch cheese found a place on the table; and to crown all, a dish of miracles, a kind of cake much in vogue in those days, and not differing materially from the crullers of New York, being the same, under a different name, with the Massachusetts dough-nuts of more modern date, excepting that the dough was formed into grotesque figures, displaying the fancy of the compounder to great advantage. In this article Judith particularly excelled, few possessing either her taste or fancy.

The old grandsir, in his white linen cap, pushed a little back from his furrowed brow, with clasped hands, and in a tremulous voice, asked a blessing; to which his son responded with an audible amen, followed by his usual h-m-gh. Judith commenced the operation of pouring out the tea, first ascertaining that her grandfather’s peppermint was to his taste, and being commended by him for having his little slip of salt fish broiled to a nicety; for notwithstanding the usual abundance of his son’s table, the good man always chose to have something prepared exclusively for himself. Judith handed the tea with a natural grace, equaling any elegance acquired at a modern boarding-school.

Her father, after seeing that all were well supplied with the good things on his table, took up his pewter tankard, and with a respectful nod to the old gentleman said, “Father, my sarvice to you; Miss Stimpson, my sarvice; sarvice, sarvice,” nodding to Judith and Mr. Tarbox; then applying the vessel to his lips, he took a long and apparently a very refreshing draught. Judith, though a beauty and a heroine, despised not the vulgar enjoyments of eating and drinking, but valued them as social pleasures.

After ample justice being done to the meal by all parties, Captain Stimpson and Mr. Tarbox went off to the rope-walk. Grandsir, removing his chair to a window, where the afternoon breeze blew in refreshingly, and placing his Bible, his favorite companion, on his knees, was soon in a gentle slumber; his head thrown back on his comfortable chair, and his hands folded on the pages of the sacred volume before him, opened at his favorite last of Revelations. Mrs. Stimpson, taking up her knitting-work, sat herself down by the side of the table, to superintend the clearing away of the tea-things. She followed Judith with her fond eyes, as the little maiden tripped lightly about in her neat, speckled apron, putting every thing in its place in the most housewifely manner, and directing old Mary in an affectionate and cheerful tone of voice.

She put away the tea-things in their accustomed places, in the little buffet with glass-doors, at the corner of the room, in which three mandarins of china were conspicuous, one on the middle projection of each shelf: then seating herself down at the window, she began to ply her needle in the embroidering of various figures in fine cat-gut to imitate lace; a kind of ladies' work as much in vogue in those days as the worsted and crochet-work has been in our day.

Captain Stimpson soon joined them with his pipe, but their conversation was interrupted by a gentle rap at the tea-room door, and on the captain's opening it, George Fayerweather appeared, with a lame excuse for so soon repeating his visit. He was cordially received by the captain, who invited him to sit down, which he immediately did, in such a manner as to occupy the whole width of a window in the front parlor, to which the family now all adjourned; grandsir rousing and going with them, as he loved to doze by the sound of his children's voices. The evening being fairly set in, a light was brought by old Mary; but being placed in a little cupboard, the door of which was nearly closed, the rest of the room was left in obscurity.

The little party remained for some time almost in silence; the coolness of the hour, after the heat of the day, bringing to each a sense of tranquil enjoyment, which none felt disposed to interrupt by conversation. It is in such moments, that throwing off the cares of life, and forgetting its sorrows and disappointments, in the presence of those best loved, one feels possessed of a treasure of happiness—though the hoard maybe small—which wholly fills the mind and satisfies the wishes. "The heart" does not "distrustful ask if this be joy," secure in the sober certainty. These are the moments, which, in their flight, mark their traces most deeply in the memory, over which we brood as a miser over his gold, and which, when past never to return, leave the heart most desolate.

The beauty of the evening drew many from their dwellings to enjoy it in the open air, and others whom thrift or need forbade to suspend longer their occupations, resumed them with fresh vigor—a murmur of voices, mingled with other sounds of busy life, softened and blended by distance, found its way into the open windows of the apartment.

At intervals, a faint and distant strain of music was heard, at first scarcely

perceptible, and which each one might have attributed to imagination as it occasioned no remark; but on the breeze freshening the sounds drew nearer, and at length a strange and beautiful melody was poured forth, melancholy though delicious, which drew an exclamation of surprise and delight from the whole party.

"Oh, what is it!" exclaimed Judith; "what can it be, and where does it come from?" as a sensation almost amounting to superstition stole over her.

"It sounds," said the father, "almost like the music which I've heard many a time, when I was before the mast, from some of the big churches in foreign parts, as it came over the water, whilst I kept watch on deck of a moonlight night, when the vessel was near port."

Here the old gentleman arousing, cried out, "I've been asleep, I declare—what a beautiful dream I've had. I dreamed I was in the New Jerusalem, and was walking by the side of the river, where was the Tree of Life, with twelve manner of fruits hanging from its branches. I heard the angels with their golden harps—though somehow I couldn't see them—why, there it is again!"

Here a swell of wild harmony filled the room, prolonged and varied for a moment, and dying away in a low wail. Judith felt her eyes fill with tears as the strain ceased, and looking in the direction where George was sitting, exclaimed, "Oh, it comes from that window! I know it does! I thought so all the time."

George now spoke—"Well, come let us see if we can find it."

On her approach, as he sought her hand to draw her to the window, she drew back, saying she must get the light; on bringing which, a long, slender box of polished wood was discovered, filling the space in the window, which was opened just wide enough to admit it. The sounds were now found to proceed from strings stretched across its upper surface, (which was carved and gilded,) and fastened at each end by pegs of ivory and brass. The delighted girl asked in wonder—

"What is it? Where did it come from? Whose is it?"

The latter of which interrogatories George answered by pointing to her name carved at full length at one end, his own initials, in very small characters, appearing beneath.

"It is an Eolian harp," he said, "it is played upon by the winds, and is a little conjuror—if you should happen to have an acquaintance at sea"—here he looked full in her blushing face with an expression of much feeling, his voice slightly trembling—"and should care to know any thing how he fared, put the harp in the window, and the winds will waft the intelligence across the ocean, and as the strains are in harmony or in discord you may judge of his welfare."

She replied—"Oh, how much I thank you for it. But I am sure I should not forget you without it—oh, I am sure I should not," she added, in a lower tone.

He then seized her scissors, which hung at her side by its silver chain, and looking into her face for permission, separated a silken ringlet from her head, and, folding it carefully, placed it in his bosom, then, the evening being somewhat

advanced, he took his leave.

When the point of George's going to sea was first settled, his mother's lamentations were loud and deep; but at length, when the voyage was engaged, and the time drew near for his departure, as was usual with her when an evil was unavoidable, she bore it as well as any one could, and busied herself with alacrity in his equipments. She made great complaints that he could be allowed but one sea-chest; in which, however, she managed to find room for two plum-puddings, half a dozen minced pies, and a roast-turkey, that he might at least keep Thanksgiving, which was near at hand, if not Christmas, on board the vessel.

On the day before he was to sail, a new idea seemed to strike her. She called Mrs. Wendell, who was present and assisting, as usual, when any thing extraordinary was going on in her aunt's family; and they both went again to the chest. It had been packed and repacked six times already; but with Amy's assistance, a closely-folded pile of sea-clothes was once more taken out, and by still closer packing, and a different arrangement, room was made for an oblong pasteboard box. She then went to the high chest of drawers of black mahogany, which stood in frowning majesty in her chamber, and was taking out an article laid with great care in one of the drawers, when her husband, who had thought all was finished, entered to see what more she had found to do.

"High! high! what are you doing with my best cravat with the Brussels lace?" he cried.

"La, Mr. Fayerweather, my dear, you know you never wear it only on great occasions—such as a wedding or so; and there is nobody to be married now, before George comes home. I am going to let him have it, for there's no time to send to Boston for any; and if any thing should happen, you shall have my best set of lace, which is handsomer than this."

"I don't know that; but what upon earth can George do with a Brussels' laced cravat at sea?"

"Oh, my dear, when he's in London, you know, he may be invited to dine with the king; and I should want to have him dressed suitably."

"To dine with the king!" cried Mr. Fayerweather, shouting with laughter; "what could have put such an idea into your head?"

Madam was quite offended, and said with great dignity, "Phillis Wheatly drank tea with the queen and I am sure, I do not see why our son may not be invited to dine with the king."

"Oh, well, my dear, I ask your pardon; let George have the cravat, by all means; and you had better let him have my blue-satin waistcoat, laced with silver, to wear also, when he dines with his majesty," said Mr. Fayerweather, turning away to hide a good-natured smile.

"Why, I was thinking of that, but we can't find room for it in the chest; and I suppose he may find one ready made in London."

This weighty affair settled, and the chest packed again for the seventh and last time, it was locked to go on board the vessel.

The morning came, the wind was fair, and the young sailor took his way to the wharf. “Good-bye, Cousin Amie!” he cried, to Mrs. Wendell, who was waiting at her door to shake hands with him; “when I go up the Straits, I’ll get you the handsomest brocade that was ever seen in Salem.”

In a few weeks after George’s departure, which time passed gloomily away with his family, Madam Brinley, a sister of Mrs. Fayerweather, came to Salem, and moved into the large house, opposite the Fayerweather mansion, which was a joyful event to Madam. The two sisters bore a strong resemblance to each other in features, with some shades of difference in character. Madam Brinley was a few years the elder; her nose might have been a little more pointed, and, perhaps, her temper rather sharper; then she was more worldly, and took more state upon herself. She was a widow of about ten years standing, with a handsome estate. Having lost several children in infancy, she had remaining only two daughters. Molly, the then fashionable cognomen for Mary, was then just fifteen, and Lizzy, two years younger. The three families residing so near together, made the winter a more pleasant one to the little neighborhood—George’s absence furnishing a subject of joyful anticipation in his return.

Early the next spring an important personage made his appearance in Paved Street—no less than a son to Mr. Wendell. He was, as is generally the case with the first, the wonder of the age. Madam Fayerweather declared, “He was the beautifullest baby that ever was seen.” Madam Brinley said, “It was certainly a remarkably fine infant;” while Mr. Fayerweather declared it was the exact counterpart of all the babies he ever saw. I am sorry to say that Mr. Wendell did not comport himself with all the dignity to be expected from his new character; for he only laughed as if he would kill himself, whenever his son was presented to him; but could not be prevailed upon by any means, to take it into his arms, for fear of its falling to pieces; to the great scandal of the little wizened old woman from Marblehead, in whose lap it usually lay, its long robes touching the floor; she averred, “It was a sin and a shame that its sir wouldn’t take to it more, when it was as much like him as two peas in a pod—it was the most knowinist and the most remarkablest baby ever she seed in her baarn days.”

When the young gentleman was in its fourth week, his mother, according to custom, received visitors in her chamber. In these visits, scarcely less state was observed than in those to the bride; but matrons and elderly ladies were alone privileged to make them. If any young damsel had the hardihood to make her appearance within the sacred precincts, though under shelter of her mother’s wing, she was immediately pronounced as cut out for an old maid—and the oracle seldom failed of fulfillment.

The first day on which Mrs. Wendell sat up for company, when she was just attired in a handsome undress, made expressly for the occasion, and was seated in

state in her easy chair, while nurse was preparing the baby to display him to the best advantage, Scipio thrust in his black head at the door with a “He! ho! he! Missy Amy, Scip’ got suthen for de picaninny.” Here Madam Fayerweather’s voice was heard reproving him for going before her, when the door was thrown open, and in she came with Scipio after her, bearing a beautiful wicker cradle, lined with white satin. Madam unfolded the cradle-quilt with great pomp and circumstance; and now the grand secret came out—Amy’s wondering eyes beheld the great work—the very work! which had employed all her aunt’s moments of leisure for upward of three years.

It was composed of pieces of silk of every pattern that had been worn in the family for two generations, and cut into every form which Madam’s imagination could devise, or her scissors shape. There were squares, triangles, and hexagons; there were stripes perpendicular, horizontal, and diagonal, with stars, double and single; of brocade, watered tabby, paduasoy, damask, satin, and velvet; in short, it was a very grand affair. After having sufficiently enjoyed her niece’s surprise and pleasure, the happy and triumphant aunt took her grand-nephew from his nurse, and laid him on his new couch, then placed the quilt over him, turned down at the head, to display the lining of pink sarsnet; and being quite satisfied with the additional splendor which the *tout ensemble* gave to the apartment, she took the baby up again, (he was fortunately a very quiet one,) and put him into the lap of his nurse, until visitors should be heard coming, when he was to be reinstated in all the magnificence of his luxurious cradle. He was christened the next Sunday at church. Mr. Fayerweather having consented to stand as one of the godfathers, Madam, feeling some qualms of conscience, sent to Boston privately for a very rich lace, to replace the one which she had abstracted for George.

The succeeding summer they received two letters from George; both written in high spirits, and discovering a degree of intelligence and good sense which highly gratified his father. That same season, John, the younger son, entered college. Being of bright parts and fond of study, he bade fair to realize all the expectations his father had formed for his brother.

Dark November came again, with its naked trees and sad-colored skies. This gloomy month, in which the inhabitants of *old* England are said to be most prone to hang themselves, the Puritan fathers of New England, with greater wisdom, enlivened by the only festival they ever instituted—Thanksgiving. On this occasion, after offering up solemn thanks in public to the bountiful Hand, “who had crowned the year with his goodness,” with all the scattered branches of their families gathered under the patriarchal roof, they indulged in Thanksgiving-dinner—the only approach they ever made to merry-making—an abundant feast of every good thing the seasons had afforded; imparting to the poor a liberal portion. It is to be regretted, that abuses, in time, crept in, in the train of this—it might otherwise be truly called—sacred festival—that cruel sports became connected with its celebration, which have since continued almost to form a part of it. It is like associating the bloody rites

of paganism with our most pure and holy worship.

On the Thanksgiving of this year, a family-party was collected at Mr. Fayerweather's, with the addition of the Episcopal clergyman, Mr. McGregor, the family physician, Dr. Holly, and one or two other friends. In the evening, the accustomed game of Blind Man's Buff was called for, in which no one was privileged to refuse joining. George's absence was now loudly lamented, but he was not expected until Christmas. Much merriment and noise, however, succeeded. The good clergyman, an Oxford scholar, and a deep and sound divine, who always went into company ready prepared with a particular subject to debate upon, with all his weapons sharpened for the contest; and who had at length succeeded in engaging Mr. Wendell in a grave discussion on some knotty point in divinity, was obliged to break off, just as he had established the premises to an important conclusion. He joined in the "mad game" with a very bad grace, but by degrees, warming with the sport, he enjoyed it the most of the party, and shouted the loudest when Mr. Fayerweather, on being caught by Lizzy Brinley, left his wig in her hand, and escaped with his bare poll.

Dr. Holly, who loved sport better than his life, on being caught and blindfolded, managed, by a little cheating, to catch Madam Fayerweather, to her unfeigned astonishment. At this juncture, Flora tripped lightly into the room, and whispered to her master, who immediately followed her out, when Vi'let, in a flaming red gown, popped in her head for a moment with a most remarkable expression of countenance. As she closed the door softly, she gave a significant nod to the company, to let them know she was in possession of a great secret.

Mr. Fayerweather a moment after returned, bringing in with him a tall stranger, and made signs to the company to take no notice of the interruption. All passed so silently that Madam did not perceive either the going out or the returning, but continued to sail round the room in her green damask, without being able to catch any one. At length her husband thrust the tall stranger in her way, whom she caught amidst shouts of laughter, succeeded by deep silence, while she was naming him. All eyes were fixed on the stranger with different expressions, which we will not attempt to describe.

Madam cried out, "Well, I've caught somebody at last!—who upon earth is it! John, it's you, I know; you are standing on something to deceive me, you saucy boy."

Here she felt the clustering curls of the stranger's head—John's hair was straight, and all the other masculine heads in company wore peruques—when reminiscences of earlier days seemed suddenly to strike her, and she threw off her blinder, bringing with it fly-cap and lappets, and exclaiming with a shriek—"Can it be George!"

George, indeed, it was; standing six feet one inch in his shoes. We would describe, if we could, what is indescribable, but which may easily be imagined—the exclamations—the shakes of the hand—the congratulations which followed. After

the parents of the newly arrived son had sufficiently admired him, and had expended their stock of wondering expressions at his growth, the rest of the party took their turn, inwardly deciding in their own minds that he was the finest looking fellow they had ever seen. He was, in truth, a noble specimen of manhood; but his curling hair, the overflowing and almost child-like good-humor—the fun, which shone in his full blue eye, and extended his somewhat large mouth and full lips, displaying his brilliantly white teeth, seemed to bespeak him still the boy, despite his giant frame, and the brown tinge which darkened his cheek. The salutations over, the company very considerately took their leave, excepting George's relatives, who lingered a few moments after the rest to welcome him home again, and to bid him more affectionate adieus.

During breakfast, next morning, the young mariner related his adventures, and the wonders he had beheld in foreign parts; from the first whale he saw, which awoke out of a comfortable afternoon's nap, just after they had passed "the Banks," and which, lazily yawning, opened its huge jaws and then closed them again, spouting water as high as the top-gallant mast, to Stromboli, spouting fire for the express entertainment of sailors on a dark night, as they neared the coast of Sicily. Not omitting the Tower of London, where he had held his head in the lion's mouth for full five minutes.

"You naughty, wicked boy!" exclaimed his mother, almost breathless with terror; "I really believe I should have been tempted to box your ears. Did you ever hear any thing like it, Amy?" The latter during the recital having quietly slipped in, and taken her seat at the table. "Mr. Wendell being obliged to go away by daylight, and the baby not having yet awakened."

George made no reply, but continued his narrative, eating lump after lump of sugar out of the basin, and escaping the rap over the knuckles, which he would once have had. Then the Cross of St. Paul's—on the right arm of which he had stood upon one leg, whilst Dick did the same on the left, shaking hands together over the top.

John, who had been listening in silent wonder and delight, at this climax clapped his brother on the shoulder in an ecstasy.

"It is a pity you hadn't both broken your necks," exclaimed Mrs. Wendell, in indignation. "What upon earth did you play such pranks for?"

Mr. Fayerweather wore his comical look.

"Why, now, cousin—when I've brought you home such a beautiful gown—a rich yellow calamanco, the brightest there was in the shop. Dick went with me on purpose to help me choose it."

"Where's the brocade you promised me, you scapegrace?"

"Why, I'm sorry, but I forgot all about it until I came back to London; but I thought being an old married woman now, a nice calamanco would do as well."

This turn in the conversation changed the current of his mother's thoughts, and

she wished to see the rarities he had brought home. In her impatience, before her husband had half-finished his second cup of coffee, she ordered—I am wrong. The perogative of ordering the servants in this family, Vi'let allowed to none but herself—she desired Scipio to bring in the ponderous sea-chest, the weight of which was a sufficient excuse for the appearance of the other three, each bearing a corner. Aunt Vi'let indulgently making allowances for the curiosity of Flora and Peter, and telling them, patronizingly, "to bear a hand." Madam and her niece, full of eager expectation, seated themselves on the floor beside the chest, both ready to dive into its deepest recesses, the moment it should be opened.

The first thing which presented itself to view, was a red worsted cap with a famous red tassel. This George threw to Scipio, telling him, it was for him. It was received with a grin from ear to ear.

"Tank you, massa, now Scip got suthen to put on his head nex 'lection. Primus shan't be king no longer. Scip king heself! He! he! he!"

The others withdrew, they having too much of the pride of the family to be willing to have it supposed they were expecting there was any thing for them. Scipio not being able to restrain his impatience to try on his new finery, pulled it on as he went into the kitchen, exclaiming—

"It fits dizackly!" and in his exultation at the favor shown himself, losing his awe of Vi'let, appealed to her, without her usual title of respect, "if it wasn't mighty becoming?"

At which, with some indignation, she told him—"He looked like a black monkey with that red cap on his head, and that great thing jigging up and down behind," betraying some of the infirmity of human nature, at the preference shown her rival.

Mrs. Wendell now pounced upon a package of some size, and opening it, cried—

"Oh, here's my yellow calamanco; well, it's really a beauty! Nobody could tell it from a rich satin! I'll have it made up for Christmas—it's full handsome enough, aunt, isn't it? I'm sure, I am much obliged to you, George."

"Stop, cousin," said he, taking it from her, "upon second thoughts, I cannot let you have that—I remember now, I bought it for Aunt Vi'let."

Aunt Vi'let was called in, the others following in her wake, and the present unfolded before her admiring eyes. Her usually grim features were softened into benignity at the sight.

"That aint for me, Misser George! Well, it is a parfec' speck, I 'clare!"

She could say no more. Her vocabulary, rich in epithets of vituperation only, was soon exhausted, when drawn upon for expressions of satisfaction. Her pleasure was shown in silence. A gay Madras handkerchief for the head was given to Flora, who received it with a modest curtsey, and displaying a row of ivory, and a dimple which many a fairer belle might have envied. On Peter's looking rather solemn at

thinking himself forgotten, his young master told him that his present had not come up from the vessel yet, he had brought him a fine parrot, which could talk nearly as well as himself; at which Peter's joy knew no bounds. He capered about the room, regardless where he was, and in whose presence, until brought to his senses by a smart rap upon the head by Vi'let, with—

"Please to walk off into the kitchen, sir, till you can larn to 'have yeself." Off went Peter, Vi'let and Flora following, each with her present tucked under her arm.

George now brought from under a pile of other things a large roll, carefully wrapped in several covers. He put it into Mrs. Wendell's hand.

"There, cousin, I've brought you something, but I'm afraid you will not like it so well as the yellow calamanco."

Mrs. Wendell took the roll, and with her aunt's assistance removed wrapper after wrapper. When the last was off, the wrong side of some fabric appeared, presenting a brown surface, without lustre, on which were seen rows of floss silk of various gay colors, lying without any apparent order. The right side drew an exclamation of admiration from both aunt and niece, for never had eyes in Salem, beheld a brocade so magnificent. The figure was a gigantic crimson peony, and a bunch of cherries alternately, each with its appropriate green leaves; on a ground of lustrous chocolate colored satin, firm and thick as leather.

"Oh, George!" his cousin exclaimed, "how could you have brought such a silk for me! I had no idea you were in earnest—how much it must have cost! (looking at her uncle.) I really cannot take it."

"Oh! if you do not like it, you can let Mr. Wendell have it for a *robe de chambre*."

"Take it, Amy," interrupted his father. "I am glad he has shown so good a taste."

"Yes," added her aunt, "he has only done just what we could have wished; remember you are our only daughter, and Mr. Wendell is like another son to us."

Amy did not attempt to reply, but laid the rich present aside, carefully. A black case of dog-fish skin of peculiar form was now brought forth. Mr. Fayerweather seized upon this, and undoing the little hooks which served as fastenings, opened it, and displayed a gold watch with its chain and seals, all richly chased, luxuriously reposing on crimson velvet.

"You gave Haliburton my letter then," he said, as he took the measure of old Time from its bed, and examined the whole carefully. Then appearing to be satisfied with the workmanship, he wound up the watch, and fastening its large golden hook into the binding of madam's apron, it hung at her side, on its chain, loaded with rich seals, and ticked away merrily, as if wonderfully refreshed by its long nap, and in liable to show off with its new mistress.

She, finding the costly present really for herself, expressed her gratification, though with glistening eyes, in the quiet way which best pleased her husband. George then rapped his brother over the head with a silver-mounted flute. His father

finding that all had had their presents, then asked him if he brought nothing for *him*.

"I have something here, sir, which Mr. Haliburton said, he thought would be valuable to you."

All looked in eager expectation, when George diving with his hand down to the very bottom of the chest, and bringing up something, which in its egress turned topsy turvy check-shirts, trowsers, pea-jackets, etc., etc. It was a stout oaken staff, which he put into his father's hand. The latter bore quietly the merriment which succeeded; though madam could not forbear expressing some indignation, at what she took almost as an insult from their old friend to her husband, who, moving the huge baton slowly through his fingers, appeared to be examining closely the grain of the wood for some time in silence.

"Haliburton judged right," at length he said; "there are few things I should have valued so much. This staff came from Narley Wood, the old family estate in Leicestershire, and was cut from an oak planted by my great grandfather's own hand. (He pointed to some letters rudely cut in the wood.) Wendell shall have my gold-headed cane. I shall never carry any but this in future."

Mrs. Wendell was beginning to speak, when a violent uproar was heard from the precincts of the kitchen, in which the yelping of a dog and the screams of a cat predominated. It drew near, and the door burst open suddenly, when in rushed a large black and white dog, yelling fearfully, as if in the extremity of pain and terror, with old tabby on his back, her tail erect, and looking like the cylindrical brush used in these latter days to clear stove-pipes, her talons apparently dug deep into his skin; while Vi'let followed, belaboring him with a broom-handle. Leaping over the chest, he made his way to George, on whose knees he laid his head, whining piteously.

"Why, Jaco! how did you find your way here? I left you in the vessel—poor fellow," said George. The dog was released from his feline foe by Vi'let, when she found to whom he belonged. He then leaped upon his master, with strenuous endeavors to lick his face, and made other extravagant demonstrations of joy at finding him.

George then mentioned that he had bought him in Italy, of a person who kept him to show off in the celebrated Grotto del cane.

"I had no great curiosity to see the poor devil die and come to life again, so I tried to beg him off. His master only laughed, and was forcing him into the cave by blows, when he seemed to have understood what I said, for he made out to clear himself, and came and fawned on me. After this, I could not help taking him under my protection, so I persuaded the rascal to sell him to me."

"It would have been more like you to have knocked the fellow down, and taken the dog away in spite of him," said his father. "I am glad you have learned a little prudence. What did you call him? Jaco."

"That's the name the sailors called him; it is a corruption they made of his Italian name, Cicco, meaning blind—he's blind of one eye. He's a good fellow,

though no great beauty."

"Poor fellow!" said madam, patting him, "he must be hungry. John, my dear—do ask Vi'let to give him something to eat."

John immediately disappeared, and soon returned bringing in nearly half the contents of Vi'let's larder, when all gathered round to see Jaco eat; Mrs. Wendell for the time forgetting the baby at home. Poor Jaco, forgetting his first rough reception, thought he was in Elysium, having doubtless heard of such a blissful region in the classic land of his nativity, and in his poor silly brain, not conceiving it could be appropriated to one species only of created beings, and that, the remorseless tyrant of all the others. He stuffed till he could scarcely see out of his remaining eye; then laying himself down at his master's feet, "the sober certainty of waking bliss" was soon lost in a comfortable nap.

After a short time, George went out to see some of his numerous friends. He made a call at his Aunt Brinley's, and laughed and jested with his cousins; he then shaped his course to Neptune street, where he made so long a stay that dinner had been ready to put on the table some time before he came home. Whom he could have gone to see it is not easy to conjecture; not his friend Dick, for the latter had called twice to see him during his absence. Where-ever he might have been, he came home in high good-humor.

Seeing his brother, who was watching for him at the gate, he stooped and took him, passive and unresisting, on his arm, as a nurse would a child of a year old, and carried him into the house. Peter was bringing in dinner as he opened the door, and his mother had already taken her seat at table. He then went up to his father, who had not yet risen from his seat by the fire, slipped softly behind him, and seizing the chair on which Mr. Fayerweather was sitting, by the two arms, he said, "By your leave, sir," and holding the chair out at arm's length, he described with it a semi-circle, himself the centre, which brought his father directly before the smoking sirloin. He then stood at his own place at table while Mr. Fayerweather asked the blessing. The remainder of the day George passed by the fireside, making his mother laugh and scold alternately, as he related the pranks of Dick and himself on board the vessel, as well as on shore.

This winter George remained at home, and managed to pass away the time in making the model of a fine ship he had seen at Deptford; a little mathematics with John during the college vacation, but more skating; and occasionally a sleigh-ride with his aunt and cousins, with whom he was a great favorite. Molly had arrived at an age to be admitted to the assemblies, and was the acknowledged belle of the season; she, moreover, had made a decided impression on Sir Harland Hartley, a young baronet who had arrived in Boston with some dispatches the previous year, and was visiting Salem.

The next spring young Fayerweather and his friend Seaward again set sail. With intervals of a month or two between, they made several succeeding voyages together; during one of which, their vessel was captured by a French privateer, part

of the crew taken out, and a French captain and crew, nearly double their own remaining number, put on board. This event gave the two young men the glorious occasion they had long desired, for displaying their courage and prowess, which until then had been wasted or thrown away in feats of strength or hardihood to excite the wonder of the bystanders. With their little band they rose upon their captors, and succeeded in retaking their vessel, which they carried in triumph to its destined British port. Their promotion followed of course, and each returned home master of a fine merchantman.

George's engagement with Judith Stimpson took place soon after, naturally occasioning some dissatisfaction to his family on account of her plebeian origin; this, however, soon wore off, or was conquered by the sweetness of the fair young girl, who soon gained so entirely upon Madam Fayerweather's affections, that she declared, "She could not have loved Judith better if she had been the daughter of King George himself;" which was saying much, for madam prided herself on her loyalty.

Sir Harland Hartley was now the declared suitor of Molly Brinley, and great preparations were making for the wedding. The baronet, being anxious to return to Quebec as soon as possible, in order to present his bride to some of his near connections, who were soon to embark for England, could not remain in Salem long enough for the three weeks' sitting up for company. In this dilemma Madam Brinley concluded, after several long and deep consultations with her sister and niece, to make a great wedding, to be followed by a ball and supper, and to invite all the Salem world, with the court which was then sitting, and the *élite* of Boston.

The preparations for this grand event occupied the heads and hands of all the female part of the three families for ten days. Aunt Vi'let being great in the roasting line, was a very important personage, and the whole direction of this department was given to her, she felt her consequence accordingly.

Molly Brinley was glad to choose a bridemaid in Judith, whose beauty would contribute to the *éclat* of her wedding; feeling too secure in her own charms and in Sir Harland's devotion to her to fear a rival, and Captain and Mrs. Stimpson were among the earliest bidden. What was the trepidation of the latter on her own account in preparing for her first appearance in the *beau monde*. The captain, determined to spare no expense for his wife and daughter on so proud an occasion, took a journey to Boston to make the necessary purchases; his taste, in dress being unquestioned. The whole family were up by daybreak to set him off; the expedition requiring the whole of a long day at that time, though now the distance is traversed by the rail-cars in half an hour.

After ransacking every shop in Boston, he bought for his wife a grass-green damask for a sack, with a bright-pink lustring for a petticoat; these being the colors in which she had captivated him, at the never-to-be-forgotten ordination of Parson Slocum. It may be well to inform the reader that the sack was a dress, open before, discovering half the petticoat, which was usually of the same material. For Judith he

chose better; a delicate buff-colored satin. This was so much admired that Madam Brinley sent for some of the same piece for Lizzy, who was her sister's other bridemaid. For himself, the captain bought a full suit of mulberry color, with a blue-satin waistcoat, magnificently flowered with red, green and purple; and a new wig, with a bag, lately come into fashion, he had always worn a tie.

On the day of the wedding it was thought expedient to try on their new habiliments to see if they fitted, and how they all looked together. Mrs. Stimpson, after surveying herself in the glass before and behind and on each side, pleased and slightly agitated at the unwonted elegance of her appearance, threw herself into a chair and heaving a deep sigh, to throw off her embarrassment, said to her husband —

"Oh dear! Mr. Stimpson, we must think over a little what we shall have to do. I suppose, when we go into the room, Judith must be on your right hand, and I on your left—no, I must be on your right hand and Judith on your left—"

"I think, Miss Stimpson," said the captain, consequentially, "it will be more becoming for me to go in first, and for you and Judith to take hold of hands and follow me."

"Why, no, Mr. Stimpson; that doesn't seem to me to be the right way—it wasn't so at Nanny Dennis's wedding, if I remember me rightly."

"But, ma," interrupted their daughter gently, "I do not think this will be exactly like Mrs. Brayton's wedding."

"No more it wont," replied her father, "and we must go and take pattern by the others; I was always a good hand at taking a hint, and I don't doubt we shall appear as well as any on 'em."

Here Mrs. Stimpson broke in with—"Oh, Judith, do think me on't to make a courtesy when I go in; like as not I shall forget it in my hurry. I remember we all courtesied round at Nanny Dennis's, we had each of us a white rosy in our hands, and it was the beautifullest sight! But, where's my fan? Do run and get it Judith."

Judith tripped out of the room to get the fan, and as she closed the door, grandsir, who was not as usual dozing, but was listening to their conversation, and in fact, taking considerable interest in it, spoke out—

"I am sorry, my children, to see you are so much overtaken with the pomps and vanities of this world; more it seems to me than that young child, that we might expect it of. You should strive to have the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and remember that pride comes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

"So it does, grandsir," answered his daughter-in-law meekly, after a moment of silence; "and I wont wear this elegant dress, but will put on my brown paduasoy; that was always thought good enough for me." Showing that she had the requisite ornament, and that the Scripture he quoted was not applicable to her.

"No, no child," he replied quickly; "that would be disrespectful to your husband. I suppose you will be expected to have some worthy adornments, and I must say

you become the dress."

"That she does," added his son, forgetting the old gentleman's exordium in his conclusion, "and I don't believe there will be a more personable woman there than Captain Robert Stimpson's wife."

"Oh, Mr. Stimpson," said his wife, with recovered spirits, "do remember to shut up Trip; if you don't he'll follow us to the wedding; and if I was to see him in that room I do believe I should be mortified to pieces."

The evening at length arrived, and the company assembled in Madam Brinley's parlor, which was used on this occasion for the reception-room. This was a fine room in the fashion of the day, and so lofty that a reasonably tall man might walk across it with his hat on, without fear of having it knocked off by the large beam which crossed the centre of the ceiling. A rich Turkey carpet, betokening very high style in those days of sanded floors, formed the centre-piece of the room. High-backed leather-seated chairs, thickly studded with brass nails, stood stiffly against the walls. The fireplace, ornamented with Dutch tiles, was furnished with andirons of polished steel; and the shovel and tongs of the same metal, seemed, as the merry blaze danced on their bright surfaces, to cast significant glances at each other across the hearth. A large mantel-glass surmounted the fireplace, on each side of which hung in rich black and gold frames, the respective arms of the Brinley and Borland families, the lady of the house belonging to the latter. A large pier-glass hung between the two front windows, in which each lady might survey her goodly person, and compare it with that of her neighbor; beneath this was a slab of gray marble, with highly ornamented iron supporters fastened into the wall. A tall, oaken desk and book-case stood in one corner of the room, opposite to which, a round snap-table of black mahogany, with claw feet, displayed its disc turned down, of so remarkable a polish, that little Trip—who, notwithstanding all his master's care in shutting him up at home, had managed to escape from his confinement, and had followed his mistress into the room unperceived—on seeing his image so truly reflected, ran up to it with great glee, sniffing and wagging his tail, delighted at having found, as he supposed, a comrade of his own species to bear him out in his audacity. Mrs. Stimpson turned all manner of colors, and cast many imploring looks at her husband, who pretended to be wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a fire-screen which stood near. On a servant's attempting to drive Trip out, he set up a shrill bark, and ran on his little bow-legs, with his feet turned out, to his mistress for protection; jumped into her lap—on her very pink lustring petticoat—and, putting his black paws on her shoulders, began whining and licking her face with great affection. On seeing which, John Fayerweather took his little four-footed acquaintance in his arms, and put him in a place of safety; while Captain Stimpson electrified the company by a more than usually sonorous h-m-gh.

Madam Brinley in crimson velvet, and looking finely, occupied a large arm-chair, curiously carved, on one side the fireplace. Madam Fayerweather, in a beautiful white-grounded brocade, and looking as if she was wishing every body

joy, was on her right. Next to her sat Mrs. Wendell, plainly, though handsomely dressed. She could boast of but little beauty, excepting a pair of fine eyes, beaming with intellect and benevolence; her wit and fine sense, however, rendered her the centre of attraction at every party.

Mrs. Stimpson had the honor of sitting next Madam Brinley on the left, her husband as near her as possible, as if for mutual protection. The other guests stationed themselves with great exactness, according to their rank and affinity to the hostess.

The bridal party entered. The bride, a sparkling brunette, with an exquisite figure, was arrayed in a sack of white brocade, embroidered with large silver-flowers; a necklace of oriental pearl encircled her throat, and pendants of the same hung from her ears. Her hair combed back from her beautiful forehead, was turned over a cushion on the top of her head, where it was confined by a diamond bodkin, falling from the back of her head in glossy ringlets, whose jetty hue contrasted finely with her white neck. Altogether she was as fair a bride as one would wish to see.

The bridegroom, a handsome man of two and thirty, appeared to be fully sensible of his importance, at the same time to be sufficiently enamored of his bride, and to applaud himself on the taste he had displayed in his choice. The fair bridemaids "looked sweetly" in their buff-colored satins, with aprons of Brussels' lace, and triple ruffle cuffs of the same. The groomsmen were Mr. Lindsey, a gay young Englishman, and George Fayerweather. The latter, from his stature and noble proportions, was the most conspicuous figure in the assemblage; towering over every other by at least three inches. He was in a coat of light-blue, with under-garments of white silk. His countenance was an expansion of all the good-humor and happiness of his mother's, with a dash of fun and frolic, under which might be detected traces of thought and deep feeling. John, "a pale, intellectual-looking student," was too reserved and diffident to become an actor in the scene, but sat retired, and observed every thing going on in quiet enjoyment, admiring Judith nearly as much as his brother.

The solemn ceremony, which was very impressively performed by Mr. McGregor, being over and the cake cut and distributed, arrangements were made by the master-of-ceremonies, Mr. Wendell, for the ball. The door being thrown open, the company were ushered into the dancing-room, brilliantly lighted up for the occasion. After a short pause, Mr. Wendell called upon the governor to lead out the bride for the opening minuet, which was danced in a very gubernatorial and bridal manner. The bridegroom and Madam Brinley followed, and then Judge Wentworth of Boston and Madam Fayerweather, who was still celebrated for her minuet. Her husband never danced, and Mr. Wendell then called out Captain Fayerweather and Miss Stimpson, though scarcely expecting that Judith would be prevailed upon to dance.

To his surprise, after a little hesitation, with a smile and a blush, she rose, and as

her partner led her to the head of the room, an involuntary murmur of admiration ran round the assembly—for never had a pair appeared of more singular beauty. They stood side by side, while the accustomed prelude was played, the blue and white of his habit, contrasting beautifully with the color of hers, as did his stately figure with hers of bird-like lightness; she extended her dress to its greatest width in her delicate fingers; she cast a timid glance around the room, he one of manly greeting, her little foot slid to the right, and she made a low and graceful courtsey, while his tall figure was bending to the floor in perfect time to the measure, in this salute to the company. Then rising slowly, they stood for a moment with one foot in advance, awaiting the proper signal from the music, when they turned, and he, with sparkling eyes, and she, with the delicate bloom on her cheek heightened to a rose, made a like lowly reverence to each other. Then, as the pair became animated with the music, and they floated round the room, now advancing now receding, in their magic evolutions crossing and re-crossing, their graceful forms rising and falling in measured waves to the time—all their attitudes, and all their motions of elegance and delicacy combined; they might have seemed some fair beings of another sphere, weaving a mystic spell to drive afar all sorrow. This was the old-fashioned minuet. How has its place been supplied in the ball-room, by the waltz and its varieties, the mazurka, the polka, etc.

What were Judith's father and mother doing all the while? Entirely forgetting the rest of the company, and following their daughter with their eyes, Captain Stimpson, with his lips firmly compressed, moved his head from side to side in time to the music, or rather with involuntary imitation of Judith's motions.

"Did you ever! Mr. Stimpson," said his wife, in an irrepressible ecstasy, as Judith slowly glided through a peculiarly beautiful part of the figure.

"I sartainly never did," said the captain, drawing in a very long breath.

"But, after all," rejoined Mrs. Stimpson, "she has the same solemn eyes of my poor, dear mother; and it seems to me more so than ever to-night."

"Look like her grandmother!" said her husband, with strong emphasis; "she looks more like a bird of paradise, such as I've seen in Ingee. That yaller satin becomes her most remarkably; she sartainly is the comeliest person that ever I clapped my eyes on."

Here Madam Fayerweather joined them, and laying her hand impressively on the arm of Mrs. Stimpson, interrupted them as she pointed to Judith, "She's the prettiest, the dearest creature that ever was seen, and as good as she is pretty;" and as the object of her encomiums came up to them with glowing cheeks, the minuet being finished, Madam could not refrain from kissing her, saying, "My dear, you did dance charmingly."

George would willingly have made one of the group, but was called away reluctantly by his co-adjutor, the young Englishman, who asked him with more freedom than George approved of, "What he would take for his bargain?" then surveying his noble figure with internal admiration, he added, after a short pause,

“Fayerweather, you are a lucky dog.” Afterward, in the course of the evening, he managed to pay Judith so much attention as to distress the modest girl not a little, and to give some pain to George, whose office as groomsman, did not allow him to be exclusively devoted to her. Mr. Lindsey manœuvered to be beforehand with every one else in inviting her to be his partner in the country dances, and her refusal necessarily obliging her to sit still, he took his seat by her, and persisted in keeping it until supper was announced, when he took her hand, which she had no pretence for refusing, and led her in triumph to the supper-table.

Mr. Fayerweather, who had intended to perform this office himself, in order to do particular honor to his son’s choice, felt no slight displeasure at such presumption, with a strong disposition to make known to Mr. Lindsey, that “he considered him an impertinent coxcomb.” He refrained, however, and advancing toward Judith’s father and mother, he begged to have the honor of leading *Madam* Stimpson to the supper-table. Madam Stimpson bridled up and looked at her husband; the dignified frown on whose brow was contradicted by the complacent smile which, in spite of his endeavor, lurked about his mouth; then making her courtsey—and a very good one it was—she gave her hand to Mr. Fayerweather; and the three proceeded in state to the supper-room—the captain marching with head erect on the other side of his wife. It was a proud evening for Captain Bob Stimpson.

On the whole, the wedding went off with great *éclat*. The happy pair set off the next day for Boston, to embark for Quebec. On the following week, Captain Fayerweather was to set sail on a two years’ voyage—on his return from which he was to claim his bride.

On the day previous to George’s departure, he gave his father a cabinet of ebony, curiously inlaid, and of costly and peculiar workmanship, which a French prisoner, whose release he had been instrumental in procuring in one of the British ports, had prevailed upon him to accept as a token of gratitude for the service.

“Thank you, my son,” said Mr. Fayerweather, not a little gratified; “that will be just the thing for my valuable papers, the little trunk I keep them in is too crowded.”

“I wish you would let me have that, sir, to take with me; I always took a fancy to it,” rejoined his son.

“You shall have it, and Judith shall have a jewel-box well filled on her wedding-day, too.” So saying, Mr. Fayerweather ran down stairs to the counting-room and quickly returned with the little trunk in his hand to his own chamber, where he and his son had been communing. He sat down panting, and remained a minute or two without speaking, with his hand on his side.

“What’s the matter, sir, that you are so out of breath?” his son anxiously inquired; “why didn’t you let me go for you? I didn’t know what you left the room for.”

“Oh, it’s nothing but a slight palpitation of the heart, to which I have been

subject a little of late—it will soon go off."

It did not go off, however, and the attack continued longer than usual; but Mr. Fayerweather without heeding it, or suffering any indications of it to appear before his son, proceeded to remove the papers into their new place of deposit—and George took the little trunk into his own possession. The day after Mr. Fayerweather felt more unwell than he was willing to make known, wishing to spare his family any additional weight upon their spirits, at the time of his son's departure. After this his attacks became more frequent and of longer duration, rendering it impossible to conceal them any longer from Madam, who, in alarm, sent immediately for Dr. Holly. The latter, upon inquiring into the symptoms, and examining the pulse of his patient, looked grave. His prescriptions were successful, however, and Mr. Fayerweather in a few weeks appeared to be restored to his usual health.

But to return to George; his usual gay spirits deserted him as he was taking his leave of Judith, and a depression wholly unknown to him before seized him, as the boat which was to bear him to the vessel appeared merrily dancing over the waves to the wharf, opposite the window near which they were standing.

"Farewell, Judith!" said he, then adding playfully, but with a voice not wholly free from a slight tremor, "when I return, do not let me find you the bride of some dashing Englishman."

"Oh, George! how can you say so?" she replied, the tears gushing into her eyes; "how can you think I could ever be the bride of any man but you; but if there is any truth in dreams, the one I had last night, tells me I shall never be a bride."

"Oh, psha upon dreams!" he said, running off to hide the tears which, in spite of his manliness, were now streaming down his own cheeks. She saw him spring into the boat, which she kept in sight until it reached the vessel. Then going up to her own room, with a spy-glass she watched the vessel as it gradually receded from view, until its tallest mast sunk beneath the waves. She yielded to a burst of anguish, which she in vain attempted to control, and sat for some moments sobbing, then her tears ceased to flow, and her countenance resumed its wonted serenity; she then went below, superintended old Mary, and prepared her grandfather's supper with more than usual care, her generous nature not suffering her own private feelings to interfere with the comfort or happiness of others.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

JOY AND SORROW.

BY RICHARD COE.

"I AM happy, O, how happy!"
Said a little child, one day,
At his play,
With his ball of twine and kite,
That to his supreme delight,
To the skies
Did arise,
Far from human sight.
Came a sudden gust and squall,
Gone was kite and twine and all;
Tears were in his eyes!

"I am happy, O, how happy!"
Said a maiden young and fair;
On the air,
Scarce the words had fallen, when,
Lo! her lover, down the glen,
Now she sees,
On his knees,
Like to other men,
Vowing love to fairer maid;
Words she overheard he said
That her soul did freeze!

"I am happy, O, how happy!"
Said a gay and laughing bride;
By her side
Stood the husband of her choice,
Who did in his strength rejoice:
Months have fled;
O'er the dead
Now she lifts her wailing voice!
From her lonely pillow now
Who may lift her pallid brow?

Who may raise her head?

“I am happy, O, how happy!”
Said a mother fair and mild;
On her child
Gazing with her love-lit eyes—
The sweet cherub from the skies,
That in love,
Like a dove,
Strayed from Paradise:
Lo! the angel Death, one day,
Took her darling one away,
Beckoning her above!

“I am happy, O, how happy!”
Said a Christian on his bed,
With his head
Turned toward the setting sun:
“Soon my labor will be done,
Then will I,
With a sigh,
To the mighty One,
Who is e’er the Christian’s friend
All my anxious cares commend,
And will calmly die!”

STANZAS.

BY R. PENN SMITH.

THE tears of morn that steep the rose
A zephyr soon may kiss away;
Sporting 'midst odor to unclose
The virgin bud to foliage gay.

But then at eve the fragrant flower,
Oppressed with dews, will droop—decay;
For zephyr hath no longer power
To kiss the dews of night away.

Our childhood's tears like dew-drops flow;
A mother's kiss soon dries the tear;
But tears the aged shed in wo,
Are only dried up on the bier.

LETTY RAWDON.

AN EPISODE IN AMERICAN LIFE.

BY THOS. R. NEWBOLD.

THE ever-changing hues of the kaleidoscope, and the varying tints of our autumnal forests do not present more changeful or varied scenes than are to be found in real life in this country. The decay of one family, the rise of another, depending as they do on the pecuniary fortunes of their possessors, render American society a scene of constant excitement, and he who is at the top of the social ladder to-day, falls to-morrow with the fall of stocks to the bottom. The little tale which follows is but a type of what is daily occurring around us, and is presented as a general outline, which all may fill up at their leisure to suit their pleasure.

Letitia, or as she was usually called in her girlhood, Letty Rawdon, was the only daughter of old Elias Rawdon, a thrifty and prosperous tailor in the pleasant village of Middlebury. The old man had married rather late in life, after he had in his own phrase "got a little something snug about him." She followed the usual course of village girls, and at the dame's school had learned those difficult arts of reading, writing, and ciphering. In her young days, the road to learning was not the plank or rail-road track on which our young people now travel so readily. The A, B, C, required some study to ponder out, and in 179—, the portals to learning were not thrown so wide open as they are in the year of grace 1852. Be that as it may, Letty, however, mastered them. From her earliest years she had been an ambitious child, never content unless she was among the foremost; as eager for superiority over her little schoolmates in play as in study, as if she had been born to rule them. She was not what would be termed a handsome child, but her features were delicate, and her full hazel eye looked out from its long lashes with a glance that showed full well the determined soul within. She was her father's darling, who denied her nothing, whence she soon obtained a complete ascendancy in the dwelling of the old tailor.

When Letty was about thirteen years of age, a fashionable boarding-school was opened in the village, and the old man yielded at once to her wishes to become a day-scholar at it. Here her ambition carried her rapidly onward, and if Letty, when she entered it, was comparatively a raw, ignorant country-girl, no one who saw her at the termination of her course of studies there, could have recognized in the graceful, intelligent, and accomplished girl before him, the little awkward being, who, four years before had there commenced her career. The principal of the school, an elegant and accomplished lady, was early attracted to her by her aptitude for

learning, and her desire to acquire it, and Letty was soon a favorite pupil. Nor whilst cultivating her mind did she neglect her person. The elegant manners of her preceptress made a most decided impression on her; gradually she found her own forming on the model before her, and in process of time, though she made no pretensions to great beauty, it would have been difficult to have found a more attractive person than Letty Rawdon, the tailor's daughter.

The young men of the village and neighborhood were the first to make this discovery, and at all the general merry-makings which occurred, Letty Rawdon was, beyond all rivalry, the village belle. We say general merry-makings, for our village, like all others large and small, had its aristocracy, and in the eyes of the "upper circle," we mean the female part of it, of its fifteen hundred inhabitants, she was only "that conceited, forward thing, the daughter of old Rawdon, the tailor." Mrs. Baxter, the wife of the leading lawyer of the place, in an interview with Mrs. Danforth, the wife of the physician, had settled—"that, although they supposed in their small place they must know the tailor's daughter when they met her in the street, or at church, or other public place, still she was not to be on any account admitted into their set." How often has many a lovely girl been thus tabooed, not that she would not confer honor on them, but she might mayhap be in the way of an advantageous settlement of some marriageable daughters, perchance less attractive than herself.

Letty soon found that there was a determination in the female magnates of the village to crush her rising into any importance among them. But the spirit of the girl rose with the occasion. In a short time it became generally known that she was to be kept at a distance by the village fashionables. What cared she? Her father had accumulated a snug little competency, and few girls in the neighborhood would be as well dowered as Letty. On this she was allowed to draw as she pleased. New and tasty furniture adorned the best "sitting-room," and Letty's brilliant performance on by far the best piano in the village, caused many a hasty step to loiter on its way, as it passed the tailor's door. Nor were the listeners confined to the outside of the house, for within were frequently found all the "most desirable" young men, who showed a decided preference for Letty's fine music and lively conversation, to the more dignified, but less agreeable assemblages of the exclusives of the place. Nor abroad did she attract less admiration than at home, and envy itself was at length compelled to confess that Letty Rawdon was by far the best dressed and most stylish girl in the village.

As a natural consequence, suitors followed. Phil Dubbs, the only child of the wealthiest farmer in the neighborhood; young Harry Edmonds, just called to the bar, and for whom his friends already predicted a brilliant career; Edward Simpson, the junior partner of the principal mercantile firm in the place, were prominent among these. Each wooed in his peculiar way. Dubbs had enjoyed no advantages of education beyond what the village grammar-school afforded; but then he was an accomplished graduate in all rural sports. No young man in the country had as good

a horse, or rode him as well; he had the best pointers, and was the best shot to be found in 20 miles round, and was in all such accomplishments perfect. To him Letty was under obligations for finishing completely one part of her education; for he broke a favorite colt for her especial use, and under his skillful tuition she became a fearless and accomplished horse-woman. Edmonds quoted Byron and Moore to her constantly, when he had better have been employed over Coke and Starkie; and spoiled as much paper in perpetrating bad verses to her, as would have sufficed for his pleas and declarations during a year's practice; and Simpson never returned from "the city," whither he went to make the purchases of goods for his firm, without a selection of the choicest articles for Letty's especial use, accompanied with directions as to the latest style of making them up.

Thus strengthened and fortified, Letty saw her foes gradually yielding before her. One by one they surrendered at discretion, until Mrs. Baxter, herself, at last sought the acquaintance, and at twenty years of age, Letty Rawdon, the tailor's daughter, stood the supreme arbitress of *ton* in her native village. Although she was grateful to her allies for the assistance they had afforded her, she was by no means disposed to bestow herself in return on any of them. She was not one of those whose hearts are easily won. She was prodigal of her smiles; she was ready to do a kind act, or say a kind word, but the surrender of her heart and hand was another matter. She was ambitious of social distinction. She had achieved the highest place at home, and she panted for triumphs yet to come on a wider and loftier stage. Since she had left school her time had not been misspent. She continued to cultivate, under the tuition of her former master, her very decided musical talents; her mind was strengthened and enlarged by a course of judicious reading, for which Harry Edmonds supplied her with the material; and the foreign languages she had acquired were not forgotten. She felt herself far superior to all her companions, and that her genius was hidden in the comparatively obscure place in which her lot was cast.

There are few women who do not at some period or other, or in some form or other, meet their fate in the shape of a man. Happy, they, who are exempt from this general calamity of the sex; for calamity in too many cases we believe it to be. For our part, we plead guilty to a sneaking liking to single women, yclept by vulgar minds, old maids. Under this denomination, we do not, however, include that numerous bond of "single sisters," hovering between the ages of 35 and 45, to whom a superannuated bachelor, or an interesting widower, especially if he be a parson with a half a dozen responsibilities, is a god-send. Oh, no! we mean none of these, but one of these dignified ladies, of nameless age and easy fortune, of whom all of us count one or more among our acquaintance. Where are such complete establishments to be found as among these? Go to visit them, and your ears are not deafened by a practicing miss of 14, thumping an unfortunate piano, until if it had any powers of speech it would certainly cry out "pianissimo;" or by one of those lively squalls from the upper regions, which resembles nothing earthly but the serenade of an amatory cat at midnight. From these, and such like annoyances you are exempt, and then if you enjoy the privilege of an intimacy which admits you to

the tea-table—where else is such superb Imperial or glorious Souchong to be found? Piping hot, it is poured into a cup of such clean and delicate texture, that the fragrance of the grateful shrub is heightened thereby. The water with which it has been compounded has certainly boiled. Just the right quantity has been admixed. It does not require to be ruined, by having a supply of tepid water added to it after it has been poured in to your cup; nor does it come on table a tasteless slops, at which even a four-footed animal, unmentionable to ears polite, would utter a grunt of dissent if presented to it. No. Commend me to one of those tea-tables. The muffins also, are so hot, so "just done;" or the toast without being burned to a cinder, or hardened to a board, is crisp and delightful as the most fastidious could require. The cream, too—please do not mention it—the same milk-man may serve her next door neighbor, but in her mansion no skim-milk is mixed therewith, to eke out to a large family the amount required in the compound used therein, and which is called by courtesy, tea. And then the sugar, sparkling as so many diamonds in the antique silver bowl in which it rests; no "broken-topped" or "crushed," but "Stewart's" or "Lovering's extra loaf" is alone used here. It sometimes happens that a "*petit souper*" is substituted for the tea-table. The oysters, Morris river coves, when they can be had, certainly: the terrapins, none but the genuine Egg-harbors ever enter her doors, and the inimitable John Irwin has exhausted on them all the resources of his skill. All the appliances of her table are in keeping, and as you admire the dignified courtesy with which she attends to the wants of each guest, or leads the conversation into channels she thinks most acceptable to those around her, the mind involuntarily recurs to the days of hoops and hair-powder, trains and high-heeled shoes.

In those days, rail-roads were a thing which had entered into the imagination of no man as a mode of travel, and he who should have spoken of an iron horse rushing on his course, and drawing hundreds of human beings after him at a speed of 30 miles an hour, would have been considered quite as great a believer in the marvelous, as those now are, who have faith in Paine's light. Even post-coaches were a novelty off of the great thoroughfares, and the public conveyance usual to such small places as Middlebury, was the old long-bodied stage, with its three or four seats behind the driver's, and stowing away some ten or twelve passengers. Blessings on those old carriages, we say. It is true, their pace rarely got up to five miles an hour, and that at every five miles or so they stopped "to water," at an expense of some fifteen minutes of time; but what of that? Minutes seem to be more valuable to travelers now, than hours were then. But what mixed feelings did not these produce in our bosom, when seated in the old stage on our route out of town for the holydays, between impatience to arrive at our journey's end, and the airy fabrics we erected, of what we should do when we reached there. There was the best and kindest of grandmothers as impatiently waiting for the arrival which was to enable her to spoil "the boys" with indulgences, as we were to be spoiled. There was the well-remembered pony, a little less anxious we opine to be dashed around the country, than we were to dash him. Then, there was the mill-dam, where the many-colored sun-fish awaited our hook and worms, and the bathing-place below the dam,

where we could venture to try our newly-acquired skill across “the hole” without danger; and the store, where gingerbread and candy, and pipes for soap-suds bubbles were bought, with those “odd quarters” which grandma so freely bestowed. Who can ever forget these early days? And the deeper he sinks into the sere and yellow leaf, the brighter do they rise up. They constitute the small portion of our lives upon which we can look back with perfect complacency; for the light shadows which once partially clouded them have long since faded away and been forgotten, and nought but the memory of the bright joyous sunshine remains.

The old stage which plied between Middlebury and the city of Quakerdelphia, one day landed as a passenger at the former place a young man of some thirty years of age. Whether business or pleasure attracted him thither is of no consequence to this story, although from the character of the man it was more probably the former. At the age of sixteen John Smithson found himself an apprentice in a dry-goods store of Quakerdelphia. He had come thither with a sound constitution, a good, solid English education, such as was then less frequently obtained in country schools than now is; great industry and indomitable perseverance. These last traits had early attracted the attention of his acquaintance, and his success in whatever he should undertake predicted. He soon attracted the attention and confidence of his employers, and the respective grades of apprentice, clerk, and junior partner were attained by him. In the mercantile world he had for some time been noted for his intimate acquaintance with and complete knowledge of business, and for the integrity, straightforwardness and manliness of his character, and no one was surprised when the senior member of the firm retired a year before, that it took the title of Jones, Smithson & Co. John Smithson had achieved mercantile distinction. Wealth had commenced flowing in upon him in a continuous and unbroken stream, and a few years would in all probability see him among the richest merchants of his adopted city. But social distinctions were wanting to him. In his younger days he had been too busy to think of matrimony, or indeed, of female society at all. He was too much engaged in achieving the position he now occupied to care much for aught else, and his intercourse with men had rubbed off the awkward angles of the raw country lad. Still the want of refined female society had necessarily left him without that polish which can be derived from it alone. He occupied then no social position. His home connection was respectable, and his growing wealth would enable him to take a place among the magnates about him; all his future, then, depended on his choice of a wife; for he began about this time to be cognizant of the fact that it was high time for him to marry.

He was fully impressed with this idea when he first met Letty Rawdon, nor did subsequent interviews with her serve to weaken the impression. Indeed, he began to be fully convinced of the necessity of the fact, and after paying some four or five visits to Middlebury, determined to inquire of Letty what was her opinion on the subject. On being interrogated by him, therefore, on this point, she still further strengthened his determination by agreeing fully with him thereon. Here was one point gained. Still another step, however, was to be taken. He again had recourse to

his adviser, and she, on being interrogated whether it would be best for her to drop the name of Rawdon and take that of Smithson, determined it also affirmatively, to the entire satisfaction of the querist.

Letty, clear-sighted woman that she was, saw at an early period of her acquaintance the influence she was gradually acquiring over John Smithson. It is true he was not very handsome, but he had a manly, intelligent face and a good figure. If he did not understand all the mazes of a cotillion—waltzing was then unknown here, and the polka would have horrified our reputable predecessors—he had not entirely forgotten all the figures of the country-dance or the reel which he had learned when a boy. He rode well, too, and often accompanied the young lady in her gallops about the country. It is true he was more conversant with the qualities of Yorkshire woolens or India piece-goods, than with most of those lighter accomplishments by which alone many conceited addle-pates think that women are to be caught. But he was by no means uninformed. His reading had not been very extensive, but as far as it went it had been good—history, biography, travels comprised the chief of it—Shakspeare had, however, attracted him to his magic page, and many an idle hour which had been spent by many of his brother clerks in the theatre, the oyster-cellar or the billiard-room, had been passed by him in the manner above described. He was a close observer also of men and things, and Letty soon began to find his society much more to her taste than that of any unmarried man with whom she had ever associated.

She then asked herself the state of her own heart. Ambitious though she was, she was too true and honest a woman to give her hand without her heart; and after a brief, but careful consultation with herself, decided that she could in all honesty take him “for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer.” In a worldly point of view it was the chance of a lifetime. The rich and rising merchant of the great city proposing to make her, the daughter of a village tailor, the future partner of his greatness. Letty was not insensible to this—we will not say she was grateful for it; she had too just an appreciation of her own merits to be so; but she was not blind to its advantages in a worldly point of view. Had it occurred some two years sooner, all the aristocracy of Middlebury would have cried out “shame;” but now it was received as a thing of course, and Smithson was warmly congratulated on his admirable taste.

It was decided by Letty, and confirmed by Smithson, that in order to secure high social position, a good start was necessary. There must be no false step, no blunder at the outset. How many apparently promising fortunes has this one false step marred. He accordingly took a good house in the most desirable part of Hazelnut street, the very centre and focus of fashion in Quakerdelphia. To furnish the house was in those days the business of the wife, and Letty determined to disburse the, for his situation, very considerable dower her father could give her, in fitting up her new mansion, leaving it to her future lord and master to furnish the sinews of war for carrying on the ensuing campaigns. Accompanied by her former preceptress, the assistance of whose taste she had evoked, Letty proceeded on her first visit to “the

city." We shall not stop to describe her first sensations on entering so large a place. Reading and descriptions had given her a pretty correct idea of what a city was, and she did not, like another country-girl we have heard of, complain "that she could not see the town for the houses." Let not this be considered an exaggeration, for the reverse of the case occurred in our own presence a very few years since. We were at a country-house a few miles from the city, when a friend of its owner arrived there, accompanied by one of her children, a lovely little girl of some five years of age. From some cause or other she had never since she could remember been in the country before, and delighted with all she saw—the trees, the green fields, the flowers, she hurried with a smiling face to her mother, exclaiming—"Oh, mamma, is this indeed the real country?"

After a day or so devoted to sight-seeing, the serious business which brought her there was entered upon by Letty. Cabinet-makers were visited, upholsterers consulted, and trades-people of various kinds looked in upon, until finally, like a genuine woman, she stopped buying, simply because her money was all gone. Articles of *vertu* were not so common in those days as now, but yet our friend contrived to mingle a good deal of the ornamental with all of the useful in her purchases, and when, some time after, a carriage whirled to the door of a capacious Hazelnut street mansion, and a lady and gentleman descended therefrom, few ladies of Quakerdelphia entered a more elegant and luxurious home than did Mrs. John Smithson when she passed its portals.

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CHAPTER II.

Acquaintances Letty had none in the great city. Mrs. Jones, the lady of her husband's partner, of course called upon her and gave her a party, to which her acquaintance generally were invited. Now, though Mrs. Jones and her friends belonged most strictly to the class called respectable and genteel, yet they were not fashionable. Letty appeared to comprehend this as it were by intuition. Nature had certainly intended her to be somebody—she accordingly took her line of conduct at once, and she determined that though circumstances required that with Mrs. Jones an air of cordiality and sociability must be preserved, yet this was not so necessary with that lady's friends. Letty never cut any body directly. Her innate sense of propriety and natural good-breeding revolted from a course to which none but people of vulgar minds and shallow parts ever resort. She possessed, however, a tact which enabled her to drop an acquaintance without the slightest seemingness of rudeness or ill-manners. She knew how first to smile most cordially when she met the "droppee," to wonder—

It was so long since they had met; she supposed, however, it must be her fault, but she had been so busy she had not been able to pay half her visits; to press the hand slightly, and with a smile an angel might almost envy, to say, "Good-bye, I

will endeavor soon—”

And then glide gently away before the sentence was filled up. And this was the last of it. On the next meeting a sweet smile, a courteous bow, but no time to speak; and so the season passed; no visit exchanged, each eradicated the other’s name from her “list”—the object was effected not only without offense, but with such ease and grace, that the dropped was afterward heard to say:

“I think Mrs. A. a most lovely woman, and regret I was compelled by circumstances I could not help to stop visiting her, and so she has given me up.” Mrs. C. is not the only deluded mortal in this world.

Mrs. Smithson, we have seen, had determined that Mrs. Jones’s “set” were not to become her “set.” She was willing to bide her time. She was aware that great events are usually the creatures of slow growth. They may at the last grow with rapidity, but the seed which produces them has been for a long time germinating. She believed that a cultivated mind and accomplished person joined to a determined will, can achieve anything it pleases in the social as in other worlds, and she was determined to prove the truth of her convictions in her own case, and so she went on improving her mind, perfecting her accomplishments and biding her time.

Mr. Smithson, like all other reputable gentlemen, had, on becoming a married man, taken a pew in church. It was in a fashionable church, which then meant an Episcopal church, for fashion in those days was pretty much monopolized in Quakerdelphia by Episcopalians and a few degenerate descendants of the co-religionists of Penn, who had departed wofully in dress and manners from the primitive simplicity of “Friends.” Now-a-days things are somewhat altered, as one may perceive at a glance on entering some of the Presbyterian churches in the fashionable part of the city—the display of velvets, brocades and furs, the oceans of feathers and parterres of flowers show that their owners have entered on the race, and that it is almost a dead heat. Nor has the innovation ceased here. The full, rich, deep swell of the organ has been substituted for the bass-viol, and (rise not at the mention of it, shades of Knox and Calvin,) it is rumored that your descendants are about to worship in a Gothic temple, with its windows of stained-glass through which the “dim religious light” is to penetrate, and dim enough it is during our short winter afternoons. Whether the resemblance to the “Mass-houses” which were torn down in the sixteenth century is to be carried out fully in the interior as well as exterior, we have not learned, nor whether it is only to be confined to “sedilia,” “screen,” “south-porch,” “octagonal font at the door,” or whether any or none of these remains of Medievalism are to have a place within. The “Ecclesiologist” no doubt can enlighten our readers, and to that we refer them.

Mr. Smithson, as we said, took a pew in a fashionable church, and in a desirable position. Thither, accompanied by his fashionable-looking wife, who, in her turn, was accompanied by her richly-bound prayer-book, he resorted on Sunday mornings. The attention of the devotees around was at once attracted by her, and stray glances would slip from the leaf of the prayer-book to the “new person” near

by. "*N'importe*," Letty might say, as did a celebrated English dandy when an hundred opera-glasses were leveled at him, "Let them look and die." With her attire no fault could be found. The material was of the richest and most costly kind, the colors most harmoniously combined; the fit perfect, showing her willowy and graceful figure to the utmost advantage, and the furs genuine martin.

"Who is she?" was the whispered colloquy, as the parties proceeded down the aisle, with a glance over the shoulder.

"Don't you know—her name is Smithson. A rich Shamble street merchant. Live in Hazelnut street, in old Corkscrew's house—said to be splendidly furnished."

"Yes; but who is she? Where does she come from?"

"Don't know exactly; but believe from New York, or Baltimore, or Richmond, or somewhere."

"Very definite—and the last location very likely."

"But what do you think of her? Very lady-looking—don't you think so? And how beautifully she dresses. Her muff and tippet are certainly martin—and what a love of a hat. Martine tells me she paid $25 for it."

Here the ladies having reached the door, the edifying commentary on the sermon just delivered ceased, and the parties separating, pursued their several ways. The first speaker, or querist, was Mrs. Rodgers, one of the most decided leaders of the *ton* in Quakerdelphia, whose father having retired from trade as a hardware merchant when she was a very little girl, felt her superiority to those of her acquaintances who were still engaged in trade. Her husband was in the same position as herself, and their united fortunes enabled him to provide his friends with the finest clarets, the oldest Madeiras, the fattest venison, and one of the greatest bores at the head of his own table who ever spoiled good wine by prosing over it. His lady gave no balls nor grand routes; she was too exclusive for that; but admittance to her "Evenings" was eagerly sought after by all who aspired to be of the *ton*. The other lady, Mrs. Cackle, a widow, was one of those gossips who are everywhere found. Her pretensions to fashion were only pretensions, and she held her own in the gay world simply by making herself useful as the purveyor of all the fashionable scandal of the day to her fashionable acquaintance. Mrs. Rodgers and others of her set, would have as soon thought of doing without their cards or their carriages as without "Cackle," as she was familiarly called; and hence she was at home in all the "best houses" of Quakerdelphia.

The pew which the Smithsons occupied, was adjoining that of Mrs. Rodgers. It was the family-pew of a certain Mrs. Edmonson, who, after a long career in the gay world, had recently, alarmed by conscience or gray hairs, abandoned cards for prayer-meetings, and despairing of "grace" under what she was pleased to term "the didactic essays and moral teachings" of Dr. Silky, her pastor, had abandoned them for the preachings of the Rev. Mr. Thunder, a celebrated revivalist. Here a new scene was opened for her. Possibly her jaded feelings may have required some new

and varied stimulant. We do not say so positively. We merely repeat what “Cackle” said.

“Poor, dear soul! she was so worn-out with whist and piquett, that any change was for the better.”

Be this as it may, she certainly entered upon her new course of life with much zeal. She faithfully attended not only the three regular Sunday services, but all the occasional week-day lectures and familiar meetings for prayer and religious conversation. These latter were always preceded by tea at the house of some of the sisters of the Rev. Mr. Thunder’s flock. Projects for converting the world were then new, and the recent convert entered upon them with all the zeal which had formerly animated her when arranging the details of a ball or of a party for the theatre. The dwellers in Africa and the isles of the Pacific, occupied much of their attention; but they did not seem to know that within a few squares of where they were engaged alternately in sipping tea or expounding prophecy, dwelt a population, perhaps more degraded and more requiring enlightenment, than those over whose darkness they mourned. The inhabitant of Africa thought nothing of a Saviour of whom he had never heard. The denizen of St. Anne’s street uttered his name only to blaspheme. Which of these, according to the doctrine as laid down by the Apostle to the Gentiles, most required the humanizing influences of the missionary of the cross, we leave to each to determine for himself.

One thing is certain. Had Mrs. Edmonson not been thus called off, Mrs. Smithson could not have obtained the pew which she now occupied. A gradual acquaintance was beginning to spring up between her and Mrs. Rodgers, arising from the principle of contiguity. Commend us to that principle. It has settled the fate of many a son and daughter of Eve. It commenced we know not how. It was probably from some one of those thousand and one little offices which neighborhood induces. A shawl may have become entangled in something requiring the friendly offices of a neighbor to unloose; or the warmth of the weather may have created an uncomfortable feeling, which the opportune loan of a fan may have relieved. How the acquaintanceship in question was first brought about we have forgotten—if we ever knew. It is of no consequence to us. Every one knows the progress of these things. At first it is a distant bow, as much as to say, “I should like to know you, but don’t care to advance.” Then came a casual and passing remark, as they emerged from the pew to the aisle. Then the walk down the aisle, side by side, until reaching the door, when each assumed her husband’s arm, and the respective couples mingled in the crowd; and finally the continued walk together to the parting-place, whence each pursues the path to their own residence. These things have often occurred before; they were enacted by Mesdames Rogers and Smithson then, and will occur again. Their husbands followed slowly in the rear, discussing the state of the weather, the prospects of business, the likelihood of speedy news from Europe, there not having been an arrival for upward of a month, with other topics of a kindred nature. Mrs. Rodgers, a well-educated lady of considerable

conversational powers, found the mind of her new acquaintance as agreeable as her person, and before they separated,

"Hoped she might be permitted to improve the acquaintance thus opportunely begun, by calling on Mrs. Smithson."

Letty graciously gave the required permission, expressing all that courtesy demanded on the occasion, but carefully abstaining from appearing overwhelmed with the compliment, as many a weaker minded and less skillful tactician would have done. She knew that her cue was to meet advances half-way, but not to pass the line one hair's breadth, if she wished any new acquaintance to be made to feel, than in seeking her, the obligation was mutual.

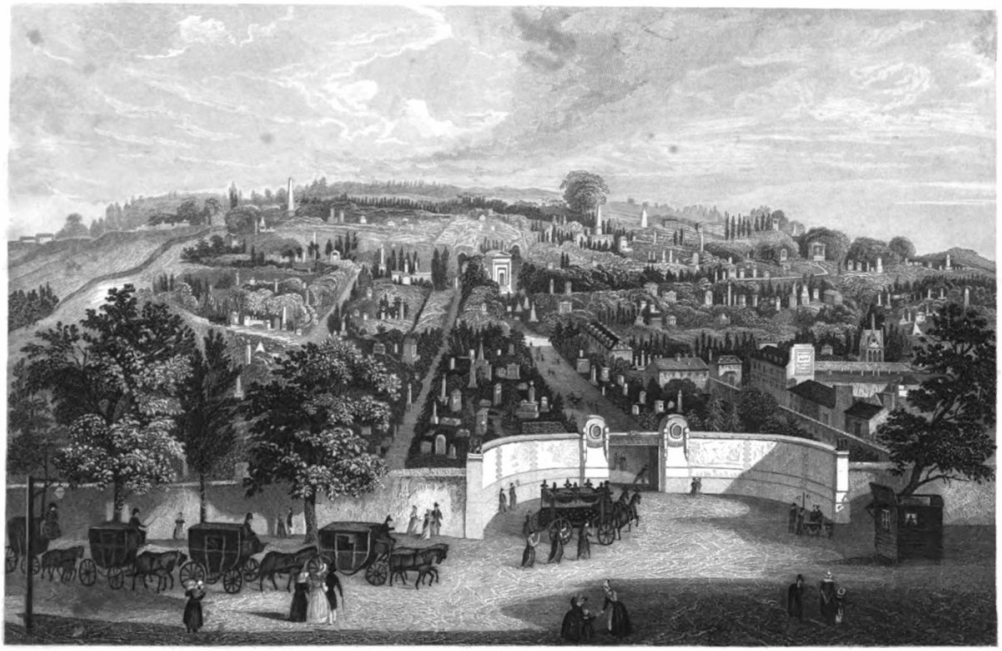
On the next day but one Mrs. Rodgers was ushered into Letty's drawing-room. That lady did not detain her long before she made her appearance, but still dallied sufficiently to allow the other to take in at a rapid glance the completeness of her establishment. Her experience, however, was for once at fault, for she determined hastily that the woman who could arrange her rooms with such taste, must have been surrounded by like refinements and elegancies all her life. Her reception of Letty, therefore, when she arrived, was most cordial and impressive. The season was far advanced. Her last "Evening" was on that of the succeeding day, "and it was to secure Mrs. Smithson's appearance as well as further to cultivate so pleasant an acquaintance thus agreeably begun, that she had called this morning, etc."

Mrs. Smithson, on her part, would be very happy to make one at this exclusive assemblage, and a very unfashionably long visit for a morning call followed. Mrs. Rodgers was anxious to find out all about Letty, who she was, where she came from, etc.; but was foiled in all her skillful questions, by answers equally skillful. When at length she took her leave, she could not help pondering on this to herself. She admitted her curiosity about it, but wound up by saying to herself, be she who she may, she is certainly a most agreeable personage, and I think I have made a most decided hit in introducing her into our set.

As for Letty, she was all exultation on the departure of her visitor. She saw herself achieving at once the distinctions she panted after. Not only were the doors of the drawing-room of dame Fashion opened to her, but as she passed through them with firm step and head erect amid the ill-concealed envy of the crowd which filled them, she saw the curtains of the boudoir drawn aside at her approach, and she was admitted into the inmost presence-chamber of the goddess. Not so fast, Letty. You certainly have mounted the first rung of the ladder; and my readers and myself know you now too well to fear for a moment that you will go backward; but there is many a step yet to climb before you reach that giddy height on which you aspire to stand.

The next evening soon came, and after almost all the guests had assembled, Mr. and Mrs. Smithson arrived. She was arrayed in a dress of the richest kind, and with her usual faultless taste. Her ornaments were few, but elegant; the best of them being that bright, fresh face and elastic form, which the dissipation of city life had not yet impaired. She had a severe and scathing ordeal to pass. It was felt by several,

with the keen intuition which women alone have, that she might prove a formidable rival. Mrs. Rodgers' reception and treatment of her were most kind. She introduced several most desirable acquaintances to her, and the gentlemen in especial were delighted with her. Letty's earliest allies, it may be remembered, were of the male sex; but the gallant Colonel Lumley, and that exquisite of exquisites, Mr. Tom Harrowby, were of a different stamp from Phil Dubbs and even Harry Edmonds, though the latter, in after days, achieved renown both at the bar and in the senate-chamber. The evening passed but too delightfully and too rapidly for Letty. She felt that she was at last among kindred minds, and on arriving at home, when she reviewed what had transpired as she was preparing for her night's repose, she was satisfied that her debut had been eminently successful, and that she had made a decided hit. With visions of much future greatness before her, she fell asleep.



PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.
Engraved by J. A. Rolph.

PÈRE-LA-CHAISE.

[WITH A STEEL ENGRAVING.]

THE practice of interment in churches and church-yards prevailed in Paris till near the end of the eighteenth century. In 1790 the National Assembly passed a law commanding all towns and villages to discontinue the use of their old burial-places, and form others at a distance from their habitations. An imperial decree was issued in 1804, ordering high ground to be chosen for cemeteries, and every corpse to be interred at a depth of at least six feet. Another decree, of 1811, ordained a company of undertakers, to whom the whole business of interment was to be consigned, who arranged funerals in six classes, and established a tariff of expense for the service rendered. The cemeteries of Paris are four in number. Père-la-chaise, Montmartre, Vaugirard, and Mont-Parnasse.

Père-la-chaise, the subject of the beautiful engraving in our present number—engraved for us by J. A. Rolph, of New York—occupies a tract of high and sloping ground to the north-east of Paris. It derives its name from the confessor of Louis XIV., who occupied a splendid mansion on its site—a country-house of the Jesuits for more than one hundred and fifty years. This beautiful burial-ground was consecrated in 1804, and on the 21st of May of that year the first burial took place within its walls. In the *fosses communes* the poor are gratuitously interred in coffins placed side by side, without ornament or mark of any kind. Temporary graves, to be held for six years, may be procured for fifty francs, and may afterward be retained on five years' lease by the regular payment of the same sum. If afterward purchased, a deduction of the first payment of fifty francs is made. The ground is purchased in perpetuity at a rate of one hundred and twenty francs per square metre, where vaults may be sunk or monuments erected at the pleasure of the owner. Many of the most celebrated personages of France here repose in the dreamless sleep, amid garlands and flowers. Baron Cuvier, Casimir Périer and Benjamin Constant. Marshals Ney, Suchet, Massena, Lefèvre—Volney rests here, with Talma, Mademoiselle Raucourt, Macdonald, Beaumarchais, and many whose names are imperishable in history.

The picturesque monument of Gothic architecture, to the right on entering, contains the ashes of Abelard and Heloisa—this sepulchre was constructed from the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of Paracleet.

We rejoice that, in our own country, a wise foresight has already disposed our citizens to set apart at a distance from the busy mart and the thriving town, secluded and beautiful places for the quiet resting-place of the beloved dead. From this pious feeling has sprung our own Laurel-Hill—Mount Auburn, near Boston—Greenwood, near New York, and scores of other places appropriately named and selected in the

vicinage of cities and towns of our country—where the monumental pile and the humble tomb bear silent company. The roses embowering these make the whole air fragrant, but, dying in autumn return again with the spring, mute yet eloquent preachers of a Final Resurrection.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

BY A. M. PARIS.

In the balmy breath of the early spring,
In the warbling notes that her songsters sing,
In her bursting buds, and her fragrant flowers,
In her azure skies and her golden hours,
In the leafy woods and the meadows green,
Are thy powers displayed, and thy breathings seen.
Thou art found in the ocean's wide expanse,
When the gentle waves in the sunbeams dance,
Or propelled by the storm's resistless might,
Rise foaming up to their giddy height;
When the first faint blush of the glowing morn,
Lights the dewy pearl on the flower and thorn,
And the sunbeams kiss the awakening flower,
And the zephyr stirs the enchanted bower;
Or the silvery clouds of the sunset lie
On the radiant breast of the evening sky,
And the gentle gales through the forests play,
And the requiem sing of departing day,
On the craggy steeps of the rock-based hills;
By the flowery banks of the purling rills;
From the darkling climes of the gelid north,
Where the bright Aurora flashes forth,
And the iceberg gleams in the moon's soft light,
Through the lengthened hours of the polar night;
To the sunny south, where the palm-trees spread
Their feathery boughs o'er the sheltered head;
And a thousand flowers of brilliant hue,
Are forever expanding to the view;
And a thousand birds of plumage bright,
Rejoice in the groves of a land of light;
O'er the gladsome earth, in the stars of night,
Thou art seen, if the heart be attuned aright.

FIRST AMBITION.[11]

BY IK. MARVEL.

I BELIEVE that sooner or later, there come to every man, dreams of ambition. They may be covered with the sloth of habit, or with a pretence of humility; they may come only in dim, shadowy visions, that feed the eye, like the glories of an ocean sun-rise; but you may be sure that they will come: even before one is aware, the bold, adventurous goddess, whose name is ambition, and whose dower is Fame, will be toying with the feeble heart. And she pushes her ventures with a bold hand: she makes timidity strong, and weakness valiant.

The way of a man's heart will be foreshadowed by what goodness lies in him—coming from above, and from around;—but a way foreshadowed, is not a way made. And the making of a man's way comes only from that quickening of resolve, which we call Ambition. It is the spur that makes man struggle with Destiny: it is Heaven's own incentive, to make Purpose great, and Achievement greater.

It would be strange if you, in that cloister-life of a college, did not sometimes feel a dawning of new resolves. They grapple you, indeed, oftener than you dare to speak of. Here, you dream first of that very sweet, but very shadowy success, called reputation.

You think of the delight and astonishment, it would give your mother and father, and most of all, little Nelly, if you were winning such honors, as now escape you. You measure your capacities by those about you, and watch their habit of study; you gaze for a half hour together, upon some successful man, who has won his prizes; and wonder by what secret action he has done it. And when, in time, you come to be a competitor yourself, your anxiety is immense.

You spend hours upon hours at your theme. You write and re-write; and when it is at length complete, and out of your hands, you are harassed by a thousand doubts. At times, as you recal your hours of toil, you question if so much has been spent upon any other; you feel almost certain of success. You repeat to yourself, some passages of special eloquence, at night. You fancy the admiration of the Professors at meeting with such wonderful performance. You have a slight fear that its superior goodness may awaken the suspicion that some one out of the college—some superior man, may have written it. But this fear dies away.

The eventful day is a great one in your calendar; you hardly sleep the night previous. You tremble as the chapel-bell is rung; you profess to be very indifferent, as the reading, and the prayer close; you even stoop to take up your hat—as if you

had entirely overlooked the fact, that the old president was in the desk, for the express purpose of declaring the successful names. You listen dreamily to his tremulous, yet fearfully distinct enunciation. Your head swims strangely.

They all pass out with a harsh murmur, along the aisles, and through the doorways. It would be well if there were no disappointments in life more terrible than this. It is consoling to express very depreciating opinions of the Faculty in general;—and very contemptuous ones of that particular officer who decided upon the merit of the prize themes. An evening or two at Dalton's room go still further toward healing the disappointment; and—if it must be said—toward moderating the heat of your ambition.

You grow up however, unfortunately, as the college years fly by, into a very exaggerated sense of your own capacities. Even the good, old, white-haired squire, for whom you had once entertained so much respect, seems to your crazy, classic fancy, a very hum-drum sort of personage. Frank, although as noble a fellow as ever sat a horse, is yet—you cannot help thinking—very ignorant of Euripides; even the English master at Dr. Bidlow's school, you feel sure would balk at a dozen problems you could give him.

You get an exalted idea of that uncertain quality, which turns the heads of a vast many of your fellows, called—Genius. An odd notion seems to be inherent in the atmosphere of those college chambers, that there is a certain faculty of mind—first developed as would seem in colleges—which accomplishes whatever it chooses, without any special painstaking. For a time, you fall yourself into this very unfortunate hallucination; you cultivate it, after the usual college fashion, by drinking a vast deal of strong coffee, and whiskey-toddy—by writing a little poor verse, in the Byronic temper, and by studying very late at night, with closed blinds.

It costs you, however, more anxiety and hypocrisy than you could possibly have believed.

——You will learn, Clarence, when the Autumn has rounded your hopeful Summer, if not before, that there is no Genius in life, like the Genius of energy and industry. You will learn, that all the traditions so current among very young men, that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were, grow out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable, as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great names will flash like a spark into the mine of your purposes; you dream till midnight over books; you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them. Nothing makes the "scent lie well," in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation, and the

ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read—deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seems so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities: you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours, stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth, and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover, nor quench.

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[11] From Dream Life, just published by Charles Scribner, New York.

THE STAR OF DESTINY.

BY ANNE G. HALE.

[It is related of Signora Angelica Kauffman, the celebrated Italian, that when a youthful maiden, she was one evening by the bank of her native stream, a short distance from Mount Rosa, near the entrance of a forest, when, charmed with the beauty of the sunset, she fell into a reverie, during which a vision passed before her, which led her to form the resolution—which she patiently kept—of being a painter. She afterward obtained the prize from the Royal Academy at London, England, for her painting of the Weeping Magdalen. *See Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXX.*]

MAY, with thousand buds of beauty
Gemmeth o'er the valley's breast,
Once again with chainless freedom
Are the Alpine streamlets blest;
Down the ancient, snow-clad mountains,
In their joy they leap and spring,
All entrancing with the music
Of the merry lay they sing.

And the haughty, towering glaciers
Gazing down so stern and wild,
Yield them to the spring-time influence,
And diffuse a radiance mild—
For the glowing sunset lingers
On those crystal turrets high,
Long beyond the sun's departure
From the clear and cloudless sky.

Downward are the rays reflected
To each ancient forest-tree,
Standing in its solemn grandeur,
Monarch of a century;
Birds their evening hymns are singing,
And the peasant homeward hies—
'Tis the welcome hour of vespers

And from every heart they rise.

All, save one—her soul enraptured
With the splendor of the scene,
Listlessly reclines she—dreaming—
On the streamlet's bank of green;
Thoughts of power her spirit burden
Clamorous for a garb of words,
But they strive in vain for freedom,
Speech no worthy aid affords.

Longing for the tongue of Poet,
For his language bold and grand—
Or for that high power majestic,
With which oft a master-hand
On the vague and empty canvas,
Into being life-like calls
Images first etched by Fancy,
On the mind's eternal walls.

Dreaming on of Fame and Beauty,
Gazing still upon the sky,
Twilight gathers over nature,
Darkness draws unheeded nigh.
There before her, in the forest,
Stand the oaks in majesty—
Yet before her they are changing
To a statued gallery!

And beneath each marble statue,
There are carved upon the base,
Names that Art hath made immortal,
Names the laurel deigned to grace!
But upon one gray pedestal,
Standing statueless—alone—
She deciphers with emotion
One familiar name—*her own!*

Filled with solemn awe she lifteth
To the heavens her tearful eyes,
And above that lone pedestal
Sees a glorious star arise!
For herself prepared and ready,

(She can read the mystery,)
’Tis a niche in Fame’s high temple,
’Tis her star of destiny.

Years rolled on—that youthful vision
Haunted still the maiden’s brain,
Oft her fainting heart beguiling
Of its toil, and care, and pain;
Onward, upward still she passed,
By Ambition daily fed,
Till that star e’en as a halo
Threw its lustre round her head.

But have none, save that fair maiden,
’Neath Italia’s sunset sky,
Had pre-knowledge of the future—
Known their coming destiny?
Yea—for all—or soon or later—
Are Life’s mysteries unsealed—
If its oracle, the prescience,
Oft hath Heaven in love revealed.

Not at even, seen but dimly,
Doth the glorious scene appear,
But at noonday, in Faith’s sunlight,
Shines in truthful radiance clear;
Not a marble statue raised
By the flattering hand of Fame—
But a cross—the Cross most holy.
Lifted up in Jesus’ name!

Low upon its base, engraven
—Man—as if upon the stone
Constant tears had wrought the title,
Sadly, secretly—alone;
Upward o’er the cross appearing,
Brighter than the orbs on high,
One fair star full often blesses,
The upraised—the prayerful eye.

Let us from the heavenly vision
Comfort under trial gain;
Though upon our drooping shoulders

We the heavy Cross sustain,
Still the Star of Bethlehem shineth,
With its clear, consoling light,
And by its all-powerful glory,
Day shall take the place of night!

RAIL-ROAD SONG.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

All aboard? Yes! Tingle, tingle,
Goes the bell, as we all mingle—
No one sitting solely single—
As the fireman builds his fire,
And the steam gets higher, higher—
Thus fulfilling his desire—
Which forever he keeps feeding
With the pine-knots he is needing,
As he on his way goes speeding—
And the Iron Horse goes rushing,
With his fiery face all flushing—
Every thing before him crushing—
While the smoke goes upward curling,
Spark-bespangled in unfurling,
And the iron-wheels go whirling,
Like two mighty mill-stones grinding,
When no miller is them minding—
All the eye with grit-dust blinding—
And the cars begin to rattle,
And the springs go tittle-tattle—
Driving off the grazing cattle—
As if Death were fiends pursuing
To their uttermost undoing—
With a clitta, clatta, clatter,
Like the devil beating batter
Down below in iron platter,
As if something was the matter;
Then it changes to a clanking,
And a clinking, and a clanking,
And a clanking, and a clinking—
Then returns to clatta, clatter,
Clitta, clatta, clatta, clatter—
And the song that I now offer

For Apollo's Golden Coffer—
With the friendship that I proffer—
Is for Riding on a Rail.

Thus, from station on to station,
Right along through each plantation,
This great Iron Horse goes rushing,
With his fiery face all flushing—
Every thing before him crushing—
Sometimes faster, sometimes slower,
Sometimes higher, sometimes lower—
As if Time, the great world-mover,
Had come down for his last reaping
Of the harvest ripe, in keeping,
Of the nations waiting, weeping—
While the engine, overteeming,
Spits his vengeance out in steaming
With excruciating screaming—
While the wheels are whirling under,
Like the chariot-wheels of thunder,
When the lightning rends asunder
All the clouds that steam from Ocean,
When he pays the Moon devotion—
With a grinding rhythmic motion—
Till the frightened sheep are scattered,
Like the clouds by lightning tattered,
And the gates of day are battered
With the clitta, clatta, clatter—
Still repeating clatta, clatter,
Clitta, clatta, clatta, clatter,
As if something was the matter—
While the woodlands all are ringing,
And the birds forget their singing.
And away to heaven go winging
Of their flight to hear the clatter,
Clitta, clatta, clatta, clatter,
Which continues so, till coming
To a straight line, when the humming
Is so mixed up with the strumming,
That the cars begin to rattle,
And the springs go tittle-tattle—
Frightening off the grazing cattle—
Like Hell's thunder-river roaring,

Over Death’s dark mountain pouring
Into space, forever boring
Through th’ abysmal depths, with clatter
Clitta, clatta, clatta, clatter,
And a clinking, and a clanking,
And a clanking, and a clinking—
Then returns to clatta, clatter,
Clitta, clatta, clatta, clatter,
Like the devil beating batter
Down below in iron platter—
Which subsides into a clunky,
And a clinky, and a clanky,
And a clinky, clanky, clanky,
And a clanky, clinky, clanky;
And the song that I now offer
For Apollo’s Golden Coffer—
With the friendship that I proffer—
Is for Riding on a Rail.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

AMONGST the women of the French Revolution, there is one who stands essentially apart: a solitary episode of the eventful story. She appears for a moment, performs a deed—heroic as to the intention, criminal as to the means—and disappears for ever; lost in the shadow of time—an unfathomed mystery.

And it is, perhaps, this very mystery that has invested with so much interest the name of one known by a single deed; which, though intended by her to deliver her country, changed little in its destinies. To admire her entirely is impossible; to condemn her is equally difficult. No one can read her history without feeling that, to judge her absolutely, lies not in the province of man. Beautiful, pure, gentle, and a murderess, she attracts and repels us in almost equal degrees; like all those beings whose nature is inexplicable and strange, according to the ordinary standard of humanity. Although it is generally acknowledged that site did not exercise over contemporary events that repressing power for which she sacrificed her life, it is felt, nevertheless, that no history of the times in which she lived, is complete without her name; and to her brief and tragic history an eloquent modern historian[12] has devoted some of his most impressive pages.

The 31st of May was the signal of the fall and dispersion of the Girondists. Some, like Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, and their friends, retired to the provinces, which they endeavored to rouse for one last struggle. Others, like Madame Roland and the twenty-two, prepared themselves in their silent prison solitude for death and the scaffold. The name of the Girondists now became a sound as proscribed as that of Royalist had been during their brief sway. No voice gifted with power was raised throughout the republic in favor of the men by whom, in the midst of such enthusiastic acclamations, that republic had been founded. France was rapidly sinking into that state of silent apathy which foreboded the Reign of Terror: discouraged by their experience of the past, men lost their faith in humanity, and selfishly despaired of the future. A maiden's heroic spirit alone conceived the daring project of saving those who had so long and so nobly striven for freedom; or, if this might not be, of avenging their fall, and striking terror into the hearts of their foes, by a deed of solemn immolation, worthy of the stern sacrifices of paganism, offered of yore on the blood-stained shrines of the goddess Nemesis.

The maiden was Marie-Anne Charlotte, of Corday and of Armont, one of the last descendants of a noble, though impoverished Norman family, which counted

amongst its near relatives, Fontenelle, the wit and philosopher of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and amongst its ancestors, the father of the great tragic poet of France, Pierre Corneille.

Her father, Jacques of Corday and of Armont, was a younger son of this noble line. He was, however, poorer than many of the peasants amongst whom he lived, cultivating with his own hands, his narrow inheritance. He married in early life a lady of gentle blood, but as poor as himself. They had five children and a noble name to support, in a vain show of dignity, on their insufficient income. It thus happened that Charlotte, their fourth child and second daughter, was born in a thatched dwelling, in the village of Saint-Saturnin des Lignerets; and that in the register of the parish church where she was baptized, on the 28th of July, 1768, the day after her birth, she is described as "born in lawful wedlock of Jacques Francois of Corday, esquire, sieur of Armont, and of the noble dame Marie Charlotte-Jacqueline, of Gauthier des Authieux, his wife." It was under these difficult circumstances, which embittered his temper, and often caused him to inveigh in energetic terms against the injustice of the law of primogeniture, that M. d'Armont reared his family. As soon as they were of age, his sons entered the army; one of his daughters died young; and he became a widower when the other two were emerging from childhood into youth. They remained for some time with their father, but at length entered the Abbaye aux Dames, in the neighboring town of Caen.

The greatest portion of the youth of Charlotte Corday—to give her the name by which she is generally known—was spent in the calm obscurity of her convent solitude. Many high visions, many burning dreams and lofty aspirations, already haunted her imaginative and enthusiastic mind, as she slowly paced the silent cloisters, or rested, lost in thought, beneath the shadow of the ancient elms. It is said that, like Madame Roland, she contemplated secluding herself for ever from the world in her monastic retreat; but, affected by the scepticism of the age, which penetrated even beyond convent walls, she gave up this project. From these early religions feelings, Charlotte derived, however, the calm devotedness which characterized her brief career: for though self-sacrifice may not be the exclusive attribute of Christianity, it cannot be denied that the deep humility by which it is accompanied—a feeling almost unknown to the ancients—is in itself the very spirit of Christ. The peaceful and solemn shadow of the old cloister favored the mild seriousness of Charlotte's character. Within the precincts of her sacred retreat she grew up in grave and serene loveliness, a being fit for the gentlest duties of woman's household life, or for one of those austere and fearless deeds which lead to the scaffold and give martyrdom in a holy cause.

The scepticism that prevailed for the last few years preceding the Revolution, was not the sensual atheism which had disgraced the eighteenth century so long. The faith in a first and eternal cause, in the sacredness of human rights and the holiness of duty, was firmly held by many noble spirits, who hailed with enthusiasm the first dawn of democracy. This faith was blended in the soul of Charlotte Corday,

with a passionate admiration of antiquity. All the austerity and republican enthusiasm of her illustrious ancestor, Pierre Corneille, seemed to have come down to his young descendant. Even Rousseau and Raynal, the apostles of democracy, had no pages that could absorb her so deeply as those of ancient history, with its stirring deeds and immortal recollections. Often, like Manon Philipon, in the recess of her father's workshop, might Charlotte Corday be seen in her convent cell, thoughtfully bending over an open volume of Plutarch; that powerful and eloquent historian of all heroic sacrifices.

When the Abbaye aux Dames was closed, in consequence of the Revolution, Charlotte was in her twentieth year, in the prime of life and of her wonderful beauty; and never, perhaps, did a vision of more dazzling loveliness step forth from beneath the dark convent portal into the light of the free and open world. She was rather tall, but admirably proportioned, with a figure full of native grace and dignity; her hands, arms, and shoulders, were models of pure sculptural beauty. An expression of singular gentleness and serenity characterized her fair, oval countenance and regular features. Her open forehead, dark and well-arched eyebrows, and eyes of a gray so deep that it was often mistaken for blue, added to her naturally grave and meditative appearance; her nose was straight and well formed, her mouth serious but exquisitely beautiful. Like most of the women of the Norman race, she had a complexion of transparent purity; enhanced by the rich brown hair which fell in thick curls around her neck, according to the fashion of the period. A simple severity characterized her dress of sombre hue, and the low and becoming lace cap which she habitually wore is still known by her name in France. Her whole aspect was fraught with so much modest grace and dignity, that, notwithstanding her youth, the first feeling she invariably inspired was one of respect; blended with involuntary admiration, for a being of such pure and touching loveliness.

On leaving the convent in which she had been educated, Charlotte Corday went to reside with her aunt, Madame Coutellier de Bretteville Gouville; an old royalist lady, who inhabited an ancient-looking house in one of the principal streets of Caen. There the young girl, who had inherited a little property, spent several years, chiefly engaged in watching the progress of the Revolution. The feelings of her father were similarly engrossed: he wrote several pamphlets in favor of the revolutionary principles; and one in which he attacked the right of primogeniture. His republican tendencies confirmed Charlotte in her opinions; but of the deep, overpowering strength which those opinions acquired in her soul, during the long hours she daily devoted to meditation, no one ever knew, until a stern and fearful deed—more stern and fearful in one so gentle—had revealed it to all France. A silent reserve characterized this epoch of Charlotte Corday's life: her enthusiasm was not external, but inward: she listened to the discussions which were carried on around her without taking a part in them herself. She seemed to feel instinctively that great thoughts are always better nursed in the heart's solitude: that they can only lose their native depth and intensity by being revealed too freely before the indifferent gaze of the world. Those with whom she then occasionally conversed, took little heed of the substance

of her discourse, and could remember nothing of it when she afterward became celebrated; but all recollected well her voice, and spoke with strange enthusiasm of its pure, silvery sound. Like Madame Roland, whom she resembled in so many respects, Charlotte possessed this rare and great attraction; and there was something so touching in her youthful and almost childlike utterance of heroic thoughts, that it affected even to tears those who heard her on her trial, calmly defending herself from the infamous accusations of her judges, and glorying with the same low, sweet tones, in the deadly deed which had brought her before them.

The fall of the Girondists, on the 31st of May, first suggested to Charlotte Corday the possibility of giving an active shape to her hitherto passive feelings. She watched with intense, though still silent, interest the progress of events, concealing her secret indignation and thoughts of vengeance under her habitually calm aspect. Those feelings were heightened in her soul by the presence of the fugitive Girondists, who had found a refuge in Caen, and were urging the Normans to raise an army to march on Paris. She found a pretence to call upon Barbaroux, then with his friends at the Intendance. She came twice, accompanied by an old servant, and protected by her own modest dignity. Pethion saw her in the hall, where she was waiting for the handsome Girondist, and observed, with a smile—

"So, the beautiful aristocrat is come to see republicans."

"Citizen Pethion," she replied, "you now judge me without knowing me, but a time will come what you shall learn who I am."

With Barbaroux, Charlotte chiefly conversed of the imprisoned Girondists; of Madame Roland and Marat. The name of this man had long haunted her with a mingled feeling of dread and horror. To Marat she ascribed the proscription of the Girondists, the woes of the republic, and on him she resolved to avenge her ill-fated country. Charlotte was not aware that Marat was but the tool of Dunton and Robespierre. "If such actions could be counseled," afterward said Barbaroux, "it is not Marat whom we would have advised her to strike."

Whilst this deadly thought was daily strengthening itself in Charlotte's mind, she received several offers of marriage. She declined them, on the plea of wishing to remain free: but strange indeed must have seemed to her, at that moment, those proposals of earthly love. One of those whom her beauty had enamored, M. de Franquelin, a young volunteer in the cause of the Girondists, died of grief on learning her fate. His last request was, that her portrait and a few letters he had formerly received from her, might be buried with him in his grave.

For several days after her last interview with Barbaroux, Charlotte brooded silently over her great thought, often meditating on the history of Judith. Her aunt subsequently remembered that, on entering her room one morning, she found an old Bible open on her bed: the verse in which it is recorded that "the Lord had gifted Judith with a special beauty and fairness," for the deliverance of Israel, was underlined with a pencil.

On another occasion Madame de Bretteville found her niece weeping alone; she

inquired into the cause of her tears.

"They flow," replied Charlotte, "for the misfortunes of my country."

Heroic and devoted as she was, she then also wept, perchance, over her own youth and beauty, so soon to be sacrificed for ever. No personal considerations altered her resolve; she procured a passport, provided herself with money, and paid a farewell visit to her father, to inform him that, considering the unsettled condition of France, she thought it best to retire to England. He approved of her intention, and bade her adieu. On returning to Caen, Charlotte told the same tale to Madame de Bretteville, left a secret provision for an old nurse, and distributed the little property she possessed amongst her friends.

It was on the morning of the 9th of July, 1793, that she left the house of her aunt, without trusting herself with a last farewell. Her most earnest wish was, when her deed should have been accomplished, to perish, wholly unknown, by the hands of an infuriated multitude. The woman who could contemplate such a fate, and calmly devote herself to it, without one selfish thought of future renown, had indeed the heroic soul of a martyr.

Her journey to Paris was marked by no other event than the unwelcome attentions of some Jacobins with whom she traveled. One of them, struck by her modest and gentle beauty, made her a very serious proposal of marriage: she playfully evaded his request, but promised that he should learn who and what she was at some future period. On entering Paris, she proceeded immediately to the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, not far from Marat's dwelling. Here she rested for two days, before calling on her intended victim. Nothing can mark more forcibly the singular calmness of her mind: she felt no hurry to accomplish the deed for which she had journeyed so far, and over which she had meditated so deeply: her soul remained serene and undaunted to the last. The room which she occupied, and which has been often pointed out to inquiring strangers, was a dark and wretched attic, into which light scarcely ever penetrated. There she read again the volume of Plutarch she had brought with her—unwilling to part from her favorite author even in her last hours—and probably composed that energetic address to the people, which was found upon her after her apprehension. One of the first acts of Charlotte was to call on the Girondist, Duperret, for whom she was provided with a letter from Barbaroux, relative to the supposed business she had in Paris: her real motive was to learn how she could see Marat. She had first intended to strike him in the Champ de Mars, on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, when a great and imposing ceremony was to take place. The festival being delayed, she resolved to seek him in the convention, and immolate him on the very summit of the mountain; but Marat was too ill to attend the meetings of the National Assembly: this Charlotte learned from Duperret. She resolved, nevertheless, to go to the convention, in order to fortify herself in her resolve. Mingling with the horde of Jacobins who crowded the galleries, she watched with deep attention the scene below. Saint Just was then urging the convention to

proscribe Lanjuinais, the heroic defender of the Girondists. A young foreigner, a friend of Lanjuinais, and who stood at a short distance from Charlotte, noticed the expression of stern indignation which gathered over her features; until, like one over-powered by her feelings, and apprehensive of displaying them too openly, she abruptly left the place. Struck with her whole appearance, he followed her out; a sudden shower of rain, which compelled them to seek shelter under the same archway, afforded him an opportunity of entering into conversation with her. When she learned that he was a friend of Lanjuinais she waived her reserve, and questioned him with much interest concerning Madame Roland and the Girondists. She also asked him about Marat, with whom she said she had some business.

"Marat is ill; it would be better for you to apply to the public accuser, Fouquier Tinville," said the stranger.

"I do not want him now, but I may have to deal with him yet," she significantly replied.

Perceiving that the rain did not cease, she requested her companion to procure her a conveyance. He complied, and before parting from her, begged to be favored with her name. She refused, adding, however, "You will know it before long." With Italian courtesy, he kissed her hand as he assisted her into the fiacre. She smiled, and bade him farewell.

Charlotte perceived that to call on Marat was the only means by which she might accomplish her purpose. She did so on the morning of the 13th of July, having first purchased a knife in the Palais Royal, and written him a note, in which she requested an interview. She was refused admittance. She then wrote him a second note, more pressing than the first, and in which she represented herself as persecuted for the cause of freedom. Without waiting to see what effect this note might produce, she called again at half-past seven the same evening.

Marat then resided in the Rue des Cordeliers, in a gloomy-looking house, which has since been demolished. His constant fears of assassination were shared by those around him; the porter, seeing a strange woman pass by his lodge without pausing to make any inquiry, ran out and called her back. She did not heed his remonstrance, but swiftly ascended the old stone stair-case, until she had reached the door of Marat's apartment. It was cautiously opened by Albertine, a woman with whom Marat cohabited, and who passed for his wife. Recognizing the same young and handsome girl who had already called on her husband, and animated, perhaps, by a feeling of jealous mistrust, Albertine refused to admit her: Charlotte insisted with great earnestness. The sound of their altercation reached Marat; he immediately ordered his wife to admit the stranger, whom he recognized as the author of the two letters he had received in the course of the day. Albertine obeyed reluctantly; she allowed Charlotte to enter; and, after crossing with her an antechamber, where she had been occupied with a man named Laurent Basse, in folding some numbers of the "Ami du People," she ushered her through two other rooms, until they came to a narrow closet, where Marat was then in a bath. He gave a look at Charlotte, and

ordered his wife to leave them alone: she complied, but allowed the door of the closet to remain half open, and kept within call.

According to his usual custom, Marat wore a soiled handkerchief bound round his head, increasing his natural hideousness. A coarse covering was thrown across his bath; a board, likewise placed transversely, supported his papers. Laying down his pen, he asked Charlotte the purport of her visit. The closet was so narrow that she touched the bath near which she stood. She gazed on him with ill-disguised horror and disgust, but answered as composedly as she could, that she had come from Caen, in order to give him correct intelligence concerning the proceedings of the Girondists there. He listened, questioned her eagerly, wrote down the name of the Girondists, then added with a smile of triumph—

"Before a week, they shall have perished on the guillotine."

"These words," afterward said Charlotte, "sealed his fate." Drawing from beneath the handkerchief which covered her bosom, the knife she had kept there all along, she plunged it to the hilt in Marat's heart. He gave one loud expiring cry for help, and sank back dead in the bath. By an instinctive impulse, Charlotte had instantly drawn out the knife from the breast of her victim, but she did not strike again; casting it down at his feet, she left the closet and sat down in a neighboring room, thoughtfully passing her hand across her brow: her task was done.

The wife of Marat had rushed to his aid, on hearing his cry for help. Laurent Basse, seeing that all was over, turned round toward Charlotte, and with a blow of a chair felled her to the floor, whilst the infuriated Albertine trampled her under her feet. The tumult aroused the other tenants of the house; the alarm spread, and a crowd gathered in the apartment, who learned with stupor that Marat, the Friend of the People, had been murdered. Deeper still was their wonder when they gazed on the murderess. She stood there before them with still disordered garments, and her disheveled hair, loosely bound by a broad green ribbon, falling around her; but so calm, so serenely lovely, that those who most abhorred her crime gazed on her with involuntary admiration.

"Was she then so beautiful?" was the question addressed many years afterward, to on old man, one of the few remaining witnesses of this scene.

"Beautiful!" he echoed enthusiastically, adding with the eternal regrets of old age: "Ay, there are none such now!"

The commissary of police began his interrogatory in the saloon of Marat's apartment. She told him her name, how long she had been in Paris, confessed her crime, and recognized the knife with which it had been perpetrated. The sheath was found in her pocket, with a thimble, some thread, money, and her watch.

"What was your motive in assassinating Marat?" asked the commissary.

"To prevent a civil war," she answered.

"Who are your accomplices?"

"I have none."

She was ordered to be transferred to the Abbaye, the nearest prison. An immense and infuriated crowd had gathered around the door of Marat's house; one of the witnesses perceived that she would have liked to be delivered to this maddened multitude, and thus perish at once. She was not saved from their hands without difficulty; her courage failed her at the sight of the peril she ran, and she fainted away on being conveyed to the fiacre. On reaching the Abbaye, she was questioned until midnight by Chabot and Drouet, two Jacobin members of the convention. She answered their interrogatories with singular firmness; observing, in conclusion: "I have done my task, let others do theirs." Chabot threatened her with the scaffold; she answered with a smile of disdain. Her behavior until the 17th, the day of her trial, was marked by the same firmness. She wrote to Barbaroux a charming letter, full of graceful wit and heroic feeling. Her playfulness never degenerated into levity: like that of the illustrious Thomas Moore, it was the serenity of a mind whom death had no power to daunt. Speaking of her action, she observes —

"I considered that so many brave men need not come to Paris for the head of one man. He deserved not so much honor: the hand of a woman was enough. . . . I have never hated but one being, and him with what intensity I have sufficiently shown, but there are a thousand whom I love still more than I hated him. . . . I confess that I employed a perfidious artifice in order that he might receive me. In leaving Caen, I thought to sacrifice him on the pinnacle of 'the mountain,' but he no longer went to it. In Paris, they cannot understand how a useless woman, whose longest life could have been of no good, could sacrifice herself to save her country. . . . May peace be as soon established as I desire! A great criminal has been laid low. . . . the happiness of my country makes mine. A lively imagination and a feeling heart promise but a stormy life; I beseech those who might regret me to consider this: they will then rejoice at my fate."

A tenderer tone marks the brief letter she addressed to her father on the eve of her trial and death:

"Forgive me, my dear father," she observed, "for having disposed of my existence without your permission. I have avenged many innocent victims. I have warded away many disasters. The people, undeceived, will one day rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. If I endeavored to persuade you that I was going to England, it was because I hoped to remain unknown: I recognized that this was impossible. I hope you will not be subjected to annoyance: you have at least defenders at Caen; I have chosen Gustave Doulcet de Pontecoulant for mine: it is a mere matter of form. Such a deed allows of no defense. Farewell, my dear father. I beseech of you to forget me; or, rather, to rejoice at my fate. I die for a good cause. I embrace my sister, whom I love with my whole heart. Do not forget the line of Corneille:

'Le crime faite la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'

To-morrow, at eight, I am to be tried."

On the morning of the 17th, she was led before her judges. She was dressed with care, and had never looked more lovely. Her bearing was so imposing and dignified, that the spectators and the judges seemed to stand arraigned before her. She interrupted the first witness, by declaring that it was she who had killed Marat.

"Who inspired you with so much hatred against him?" asked the president.

"I needed not the hatred of others, I had enough of my own," she energetically replied. "Besides, we do not execute well that which we have not ourselves conceived."

"What, then, did you hate in Marat?"

"His crimes."

"Do you think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"No; but now that he is dead, the rest may fear."

She answered other questions with equal firmness and laconism. Her project, she declared, had been formed since the 31st of May. "She had killed one man to save a hundred thousand. She was a republican long before the Revolution, and had never failed in energy."

"What do you understand by energy?" asked the president.

"That feeling," she replied, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and sacrifice ourselves for our country."

Fouquier Tinville here observed, alluding to the sure blow she had given, that she must be well practiced in crime.

"The monster takes me for an assassin!" she exclaimed, in a tone thrilling with indignation.

This closed the debates, and her defender rose. It was not Doulcet de Pontecoulant—who had not received her letter—but Chauveau de la Garde, chosen by the president. Charlotte gave him an anxious look, as though she feared he might seek to save her at the expense of honor. He spoke, and she perceived that her apprehensions were unfounded. Without excusing her crime or attributing it to insanity, he pleaded for the fervor of her conviction; which he had the courage to call sublime. The appeal proved unavailing. Charlotte Corday was condemned. Without deigning to answer the president, who asked her if she had aught to object to the penalty of death being carried out against her, she rose, and walking up to her defender, thanked him gracefully.

"These gentlemen," said she, pointing to the judges, "have just informed me that the whole of my property is confiscated. I owe something in the prison: as a proof of my friendship and esteem, I request you to pay this little debt."

On returning to the conciergerie, she found an artist, named Hauer, waiting for her, to finish her portrait, which he had begun at the tribunal. They conversed freely together, until the executioner, carrying the red chemise destined for assassins, and

the scissors with which he was to cut her hair off, made his appearance.

"What, so soon?" exclaimed Charlotte Corday, slightly turning pale; but rallying her courage, she resumed her composure, and presented a lock of her hair to M. Hauer, as the only reward in her power to offer. A priest came to offer her his ministry. She thanked him and the persons by whom he had been sent, but declined his spiritual aid. The executioner cut her hair, bound her hands, and threw the red chemise over her. M. Hauer was struck with the almost unearthly loveliness which the crimson hue of this garment imparted to the ill-fated maiden. "This toilet of death, though performed by rude hands, leads to immortality," said Charlotte, with a smile.

A heavy storm broke forth as the car of the condemned left the conciergerie for the Place de la Revolution. An immense crowd lined every street through which Charlotte Corday passed. Hootings and execrations at first rose on her path; but as her pure and serene beauty dawned on the multitude, as the exquisite loveliness of her countenance, and the sculptural beauty of her figure became more fully revealed, pity and admiration superseded every other feeling. Her bearing was so admirably calm and dignified, as to rouse sympathy in the breasts of those who detested not only her crime, but the cause for which it had been committed. Many men of every party took off their hats and bowed as the cart passed before them. Amongst those who waited its approach, was a young German, named Adam Luz, who stood at the entrance of the Rue Sainte Honore, and followed Charlotte to the scaffold. He gazed on the lovely and heroic maiden with all the enthusiasm of his imaginative race. A love, unexampled perhaps in the history of the human heart, took possession of his soul. Not one wandering look of "those beautiful eyes, which revealed a soul as intrepid as it was tender," escaped him. Every earthly grace so soon to perish in death, every trace of the lofty and immortal spirit, filled him with bitter and intoxicating emotions unknown till then. "To die for her; to be struck by the same hand; to feel in death the same cold axe which had severed the angelic head of Charlotte; to be united to her in heroism, freedom, love, and death, was now the only hope and desire of his heart."

Unconscious of the passionate love she had awakened, Charlotte now stood near the guillotine. She turned pale on first beholding it, but soon resumed her serenity. A deep blush suffused her face when the executioner removed the handkerchief that covered her neck and shoulders, but she calmly laid her head upon the block. The executioner touched a spring, and the axe came down. One of Samson's assistants immediately stepped forward, and holding up the lifeless head to the gaze of the crowd, struck it on either cheek. The brutal act only excited a feeling of horror; and it is said that—as though even in death her indignant spirit protested against this outrage—an angry and crimson flush passed over the features of Charlotte Corday.

A few days after her execution, Adam Luz published a pamphlet, in which he enthusiastically praised her deed, and proposed that a statue with the inscription, "GREATER THAN BRUTUS," should be erected to her memory on the spot where she

had perished. He was arrested and thrown into prison. On entering the Abbaye, he passionately exclaimed, “I am going to die for her!” His wish was fulfilled ere long.

Strange, feverish times were those which could rouse a gentle and lovely maiden to avenge freedom by such a deadly deed; which could waken in a human heart a love whose thoughts were not of life or earthly bliss, but of the grave and the scaffold. Let the times, then, explain those natures, where so much evil and heroism are blended, that man cannot mark the limits between both. Whatever judgment may be passed upon her, the character of Charlotte Corday was certainly not cast in an ordinary mould. It is a striking and noble trait, that to the last she did not repent: never was error more sincere. If she could have repented, she would never have become guilty.

Her deed created an extraordinary impression throughout France. On hearing of it, a beautiful royalist lady fell down on her knees, and invoked “Saint Charlotte Corday.” The republican Madame Roland calls her a heroine worthy of a better age. The poet, Andre Chenier—who, before a year had elapsed, followed her on the scaffold—sang her heroism in a soul-stirring strain.

The political influence of that deed may be estimated by the exclamation of Vergniaud: “She kills us, but she teaches us how to die!” It was so. The assassination of Marat exasperated all his fanatic partisans against the Girondists. Almost divine honors were paid to his memory; forms of prayer were addressed to him; altars were erected to his honor, and numberless victims sent to the scaffold as a peace-offering to his manes. On the wreck of his popularity rose the far more dangerous power of Robespierre; a new impulse was given to the Reign of Terror. Such was the “peace” which the erring and heroic Charlotte Corday won for France.

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[12] Lamartine.

THE DYING ROSE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

THE Queen of the Flowers sat on her throne,
But the rosy gems from her crown were falling—
A paleness was over her beauty thrown,
For she heard the death-spirit on her calling!
Lowly she bent her royal head,
And mourned in tones of plaintive sweetness
That mortals should call her the fading rose—
The rose of early, perishing fleetness!

"Ungrateful man! do I not make
My span of life, though short, delicious?
And yield you rich perfumes after death?
But there is no bound to human wishes
I see all my sister flow'rets fade,
In their blighted beauty around me lying;
Yet only of *me* 'tis sung, and said—
Alas! for the rose—so early dying!"

"Be not displeased with us, loveliest one"—
Said a fair young maiden standing by her—
" 'Tis not that thy race is so swiftly run,
But we wish that thy destiny were higher:
We see all the flowers around us die—
And deem it their fate; but *thee*, their sovereign,
We would give a lovelier home on high,
With sister spirits around thee hov'ring!

"Then call not that thankless, which is in truth
The prompting of tender and true affection;
And pardon the sorrow, with which our youth
Sees ever in thee but a sad reflection!
For all the beauty and joy of our life—
All the loves and the hopes we so fondly cherish,
We liken to *thee*—and when they fade

We say—‘Like the Rose, how soon they perish!’ ”

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

A Favorite Song.

COMPOSED BY

MATTHIAS KELLER.
WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.

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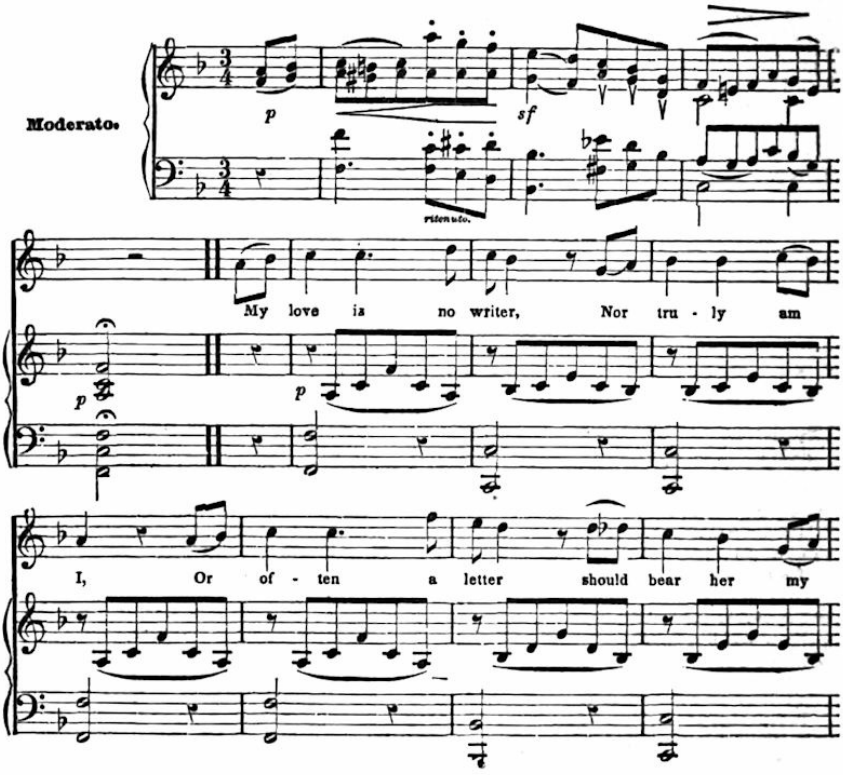
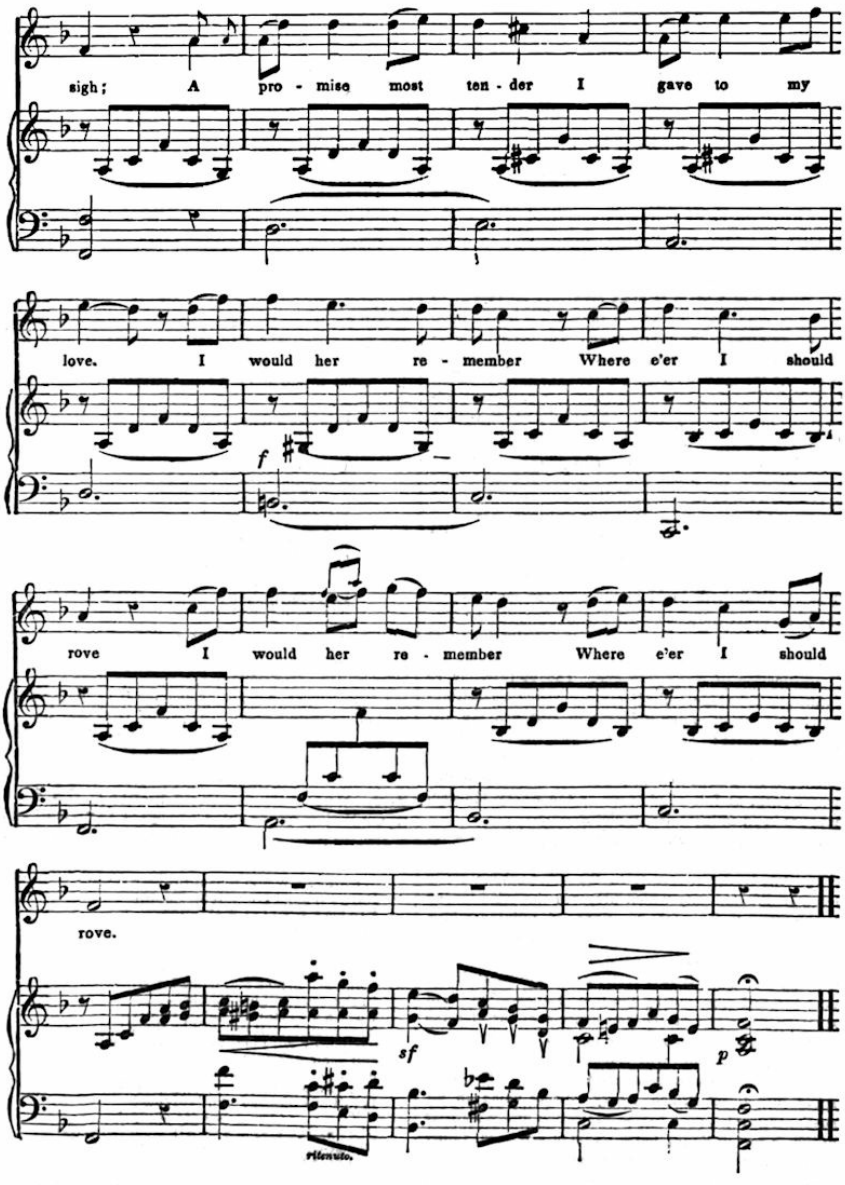


My love is no writer,
Nor truly am I,
Or often a letter should bear her my



sigh;
A promise most tender I gave to my love.
I would her remember
Where e'er I should rove
I would her remember
Where e'er I should rove.

II.

Could I write her a letter,
What joy would be mine,
But, alas! ’tis a pleasure
That I must resign;
For love’s messenger only
A ring I can take,
And kiss it most fondly
For her own sweet sake.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Golden Legend. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

The readers of this charming poem, whatever may be their judgment of its merits as compared with "The Spanish Student" and "Evangeline," will be compelled to acknowledge its originality of plan, and the new impression it conveys of the author's genius. Whatever it may be, it is most assuredly no repetition of any of his former works, for the mark it leaves upon the imagination is essentially novel. The poem is a succession of highly colored pictures of life in the middle ages; and though the fortunes of Prince Henry and Elsie give a certain unity to the whole, it is a unity that admits of more variety than "Evangeline"—a variety which, though purchased at some expense of interest in the story, produces a more pleasing impression in the end. Though the poem has not the continuous richness and warmth of fancy, diction, and melody which commonly distinguish Longfellow's writings, it is by no means deficient in those qualities, and has scenes and passages on which his imagination has expended the full pomp of its luxurious images and subtle melodies. Though filled with vivid pictures of the middle ages, the poem can hardly be called picturesque, for the picturesque implies not succession but combination; and "The Golden Legend" is a succession of pictures, not a combination of many into one. The picturesque, as defined by Coleridge, is the "union, harmonious melting-down and fusion of the different in kind and the disparate in degree" and it is in this meaning of the word that Coleridge denies the quality to Spenser, thereby much puzzling even Hallam, who could not conceive why a poem so full of pictures as the Faery Queene, was not in an eminent degree picturesque.

The volume opens with a scene representing the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, and Lucifer with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the cross. This scene has a quaint sublimity which prepares the mind for the strangeness of the representations of religion which follow; for Longfellow, in his pictures of Catholicism, presents it, not in its abstract doctrines, but in its concrete life—presents it as it really existed in institutions, customs, and men, during the middle ages. This idea must be perceived at the commencement, or else the reader, judging not merely as a modern Protestant, but as a modern Catholic, will condemn the poem at once as irreverently extravagant and bizarre. The next scene introduces Prince Henry, sitting alone in his castle, tormented with baffled aspiration and weariness of life—a sort of Faust, but a Faust of sentiment rather than a Faust of intellect. In a beautiful soliloquy, the prince mourns over the graves of his departed

hopes, loves, and aspirations, in a style very different from the sharp, short, electric curses on the deceptions of life, which leap from the lips of Goethe's hero. We give a short extract, which is a poem in itself:

> They come, the shapes of joy and wo,
> The airy crowds of long-ago,
> The dreams and fancies known of yore,
> That have been and shall be no more.
> They change the cloisters of the night
> Into a garden of delight;
> *They make the dark and dreary hours*
> *Open and blossom into flowers!*
> I would not sleep, I love to be
> Again in their fair company;
> But ere my lips can bid them stay,
> They pass and vanish quite away.

Just as the prince, in his hunger for rest, has asserted

> Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
> Tranquillity of endless sleep,

Lucifer appears, in his accustomed dress as a traveling physician, and accompanied by his usual sign, a flash of lightning. He taunts and cajoles his victim into drinking what he is pleased to call his water of life. The immediate effect of this Satanic liquid is like that which the cordial of the foul hag communicates to the Faust of Goethe:

> It is like a draught of fire!
> Through every vein
> I feel again
> The fever of youth, the soft desire;
> A rapture that is almost pain
> Throbs in my heart and fills my brain!
> O joy! O joy! I feel
> The band of steel
> That so long and heavily has pressed
> Upon my breast
> Uplifted, and the malediction
> Of my affliction
> Is taken from me, and my weary breast
> At length finds rest.

We are next transferred as spectators to the courtyard of the castle, and a most beautiful scene occurs between Hubert, Prince Henry's seneschal, and Walter, the Minnesinger, a capital embodiment of the knightly poet of the middle ages. The prince, it seems, has relapsed from the glory of his exaltation, has become more soul-sick than ever, has fallen under the malediction of the church; and has gone forth into disgrace and banishment. We give the concluding passage of this scene, where Walter speaks of the "beings of the wind" that attend the poet, and, leaning

over the parapet of the castle, describes the landscape:

Walter. I would a moment here remain.
But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there;
They taste not food, they drink not wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine!

Leaning over the parapet.

The day is done; and slowly from the scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent shafts,
And puts them back into his golden quiver!
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and mantling river
Flows on triumphant through these lovely regions
Etched with the shadows of its sombre margent,
And soft, reflected clouds of gold and argent!
Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat;
Vineyard and town, and tower with fluttering flag,
The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face!
O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape o'er!

The next three scenes are exquisite in conception and execution. Prince Henry has found refuge

In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants unappalled
By fear of death or priestly word—
A holy family that make
Each meal a supper of the Lord—
Have him beneath their watch and ward.
For love of him, and Jesus' sake!

The pictures which follow of Gottlieb, his wife Ursula, and Elsie, his daughter,

the heroine of the poem, are beautiful and touching representations of the sturdy honesty and sublime simplicity of faith, which distinguished the religious German peasant-family of the old time. A legend of the Monk Felix, which Prince Henry reads, while Elsie is gathering flowers for him and for St. Cecelia, is truly “golden.” We cannot resist the temptation to quote a portion of it.

One morning, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The brood, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The twilight was like the Truce of God
With worldly wo and care;
Under him lay the golden moss;
And above him the boughs of hemlock-trees
Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites;
And from the ground
Rose an odor sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen,
Splendors of God’s great town
In the unknown land,
And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said:
“I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But alas! I do not understand!”

And lo! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing.
And the Monk Felix closed his book,
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,

The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in haste.

When the monk returns to the convent, every thing is changed. He finds himself a stranger among the brotherhood.

“Forty years,” said a Friar,
“Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood;
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face.”

At last the oldest recluse of the cloister recollects his name as that of a monk, who, a hundred years before, had left the convent, and never returned.

And they knew, at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial, immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

Elsie learns that the malady of the prince will never be cured unless by a miracle, or unless (which some Benedicts would pronounce equally miraculous) a maiden should offer her life for his, and die in his stead. She immediately expresses her desire to save the prince at this sacrifice; and to the exclamation of her mother, that she knows not what death is, she answers with a burst of religious fervor almost celestial:

’Tis the cessation of our breath.
Silent and motionless we lie;
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die;
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her head.
She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the skies
Into the chamber where she lay,

And the wind was like the sound of wings,
As if angels came to bear her away.
Ah! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay;
I longed to die as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord; and I
Would follow in humility
The way by them illumined!

Prince Henry, uncertain whether he shall selfishly avail himself of this sacrifice, goes to take counsel of the priest. Lucifer, however, in the absence of the regular clergy, has seated himself in the confessional, and, preaching the gospel of expediency, convinces Henry that he can accept the maiden's offer. She is to go with him to Salerno to die; and before they start she exacts a promise from him that he shall not endeavor to turn her from her purpose, and does it in words

That fall from her lips
Like roses from the lips of angels; and angels
Might stoop to pick them up!

A large portion of the rest of the poem is devoted to representations of the cities, towns, forests through which they pass on their way to Salerno, the cloisters and convents where they stop, and the many-colored and multiform life with which they come slightly in contact or collision. The thread of the story is here spun very fine, and we almost lose memory of the hero and heroine, while rapt in the gorgeous pictures of medieval superstition, manners and character, with which the page is crowded. It is evident that the story itself is too slight for the bulk of the book, and that the majority of the scenes, vivid and delightful as they are in themselves, have not that vital connection with the chief characters and leading event which is demanded in a work of art. And yet, if the reader sharply scrutinizes the whole impression which the poem leaves on his imagination, he will, perhaps, discover that there is a fine thread of union connecting the various parts, and that the incidents and scenery of the journey have not that merely mechanical juxtaposition which characterizes the events and scenes recorded in a tourist's journal. The prince and Elsie are felt when they are not seen; and we do not know but that the poem may awake the admiration of future critics for the singular refinement of the imaginative power, by which the seemingly heterogeneous parts of the work are subtly organized into a homogeneous whole, by the connection of the profound Catholic sentiment of Elsie with the other expressions, grotesque and besotted, of the operation of the same faith. But such refinements are foreign to our purpose here. It is sufficient to say that the prince and Elsie appear at least on the edges of all the incidents which are so vividly presented. At the conclusion, the prince repents just as Elsie is on the point of being immolated, and then finds that his health recovers more rapidly on the prospect that she will live for him, instead of die for him. They are accordingly married. The account of the return to the cottage of

Gottlieb and the castle of the prince, is very beautiful. Elsie is, perhaps, Longfellow's finest creation, representing a woman so perfectly good, that her principles have become instincts. The devil that appears in the book, though sufficiently Satanic to frighten some sensitive readers, is rather a languid Lucifer, as compared with Milton's or Goethe's.

Among the many curiosities of the poem is a play, ingeniously imitated, in form and spirit, from those monstrosities of the early drama, the Miracle Plays. The fourth part is devoted to a convent in the Black Forest, and the soliloquy of Friar Claus, in the wine-cellar—of Friar Pacificus, transcribing and illuminating MSS.—of the Abbot Ernestus, pacing among the cloisters—and the convivial scene in the rectory—are fine descriptions of cloistered life, true both to the ideas and facts of the time. The passionate confession of the Abbess Irmingard to Elsie, is in Longfellow's most powerful style, and has a fire and fierceness of outright and downright passion, not common to his representations of emotion. All of these would afford many choice passages for quotation; we have but room, however, for Friar Cuthbert's sermon, delivered in front of the Strasburg Cathedral, on Easter Day. This, with a quaint audacity of its own, elbows out even its betters in verse and sentiment, and vehemently claims the right to be cited:

FRIAR CUTHBERT, *gesticulating and cracking a postilion's whip*.

What ho! good people! do you not hear?
Dashing along at the top of his speed,
Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,
A courier comes with words of cheer.
Courier! what is the news, I pray?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From court."
Then I do not believe it; you say it in sport.

Cracks his whip again.

Ah, here comes another riding this way;
We soon shall know what he has to say.
Courier! what are the tidings to-day?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you? "From town."
Then I do not believe it; away with you, clown.

Cracks his whip more violently.

And here comes a third, who is spurring amain;
What news do you bring, with your loose-hanging rein,
Your spurs wet with blood, and your bridle with foam?
"Christ is arisen!" Whence come you! "From Rome."
Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.
Ride on with the news, at the top of your speed!

Great applause among the crowd.

To come back to my text! When the news was first spread

That Christ was arisen indeed from the dead,
Very great was the joy of the angels in heaven;
And as great the dispute as to who should carry
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,
Pierced to the heart with sorrows seven.
Old Father Adam was first to propose,
As being the author of all our woes;
But he was refused, for fear, said they,
He would stop to eat apples on the way!
Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,
Because he might meet with his brother Cain!
Noah, too, was refused, lest his weakness for wine
Should delay him at every tavern-sign;
And John the Baptist could not get a vote,
On account of his old-fashioned, camel's-hair coat;
And the Penitent Thief, who died on the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones were broken!
Till at last, when each in turn had spoken,
The company being still at a loss,
The Angel, who rolled away the stone,
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy prison,
And said to the Virgin, "The Lord has arisen!"

We think we have sufficiently quoted from this delightful volume to give our readers an idea of its poetical merit. But no analysis or quotation can do justice to the wealth of knowledge it evinces of the middle ages, and to the various scholarship it displays. Longfellow, with a true poetic insight and power of assimilation, has given us here the life and spirit as well as the form of a by-gone age, so that the reader of the poem can obtain more of the substance of knowledge from its pictured page than from history itself. The work is not only one of uncommon poetical excellence, but it is a triumph over difficulties inherent in the subject, and over the subjective limitations of the author's own mind. It is broader if not higher than any thing he has previously written, promises to be more permanently popular, and has the great merit of increasing in the reader's estimation with a second or even a third perusal.

Miscellanies. By the Rev. James Martineau. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Martineau has long been known to a numerous class of readers in this country as an eloquent preacher and essayist. The present volume is composed of philosophical essays, selected from his contributions to the Westminster and Prospective Reviews, and is edited by the Rev. Thomas S. King, of Boston, himself one of the most eloquent and accomplished of New England clergymen. Mr. Martineau's sermons have been repeatedly reprinted, but this volume of Miscellanies conveys an impression of the independence and fertility of his mind

and the reach of his acquisitions, which his sermons, with all their peculiar merit, would never give. It evinces not only an interest in all the social and religious problems which puzzle the present age, but a grasp of scholarship extending far back over the philosophies and literatures of other times and nations. The bent of his nature, however, is toward mental hospitality to the radical opinions of the day, and new thoughts, new hopes, even new paradoxes, are ever welcomed by his heart and disposition when his cool head doubts, discusses, demurs, and withholds its assenting judgment. He seems to have more sympathy for reformers than their productions, as his rich and various culture enables him to detect one-sidedness or superficiality in many a plan of amelioration, the spirit of which he approves. Both, however, in politics and religion he would be classed with the extremely "liberal" party; and though the conservative elements of his mind are, to a discriminating reader, visible in almost every page of the present volume, the author appears all the while desirous to share the glorious unpopularity of a class of thinkers with whom he but imperfectly sympathizes rather than to indicate his points of disagreement with their schemes and systems. He has a deep mental disgust for the moral timidity and intellectual feebleness which characterize so many of the fashionable and conventional thinkers on politics and theology, and is perhaps from this cause too apt to overlook defects in heretical systems in his admiration of the courage of the heretics. In his own words, "it is a dishonorable characteristic of the present age, that on its most marked intellectual tendencies is impressed a character of FEAR. While its great practical agitations exhibit a progress toward some positive and attainable good, all its conspicuous movements of thought seem to be retreats from some apprehended evil. The open plain of meditation, over which, in simpler times, earnest men might range with devout and unmolested hope, bristles all over with directions showing which way we are *not* to go. Turn where we may we see warnings to beware of some sophist's pitfall, or devil's ditch, or fool's paradise, or atheist's desert."

This "despair of truth," this intellectual cowardice, is more offensive to Mr. Martineau than unbelief itself. He describes the class of thinkers he most dislikes in one sentence of beautiful sharpness. "Checked and frightened," he says, "at the entrance of every path on which they venture, they *spend their strength in standing still*; or devise ingenious proofs, that, in a world where periodicity is the only progress, retrogradation is the discreetest method of advance." His whole volume is therefore a protest against the practice, common both in England and the United States, of erecting in the republic of thought a despotism of dullness and timidity, by which independent investigation is to be allowed only so far as it results in fortifying accredited systems, and a bounty is put on that worst form of disbelief, infidelity to the laws of thought, the monitions of conscience, and the beckonings of new and inspiring truths. But while he is properly angry at such noodleism as this, which, if unlashed and unrebuked, would reduce men of thought into a corporation of intellectual Jerry Sneaks, he does not appear to us properly to distinguish between that independence which seeks truth and that independence which is merely a

blustering egotism, and ostentatious exhibition of the commonplaces of error. His discrimination is not always of that sort which detects through the verbal disguises of moral energy the unmistakable features of moral pertness. The charlatans of dignity and convention have provoked a corresponding clique of charlatans, who revel in the bravadoes of license and anarchy; and it is no part of a wise man's duty to allow his disgust of one form of nonsense to tempt him into championship of another form, because it happens to be on the opposite extreme.

The defect of Mr. Martineau's nature appears to be the dominion of the reflective portion of his nature over all its other powers. He is emphatically a thinker, but a thinker on subjects so allied to sentiment and passion, that some action should be combined with it, in order that the mind shall receive no morbid taint, be not "sicklied o'er" by a thought that broadens into unpractical comprehension. The fertility of his mind in thoughts is altogether out of proportion to the vigor of his nature, and though intellectually brave he is not intellectually robust. Hence a lack of muscle and nerve in his most beautiful paragraphs; hence the absence of electric force and condensed energy of expression in his finest statements; hence a certain sadness and languor in the atmosphere spread over his writings, the breathing of which does not invigorate the mind so much as it enlarges its view. He communicates thoughts, but he does not always communicate the inspiration to think.

Although these drawbacks prevent us from ranking him, as a writer, in the highest class—for a writer of the highest class impresses his readers by the force of his character as much as by the affluence of his conceptions and the beauties of his style—still Mr. Martineau ranks high among contemporary prose writers for the sweetness, clearness, pliancy and unity of his style, his happy felicities of imagery, his unostentatious intellectual honesty, and his command of all the rhetorical aids of metaphor, sarcasm and figurative illustration. His style is also strictly vital, the exact expression of his nature as well as opinions; but its melody is flute-like rather than clarion-like; is so consistently ornate and so tuned on one key, that commonplaces and originalities are equally clad in the same superb uniform, and move to the music of the same slow march; and the sad earnestness and languor, which we have mentioned as characterizing his will, steal mysteriously out from his exquisite periods, and pass into the reader's mind like an invisible essence. Almost every professor of rhetoric would say that Mr. Martineau is a better writer than the Bishop of Exeter, a church dignitary for whom Mr. Martineau's liberal mind has a natural antipathy. Mr. Martineau has evidently a larger command of words and images, more taste, more toleration, more intellectual conscientiousness and comprehension, a better metaphysician, a more trustworthy thinker, with less mosaic work in his logic, and less casuistry in his ethics. But behind all the Bishop of Exeter's sentences is a great, brawny, hard-fisted, pugilistic, arrogant *man*, daring, confident, indomitable, with as much will as reason, and with all his opinions so thoroughly penetrated with the life-blood of his character that they have all the force of bigotry and prejudice. He is equally unreasonable and uncreative as a thinker, but his

unreason has a vigor that Mr. Martineau's reason lacks. Wielding with his strong arm some piece of medieval bigotry, he goes crashing on from sentence to sentence, angrily pummeling and buffeting his opponents—a theological "ugly customer," who, when the rush of his coming is heard afar off, makes the adversaries he is approaching glance instinctively to the direction—"look out for the engine when the bell rings!" Mr. Martineau's large understanding would be benefited by some of the Bishop's will; and one is driven to the conclusion, that, a man of purely independent thought, who abides in conceptions of his own, entirely apart from authority, must be a genius of the first order to escape from that weakness of will which distinguishes the most adventurous of Mr. Martineau's abstract and uninvigorating speculations.

Indeed, in all declamations about the advantages of strict individualism in matters of faith and speculation, there is not the right emphasis laid on the distinction between abstract and concrete ideas. A faith which rests on some union of authority with reason, which is connected with institutions, which combines the principle of obedience with that of liberty, may be narrow but it is sure to be strong, and if not distinguished by reach of thought will compensate for that deficiency by force of character. Mr. Martineau's tendency is to the abstract, the impalpable, the unrealized in speculation, and spends much of his strength in supporting himself at the elevation of his thought. But as his thinking is not on the level of his character, he insensibly exalts opinion over life, and is more inclined to tolerate the excesses of unbridled and unreasonable egotism, than the prejudices of pious humility. As a thinker his mind demands breadth and largeness of view, and we hardly think he could be satisfied with a saint who was not something of a philosopher. But while he has a literary advantage over his adversaries, they have a personal advantage over him. In courage, even, there can be little doubt that the Bishop of Exeter is his superior, for all the coarser human elements which enter into courage Mr. Martineau lacks. Mr. Martineau has the courage to deny in his Review any proposition which any established church might proclaim; but he could not have assailed the Archbishop of Canterbury, and bearded Lord Campbell, like the bishop. The difference in the case is, that the bishop battled for a positive institution around which for years his affections and passions had clustered; while Mr. Martineau has no such inspiration to support the abstract conclusions of his intellect.

The subjects of the essays in this volume are Dr. Priestley, Dr. Arnold, Church and State, Theodore Parker's Discourses of Religion, Phases of Faith, The Church of England, and the Battle of the Churches. Of these we have been particularly impressed with the analysis of the mental character of Priestley, the review of Mr. Parker, and the articles relating to the English Church. The essay on Dr. Arnold has something of the some merit which distinguishes that on Dr. Priestley; it is acute in the examination of principles but dull in the perception of character. Mr. Martineau is always strong in the explication of ideas and the statement and analysis of systems, but he constantly overlooks men in his attention to the opinions they champion and represent. The dramatic element not only does not exist in his mind,

but he hardly accepts it as a possibility of the human intellect; and therefore he always fails in viewing ideas in connection with the individuality or nationality in which they have their root, and is accordingly often unintentionally intolerant to persons from his want of insight into the individual conditions of their intellectual activity. But we gladly hasten from these criticisms on his limitations to some examples of his peculiar merits as a writer. In speaking of Dr. Priestley's intellectual processes as a scientific explorer and discoverer, he shrewdly remarks: "He was the ample collector of materials for discovery rather than the final discoverer himself; a sign of approaching order rather than the producer of order himself. We remember an amusing German play, designed as a satire upon the philosophy of atheism, in which Adam walks across the stage, going to be created; and, though a paradox, it may be said that truth, as it passed through Dr. Priestley's mind, was going to be created." In referring to the purely independent action of Dr. Priestley's mind in the formation of his opinions, our analyst gives a fine statement of the real sources of most men's "positive" knowledge and doctrines. "It would be difficult," he says, "to select from the benefactors of mankind one who was less acted upon by his age; whose convictions were more independent of sympathy; in the whole circle of whose opinions you can set down so little to the prejudgments of education, to the attractions of friendship, to the perverse love of opposition, to the contagion of prevailing taste, or to any of the irregular moral causes which, independently of evidence, determine the course of human belief." Again, how fine is his statement of the indestructibility of Christian faith: "Amid the vicissitudes of intellect, worship retains its stability; and the truth, which, it would seem, cannot be proved, is unaffected by an infinite series of refutations. How evident that it has its ultimate seat, not in the mutable judgments of the understanding, but in the native sentiments of Conscience and the inexhaustible aspirations of Affection! The Supreme certainly must needs be too true to be proved: and the highest perfection can appear doubtful only to sensualism and sin."

"The Battle of the Churches," the most exquisite in thought and style of all the essays in the volume, and well-known to most readers for its clear statement of the hold which Romanism has upon the affections of mankind, contains many examples of the fine irony and bland sarcasm which enter into the more stimulating ingredients of Mr. Martineau's softly flowing diction. His statement of Comte's Law of Progression, as followed by his view of the complicated theological discussions which now divide England into furious parties, is most demurely comical. "In 1822," he commences, "a French philosopher discovered the grand law of human progression, revealed it to applauding Paris, brought the history of all civilized nations to pronounce it infallible, and computed from it the future course of European society. The mind of man, we are assured by Auguste Comte, passes by invariable necessity through three stages of development: the state of religion, or fiction; of metaphysics, or abstract thought; of science, or positive knowledge. No change in this order, no return upon its steps, is possible; the shadow cannot retreat upon the dial, or the man return to the nature of the child. Every one who is not

behind the age will tell you, that he has outlived the theology of his infancy and the philosophy of his youth, to settle down on a physical belief in the ripeness of his powers. And so, too, the world, passing from myth to metaphysics, and from metaphysics to induction, begins with the Bible and ends with the '*Cours de Philosophie Positive*.' To the schools of the prophets succeeds '*L'Ecole Polytechnique;*' and our intellect, having surmounted the meridians of God and the Soul, culminates in the apprehension of material nature. Henceforth the problems so intensely attractive to speculation, and so variously answered by faith, retire from the field of thought. They have an interest, as in some sense the autobiography of an adolescent world: but they were never to return in living action upon the earth."

We can only, in conclusion, recommend to our readers an examination of this volume, and to its editor a continuation of his well-rewarded labors in Mr. Martineau's mine.

The Women of Early Christianity. A Series of Portraits, with appropriate Descriptions, by several American Clergymen. Edited by Rev. J. A. Spencer, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This magnificent volume, with its superb illustrations, letter-press and binding, seems to have been published with a determination to rival those English houses who supply the American market with splendid gift-books. It contains seventeen ideal portraits, engraved from original designs for this work, and conveying all the varieties of expression which religious emotion communicates to the human countenance, from the humblest penitence to loftiest rapture. The notices are by the editor, assisted by Dr. Sprague, Dr. Kip, Dr. Ingen, Dr. Parks, the Rev. Mr. Osgood, and a few other eminent clergymen. The volume will be found especially interesting to those who delight in whatever increases their knowledge of the manners and the character, the sufferings and the heroic resolution of the early Christians. The lives of these women is a representation of Christianity as embodied in feminine character; and the study is curious in its metaphysical as well as its theological aspect. Among the best of the communicated articles, is that of St. Agnes, by Mr. Osgood. The conclusion we quote for the pointedness of its application. "To us," says Mr. Osgood, "this Roman girl stands as a sacred ideal of the Christian maiden. Her name we may not invoke in prayer. Her purity and heroism we may admire and commend to the honor of the maidens of our time, who are tempted by powers more insidious than the arts and threats of Sempronius. The world has not changed its heart so much as its creed and costume. Its corrupt fashions would tyrannize over our daughters with the pride of the Cæsars, and a meretricious literature lurks in our journals and romances more dangerous to maidenly purity than the den of shame which assailed only to illustrate the virtue of Agnes. True to her soul and to her Saviour, the Christian maiden wins to her brow a radiance which, instead of being

dimmed by marriage, is rather brightened by the affections of the wife and the sacrifices of the mother, into the aureola of the saint."

Greenwood Leaves. A Collection of Sketches and Letters. By Grace Greenwood. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

This series of sketches is superior to the first, and indicates plainly, not only the growth of the author's mind, but a firmer and more confident grasp and control of her various resources of intellect, sentiment and acquisition. It is the production of the same individuality which gave zest to her first volume, but an individuality of larger moral and mental stature. The full, easy, almost majestic flow of emotion and sentiment, which gave vividness to the conceptions and vigorous movement to the style of her former sketches, is visible here in a brighter and more powerful form; and, it may be added, that the faults proceeding from the intensity of her mind, and her custom of surveying things which properly claim the decision of judgment through an atmosphere of feeling, are not altogether absent from her present work. She exaggerates both in her praise and blame; her eulogy being too generous, her condemnation sometimes too sharp and indiscriminating; and many of her criticisms are, therefore, but an ingenious and splendid exhibition of likes and dislikes, rather than a record of intellectual judgments. She has not yet obtained the faculty of viewing things as they are in themselves, independent of the feelings they excite in her own soul. This fault is a source of raciness, and doubtless makes her books all the more stimulating to a majority of renders; but it would seem that a mind which gives such unmistakable hints of sharp insight, penetrating wit, and clear, intuitive reason as Grace Greenwood's, should keep the enthusiasm of her nature a little more under control; and this could be done, we opine, without breaking up into waves and ripples that superb sweep of her prose style, which is her great charm as a writer. We may add that the Letters in this volume, especially those from Washington, have often a delightful combination of observation, wit and fancy, and in their rambling references to individuals, almost raise gossip to the dignity of a fine art.

Moby-Dick; or The Whale. By Herman Melville. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume sparkles with the raciest qualities of the author's voluble and brilliant mind, and whatever may be its reception among old salts, it will be sure of success with the reading public generally. It has passages of description and narration equal to the best that Melville has written, and its rhetoric revels and riots

in scenes of nautical adventure with more than usual glee and gusto. The style is dashing, headlong, strewn with queer and quaint ingenuities moistened with humor, and is a capital specimen of deliberate and felicitous recklessness, in which a seeming helter-skelter movement is guided by real judgment. The whole work beams with the analogies of a bright and teeming fancy—a faculty that Melville possesses in such degree that it sometimes betrays his rhetoric into fantastic excesses, and gives a sort of unreality to his most vivid descriptions. The joyous vigor and elasticity of his style, however, compensate for all faults, and even his tasteless passages bear the impress of conscious and unwearied power. His late books are not only original in the usual sense, but evince originality of nature, and convey the impression of a new individuality, somewhat composite, it is true, but still giving to the jaded reader of every-day publications, that pleasant shock of surprise which comes from a mental contact with a character at once novel and vigorous.

The Land of Bondage; its Ancient Monuments and Present Condition: Being a Journal of a Tour in Egypt. By J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This volume, one of the most sumptuous in external appearance of the season, beautifully printed and profusely illustrated, has many peculiar excellencies also as a book of travels. Dr. Wainwright is both an eager and acute observer, and his volume bears continual evidence of the patience with which he investigated for himself, his disregard of discomfort and danger, and his desire to see with his own eyes what any eyes had seen. The book is full of information, much of which is valuable, and all of which is entertaining. The illustrations, twenty-eight in number, are exceedingly well executed, and are important aids to the author's descriptions. The volume is one of the most elegant that ever the Appletons have issued.

Sixteen Months in the Gold Diggings. By Daniel B. Woods. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this valuable volume is a man of education and intelligence, who gives us the results of his observations and experience during sixteen months of practical mining, and who, as having written the most sensible book on the subject, deserves to have his facts and opinions carefully studied by every man who meditates a California journey. The extravagant expectations formed by most emigrants have been miserably baulked by the stern realities of the case, and the plain facts given by Mr. Woods will, we hope, induce the adventurous portion of the public to pause and reflect before they undertake an enterprise whose common

result is four dollars a day, and broken health, instead of a fortune.

The Practical Metal Worker's Assistant. With Numerous Engravings on Wood. Containing the Arts of Working all Metals and Alloys, Forging of Iron and Steel, etc. etc. By Oliver Byrne. Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird, Successor to E. L. Carey.

This is another of the very valuable series of works upon the Arts of Mechanics, which Mr. Baird has, with great shrewdness, made his own. The series embraces the whole, or nearly the whole, of the various mechanical branches of trade, and cannot fail to reach a wide sale, and to remain standard authorities upon the subjects of which they severally treat.

GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

Reader! we have determined to be more familiar with you. We shall talk right at you, in defiance of any over nice rules. If you like us, we shall have much to say to you—telling plain truths in our own off-hand way, and occasionally giving you a punch in the ribs with our fore-finger, by way of impressment. *Our* punch, however, is "our own peculiar"—with but little acid—and may be taken in moderation, without fear of a headache from its excessive strength. It is new, and though not as heady as the imported, it costs us no pains of conscience by way of unpaid duties. Like the old lady's gingerbread, "it costs nothing to make, for the molasses is already in the house." So you may make a meal on ours, and spices being hot, you will find yourself comfortable without a bear-skin. Indeed we hope to make "vituals and drink and pretty good clothes" out of it ourself, and to be vulgar and quote a proverb, "What is fat for the goose *ought* to be fat for the gander." So you see you are in for a living as long as you read "Graham." But whether a person of robust constitution could survive long on the viands that are served up at some of the other magazine tables, is a question more in the line of another Graham to answer—who has invented a bran new way of growing gracefully stout, on the shadow of cabbages, by a process of "small by degrees and beautifully less." It is expected that any fellow who comes to our table shall smoke his cigar, and laugh with the rest of the company, and not mar the general hilarity by looking grave (? stupid) and asking when the fun is over—"What is it all about?"

THAT BILL AGAIN!

Wife. Now here is my Graham for February, with 112 pages, as the editor promised, and you have never sent him that $3. Aint you ashamed of yourself!

Husband. Don't bother me—I am busy.

Wife. Well—the money *shall* go, as I shall put it in a letter—put a three cent stamp upon it, and post it this very day.

Cross Husband. Money is worth 2 per cent. a month—let the fellow wait!

Reader—that is the very reason we can't wait. We are poor, and we want every dollar. We have a fancy for *short* paper ourself, now. "Cash on the nail, or no books." Having $10,000 at sea, that we should like to see, of last year's bright prospects, we shall trust no more, and go in debt no deeper. Wisdom and Poverty are Fellows in our college.

If Magazine publishers could only, like cotton brokers, draw against shipments, what a delightful business they would have. But who advances cash upon snowed-up mails? Who has an available credit in bank, or can go at the market rates upon over-due subscriptions? Not Graham!

You can't conceive how agreeable it is not to have a discount—to be able to look a Bank Director in the face without asking him if "they are doing any thing now"—to feel perfectly indifferent as to whether your friend has "any thing over"—to know that you have no interest in the gold that is going to England—to be able to say to a dun, "look you, fellow! I have no money, and you know it!"

☞ Mail the money at once, *at our risk*—Don't wait for

THE TRAVELING COLLECTOR.

For $10 we send Graham for five years.

A HORRIBLE DEAFNESS.—Godey, in praising the plates of his own number for

January, says, “We have never *heard* of any other Magazine giving an original plate.” Well! as we gave *four* “original engravings” in January, and three of them from original designs, we have hopes of working a miracle on Godey. “The eagle suffers little birds to sing.”

REFRESHING.—The editor of the International Magazine asserts that as his German articles are *germaine* to the American spirit—his is the most *American* of all the magazines. A nice Irish bull for a doctor of divinity. “Cousin! let there be less of this, I pray you.”

The editor of the *Boston Farmer*, wearied with the toils of the field, turns poet, and comes down upon our December number in the following epigram. It is evident he is no judge of “picture books.”

Mr. Graham, now don’t you be vexed,
But own up to the insinuation;
You’ve given us *six* pages of text,
And *fifty* of mere illustration!

You shall not run the teeth of your poetical harrow over us in that fashion, Mr. *Farmer*—so here’s at you!

’Tis plain you’re no judge of a baby,
Or ladies that we put much cost on;
Although we’ve no doubt that you may be
A very good farmer—*for Boston*.

Dost think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale? Why, look you, sir! We were a farmer’s boy ourself once—but we mowed, reaped, cradled, ploughed, ditched, and chopped wood—we didn’t write execrable poetry, upon pretty women and innocent children. How are crops in State Street?

“BIZARRE.”—This is the title of a neat periodical—issued in the style of Dickens’ Household Words, and it is filled with graceful and sparkling tributes from the pen of Mr. Church, its editor. We have a right to speak out in meeting about Church, for he was an associate of ours in Auld Lang Syne—in a daily paper—and we know him. His modest, gentlemanly demeanor conceals a world of honest good stuff, of which a dozen literary reputations could be made, if cut up and divided among the “distinguished contributors” of some periodicals. The readers of the Bizarre will soon have occasion to admit this.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.—We call the attention of our readers to the prospectus of this valuable literary Journal; and we do it with the more heartiness as we have known its editor intimately for many years, and have known him as one of the most upright, consistent, laborious, talented, yet modest of our literary men. Mr. Arthur is an earnest, good man—practically the moral editor he pretends to be—there is no sham or flummery in his composition, but truthful and fearless, he conducts his Journal as much as a matter of conscience, as a matter of dollars. He is totally free, too, of all small jealousies of other people's success—but with a keen eye to life and its surroundings, he attends rigidly to his own concerns, and labors to embody his observations and experiences, so as to make men wiser and better.

To his well-known ability as an author, Mr. Arthur unites the rare gift of a capital writer for a journal, seizing with happy tact upon the passing occurrences of the hour, and so combining them with his own manly reflections as to give us just views of life and of its responsibilities, too, at the same glance. In the management of his journal Mr. A. has had the sagacity to enlist brains—the best writers are among his regular contributors, and without any parade or pretence, he quietly issues his sheet each week, teeming with thought, and overflowing with the generous sentiments of a thorough Christian gentleman.

If any of our readers desire to see a copy of the Gazette, he will furnish it upon application—if they desire to subscribe they can have this Magazine and that paper for $4. We have spoken frankly of Mr. Arthur and his paper—we have spoken what we believe.

PLAIN TALK.—It has become fashionable to tell all manner of fibs to the country by *prospectus* and editorial personal horn-blowing. We shall stop this business right off, as if 'twere a sort of gas burner. Why not tell the whole truth at once, without attempting to throw dust in people's eyes about extra pages when there are none—or new fashions, which are but copies of old French designs—American literature contributed by English and Swedish writers, or by Mrs. Hall, an Irish lady. Jonathan is not as stupid as he looks, and we doubt whether there is much *made* in attempting to cheat him. So here's into the confessional—Jontey, my boy, the plate called "Sweet Sixteen," in this number, was not engraved for Graham—and you will observe he does not say it was—but it cost us $120 for all that, on account of its beauty. If you have never seen it, you will like it much—if you have, go one eye on it from an original point of view, and refresh your admiration—that's a good boy! If that engraving don't suit you, look at Père-la-Chaise, which we paid Rolph, of New York, $175 for engraving; or admire Devereux's fine wood-engravings. Then take up the literary department and read *that*, and if you haven't got your "quarter's worth," amuse yourself with reading the advertisements on the cover.

THE FROTH OF SMALL BEER.—One word as to the sly hits at us for engaging "Mr.

James, an English writer." Well! Mr. James *is* a writer of English, and notwithstanding the gnat-like buzzing of small critics who singe their wings in his light, we think him one of the most agreeable of all novel writers. He is a gentleman, of modest demeanor, who does not come to this country to raise a hurrah, or a row, by flattering our vanity or assailing our foibles. He has settled snugly down on his farm at Stockbridge, Massachusetts—claims the proper protection of his property as a resident citizen, by copyrighting his books; and attends quietly to his own affairs. We paid him $1200 for his novel, and think it a good one—he is satisfied—we are satisfied—and the readers of Graham are delighted. So that we hope to survive the small malice of small men. If Graham lives, he will, before he closes the year 1852, have the largest list of good paying subscribers that ever blessed a publisher's eyes with the sight of dollars, and will show such energy *in* "Graham" as will astonish those who imitate, but can never excel, and whose highest achievement it is, to be looking through a piece of smoked glass, in the vain hope of seeing an eclipse of Graham's Magazine.

ALWAYS 112 PAGES.—At the risk of being thought a little malicious, as well as prophetical, we ask of our readers, and of editors with whom we exchange, to compare the quantity of literary matter in Graham of this month, with those who endeavor to follow in our footsteps with the January number, but trip up, or get leg-weary as soon as the number is published, and the *subscriptions* are received.

We also ask—and in this we do *not* think we are impertinent, that our editorial friends will, in so far as their leisure will permit, look over Graham before noticing it, even if the notice be delayed a week or more. We are in no expiring agony or apprehension that we are forgotten by our exchanges—so we can wait their pleasure about the notice always; and should prefer a candid expression of sentiment, favorable or adverse, to any solicited puffery. Indeed, it would be refreshing to be scored up a little or quizzed once in a while. Only if you have but *a word* or *a line*, to say of Graham, don't bundle him into a bag with any body! He comes to your table by invitation—so give him his own plate and knife and fork; and if you treat him to but plain fare, he will be as jolly as if you champagned him, or killed the fattest chicken, in your desire to honor his visit with a barbecue.

Our readers, of course, *read* "Graham"—they can *tell* their acquaintances what a happy rascal he is, and how much they miss it by not having him drop in upon them these long winter evenings. Will you do this?—each *one* of you—YOU!

A NEW FEATURE.—In addition to, and separate from, the regular review of new books, we shall introduce a new feature in "Graham"—that of giving well-chosen chapters of new books—bound volumes which do not readily find their way into a large circulation—that our readers, far and near, may be kept *booked* up in all that appertains to the fresh literature of the day. In this number, we give a short chapter

from Ik Marvel's new work—"Dream-Land"—and in subsequent numbers of "Graham," shall devote some eight or ten pages to interesting and sparkling chapters or passages of choice and rare volumes, the proof sheets of which we can often obtain in advance. The great addition to *the size* of the Magazine, readily affords us space for this improvement—and if our readers receive but half the gratification which we design to impart to them by this new feature, Graham will be amply rewarded.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—One of the most delightful of all the journals we have upon our exchange—and they number *over twelve hundred*—is the Home Journal of New York, Edited by N. Parker Willis and George P. Morris, two men whose *names* are household words, and whose fine genius seems to expand in its sparkling pages. There is no paper in the country upon which there is such manifest employment of brain-work or pains-taking labor—of tact or taste. The editorial page alone will furnish food, at any time, for a day of pleasant reflection—the whole sheet, indeed, is the siftings of golden sand. It is a sort of intellectual placer, where Beauty may grow radiant and wise.

LIBERAL.—Duval, of The Phœnix, Camden, Ala., offers to exchange his Weekly with the Daily of the Boston Post, provided Green will publish his prospectus *six times*. If Green declines that offer he don't deserve his name. Duval has a fair hit at the catch-penny affairs which offer to give an exchange and an "engraving," (? wood-cut) as a premium to those who publish a two-column prospectus and get up a club.

It is about time the country press took this matter in hand. We send "Graham" to whom we please, and if noticed—well, if not—weller. We shall not die out from exhaustion if an editor with whom we exchange fails to say that Graham *is*, or is not, "himself again".

WELCOME BROTHER.—We welcome to the corps editorial of the Magazine fraternity, John Sartain, Esq., who, with all the blushing honors thick upon him as an artist of the first ability, comes like another Alexander to conquer in a new field. We have confidence in Mr. Sartain's tact and taste, and look for a very fresh, sparkling and original periodical. Mr. S. is a disciple of the doctrine of progress —"*onward!*" is his motto—though all the fiends oppose. He is a revolutionizer, and has commenced *cutting* the heads off in style. We don't want to take off any thing in Sartain, but if he can "keep it up" long, he must get a new bat-man for his Puck's port-folio—not even a Puck could *stand* that.

WONT DO IT.—The State Guard of Wetumpka, Ala., "hopes George R. will forgive it, for lending "Graham" to six young ladies." The sin is unpardonable. Look you—Messrs. Hardy and Stephens! what right have you to be making love to half a dozen pretty girls? Where are their beaux, that each of them has not a "Graham" of her own? Inquire into this business, and report at the next meeting. No young lady has a right to read "Graham" unless her beau pays the damage.

GODEY will find it impossible to get the Mote out of his own eye, when he contrasts "Sweet Sixteen" in this number with his Americanized Fashion plates, Our own have a beam of pleasure in them, as we gaze upon its surpassing loveliness. The original *must be* a beauty. We have never seen her—indeed, should never have had this copy, were it not for *a* heart in the business, loading us to brave all dangers to conquer.

ROBERT MORRIS, of the Inquirer, is a friend that never wavers, but in sunshine or in storm, his benignant countenance and cheering words are never wanting Morris must have a rich treasury in the memory of good deeds done—of kindly words spoken in dark hours to the sad and desolate—a wealth of remembrance of generous hours, worth all the gold of misers.

ACKNOWLEDGED.—Godey had the most beautiful cover on his Magazine for January that we have ever seen. Having beaten him in our Paris Fashion, we submit and are penitent.

We shall start a bank with Godey on the profits of our January numbers—notes to be kept at par for thirty days. There is no joke in this—it is as serious as Sartain's fun.

CURIOUS, ISN'T?—They intend, in Kentucky, to blacken the *noses* of all convicts, so that if they escape, they may be detected. Pike, of the Flag, suggests that the operation be extended to all delinquent subscribers to periodicals and newspapers—he *knows*.

Graham lays down and expounds the law as it *ought to be* applied to those who *forget* to pay up *once a year*.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who *never* to himself hath said,"
This is *the* paper—and 'tis read—
I'll go and pay the printer.
Then let his face be covered o'er,

That he may *face it out*—no more,
But, if he don't pay up his score,
Remain an *aquatint*—er.

Graham wrote the above under the inspiration of the discovery that he has over $10,000 due on his books in little California lumps of $3—and is poorer than he was last year—which he resists, and don't intend to stand.

Graham had occasion last year to say, "take your country papers"—and good doctrine it is, too; he says, *now* "GO AND PAY FOR THEM!—TIME'S UP!"

Reader—this is a mournful picture—a sad evidence of the depravity of man. This fellow has read, and has allowed his family to read, his cousins and his neighbors, too, to ponder over, the lessons of wisdom imparted by "Graham," and yet for a year, or two years, or more, has not paid. We are giving him *the Kentucky benediction*! But he has a chance yet, you see—he must pay up before the next number is out, or we shall make him as black as Sambo, and *tell you who he is*!

HARRY HAZEL, the editor, says, "The sailing qualities of 'The Yankee Privateer' come fully up to our expectations. The breezes of popular opinion are blowing freshly in her favor, and there in every prospect that she will walk 'like a thing of life.' " We thought, from her rig and stowage, that she was a sort of *clipper*—for she has all the good things in her. We wish her a fresh breeze and flowing *sale*. Harry offers to "pay liberally for tough yarns." Here is a chance for the writers of some of the Magazine Prospectuses—*All hands ahoy!*

IMPROVING.—Brother Harper promises "*one* or more original articles," and "*copious* selections," in the new volume.

"One swallow does not make a summer," nor will one swallow sustain "an author and his family."

Quære. Whether “Swallow Barn” contains any allusion to authorial capacity for gulping—Bird could tell.

DELUSION EXTRAORDINARY.—To suppose that because a man is poor, he has unlimited credit at bank, and can pay all manner of absurd bills and drafts at sight—and gold going out at the rate of a million per steamer, and the rocks in *California* not all crushed, either.

MINUTE.—One of the Magazines, in *numbering* the illustrations for the month, treats us to the following:

“No. IX. PATTERN FOR BABY’S CAP, *one* engraving, with directions for working it in crotchet.”

Who has a nice, small mitten
For a very young kitten?
Charley! I am afraid of your morals.

THE GAME WON.—Our January number was a “sensation number”—and the press and the public are in ecstasies with it. “We turn up Jack” with this number—having but one *point to make*.

AWFUL.—Snooks wants to know whether we have “still eighty thousand!” No! we have a very noisy *one hundred and ten*—a good many of them Temperance folk at that—clamorous for “more—still.”

SARTIN.—A cotemporary says, “With the present number we *commence* securing the copyright of our Magazine.” Where’s the International Americanized German Frenchman?

A PROPER PRESENT.—The New York Tribune, in noticing appropriate gifts to those we love, at New Year, says, “A year’s subscription to some good Periodical is an appropriate and excellent gift.”

If you want to pay a delicate attention to your sweet-heart, send her “Graham.”

CHEAP LITERATURE.—A new edition of Cooper’s novels is now in course of

publication in England, *in penny numbers*.

Husband. "Economy, my dear, is the source of wealth."

Wife. "I wish, husband, you would go there."

A "SPLENDID EMBELLISHMENT."

A distressed black-man, who seeing the portrait of his ladie-love in a fashionable magazine, is driven to desperation, and blows the brains out of—*his master's best mirror!*—exclaiming, "Dat's Dinah! *Sartin.*"

CURIOUS.—John S. Hart, L. L. D., has retired from the editorship of Sartain's Magazine, and the series of very funny religious illustrations is ended. Sartain who is a graver man, now gives us comic cuts which are sad enough to make a Momus weep.

MR. JAMES.—Several witty dogs wish to know "whether Mr. James has *the solitary horseman* in the novel now running through the pages of Graham?" No. Any equestrian fond of solitary rides may put the novel in his pocket without danger of having "the other fellow" with him.

By the way, the American gentleman mentioned in the opening chapters of Mr. James' novel, in the January number, as having first stimulated his ambition to become a literary man, is our own distinguished countryman Mr. Washington Irving, as will be seen by the following letter from Mr. James, addressed to us, in answer to an inquiry upon the subject:

"*Stockbridge, Mass., 15 Dec., 1851.*

"MY DEAR SIR—In answer to your note, inquiring, who was the American gentleman to whom I alluded in the first part of the work publishing in your Magazine, called "A Life of Vicissitudes," I have no reluctance at all to say that I spoke of Mr. Washington Irving. My personal regard for that gentleman, my esteem for him as a man, and my admiration of him as an author are well known, and it must always be a pleasure to me to acknowledge that a suggestion from him in early life, led me to enter upon a career which has been eminently prosperous to

Yours, faithfully,

G. P. R. JAMES.

"*Geo. R. Graham, Esq., Philadelphia.*"

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—Scott, the great "Practical Printer" who was bred in "Alexander's time," has, by eating a good deal of it, become a hero in ours—and survived the decay which usually attaches itself to mortals who press "the rugged pathway up the steeps of Fame." He lives on air—or at least on that *fast* press which came off with a feed at the Astor. Hoeing his own row most elegantly, he disdains in '52 the mean competition of trade, which leads men to haggle for sixpence profit, but becomes a prophet himself, and carries out his own predictions.

Scott, last year, having announced a sheet "as big as all out doors"—if we except one from a Dutch barn in Berks—was accused of endeavoring to pull down the whole literary temple, like another Sampson—of proceeding at a gait that would not pay, and of throwing dust in people's eyes, who were expected to go it blind. The charge was a plain one—being delivered by people who use the plain language—the inclined plane—and Scott, who having lived "in Alexander's time," had opportunities to observe that people who play with "edged tools," however expert, are apt to suffer from such familiarity with such hardware—determined, like a true Caledonian as he is, to make somebody smart for it, and to

"Meet the devil an' Dundee."

So, never minding the expense, but paying his price like a man, he rushed into the fray, shouting his war cry:

"Cock up your beaver,

And cock it fu' sprush,
We'll over the border
And gie them a brush;
There's something there
We'll teach better behavior—
Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
Cock up your beaver."

The foe, who in all his life was no "devil," soon found his head in chancery, and "suffered some"—as "the Fancy" say—realizing, too, the proverb, "that listeners hear no good of themselves" in the freedom of debate of a legal set-to.

Having witnessed the fight, and delivered a few hints in this game of cross-purposes, we are testimony. In fact, we are rather more driven to test other people's money, now, than to handle our own. The battle was not drawn—but a check for $500 was—to put a check upon future proceedings out of the pale of equity—and Scott was conqueror!

"So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies;
But marched off with his prize—
Leaving the vanquished merchants in the dark."

Most men would have reposed upon their laurels, and considered the glory sufficient, but the redoubted cotemporary of Alexander now "carries the war into Africa," and in abounding greatness—"very like a whale"—"*a Leviathan*" great, he comes forth a terror to see.

There is nothing like Scott in the museum—indeed, he is a museum in himself and a whole circulating-library in the bargain. He counts more feet of paper than any poet could measure in a month, and threatens to stop the supply of all small dealers. The rumor that Scott has *purchased* a paper-mill, is, we are assured, "an invention of the enemy"—having been successful in one mill, he turns his thoughts to the million, and *feels* a good deal like Park Benjamin, when he exclaims,

"The whole boundless continent is ours!"

Though nobody ever believed Park, for he was never with Alexander in his campaigns, when he took the world by arts—not arms. Not "The New World," for that was rather heavy. We speak the truth—but speak it in sadness, Park! for the day of "first-rate notices is over"—unless Scott chooses to call this "one of 'em"—and this is over.

THE "RIVAL CAPTIVES."—This story—the publication of which we were obliged

to suspend in November, in consequence of the severe illness of the author—we shall conclude in our next issue; the *last part* having reached us too late for this number.

Freas, of the Germantown Telegraph, has justified his name, like a good printer, as he is, and has locked up his notice of our January number, in the ice, somewhere. His paper of Dec. 24th has never reached us, breaking our file, and the heart, too, of a very lovely woman.

A LOSS.—Some of the most beautiful engravings printed up and intended for forthcoming numbers of Graham's Magazine, were ruined by the fire at Hart's Building. Graham was in the same predicament himself once, but he rose like a phœnix from the ashes. He has already selected some of his most beautiful original drawings and engravings, and has artists and copper-plate printers at work night and day. Graham will be as handsome as ever when he appears, and will be called "sweet" by whole bevies of pretty girls. It is a fact worthy of mention, that there is not upon the whole list of Graham a single ugly woman. There is something in philosophy about *attraction* and *repellents*, (or ought to be,) which our friend Bird, of the North American, could *tell* all about, but which we realize in being surrounded by "a *blaze* of beauty," which used to light Godey's path when he was younger. It is astonishing how popular Magazine publishers are when they are young! But Godey has been "*a publisher* for twenty-two years!" *Shocking!* Yet there is consolation in this, too, for some of the Magazines will never be able to imitate Godey in that "feature"—we'll bet a "dollar" on't.

If people will say handsome things of "Graham," the public must know it. S. A. Godman, of South Carolina, has the following in his last week's paper:

"THE BEST OF THE MONTHLIES."—We always have had a partiality for GRAHAM. Years agone, before we ever dreamed of inditing a line for the printer, many and many are the pleasant hours we have spent, beguiled from all surrounding things, by the captivating articles with which GRAHAM, by an art known only to himself, has for years past kept his Magazine—filled. In the days of our juvenility, too, not a few thoughts have we spent, wondering what manner of man he was, who could thus monthly gather together such an amount of valuable and interesting reading matter—to say nothing of the choice embellishments that accompanied it. And, in after times, when we had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance, we found that the pictures of the imagination had scarcely done justice, fairly drawn as they were, to the original—for, than GEORGE R. GRAHAM, there is not a more whole-souled,

liberal, generous, or enterprising man in the Union. With a kindness that has no ebb, he is ever ready to appreciate merit in the young, and by his means, and through his encouragement, have some of the best authors that America can now boast of been induced to launch their barks—which since have made such successful voyages—upon the sea of public opinion. His liberality, too, keeps pace with his kindness—and instead of endeavoring to underrate the value of brain-labor—he always stretches his figures to the utmost limits of prudence—and whilst he advises like a friend, he pays like a prince. Success, then, say we, to GRAHAM, and his Magazine! They both deserve it! And with a people so prompt to perceive, and so ready to reward merit, as are the inhabitants of the Southern States, to be encouraged, it is only necessary to deserve encouragement.

"GRAHAM'S great rival now is Harper's Magazine. But the palm by rights, and all odds, belongs to the former. For whilst his January number now lying before us, is equal to Harper's in the amount and quality of its literary contents, it far exceeds it in beauty of illustration—and in the fact that its contributors are all honestly paid for their labors."—*Illustrated Family Friend, Columbia, S. C.*

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The January number of Graham is incomparably the most magnificent periodical ever issued from the American press. *Gazette, Bellefontaine, Ohio.*

CUT OFF,
AND
SHUT OUT.

A young gentleman, who had failed to pay up for Graham, finds on visiting the lady of his heart, that the bell-rope is cut, and the door shut in his face. She having been notified that he had received *the Kentucky benediction*. That is the word, and this the *style, now*. Godey's "Americanized Paris Fashions" are no touch to this—not half as "truthful."

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious typesetting and punctuation errors have 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 available for preparation of the eBook.

page 134, Father Bonneville. Sautane ==> Father Bonneville. Soutane
page 135, man or a paltroon, ==> man or a poltroon,
page 136, was gone we eat and ==> was gone we ate and
page 147, horses were unharnassed ==> horses were unharnessed
page 153, fearful *denouement* of the ==> fearful *dénouement* of the
page 153, whose näive and delicious ==> whose naïve and delicious

page 158, they had have little rest ==> they have had little rest
page 171, each others arms—and ==> each other’s arms—and
page 178, deep red dies of even ==> deep red dyes of even
page 189, of earlier day’s seemed ==> of earlier days seemed
page 216, joy of the angel’s ==> joy of the angels
page 219, Mobby-Dick; or The Whale. ==> Moby-Dick; or The Whale.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol XL No. 2 February 1852* edited by George R. Graham]