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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. May, 1852. No. 5.

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Drawn by Deshays Engd by Tucker

THE BAVARIAN MAY QUEEN.
Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.

SUNRISE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XL. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1852. NO. 5.

MAY MORNING.

May has ever been the favorite month of the year in poetical description; but the praises so lavishly bestowed upon it took their rise from climates more southern than ours. In such, it really unites all the soft beauties of Spring with the radiance of Summer, and has warmth enough to cheer and invigorate, without overpowering.

May, sweet May, again is come,
May that frees the land from gloom;
Children, children! up and see
All her stores of jollity.
On the laughing hedgerow's side

She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody:
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youths rejoice! in sportive measures
  Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
  Hail this merry, merry May!

Up, then, children! we will go,
Where the blooming roses grow;
In a joyful company,
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up, your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear, delighting;
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along.
Courtly dames! our pleasures share;
Never saw I May so fair:
Therefore, dancing will we go,
Youths rejoice! the flow'rets blow!
  Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
  Hail this merry, merry May!

BOOK OF THE MONTHS.

We give some further extracts, which poets, at different periods, have sung in praise of the merry month of May:

Happy the age, and harmless were the dayes
  (For then true love and amity was found)
When every village did a May-pole raise,
  And Whitsun-ales and May-games did abound:
And all the lusty younkers in a rout,
With merry lasses daunced the rod about;
Then friendship to their banquet bid the guests,
And poore men fared the better for their feasts.

PASQUIL'S PALINODIA, 1634.

From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherished eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed
In full luxuriance.

THOMSON.

Each hedge is covered thick with green,
And where the hedger late hath been,
Young tender shoots begin to grow,
From out the mossy stumps below.
But woodmen still on Spring intrude,
And thin the shadow's solitude,
With sharpened axes felling down,
The oak-trees budding into brown;
Which, as they crash upon the ground,
A crowd of laborers gather round,
These mixing 'mong the shadows dark,
Rip off the crackling, staining bark;
Depriving yearly, when they come,
The green woodpecker of his home;
Who early in the Spring began,
Far from the sight of troubling man,
To bore his round holes in each tree,
In fancy's sweet security;
Now startled by the woodman's noise,
He wakes from all his dreamy joys.

CLARK.

The sun is up, and ’tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna’s clear-shown towers and bay—
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the Spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light;
And there’s a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out,
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze,
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face that laughs out openly.

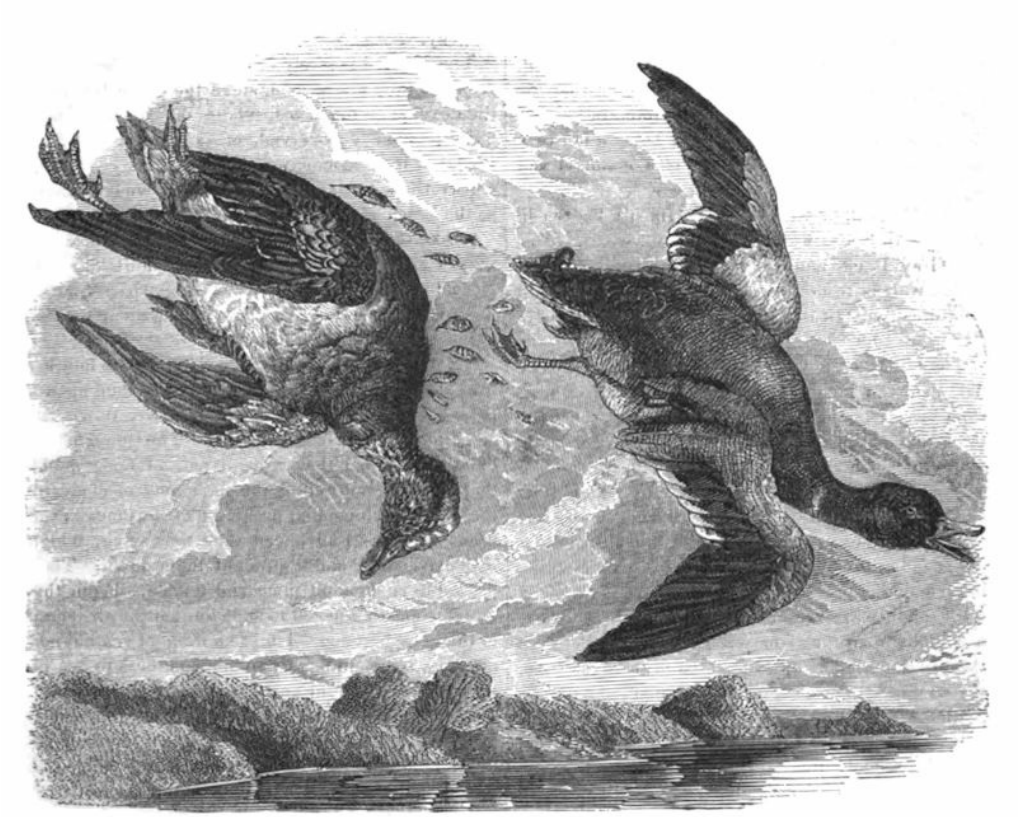
LEIGH HUNT.

I know where the young May violet grows,
In its lone and lowly nook,
On the mossy bank where the larch tree throws
Its broad dark boughs in solemn repose,
Far over the silent brook.

BRYANT.

THE GAME OF THE MONTH.

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



THE MALLARD. *Anas Boschas.* Green-head, Gray-duck.
THE AMERICAN WIDGEON. *Anas Americana.* Bald-pate.

Both these beautiful ducks, perhaps, with the exception of the lovely Summer Duck, or Wood Duck, *Anas Sponsa*, the most beautiful of all the tribe, are along the seaboard of the Northern States somewhat rare of occurrence, being for the most part fresh water species, and when driven by stress of weather, and the freezing over of the inland lakes and rivers which they frequent, repairing to the estuaries and

land-locked lagoons of the Southern coasts and rivers, as well as to the tepid pools and warm sources of Florida, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Louisiana, in all of which States they swarm during the summer months.

On many of the inland streams and pools of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the Far West in general, including all the bays, shallows and tributaries of the Great Lakes, as well as all the lovely smaller lakes of New York, especially where the wild-rice, or wild-oat, *zizania aquatica*, is plentiful, they are found in very great numbers, especially in the spring and summer time, nor are they unfrequently killed on the snipe-grounds of New Jersey, around Chatham, Pine-brook, and the Parcippany meadows on the beautiful Passaic, and on the yet more extensive grounds on the Seneca and Cayuga outlets, in the vicinity of Montezuma Salina, and the salt regions of New York.

In the shallows of the lake and river St. Clair, above Detroit, on the *rivière aux Canards*, and the marshes of Chatham in Canada East, all along the shores of Lake Erie on the Canadian side, especially about Long Point, and in the Grand River, they literally swarm; while in all the rivers, and shallow rice-lakes on the northern shores of Lake Huron, which are the breeding-places of their countless tribes, they are found, from the breaking up of the ice to the shutting up of the bays and coves in which they feed, in numbers absolutely numberless.

The Mallard is generally believed to be the parent and progenitor of the domestic duck, which, although far superior in beauty of plumage and grace of form and deportment, it very closely resembles; yet when or where it was domesticated, is a question entirely dark and never to be settled. It is certain that the domestic duck was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, so late as to the Christian era, although the paintings in the Egyptian tombs demonstrate beyond a peradventure that it was familiar to that wonderful people from a very remote period; as it is also known to have been among the Chinese, who rear and cultivate them to a very great extent. Indeed, it is I think in the highest degree probable that the Duck, in its domestic state, is an importation into Europe from the East, where, as I believe in every quarter of the globe, the Mallard is a common and indigenous native of the fresh waters.

The Mallard, or wild drake, commonly known in the Eastern States as the Green-head, westward as the Gray Duck, and in Alabama as the English Duck, weighs from thirty-six to forty ounces, and measures twenty-three inches in length, by thirty-five in breadth.

The bill is of a yellowish-green color, not very flat, about an inch broad, and two and a half long from the corners of the mouth to the tip of the nail; the head and upper half of the neck are of a deep, glossy, changeable green, terminated in the middle of the neck by a white collar, with which it is nearly encircled; the lower parts of the neck, breast and shoulders are of a deep, vinous chestnut; the covering scapular feathers are of a kind of silvery-white, those underneath rufous, and both are prettily crossed with small, waved threads of brown. Wing coverts ash, quills

brown, and between these intervenes the *speculum*, or beauty spot, common in the duck tribe, which crosses the wing in a transverse, oblique direction. It is of a rich, glossy purple, with violet or green reflections, and bordered by a double streak of sooty black and pure white. The belly is of a pale gray, delicately crossed and penciled with numberless narrow, waved, dusky lines, which on the sides and long feathers that cover the thighs are more strongly and distinctly marked. The upper and under tail coverts, lower part of the back and rump, are black, the latter glossed with green; the four middle tail feathers are also black, with purple reflections, and, like those of the domestic duck, are stiffly curled upward. The rest are sharp-pointed, and fade off to the exterior edges from brown to dull white. Iris of the eye bright yellow, feet, legs and webs reddish-orange, claws black.

The female, and young male until after the first moult, is very different in plumage from the adult drake, partaking none of his beauties, with the exception of the spot on the wings. All the other parts are plain brown, marked with black, the centre of every feather being dark and fading to the edges. She makes her nest, lays her eggs—from ten to sixteen in number, of a greenish white—generally in the most sequestered mosses or bogs, far from the haunts of man, and hidden from his sight among reeds and rushes. To her young, helpless, unfledged family, and they are nearly three months before they can fly, she is a fond, attentive and watchful parent, carrying or leading them from one pool to another, as her fears or inclinations direct her, and she is known to use the same wily stratagems, in order to mislead the sportsman and his dog, as those resorted to by the ruffed grouse, the quail and the woodcock, feigning lameness, and fluttering, as if helplessly wounded, along the surface of the water, until she has lured the enemy afar from her skulking and terrified progeny.

The Mallard is rarely or never shot to decoys, or *stools* as they are termed, since these are but little used except on the coast, where this duck is, as I have previously observed, of rare occurrence, although it is occasionally found in company with the Dusky Duck, *anas obscura*, better known to gunners as the Black Duck.

“Like the Dusky Duck,” says Mr. Giraud, in his very clever and agreeable manual on the birds of Long Island, “when pursued by the sportsman, it becomes shy and feeds at night, dozing away the day out of gun-shot from the shore.

“Early in the month of July, 1837, while hunting over the meadows for smaller game, I came upon a pair of Mallard Ducks, moving slowly down the celebrated ‘Brick-house creek.’ The thought occurred to me that they were a pair of tame ducks that had become tired of the monotony of domestic life, and determined on pushing their fortunes in the broad bay. As I advanced they took wing, which undeceived me, and I brought them down. They proved to be an adult male and female. From this circumstance I was led to suppose that they had bred in the neighborhood. I made a diligent search, and offered a sufficient bounty to induce others to search with me—but neither nest nor young could be found. Probably when migrating, they were shot at and so badly wounded as to be unable to perform their fatiguing

journey, perhaps miles apart, and perchance only found companions in each other a short time before I shot them."

When the young birds are about three-fourths grown, and not as yet fully fledged or able to fly strongly, at which age they are termed *flappers*, they afford excellent sport over water-spaniels, when they are abundant in large reed beds along the brink of ponds and rivers. When full grown, moreover, when they frequent parts of the country where the streams are narrow and winding, great sport can be had with them at times, by walking about twenty yards wide of the brink and as many in advance of an attendant, who should follow all the windings of the water and flush the birds, which springing wild of him will so be brought within easy range of the gun.

The Mallard is wonderfully quick-sighted and sharp of hearing, so that it is exceedingly difficult to stalk him from the shore, especially by a person coming down wind upon him, so much so that the acuteness of his senses has given rise to a general idea that he can detect danger to windward by means of his olfactory nerves. This is, however, disproved by the observations of that excellent sportsman and pleasant writer, John Colquhoun of Luss, as recorded in that capital work, "The Moor and the Loch," who declares decidedly, that although ducks on the feed constantly detect an enemy crawling down upon them from the windward, will constantly, when he is lying in wait, silent and still, and properly concealed, sail down upon him perfectly unsuspicious, even when a strong wind is blowing over him full in their nostrils.

For duck shooting, whether it be practiced in this fashion, by stalking them from the shore while feeding in lakelets or rivers, by following the windings of open and rapid streams in severe weather, or in paddling or pushing on them in gunning-skiffs, as is practiced on the Delaware, a peculiar gun is necessary for the perfection of the sport. To my taste, it should be a double-barrel from 33 to 36 inches in length, at the outside, about 10 gauge, and 10 pounds weight. The strength and weight of the metal should be principally at the breech, which will answer the double purpose of causing it to balance well and of counteracting the call. Such a gun will carry from two to three ounces of No. 4 shot, than which I would never use a larger size for duck, and with that load and an equal measure of very coarse powder—Hawker's ducking-powder, manufactured by Curtis and Harvey, is the best in the world, and can be procured of Mr. Brough, in Fulton Street, New York—will do its work satisfactorily and cleanly at sixty yards, or with Eley's *green*, wire cartridges, which will permit the use of shot one size smaller, at thirty yards farther. The utility of these admirable projectiles can hardly be overrated, next to the copper-cap, of which Starkey's water-proof, central-fire, is the best form, I regard them as the greatest of modern inventions in the art of gunnery.

Such a gun as I describe can be furnished of first-rate quality by Mr. John Krider of Philadelphia, Mr. John, or Patrick Mullin of New York, or Mr. Henry T. Cooper of the same city, ranging in price, according to finish, from one hundred to one

hundred and fifty dollars, of domestic manufacture; and I would strongly recommend sportsmen, requiring such an implement, to apply to one of these excellent and conscientious makers, rather than even to import a London gun, much more than to purchase at a hazard the miserable and dangerous Birmingham trash, manufactured of three-penny skelp or sham drawn-iron, got up in handsome, velvet-lined mahogany cases, and tricked out with varnish and gimcrackery expressly for the American market, such as are offered for sale at every hardware shop in the country.

The selling of such goods ought to be made by law a high misdemeanor, and a fatal accident occurring by their explosion should entail on the head of the sender the penalty of willful murder.

The Mallard is found frequently associating in large plumps with the Pintail, or Sprigtail, another elegant fresh water variety, the Dusky-Duck on fresh waters, the Greenwinged Teal in winter to the southward, and with the Widgeon on the western waters.

On the big and little pieces—two large moist savannas on the Passaic river in New Jersey, formerly famous for their snipe and cock grounds, but now ruined by the ruthless devastations of pot-hunters and poachers—I have shot Mallard, Pintail, and Black Duck, over dead points from setters, out of brakes, in which they were probably preparing to breed, during early snipe-shooting; but nowhere have I ever beheld them in such myriads as in the small rice-lakes on the Severn, the Wye, and the cold water rivers debouching into the northern part of lake Huron, known as the Great Georgian Bay, and on the reed-flats and shallows of Lake St. Clair, in the vicinity of Alganac, and the mouths of the Thames and Chevail Ecarté rivers.

I am satisfied that by using well made decoys, or stools, and two canoes, one concealed among the rice and reeds, and the other paddling to and fro, to put up the teams of wild fowl and keep them constantly on the move, such sport might be had as can be obtained in no other section of this country, perhaps of the world; and that the pleasure would well repay the sportsman for a trip far more difficult and tedious, than the facilities afforded by the Erie Rail-road and the noble steamers on the lakes now render a visit to those glorious sporting-grounds.

The American Widgeon, the bird which is represented as falling headforemost with collapsed wings, shot perfectly dead without a struggle, in the accompanying woodcut, while the Mallard goes off safely, quacking at the top of his voice in strange terror, though nearly allied to the European species, is yet perfectly distinct, and peculiar to this continent.

It is thus accurately described by Mr. Giraud, although but an unfrequent visitor of the Long Island bays and shores:

“Bill short, the color light grayish blue; speculum green, banded with black. Under wing coverts white. Adult male with the coral space, sides of the head, under the eye, upper part of the neck and throat brownish white, spotted with black. A broad band of white, commencing at the base of the upper mandible, passing over

the crown." It is this mark which has procured the bird its general provincial appellation of "Baldpate." "Behind the eye a broad band of bright green, extending backward on the hind neck about three inches; the feathers on the nape rather long; lower neck and sides of the breast, with a portion of the upper part of the breast reddish brown. Rest of the lower parts white, excepting a patch of black at the base of the tail. Under tail coverts the same color. Flanks brown, barred with dusky; lower part of the hind neck and fore part of the back undulated with brownish and light brownish red, hind part undulated with grayish white; primaries brown; outer webs of the inner secondaries black, margined with white—inner webs grayish brown; secondary coverts white, tipped with black; speculum brilliant green formed by the middle secondaries. Length twenty-one inches, wing ten and a half. Female smaller, plumage duller, without the green markings."

The Widgeon breeds in the extreme north, beyond the reach of the foot of civilised man, in the boundless mosses and morasses, prodigal of food and shelter, of Labrador, and Boothia Felix, and the fur countries, where it spends the brief but ardent summer in the cares of nidification, and the reproduction of its species.

During the spring and autumn, it is widely distributed throughout the Union, from the fresh lakes of the northwest to the shores of the ocean, but it is most abundant, as well as most delicious where the wild rice, *Zizania pannicula effusa*, the wild celery, *balisneria Americana*, and the eel-grass, *Zostera marina*, grow most luxuriously. On these it fares luxuriously, and becomes exceedingly fat, and most delicate and succulent eating, being almost entirely a vegetable feeder, and as such devoid of any fishy or sedgy flavor.

In the spring and autumn it is not unfrequently shot in considerable numbers, from skiffs, on the mud banks of the Delaware, in company with Blue-winged Teal; and in winter it congregates in vast flocks, together with Scaups, better known as Bluebills, or Broadbills, Redheads, and Canvasbacks, to which last it is a source of constant annoyance, since being a far less expert diver than the Canvasback, it watches that bird until it rises with the highly-prized root, and flies off with the stolen booty in triumph.

The Widgeon, like the Canvasback, can at times be toled, as it is termed, or lured within gunshot of sportsmen, concealed behind artificial screens of reeds, built along the shore, or behind natural coverings, such as brakes of cripple or reed-beds, by the gambols of dogs taught to play and sport backward and forward along the shore, for the purpose of attracting the curious and fascinated wild fowl within easy shooting distance. And strange to say, so powerful is the attraction that the same flock of ducks has been known to be decoyed into gunshot thrice within the space of a single hour, above forty birds being killed at the three discharges. Scaups, or Blackheads, as they are called on the Chesapeake tole, it is said, more readily than any other species, and next to these the Canvasbacks and Redheads; the Baldpates being the most cautious and wary of them all, and rarely suffering themselves to be decoyed, except when in company with the Canvasbacks, along with which they

swim shoreward carelessly, though without appearing to notice the dog.

These birds, with their congeners, are also shot from points, as at Carrol's Island, Abbey Island, Maxwell's Point, Legoe's Point, and other places in the same vicinity about the Bush and Gunpowder rivers, while flying over high in air; and so great is the velocity of their flight when going before the wind, and such the allowance that must be made in shooting ahead of them, that the very best of upland marksmen are said to make very sorry work of it, until they become accustomed to the flight of the wild fowl. They are also shot occasionally in vast numbers at holes in the ice which remain open when the rest of the waters are frozen over; and yet again, by means of swivel guns, carrying a pound of shot or over, discharged from the bows of a boat, stealthily paddled into the flocks at dead of night, when sleeping in close columns on the surface of the water. This method is, however, much reprobated by sportsmen, and that very justly, as tending beyond any other method to cause the fowl to desert their feeding-grounds.

In conclusion, we earnestly recommend both these beautiful birds to our sporting readers, both as objects of pleasurable pursuit and subjects of first rate feeds. A visit at this season to Seneca Lake, the Montezuma Meadows, or that region, could not fail to yield rare sport.

THE URN OF THE HEART.

BY MISS MATTIE GRIFFITH.

Deep in my heart there is a sacred urn
I ever guard with holiest care, and keep
From the cold world's intrusion. It is filled
With dear and lovely treasures, that I prize
Above the gems that sparkle in the vales
Of Orient climes or glitter in the crowns
Of sceptered kings.
The priceless wealth of life
Within that urn is gathered. All the bright
And lovely jewels that the years have dropped
Around me from their pinions, in their swift
And noiseless flight to old Eternity,
Are treasured there. A thousand buds and flowers
That the cool dews of life's young morning bathed,
That its soft gales fanned with their gentle wings,
And that its genial sunbeams warmed to life
And fairy beauty 'mid the melodies
Of founts and singing birds, lie hoarded there,
Dead, dead, forever dead, but oh, as bright
And beautiful to me as when they beamed
With Nature's radiant jewelry of dew.
And they have more than mortal sweetness now,
For the dear breath of loved ones, loved and lost,
Is mingling with their holy perfume.
Like
A very miser, day and night I hide
The hoarded riches of my dear heart-urn.
Oft at the midnight's calm and silent hour,
When not a tone of living nature seems
To rise from all the lone and sleeping earth,
I lift the lid softly and noiselessly,
Lest some dark, wandering spirit of the air
Perchance should catch with his quick ear the sound.

And steal my treasures. With a glistening eye
And leaping pulse, I tell them o’er and o’er,
Musing on each, and hallow it with smiles
And tears and sighs and fervent blessings.

Then,
With soul as proud as if yon broad blue sky
With all its bright and burning stars were mine.
But with a saddened heart, I close the lid,
And once again return to busy life,
To play my part amid its mockeries.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

It was a most glorious afternoon! The air was delightful. The sun shone with the softest splendor upon the green cultivated meadow-land, divided into square fields, each inclosed with its quick-set fence; and within these, small farm-houses and cottages with their gardens and vine-covered walls. It was altogether a cheerful and lovely scene. Westward, in the far distance, raised themselves the mist-covered Welsh mountains. For the rest, the whole adjacent country resembled that which I had hitherto seen in England, softly undulating prairie. There will come a time when the prairies of North America will resemble this country. And the work has already begun there in the square allotments, although on a larger scale than here; the living fences, the well-to-do farm-houses, they already look like birds'-nests on the green billows; for already waves the grass there with its glorious masses of flowers, over immeasurable, untilled fields, and the sunflowers nod and beckon in the breeze as if they said: "Come,—come, ye children of men! The board is spread for many!"

The glorious flower-spread table, which can accommodate two hundred and fifty millions of guests! May it with its beauty one day unite more true happiness than at this time the beautiful landscape of England. For it is universally acknowledged, that the agricultural districts of England are at this time in a much more dubious condition than the manufacturing districts, principally from the fact of the large landed proprietors having, as it were, swallowed up the small ones; and of the landed possession being amassed in but few hands, who thus cannot look after it excepting through paid stewards, and this imperfectly. I heard of ten large landed proprietors in a single family of but few individuals: hence the number of small farmers who do not themselves possess land, and who manage it badly, as well as the congregating of laborers in houses and cottages. The laws also for the possession of land are so involved, and so full of difficulty, that they throw impediments in the way of those who would hold and cultivate it in much smaller lots.

The young barrister, Joseph Kay, has treated this subject explicitly and fully, in his lately published work "On the Social Condition and Education of the People."

I, however, knew but little of this canker-worm at the vitals of this beautiful portion of England, at the time when I thus saw it, and therefore I enjoyed my journey with undivided pleasure.

In the evening, before sunset, I stood before Shakspeare's house.

"It matters little being born in a poultry-yard, if one only is hatched from a

swan's egg!" thought I, in the words of Hans Christian Andersen, in his story of "The Ugly Duckling," when I beheld the little, unsightly, half-timbered house in which Shakspeare was born; and went through the low, small rooms, up the narrow wooden stairs, which were all that was left of the interior. It was empty and poor, except in memory; the excellent little old woman who showed the house, was the only living thing there. I provided myself with some small engravings having reference to Shakspeare's history, which she had to sell, and after that set forth on a solitary journey of discovery to the banks of the Avon; and before long, was pursuing a solitary footpath which wound by the side of this beautiful little river. To be all at once removed from the thickly populated, noisy manufacturing towns into that most lovely, most idyllic life, was in itself something enchanting. Add to this the infinite deliciousness of the evening; the pleasure of wandering thus freely and alone in this neighborhood, with all its rich memories; the deep calm that lay over all, broken only by the twittering of the birds in the bushes, and the cheerful voices of children at a distance; the beautiful masses of trees, cattle grazing in the meadows; the view of the proud Warwick Castle, and near at hand the little town, the birthplace of Shakspeare, and his grave, and above all, the romantic stream, the bright Avon, which in its calm winding course seemed, like its poet-swan—the great Skald—to have no other object than faithfully to reflect every object which mirrored itself in its depths; castles, towns, churches, cottages, woods, meadows, flowers, men, animals. This evening and this river, and this solitary, beautiful ramble shall I never forget, never! I spent no evening more beautiful whilst in England.

It was not until twilight settled down over the landscape that I left the river-side. When I again entered the little town, I was struck by its antique character as well in the people as in the houses; it seemed to me that the whole physiognomy of the place belonged to the age of Shakspeare. Old men with knee-breeches, old women in old-fashioned caps, who with inquisitive and historical countenances, furrowed by hundreds of wrinkles, now gazed forth from their old projecting door-ways; thus must they have stood, thus must they have gazed when Shakspeare wandered here; and he, the black-garmented, hump-backed old man who looked so kind, so original and so learned, just like an ancient chronicle, and who saluted me, the stranger, as people are not in the habit of doing now-a-days—he must certainly be some old rector magnificus who has returned to earth from the sixteenth century. Whilst I was thus dreaming myself back again into the times of old, a sight met my eyes which transported me five thousand miles across the ocean, to the poetical wilderness of the new world. This was a full-blown magnolia-flower, just like a magnolia grandiflora, and here blossomed on the walls of an elegant little house, the whole of whose front was adorned by the branches and leaves of a magnolia reptans, a species with which I was not yet acquainted. I hailed with joy the beautiful flower which I had not seen since I had wandered in the magnolia groves of Florida, on the banks of the Welaka, (St. John,) and drank the morning dew as solitary as now.

Every thing in that little town was, for the rest, *à la Shakspeare*. One saw on all sides little statues of Shakspeare, some white, others gilt—half-length figures—and

very much resembling idol images. One saw Shakspeare-books, Shakspeare-music, Shakspeare-engravings, Shakspeare articles of all kinds. In one place I even saw *Shakspeare-sauce* announced; but that did not take my fancy, as I feared it might be too strong for my palate. True, one saw at the same place an announcement of *Jenny Lind-drops*, and that did take my fancy very much, for as a Swede, I was well pleased to see the beautiful fame of the Swedish singer recognized in Shakspeare's town, and having a place by the side of his.

Arrived at my inn, close to Shakspeare's house: I drank tea; was waited upon by an agreeable girl, Lucy, and passed a good night in a chamber which bore the superscription "Richard the Third." I should have preferred as a bed-room "The Midsummer Night's Dream," a room within my chamber, only that it was not so good, and Richard the Third did me no harm.

I wandered again on the banks of the Avon on the following morning, and from a height beheld that cheerful neighborhood beneath the light of the morning sun. After this I visited the church in which were interred Shakspeare and his daughter Susanna. A young bridal couple were just coming out of church after having been married, the bride dressed in white and veiled, so that I could not see her features distinctly.

The epitaph on Shakspeare's grave, composed by himself, is universally known, with its strong concluding lines—

"Blessed be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Less generally known is the inscription on the tomb of his daughter Susanna, which highly praises her virtues and her uncommon wit, and which seems to regard Shakspeare as happy for having such a daughter. I thought that Susanna Shakspeare ought to have been proud of her father. I have known young girls to be proud of their fathers—the most beautiful pride which I can conceive, because it is full of humble love. And how well it became them!

For the rest, it was not as a fanatical worshiper of Shakspeare that I wandered through the scene of his birth and his grave. I owe much to this great dramatist; he has done much for me, but—not in the highest degree. I know of nobler grouping, loftier characters and scenes, in especial a greater drama of life than any which he has represented, and particularly a higher degree of harmony than he has given; and as I wandered on the banks of the Avon, I seemed to perceive the approach of a new Shakspeare, the new poet of the age, to the boards of the world's stage; the poet who shall comprehend within the range of his vision all parts of the earth, all races of men, all regions of nature—the palms of the tropics, the crystal palaces of the polar circle—and present them all in a new drama, in the large expression and the illuminating light of a vast human intelligence.

Shakspeare, great as he is, is to me, nevertheless, only a Titanic greatness, an

intellectual giant-nature, who stands amid inexplicable dissonance. He drowns Ophelia, and puts out the eyes of the noble Kent, and leaves them and us to our darkness. That which I long for, that which I hope for, is a poet who will rise above dissonances, a harmonious nature who will regard the drama of the world with the eye of Deity; in a word, a Shakspeare who will resemble a—Beethoven.

On my way from Stratford to Leamington I stopped at Warwick Castle, one of the few old castles of the middle ages in England which still remain well-preserved, and which are still inhabited by the old hereditary families. The old Earl of Warwick resides now quite alone in his splendid castle, his wife having been dead about six months. Two days in the week he allows his castle to be thrown open for a few hours for the gratification of the curiosity of strangers. It is in truth a magnificent castle, with its fortress-tower and its lofty gray stone walls, surrounded by a beautiful park, and gloriously situated on the banks of the Avon—magnificent, and romantically beautiful at the same time.

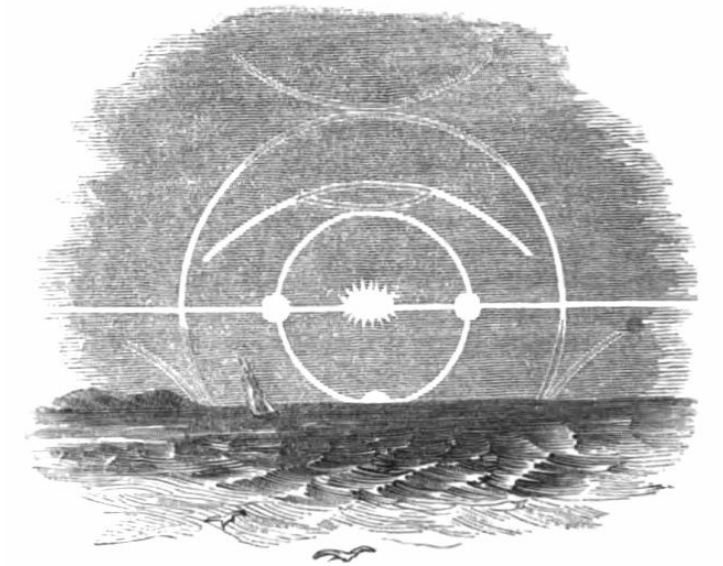
In the rooms prevailed princely splendor, and there were a number of good pictures, those of Vandyke in particular. I remarked several portraits of Charles the First, with his cold, gloomy features; several also of the lovely but weak Henrietta Maria; one of Cromwell, a strong countenance, but without nobility; one of Alba, with an expression harder than flint-stone—a petrified nature; and one of Shakspeare, as Shakspeare might have appeared, with an eye full of intense thought, a broad forehead, a countenance elaborated and tempered in the fires of strong emotion; not in the least resembling that fat, jolly, aldermanic head usually represented as Shakspeare's.

The rooms contained many works of art, and from the windows what glorious views! In truth, thought I, it is pardonable if the proprietor of such a castle, inherited from brave forefathers, and living in the midst of scenes rich in great memories, with which the history of his family is connected—it is pardonable if such a man is proud.

"There he goes!—the Earl!" said the man who was showing me through the rooms; and, looking through a window into the castle-court, I saw a tall, very thin figure, with white hair, and dressed in black, walking slowly, with head bent forward, across the grass-plot in the middle of the court. That was the possessor of this proud mansion, the old Earl of Warwick!

OPTICAL PHENOMENA.

BY THOMAS MILNER, M. A.



Parhelia.

Parhelia. Mock suns, in the vicinity of the real orb, are due to the same cause as haloes, which appear in connection with them. Luminous circles, or segments, crossing one another, produce conspicuous masses of light by their united intensities, and the points of intersection appear studded with the solar image. This is a meteorological rarity in our latitude, but a very frequent spectacle in the arctic climes. In Iceland, during the severe winter of 1615, it is related that the sun, when seen, was always accompanied by two, four, five, and even nine of these illusions. Captain Parry describes a remarkably gorgeous appearance, during his winter sojourn at Melville Island, which continued from noon until six o'clock in the evening. It consisted of one complete halo, 45° in diameter, with segments of several others, displaying in parts the colors of the rainbow. Besides these, there was another perfect ring of a pale white color, which went right round the sky, parallel with the horizon, and at a distance from it equal to the sun's altitude; and a horizontal band of white light appeared passing through the sun. Where the band and the inner halo cut each other, there were two parhelia, and another close to the

horizon, directly under the sun, which formed the most brilliant part of the spectacle, being exactly like the sun, slightly obscured by a thin cloud at his rising or setting. A drawing of this parhelion is given by Captain Parry, who remarks upon having always observed such phenomena attended with a little snow falling, or rather small spicula or fine crystals of ice. The angular forms of the crystals determine the rays of light in different directions, and originate the consequent visual variety. We have various observations of parhelia seen in different parts of Europe, which in a less enlightened age excited consternation, and were regarded as portentous. Matthew Paris relates in his history:—"A wonderful sight was seen in England, A. D. 1233, April 8, in the fifth year of the reign of Henry III., and lasted from sunrise till noon. At the same time on the 8th of April, about one o'clock, in the borders of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, besides the true sun, there appeared in the sky four mock suns of a red color; also a certain large circle of the color of crystal, about two feet broad, which encompassed all England as it were. There went out semicircles from the side of it, at whose intersection the four mock suns were situated, the true sun being in the east, and the air very clear. And because this monstrous prodigy cannot be described by words, I have represented it by a scheme, which shows immediately how the heavens were circled. The appearance was painted in this manner by many people, for the wonderful novelty of it."

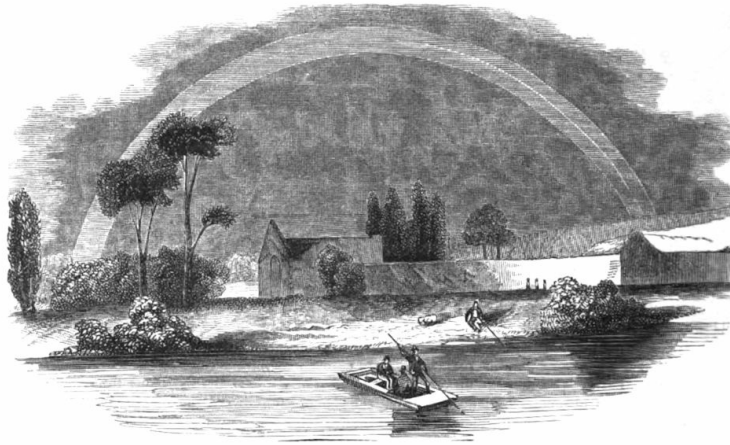
Paraselenæ. Mock moons, depending upon the causes which produce the solar image, or several examples of it, as frequently adorn the arctic sky. On the 1st of December, 1819, in the evening, while Parry's expedition was in Winter Harbor, four paraselenæ were observed, each at the distance of 21½° from the true moon. One was close to the horizon, the other perpendicular above it, and the other two in a line parallel to the horizon. Their shape was like that of a comet, the tail being from the moon, the side of each toward the real orb being of a light orange color. During the existence of these paraselenæ, a halo appeared in a concentric circle round the moon, passing through each image. On the evening of March 30, 1820, about ten o'clock, the attention of Dr. Trail, at Liverpool, was directed by a friend to an unusual appearance in the sky, which proved to be a beautiful display of paraselenæ. The moon was then 35° above the southern horizon. The atmosphere was nearly calm, but rather cloudy, and obscured by a slight haze. A wide halo, faintly exhibiting the prismatic colors, was described round the moon as a centre, and had a small portion of its circumference cut off by the horizon. The circular band was intersected by two small segments of a larger circle, which if completed would have passed through the moon, and parallel to the horizon. These segments were of a paler color than the first mentioned circle. At the points of intersection appeared two pretty well defined luminous discs, equaling the moon in size, but less brilliant. The western paraselenæ had a tail or coma, which was directed from the moon, and the eastern also, but less clearly-defined.

The Rainbow. The most glorious vision depending upon the decomposition, refraction, and reflection of light, by the vapor of the atmosphere reduced to fluid drops, is the well-known arch projected during a shower of rain upon a cloud

opposite to the sun, displaying all the tints of the solar spectrum. The first marked approximation to the true theory of the rainbow occurs in a volume entitled *De Radiis Visus et Lucis*, written by Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, published in the year 1611 at Venice. Descartes pursued the subject, and correctly explained some of the phenomena; but upon Newton's discovery of the different degrees of refrangibility in the different colored rays which compose the sunbeam, a pencil of white or compounded light, the cause of the colored bands in the rainbow, of the order of their position, and of the breadth they occupy, was at once apparent. The bow is common to all countries, and is the sign of the covenant of promise to all people, that there shall no more be such a wide-spread deluge as that which the sacred narrative records.

"But say, what mean those colored streaks in heaven
Distended, as the brow of God appeased?
Or serve they, as a flowery verge to bind
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth?
To whom the Archangel: Dexterously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his ire—
That he relents, not to blot out mankind;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood; nor let the sea
Surpass its bounds; nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein, or beast; but when he brings
O'er the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-colored bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant."

It is happily remarked by Mr. Prout, in his Bridgewater Treatise, that no pledge could have been more felicitous or satisfactory; for, in order that the rainbow may appear, the clouds must be *partial*, and hence its existence is absolutely incompatible with *universal* deluge from above. So long, therefore, as "He doth set his bow in the clouds," so long have we full assurance that these clouds must continue to shower down good, and not evil, to the earth.



Rainbow.

When rain is falling, and the sun is on the horizon, the bow appears a complete semicircle, if the rain-cloud is sufficiently extensive to display it. Its extent diminishes as the solar altitude increases, because the colored arch is a portion of a circle whose centre is a point in the sky directly opposite to the sun. Above the height of 45° the primary bow is invisible, and hence, in our climate, the rainbow is not seen in summer about the middle of the day. In peculiar positions a complete circle may be beheld, as when the shower is on a mountain, and the spectator in a valley; or when viewed from the top of a lofty pinnacle, nearly the whole circumference may sometimes be embraced. Ulloa and Bouguer describe circular rainbows, frequently seen on the mountains, which rise above the table-land of Quito. When rain is abundant, there is a secondary bow distinctly seen, produced by a double reflection. This is exterior to the primary one, and the intervening space has been observed to be occupied by an arch of colored light. The secondary bow differs from the other, in exhibiting the same series of colors in an inverted order. Thus the red is the uppermost color in the interior bow, and the violet in the exterior. A tertiary bow may exist, but it is so exceedingly faint from the repeated reflections, as to be scarcely ever perceptible. The same lovely spectacle may be seen when the solar splendor falls upon the spray of the cataract and the waves, the shower of an artificial fountain, and the dew upon the grass. There is hardly any other object of nature more pleasing to the eye, or soothing to the mind, than the rainbow, when distinctly developed—a familiar sight in all regions, but most common in mountainous districts, where the showers are most frequent. Poetry has celebrated its beauty, and to convey an adequate representation of its soft and variegated tints, is the highest achievement of the painter’s art. While the Hebrews called it the Bow of God, on account of its association with a divine promise, and the Greeks the Daughter of Wonder, the rude inhabitants of the North gave expression to a fancy which its peculiar aspect might well create, styling it the Bridge of the Gods, a passage connecting heaven and earth.

Lunar Rainbow.

The principles which account for the formation of the rainbow explain the appearance of beautiful irridescent arches which have occasionally been observed during the prevalence of mist and sunshine. Mr. Cochin describes a spectacle of this kind, noticed from an eminence that overlooked some low meadow-grounds, in a direction opposite to that of the sun, which was shining very brightly, a thick mist resting upon the landscape in front. At about the distance of half a mile from each other, and incurvated, like the lower extremities of the common rainbow, two places of peculiar brightness were seen in the mist. They seemed to rest on the ground, were continued as high as the fog extended, the breadth being nearly half as much more as that of the rainbow. In the middle between these two places, and on the same horizontal line, there was a colored appearance, whose base subtended an angle of about 12°, and whose interior parts were thus variegated. The centre was dark, as if made by the shadow of some object resembling in size and shape an

ordinary sheaf of corn. Next this centre there was a curved space of a yellow flame color. To this succeeded another curved space of nearly the same dark cast as the centre, very evenly bounded on each side, and tinged with a faint blue green. The exterior exhibited a rainbow circlet, only its tints were less vivid, their boundaries were not so well defined, and the whole, instead of forming part of a perfect circle, appeared like the end of a concentric ellipsis, whose transverse axis was perpendicular to the horizon. The mist lay thick upon the surface of the meadows; the observer was standing near its margin, and gradually the scene became fainter, and faded away, as he entered into it. A similar fog-bow was seen by Captain Parry during his attempt to reach the North Pole by means of boats and sledges, with five arches formed within the main one, and all beautifully colored.

The iris lunaris, or lunar rainbow, is a much rarer object than the solar one. It frequently consists of a uniformly white arch, but it has often been seen tinted, the colors differing only in intensity from those caused by the direct solar illuminations. Aristotle states that he was the first observer of this interesting spectacle, and that he only saw two in the course of fifty years; but it must have been repeatedly witnessed, without a record having been made of the fact. Thoresby relates an account received from a friend, of an observation of the bow fixed by the moon in the clouds, while traveling in the Peak of Derbyshire. She had then passed the full about twenty-four hours. The evening had been rainy, but the clouds had dispersed, and the moon was shining very clearly. This lunar iris was more remarkable than that observed by Dr. Plot, of which there is an account in his History of Oxford, that being only of a white color, but this had all the hues of the solar rainbow, beautiful and distinct, but fainter. Mr. Bucke remarks upon having had the good fortune to witness several, two of which were perhaps as fine as were ever witnessed in any country. The first formed an arch over the vale of Usk. The moon hung over the Blorenge; a dark cloud was suspended over Myarth; the river murmured over beds of stones, and a bow, illumined by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to another. The second was seen from the castle overlooking the Bay of Carmarthen, forming a regular semicircle over the river Towy. It was in a moment of vicissitude; and the fancy of the observer willingly reverted to the various soothing associations under which sacred authority unfolds the emblem and sign of a merciful covenant vouchsafed by a beneficent Creator.

EMINENT YOUNG MEN.—NO. II.

STEWART ADAIR GODMAN.

BY CHARLTON H. WELLS, M. D.

Yours, Sincerely.
S. A. Godman

Emphatically is this, the nineteenth century, the age of intellectuality. Never before has mind exercised such direct, positive and appreciable influence as it now does; for never before, in the history of the world, has there existed such an amount of mental cultivation, of general education, of desire for moral improvement, as is now manifested throughout the entire extent of the civilized globe. Spiritual trains, as it were, are ready laid in every direction; and those minds endowed by the Creator with the fire of genius, that electrical energy which *will* find vent, enkindle those trains, and at once produce excitement, commotion, action, in the myriad magazines of thought to which they lead.

The days of brute force are amongst the things that were; engulfed by the irresistible, ever-advancing ocean of time, they are only remembered among the legends of the barbarous Past. Intellect rules the world—words are recognized as things—men are venerated in proportion to the amount of mind, soul and spirit they possess: in the ratio of the manifestation of their diviner essence—and not for those qualities, merely physical or adventitious, which make them of kin to the brutes that perish.

Nothing, therefore, is more eagerly sought after by the public, than biographical sketches and portraits of those favored children of nature who are recognized as the possessors of this inestimable inheritance—mind; this priceless treasure—genius. Consequently, we feel assured, that the following brief sketch of one of the most powerful and popular writers of the day, of one, who, descended from a line of talented and patriotic ancestors, has inherited their distinguishing characteristics—stern integrity of purpose, indomitable energy, untiring industry and brilliant genius in an eminent degree—and who, though yet in the first flush of manhood, has already achieved a name and earned a reputation, of which even the aged might be proud—will be gladly perused by the readers of GRAHAM.

Captain Samuel Godman, the paternal grandfather of Stewart A. Godman, was born and educated in Virginia; he was the son of a planter who was by marriage the uncle of Thomas Jefferson. He married, soon after he had attained his majority, and removed to the city of Baltimore, Maryland, where he engaged extensively in the shipping and tobacco business; at that time the heaviest and most lucrative traffic of the place. Here he remained several years, and having accumulated quite a handsome fortune, he removed to the city of Annapolis, where he resided until his death, in 1795. At the breaking out of the Revolutionary struggle, Captain Godman, promptly and with characteristic energy espoused the cause of liberty, and with the assistance of his two brothers, at once raised a company of which he was unanimously elected captain, and tendered their services to his suffering country. This company was gladly accepted, and formed a part of the well-known regiment of the “Maryland Line,” which upheld the honor of the struggling colonies and covered itself with so much glory throughout our ever memorable contest for Independence. During the whole war was Captain Godman true to his responsibility, sharing in every battle in which his regiment took part, and making a liberal use of

his private means in supplying the necessities of his command. At the memorable battle of the Cowpens, in Spartanburg district, South Carolina, he was severely wounded, by a musket ball, in the leg, which disabled him for awhile; but he soon, even before the wound had healed, resumed his post at the head of his company, and continued with them until peace was declared, the end had been accomplished and his beloved land was free.

John D. Godman, M. D., the father of Stewart, was born at Annapolis in 1796. Before he was two years of age he had the misfortune to lose both of his parents, and was subsequently defrauded by his father's executor of his inheritance; thus was he thrown, at an early age, entirely upon his own resources. He also, while yet a boy, served his country: being on board the flotilla during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British, in the war of 1812. At the close of the war he commenced the study of medicine. As a student, he was diligent, energetic and persevering, and as an evidence of his proficiency and distinguished attainments, he was called to the chair of Anatomy in the University of Maryland (vacated by an accident to the Professor.) and for several weeks before he graduated, filled this situation with so much propriety as to gain universal applause. After his graduation, he entered upon the active duties of his profession with the same energy and diligence which had distinguished him while a pupil. He filled the chair of Anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio, and subsequently, in 1826, was called to the same chair in Rutger's Medical College in the city of New York. In these situations he acquired a popularity almost unparalleled. But his professional duties, together with his other scientific pursuits, proved too arduous, in that climate, for a constitution already subdued by labor and broken by disease, and he was compelled to seek a more genial clime. From this time his disease steadily progressed, so as to leave no hope for his final recovery, but he still continued to labor in the field of Science and Literature almost to the last week of his life. He died in the thirty-fourth year of his age. The following merited tribute to the memory of Dr. Godman, we take from an address delivered on that occasion before the Medical Faculty and Students of Columbian College.

"There has recently appeared among us a man so remarkable for the character of his mind, and the qualities of his heart—one whose life, though short, was attended with such brilliant displays of genius, with such distinguished success in the study of our profession and the kindred sciences, that to pass him by without tracing the history of his career, and placing before you the prominent traits of his character, as exhibited in the important events of his life, would alike be on act of injustice to the memory of eminent worth, and deprive you of one of the noblest examples of the age." To specify the numerous and admired productions of Dr. Godman would occupy too much of our limited space, but they have been before the public for a considerable time, and have been received with high approbation, and several have been republished in foreign countries.

The mother of S. A. Godman was the second daughter of Rembrant Peale, Esq.,

the celebrated artist—who, still living, is the oldest and the best painter of whom America can boast—his splendid allegorical painting of "The Court of Death," and his admirable likeness of Washington, painted from an original portrait taken by him of the Father of his Country, which hangs over the Vice-President's seat in the United States' Senate Chamber—are familiar to thousands of your readers. Mrs. Godman is a remarkable woman—possessing all the amiable traits that most adorn the gentler sex, combined with an amount of energy and decision of mind seldom to be met with—both developed and improved by a thorough course of education in a celebrated seminary abroad.

Dr. Godman left three children, then too young to appreciate the full extent of their loss—one, a daughter, now married to Dr. W. W. Goldsmith, of Kentucky, is a most gifted and lovely lady; the others were boys, the elder of whom is the subject of the present sketch—the other, Harry R. Godman, M. D., is already known to the reading public, and by the purity and depth of feeling, expressed with so much ease and beauty in his writings, is winning for himself, surely and deservedly, a reputation as one of the best of the younger poets of our country.

Stewart A. Godman was born in Cincinnati, Sept. 8th, 1822, a few weeks before his father resigned his professorship in the Medical College of Ohio; and at the early age of six weeks he commenced his wanderings—being carried by his parents to the city of Baltimore.

It appears to be a provision of nature, and it is doubtless a wise one, that, no matter what may be the surrounding circumstances, every man destined to produce an impression upon his fellows, and to leave his "footprints on the sands of time," must, in his earlier years, encounter a series of changes and difficulties, preparing him, as it were perforce, for the position he is to occupy. The inborn, inherent energy that is in them, produces a restlessness and a desire for something, they know not what, that keeps them ever shifting from purpose and pursuit, until at last they find the field and make the opening in which they are fitted to shine. This want of stability, as it seems, and dislike to plod along contentedly in whatever road circumstances have placed them, subjects them oftentimes to the charge of fickleness, and it is only when they have found their natural sphere—and true genius ever will force a path to its legitimate position—is it admitted by lookers-on that it was the resistless cravings of the governing, controlling spirit eagerly seeking its own, that actuated them—instead of fickleness.

This fate was not escaped by young Godman, for, although still comparatively a young man, he has experienced vicissitudes, changes and trials—mental, physical and pecuniary—greater than most persons have to encounter who live to the allotted age of three score years and ten. Naturally of an energetic and bold disposition, averse to restraint, and deprived at the early age of eight years, by death, of his father—a loss in any case so great, but in his, with such a parent, how irreparable—his life has been checkered by the changing phases that ever accompany the life-struggle of each man who strives to attain an eminent position by paths novel and

self-suggested. Blessed in an unusual degree with friends, able, willing, indeed anxious, to assist him, he would have had only to follow either of the many openings and advantages that were freely tendered, to have attained certain wealth and station at an early age. The natural independence of his character, however, combined with his strong innate feeling of self-reliance, caused him to undervalue and neglect the many easy roads to success, that by the influence of his father's numerous friends and admirers were offered—and to prefer the more hazardous and difficult plan of carving out his own road, of being the architect of his own fortune.

His primary education was most thorough; for quick, keen, inquiring and industrious, and having the very best instructors, he made rapid progress in every branch. At a very early age, when the brilliancy of his mind and the promise he gave of doing credit to his preceptors were already apparent, anxious to mingle in the real bustle and business of life, he determined to leave school. At this time he was at the Baltimore College, then under the charge of that finished scholar and accomplished gentleman, John Prentiss, Esq., and despite the persuasions of his friends and teachers he persisted in his determination. Removing then from Baltimore to Philadelphia, he entered the large establishment of that well-known merchant, David S. Brown, Esq., where he remained for three years, and earned a reputation for business tact and ability such as is seldom awarded a youth of his years. Not finding in the details of commerce that mental satisfaction he sought, and unheeding altogether the unusually advantageous prospects before him, much against the advice of Mr. Brown, he resolved to try the profession of medicine. Returning to Baltimore, to which place he was invited by Dr. R. S. Stewart (after whom he was named) then one of the largest practitioners in the Monumental City, but now retired with an ample fortune—he attended one course of lectures at the University of Maryland. Here he stood first among his classmates—but disgusted with the details of hospital practice, at the end of the first winter he found that medicine was not the path he wished to pursue.

His uncle, Thomas Jefferson Godman, residing in Madison, Indiana, was anxious to have young Godman study law, and at his earnest solicitation he went to Madison, and entered as a student the office of the Hon. Jesse D. Bright, now United States Senator. Law, however, was not more congenial to his spirit than medicine; and after three months hard study, he threw aside Blackstone, Chitty, and their compeers, and applied for admittance into the United States Navy, as a midshipman. Although, at the time of his application, which was made directly to the President, there was a very large number of applicants on record for warrants, young Godman received his at once—"in consideration," as was written in the letter containing the warrant, "of the distinguished services of his grandfather during the Revolution," and for which neither pension nor remuneration had ever been asked. Only about eighteen months did Godman remain in the navy; at first the glitter, pomp, and excitement of the service pleased, but he soon found that it was no place to rise—for time, not merit, graduated promotion—so quitting the navy, he entered the merchant service, and after making a couple of short voyages, he returned home.

His friends, fearful that he would never settle down to regular business, opposed his again going to sea, and persuaded him to re-enter the mercantile business. He then determined to go to Charleston, where, through the influence of a distinguished friend of his father, Dr. E. Geddings, he at once obtained a situation in one of the largest stores in the city. He remained there some eight months, when his independent spirit having been wounded, in consequence of some misunderstanding with his employer, about a leave of absence during the holydays, he relinquished his situation, and again went to sea, as mate of a merchantman. A wanderer, did he thus continue, until almost twenty-one, when an accident, seemingly the most trivial, changed the entire course of his life.

He had just returned to Charleston from a voyage, and had fully determined, having made all his arrangements, to go to China and settle among the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, when the suggestion of a casual acquaintance caused him to reflect seriously upon the manner in which he was squandering his life and talents; and he at once determined to go into the country for a couple of years, and in the quiet of rural life, to settle his mind, and chalk out a course for the future. Acting upon this resolution, he went to Abbeville District, South Carolina, where, as money was not his object, further than as a means of subsistence for the present, he took a situation in a country store. Whilst here, he became acquainted with and attached to Miss A. R. Gillam, to whom, before he was twenty-two, he was united in marriage. This event necessarily brought about a change in his plans, and induced him to remain in the up-country of South Carolina. His wife died about two years after their union. In 1848 he married Miss M. E. Watts, of Laurens District. A short time previous to this marriage, Godman bought the Laurensville Herald—a small country paper, having only three hundred and fifty subscribers. To this he devoted all his energies, and after having made for it an enviable reputation, he sold it at the expiration of a little more than two years with a subscription list of nearly two thousand. Seeing the necessity that existed for a Southern Literary Newspaper of high standing, he last fall determined to establish such a journal; and the great success and universal popularity of the paper which he is now publishing, “The Illustrated Family Friend,” clearly attests the tact, talent, energy and business qualifications of its editor.

Inheriting the brilliant parts of his father, from his temperament necessarily a hard student and deep thinker, with all the advantages that an extensive and thorough knowledge of the world, which a keen, inquiring, analytical mind must acquire, from close communion with mankind under almost every phase of life—the unexampled success and universal popularity that has been obtained by Godman, as a writer, are not astonishing, though they are remarkable. Philosophic imagination, vividness of conception, energy, and a conscientious endeavor to make all that he does tend to some practical and useful purpose, are his distinguishing mental traits. Although he writes rapidly, his style is easy, graceful, natural, whilst at the same time, it is always bold, vigorous, original, and worthy of all commendation for its elevated moral tone. Should his life be spared, we are certain that he will win for

himself a reputation second to no author of whom America can boast; for already, since the demise of the lamented Cooper, he has attained the enviable distinction of being one of the best, if not the best writer of Nautical Romances now living.

Socially, Stewart A. Godman enjoys an unusual degree of personal popularity, and is respected and esteemed by all who know him; in his deportment he is affable and polite to all; in conversation fluent, though unstudied. With a mind stocked with a vast fund of anecdote, and a vivid imagination to point the varied scenes through which he has passed, he is always listened to with interest, while at the same time he imparts knowledge to his friends, who esteem it a privilege to cluster around him in his moments of leisure.

FANNY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Through the broad rolling prairie I'll merrily ride,
Though father may frown, and though mother may chide;
To the green leafy island, the largest of three,
That sleep in the midst of that silent green sea—
For there my dear Fanny, my gentle young Fanny,
My own darling Fanny is waiting for me.

Ho! Selim—push on! The green isle's still afar,
And morning's pale light dims the morning's large star;
Before the sun rises she'll watch there for me,
Her eyes like twin planets that gaze on the sea.
My young, black-eyed Fanny, my winsome, sweet Fanny,
My own darling Fanny, that waiteth for me.

Come, Selim! come, sluggard! speed swifter than this,
There are ripe, rosy lips that I'm dying to kiss;
And a dear little bosom will bound with delight,
When the star on thy forehead first glitters in sight.
My glad little Fanny! my arch, merry Fanny,
My graceful, fair Fanny, no star is so bright.

Then her soft, snowy arms round me fondly will twine,
And her warm, dewy lips will be pressed close to mine;
And her full, rosy bosom with rapture will beat,
When again, and no more to be parted, we meet.
My lovely young Fanny, my own darling Fanny,
My dear, modest Fanny, no flower is so sweet.

So father may grumble, and mother may cry,
And sister may scold—I know very well why;
'Tis that beauty and virtue are all Fanny's store,
That while we are rich, she, alas! is quite poor.
My winsome young Fanny, my true, faithful Fanny,
My own darling Fanny, I'll love you the more.

Ho! Selim! fleet Selim! bound fast o’er the plain,
The morning advances, the stars swiftly wane;
I see in the distance the green leafy isle,
Between us and it stretches many a mile,
Where my fond, faithful Fanny, my own darling Fanny,
Shall welcome us both with a tear and a smile.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DANDYISM.

BY THOMPSON WESTCOTT.

WHAT DANDIES DO.

Fops differ from scare-crows in this particular—the latter guard the young blades of green things by the appearance of their apparel alone; but dandies are themselves young blades and green things, and are not stationary effigies, but moving frights. They are not stuffed figures which stand still, but empty semblances which perigrinate. They are defective verbs, which “do” and “suffer,” it is true, but are only used in certain moods and tenses: *to wit*, the indicative mood, and imperfect tense—indicating that such things are, and are not worth much. This etymological

fact establishes that dandies do something, and having settled into that conviction, it becomes necessary to inquire with great gravity, what do they do?

It will not require an overwhelming quantum of credulity to lead the reader to a belief that nothing of much importance has ever been done by an exquisite. He neither adds to the character or the utility of society. He aids not in commerce or manufactures—except, perhaps, as a buyer of coats and kid gloves—being, as to those things, a consumer, whether profitably so or not to the artist in cloth and professor of gloving, a narrow inspection of their ledgers will only answer satisfactorily. He is not what political economists call a producer, unless the labor he bestows upon cultivating his moustache, may entitle him to a place among the "sons of toil." He adds nothing to the general wealth; although he extravagantly expends the money which he borrowed from a rich friend, or that which his kind grandfather, the tavern-keeper, bequeathed him when he left off selling common brandy, and went to "a world of pure spirits." Except to "point a moral, or adorn a tale," the fop is therefore not useful. He is, like vice,

> ——A monster of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen;

but we trust that the further remarks of the poet, in regard to familiarity of face, will not apply to the dandy, though many of that tribe who saunter along Chestnut street have faces extremely familiar. If a herd of bucks were interrogated as to their own opinions of their positions in society, it is probable that they would assign themselves to the ornamental department. But on that subject a very lively debate might be held, and if it were at length decided that they were decorations to the "solidarity of the peoples," their relative situation would be like gold leaf on gingerbread; extremely gaudy, to be sure, but very unwholesome to swallow. They are ugly ornaments, like odd figures upon Indian temples, serving no purpose but to mislead the veneration of those who ignorantly worship at the shrine. They are like copper rings in Choctaw noses, ungraceful extras upon the face of nature, and of no intrinsic value. There can only be one point of view in which a buck may be looked at in a useful light, and that is as an object to be laughed at.

In a late number of GRAHAM we devoted some space to an elucidation of the question, "How are dandies made?" and having said sufficient upon that topic, we pass to a notice of their doings. A prompt and significant period might be put to these lucubrations, by the averment that dandies do "an infinite deal of nothing," but that would not be literally true, for although their actions are of no public importance, still those who write their biographies will be compelled to admit that they do something. Ease is but a word which signifies a comparative release from labor; idleness is but the definition of a state of unprofitable action. Those who have nothing to do cannot exist without doing something; and he who has much time on his hands is compelled to employ it in some pursuit to escape from the horror of positive *ennui*. Therefore, even dandies, those cob-webs of society, catch flies when

the unwary insects come into the meshes of their webs, and at times put themselves to great inconvenience and fatigue, whilst enjoying the felicity of their *otium cum dignitate*.

But how does the exquisite spend his hours? It may be safely asserted that midnight very often passes before he seeks his bed, after the fatigues of the day and night—and that the sun has mounted high in the meridian before he awakes from slumbers which are not refreshing.

Then, as he endeavors to costume himself in the fifth story room of some fashionable boarding-house, he finds himself environed with difficulties. On a winter morning he will get out of his bed shivering, and find all his toilet arrangements deranged by frost. His water will probably be frozen in his pitcher, and scarcely disposed to yield to the endearing demonstration of his gold-headed cane. His landlady may wait upon him to assure him that his stockings and drawers, which were washed on the previous night, are frozen stiff, and that she has not had time to properly dry and iron them.

This will be sad news, indeed; for although your true dandy riots in coats and variety of apparel which the world can see, he is generally rather short in those articles which every one is presumed to have, but which are not visible to the public eye. Perhaps the freezing of the indispensables which the landlady brings him may put him to serious inconvenience. If so, it must be borne. That will not be the least of his troubles. The necessity of being particular about his whiskers, is by no means the greatest of the cares which annoy him. Hours are daily spent in the study of neck-cloths, the experimental philosophy of dress-coats, the spindleizing of thin legs, and the tightening of pantaloons. Those are home employments to which it is only necessary to allude. The real business of the day commences when the fop, about twelve o'clock, emerges for a walk on the south side of Chestnut street. Here he is noted for those particularities of dress which are his own glory, and "the badge of all his tribe." Perhaps he meets one of his associates, and arm-in-arm they mince their way along, talking of Miss So-and-so's party, or the "insufferable stupidity" of some who have not as many coats as themselves; simpering and twaddling, thus their movements may be varied by manœuvres which are indescribably odd. The unmeaning faces which have for some time been expressive of nothing but inanity, will suddenly become o'erspread with an appearance of semi-consciousness, as some dashing belle approaches. By a movement simultaneous and sudden, both exquisites will make a jerking bend of the body from the hips upward—their right hands will be raised to their hats; by the time the lady has passed them, and proceeded six feet in the opposite direction, their beavers will be lifted from their noddles at least twelve inches, held extended a moment, and by the time the belle is twenty feet off, returned to the craniums on which they rested, and the delighted couple pass onward, supposing they have made genteel bows. None but those who have seen a first-rate fop publicly salute a lady of his acquaintance, can have an idea of the ludicrous character of his movements, and the comical nature of the entire

manœuvre.

But the twain at length, tire of their promenade and adjourn to some fashionable drinking saloon for a “whiskey skin,” or a “brandy plain.” Still they must have amusement, and they accordingly determine to try their skill at billiards—a gentlemanly game, which will not fatigue their weak muscles or agitate their delicate nerves. The mysteries of this diversion, like the oddities of backgammon, are well calculated to puzzle the uninformed mind. It would, perhaps, be irreverent to compare it to marbles, that fascination of youth, yet it resembles it much, though sooth to say, it is not as readily understood by the unlearned.

Judging from appearances, billiards is a game in which the endeavor of the player is to cause certain ivory balls to hit other balls “back-handed licks.” With a thin rod of wood, the player is constantly going through strange gymnastics. Sometimes he endeavors to strike one spheroid against another. At other times he propels his ivory plaything in such a manner, that it does nothing but fly from side to side of a table enclosed by a padded rim, without producing any visible effect whatever. Occasionally the great object seems to be to push a ball against which mischief is evidently meditated, into a bag, or pocket, some of which are ambushed in the corners, and others in the center of the rim of the table. Then, again, the player does not seem to care a half-penny for this triumph, though within his power, but rather seeks to make one ball strike another, which flies off at a tangent, hits another, and then in backing out from the concussion, touches one of the balls already struck. Whilst all this is going on—an attendant is constantly meddling with a frame of rods above the table, on which are strung white and black wooden beads. Occasionally all the beads are moved one way, then some of them are shifted to the place from which they were removed. The spectator in vain endeavors to ascertain the nature of the game. All that he can tell about it is, that the players bend over the table with scientific calculation, and throw themselves into many strange attitudes whilst considering how much force is necessary to make one ball strike another, or to cause a series of shocks among all which are upon the table. When it is all over, and the cues are returned to the rack, Blessed Ignorance leaves the billiard-saloon, satisfied that somebody has won the game; but why, or how, it is impossible for him to determine, inasmuch as the whole business seems to be a very grave and solemn mystery.

In these ceremonies fops delight, and it is pleasant to hear them boast of their triumphs, in tones which should characterize important achievements.

The afternoon promenade in Chestnut street, upon fine afternoons—when belledom is abroad—is one of the principal occupations of the dandy. There he is preëminent for the instability of his legs, the absurdity of his over-coat, the glossiness of his hat, (the dandy *pure et simple*, does not affect the Kossuth slouch,) the surprising appearance of his shirt-collar, his cravat-tie *comme il faut*; his kid gloves—which just now are of a bright green color; his light cane, the head of which is an ivory facsimile in little of an opera-dancer’s leg—and his very noticeable

beard and moustache. Glorying in his appearance, conceiting himself to be admired by the numerous beautiful women he passes, he is supremely happy, and condescendingly deigns to stare at the most handsome of those whom he meets, with undisguised impudence.

In the evening he goes to a party—should he be lucky enough to be invited to one, by those who gave it, or by some *lady* who has been herself invited—there he appears in all the brilliancy of a little coat, tight trowsers, fancy vest, and cravat-tie. Perhaps he small-talks with the lovely Emma, or drawls out some observation about "the weathah," to Miss Mary. Perhaps he may even waltz in the modern style—which is certainly the most ridiculous and vulgar that has yet been taught in the schools.

Let the uninitiated reader imagine the right arm of the Exquisite placed very carefully round the waist of the delicate creature, so as to draw her closely to him—let it be supposed that he holds his left arm straight out from the shoulder, bending it at the elbow, and extending his hand above his head—think, that with that hand he grasps the taper engloved fingers of the fair one, which hold a closed fan—presume that the other arm of the dear creature rests lovingly on the right shoulder of the dandy, and her head also, if she feels dizzy—picture to the mind the exquisite on his tip-toes, afflicted also with a chronic bend at the knees, which defies straightening—suppose that his back is so curved that his head hangs over the face of his partner—in fact, imagine the figure which a mark of interrogation would cut in a waltz with a note of admiration, and you have a faint idea of the awkward appearance of a buck and belle, about to start off in the Redowa or Schottische.

But even if imagination can picture these things, it will be insufficient to realize fully, the latest style of waltzing, which bears but little resemblance to the same diversion of five years ago. The word *twiddle*, is about the only one which can convey a notion of the modern step; which is no more the measured "one," "two," "three" of the old waltz, but is rather a mincing trot, in which the dancers sometimes scud backward or forward for considerable distances, or occasionally spin round in dizzy circles, or gyrate in semicircles from right to left, and then from left to right, the body of the dandy all crooked and ungraceful as possible, and the fair one yielding herself a languishing victim to the direction of the fop, and resting in his arms with the most innocent abandonment.

If there should happen to be no party in the first circles in the evening—the history of which we are now writing—the Exquisite goes to the opera, if Maretzek happens to be in town. Here he uses his *lorgnette* with vigor, and gazes at all the ladies in the boxes. At times, he smites the kid-glove in his right hand against that upon his left, or shouts in a weak voice and at the wrong time "Bravo." Perchance he expatiates to his neighbor upon the *poetamentt della voce* of Bosio, or asserts that Salvi's head voice is failing.

But although he may do something here with his opera-glass, the great place for his triumphs with that instrument is at a Hayes or Lind concert at the “Musical Fund Hall.” It is one of the most confirmed tests of the merits of an exquisite, that his sight is not good. There are unfortunates who are not fops, to whom Heaven has been pleased to assign but a limited scope of vision—it therefore does not follow that every short-sighted person is a dandy, but *e converso*, as the lawyers say, every dandy is indubitably short-sighted. The malady has become epidemic within a few years, and an exquisite would not be admitted into society without this optical certificate of his worthiness. To prove his title he relies upon an eye-glass which hangs by a cord or chain from his button-hole, and whenever there is aught to be seen he inspects it with nose bestrid with these queer-looking aids to the eye. The failing has advanced gradually until confirmed myopia has become alarmingly prevalent, and the number and appearance of adventitious helps to the vision has so increased that the fashionable preparations for a concert or opera now-a-days are formidable. A quizzing-glass in times gone by was an offensive ostentation. It made no odds if the possessor was as blind as a brick wall without windows, he was sneered at, and liable to continual insult if he dared to endeavor to put himself upon an optical par with other people; but by degrees this prejudice was done away with, and as the rights of seeing advanced the necessity became apparent. Double-glasses for each eye succeeded the old quizzers—then the single-barrel diminutive spy-glass was brought forth with fear and trembling. It lived down opposition, and was succeeded by larger instruments of the same pattern. At length small double-

barreled opera-glasses, with handles, were seen in the first circles—they were permitted, and since that time *lorgnettes* have been growing bigger and bigger until they look like awful monsters, all eyes, which by unhappy fate have been linked together, Cyclopean Siamese twins.

But this is a visionary digression—we must go back to the dandies at fashionable concerts. Here he amuses himself by scanning the faces of the performers and persons near him. As soon as the intermission commences the fop rises, and distrusting his sight altogether, relies upon his *lorgnette* for a proper view of the lady who sat next to him during the first part of the performance. His fellow dandies imitate him, and the fair and confused object of short-sighted devotion is made the centre for the focus of fifty opera-glasses, raised without blushing by as many asses, who believe that they are acting quite genteelly.

Having got through with this ceremony, and having heard the Hayes entirely through the programme, the buck repairs to “Guys” or “Pelletiers,” and eats or drinks whatever his rich acquaintances request and pay for. After a time he returns to his room in the fifth story, goes to bed and snores until eleven next morning, when the servant enters to awaken him to another day of similar events.

STANZAS.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

Tell him I lingered alone on the shore,
Where we parted in sorrow to meet never more;
The night wind blew cold on my desolate heart,
But colder those wild words of doom “Ye must part!”

O’er the dark heaving waters I sent forth a cry,
Save the wail of those waters there came no reply.
I longed like a bird o’er the billows to flee
From my lone island home and the moan of the sea.

Away—far away—from the wild ocean shore,
Where the waves ever murmur, “No more, never more.”[1]
Where I dream ’tis his voice, and then wake but to hear
That lone song of the surges, so mournful and drear.

Yet tell him our own fairy isle of the sea
Is still dear in its desolate beauty to me,
Though a hollow wind sighs through the echoing bowers,
Where I wander alone through an Eden of flowers;

Though the wing of the tempest o’ershadows the wold,
Where the asphodel meadows once blossomed in gold,
And the silence and chill of the sepulchre sleep
On its dream-haunted woodlands that border the deep.

And say, though the night-wind blew cold, and the gloom
Of our parting was drear as the night of the tomb,
I know when all shadows are swept from the main,
Our own star o’er the waters shall tremble again.

When the clouds that now veil from us heaven’s fair light;
Their soft silver lining turn forth on the night;
When time shall the vapors of falsehood dispel,
He shall know if I loved him, but never how well.

Though we meet not again in our island of flowers;
Though the hollow winds sigh through its desolate bowers,
Every bud that the wing of the tempest has riven,
Shall blossom again in the islands of heaven.

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[1]

No more—no more—no more!
Such language bears the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore.
Lines to One in Paradise.

THE SIGH.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

We meet no more in silent bower,
No more in festive hall—
Nor when comes on the twilight hour,
And night dews 'gin to fall—
The stars in quiet beauty shine,
As once they shone on high,
When all thy radiant looks were mine,
Though only now *thy sigh*.

Another looks within thine eyes,
So angel-like serene,
He cannot tell how softly lies
My spirit-love between—
I envy not thy hand in his,
But when I pass thee by,
For me there is enough of bliss
May I but hear thee sigh.

SONNET.—THE STARS.

BY REV. S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

Bright lamps of the illimitable sky!
Hung by Jehovah's all-creating hand,
Amid the chambers of his temple high
Where ye have gazed with never-sleeping eye,
Upon this darkened orb, this far-off land,
While age succeeding age hath rolled away.
Ye saw fair Eden—the destroying flood—
The rise of empires, and their sad decay—
The deeds of heroes, and earth's fields of blood:
Ye have beheld the path old Time hath trod
Man's idol-worship—his neglect of God;
And, beaming as of old from heaven's high tower,
To all the world, at evening's hallowed hour,
Ye speak—how eloquent!—your Maker's love and power!

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AND ITS LESSONS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Each age, each race, inscribes itself, with more or less distinctness, on History's dial. Nineveh, almost faded from our traditions of the world's infancy, revisits us in her freshly exhumed sculptures and in the vivid narrations of Layard. The Egypt of Sesostris and the Pharaohs survives no less in her pyramids and obelisks than in the ever-enduring records of Moses and Manetho. Jerusalem, in her lonely humiliation, best typifies the Hebrew state and race. Ancient Rome lives for us in the Capitol and the Coliseum, as does her mediæval and sacerdotal offspring and namesake in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Royal and feudal France, the France of Richelieu and Louis le Grand, still lingers in the boundless magnificence and prodigality, the showy sieges and battle-pieces of Versailles. The England of the last three centuries confronts us in the Bank—not a very stately nor graceful edifice, it must be allowed; but very substantial and well furnished—the fit heart's core of a trading, money-getting people. So we Americans of the Nineteenth Century will be found in due time to have inscribed ourselves most legibly, though all unconsciously, on the earth's unfading records—how, or in what, time alone can tell. Perhaps a railroad over the Rocky Mountains, a telegraph across the Atlantic, a towering observatory wherein all the storms and calms at any moment prevailing within the earth's atmosphere shall be portrayed on a common dial-plate, and the storms which *shall* take place at any point during the next day or week, with their several directions and intensities—perhaps something very different from any of these. Essential History still insists on writing itself, and will not be controlled nor anticipated.

—THE CRYSTAL PALACE, with its contents and purposes, was the clearest expression yet given to the spirit and aspirations of our time—aspirations not wholly utterable nor even comprehensible as yet, but sufficiently so to demand and reward our deepest attention. That Palace was the first edifice ever built for and consecrated to the uses of Universal Industry. It was the first structure ever devoted to the advancement and diffusion of the Useful Arts throughout the world—the first in which, to the greatest extent consistent with individual selfishness, the arcana of skill and production were thrown open to all mankind, with an express invitation, "Come hither, and see how the most successful workers accomplish their ends, and learn to rival or excel them if you can." Herein was assembled the first general convention or council of Captains of Industry—the first practical Peace Congress ever held. Magnificent in conception and most triumphant in execution, this grand and fruitful enterprise deserves something more than the journalist's fleeting

paragraph. We cannot waste the time that we devote to its contemplation, even though I should succeed no farther than in drawing your attention to the subject, leaving it to be pondered unaided, unembarrassed, by my crude and hasty suggestions.

Who first proposed a grand Exposition of the Industry of all Nations at London, it were hardly worth while to inquire. The suggestion might have presented itself to any mind, and in fact probably *did* present itself simultaneously, or at least independently, to several. It was a natural sequence of the profound peace everywhere prevailing—of the all-pervading spirit of Enterprize generated by Commerce—of the rapid march of Discovery and Invention—of the steady growth and at length realized importance of the Useful Arts. Good ideas are rather abundant in our day—too plentiful to obtain much credit from a busy, practical, work-day generation. In this instance, however, the seed fell on good ground, and the result was an immense though not yet fully gathered harvest. Much credit is due to those who first gave the idea hospitality and nurture, until it expanded in the warm sunshine of Royal favor into the benignant reality whereto the nations were gathered. And perhaps the most influential among the early and steadfast friends of the World's Exhibition was Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, and one of the most constant and discriminating among the patrons and visitors of the great undertaking. In an age when princes are plainly falling into discredit and disuse, let us remember the good which this one powerfully aided to do, and not suffer our republican prejudices to blind us to the moral. Hereditary legislators and hereditary rulers are plainly absurd; but hereditary patrons and stimulators of inventive genius and industrial efficiency are not to be disparaged. Let them be remembered in the approaching day of kingly tribulation and aristocratic downfall. There are better uses for even the most obsolete and worthless than hanging them. Royalty and Nobility may be at ever so ruinous a discount, but Humanity is still at par. Kill the monarch, but save alive the man. His purple wrappages have cramped and concealed him; strip them off and burn them, but respect the glorious image of God which you have thereby unswathed and liberated.

Nor is it worth while to attempt adjusting the measure of credit due respectively to Paxton and to others, for the idea of the Crystal Palace and its consummation. A solid, rather heavy, North-of-England horticulturist, employed in overseeing the Duke of Devonshire's extensive gardens and conservatories, has a new tropical plant confided to his charge, which, by a perfect knowledge of his art and an unbounded command of means, he induces to vegetate and flourish in that high latitude—of course, in an artificially fervid soil and under shielding glass. Here it grows and aspires with unimagined rapidity to an unprecedented height, threatening to shiver its frail covering in its upward career. Necessity, mother of invention, pricks on the unideal gardener to enlarge, and still enlarge, his glass shelter, which this aspiring rival of Jack's Bean-Stalk threatens to put his head and arms through in quest of altitude and sunshine: so he elevates and expands his crystal encasement, until, little by little, step by step, a stately glass house has been erected; and this

becomes the model of the hitherto unsuggested Crystal Palace. The gardener had no premonition of this, no idea of anything beyond sheltering his delicate though gigantic plant, and saving its artificial Timbuctoo from destruction:

"He builded wiser than he knew."

But when plans and designs for the immense edifice required to hold the contributions of all nations to the grand Exposition were advertised for, he was prepared to compete for the proffered reward; and his plan, dictated to him by Nature herself, was found the best of all, adopted, and, with some necessary modifications of detail, carried into effect. The result was the Crystal Palace, the most capacious, convenient, economical, healthful, and admirable structure ever devised for any kindred purpose. Earth was ransacked for alluring marvels; Science racked its brains for brilliant combinations; Art exhausted its subtle alchemy in quest of dazzling effects; Labor poured out its sweat like rain to fill this grand receptacle with whatever is beautiful and winning: yet the Crystal Palace remained to the end the crowning triumph of all.

Within the last century, London has expanded rapidly and immensely, but especially toward the West, or up the Thames. Temple Bar, the western boundary of the city proper, (or ancient London,) is now considerably East, I think, of the center of the Great Metropolis; while the present residences of nearly all the nobility and gentry are built on grounds which were open country since the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. In the center of this magnificent "West end," between St. James's Palace and Kensington Gardens, though much nearer the latter, stretches HYDE PARK, one of the most spacious and pleasant expanses of sward and shade and water that eye ever feasted on. Boston Common would be somewhat like it, if it were ten times as large and twenty times as well watered as at present. Hyde Park is the favorite resort of the Aristocracy for equestrian and carriage exercise, and thoroughly justifies their choice. On the southern verge of this noble expanse, some three miles West of the Bank, Exchange, and London Bridge, the Crystal Palace was erected. It was not an imposing edifice. No stately gateway, no frowning turrets, no graceful spire, no lofty tower, marked the capacious structure from whose roof the flags of all nations rose and floated in perfect amity. Its slender ribs of iron, covered and hidden for some thirty feet from the earth by boards, like any house of wood, were thenceforth visible through the glass which formed the upper siding and roof, like a spider's web on the grass of a dewy morning. Slender iron columns or pillars, rising at intervals unperceived from beneath the floor, helped to sustain the weight of the slight yet ponderous roof, through which, though covered with canvass to modify the heat of the few sunny days vouchsafed to an English summer, as abundance of light, not only under the murkiest London skies, but even during the prevalence of the great July eclipse, was at all times received. So immense was the volume of atmosphere enclosed, or so perfect the arrangements for ventilation, that no sense of exhaustion or of breathing vitiated air was at any time experienced; for

the building was something more than a third of a mile in length from east to west, some three hundred feet wide, and rather more than a hundred feet from floor to roof, with eight or ten large doors for entrance and exit hardly ever closed during the day. On a volume of atmosphere thus extended, and constantly changing, the breathings of sixty thousand persons for hours could make no impression. In this vast bazaar, which a few months saw advance from its first conception to its perfect realization, and which yet was barely completed at the day appointed for opening the exhibition, the choice or characteristic products of all nations had already for some weeks been accumulating. Under the mere corner (though of itself covering more than an acre) devoted to machinery, mainly British, water-pipes and adaptations of steam-power had already been conducted, the steam itself being generated outside. An army of carpenters and other artisans had been some weeks at work on the fixtures and decorations of the several departments, so that, when the eagerly expected opening day at length arrived, although the whole visible area had an unmistakable aspect of haste and rawness—an odor born of green boards and fresh paint,—and although an infinity of carpenters' work still remained undone, especially in the galleries or upper story, yet the Exhibition was plainly there, and only needed time to perfect its huge proportions, and stand forth the acknowledged wonder of the world.

The first of May, 1851, was a happy day for London. Her skies had relaxed something of their habitual sullenness to usher in the pageant whereby the Sovereign of the Realm, surrounded by her chief councilors and grandees, was to inaugurate the first grand Exhibition of All Nations' Industry. The rain, which had dripped or pattered almost or quite daily for weeks, held up the evening before and promised not to return for this whole May-day—a promise which was only broken by a slight shower at noon, too late to mar the interest or pleasure of the festival. At an early morning hour, a strong current of human life set westward from the city proper toward Hyde Park, and long before the doors of the House of Glass were opened, they were surrounded by eager groups, though no admission was purchasable save at the cost of a season ticket—over fifteen dollars. Even thus, some thirty thousand enjoyed and swelled the in-door pageant; while perhaps ten times as many gazed from the parks and streets at the meagre procession out-doors which escorted the Queen from her palace of St. James to the airier, richer palace of the working millions, the hall of vastest prophecy. They arrived, a robed and jeweled procession of Princes and Embassadors—of noble Ladies and noble Workers—the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Paxton—the Master of the Buckhounds, Groom of the Stole, Gentleman Usher of Sword and State, Gold Stick in Waiting, Silver Stick in Waiting, and other such antediluvian absurdities—attended Her Majesty, along with the Foreign Commissioners, Architects of the edifice, her older children, and some other living verities, on her slow and measured progress from side to side and end to end of the mighty convocation. This strange mingling of the real with the shadowy, the apposite with the obsolete, gave additional piquancy and zest to the spectacle. Had the courtly symbols of an out-worn, out-grown feudal age

appeared by themselves, we might have taken them for some fanciful creation of a mind diseased by reading Froisart and Walter Scott, and watched to see them exhale like ghosts at cock-crowing; but here they are so mixed up and blended with undeniable entities; with the solid and practical Prince Albert; with our own portly and palpable Embassador; with that world-known Celestial who accompanies and illustrates the Chinese Junk, himself first of matter-of-fact conservatives—a walking, human Junk—that we cannot refuse to credit its total verity, in spite of the glaring anachronisms. Then there was a prosy though proper Address read by Prince Albert as head of the Royal Commission to his Royal consort as head of the kingdom, telling her how the Exhibition was first started, and how it had moved onward till now—rather superfluous it must be confessed, since they had doubtless talked the matter all over between them a dozen times when much more at their ease, and in a far more satisfactory manner; but Queens must endure and take part in some dreary absurdities as well as other people. This speech was through in time, and was very briefly and fittingly responded to. I trust the prayer which the Archbishop of Canterbury sent up in behalf of us all was as graciously received. There was some music, rather out of place and lost in the vastness of space to all but the few immediately under the Transept, and some other performances; but all in perfect order, in due and punctual season, without a betrayal of awkwardness or conscious incongruity. Between two and three o'clock the pageant was at an end,—the Royal cortege departed, and the Exhibition formally opened. Let me now try to give some general notion of its character, by glancing at the more obvious details, so far as I, at this distance of time and space, may be able to recall them.

There are doors on all sides, one or more devoted exclusively to the reception of articles for exhibition; one for Jurors in attendance on the Fair; others for the Police, the Royal visitors, &c.; while the main entrances for paying visitors are upon the south side, into the Transept. But we will enter one of the three or four doors at the east end, and find ourselves at once in the excessive space devoted to contributions from the United States, and which thence seems sparsely filled. Before us are large collections of Lake Superior Native Copper, as it was torn from the rock, in pieces from the size of a bean up to one slab of more than a ton, though still but a wart beside some masses which have been wrenched from the earth's bosom, cut into manageable pieces of two to three tons, and thus dispatched to the smelting furnace and a market. New Jersey Zinc, from the ore to the powder, the paint, the solid metal, is creditably represented; and there are specimens of Adirondack Iron and Steel from Northern New-York which attract and reward attention. Passing these and various cabinets or solitary specimens of the Minerals of Maryland and other States, we are confronted by abundant bales of Cotton, barrels of Wheat and of Flour, casks of Rice, &c.; while various clusters of ears of our yellow and white Indian Corn remind the English of one valued staple which our climate abundantly vouchsafes and theirs habitually denies. The "Bay State" Shawls of Lawrence, the Axes of Maine, the Flint Glass of Brooklyn, the Daguerreotypes of New-York and Philadelphia, (whose excellence was acknowledged from the first by nearly every

critic,) next salute us; and near them are the specimens of various Yankee Locks, and in their midst the invincible Hobbs, a small, young, shrewd, quiet-seeming Yankee, but evidently distinguished for penetration, who would have made fewer enemies in England had he proved a less potent master of his calling.

And now we are at the Grand Aisle, across which is the U. S. Commissioner's office, with that much ridiculed "pasteboard eagle" displayed along its front, and certainly looking as if its appetite would overtax any ordinary powers of digestion. In front of the office are Yankee Stoves, Safes, Light Wagons, and Carriages, Plows and other agricultural implements, including the since famous "Virginia Reaper," which was for months a butt of British journalistic waggery, having been described by one Reporter as "a cross between an Astley's chariot, a flying machine, and a treadmill." They spoke of it far more respectfully after it had been set to work, with memorable results; and it must in fairness be confessed that beauty is not its best point, and that while nothing is more effective in a grain-field, many things would be more comely in a drawing-room.

But let us return to the main aisle, and, starting at its eastern end, proceed westward.

A model Railroad Bridge of wood and iron fills a very large space at the outset, and is not deemed by British critics a brilliant specimen of Yankee invention. (One of them, however, at length candidly confessed that its capacity of endurance and of resistance must be very great, or the weight of ridicule heaped upon it must inevitably have broken it down long before.) Upon it is a handsome show of India Rubber fabrics by Goodyear; while beyond it, toward the west, in a chosen locality in the center of the isle, stands "the Greek Slave" of Powers, one of the sweetest and most popular achievements of the modern chisel, here constantly surrounded by a swarm of admirers; yet I think it not the best of Powers' works—I am half inclined to say not *among* his best. He has several stronger heads, possessing far more character, in his studio at Florence; and yet I am glad this statue was in the Exhibition, for it enabled the critics of the London press to say some really smart things about Greek and American slaves, and the Slave as a representative and masterpiece of American artistic achievement, which that heavy metropolis could not well have spared. Let us not grudge them a grin, even at our expense; for mirth promotes digestion, and the hit in this instance is certainly a fair one. "The Dying Indian," just beside the Slave, by a younger and less famous American artist, is a work of power and merit, though the delineation of agony and approaching death can hardly be rendered pleasing. Is it not remarkable that a chained and chattelized woman, and a wounded, dying Indian, should be the subjects chosen by American sculptors for their two works whereby we shall be most widely known in connection with this Exhibition?—But we cross the imaginary line which here separates the United States from the nations of Continental Europe, and look westward.

How magnificent the prospect! Far above is the sober sky of canvass-covered glass, through which the abundant light falls gently and mellowly. Spacious and

richly decorated galleries, some sixty feet apart, overhang all the ground floor but the grand aisle, and are themselves the depositories of many of the richest and most tempting fabrics and lighter wares exhibited. The aisle itself, farther than the eye can reach, is studded with works of art; statues in marble, in bronze, in plaster, in zinc; here a gigantic Amazon on horseback, there a raging lion, a classic group, or a pair of magnificent bronze vases enriched with exquisite representations of scenes from the master-singers of antiquity. Busts, Casts, Medallions, and smaller Bronzes abound; with elegant Clocks, Chandeliers, Cabinets, etc.; for each nation whose department we pass has arranged its most enticing products in front, so that they shall be seen from the grand aisle, putting its homelier though in some cases intrinsically more valuable productions in the back-ground. Russia's superb tables and slabs of richest Malachite stand just far enough out of the aisle within her allotted space to draw thither the wandering gazer, to view her imperial structures of gilded Porcelain, colored Glass and other barbaric marvels. Austria has brought hither and put in order a suite of rooms sumptuously furnished and ornamented according to her highest ideal of taste and luxury. France displays in the fore-ground her admirable Bronzes, Porcelain, Musical Instruments, etc.; and so Northern Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, and other European states, each "puts its best foot foremost," in a sense hardly metaphorical. Behind these dainty and rare fabrics are ranged others less difficult of achievement—costly Silks and Laces; then Woolens and Muslins; and behind these you often stumble on coils of Rope or Wire; bars of Steel or pigs of Iron; Saws, Files, and Hammers; Stoves, Grates, and Furnaces; Bedsteads, Chairs, and Lanterns—these, as you pass laterally from the dazzling glories of the centre aisle, between the well-filled sub-compartments devoted to fabrics of taste and adornment, will greet you before you reach the outer walls. For the Crystal Palace has its homelier aspects, like any other, and it but follows the general usage in keeping them as much in the back-ground as possible.

But we pass on down the Grand Aisle, to the Transept or cross, where both the height and width of the building are considerably increased, in order, it would seem, to save two stately and beautiful trees (elms), which here stand in opposition some two hundred feet apart. The Transept embraces and covers both, leaving each ample room to grow and flourish; while half-way between them, in the exact center of the Palace, a spacious and copious Fountain, wholly of glass, throws its sparkling torrent high into the air, whence it descends from crystal cup to cup, each considerably wider than that next above it, until it reaches the lowest and largest near the ground, thence gliding away unseen. There are few finer effects in the Exhibition than this of the Crystal Fountain, which utterly shames the Koh-i-Noor, or "Mountain of Light," said to be the largest diamond in the world, and computed worth several millions of dollars, which, obviously over-guarded against robbery, rests in its gilded cage beside the Fountain. No child, looking from one to the other, ever suspected, until told it, that the Diamond was deemed worth more than the Fountain. Here are displayed full-length portraits of Queen Victoria and her husband —the latter, once handsome, now gross-featured and rather heavy, but still a man of

fair appearance, good sense and varied information. The Queen, never beautiful, has sacrificed her youthful freshness to the cares of maternity and the exactions of late hours and luxurious living, so that at thirty-two she looks plain and old—not in this portrait, but in her living self. But uncommon energy, activity, shrewdness, with an earnest desire to please her people and promote their welfare, still remain to her, and have rendered her the most popular British Sovereign of the Guelphic family.

The Transept is the heart of the Exhibition, to which all currents converge, from which all expeditions, whether of criticism or discovery, take their departure. Here abound Marble Statues, gigantic Brazen Gates, and other works of Art; while around it are located the fabrics of Turkey and of China, of Australia, and of British America, which are as interesting and instructive in their rudeness and clumsiness as others in their grace and perfection. You could hardly realize without seeing them what wretched contrivances for Candlesticks, Culinary Utensils, Locks and Keys, etc., etc., are still slowly, toilsomely fabricated in Turkey, in Barbary, and in other half-civilized countries. A decent knowledge of the Useful Arts is yet confined to a few nations, and is imperfectly diffused even in these. And here, too, is sad Italy, not allowed to compete in her own name, but sending feeble and timid contributions, as "Sardinia," "Tuscany," "Rome," etc., nothing being allowed to come from Naples. The Roman States, in the heart of ancient Civilization, with Three Millions of People yet, fill half-a-page of the Catalogue, or about one-seventeenth of the space required by the more distant United States; while the beautiful Statuary of the School of Milan, including the Veiled Vestal, one of the most original and admirable works in the Exhibition, is set down to the credit of *Austria*! There is a debtor as well as creditor side to that Austro-Italian account, and settlement cannot be refused forever.

Great Britain and her Colonies engross the entire Western half of the Exhibition, and fill it creditably. In the Fine Arts, properly so called, she has probably less than a fourth of what is contributed; but in Iron and its multiform products she has far more than all the World beside. In Steam Engines and Force-Pumps, Looms and Anvils, Ores and Castings, Buttons, Steel-Pens, etc., all the rest combined could not compare with her. I doubt if the world ever before saw so complete and instructive a collection of Ores and Minerals as are here brought together, or that Geology was ever studied under auspices more favorable than this collection would afford. Nearly every metal known to man may here be seen, first as ore, and then in every stage up to that of perfect adaptation to our various human needs. So in the department of Machinery. I think no collection so varied and complete of Looms, Presses, Mills, Pumps, Engines, etc., etc., was ever before grouped under one roof.

The immense Manufacturing capacity and aptitude of Great Britain are here abundantly represented. From the unequaled Shawls of Cashmere to the fabrics woven of reeds or bark by Australian savages; from the Coal of Pictou to the Spices of Ceylon; almost every thing which mankind have agreed to value and consecrate as property, is collected in the western half of the Crystal Palace, under the folds of

the meteor flag, and displayed as specimens of the products of Queen Victoria's spacious Realm. Here Manchester unrolls her serviceable fabrics, and Birmingham displays her cheap and varied wares; here Sheffield, Glasgow, Belfast, and other centers of a vast manufacturing activity, solicit your attention to whatever is most showy or most substantial among their multiform productions. Gilded Fire-places of silver-shining steel, or snowy, speckless marble; vessels of Iron, of Clay, or of Tin; Robes and Couches, Cannon and Bibles, Grind-stones and Pianos, by turns arrest the gaze in a bewildering medley, which yet is not quite confusion; for most of the articles are roughly classified, and the vast area is divided into an infinity of apartments, or "courts," closed at the sides, which are covered with cards of their proper wares, as is often the end farthest from the center aisle, and sometimes a good part of the front also. Behind each court is an open passage-way, walled in by displays usually of homely wares and fabrics, mainly of iron, or brass, and behind these again are other courts, more open and irregular than the former, devoted to Castings, Metals, Ores, and the ruder forms of mineral wealth, occasionally giving place to the Refreshment Saloons wherewith the Palace is abundantly provided—to Committee Rooms, Jury Rooms, and other incidents of the Exhibition. And, thus environed, we move on, westward, until the grand Machinery Room absorbs henceforth the entire space to the north of us, the hum of its innumerable Wheels, Rotary Pumps, Looms, Spinning-Jennies, Flax-Dressers, Printing-Presses, etc., etc., at all times audible from the distant center of the Palace, in spite of well-directed efforts to drown it. At last we reach the western doorway, half-obstructed by gigantic Bells and other bulky Manufactures, beyond which is the naked Park, or would be but for the still huger blocks of Coal, Stone, etc., for which no place could be made within the building—and our journey is at an end.

But no—we have not yet mounted to the upper story, whither four broad and spacious stairways in different parts of the building invite us. Here is a new immensity of Silks and Scarfs, of Millinery and costly Furniture, including illustrations of the Spaniard's ideal of sumptuous magnificence: here Belgium has tried her hand at bronzes with indifferent, and at castings with considerable success: here the finest achievements in Paper-Hanging and Window-Shading adorn the walls for hundreds of feet, some of the spacious curtains scarcely inferior in effect to any but the very best paintings; while the thousand costly trifles born of Parisian art and elegance vie with London's less graceful but more massive creations in filling the vast amphitheatre with wealth beyond the wildest dreams of a Sindbad or Alladin. Such Pyramids of Jewelry and Plate were never before collected under one roof. Clusters of Pearls and Diamonds, each a generous fortune, are here lost in the ocean of magnificence; a single firm has One Million Dollars' worth within a moderate compass; while the displays of rivals in pandering to luxury and ostentation stretch on either hand as far as the vision can reach. The industry and practical genius of Britain are evinced in the Machinery and serviceable Fabrics below, but her unequalled riches and aristocratic pomp are more vividly depicted here.

But the eyes ache, the brain reels, with this never-ending succession of the sumptuous and the gorgeous; one glimpse of sterile heath, bare sand, or beetling crag, would be a sensible relief. Wearily we turn away from this maze of sensual delights, of costly luxuries, and listlessly wander to that part of the gallery nearest the Transept, with its towering Elms, its Crystal Fountain, its gigantic Brazen Gates, its Statues, its Royal Portraits, and Caged Diamond; but these we do not care to look upon again. MAN is nobler than the works of his hands; let us pause and observe. Hark! the clock strikes ten; the gates are opened; the crowds which had collected before them begin to move. No tickets are used; no change given; it is a "shilling day," and whoever approaches any of the gates which open to the general public must have his shilling in hand, so as to pay without stopping the procession as he passes in. In twenty minutes our scattered, straggling band of Jurors, Exhibitors, Policemen and servitors will have been swelled by at least ten thousand gazers; within the hour fifteen thousand more have added themselves to the number; by one o'clock the visitors have increased to fifty thousand: every corner and nook swarm with them; even the alleys and other standing room in the gallery are in good part blocked with them; but the wave-like, endless procession which before and below us sweeps up and down the Central Aisle is the grand spectacle of all. From our elevated and central position almost the entire length of this magnificent promenade is visible, from the pasteboard eagle of America on the east to the massive bells and other heavy British products which mark the western door, though the view is somewhat broken by a few towering trophies of artistic skill, to which places have been assigned at intervals in the middle of the aisle, leaving a broad passage-way on either side. Far as the eye can reach, a sea of human heads is presented, denser toward the center just before us, but with scarcely an interruption any where. The individuals which make up this marching array are moving in opposite directions, or turning off to the right or to the left, and so lost to our view in "Austria," "Russia," "Switzerland," or "France;" but the river flows on unchecked, undiminished, though the particular drops we gazed on a minute ago have passed from our view for ever. Still, mainly from the South, a steady stream of new comers, fifty to a hundred per minute, is pouring in to join the eager throng, but scarcely suffice to swell it. The machinery-room, the galleries, the side-passages, the refreshment saloons, absorb as fast as the in-flowing current can supply; until, about three o'clock, the tide turns, and the departures thence exceed the arrivals. At length the hour of six strikes, and the edifice is quietly, noiselessly vacated and closed.

But this vast tide of life, which ebbs and flows beneath our gaze as we stand in the gallery, near as we may to the Crystal Fount, is not a mere aggregation of human beings. London, herself a mimic world, has sent hither not merely her thousands but her tens. Among that moving mass you may recognize her ablest and her wisest denizens—her De la Beche, her Murchison, her Brewster, and others honorably distinguished in the arduous paths of Science. Here, too, are her Cobden, her Sturge, her Russell, and others eminent in council and in legislative halls. Of the Peers who make her their winter residence, the names of Canning, Granville, Wharncliffe,

Argyle, De Mauley and others are honorably connected with the Exhibition, to which they give their time as Jurors; and they are among its almost daily visitors, mainly distinguished by their quiet bearing and simple, unpretending manners. And there, too, may be often seen the age-enfeebled frame of her veteran Wellington, the victor in so many hard-fought fields and the final vanquisher of the greatest of modern warriors. Though his eye is dim and his step no longer firm, the conqueror of Hindostan, the liberator of the Peninsula, the victor of Waterloo, still emphatically "the Duke," is among the most absorbed and constant visitors of the great Exhibition, carefully scanning the more interesting objects in detail, and gazing by the hour on achievements so different from those of Assays, Salamanca and the Chateau of Hougomont. Do those dull ears, though deafened by twenty years' familiarity with the roar of artillery, catch some prophetic premonition of the New Age dawning upon mankind, wherein Carnage and Devastation shall no more secure the world's proudest honors, while Invention and Production sink into unmarked graves? Sees that dim eye, rekindled for a moment by the neighborhood of death, the approach of that glorious era wherein Man the creator and beautifier shall be honored and feted and Man the destroyer discrowned? His furrowed brow, his sunken eye, return no answer to our eager question, as he slowly, thoughtfully plods on.

But not London, not England, alone: the Civilized World is here strongly represented. America and Russia, France and Austria, Belgium and Spain, have here their Commissioners, their Notables, their *savans*, earnestly studying the Palace and its contents, eager to carry away something which shall be valued and useful at home. A Yankee Manufacturer passes rapidly through the Machinery-room until his eye rests on a novel combination for weaving certain fabrics, when, after watching it intently for a few minutes, he claps his hands and exclaims in unconscious, irrepressible enthusiasm, "That will pay my expenses for the trip!" On every side sharp eyes are watching, busy brains are treasuring, practical fingers are testing and comparing. Here are shrewd men from the ends of the earth: can it be that they will go home no wiser than they came? Many are here officially, and under pay from their respective governments; some of them sent out of compliment to Her Majesty, who specially invited the coöperation of their masters; but there are skillful artificers, and mechanics also, from Paris, from Brussels, and from far Turin, sent here by subscription expressly that they may study, profit by and diffuse the Arts here exhibited in perfection. About the pleasantest fellow *I* met in London was a Turkish official, military by profession, born a Frenchman, but naturalized at Stamboul, who spoke good English and seemed to understand the world very fairly, though (I judge) rather less a Saint than a Philosopher. The noblest and truest man I encountered in Europe was a Belgian Manufacturer and Juror; and though there were doubtless many unworthy persons attracted to London by the novel spectacle, I doubt whether any General Council of the Christian Church has ever convened an assemblage on the whole superior, morally and intellectually, to that summoned to London by the great Exhibition.

So much for the Crystal Palace and its Contents. And now of its Lessons.

I rank first among these that of the practicability and ultimate certainty of Universal Peace. There have been several amateur Peace Congresses after a fashion; but I esteem this the first satisfactory working model of a Peace Congress. The men of the Sword and their champions tell us that Nations *will not* submit their conflicting claims and jarring interests to the chances of Arbitration; but here they *did* it, and with the most satisfactory results. Individual heart-burnings there must ever be; cases of injustice, neglect of merit, and partiality; there probably were; but as a whole, the award of Prizes at the Fair was discriminating and satisfactory. If the representatives of rival nations there assembled had set to fighting for the honor and credit of their several countries; hired all the bravoes and marketable ruffians they could find to help them; run in debt for more than they were worth; and finally burned up the Glass Palace with all its contents in the heat of the fray—who imagines that the result would have been more conclusive and satisfactory than it now is? Yet the contrast between the settlement of National differences by War and by Arbitration is as favorable to the latter mode as in the parallel case of rival pretensions to superiority in Art and Industry.

But while I hold that Arbitration is the true mode of settling National differences, and War at all times a blunder and a crime on the part of those who wage it, refusing to arbitrate, I do *not* therefore hold that those who seek only justice should disarm and proclaim their unqualified adhesion to the doctrines of Non-Resistance, and thus invite the despot, the military adventurer, the pirate, to overrun and ravage at their will. I do not believe that peace and justice are in this way attainable, but by quite a different, an almost opposite course. Let the lovers of Freedom and Right repudiate all standing armies, all military conquests, under any conceivable circumstances—all aggressive interference in the domestic concerns of other nations; but let each People be essentially prepared to resist tyranny at home and repel invasion from abroad, each with its own chosen weapons when others shall have proved ineffective. Let the just and pacific take up a position which says to the restless and rapacious, “Be quiet, and do not put us to the disagreeable necessity of quieting you, which you see we are perfectly able to do,”—then and thus we may hope for peace; but not while the “old man,” absolutely relies on driving off the “rude boys” who are “stealing his apples,” with “words and grass” only.

Akin to this is my view of the question of regulated or unrestricted Trade between Nations, which worthily holds so prominent a place in the popular discussions of our time. That men should buy and sell precisely as their several interests (real or fancied) shall dictate, without interference therewith or tax thereon by Governments,—this is a very natural and popular demand, which clearly harmonizes with a prevailing tendency of our time, whereof the deification of the individual will and pleasure is the end. But, standing amidst this labyrinth of British machinery, this wilderness of European fabrics, I cannot but ask,—How, with

totally unregulated trade, is the all but resistless tendency of Manufactures and Commerce to Centralization to be resisted? How, for instance, shall we rationally hope for the rapid, extensive naturalization of new Arts, the establishment of new and difficult branches of Manufacture, requiring large capital, practiced skill and ample markets to ensure their success, in any quarter of the globe but Europe, while that continent remains the focus of the world's commercial activity and thrift? Suppose, for example, an American should be able to produce the richest and most tasteful fabrics of the French or Flemish looms as cheaply as, or even *more* cheaply than, his European rivals,—what are his chances for success in the manufacture? Are there ships departing from *our* seaports daily to every inhabited portion of the earth, laden with the assorted cargoes of ordered and anxiously expected *American* fabrics? Have we great mercantile houses engaged in buying up such American fabrics for exportation? Nay, do our own Countrywomen stand ready to buy his Bareges or Laces at the prices which they are daily and freely paying for just such goods from Europe? Suppose he *could* fabricate a hundred thousand pieces per annum at the lowest possible price for which they can be made in Europe, could he sell them as fast as produced? No, he could not; he does not. The producers in immediate proximity to, in intimate relations with, the "merchant princes" of Europe, who are the life-long factors of the traders of India, of Australia, of Asia Minor, Africa and Russia, have an immense advantage over any rivals located on the Western Continent, or at any similar distance from the commercial centers of Western Europe. The rule that "To him who hath shall be given, while from him who hath not shall be taken away even that he hath," is perpetually and powerfully operative to concentrate the Manufactures and Trade of the world upon London, Paris, and their out-of-town workshops, which, for all commercial purposes, are a part of themselves. This Centralization, unchecked, tends to depopulate and barbarize the rest of the earth to build up a bloated and factitious prosperity in Western Europe—a prosperity whereof the Laboring Millions are instruments, not sharers—a prosperity whereof a few immense fortunes, amassed at the cost of the world's impoverishment, are the sole enduring trophies. The system which in the name of Free Trade is calculated to secure a monopoly of Production and Commerce in all but the ruder Arts and Manufactures to Great Britain, France and Germany, tends to tax the food-grower and the artisan half the value of their respective products for the cost of transporting them to and exchanging them with each other, and so keep them in perpetual vassalage and debt to the "merchant princes," instead of rendering them neighbors and direct exchangers, and thus saving the heavy cost of reaching each other across an ocean and a continent. These convictions are not new to me, but they were strengthened by weeks of earnest observation in the Crystal Palace. More and more was I there convinced that Price is not an infallible measure of Cost, and that a foreign fabric is not proved cheaper than a home-made one because it is purchased in preference, nor even because it is sold at a lower price. If the whole Earth is ever to be truly Civilized, it must be by the diffusion of the Useful Arts and their Machinery rather than of their finished

products. If Universal Labor is ever to be constantly employed and fairly rewarded, it must be through a more direct and intimate relation of laborer with laborer; not through the system of complexity, aggregation and needless expense wherein the grain-grower of Illinois hires, through half a dozen intermediates, his Iron made in Wales, and sends his grain thither to pay for the work, instead of having it done at the ore-bed in his township, with the coal which underlies the whole County. I know how strong is the current against this view of Labor's true interest, but the world will refuse to be ruled by names and plausibilities for ever.

But the Crystal Palace has other lessons for us than those of Political Economy —it has Social suggestions as well. Here are Hollow Brick, destined, I think, to supersede nearly all others, saving half the expense of solid brick for material and transportation; being far more quickly and cheaply burned; far more easily handled and laid; rendering houses entirely free from dampness, less susceptible to Summer's heat and Winter's cold, while proffering new facilities for warming, ventilation, &c. The invention and diffusion of this Brick alone seem to me worth to mankind the cost of the Exhibition. Here, too, is Claussen, with his Flax discoveries and processes, whereby the entire fiber of the plant is separated from the woody matter of the stalk and rendered as soft, fine, white and tractable as the choicest Sea-Island Cotton, which it greatly resembles; while, by a little change in the mode of preparing it, it is made closely to imitate Linen, Cotton or Woolen, and to blend freely in the same web with either. The worth of this discovery to mankind can hardly be over-estimated. Here, too, is his Circular Loom, steadily weaving bags without a seam, and capable of infinite varieties of practical application. Here is McCormick, with his masterly Reaper, cutting as clean as Death's scythe, and almost as rapidly; so that the field of waving grain, which the eye could scarcely measure in the morning, has been transformed by it into a field of naked stubble before evening. Here is Ericsson, with his new Caloric Engine, threatening to reduce steam to its primary insignificance—as, indeed, hundreds have *threatened* before, but as yet none have quite accomplished. Let us hope that some of the present noble strivers will be more successful; for, indeed, steam, though it has done the world good service, is a most expensive ally; the great bulk and weight of fuel and water it requires to have carried along with it have rendered it thus far entirely useless for locomotive purposes except on a liquid or metallic track: while the frequent stoppages it exacts, the nicety of management it demands, and the serious disasters its use involves, unite to proclaim that a blessed day in which mankind shall be able to dispense with it. Whether Ericsson, Page, or some other "visionary," shall achieve for us that victory, I dare not predict; but that its achievement is close at hand, I affirm with undoubting confidence.

A kindred improvement is about to be inaugurated in the more extended and diversified employment of GAS. A hundred models of Gas Stoves, Gas Burners, Gas Cooking Ranges, etc., were exhibited at the Fair, each warranted, (as usual,) to save half the fuel and render treble the service of any other; yet I was not able to designate any one of them as particularly meritorious, nor did the Jury on this

department award a premium to any. All seems yet crude and infantile in this field of invention. Yet the study of the various models and contrivances for Gas-burning there presented, fixed me in the novel faith that Gas is ultimately to be not only the main agent of illumination but the chief fuel also of all cities and villages; that the time is at hand when the head of a family, the solitary lodger, requiring either heat or light, will simply touch a bell in his own room and be supplied with the indicated quantity of Gas, whether for culinary purposes, for warmth, for light, or altogether; and that thus the cost, the trouble, the dust, of making fires in all parts of a building, carrying fuel thither and removing ashes therefrom, will be obviated; and a single fire, constantly maintained, subserve admirably the purpose of them all, saving the labor and cost of five hundred wasteful kindlings and clearings, beside affording heat at the moment it is wanted, and stopping its consumption the instant the want is satisfied.

This is but one among a thousand noiseless agencies constantly preaching the advantages and economies of COMBINATION, and indicating the certainty that through Coöperation lies the way whereby Labor is to emerge from bondage, anxiety and need into liberty and assured competence. This truth, long apparent to the eye of Reason, threatens to be made palpable even to stolidity and stagnation by the sharp spur of Necessity. Rude, rugged Labor must organize itself for its appointed task of production, or it will soon have nothing to do. It must concentrate its energies for the creation of commodious and economical homes, or it will have no home but the Union Work-house. It must save and combine its earnings, for the purchase and command of Machinery; or Machinery, owned by and working for Capital alone, will reduce it to insignificance, want, and despair.

On every side the onward march of Invention is constant, rapid, inexorable. The human Reaper of thirty years ago, finds to-day a machine cutting grain twenty times as fast as ever he could; he gets three days' work as its waiter, where he formerly had three weeks' steady harvesting: the work is as well done as of old, and far cheaper; but his share of the product is sadly diminished. The Planing Machine does the work of two hundred men admirably, and pays moderate wages to three or four; the Sewing Machine of moderate cost, performs easily and cheaply the labors of forty seamstresses; but all the seamstresses in the world probably do not own the first machine. And so muscular force, or *mere* Labor, becomes daily more and more a drug in the market, shivers at the approach of winter, cringes lower and lower at the glance of a machine-lord or landlord, and vainly paces street after street, with weary limbs and sinking heart, in quest of "something to do."

The only effectual remedy for this deplorable state and still more deplorable tendency is found not in Destruction but in Construction, not in Anarchy and war on the rights of Property, but in Order and the creation of more property by and for the Poor—not in envy and hatred of the Rich, but in general study and imitation of the forecast and frugality by which they were made rich, which are as potent this hour as they ever were, and which wise Coöperation will render effective for the Poor of

to-day. In this country, where so much land is still unappropriated and the legal right of Association is absolute and universal, the Laboring Classes are masters of their own destiny, and that of their brethren throughout the world. A thousand young men, inured to labor and as yet unburthened with families, can save at least one hundred dollars each in the space of two years if they will; and by wisely and legally combining this in a capital of $100,000, investing it judiciously in Land, Machinery and Buildings, under the direction of their ablest and most responsible members, they may be morally certain henceforth of constant employment for each, under circumstances which will ensure them the utmost efficiency and the full reward of their labor. To Woman, whose work is still more depressed and still more meagerly rewarded, the means of securing emancipation and just recompense are substantially the same. The workers, in every department of industry, may secure and own the Machinery best calculated to give efficiency to their labor, if they will but unitedly, persistently try. Through the scientific Association of Labor and Capital, three-fourths of them may within five years accomplish this, while by heedlessness and isolated competition they are sure to miss it, and see their condition grow gradually worse and worse. Labor working *against* Machinery is inevitably doomed, as the present condition of the hand-loom weavers all over the globe sufficiently attests; Labor working *for* Machinery, in which it has no interest, can obtain in the average but a scanty, precarious and diminishing subsistence; while to Labor working *with* Machinery which it owns and directs, there are ample recompense, steady employment, and the prospect of gradual improvement. Such is one of the great truths confirmed by the lessons of the Crystal Palace.

Another truth forcibly taught there is that of the steadiness of the march of Invention and the infinite capacity of the laws and forces of Nature to minister more and more readily and amply to the sustenance and comfort of Man. We are obviously as yet on the bare threshold of chemical discovery and mechanical contrivance for the benefit of Man. The inventor of the steam engine still lived within the memory of many of us; yet even he never dreamed of the stupendous improvements already made on his invention, and the infinite adaptations to human wants of which it is fully proved susceptible. A first-class North River or Sound Steam-boat, much more an Atlantic Steam-ship, would have astounded even *him*. But though the capacities of Steam are not half exhausted, we grow dissatisfied with its performance and impatient of its conditions; we demand its power without its weight, its bulk, its cost, its explosive tendencies, or rather those of the elements from which it is evolved—and Electricity, Air, Gunpowder, and other potencies are analyzed and interrogated in quest of the most advantageous substitute—a search which will ultimately achieve success. The only question is one of time. So in every department of mechanics and manufactures: The victory of to-day opens the path to grander and more beneficent victories to-morrow. There never was a single mind capable of conceiving and working out the idea of the Power Printing-Press of to-day, nor that of the best Carpet-Looms and Paper-Mills in use; each has been produced by gradual, step-by-step improvement; the goal of one inventor serving as

the starting-point of his successor; and often an invention which failed to subserve its intended purpose has been found eminently useful in a very different sphere and connection; or, after having been cast aside as worthless, has supplied the necessary hint to another inventor, who has been guided by it to a new achievement of signal beneficence. No real penetration into the arcana of Nature's forces was ever fruitless or unsuggestive. The unpractical side of a newly discovered scientific truth indicates the position and nature of the practical side as well. To my mind nothing is clearer than this—the immense strides and vast scope of invention and discovery during the last age, render morally certain the achievement of far more and greater triumphs during the like period just before us. The Railway and its train are by no means the utmost possibilities of over-land locomotion; the Telegraph is not the last word of electricity; the Steam-ship is not the acme of Ocean navigation. These ennobling triumphs herald others which shall swiftly succeed them; and so in all the departments of applied science. And among the agencies which aided and accelerated the march of Invention, which impelled the car of Industrial Progress, I doubt not that our children, looking back on that progress from heights whereof we can but vaguely dream, will honorably distinguish the World's Exhibition of 1851.

Nor can we hesitate to class among the lasting benefits of this Exhibition the wider and deeper appreciation of Labor as a chief source of human enjoyment and a ground of respect and honor for its votaries, I know how little sincerity or depth there is in the usual Fourth-of-July declamation in behalf of the dignity of Labor, the nobleness of Labor, and the like, by men who never did a *bona fide* day's work with their hands unless absolutely driven to it, and who would be ashamed of being caught wheeling a barrow or wielding a spade, unless absolutely for exercise or pastime; yet, since "Hypocrisy is the homage which Vice pays to Virtue," even this empty glorification of Labor has some value as a demonstration, if not of what the fortunate think, at least of what they think they ought to think. But the tribute paid to Labor in the Great Exhibition was far deeper and higher than this. Here were tens of thousands gathered daily to study and admire the chosen products of the loom, the forge, the shop, the studio; nine-tenths of them from no other impulse than that afforded by the pleasure and instruction found therein. Can all this sink into the ground and be forgotten? Shall not we, for instance, who presume ourselves better appreciators of labor than the gilded aristocracies and squalid peasantries of Europe, think more of Industrial capacity since we feel that our country was saved from disgrace at this grand tournament of Industry by the genius of Hobbs, of Steers, of Dick, of McCormick? And shall not the Dukes, the Lords, the Generals, the Honorables, who met from day to day to inspect, scrutinize, compare and judge the rival products of England, France, Germany and America, in order to award the palm of excellence to the worthiest in each department—who severally felt a thrill of pleasure when a countryman bore off the palm, and a pang of disappointment and chagrin when none such was found entitled to commendation,—shall they not henceforth hold in juster esteem the sphere of Creative Art wherein such trophies were lost or won? I cannot doubt the beneficent influence of this Exhibition, both in

inspiring workers with a clearer consciousness of the quiet dignity of their own sphere, and in diffusing, deepening, a corresponding appreciation in the minds of others. If so, who shall say that the Great Exhibition was held in vain?

Yet one more lesson: The "World's Fair" shall teach us the cheering truth that there is rightfully no such thing as "Over-Production," or a glut in the Labor market. There may be mis-directed, wasted, useless or worse than useless Industry, like that devoted to the fabrication of implements of Gaming or Intoxicating Beverages; but of the Labor and Skill devoted to the production of whatever is needful, is tributary to Man's physical sustenance, intellectual and moral culture, or material comfort, there are not and cannot be too much. If all were to insist on being employed and subsisted in the fabrication of Hats or of Chintzes, of Pianos or Wall-paper, there would of course be a glut in that particular department, but a corresponding deficiency in others. Not until every family shall be provided with a commodious and comfortable habitation, and that habitation amply supplied with food and fuel not only, but with Clothing, Furniture, Books, Maps, Charts, Globes, Musical Instruments, and every other auxiliary to Moral and Intellectual growth as well as to Physical comfort, can we rationally talk of excessive Production. There is no such thing as general Over-Production, and can be none. Immense as the collection of useful products which the Crystal Palace enfolds, it is yet but a drop in the bucket when compared with the far vaster aggregate required to satisfy the legitimate wants even of Europe alone, though that is by far the best supplied of the four quarters of the globe. If each dwelling in wealthy and profusely manufacturing England alone were to be fitly and adequately furnished from the existing stores, the undertaking would very soon dismantle not merely the Crystal Palace but nearly all the shops and ware-houses in the Kingdom. There is at no time a lack of employment because no more needed work remains undone, but only because the machinery of Production has not yet been so adjusted and perfected as to bring the Work and the Workers into their rightful and fruitful relation. Up and down the streets of every great city wander thousands after thousands, seeking work from day to day, and seeking it in vain, when they themselves would reciprocally afford a demand for each other's labor, a market for each other's products, if they could but be placed where they truly belong. Several know how to spin Cotton, Flax or Wool; others to weave them all into fabrics; and still others to fashion them into the garments whereof the unemployed nearly all stand in need; while other thousands of this hungry multitude know how to grow the grain, and dig or cut the fuel, and make the bread, which are essential to them all. Then why roam this haggard legion from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, idle, anxious, famished, tattered, miserable, and despairing? Do you answer that they lack Industrial training, and thence productive efficiency? Then, I tell you, the greater shame to us, practical workers or in some sense capitalists, who, realizing their defect and how it crushes them to the earth—realizing, at least, that they must live somehow, and that, so long as they may remain idle, their sustenance must come out of our earnings or our hoards—still look vacantly, stupidly on, and see them flounder ever in this

tantalizing and ultimately devouring whirlpool, without stretching forth a hand to rescue and save them. As individuals, the few can do little or nothing; but as the State the whole might do much—every thing—for these poor, perishing stragglers. As I look out upon their ill-directed, incoherent, ineffective efforts to find work and bread, they picture themselves on my mind's eye as disjointed fragments and wrecks of humanity—mere heads, or trunks, or limbs—(oftener "hands")—torn apart by some inscrutable Providence, and anxiously, dumbly awaiting the creative word, the electric flash, which can alone recombine and restore them to their proper integrity and practical efficiency. That word no individual has power to speak; but Society, the State, the COMMONWEALTH, may readily pronounce it. Let the State but decree—"There shall be work for every one who will do it; but no subsistence in pauper idleness for any save the incapable of working"—and all will be transformed. Take the orphan from the cellar, the beggar from the street, the petty filcher from the crowded wharves, and place them all where they must earn their bread, and in earning it acquire the capacity to labor efficiently for themselves—this is a primary dictate of Public Economy no less than of enlightened Philanthropy. Palaces vaster and more commodious than Paxton ever dreamed of might be built and furnished by the labor which now wears itself out in vain attempts to find employment—by the application of faculties now undeveloped or perverted to evil ends. Only let Society recognize and accept its duty to find work for all who can find none for themselves, and the realm of Misery and Despair will be three-fourths conquered at a blow by Industry, Thrift and Content.

—But it is time the World's Fair were closed, or at least this meager account of it. The year 1852 has sterner work in hand, in presence of which this wondrous bazaar would seem out of place and incongruous. Haul down, then, those myriad banners, now streaming so peacefully from its roof in the common breeze and flapping each other so lovingly; they shall full soon be confronted in the red field where the destinies of Mankind must be decided, the liberties of Nations lost and won. Roll out these lumbering cannon, sleeping here side by side so quietly, uncharged, unmounted, the play-things of idle boys and the gazing-stock of country clowns, who wonder what they mean; their iron throats shall tell a fearful tale amid the steadfast ranks and charging columns of the Battle Summer before us. Gray veterans from many lands, leaning on your rusty swords, and stirring each other's recollections of Badajoz, Austerlitz, Leipsic, and Quatre Bras—shake hands once more and part, for the skies are red with the gathering wrath of nations, and air-borne whispers that KOSSUTH is once more free, are troubling the sleep of tyrants. Ho! Royal Butcher of Naples! you would not let your subjects visit or enjoy the Exhibition of 1851; rest assured that they will bear a part, and you with them, in the grander, vaster exhibition of 1852. False juggler of the Elysée Bourbon! beware the ides of May, and learn, while not too late, that Republican France has other uses for her armed sons than that of holding sacerdotal despots on their detested thrones. Kingly perjuror of Prussia! you have sworn and broken the last oath to observe and maintain a liberal constitution to which your abused and betrayed people will ever

hearken from your lips. Prepare for a reckoning in which perfidy shall no more avail you! Grim Autocrat of the icy North! the coming summer has work in store for *your* relentless legions, not alone this time on the Danube, but on the Rhine, the Oder, the Vistula, as well.—Tear down, then, this fragile structure of glass and lath! too slight to breast the rugged shocks of the whirlwind year before us. Ere we meet again as workers to test the fineness of our rival fabrics, the strength of our metals, the draft of our plows, we must vindicate by the mailed hand our right as men to speak, and think, and be. Before us lowers the last decisive struggle of the Millions of Europe for Justice, Opportunity and Freedom; let not its iron hail appal, its crimson torrents revolt us; for the Bow of Promise gleams through its lurid cloud, and the Dove of Peace shall soon be seen hovering over the assuaging waters, fit harbinger of a new and more auspicious era for Freedom and enduring Concord—for Industry and Man!

THE MOTHER'S ANSWER.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORE.

Which do I love best? Question strange is thine!
Dost ask a mother which she loveth best,
Of the fair children that a hand divine
In tender love hath lain upon her breast?

Which do I love best? When our first-born came,
And his low wailing filled my darkened room
On my soul's altar glowed an incense-flame,
And light ineffable dispersed the gloom

And since that hour, heart-music rare and sweet
Hath floated through my spirit's inmost cell;
Oft hath its low peal given me strength to meet
Alike Care's thrall and Pleasure's luring spell.

And I have felt there was a holier power
In the charmed-words of *mother* and *wife*,
Than in the brightest dreams of girlhood's hour,
When young Romance flung glittering hues o'er life.

Our first-born—blessings on him!—he hath been
For four short years our treasure and our pride,
With his fair, open brow, and eye serene,
And winning ways of mirth and thought allied.

And now upon my breast a babe is nestling,
With her dear father's eyes of darkest hue,
And dark brown hair upon her forehead resting,
And rose-bud mouth, just meet for kisses too.

Her very helplessness doth plead for love;
Yet of no sudden growth mine own hath been,
Taught by an instinct springing from above,
The mother loves her child, although unseen.

And ere her large, soft eyes had seen the light,
I longed to clasp her to my yearning heart
For then I knew what rapturous delight—
Pure, strong, deep mother-love, can aye impart.

Mine is a love-lit and love-guarded path;
Green is the turf my foot hath ever pressed;
Mine are the choicest gifts affection hath—
I cannot tell thee which I love the best!

A LIFE OF VICISSITUDES.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

(*Continued from page 384.*)

PART SECOND.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

I learned to believe that there is something beyond the anguish of a lover, or a husband, in the death of one beloved. I learned to think that an acquired tie is never so strong as a natural one.

The whole course of life is a series of mistakes—made and corrected; and this was one of them. The agony of the bereaved father was far greater than my own, although I thought that I loved poor Louise as strongly as it was possible for a husband to love—although I knew that I loved her now far more than even before I became her husband.

I was not then aware that there is a love beyond that which I then felt—a love, compared with which, a father's, though it may be as enduring, must be more cold.

We laid her in the still, still grave. We mingled our tears together, and returned to the house, now solitary to us both. We said not a word of future plans. We made no arrangements. We dealt with no business. The life and the love that was gone, was a bond between us, which seemed both to him and me, unseverable. At first, I gave way to my grief—sat in the little room that had been hers. Wept by the side of the bed where she had lain in my arms, and in the arms of death, and writhed under the first great disappointment of my earthly hopes. Oh, how sweet, how beautiful, how pleasant was her memory, and how bitter, how terrible the thought that I could never hold her to my heart again.

For two days I was brutally selfish—I thought only of myself, and of my sad, sad loss. In the last week, I had learned to love her more than I ever loved her before. It seemed, indeed, as if we had become one, and that my heart lay dead with hers in the cold earth.

I was roused from this sort of stupor by the old woman-servant coming in as I sat there, and saying in her simple way—

"Ah! sir, it is very sad, indeed, for you, but there is one who has a sadder fate than yours. In heaven's name, shake off your sorrow, and go and see him. You are young, and he is old. You have long years, and, perhaps, bright days before you. He has nothing but darkness and solitude between him and the grave. You have lost one whom you loved well, but you have time, perhaps, to love again. But he has lost the only one, and can love no more. Go and see him, sir. Go and see him; for her whole heart was in you, and he will think that his child's spirit comes back to visit him with her husband. He has not broken bread," she added, "since we laid her on that bed, and there is no sorrow, like an old man's sorrow for the death of his only one."

I took the good creature's hands in mine, and wrung them hard, though I could not speak, and went forth to seek the bereaved father.

I found him in his old room, with half-a-dozen books at his feet—tried, and thrown down upon the floor. All his activity was gone. He was quiet and still enough now; but when he saw me, he started up, and we ran into each other's arms, as father and son, weeping very bitterly.

We never mentioned her name, and I do not recollect that, during the whole fortnight I remained there, he ever alluded to her except upon one occasion, and that was, when we were on the eve of parting.

First, however, let me say how we came to part at all. Our minds had become a little more calmed. We sat together, and sometimes conversed. He had resigned his professorship, took no interest in any thing which had pleased and amused him before, and saw no one but myself and one or two old friends. One day, however, while we were seated together, not talking, but with our eyes fixed upon vacancy, and our thoughts resting on the past, the Chief of Police came in, and spoke to him in a whisper. The old man's attention was soon roused, and as he had a great hatred of secret communications, he answered and asked questions in a loud tone, which soon made me aware of the following facts: that France extending her aggressions far and wide, and at this time exercising a sort of Dictatorship over Prussia, under whose Protectorate Hamburgh was supposed to be, had demanded that all emigrants who had found refuge in that city should be expelled or arrested. Resistance was not very easy. Submission was not very pleasant; and the mode which the authorities took to escape from their difficulty was—to inform all emigrants of the demand which had been made, with a hint that it would be better for them to deliver Hamburgh from their presence. The amount of the whole information was, that there was no longer any safety for me there; that at any moment I might be arrested at the mandate of France, and no one in those days could tell what would be the result.

The poor professor was in a terrible slate of distress and agitation; and I was very much grieved to leave the father of my poor Louise. But my resolution was soon taken. The ship in which I had engaged my passage to America, was still in the port, and to sail in three days. All my preparations were rapidly made, and nothing

remained but to bid my good father-in-law adieu. On my marriage day he had given me a *rouleau* of gold Frederics, amounting to the two thousand dollars he had promised; but without this, I was comparatively rich; for my fifty *louis d'ors* remained untouched, and I had accumulated a good many dollars by teaching. I therefore took him back the *rouleau*, and told him I did not think I had any right to retain it. He would not receive it, however, saying:

"Put it up, put it up. Do you think, Louis, I would rob my dead child? No, no, my dear boy. You and poor Louise were one. I had hoped that you would have remained here to close my eyes; for my time will not be long. But God punishes me by denying that satisfaction. You must write to me as soon as you reach the shores of America, and you shall hear from me very soon after. If I have occasion to communicate with you before, I will address my letter to Boston."

This was the only occasion on which he mentioned his daughter's name. His eyes remained tearless, however, and the words were spoken in that dull, cheerless, despairing tone, which made me fear, not without reason, that he would never recover from the shock he had received. He saw me on board the vessel, and took leave of me, as a father might of a son whom he could never behold again. He was very, very sad; and when he had descended the ship's side, and sat in the little boat, he bent down his eyes, and never lifted them to look at the vessel which was about to carry me away.

It was growing dusk when I embarked, and the ship was to sail about the time of high water, which was at ten o'clock. I went down therefore at once to my little, uncomfortable berth, with no great hope of sleeping, but rather to be out of sight, for there were feelings in my heart at that moment, which I did not wish exposed to the eyes of others. I was weary, however, and exhausted; for I had slept but very little during the last three days, and after lying in sad stillness, shut up in the close, evil-smelling cabin for about an hour, I fell into the most profound slumber that I ever recollect to have obtained. I heard nothing, I knew nothing; and when I woke, the broad day was looking at me through a round, thick glass window, like an eye, in the side of the cabin; and I could hear a strange sort of rushing, gurgling noise close at my head, giving me the first intimation that there was nothing but that frail plank between me and the wide, deep sea. A negro, in a white jacket, with his sleeves turned up from his large-boned, sinewy, black arms, was laying a table in the middle of the cabin, as if for the morning meal, and putting out my head, I asked him where we were.

He grinned at me with his white teeth, saying—

"Can't tell, massa. No post-house in middle of sea. You glad of your dinner, I reckon, habin' had no breakfas'. You come and eat good dinner. Keep him down if you can. He, he, he."

I did not feel myself the least disposed to be sick, however, and the ship seemed to be going with so smooth and easy a motion, that I felt very sure for that day at least, I should escape the infliction which most young voyagers have to endure. I

rose and dressed myself, but had hardly completed my toilet, when my friend, the negro, made his appearance with an enormous piece of roast beef. He then brought in a great tureen of pea-soup, and a dish of potatoes; and such was our fare almost every day during the voyage, with the slight, and not very pleasant variation of strongly salted beef, instead of fresh, which took place when we had been about six days at sea. Such was the provision of an American packet-ship in those days. Hunger, however, they say is good sauce, and I must confess that I was ravenous. When the dinner was served, the captain of the vessel came down, with his only other passenger, one of the most extraordinary looking beings I ever saw. She was a Madame Du Four; an emigrant like myself; dressed in the fashion of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, with a robe of stiff brocade silk, not very clean, and a petticoat, shown in front, of green satin. She had strong-marked aquiline features, very keen dark eyes, and shaggy brows, was enormously tall, and had also added to her height by a sort of tower upon her head of most extraordinary construction, consisting, I fancy, of a cushion, over which her hair, well powdered, was carried on all sides, with a lace cap, and coquelicot ribbons surmounting the whole. She was highly rouged, and painted white also; but those female vanities did not prevent her from having a somewhat fierce and masculine look, which was not at all softened by a sort of finikin *minauderie* of manner with which it contrasted strongly. On the first day, too, I could not help thinking when she moved across the cabin, or walked about the deck, that I detected a pair of Hessian boots under her enormous petticoats. On the following day, however, she had shoes, buckles, and silk stockings. Our dinner passed pleasantly enough, though the bluff American Captain could hardly get on with his meal for laughter whenever Madame Du Four opened her mouth. The fun he had out of her during the passage was quite as good as double passage money, although I must acknowledge she spoke English very well, and therefore it was not at her language that he laughed. She was exceedingly agreeable, too, notwithstanding her oddities, had an immense fund of information, and seemed to have traveled a great deal. Like all Frenchwomen she had great curiosity, and never rested till she had wormed out of me, my whole history, with the exception of that part which referred to my poor Louise—a subject too sacred to be touched upon by me. To my surprise, and not altogether to my satisfaction—for it made me accuse myself of indiscretion—she took down the name of Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins, and I endeavored to get in return, some information respecting herself. But there she was proof against all enquiries; and I could only discover that she had friends or relations in Louisiana.

After dinner I went upon the deck, and there the principal part of my time was spent during the voyage, whether the weather was fine or foul; for the cabin was close and miserable.

I have heard men, and read books, expressing the highest enthusiasm and admiration of the sea, but I suppose I am very unimaginative; for I never could discover any thing in it to excite my admiration, except perhaps a certain degree of sublimity, which always attaches to vastness. As we passed along over the bosom of

the waters, with one unvarying expanse around us, that ocean about which men rave so much, seemed to me nothing but one great, dull, brown heaving mass, very unpleasant to the eye, and exceedingly monotonous. As the sun went down, however, the prospect was a little varied on that first day, by the long, bright line of ruby light which he cast from the horizon to the ship; but except twice, we never had the honor of seeing his face in the evening; though once or twice he broke out about mid-day. Generally the sky was covered with clouds, and very often a thick mist enveloped us, exciting greatly the indignation of the captain, who seemed to think he had a right to clear weather. I was not even treated to a storm, though, occasionally, it blew what the captain called half a gale, and then the great, greenish brown, drugget-looking thing that surrounded us was tossed up into some very uncomely and disagreeable billows. Happily for myself I was not in the slightest degree sea-sick, which raised me greatly in the opinion of the captain, who used to wink knowingly at meal times toward the cabin of good Madame Du Four, who never appeared in rough weather, and say, with a laugh, “The old woman is laid up on the locker, I guess.”

At the end of three weeks one of the sea phenomena which I had often heard described, occurred as we were passing some fishing banks. It was night, and the sky was very cloudy, but the whole sea was in a blaze of light, as if the Milky-Way had been transferred to its bosom. Every wave that passed was loaded with stars, and not only the wake of the ship, but long lines in different directions where the sea was agitated, seemed all on fire. This continued for many hours, and I have seldom seen any thing more marvelously beautiful.

Here, too, we saw a great number of small fishing vessels—the first ships of any kind that we had met with. A whale or two also came in sight, and long troops of white porpoises; but nothing else occurred to enliven us during the whole passage; and I must confess, that I cannot conceive any thing more dull, heavy and uninteresting, taken as a whole, than a voyage across the wide Atlantic.

Certainly my spirits did not rise during the passage. I had made up my mind to write and read a great deal, and to occupy my thoughts as far as possible with indifferent subjects; but I did nothing of the kind, and I have remarked since that a ship is the idlest place in the whole universe. Nobody seems to do any thing but the sailors, and they nothing more than they are obliged to do.

At length, oh blessed sight! just as day was beginning to break we perceived a light-boat, and the captain announced that we were on the coast of America. I never was so rejoiced at any thing in my life, especially when, a few minutes after, I heard him order a gun to be fired for a pilot. But whether in punishment at my repining, or in order that I might have a full and competent knowledge of the sea, before I had done with it, the cannon had hardly roared out its first call for a pilot, when the wind chopped round suddenly from the west with a little south in it, and in a quarter of an hour was blowing a heavy gale off the coast. For four long, tedious days we continued struggling against this merciless enemy, in no little danger, as I

understood afterward, and during the whole of that time I was enlivened by hearing the plaintive voice of Madame Du Four exclaiming to herself, "*Oh, mon Dieu! je vais mourir,*" together with other sounds, not nearly so euphonious.

At length, however, we got into the beautiful port of Boston; and as we sailed peacefully amongst the blue islands, up came Madame Du Four, painted, patched and brocaded, and as brisk as a bee.

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A NEW WORLD AND NEW OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

The captain of the vessel kindly took me to a small inn, not very far from the port; where I got tolerable accommodation. My first task was to seek for a warm bath; for my long voyage of more than five weeks duration, made me feel as if I had been pickled. It was with considerable difficulty that I procured what I wanted; for Boston was not famous for baths in those days. I succeeded at length, indeed, and then dined very well, though with less appetite than had savored the coarser provisions at sea. No one can tell with what satisfaction I looked forward to resting in the good, steady bed which my room contained; but the sea had not done with me yet, and for two whole nights, as soon as I lay down, every thing began to move with me and swim about just as if I was still upon the ocean. I could hardly persuade myself that the house was not afloat. The next morning, while at breakfast, one of the black waiters came in and told me that a gentleman had called to see me, and on ordering him to be admitted, a tall, good-looking man, of about thirty-five was ushered in. His face was familiar to me, though I could not recollect where I had seen it before, and he was dressed with great neatness and precision, partly in black, partly in drab, with a thick cravat round his neck, and a pair of Hessian boots drawn up to his knees.

"Monsieur De Lacy," he said, taking my hand, "I am glad to see you in America. Allow me to congratulate you on your safe arrival."

I thanked him, told him that he had the advantage of me in knowing my name, and begged to be told whom I had the honor of addressing.

The waiter had, by this time, quitted the room; but my visitor still took the precaution of putting his lips close to my ear, while he said, "Madame Du Four—at present Monsieur Du Four, if you please."

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what could have induced you to adopt so strange a travestie?"

"The very simple motive of concealing myself as best I might," he replied. "In regard to yourself, and many of the other emigrants, the good people of Hamburgh had the choice given them by their tyrannical masters, either to arrest or to expel. In my case the order was simply to arrest, and send me off to France as a prisoner. They were ready to wink at any evasion, however, and to the eyes of French spies

my great-grandmother's petticoats, like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Now, Monsieur De Lacy, I think I can be of assistance to you; for I have had a great deal to do with emigrants, am in continual communication with them in various parts of the world, and probably can obtain for you information regarding the friends you are so anxious to hear of. Some of them, I think, are now in Russia, where I have passed a good deal of my time, under the favor and protection of that mild and excellent potentate, the Emperor Paul. As it is well known, however, that he is not long for this life, I thought it might be as well to be absent at the accession of a new sovereign, and therefore betook myself to Hamburgh. However, I have still friends and connections in Russia, as well as in many other parts of the world, and I think if you will let me know where you are to be found, I can obtain for you information which may be satisfactory."

My plans were all unsettled, and I knew not where I might go, or what I might do. I was at this time richer than I had ever been in my life before, but I knew that my little store was not inexhaustible, and I resolved to seek speedily for some employment. Without telling my new friend, then, the exact state of my finances, I consulted him where I should go, and what I should do.

"You can stay here in Boston," he replied, "as long as the weather is warm, and probably may find some employment; for you have a rich, active and intelligent population; but don't remain in the winter; for it is the coldest city in the universe. In point of temperature, St. Petersburg is comparatively a terrestrial paradise. However you can receive letters wherever you may be by having them directed here, if you will take the precaution of always sending your address to the post-office. I do not mean to say that they will come to you rapidly; because of course every thing goes on with less regularity and certainty, under a republican than under a monarchical government. In republics, where place and power depends upon mere popular favor, the greater part of the business of the State is carried on by inexperienced men, for, generally speaking, each public officer is kicked out before he can gain the experience necessary for his office—just as a tradesman, without capital, does all his work by apprentices. There are exceptions of course—men who get such hold of public confidence, that even faction cannot shake them—but these are rare, and to have work half done and ill done is part of the compensation to be paid for great rapidity of progress and general diffusion of comfort. But I am digressing. You have nothing to do, Monsieur De Lacy, but to leave your address at the post-office, and you shall hear from me as soon as I obtain intelligence."

He added a good many of very judicious instructions as to my conduct in Boston, where he certainly must have been before, although he did not say so; and he left me, I confess, with a much more pleasant impression of his male than his female character.

I did not anticipate much, it is true, from his promises, and perhaps did not feel quite so sure of his sincerity as I ought to have done. I suppose there are some professions and some occasions in which charlatanism is absolutely necessary; but I

think we rarely respect the people who practice it; and the impression produced by his appearance in the character of Madame Du Four, was never, and never will be effaced from my memory. I could not get rid of the ludicrous recollections, and we rarely expect much service from people who make us laugh.

Letters of introduction to persons in Boston, I had none; and I suffered for several days all the inconveniences which a stranger, without personal friends in a city, feels at his first residence. The solitariness, as it were, pressed upon me, and the more people I met in the crooked and narrow streets, made me only feel the more solitary. Of Monsieur Du Four I saw no more at that time, and I began to think of removing to some other town, where the people were not so cold and repulsive, when I suddenly made an acquaintance which greatly changed the current of affairs.

One day as I was walking along the streets, I thought I might as well purchase some French books, of which I had only one with me, in order that I might not quite forget my own language. I entered therefore a great bookseller's shop—dingy and dull enough it was, in all conscience—and asked for one or two works which I named.

Although it may seem to have no connection with this part of my history, yet I must say something of my personal appearance at this time, as I am convinced it had some effect upon the events that followed. I was now within quarter of an inch of six feet high, robust in frame, from much exercise, tanned almost a mahogany color by exposure to the sea air, and with a moustache long and thick for my age. My hair had been suffered to grow very long, and floated wildly in its unshorn curls, and I was dressed in deep and new mourning of a foreign cut. Thus in the streets of Boston, I had something at least to distinguish me from the citizens of the place, where no one wore moustaches at all, and most of them had their hair still thickly powdered, and tied in queue, while those who had not, wore it as closely cut as the ears of a terrier dog.

In asking for the books, I spoke in a grave, and perhaps somewhat abrupt manner; for the death of my poor Louise, had left upon me a sort of carelessness of men's opinions, and a lack of the desire to please, which is rare in youth.

The shopman answered at once in a somewhat flippant manner that he guessed they had none of them; and I replied in the same cold and imperative tone in which I had first spoken, that I would trouble him to do something more than guess—to make sure; whether the books were there or not, and if not, whether they could be procured for me.

"I reckon you are from the old country," said the man, with the most good humored impertinence.

"That is nothing to you, my friend," I replied. "We will reckon when I have got the books."

"Then I calculate you had better speak to our boss," said the shopman.

"A very good calculation," I replied, "if you mean your master."

“I h’aint got a master,” rejoined the man, with a look of considerable indignation.

“Well then,” I said, “let me speak with any one who supplies the place of a master, and who is master at all events of the shop, if he is not of the shopman.”

“I think you might have called it store, stranger,” said my friend; but as by this time I had taken up a book from the counter and begun to read, he went away to call his “boss,” as he termed him.

A moment after, from a little dingy den behind, came out a neat, dapper little man, with a very straight-cut, snuff colored coat, fastened with a hook and eye high up upon the chest, in order to permit the liberal extension of a very smart flowered waistcoat, and a stomach, somewhat too large in its proportions, shaped like the back of a mandolin. Energy, activity, and acuteness, were in all his movements and sparkled in his bright black eye; and, roused by his step, I could perceive that as he approached, he scanned me from head to foot with a rapidity truly marvelous. Before I knew what I was about he was shaking hands with me, and before I could ask for my books, he was asking me innumerable questions—who I was—where I came from—what my name was—what was my profession—how old I was—whether I intended to stay long in Boston, and—what I thought of America.

I was strongly inclined to laugh, but I was out of the habit of laughing now, and I answered gravely:

“Order in all things, if you please, sir. Are you what this person calls the ‘boss,’ or what I should call the master of this shop—or store?”

“Oh, never mind him,” replied the new comer. “He is from another state, and doesn’t half understand English. It’s only in Bost’n I guess that there’s any thing like English to be found in all the universal world. I’m the master of this store, sir, and a very pretty little considerable quantity of literature you will find therein, I guess.”

“Well then, to reply to your questions,” I said, “I am a stranger in this city. I come from a distant part of the world. My name is my own, for any thing I know to the contrary. I am of any profession that suits me at the moment. I am somewhere between twenty and thirty, I have no notion how long I shall stay in Boston, and having only seen two square miles of America, I do not think the taster is decisive of the cheese.—Now, sir, will you have the goodness to tell me about the books I want.”

“Capital, capital, capital!” cried my new friend. “I guess such answers would pose half the men in Congress. We Yankees are terrible question askers it must be acknowledged. It’s a way we have, and not a bad way either; for if we get an answer, we are all the better for it, and if we get none, we can do very well without it. Now, sir, you’re just the man we want: I can see that in a minute. We haven’t had any thing new in Bost’n for six months—that is, since the giantess, and the horse with three tails. They did very well, but we want something literary now, and if you

chose to come out with a lecture, or a book, or a pamphlet, or a sermon against the Trinity, or something very racy upon democracy and federalism—take which side you will; it's all the same to me—or even in defense of the old country, showing that we are all rebels and traitors and ought to have been hanged long ago, it's sure to answer—it will sell, sir,—it will pay—it will bring in the dollars."

There was something so perfectly good-humored in my new friend, that I could not be at all cross, even though I might not quite enter into his notions. I was obliged to inform him, however, that I had never given lectures, written books, pamphlets, or sermons. That I was not an Englishman. That I was not well acquainted with American history, and had no idea whether his friends and himself deserved to be hanged or not—though I confessed I rather thought not.

He was very pertinacious, however, and suggested a dozen different courses of acting for me, being in truth at that moment in desperate need himself of a stranger to supply the place of a literary man who had absconded, and knowing the dire need in which the city of Boston stood of some "new thing," to fill the yawning void left by the giantess and the horse with three tails. I began to fancy, as he went on, that amongst all the pearls he was throwing before me, I might find one which suited my own purpose, and at length it was determined that I should write a little book for him, which he would immediately bring out in what he guessed was the very best possible style. Our arrangements were soon made, though, as I found afterward, he agreed to pay me about one-third of the sum which I ought to have received. That book, however, not only served to put a small sum into my pocket, but also to spread my fame, and to occupy my thoughts. I was very glad of the latter; for the moment I sat down by myself in my inn, I fell into sad reveries, and I wished very much to let time do his work of consoling by those slow and almost insensible steps through which he best effects his objects. The subject, the treatment, was all discussed in less than half an hour; for my friend, the bookseller, had very definite ideas, and knew to a nicety what would sell, and what would not. While we were still talking over these things, several gentlemen entered the shop, to whom the bookseller—now in possession of my name—introduced me as the celebrated Monsieur De Lacy. Thus I obtained occupation for the next six weeks, and acquaintance with some of the pleasantest persons I ever met with in my life; and the next morning I saw announcement in the public prints that Monsieur De Lacy, the well known Vendeean chief had arrived in Boston, followed by an apocripha twice as long as the book of Tobit, regarding the bloody battles I had fought, and the victories I had obtained in a district within which I had never set my foot. All this was based upon a deep scar on my cheek, which I had received from the heel of an Austrian soldier, as I lay upon the ground in the streets of Zurich.

Although I smiled, while reading this account, the idea of being or having been, one of the actors in the great and extraordinary struggle in La Vendee was very pleasant to me. I thought of it a good deal, and although I had fancied some weeks before that America was the country, of all others, to afford me a peaceful and

happy refuge, I now began to long for a return to Europe, to take part in the active scenes which were going on in my native land.

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A LOSS AND A RECOVERY.

I need not dwell upon my course of life during the next few months. Most men have experienced what it is to make one's way in a strange town, and I do not think it would be very interesting to any one, if I were to give a detailed account of the process of being made a factitious lion of. My good friend the bookseller would have it so in my case: he wanted a lion at that moment: there was no other material at hand, and he made me into a lion. Not a newspaper did I open, without seeing my name in it. If I went to look at Faneuil Hall, or strolled from Court Street to the Common, it was sure to be recorded for the public, and by the mere act of iteration the public were driven by seeing my name every day, to think I must be somebody. But the worst of this lion system is, that it is not always very easy to shake off your lion skin when you are tired of it. I confess I began to be weary of seeing my name in the columns of the journals, and at first I was inclined to correct all the various lies that were told about me, and to assure the people of Boston, in print, that I had never done fifty things I was reported to have done, and never intended to do fifty other things that were sketched out for me by the fertile imagination of various editors. A kind and judicious friend, however, advised me to refrain; and as this little sort of false celebrity obtained for me a great number of most delightful acquaintances, I was obliged to take the good with the bad, and receive much hospitality and kindly and instructive communion, as some compensation for being made to dance grotesquely in the public prints. I lost no opportunity, however, of denying, in private, all that was said about me in public, of telling all my friends in the city that I was not the great man, or the celebrated character I was represented—that I had never been in La Vendee in my life, and had never even seen a battle but that of Zurich. I must do them the justice to say also, that these confessions did not diminish their kindness in the least; and that when they found me to be a very plain, humble person, they were, perhaps, more hospitable and friendly than before. The writing of my book was favorable to me in all respects. It was but a poor affair, it is true; but it saved my little fortune, filled the pockets of the bookseller—for its success was ridiculous, in consequence of all the Charlitanism which was used before it appeared—and it did still more for me, by weaning my thoughts from the one deep, sorrowful subject of contemplation, which otherwise would have engrossed my mind continually. The autumn was coming on rapidly when it appeared; the woods around were glowing with colors such as I never in my life beheld in Nature's robe before; and partly to get away from the crowds of a great city, partly to enjoy the loveliness of the scenery at a little distance from Boston, I used to wander forth early in the morning, and often not return till nightfall. I used sometimes, too, to call at the post-office and inquire for letters, with very little

expectation of receiving any. Who would write to me, unless it were good Professor Haas or Monsieur Du Four? but from the former I thought there had been but little time to hear, and upon the promises of the latter I placed but little reliance.

One day, however, a thick letter was handed to me, with my address written on coarse German paper, with a black seal, and bearing the post-mark of Hamburgh. The handwriting, however, was not that of the good old professor; and I opened it with considerable apprehension, thinking that he must be ill, and must have employed some other hand to write for him. It was worse than I expected. Professor Haas was dead; and the letter was from his old friend the notary, who had drawn up the marriage contract between Louise and myself. He informed me of the fact of my friend's death, in brief, formal terms, and then went on to state that Professor Haas had left the whole bulk of his property to me, naming as executors, one of his fellow professors and the notary himself, with directions to sell his house, and all that he possessed, and remit the money to a great banking-house in London for my benefit. I thought this a somewhat strange proceeding till I read further. I then found that the professor, who had always entertained the most profound horror for Revolutionists, had, during his latter days, and especially his sickness, become impressed with a notion that the French Republicans would sooner or later get possession of Hamburgh, and plunder the whole city. Ample directions were added to enable me to dispose of the money in any way I pleased, and more than one half of the paper was occupied with a long statement of accounts, which I did not even try to understand. The sum already remitted to England, however, was large, and enough to put me at my ease for life.

First impressions are, I suppose, always the most generous ones; and however great might have been the relief at any other moment to know that the means of subsistence were no longer to depend upon the caprice of Fortune, the intelligence afforded me but little consolation, when coupled with the death of my poor friend. I was very, very sad. The last earthly tie between myself and my poor Louise seemed gone; and all the painful memories connected with the last days of her life, revived as darkly and gloomily as ever. I took no steps in regard to the property. I did not even answer the notary's letter; but day after day I walked out over the curious broken ground, and cedar-covered hills to the south and west of Boston, meditating sadly upon the past. At the face of nature I used to look from time to time, finding I know not what, of similarity between the fading aspect of the autumn-woods and the withering away of my own hopes and happiness. But I looked little at man when he fell in my way, and many a time felt half angry when a fellow walker on the same road gave me good day, or stopped to ask me the hour. There were very few human habitations in that direction at the time; and one solitary public house, about four miles from the city, I used to pass with my eyes always bent upon the ground. I know not what induced me to raise my eyes toward it one day, as I was walking along, somewhat more slowly than usual—for the weather had become suddenly sultry, in what they call the Indian Summer. Perhaps it was that my eye caught an indistinct sight of some one sitting under the veranda—an old man, very shabbily

dressed in brown. I could not see his features, for I was at the distance of more than a hundred yards, and I only took a casual glance. But as I returned by the same road, the old man was still sitting there; and a young girl of twelve or thirteen years of age was standing by, talking to him, and offering him something in a cup. In my morose selfishness, I was going on without any further notice, when suddenly he took the girl's arm, and rose up feebly, looking straight toward me. A strange feeling of recognition instantly seized upon me, and I turned sharply toward the house, with doubt in my mind, but certainty in my heart—a contrast that takes place more often than people imagine.

As I got near, doubt vanished. It was Father Bonneville; but as doubt disappeared with me, it seemed to increase with him, for it would seem that, although he had been very ill, I was far more changed than he was. Something in my gait and figure had struck him; but when he saw a broad and powerful young man, instead of the stripling who had been separated from him at Zurich, he could hardly believe in my identity, and did not feel quite sure till his hand was grasped in mine. I never saw the poor man so much agitated in all the many scenes we had passed through together. His usual calm placidity abandoned him entirely; and for a moment or two he wept with feelings which I am sure were not all unpleasant. I sat down beside him, while the girl ran into the house to tell her father, who was the landlord thereof, that the French gentleman had found a friend; and during her absence he told me that he had been living there for the last six weeks, almost on charity. He had sought me he said, far and near, and at length, partly from some preconception of the course I was likely to take, partly from some false information he had received in Holland, had concluded I had sailed for America, within four months after the battle of Zurich. He had in consequence embarked for New York, and had at that time made many efforts to make me acquainted with his arrival. For six months after reaching the shores of America, he had continued to receive supplies of money; but suddenly they had ceased, he said, and then for some time he had supported himself by teaching. His scholars fell off, however, and he was advised to try Boston; but his means were too small for the hotels or boarding-houses of that city, and feeling himself ill, he had come out to that remote place, both for purer air and greater economy. His money lasted but a fortnight, and he had explained to the landlord his situation. The good man—for he really was a good man—told him not to make himself uneasy, and proposed that he should teach his two daughters for his board until he was well enough to return to Boston again. But poor Father Bonneville soon became too ill, either to teach or to rise from his bed, and then all the native kindness of the people came forth. His two little pupils nursed him, he told me, as if he had been a parent. Their father supplied him with every thing that he required, and brought a physician, at his own expense, to see him.

"This is the third time I have left my room," he said, "and they are still as kind as ever, though I have been a great burden to them."

“No burden at all, my good man,” said the landlord, who was by this time standing by our side. “It’s but little good one can do in this world, and God forbid we shouldn’t do it when we can. I am very happy, however, he has found one of his friends at last.”

“He has found one,” I said, shaking the landlord by the hand, “to whom he has been more than a father, and who will never forget your kindness to him. I thank God that I am now in a situation to say, he shall never at least know what want is again.”

“Well, well,” said the landlord, “that is all very well. But you had better come into the house and talk it out there. We are just going to dinner, and there’s as good a chowder as ever was made. He told my girl he couldn’t eat just now, but he’s got his appetite back now, I guess.”

We went in; and I sat down with them to their plain meal with more satisfaction than if I had been invited to a prince’s table.

Although my good old friend was exceedingly anxious to hear all my own adventures since we parted, I contrived to make him tell all that had occurred to him, which amounted to little more than what I have already stated. He had been detained by the Austrians, he said, for nearly two months, had been sent to Milan, and put in prison there, but in other respects had been well treated, and at length liberated, on its being made clear that he was a French emigrant with no political character. He hurried through the details, in order to get at my history, and then said, with a look of parental affection, “But now tell me, my dear Louis, what has happened to you since we met last? How comes that scar upon your cheek? Where have you been staying? And why are you in such deep mourning?”

The last words sent all the color from my cheek. I could feel the blood rush away as if to fill my heart too full, and I shook my head sadly, saying, “Do not ask me about that just now.”

I then related to him all that had occurred previous to my arrival in Hamburgh; how, after I had shot the man who was going to murder him, I had turned back to assist Lavater; how I had been knocked down and trodden under feet by the Austrian soldiers, and afterward carried to the hospital; I then told him that I had suffered from poverty as well as himself, and that I had begged my way to the north of Germany. “That is all over now,” I added, “and I trust that we shall never know such days again.”

“Well, you two have had a pretty hard life of it,” said the good landlord—for we had been speaking in English all the time, so that he understood us. “You were great people in your own country, I dare say; and that made it all the harder for you.”

“Not very great people,” I replied, “but very comfortable, and very happy, till we were driven forth for no fault of our own.”

I judged from what I saw of good Father Bonneville at this time, that he had not yet sufficiently recovered to return to Boston, and I therefore left him where he was

for the night, promising to see him early on the following day. Although engaged to go out to a party in the city, I remained at home that evening pondering upon my course of action. I read over again, and more attentively, the letter from the notary, answered it, and signed the accounts, although to say truth, I knew little of the affairs to which they referred. I then considered long, and somewhat anxiously, two plans which naturally suggested themselves to my mind. The first was, to go to England, receive the sum which there awaited me, and establish myself with Father Bonneville in that country. But strange to say I had a dislike to the idea of visiting England. Father Bonneville, in all our wanderings, had shown no desire to take refuge in a land where so many other emigrants had found safety and met with hospitality. Views prejudicial to England had been widely circulated amongst the inhabitants of all those countries which entertain feelings and jealousies against Great Britain, on account of her calm, steady, and, at the same time, extraordinary progress in arts, sciences, commerce and arms. Even the very Swiss, while they admired and applauded it, did not like England; and the isolation of her geographical position seemed to affect the character of her inhabitants as well as her policy and her interests. Like every one who has never been in England, I conceived the most false and inferior idea of her people, her views, and her very aspect. I imagined that it was a cold, bleak, ungenial country, everlastingly overhung by fogs, with the sun rarely, if ever, apparent, and deriving its great wealth and importance solely from its commerce. I believed the people to be haughty, self-sufficient and repulsive, unsocial in all their habits, and although occasionally generous and benevolent, actuated upon all ordinary occasions by motives of self-interest and commercial selfishness. I had heard a great deal at Hamburgh, in the society of the professors there, of her treatment of scientific and literary men, of the cold neglect they experience, of their exclusion from all that forms the ambition of others, of the honors paid to them when dead, and the misery to which they were subjected while living. The old maxim still rang in my ears, that France was the country for a literary man to live in, and England for him to die in; and I believed that there really could be very little good or generous in a nation which displayed such cold neglect and bitter injustice toward those who labored to elevate the human mind, and whose names form no insignificant part of her glory. I was now, I thought, in a beautiful and youthful country, comprising within itself every climate and every soil, offering opportunity and encouragement to every one, where thought and action were free, where progress was rapid beyond conception, where no invidious distinctions existed, where competence, if not wealth, was the sure reward of exertion—a land of youth, of hope, and energy. I thought of England, in short, as England was at that time conventionally represented on the continents of Europe and of America; not as I knew it to be. It is not wonderful therefore, that in the end I determined to remain in the country where I then was, and to send for the funds which had been invested in London, without visiting Great Britain myself. It must be remembered at the same time, that Napoleon was now in the plenitude of his power, commanding sovereigns and dictating to nations, and that England stood single-handed against a

world in arms. There was little hope therefore that I could aid even in the slightest degree in relieving France from the tyranny under which she groaned, and that seemed to me the only object worthy of desire, which could lead me once more to traverse the Atlantic.

When I laid down my head upon my pillow that night, my determination was fully taken to remain in the United States; and with my fondness for visionary prospects, I drew a pleasant picture of a New England farm, with competence and literary ease, and rural occupations, diversified by those sports of the field which I had enjoyed so much in other years. How soon, and how speedily, all such visions melted away; all such resolutions came to an end.

I rose the following morning, carried my letter to the post-office, and carelessly asked if there were any communications for me. The good man with spectacles, answered yes, and from a great bundle, took out a letter for which he demanded a high postage. It came from New Orleans, and contained but a few words to the following effect.

> "Faithful to my promise, I have made every inquiry, Monsieur De Lacy, for the friends in regard to whose fate you were anxious when I saw you. Of the good Father Bonneville I have been able to obtain no intelligence; but Madame de Salins and Mademoiselle, her daughter, are now in London, and perhaps a letter addressed to them at *numero* 3 Swallow Street, may obtain for you information regarding Monsieur De Bonneville.
>
> "Accept the assurances of the constant consideration and regard of
>
> Your devoted,
>
> CHARLES DU FOUR."

What was it that possessed me! What was it in the sight of those few words which altered in a moment all my determinations? I speak sincerely—and I looked into my own heart at the time, and have done so often since—and I believe that it was solely the awakening of old associations—the revival of the memories of happy youthful days. I pictured Father Bonneville, and Mariette and myself all living together again, as we had done in those happy days on the banks of the Rhine, and my teaching Mariette to read and write, totally forgetting that she was no longer a little girl of six or seven years old, and of our having a pretty house of our own, and a nice garden, and spending our days in pleasantness and peace. We are all dream-led in this world, and this was but one of the pleasantest dreams of my life, come back upon me to show how much the visions of imagination can effect against the realities of reason. I left the door of the post-office, where I read the letter, with my resolution fixed—and now unchangeable—to visit England as soon as Father Bonneville was well enough to undertake the voyage.

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A NEW LAND.

I was on the deck about half-past six ante meridian, on as fine a morning as ever broke upon the world. We had encountered very severe gales, varying from the north-west, at which they first began, almost all round the compass. I could not think what was in the weather. Its only object seemed to be, to battle the sea and to fret the Atlantic. One glorious thunder-storm had diversified the monotony of the voyage, and I shall never forget either the grand masses of cloud which rose up in the splendor of the evening from the sea, like the purple mountains of a new land, rising under the wand of an enchanter, or the vivid flashes of the lightning as they blazed around us during the live-long night. The thunder, I must confess, was far less loud and sublime than I have heard it on land, where rocks and mountains and forests sent it roaring through innumerable echoes.

To this storm succeeded much calmer weather, and on the morning which I now speak of, the vessel with all sail set, and a favorable wind, could barely reckon five knots an hour. There was a soft and sleepy splendor about the sky as the sun rose—a bright softness of atmosphere, almost misty—which received and retained long a tint from the rosy coloring of the sun's early rays.

My approach to the Coast of America, after the first voyage I had ever made, had greatly disappointed me. Long, flat lines, like low islands in a river, were not the contrast one anticipated after sailing over the vast Atlantic; but as we now bore onward, I suddenly beheld upon the left, a number of immense rocky masses, of a pale violet color, with the sea, even in that calm weather, breaking furiously upon them, and not long after, on the right, some high, precipitous rocks, detached from what seemed to be the main land, and forming as I imagined the point of a peninsula, sheltering the beautiful bay into which we seemed slowly gliding.

I asked the helmsman what these two objects were; and he replied—"The Scilly Islands and the Needles."

This then was England—the England of which all the world had heard so much—the fortress of the deep: slow to engage in warfare: resolute when once engaged: unconquerable: inexpugnable: with a vitality that defied time and change: with a progress which had something sublime in its calm, fearless, equable march. This was the England which had twice produced the conquerors of France, which had subjected a world to the influence of its science and its literature; whose sails were on every sea; whose arms were in each hemisphere; whose name was a redoubted passport in every land; whose language was spoken on the coasts of every continent. This then was England! And those rocky cliffs, and rugged peaks, in their grand, silent majesty, seemed to me the image and the emblem of the people.

As we slowly sailed on, keeping very near the coast, to get the most favorable wind, and under the directions of a pilot, steering in and out amongst banks, which added the interest of some peril to the general charm of the scenery, the aspect of the country softened. Beautiful green slopes, rich woods, gay looking towns, a

picturesque country-house here and there, and a group of cottages crowning a bold cliff or nested at its foot, were seen all along the line of coast, and the very first sight of that country filled the mind with ideas of home comfort, and sweet domestic peace, and the rich prosperity of an industrious, law-fearing people, and an equable, but firm government, more strongly than the aspect of any other land I had ever seen. Oh! how all my prepossessions vanished before that sight—and when about nine o'clock I persuaded Father Bonneville to come upon deck, as we were proceeding calmly up a channel between two lands, both plainly visible, the good old man would hardly believe his eyes that this fair, sunshiny, beautiful country, was the England of which he had so often heard.

It is the most extraordinary fact I know, that no foreigner whom I have ever met with, who has never visited England, (and comparatively few of those who have,) has had the slightest idea of what the land really is, or what are its inhabitants. A Frenchman knows more of what is passing beyond the equator, than he knows of what exists on the other side of the narrow British channel.

The slow progress we made, which was not increased in speed in the least by the cursing and swearing of the pilot—one of the most blasphemous fellows I ever met with—rendered it late in the evening before we approached Portsmouth, whither we were bound to deliver a large cargo of various sorts of wood, to be employed experimentally, in the works of the great naval arsenal there established. It was some occasion of rejoicing, or of ceremony—as far as I recollect, some Prince, or great man, or foreign minister, was taking his departure from the port—and as we approached Spithead, where a number of enormous castle-like vessels were lying, the thunder of cannon from the forts seemed to make the very irresponsive sea echo.

We landed as speedily as possible; and I cannot say that the aspect of humanity did not somewhat detract from the impression of the approach. We were surrounded by a number of greedy and clamorous people, each of whom seemed to have some peculiar object to serve, and escaped from them with difficulty, into a lumbering, dirty, and foul-smelling vehicle, with a broken window, and straw under our feet. We had obtained the name of a good inn, however, and thither we ordered the coachman to drive. The appearance of the place, as we passed through the streets, was somewhat like that of the lower part of Boston; but when we reached the hotel, the aspect of all things was very different, and I must confess much more agreeable. There was a neatness, a comfortableness, an attention without servility which was very pleasant. Two rooms were shown to Father Bonneville and myself as our sleeping rooms, where every thing was clean, precise, and regular, giving one for the first time a complete notion of what is meant by the term snug. In each there was firing ready laid and only waiting to be lighted, and in the sitting-room, which was large and handsome, and connected with one of the bed-rooms, the grate was already blazing with a bright coal fire. We were scarcely installed when a waiter, with an apron as white as snow, and a linen jacket without a spot upon it, came in with a long paper in his hand, which he called a bill of fare, and asked us to choose

what we would have for dinner. As Father Bonneville's stomach was still somewhat under the influence of the sea, I selected what I thought would suit him best, and with a rapidity, truly marvellous, the table was laid with a bright clean damask cloth, and abundance of silver and glass, the fire was poked, bread, and supernumerary plates and dishes set upon a sideboard, and in three minutes after, two waiters appeared, bringing in various articles of food, while a somewhat stately personage at their head, dressed in black coat and black silk stockings, carried a silver covered dish, which he placed at the top of the table.

I had chosen plainly enough, and the cookery was plain also; but the very look of the viands, their tenderness, their excellence, might have provoked gluttony in an anchorite.

Even good Father Bonneville recovered his appetite, and a glass of wine, though savoring too much of brandy, for either his palate or my own, aided in raising his spirits which had been somewhat depressed before.

Leaning his head gently on one side after the cloth was cleared away and the waiters had disappeared, with fine, clear, tall lights upon the table, the curtains closely drawn, and the fire crackling and sparkling, and making strange faces for us in the grate, he began to talk to me about England, in a sort of dreamy memory-like manner, which made me for a moment fear that the good old man's brain had suffered from grief, and sickness, and time, and that he was slightly wandering.

"It will be fifty years, Louis," he said, "on the twentieth of this month, since I was last in this land of England. It was a very different land then—or I have much forgotten it. True, I saw not much of the country; for my life was in the capital—a great gloomy city, as it seemed to me, with grand and splendid things going on in it, but which—being excluded from most of them by profession—seemed like pictures in what they call a phantasmagoria, where suddenly out of grim darkness, richly robed figures rush upon you, and are lost again in a moment."

"I never knew you had been in England, my dear friend," I replied. "You never told me so, I think."

"No," he said thoughtfully, "no. But I was in London for nearly eighteen months: the chaplain to the Embassy. Your father was a boy then, Louis, and I taught him as I have taught you."

This was coming upon a subject which I had often wished to broach, but which he had never even approached before. I know not what were the feelings which had prevented me from asking questions. Perhaps they were mingled. We recollect such sensations more indistinctly than facts that strike the eye and ear, and fix themselves upon memory by many holds. Certain I am, however, that it was not want of curiosity or interest, especially during our residence in Germany and Switzerland, where I began to think of every thing, and of my own fate and situation more than any thing else. As far as I can recollect, Father Bonneville's careful avoidance of the subject, and a sort of dark awe I felt at removing the veil from what was evidently a mystery, a sort of impression that there was something dreadful and horrible behind,

often sealed my lips at the moment I was about to speak. Now, however, I had tasted enough of sorrow in the world to have manly resolution, and though Father Bonneville's weak state of health had prevented me from inquiring since we had again met, I asked, at once,

"Who was my father?"

He laid his hand gently upon mine, as I sat beside him, near the table, and looked in my face with an expression not to be forgotten—so mild—so tender—so sorrowful.

"Ask me no questions, Louis," he said. "Ask me no questions just now. You will hear soon enough; and until I know why the remittances which were always made me for your support and education were withheld when I was in America, I am bound not to speak. If what I fear, is the case, my lips will be unsealed. If not, you must wait patiently yet awhile."

I looked down gloomily on the ground for a moment, and then asked in a cold, somewhat bitter tone,

"Tell me at least, good Father, is there any thing disgraceful in my birth."

"Nothing, nothing," he exclaimed, clasping his hands vehemently.

"Then was my father a villain, a knave, or a coward?" I asked.

"I loved him well," replied Father Bonneville, in a tone of deep emotion, "and so help me heaven, as I believe there never did exist upon this earth a more gallant gentleman, a more honorable and upright man, or a more sincere Christian than your father. He was only too good for his age and for his country."

A deep silence succeeded, which continued for several minutes, and then, with a sort of gentle art, he turned the conversation to my residence in Germany, and my poor Louise—for by this time I had told him all—and strove to win me from a subject which he saw agitated me so much, by leading me to one of milder sorrow. But my heart was too full to bear it; my replies were as brief as reverence for him would permit, and thus ended our first day in England.

[*To be continued.*

MY MOTHER'S SPIRIT.

BY KNYVETT THORNTON.

In the deep and solemn midnight,
All the household lost in sleep,
Comes thy holy spirit to me,
And in accents soft and lowly,
Bide me not to weep!

Come, thou blessed spirit, nearer,
Feel the beating of my heart;
How it longs to burst its fetters—
How it eager pants for freedom—
Now 'tis ready for the start!

Oh, my mother! be thou with me;
Guide my wandering steps to thee;
Watch thy son in sleep or waking,
And when fainting in his spirit,
Guide—oh guide—his steps to thee!

For I feel, if thou art near me—
If thy spirit watcheth me,
With its soft and faith-full eyes
Looking downward from the skies,
From its home in Paradise,
It will ever, ever cheer me!

MAGDALEN.

BY L. L. M.

O’er the shining walls of Sunset
Drooped the night-flag’s sable fold;
Far adown the dim old forest
Evening anthems slowly rolled.
Up from brakes and velvet mosses,
Heart-wrung pleadings faintly stole,
With Death’s anguish wildly wrestled,
All that night, a passing soul.

Wronged and wronger here had parted
In life’s glorious summer morn,
He, to win the world’s high honor,
She, to shrink from man’s fierce scorn.
She had sinned, and love’s sweet numbers
Rang from human lips no more,
But around her gently murmured
Voices from the Eternal shore.

Past her flowed the chiming waters,
Heaven-hued flow’rets bent above;
Upward rose their blended incense
To the God whose name is Love.
Downward through the forest arches
Swept the pine-trees fragrant balm;
O’er her fevered senses stealing
With a soft, delicious calm.

Angel eyes smiled down upon her,
Angel wings about her lay;
And a gleam from Heaven’s bright portals,
Flashed upon her upward way.
Calm she lay, the great All Father
Held her in his dear embrace;
And the peace of sin forgiven,

Rests upon her sweet, dead face.

ROSALIE.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING.

In a luxurious dressing-room in one of the most aristocratic mansions of Montreal, a young girl stood before a cheval-glass which gave back the full-length reflection of her lovely person, from the rich luxuriance of her rose-crowned ringlets to the sole of the fairy foot, now clad in a sylvan buskin, laced with silken strings over the delicate and naked ankle. The girl's dress was a fanciful one—it had just been sent home from the dress-maker's, and she was but rehearsing in it, preparatory to her appearance as the goddess Flora at a fancy-ball, to be given shortly by the officers of the garrison to the *élite* of the city.

An attempt to personate the bright floral divinity of Spring might seem to argue undue vanity on the part of Alicia de Rochemont, but she had consented to do so at the suggestion of her preferred admirer, Captain Clairville, who declared that he had once met the celebrated Dutchess of S—— in that character, at a masquerade, and that she looked divinely, though even her fresh and radiant beauty was far less dazzling than that of Miss De Rochemont's. Alicia thought every one who flattered her sincere, and so she believed the gay captain, and following his directions as to her costume, stood now before her mirror, a lovely impersonation of the ever-youthful deity who presides over the floral creation.

Her robe, of the finest tissue, changed its hues with every motion of the graceful wearer, now glowing with tints of sapphire, now assuming the hue of the rose, then fading to a tender purple, or a violet-azure, and the effect of all was softened by the transparent folds of an almost impalpable veil, which floated around the figure of the goddess, like the fleecy clouds which in the balmy nights of summer follow the bright pathway of the moon, chastening often, but never obscuring her lustre. Her white and rounded arms, bare to the shoulders, were wreathed with flowers; her hair was crowned with roses, and in one hand she carried a cornucopia filled with exquisite blossoms, which she was supposed to scatter on the earth, as she passed over it.

For a few minutes Alicia continued to survey herself with evident satisfaction—turning first to this side, then to that, and at last retreating step by step, and again slowly advancing toward her mirror, to study the full effect of her brilliant *tout ensemble*.

“Mrs. Wetmore says, Miss,” remarked her maid, “that there will not be so beautiful a dress among them all as yours.”

“Nor so handsome a goddess,” responded Alicia, “did she not say that also, Ferris?”

“Of course she did, Miss,” returned the maid, who always stood ready to apply the unction of flattery to her young mistress—“everybody says that,” she added, “and sure if they did not, your own mirror would tell it to you.”

“But everybody might not believe what the mirror says, Ferris, though neither you nor I think it tells lies,” said Alicia. “But never mind, it is all very well, except these mock-roses, and they are such trumpery things I will not disgrace myself by wearing them,” and snatching the garland of artificial roses from her head she threw it contemptuously across the floor. “I can have abundance of natural flowers of every description except roses, and every one tells me they are not to be found.”

“Then, Miss, how can you expect to have them? Sure, they will not blow in the midst of these mountains of snow,” said Ferris.

“But Captain Clairville declares I am no true goddess without them,” said Alicia —“that the Dutchess of S—— had the loveliest crown of fragrant roses on her head, besides boquets of them in her hands and on her bosom, and that to be seen with these things of cloth and wire would make me ridiculous. No, it will never do; I must and will have real roses—roses! roses! Ferris, for the Goddess Flora, or I will go to bed and not get up again for a year.”

“Oh pray, Miss, don’t talk so,” said Ferris. “I am sure I would get roses for you if I could—but where upon earth are they to be had in the heart of this terrible winter? All the gardeners say theirs have frozen, and for that matter, Miss, I was near being frozen myself the bitter day you sent me out to ransack the suburbs for them—into every alley and corner I went without finding so much as a bud to bless myself with, though Dame Paton says hers never failed before, and in the coldest weather the Misses Franchettes were never known to be without them.”

“But you said something, Ferris, of a rose-tree which a poor girl had in some out of the way place, I forget where. Pray why cannot you get from them the flowers I want, and which indeed I must and will have?”

“Oh, la! Miss, who would have the heart to rob that bush? It blossoms but once a year, and is the only treasure of a poor girl who watches its flowers to lay them on her mother’s grave.”

“How doleful! Is it a sad-looking rose, Ferris?” asked Alicia.

“Oh no, Miss, quite gay, and the loveliest white, with just the faintest blush you ever saw,” said Ferris—“at least, so the buds looked which were just bursting open —perfect wreaths of them, which would bring ever so much money if the girl would only sell them; but no, she will not part with one, saving them all till the anniversary of her mother’s death, when she strews them over her grave, and they say it is a lovely sight to see the heap of snow which covers it all of a blush with the living

roses."

"How strange! quite sentimental, I declare," said Alicia, adjusting her veil into more becoming folds before the mirror as she spoke. "But, then," she added, "what a sin to throw away such lovely flowers; just now, too, when there is nowhere else a rose to be had, and so many would be thankful for them at any price. I am sure they would adorn the living more than the dead, for exposed to this frightful cold they cannot even beautify the grave many minutes before they are changed to ice."

"Oh, Miss, old Suzanne says she has seen them lying there for days together; stiff enough to be sure, but looking blooming, and so beautiful in the white snow, and sometimes there falls a fine sleet and freezes on them, and they sparkle as if covered with diamonds; and then Rosalie, that is the name of the young girl, smiles and says the angels have wept on them—so she watches them till they change, and then throws over them the lightest snow she can find, and they settle down as the snow melts, and in the spring their faded leaves are all found lying on the green grave, sometimes quite fresh-like and sweet as it were."

"What a fuss about nothing," said the volatile beauty; "the girl must have lost her senses, or if she has not, other people have, to see such lovely roses perishing in the snow, and never taking the trouble to carry them away from that frozen place."

"What, Miss, lift them from the grave!" exclaimed Ferris, with a burst of indignation that reproved the flippant selfishness of her mistress, "who would dare do such a thing? It would be the very sin of sacrilege that Father Dougherty talked of last Sunday, and I for one, would choose never to look upon another flower, rather than pluck even a leaf from those which that poor girl lays upon her mother's grave."

"Goodness me, Ferris, how very pathetic you are," said Alicia, slightly coloring, with shame we hope, "but I am not so easily melted, and the roses I *must* have—fairly purchased of the girl if she will sell them, if not, by some other means, for obtain them I must; and if with your aid, Ferris, a rich reward shall be yours—if you refuse it, there are those to whom I have shown far less kindness than to you who would not so willingly disoblige me."

"Indeed, Miss," said Ferris, half-crying and alarmed by the dread of losing a good place, "there is nobody in the whole world that I would do so much for as you—any thing that was right, Miss, I could never disobey you in—but to rob the dead! who could do that and hope ever to have a quiet night again?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Alicia, with a contemptuous curl of her pretty lip, "what have you to do with the dead in this matter? I ask you to go to the living, to the girl herself once more, and tempt her with gold, which she must need, to give you these precious flowers. I do not care what you offer her, sovereigns, guineas, any thing you please, if so you win from her the roses—I am no goddess without them—but crowned with such a lovely garland, I shall rival Flora herself—walk a divinity among the men, and cause all the women to expire with envy."

And at the bare thought of such a triumph, the spoiled little beauty crossed the room with as regal a step as though she really trod the cloudy heights of Olympus, and casting off her veil and robe of changeful hue, she wrapped her fairy form in a luxurious dressing-gown, and sunk quite exhausted into the arms of a capacious *fauteuil*, from beneath the downy cushions of which she drew forth the last new novel, and soon seemingly abandoned herself to its absorbing interest.

"I will try, Miss, once more for the roses," said Ferris, as she turned to leave the room, "unless you are willing Grayson should go—she knows the place, for she went there with me, Miss, and would, I think, be much more likely to get them than I should."

"I care not a pin who goes, Ferris," said Alicia, looking up from beneath the mass of silk and down in which she sat half-buried—"only let me have the roses and I will not even ask how they were got, or by whom." And again she sunk listlessly down into what might have seemed a little bundle of embroidered silk, but for the crown of shining ringlets just visible in its midst.

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CHAPTER II.

The scene of our tale changes from the abode of wealth and fashion to the humble dwelling of poverty, with its trials and privations—from the exhibition of a spoiled and petted beauty's vain and idle caprices, to the manifestations of a pure and noble spirit, oppressed by misfortune, yet true to its own high convictions of duty, gently submissive to the Divine hand which guided and sustained it, and ever shedding around its lowly sphere the light and peace of its own heavenly faith and love.

In a narrow cross-street of one of the most obscure suburbs of the city, stood a dilapidated house, the small attic of which was tenanted by an elderly man and his daughter, the former of whom was now lying motionless upon his bed, either insensible or asleep; and to judge from his wasted and ghastly appearance, approaching near the confines of that world where the weary spirit finds release and rest. Beside him, at a small table, sat a young girl of singularly sweet and interesting appearance, without what a common observer would designate beauty, and yet with "something than beauty dearer," irradiating her calm, pure face; a soul-light from within, shining and giving to it that heavenly expression which reminded one of the angelic faces which beam from the breathing canvas of Raphael. Her soft, brown hair fell back in wavy curls from her smooth brow, and in her dark hazel-eyes, with their long-fringed drooping lids, there was a depth of unrevealed and gentle sensibilities, and a lurking tenderness around her mouth, which indicated timidity and sweetness—some might have thought it weakness, had not the slight and graceful curve of the upper lip rescued it from that suspicion—denoting a firm, if a gentle soul, and a courage strong to dare and endure in the path of woman's duty,

thorny and rugged though that path might chance to be.

On the small table before her lay a cluster of snow-white camelias, with a few other flowers of equal beauty. Whence, at so inclement a season, came those frail and delicate blossoms into that bare and lonely attic? A nearer glance informed the gazer that those lovely imitations of Nature's fairest forms were of wax, moulded by the skill and taste of the young artist into such perfection as to deceive the most practiced eye. Thrown by a series of afflictive dispensations wholly upon her own resources for the support of her sick father and herself, Rosalie La Motte had exercised in turn her various accomplishments to avert the want and destitution which menaced her—but notwithstanding the elegance of the various articles which she produced, she found it difficult to obtain purchasers for them, though she did not hesitate to seek a sale for them at the shops, and even to offer them at the doors of some of the finest houses of the city. They were generally turned over with indifference and dismissed, or purchased at half their value, by those who thought more of making a good bargain than of aiding the pale and delicate girl who was so nobly struggling against poverty and misfortune.

In the disposal of her wax-flowers Rosalie had met with better success—they were too exquisite not to win admiration, and several had purchased single flowers or small bouquets without disputing the price, and so encouraged, when she could procure the materials, she continued, upon a small scale, her tasteful manufacture, and thus, for the present, was enabled to provide comforts for her father, and defray the trifling expenses of her humble home.

And thus to struggle on alone and unfriended, was indeed heroic in one born to better fortunes, and nurtured in a home of ease and indulgence, as was the young and gentle Rosalie. Early in life her father had emigrated from Lyons to New Orleans, where he established a mercantile house, which soon became one of the richest in the city. He married a lovely woman, and children gathered around him. But then troubles came, as they come to all—for they are part of life's discipline, aiding us to solve its deep mysteries, and unveiling our spiritual sight to behold the glories of that higher life toward which the good and true are constantly ascending. An infant son died, and then a darling daughter, just budding into her tenth sweet summer. The mother was grief-stricken—the father's energies paralyzed, and during this season of heavy trial, an ambitious and unprincipled partner of the house availed himself of the opportunity to embark in a daring and uncertain speculation, which failed, as might have been expected, involving the whole concern in irretrievable ruin.

The same messenger who brought these evil tidings to the unhappy merchant, then residing at his country seat, brought also letters from an uncle of Mr. La Motte's on the mother's side, who had been for many years a resident in Canada, engaged there in the lucrative North West trade. The communication from Mr. McMillan stated that he had now retired from active business, and having no home of his own, he wished his nephew to remove with his family to Montreal, that he

might find one with those whom he intended as the heirs of his fortune.

Ruined in fortune, and broken down in spirit, Mr. La Motte resolved to accept his uncle's cordial invitation, and accordingly wrote him to that effect, but unfortunately the letter never reached its destination. Again Mr. McMillan wrote, but by some untoward accident his letter went astray—and a rumor which soon after prevailed, owing to Mr. La Motte's remaining in retirement, that he had returned with his family to France, reached the ears of his uncle, and prevented his writing again. In the meantime, the cholera broke out in the devoted city of Montreal, and Mr. McMillan was among its first victims. His life had not been such as to enable him to meet death in peace, and in the vain hope that he should thus make some atonement for his sins, he gave the whole of his property to the church, and died in the belief that its purchased masses would insure the safety of his soul.

Delayed by illness and other unforeseen causes, it was not till the autumn of that fatal year, that Mr. La Motte, with his wife and daughter, arrived in Montreal, only to meet new trial and disappointment, for the first answers to inquiries respecting his relative, informed him of his death, and the disposition of his entire property to the church. Thus left friendless, almost penniless, in a strange land, with a wife and child, bred in affluence, dependent upon him, the unfortunate La Motte was ready to sink beneath the heavy burden of his lot. But something must be done, so a small house was rented, and through the friendly services of a distant relative of his late uncle, Mr. La Motte obtained the situation of under-clerk, with a very moderate remuneration, in a mercantile house in the city.

It was a new position for one who had been for many prosperous years at the head of an extensive establishment of his own; but it averted immediate want, and enabled him to provide a shelter for those dear ones who leaned upon him—a humble one it is true, compared to the comfort and luxurious beauty of their southern home; but it was their own—and beautified by the wife's patient sweetness, the daughter's loving smiles and tender assiduities for the happiness of her parents, it became a haven of peace to the worn and weary man. So passed away the first year of their northern sojourn; but with the falling of the next autumn leaves, a gathering cloud threatened to overshadow their calm sky.

The change of climate and of circumstances had seriously affected Mrs. La Motte's health—her step became feeble—a cough convulsed her slight frame, and the beautiful but fearful hectic of consumption lent its fatal lustre to her cheek and eye. She faded fast, and with the early snows of winter the broken-hearted husband and weeping daughter, saw her dear and cherished form borne forever from the humble home, which her presence had sanctified and blessed.

"Do not mourn thus bitterly, my Rosalie," she said, on the day of her departure. "I am not leaving you, my child, but only passing from your outward sight, to be still nearer to you in thought and affection. This life, dearest, we have found one of trial and change—but we both believe that the one toward which I am rapidly advancing, upon which I shall soon enter, is one of beauty and of peace—of joy

unspeakable and of endless development."

"Yes, dear mamma, I know this," said the weeping girl; "and for you I do rejoice—but oh, this seeming separation—how sad it is!" and a fresh burst of sorrow impeded her utterance.

"Ever think of it *but* as a *seeming* separation, for it is one only to the eye of sense," said Mrs. La Motte. "That which we call death, dear Rosalie, is but a change in the mode of our existence—a continuation of life, higher, fuller, more free than that which we know here, in a world of light and beauty far more real than this."

"Oh yes, dear mamma," said Rosalie, "I dread death only because it severs the close-knit ties of earth—thanks to your teachings, I have always regarded it as a beautiful and benignant ministration of our Heavenly Father's love—as the birth-day of the soul to a higher and happier life, without satiety or end. But this day, mamma, brings to me a double bereavement, for it is that on which our sweet Adalia left us—and now—and now—" She paused, covering her streaming eyes with her hand.

"Yes, and she is near me—very near—waiting to conduct me to her spirit-home," said the mother, with a rapt look, as though she indeed gazed upon the form of her departed child—as who shall say she did not, or that our loved ones do not ever sit beside our dying pillow, as is the sweet belief, and a true one, as we think, of many.

"The dear rose-tree she planted," resumed the dying mother, after a moment's pause, "will soon be bright with blossoms, as on the day she left us—let its flowers, my Rosalie, cover my snowy grave, and on each anniversary of my departure, strew them there in remembrance of us both."

"Yes—yes, dear mamma!" was all the sobbing girl could utter.

"Do so, darling child," said the mother—"our spirits will be with you, my Rosalie—and never, never, dear one, forget while it lives, to cherish for her sweet sake, the rose-tree her young hand planted."

"Never! my own mamma," sobbed Rosalie; "for her dear sake and yours, it shall be a sacred thing to me always."

It was on the first day of her illness that the little Adalia had planted this rose-tree, then a tiny thing; and before another spring came round, its flowers were strewn upon her grave. From that time the plant was watched with reverent care by the tender mother; and when she left her southern home for the colder north, this cherished thing accompanied her, though there were many others far more useful and costly that were necessarily left behind.

The death of his wife gave the final blow to Mr. La Motte's health and spirits—still he struggled on, but evidently with a broken-heart, till finally a sudden paralysis, which partially affected the mind, and wholly prostrated the physical powers, laid him helpless upon a weary bed of pain. It was then, when every earthly stay seemed to have deserted her, that all the hidden strength and beauty of

Rosalie's character were developed.

Deprived at once of the power of active exertion, Mr. La Motte's small income ceased—the house they occupied, humble as it was, could no longer be retained—and Rosalie, all inexperienced, felt the necessity of looking out for a less expensive abode. After long and patient search she at length discovered the old house with its unoccupied attic, where we have introduced her to the reader, and to which she removed her father, with the few articles of comfort and convenience she could afford to keep, and there for many months she had now toiled unremittingly for their support.

But amid all the toils and privations of her lot, her cheerfulness and serene temper remained unclouded—her patience unshaken—her trust and faith in her heavenly Father's love and goodness, calm and unfaltering. Nor, helpless and often querulous through weariness and suffering as her father was, did she ever fail toward him in her task of duty, or in the constancy of her affection. He only, of the dear household band, remained to her; and the devotion she felt for him absorbed the whole of her being, except that higher sentiment which belonged to Him who had breathed into her an immortal spirit.

Her own frail and delicate appearance told, however, that the soul's struggle for resignation and cheerfulness, though successful, had too terribly shaken the physical frame, ever to permit the flush of health and joy to invigorate it again. Short and quick, after every exertion, came the labored breath, and the slightest fatigue or emotion dyed the fair cheek with that brilliant hue, which they who know its fatal warning, tremble to behold.

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CHAPTER III

The small apartment occupied by Rosalie and her father, though scrupulously neat and clean, was almost bare of furniture. A few necessary and very simple articles it contained, and nothing else, beside the lovely wax flowers upon the table, worthy of observation, except the tall and thriving rose-tree, whose bursting buds, fast unfolding into full-blown flowers, were consecrated to the memory of the departed. It was growing in the graceful Wedgwood vase in which the little Adalia had planted it, and before the recess of the window where it stood hung a curtain so thin as not to exclude the air, while it answered the design for which it was intended, to screen it from the curious eye of casual visitors. This curtain was now drawn aside, revealing the graceful plant in its flush of beauty, and as Rosalie sat moulding the plastic wax into exquisite floral forms with her delicate fingers, she often turned her eyes from the still and deathlike features of her father to its green branches, drooping with the weight of their clustered buds, and a sad and tender smile would linger on her lips, and a dewy lustre moisten her soft, hazel eye as she gazed—while at times some secret thought framed itself into words, and fell in broken murmurs

from her tongue.

At last she rose, and advancing to the tree, lifted a trailing branch, and wound it round a stronger one for support, tears like dew-drops falling upon its bright buds as she said—

"Yes, dear mamma, the rose-tree our Adalia planted, and which you loved, is blooming for you, and once again your daughter's hand will strew its leaves over your snowy bed. Once more! but another year—and who will shed them there? Ah! it matters not—we shall ere then be reunited where brighter flowers than those of earth will bloom for us eternally."

A radiant smile lighted up her sweet face as she uttered these words, and her delicate cheek flushed with the lovely but fatal hectic which lurked in her system, and set the seal of truth upon her prophecy. As she turned slowly from the window she saw her father move—he had awakened, and she hastened toward the bed. The sick man looked upon his child with a vacant eye, as she tenderly bent over him. She saw that his lips were parched, and pouring some liquid into a cup, she held it to him, and he drank eagerly.

"Have you slept well, dear papa?" she gently asked, as she tenderly arranged his pillow, and smoothed the thin hair from his furrowed brow.

He turned his dreamy eye toward her, and it brightened up with loving recollections, as he scanned in silence the features so dear, and so familiar to his heart.

"Slept!" he said at last, in a low and feeble voice. "I have been sailing, Rosalie, on a broad, bright river, and angels guided my vessel. Adalia was in my arms, and she, your angel mother, sat beside me, with her patient smile, and her sunny eye that, with its look of love, ever chased the shadows from my heart."

"Dear papa, you weary yourself," said the anxious girl, as he paused, laboring for breath. "Rest awhile, for I know it all—mamma was with you, and you were happy."

"Yes," he answered with animation, "I was happy. I felt her hand in mine, and we sailed onward and onward, far away from all sights and sounds of earth, into a glorious atmosphere, golden with the light of heaven—and all around us was *His* near presence, wrapping our souls in a garment of blessedness."

"It is always round us, dear papa," said Rosalie, alarmed at his increasing excitement; "always—even here in this poor room, where we seem left to drink the cup of poverty alone."

"A dream!—but was it *only* a *dream* then, Rosalie?" murmured the sick man with a troubled look.

"No, dear papa; but a visitation of angels to cheer your slumbers, and whisper to your spirit of the peace and bliss of heaven," said the gentle daughter, imprinting a kiss of love upon his cheek.

"Yes, yes; and to tell me of her guardian care," he said; then in a clear voice, and

with a burst of joyful triumph he repeated—

> " 'Rejoice, thou troubled spirit! though in pain,
> If thou canst take, even here, so sweet a flight;
> What wilt thou in thy native seats again.' "

And so soothed by the cheering vision, the invalid sank again into a deep and peaceful slumber, which was again brightened, as the sleep of the departing often is, by glimpses of that fair spirit-land in which the sufferer is so soon to awaken.

Rosalie had just finished adjusting the bed-clothes around her father, when steps and voices were heard ascending the stairs. She glanced at the precious rose-tree, and with eager hand hastened to draw the curtain before the little recess where it stood, which she had scarcely time to do, before the door was suddenly opened, without even the ceremony of a rap, and a matronly lady, dressed in rich and fashionable costume, and attended by a female servant, entered the apartment. Rosalie instantly divined the cause of their appearance in her humble abode, for in the person of the latter she recognized one of the women who, a few days previous, had come there with a desire to purchase the cherished roses, whose bloom she watched with interest and solicitude.

For an instant she stood silent and embarrassed before the intruders, then recovering herself, with that graceful courtesy which ever distinguishes the well-bred and refined, she drew forward a chair and invited the lady to sit.

With a slight and condescending nod, Madame de Rochemont, for it was the mother of Alicia, took possession of the offered seat, at the same time casting a glance of eager inquiry around the apartment. As she did so, her eye was attracted by the lovely wax flowers which lay upon the table, and bending toward them,

"Bless me!" she exclaimed, "what exquisite flowers!" then, as a nearer view revealed to her their true quality, she added—"and of wax too, I declare! Are they for sale—and do you make them?" she asked, looking at Rosalie.

"I make them, Madame, but these are already disposed of," replied Rosalie. "I shall gladly, however, make others if they are wished for, and as many as may be ordered."

"Oh, it is your business, is it," said the lady superciliously; "and pray, what may be your charge for a bunch like this?"

"Only a pound, Madame," answered Rosalie, quietly.

"*Only* a pound!" repeated Madame de Rochemont, with a sneering emphasis on the "*only*." "Very moderate, truly! and here are two camelias with a bud, a Provence rose, and a sprig of myrtle—why you must be making your fortune at this rate, child!"

"Considering the labor and expense attending the preparation of the material, for I color and mould the wax myself, the profit is very trifling," said Rosalie.

“Besides,” she added, “I have received few orders for the flowers, as I am almost a stranger in the city, and have commenced making them for sale only since my father’s illness.” Her voice slightly trembled as she made this allusion, but her emotion passed unheeded.

“Were your prices more moderate you would have more orders than you could execute,” said Madame de Rochemont. “For instance, if you consent to charge but ten shillings, instead of twenty, for a bouquet like this, which is enough in all conscience, I will take one myself, and procure you at least a dozen purchasers among my own private friends.”

“It is impossible, Madame, for me to make them at so low a price,” said Rosalie; “it would not repay me for the cost of the materials—these should bring me one pound ten, in justice to myself, but necessity compels me to part with them just now at a lower rate than I can afford; but I am to take them to the lady who ordered them at three o’clock, and I shall decline making any more at that price.”

“Well, child, you cannot expect patronage, if you persist in such extravagant terms,” said the lady, turning with an air of indifference from the wax camelias, and adding, as she again sent her searching gaze round the room—“but it was not to purchase artificial flowers that I came here this morning. My daughter’s maid, and my own, whom (with a glance at Grayson) perhaps you may recognize, in their search after flowers for the fancy ball, found their way here a day or two since, and brought back to us a story of the beautiful rose-tree you have somewhere here, and of your refusal, owing to some sort of a whim, to part with any of the flowers, though, from appearances, one would think you might have been willing to exchange what must be useless to you, for a much less sum than she was bidden to offer.”

“The roses she wished to purchase, Madame,” said Rosalie, with emotion, “have a value to me, that, with all my pressing wants, gold fails to possess. They are,” she added, tears filling her soft eyes, “memorials of a beloved mother and sister—the tree was planted by the latter, and for her sake fondly cherished, amid the wreck of almost all else that we possessed—its first flowers were laid upon her grave, and now, yearly, I watch its bloom to strew them on my mother’s—nor can I let even my poverty tempt me to neglect this duty, which, on each anniversary of her death, I promised her faithfully to perform.”

A covert sneer lurked round the mouth of Madame de Rochemont, who wanted sensibility to appreciate a sentiment so tender and refined; but there was a gentle dignity, a touching truthfulness in Rosalie’s words and manner, that checked the sarcasm which else she might have uttered, and with an air of cold nonchalance, she only said—

“Ah, I see—a little bit of romance—but never mind. If not too precious to be seen, will you favor me with a sight of this wonderful rose-tree?”

Thus requested, Rosalie advanced to the window, and drawing aside the thin curtain which screened it from observation, displayed the lovely bush with its rich

wreaths of spotless buds, now rapidly unfolding in the light and warmth of a bright January sun, which streamed from the brilliant azure of a Canadian sky full upon it. Madame de Rochemont gave audible expression to her admiration at sight of the beautiful plant, and renewed her request, at any price, to obtain its blossoms. But Rosalie, true to her filial idea of love and duty, would not be tempted to depart from it, even by the sight of the offered gold, one piece of which would have lightened the incessant toil to which she was now subjected.

The continued sound of voices in the apartment at length aroused the sick man from his slumbers; and with that confused feeling which, even in health, often accompanies the first moments of awaking from a sound sleep, he looked up around, unable to conjecture where he was, or from whom or whence the unusual hum of voices proceeded. At length, his ear traced them to the window, and listening more intently, he caught some words respecting the rose-tree—a thing not less sacred to him than to his daughter—which startled and interested him. With a preternatural strength he raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed at the speakers, striving to take into his confused mind the meaning of the scene before him, when he saw the woman Grayson, while her mistress held Rosalie's attention engaged, glide quietly to the opposite side of the tree, and screened from their notice by its thick foliage, grasp a branch with one hand, while in the other she held a glittering pair of scissors, with which she was in the act of severing it from the main stalk.

Electrified by the sight, an unwonted energy nerved him, and he sent forth a loud, unearthly cry, a sudden out-burst of mingled agony and fear, which chilled the blood of those who heard it:

"The roses, the roses! Child, child, be not faithless to your mother's wish!" he gasped, in thrilling accents, and then sunk back exhausted on his pillow. The scissors fell from the hand of Grayson in her momentary fright, and she dropped the branch she had only partially severed; but hardened and fearless, she would almost instantly have returned to complete her purpose, had not Madame de Rochemont, with a look of mingled terror and annoyance, beckoned her away.

"Let us be gone from this place," she said; "all the roses in the world are not worth the shock my nerves have received from the shriek of that madman yonder. Let the girl keep her flowers, if she prizes them above bread, and reap the fruits of her folly, as she will doubtless do soon. Come, Grayson—I am in haste; for I cannot breathe in this horrid attic another moment;" and sweeping past the bed without turning a glance of pity or inquiry toward the apparently dying man, over whom the poor daughter was bending in love and terror, she disappeared through the door, followed by her reluctant waiting-woman.

Grayson, however—as determined a she-wolf as ever thirsted for the blood of an innocent lamb—had by no means relinquished her purpose. She was to receive a rich bribe from Alicia if she succeeded in it, and she was resolved not to give it up. Ferris was too conscientious and too tender-hearted to do any thing further in the matter, and she would have lost her place for declining, had not her services been

too valuable to her selfish young mistress to be lightly dispensed with. But Grayson was troubled with no such scruples of conscience, and the moment she saw her mistress seated in her carriage, which waited at the end of the little street, and had received her dismission, she returned to a small Canadian house which stood just opposite the one she had recently quitted, the occupants of which, an old man and woman, were known to her.

Under the pretence of paying them a friendly visit, she sat down at the window to watch for Rosalie, who, she remembered to have said, that at three o'clock she was to take home the wax flowers she had made. She waited patiently till the hour arrived—but then, when minute after minute passed on, till a quarter sounded from the old clock of the French Seminary, she began to fear that the sick man was either dead, or so much worse as to prevent his daughter from leaving him. However, just as she was hesitating what course to pursue, the door of the opposite house was opened, and Rosalie appeared, with the gray capote of her little Canadian cloak drawn closely over her head—for it was snowing fast—and carrying a small basket in her hand. She tripped quickly down the narrow street, and when Grayson saw her turn the corner, she rose and said she must be going, but that she would first just step over the way and see how the sick man was, to whom her mistress sometimes sent jelly. The old woman nodded her approbation of the neighborly act, and Grayson departed on her wicked errand. She found the street-door opposite open, and softly ascending the stairs, she reached the attic without encountering any one.

Rosalie had left the door of her room slightly a-jar when she went out, as was her custom, that the woman who occupied the apartment below—a decent and quiet person—might hear her father's bell, should he touch the small one beside him. She had left him in a tranquil sleep, and apparently recovered from the preceding excitement, and expecting to be absent a very short time, she felt no more anxiety than usual respecting him, nor hesitated to leave him alone as she was in the habit of doing when obliged to go out.

Grayson softly entered the room, and with the stealthy step of a cat glided swiftly across it, casting a furtive glance at the sleeper as she passed the bed to assure herself that all was safe—then flinging aside the curtain which concealed the rose-tree, she drew forth her sharp, bright scissors, and commenced the work of destruction. Wreaths and clusters of those bursting buds and full-blown roses she relentlessly severed from the parent tree, depositing them in a capacious handkerchief which she had spread upon the floor to receive them, till the beautiful plant—but just now crowned with living bloom and beauty—stood before her shorn and disfigured by her cruel theft.

In haste to be gone, she cast the last roses on her heap of spoils, and was carefully drawing the corners of the handkerchief together that she might not crush them, when a low sort of hissing sound from the bed startled her. She looked up, and at the sight which met her view, even her bold heart quailed with momentary fear and awe. Sitting upright, she beheld Mr. La Motte, his tall, erect form

emaciated almost to a skeleton, one hand feebly grasping the pillow for support, the other, thin and shadowy, stretched with a menacing gesture toward her. His ghostly face, rendered still more so by the black hair, streaked with gray, which had grown long during his illness, and which hung round it, giving it the livid hue of death; but intense life seemed centered in his eyes, which—dark as night, deep sunk and large—glared upon her with a look of terrible rage and ferocity, while his skinny lips, drawn apart in a vain effort to give utterance to his wrath, disclosed two rows of teeth glittering with deathly whiteness, that lent a supernatural aspect to the countenance.

Quickly gathering up the stolen roses, Grayson darted toward the door; but when the sick man saw her actually escaping with the treasured flowers, his agony burst forth in burning words:

"Fiend! fiend!" he shouted; "you have robbed the dead! they are here—they call you to give back—give back—the—" and his speech failing by degrees, and his unnatural strength yielding before the violence of the effort he made, he fell over insensible on the edge of the bed, upsetting the little table, and causing the hand-bell—placed on it for his use—to roll on the floor, ringing out its loudest peal as it fell.

Without a moment's pause, Grayson rushed down the two pair of shaking stairs to the lower lobby. She found the street-door closed, and while she was attempting to open it—which in her haste she did not quickly accomplish—she heard the woman who occupied the room below the attic, come out and ascend the stairs; and a moment after, her voice sounded from the upper landing, calling to some one below—"Pray come up, quick! I think the sick man is dead! Where is the girl? Can no one find her, to come to her father?"

Grayson waited to hear no more, but hastily quitting the house, ran as fast as her feet could move down the little street. Just as she turned the corner, she encountered Rosalie, who started and turned pale, and Grayson thought looked suspiciously at her; but she carried the bundle of roses hidden under her cloak, and so she passed on unquestioned. Rosalie, too—though with a heart filled with dark misgivings—went quickly on her homeward way, to find, alas! those misgivings more than realized in the new misfortunes which there awaited her.

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CHAPTER IV.

As Rosalie ascended the stairs to the attic, she heard, through the half-open door of a room which she passed, the words—"He is dead, and the girl is away." Every syllable fell like a bolt of ice upon her heart, for to whom could they refer except to her father and herself? She paused not to think or question; fear, agony—every terrible emotion had lent wings to her feet, she flew upward like a hunted bird, one dreadful thought impelling her onward till she reached the bedside of her father.

Around it stood two or three females, tenants of the house, gazing on the rigid, cold form, pale as marble, which, with closed eyes and motionless hands lay extended before them. With a cry of anguish that would have pierced the most stony heart, Rosalie sprang forward, and laying her now burning cheek on the cold one of her father's, and casting her soft arms around his neck, she called to him in accents, whose tender pathos none could hear unmoved; she implored him to speak to his own Rosalie; to come back from death, and live for her who had none to live for but him. She mingled passionate and broken prayers with her adjurations, that God would restore her dear father again to her; and while she prayed, warm tears fell like summer rain upon the pale face against which her sweet one rested, and like the grateful dews upon the faded herbage, they did indeed recall the departing from the gates of death, to the consciousness of his daughter's warm embrace and loving kiss.

She felt at last the beating of his heart beneath the pressure of her small hand, his respiration feebly fanned her cheek, his closed eyelids quivered; and while her soul bowed down in thankfulness, they were upraised with a beaming look of love, which sent its light and joy into her sinking heart.

"My dear Rosalie," he said, striving to cast his feeble arms around her; "Still a dweller in the tearful valley of discipline and trial; but courage, courage, my own love—the veil of earthly life has been lifted from before me, and I have gazed into the unseen." His voice sunk lower, and he paused. Rosalie pressed her cheek still closer to his, but sobs were her only utterance. "Peace, little one," he said, with tenderness ineffable. "Peace, for they are with us! I have seen them, and soon we shall go home to them. Home! home!" he said exultingly—

"Where happy spirits dwell,
  There, where one loving word
  Alone is never heard,
That loving word, *farewell*!"

Again his eyes closed; and with a smile of serenity upon his lips he slept, or seemed to sleep, tranquilly as an infant. Rosalie raised her head and gazed upon his placid face.

"The peace which passeth all understanding, the peace of heaven is within this breast," she murmured, laying her head upon his bosom, while the breath of prayer went up like fragrant incense from her crushed and bleeding heart. The women had all withdrawn except one, and she, with pitying and kindly purpose, remained to comfort the young girl, and give aid, if need were, to the father; and so in silence a short interval passed, when again the sick man moved, and the watchful child raised her head to catch and interpret his first look; but, as she met his restless and troubled gaze, she saw that the clear intellect had become clouded, even before he spoke, and then, with his first word, her fear became certainty. Casting an anxious glance toward the window—

“Has she robbed us of them *all*?” he asked.

“What? dear papa,” inquired Rosalie, tenderly.

“The roses, child; your mother’s roses, and Adalia’s. They asked me for them just now; their bed, they said, was cold, and they wanted their life and bloom to warm the snow which covered it.”

“Dear papa, I will lay them there to-morrow. It brings round the day on which they left us,” said Rosalie, sadly.

“To-morrow, yes!” he responded; “but will there be any to shed them on us when we shall lie there with them, Rosalie?”

“Dear papa, we shall be cared for then as now,” she answered soothingly; “He who brightens our poor room with those sweet flowers, will then have received us where brighter ones bloom—never to decay.”

“Yes, yes,” murmured the invalid: then with an agitated look he asked again —“but has she taken them all? Look, Rosalie—see if there be one bud left and bring it to me, that I may know if it is like those I saw on Adalia’s brow, in the spirit-land. Go, child!” perceiving her still beside him; “Go, and bring me buds and roses from *her* tree—their fragrance will soothe me like the whisper of her loving voice.”

Thus urged, Rosalie rose to obey him. The fading light of the short winter day was just deepening into twilight, but a bright ray from the still illuminated west shot through the small window and rested on the poor, shorn rose-tree, crowning it with a rosy smile, as if to comfort it for the loss of its flowers. As she approached it, Rosalie was struck with something strange in its appearance, but the day was waning, and her eyes were dimmed with tears, and so no wonder, she thought, that the objects around should seem distorted; nor was it till she stretched out her hand to pluck the roses that she perceived her lovely tree despoiled of its glorious bloom. Bare, mutilated, unsightly she beheld it; not a bud left to tell of what had been, not a single blossom for the hand of filial love to cast upon the sacred place of the dead.

Who could have done this cruel deed? She recollected her rencontre with the woman Grayson—she remembered her guilty look, and the quick, yet stealthy, pace with which she passed her, and to her mind the question was answered beyond a doubt. The coming day was the anniversary of her mother’s death, and must it pass unmarked by the only outward tribute it was in her power to render to her memory? Thought after thought passed through her mind as she stood silent before her desolated tree, but the misfortune was irreparable, and sadly she returned at last to the bedside of her father—he was sleeping calmly, his respiration was free and natural, and the kind neighbor who watched with her, composed her by the assurance that “the fit was over and the morning would find him mending;” still at short intervals he woke, and the same question, “Are they *all* gone?” was constantly repeated, and then with an imploring tone he would ask for “but one bud, to speak to him of her.”

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CHAPTER V.

Alicia de Rochemont stood, as on the reader's first introduction to her, before the tall mirror which reflected back her youthful and lovely figure, arrayed as when we before beheld her, yet with more care and precision, for this was the night of the long-expected fancy-ball, and as the Goddess of Flowers, her head was crowned with garlands of living and fragrant roses, her snowy arms were wreathed with them, and the artificial blossoms that had before filled her cornucopia, were replaced by the most delicious flowers of the conservatory, among which roses of snowy whiteness predominated, lending their pearly lustre and exquisite fragrance to the whole.

The toilette of the young beauty had been for some time completed, and a few admiring friends were now gathered to witness and approve its *tout ensemble*, among whom was Captain Clairville, the assiduous attendant, though not as yet the declared lover, of Miss De Rochemont. The dress of the young lady elicited the commendation of all—for who could censure what was in such perfect taste? But above all, the lovely profusion of roses, which lent to it such a chaste and elegant effect, were especially admired, and many inquiries arose as to where she could have procured them—"such unique roses as they were"—"so unlike any they had ever seen," etc.; questions which an innate feeling of shame forbade Alicia to answer.

Her refusal to tell where she had obtained them, and indeed her evident desire to avoid the subject, a little excited the curiosity of Captain Clairville, and awakened some suspicion in his mind that the knowledge would not redound greatly to her credit. This doubt, however, he scarcely admitted to himself, but it determined him, before finally committing his happiness to the keeping of his fair Alicia, to study her character more closely, and as a key to it, discover if possible the story, for he was sure there was one, connected with the roses; but for this evening he would strive to dismiss distrust, and enjoy the beauty and vivacity which had almost completed their conquest over him.

With this resolution he was just preparing to depart for his lodgings and dress for the ball, when a violent ringing at the street-door, and then a bustle in the hall, attracted the attention of the little circle. The servants were heard endeavoring to prevent some one from entering, and then steps sounded on the stairs and the tones of a woman's voice—such tones as issue from the broken chords of a crushed heart—came nearer and nearer, till they paused at the very door of the dressing-room.

Captain Clairville arose and threw it open, when a slight figure, wrapped in a gray Canadian cloak, crossed the threshold and stood within the lighted room—but when she saw herself reflected in the large mirror opposite the door she started and seemed for a moment on the point of retreating, then, as if suddenly taking courage, she threw back the hood which covered her head, revealing the delicate and spiritual face of Rosalie La Motte. Casting a quick, but earnest gaze round the room, her eye

rested on Alicia, radiant as the goddess she personated, who stood watching with interest the motions of the intruder.

For an instant the girl's gaze seemed fascinated by so bright a vision, then with an agitation visible in her whole frame, she rapidly crossed the floor and paused before the *fauteuil* in which sat Madame de Rochemont. That lady's native boldness and hauteur seemed to desert her at the appearance of the young girl—her face grew scarlet through her rouge, and her manner exhibited the utmost disorder and embarrassment. Grayson, on the contrary, who stood behind her mistress, assumed a look of fierce defiance when the object she had so wantonly wronged unexpectedly presented herself. But Rosalie, regardless of every thing save the one purpose she had come hither to accomplish, addressed herself immediately with the utmost simplicity and directness to Madame de Rochemont.

"You remember, Madame," she said, "the object of your visit to me this morning, but perhaps you are not aware that after your departure your servant, having informed herself of my absence, stole back and rifled my precious rose-tree! There are its flowers," pointing to Alicia, "and I have come to ask that they may be restored to me. They did not bloom for the brow of beauty, but have been watered with tears and cherished for the departed."

"Grayson," said Madame de Rochemont, fanning herself violently, and without deigning a reply to Rosalie—"Grayson, she is a mad creature—ring the bell and bid Atkins take her away."

"Pardon me, Madame, if I countermand your order," said Captain Clairville. "Let us, at least, give this young girl a fair hearing before we judge and send her away."

Rosalie raised her soft eyes, full of gratitude, toward him, and that speaking look strengthened his resolve to see that amends were made her for the injury of which she complained. Rosalie, without heeding this interruption, resumed her pleading.

"It is for my father's sake, Madame, that I desire these flowers—they are associated in his mind with my mother, and now that his intellect is wandering—that he is dying—for oh, I fear it is so, he bids me bring them to him that he may have peace."

"How absurd!" ejaculated Madame de Rochemont—"the girl is an impostor, and has some end to serve by such behavior."

"Oh, Madame, the scene you witnessed this morning must assure you of my truth," said Rosalie, tears which she could no longer restrain falling from her eyes —"I ask only for one cluster of those roses that I may lay them on my father's pillow, and see him smile upon me in his last moments."

"Here is money, girl," said Madame de Rochemont, with the coarseness which characterized her, "but the flowers form an important part of my daughter's dress and I will not consent to its being spoiled for such a whim."

At this insult Rosalie could no longer command herself—a bright blush of

wounded pride and shame overspread her face, and covering it with both hands she bowed down her head and wept.

Captain Clairville, indignant at the treatment she received, felt all his sympathies enlisted in her behalf, and as respectfully as he would have addressed a duchess he approached, and with a few soothing words endeavored to draw her toward a seat, for he saw that she was too much overcome to stand. She however resisted his effort, but the interest he thus expressed for her aroused the wrath of Madame de Rochemont, who loaded the poor girl with the most opprobrious epithets, while the sullen mood of Alicia changed to open resentment. Throwing down her cornucopia, and tearing from her arms and head the rose-wreaths that encircled them, she flung them scornfully upon the floor, darting, at the same time, such looks of anger at Captain Clairville, as forced him to the inward conviction that his bright mistress would better personate one of the Furies than any gentler deity.

When Grayson saw the roses she had taken such unworthy pains to obtain, cast angrily away, she quite forgot where she was, and rushing forward she caught them up, declaring that "her young lady should not be cheated out of her roses by the false tears and impudence of that beggarly girl." Terrified by the evil passions which were producing such a scene of confusion around her, the gentle Rosalie began to look almost with indifference on the precious roses, which lay withering in the heated air of the apartment. Their pure leaves had been nurtured by tender tears and loving smiles, and now that the hot breath of envy and resentment had breathed on them, they seemed to her no longer the same, and all unworthy to shed fragrance on the couch of the dying, or lend beauty to the place of the dead.

"I must be gone," she said to Captain Clairville, who still remained near her —"my father will miss me—but I care no longer for the flowers—let her wear them, they are fitter now for joy and beauty than for sorrow and death."

She was fearfully agitated—her frame trembled—her face was deathly pale—unaccustomed to such outbursts of the lower passions, their exhibition, invoked by herself, filled her with terror; she betrayed a nervous anxiety to escape, like one in a den of ferocious animals, and shrank close to the side of Captain Clairville as she moved toward the door, seemingly afraid to go forward alone. When about to descend the stairs he saw her falter, and supported her to the hall, but before they reached it she had fainted. Ferris stood there with her bonnet and shawl on.

"There is a cariole at the door, sir," she said, "I will go with her, I know the place."

"I fear you will lose your situation, my good girl, if you take the part of this poor young thing," said Captain Clairville.

"I shall not mind, sir; there are plenty more as good," she answered.

"There are, Ferris," he replied, "and you shall not suffer for your kindness."

"I have snatched this for the poor child," she said, when they were seated in the cariole, lifting the corner of her shawl and showing the garland of roses which had

encircled Alicia's head. "I felt sure her young heart was breaking to leave the flowers she loved trampled under foot, sir, and so I brought away this to comfort her."

Captain Clairville smiled approval, but had not time to reply, as the driver stopped just then at the door of the old house in which Rosalie dwelt. The air had revived her, but in her pallid cheek and faltering step were visible the effects of the scene through which she had just passed—anxiety for her father seemed now to absorb every other thought, and with a rapidity which her companions could scarcely equal, she ascended the stairs, and pushing open the door of the still and darkened room, advanced with a noiseless step to the bed.

The woman she had left with him still remained at her post, but her look was solemn, and as she raised and then silently moistened the sick man's lips with a drop of water, she shook her head with a significance which seemed to say there was no longer room for hope.

"You cannot mean that he is worse!" cried Rosalie, alarmed by her manner. "He is sleeping calmly, and I perceive no change since I left him." And bending over him she pressed her lips fondly on his cheek. Its marble coldness startled her, and she raised her eyes with a glance of agony to the kind face of the woman.

"It is true child!" she said in reply to that look; "he will soon be gone, and may God comfort the fatherless!"

A wild burst of sorrow escaped the poor girl at this confirmation of her worst fears, and she laid her cheek on that of the dying, bathing it with her tears and kisses. That cry—the touch of those fond lips, arrested the departing spirit in its flight. The closing eyes opened and fastened themselves with a look of inexpressible tenderness on the face of his child—then they were raised upward with a radiant smile that spoke of peace and blessedness—but immediately a mysterious shadow passed over the countenance, and as it settled down upon it the spirit quitted its frail tenement, but left its heavenly impress in the smile which lingered long upon the pallid lips.

The dull, gray morning dawned slowly on that chamber of death shedding a cold light upon the forlorn rose-tree, and stealing, as with a muffled step, to the bed on which reposed, beside her dead father, the youthful form of the gentle, heart-broken daughter. Long after his departure she had seemed to sleep calmly on his bosom, but when they raised her up, to remove her from him, the seal of death was on her angel features—this last sorrow had been too mighty for her poor, tried heart, and in the bitter struggle its chords snapped, and its music was forever hushed on earth, to make glad melody in heaven.

Captain Clairville saw the last duties paid to the remains of the departed father and daughter, whose sad history had awakened his deepest interest, and whose prospects, had their lives been spared, it was his hope and purpose to brighten. The

precious rose-tree he consigned to the charge of Ferris, who shortly afterward married an honest tradesman, exacting from her a promise to shed its flowers annually on the graves of those who so fondly cherished it—a promise which she faithfully fulfilled.

Disappointed in his estimate of Alicia's character, Clairville never, after the affair of the roses, sought a renewal of his intercourse with her, and the few times they met in society, it was as strangers. As soon as the spring opened he obtained leave of absence and returned to England, and when he again rejoined his regiment, he was the husband of a lady, who, Ferris declared, was the very image of poor Rosalie La Motte.

Mortified and chagrined by his desertion, Alicia affected a gayety which she did not feel, and pursued her vain career of dissipation and vanity till the bloom of youth faded from her cheek, when she gave her hand to a man double her own age, who was supposed to be immensely rich. But he shortly transported her to an isolated seignory, which was his only possession, where, without any affection for her husband or any resources within herself, she lived a wretched and discontented being, and died unregretted and unwept.

THE NEW GARDEN.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

He knows we love the flowers so well.
And so they bloom His love to tell.
EWALD

We are filling our new-fenced garden
With fresh young vines and flowers,
And here we are often busy
In the clear, long evening hours.

The sun shines through the paling,
And over the landscape green;
Blue smoke-wreaths are lazily curling
O'er-arching the quiet scene;

They rise from the woodman's clearing,
They rise from his chimney low,
They bend to his tiny wheat-field,
Then mount to yon hills of snow.

A change has come o'er its seeming
Since first when we knew the place,
A change in the woody landscape,
A change in a youthful face.

And changes have moved the spirit
That muses above it now,
Since the wild-berry clusters glittered
At noon o'er my upturned brow.

I stand in our pleasant garden
And gaze down the years' long track,
I cherish right well their guerdon,
But I would not win them back!

Our brook on its way is babbling,
And hastes from the open space,
It misses the great oak's shading—
It misses the wild-vine's grace.

Yet it patiently stops to listen
The wood-bird's evening hymn,
Then gushes a gurgling chorus
Ere the way grows cold and dim—

Where glooms of the arching forest
Lie dark on its lowly breast,
Yet it sings to the deep green mosses,
And the bird in her cradled nest.

Thanks, thanks for the changeless spirit,
That lives in the hills and streams!
Like goodness it aye grows dearer
As we fade from our life's young dreams!

As love to our hearts is precious,
Are voices of leaves and flowers;
Our God, in His wisdom, knew it,
In kindness He made them ours!

SONNET.—AMOR.

Cui amor nunc est similis? Of old
Painted they thee like beauteous boy, with bow
And quiver full of arrows tipped with gold,
Wherewith his victims pierced, delights might know—
Now, see we thee like to the fading flower,
Which in the morning richest sweets disclose;
Like to the queen of flowers, the mossy rose,
Which sets herself to die at evening hour—
Now see we thee when two fond hearts unite,
For Joy or sorrow, weal or wo, felt here;
And see we thee when woman sheds a tear
Of sorrow over Him whose chief delight
Was, erst, in tents of men He came to save—
Love, Love for man lay also in the grave.

W. A.

THE LEGEND OF THE WHITE NUN.

BY J. POPHAM.

"Pooh! pooh!" says the 'strong-minded lady,' "who ever believes in legends now-a-days?" and she turns over our pages to look for a more interesting article.

"Legends! Fudge!" says the practical man, who may give a supercilious glance at the title, "I leave such nonsense for old women."

"The Legend of the White Nun!" reads the sentimental young miss, or the Byronic gent with curly hair, and a turned-down shirt-collar—"ah! a story with a very heart-rending finale, no doubt!"

And then come the believers in Spirit-Knockings, and in Winking Madonnas—and they will observe, "Here again is, doubtless, something which will corroborate what the skeptical world is pleased to call superstitions!"

I am not going now to answer these remarks in the negative or affirmative. I will not anticipate the *finale*, or inform you at once the character of the following tale. *That* is opposed to all precedent. I merely ask for a perusal before judgment; and then, perhaps, the strong-minded lady, and the practical gentleman, and the sentimental miss, will all find themselves wrong in their conjectures. A story is, now-a-days, no more to be judged by its title, than a hypocrite by his appearance.

With this preface, or apology, or left-handed explanation—or whatever else the reader is pleased to call it—I shall commence.

While a young man I was very fond of field sports, and in the part of England where I then resided, I had frequent opportunities for indulging in them. Not only around my immediate neighborhood did I often saunter with dog and gun, but oftentimes over the preserves of acquaintances in adjoining parishes. In the month of November, 1809, I made a visit, ostensibly for shooting, at the residence of Squire Primrose, of the village of Tremington, in Devonshire. I say the object of my visit was ostensibly to visit the Squire's fields for pheasant and snipe, but the real object was to see one of the Squire's daughters. I cared more, dear reader, for a smile from Jane Primrose than for a dozen brace of snipe; and I am sure I would *then* (for I am old and married to *another* now!) have given fifty pheasants for a taste of her rosy lips. But matters were not then sufficiently far advanced to avow what is called, in such cases, "my intentions." I was accompanied by an intimate friend, called Bob Turner, or, as one would now say, (as we style every man from a

water-carrier to a millionaire,) Robert Turner, Esquire! Strange to relate, Bob was similarly situated toward Jane's sister, Elizabeth; and, like me, made the Squire's love for game a means for making love to his daughter.

On the evening of our arrival, we, and the family, assembled in their old-fashioned but comfortable parlor, before a blazing fire. Here we amused ourselves in various ways, as young people are wont to do. After the detail of all the gossip in the neighborhood—how that Dr. Balden's wife was said to be a little too intimate with the parson—how that Miss Jenkings had been jilted—and that an old maid, named Smith, had offered herself to her coachman, and was about to marry him, and so forth; the Squire took up the newspaper, which weekly made its appearance, and commenced to read aloud a very extraordinary ghost story.

As soon as he had finished, and our expressions of surprise had subsided, an old lady in the company—Mrs. Scroggins—exclaimed, "Well, now, this reminds me that my man, William, saw the 'White Nun' in the convent grave-yard last night; and she so frightened him, that he declares he will never pass there again after dusk."

The mention of this aroused Bob's curiosity and mine. We begged her to give us the history, or the legend, if any, connected with this mysterious personage.

Reader, have you ever heard of a gentleman who was asked in company to sing, and who did not raise a thousand objections, although he was all the while dying to exhibit his vocal abilities? Have you ever seen the lady who was asked to play at a party, and who did not excuse herself in fifty ways, although she had been practicing the whole day previous for the occasion? If *you* have, *I* have not. Nor have I ever met with a person who, when called upon for an anecdote, did not declare it was not worth repeating, or that he or she was certain it had been heard before. So it was with Mrs. Scroggins; we had to beg of her for this legend for about a quarter of an hour, after which, like the vocalist and the pianist, under similar circumstances, she consented.

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THE LEGEND.

The convent of Hickle-path Hill, which two or three centuries since is said to have presented a very imposing appearance, is now represented by a few tottering remnants of walls, which all of you, I suppose, have often seen on a clear day from the front window. A little beyond them, to the right, are the ruins of a castle, which formerly belonged to the Bassett family.

About the latter half of the fifteenth century, Sir Hugh Bassett occupied the castle, which was then large and strong. He had a daughter called Agnes, an only child, and a beautiful girl. She was the admiration of every one who beheld her, and a standing toast at every feast in the neighborhood. Her hair was said to have been

raven-black, her eyes dark, large and sparkling; her cheeks fresh as the leaves of a full-blown rose; her teeth like pearls; her form and figure, “stately, like a queen.” At least she was evidently very pretty; I wont say, for I can’t say, she realized this description, for it seems as if copied from the pages of a modern novel—and we know that there all heroines are alike, superior to any thing ever seen in this world.

She lost her mother at an early age—a loss to a child for which nothing can compensate. The want of maternal care and teaching was no doubt the cause of some little peculiarities in her disposition. Being left much to herself, having none but her father whom she recognized as her superior, she acquired a spirit of independence and of firmness of character which she would not likely have otherwise possessed. But notwithstanding this, she did not want many good and kind qualities; and she had a judgment and discrimination of character by no means common in those times. To the poor of the neighborhood she was always kind, and was much admired by them in return. With many of her own rank she was reserved, although with others she was cheerful and communicative. It was remarked that those whom she seemed to like most were generally more distinguished for character than rank. She seemed, to the wonderment of her father’s friends, to regard many an industrious peasant more than she did some far-famed baron, with “quarterings” on his shield. To her parent she always exhibited affection, and never withheld her respect, even when she reluctantly bestowed him her submission.

Sir Hugh had descended from one who had accompanied William the Conqueror to England. He was as proud as he was powerful. He measured merit by military prowess—virtue, by wealth—and character, by the length of ancestry; peculiarities which, we believe, are not altogether unknown at this day. He loved his daughter more because she was *his* daughter, than for herself; and he estimated her claim to respect, not so much by her virtues, as by the Bassett blood which flowed in her veins.

The fame of the fair Agnes naturally brought her many admirers and suitors. For a long time her heart seemed untouched by their looks or addresses. But no woman’s heart is impregnable! She may skirmish a great deal, she may act as if about to make a powerful repulse, she may make seeming preparations for a terrible encounter, but, if her opponent has any knowledge of tactics in these matters, and is otherwise unobjectionable, she will sooner or later “give-up,” hang down her head, blush up to her eye-brows, and then, whisperingly utter, “take me, and be happy!” So Agnes drove off suitor after suitor. One she frightened by her freezing looks, which no one better than a woman can assume, when she chooses. Others she dismissed with a flat refusal; while some were driven back by her palpable contempt for their persons. But as time crept on, a close observer might remark a slight blush rising on her cheeks when young Rhoderick Wray made his appearance; and how, by some unaccountable accident, they would be both found, soon after his arrival, standing in close converse in some retired part of the room, or strolling together upon the balcony.

This young man was an adopted son of a neighboring baron and his lady, whose name he bore. His real parents were unknown. His adopted parents found him, while an infant, laid at the foot of an oak, in Anchor-Wood. Having no children, they brought him up as their own; and he never gave them cause to repent of their choice—which is more than many parents, I fear, can say of their offspring. At an early age he displayed unusual sagacity, and a generous disposition. An old friar, who taught him Latin, and the limited course of education then pursued, declared that Heaven intended him for the church; but the Baron thought otherwise, and intended him for arms. His appearance corresponded with his character. He had a manly and a graceful figure, natural and well developed, not manufactured with wadding, not braced up by stays, as I hear fashionable men now are. He had a noble, open forehead, which you always find in a good man, and a frank and kind expression upon a handsome face. At an early age he was sent to the Low Countries, from whence he returned, after the lapse of five years, bringing with him spurs of knighthood, wounds and scars. He had been from his earliest days a visitor at the castle, in company with his adopted parents, and always received by Sir Hugh with cordiality.

From his youth he was a secret admirer of Agnes. Before he had entered his teens—during that romance period of life—he often used to dream of her. He would at times picture a beautiful castle, situate in a romantic spot, surrounded by a lovely garden, interspersed with fountains and grottoes, where he roamed about by her side, with happiness within, and beauty above and around. He would then put eloquently loving language into his mouth, and listen to an imaginary but equally sweet reply. She occupied his thoughts when awake. In his studies, in his devotions, in his walks, she was always next his heart. But delusions, however sweet, are transitory. These beautiful fancies would quickly fade before the substance of reality. The uncertainty of his origin, the pride and prejudices of her father would rise to his remembrance, and tear away all hope of that union which he so ardently longed for. In moments of despondency he would even doubt the love of Agnes—for as yet it had not been asked for or avowed. He sometimes thought, when they walked together upon a hill opposite her residence, or rode together in a hawking party, that she had a feeling deeper than mere partiality toward him; but this cheering supposition was damped by the knowledge of the uselessness of her consent, unless accompanied with her father's approval. Nevertheless, he continued to hope against hope. It requires a great deal to cause the heart to abandon an object which it has once cherished. He thought that by perfecting himself in his military exercises, by acquiring fame in his intended profession, he might hide the obscurity of his birth, and render himself, in the eyes of Sir Hugh, a fitting husband for his daughter. With this impulse to stimulate he was industrious and zealous in his duties, and obtained his departure for Flanders sooner than his adopted parents had intended. *There*, he fulfilled his expectations—he obtained fame for his prowess, and admiration for his character.

Upon his return from the Low Countries, he was pleased to find that no rival had

apparently supplanted him in her affection. He was equally pleased in observing that her manner had lost none of its wonted cordiality toward him. Her father also treated him with more respect, and his own friends looked on him with pride. But these propitious appearances did not induce him to divulge his secret, but they encouraged him to renew his former intimacy, so that he might with greater safety formally offer himself as a suitor.

With a woman's penetrating eye in these matters, Agnes early had suspicions of his feelings and his intentions. She liked him before she knew it herself, and she adroitly gave him opportunities for meeting her, as if by accident; and he (but much more clumsily) would, at other times, throw himself in her way, as if by inadvertence. These intercourses, in time, displayed each other's feelings too plainly for concealment. He offered her his love—she returned him her heart!

This, the most solemn engagement that man or woman can make, (but, alas! how often made lightly and thoughtlessly—how often made in ignorance of its obligations, in the utter want of its requirements!) was no sooner completed, than she thought for the first time about the approval or disapproval of Sir Hugh. Like Rhoderick, she was afraid to have his consent demanded at once; and as her lover seemed growing in his estimation, she deemed delay desirable.

Among the numerous suitors for her hand, was one whom she disliked more than all the others. He was noble in rank, and illustrious by descent. He possessed broad lands and a numerous retinue. Apparently his manner was agreeable, and his disposition good. But cruelty seemed to lurk beneath his mildness, and pride beneath his affability. Such, however, was the impression he made upon Agnes, and such he was known to be, among those who were well acquainted with him.

From his first visit she endeavored to keep him at a distance; but the effort was fruitless. He would intrude himself whenever he saw her with Sir Rhoderick. A dark shade would pass over his countenance, whenever he saw them apparently enjoying themselves. About two months after her engagement, he repeated his former offer, and again received a refusal. He therefore waited upon her father, and attributed his disappointment to Sir Rhoderick.

Upon this information the old knight became highly enraged, not so much for her refusal of the one, as for her acceptance of the other. He stormed and swore, and then assured his lordship that she should accept his hand, or none.

After the departure of the latter, Agnes was sent for by her father. He very angrily communicated the news he had received, and, in an incredulous tone, asked her if it was true? She replied in the affirmative, and then attempted to justify her choice. She tried to urge whatever she could in favor of him to whom she was betrothed, and in disparagement of his rival. But this attempt only added fuel to the flame. He waxed more wroth than before—he heaped abuse upon her, for accepting one whom he called of base blood, and threatened him with death, if he was again found within his castle.

He then entreated for her acceptance of De Burgh. He brought forward, with all

the eloquence he could master, his wealth, his rank, his ancestry, his influence—but all in vain. True love is strengthened by opposition. Every request was met with a determined refusal. At length he threatened to send her to a convent if she persisted in her choice, and as she saw no hope of a connection with her lover, she accepted the offer. She felt that "a living death" was preferable to an odious marriage.

The threat was eventually carried into execution. She was sent to a convent not far distant from her home, where she at once entered upon her noviciate. But even there she was not exempted from the disagreeable importunities of De Burgh. He was frequently allowed to visit her, in company with her father, and his entreaties increased with the number of his visits.

Poor Agnes thus led a very miserable life. She was shut up from her few friends, and from all sympathy. She dared not confide to the sisters, because she knew they were in the interest of Sir Hugh. She therefore looked forward to the period which would forever inclose her within her cell, with melancholy satisfaction, as a painful release. Her nights were occupied in tears and prayers; her thoughts were bound up with the object of her affection, and she thus gradually seemed to pine away, like a delicate flower when bereft of sunshine!

Rhoderick heard through a messenger which Agnes had privately sent him, that their betrothal had been disclosed to Sir Hugh, and of his consequent threat and displeasure. The grief this intelligence occasioned him was much aggravated when he also learned that she had been sent to a convent, and that his rival was De Burgh. His adopted parents now became acquainted with the cause of his melancholiness, but they felt that a personal remonstrance with her father was useless, and all they could do, was to try and soothe him for his loss. But sympathy is a poor doctor for sincere grief; she may help to bring hope to the patient, but *that* only aggravates disappointment when she disappears. The Bible, silence and seclusion are the best balms for an aching heart.

That the great and most cherished object of his life should be snatched away at a moment when he least expected, when all appearances seemed to warrant success, was indeed a terrible disappointment. But with a disinterestedness not oftentimes observable in men, he thought more of *her* suffering than of *his* loss. He felt that his life would be richly purchased by the securement of her happiness, and the removal of her suffering. With this object, after one short internal struggle, he induced his father to wait upon Sir Hugh, with a resignation of his claim on Agnes, and a pledge to reside in some foreign land, provided she was released from confinement and from the importunities of his rival. The offer was accordingly made and rejected.

The period of her noviciate was now about to terminate. She had either to become De Burgh's wife or a nun. But as there was no hope of the former, De Burgh formed a plot to carry her away, and marry her by force.

On the night previous to the one appointed for its execution, one of the men whom he had engaged to assist him, communicated the design to his sweetheart, a former waiting-maid of Agnes, under a solemn promise of secrecy.

I have read, observed Mrs. Scroggins, *par parenthesis*, in a very interesting book, which has just appeared, entitled “Curiosities of Literature,” by a Mr. D’Israeli, that in looking over some old letters, written during the troublous times of Charles I., he found that those which the writers most strongly urged to be *burned* were most *carefully preserved*! And I must say of my own sex, added she, if you want them to spread any news faster than usual, you have only to tell them it is a secret, and beg them *not* to divulge it. You may then be certain of hearing it in every direction in five minutes afterward. As a matter of course, the maid above referred to had no sooner pledged secrecy to her lover, than she flew to communicate the intelligence to her former mistress—Agnes.

But Agnes, unfortunately, treated the disclosure with disbelief. She said it was wholly improbable that he would attempt it, and he dared not, if he could. She thought it so undeserving of notice that she did not deem it necessary to communicate it to the Lady Abbess.

When night arrived, she departed to rest as usual, without taking any precautions. She had slept about two hours, when she was awakened by a noise on the balcony, and she was surprised by seeing a man open her window without any apparent difficulty, and cautiously approach her bed. It was dark, but she thought at once it was De Burgh. With fear, shame and indignation struggling in her bosom, she grasped a small dagger which hung by the bed, and as he advanced she plunged it into his breast. A cry of pain burst from his lips, and informed her that it was her lover, and not his rival, she had stabbed. She then sprang from her bed, and fell senseless on the floor!

The noise awoke the abbess and several of the nuns, and brought them running to her chamber. With horror they saw the spectacle before them. They then obtained assistance to carry Rhoderick to his home, and obtained a leech for Agnes.

It appears that De Burgh had employed a man to assassinate his rival also, while he enjoyed his customary evening walk on the banks of the beautiful little river Taw. By an accident which providence often interposes, he discovered himself at the moment he was about to strike, and thus enabled his intended victim to disarm and wound him. While writhing from agony, and in momentary expectation of death, he divulged to Sir Rhoderick that he was employed by De Burgh, who also intended to carry away Agnes that night to a distant castle, where she would be confined in a dungeon until she consented to become his wife.

Collecting a few men, he hastily departed for the convent, near which he met his opponent. A conflict ensued, in which De Burgh was killed, and several of his companions. Ascending the rope ladder which they had secured to the wall which supported the balcony leading to her window, he groped his way into her chamber, for the purpose of effecting her deliverance. In that endeavor the fatal mistake occurred.

Shortly after his removal Agnes became somewhat restored, but only to relapse into a worse state than before. In her delirium she would call upon her lover, in a

similar way that any other young lady would be likely to do under such circumstances. Very pathetic, no doubt—but as I do not like tragic scenes, nor tragic descriptions, I must pass over this part of my story, and allow you to fancy what took place. However, on the third day of her illness, while relating portions of her history to a favorite nun, she suddenly stopped in the midst of her remarks and gazed intently toward the foot of her bed. She seemed also to be listening, and then, with the words, "Yes, I'm coming," she suddenly but quietly expired.

The persons who attended Sir Rhoderick's funeral declared that when his body was about to be lowered into the grave, in the church, a white shadow was suddenly seen to enter the building, and reflect itself upon the coffin. And the nun affirmed it was precisely at this moment that Agnes died!

This remarkable coincidence excited the wonderment of his friends, and they accordingly laid it before a friar who enjoyed a reputation for great learning. He gave it as a reply, that the white shadow was the spirit of Agnes, and that on each anniversary of her lover's death she would be required, as a penance, to visit his grave, in a white dress!

Tradition says that this duty has been regularly performed—that on the night of the 7th of November—the day on which he died—she may be seen about midnight, walking in this garb toward his grave, with a rosary in her hand.

A silence of two or three minutes' duration followed the recital of this legend, when Jane expressed her dissatisfaction with the punishment allotted to Agnes. She declared it was unjust, because Rhoderick's death was the result of a mistake, and in this opinion she was supported by some others in the room.

I, however, boldly expressed my entire disbelief in ghosts, and in all their species, at the same time complimenting Mrs. Scroggins for the very eloquent manner (as the newspapers say) in which she had narrated her story; for although fearless of spirits, I had great terror of the old lady's tongue, and was, therefore, careful not to draw down her wrath, by an indiscriminate censure.

Bob, who prided himself upon his enlightened opinions, pompously declared that a belief in such chimeras was the offspring of a weak or ignorant mind.

Mrs. Scroggins hereupon cast on him a very disdainful look, but did not deign to reply.

Mrs. Primrose shook her head, and very mysteriously declared she had seen too many of such scenes in her life, to disbelieve them.

Elizabeth said nothing, but she seemed very much afraid.

The Squire was sound asleep.

A lady named Baker, who had hitherto remained silent, here expressed her opinion that those who most ridiculed the belief in supernatural appearances, in daylight or in company, were the most afraid of meeting them, when alone in any

place said to be haunted.

My comrade and myself took this as a challenge. In the presence of their sweethearts young men always feign to be brave. The most modest youth becomes the veriest Falstaff by the side of his lady-love. We therefore felt it to be our duty to reiterate our skepticism in the strongest terms, and to express ourselves ready, if need be, to encounter a whole army of witches, warlocks, hobgoblins, fairies and will-o'-the-wisps, if such things existed.

The offer seemed to spread terror among our listeners, and Elizabeth imploringly begged me to say no more.

We felt we had made a favorable impression of our courage, and as the hour was now far advanced, we made arrangements to rise early on the following morning for shooting, and then went to our respective places of rest, with a higher idea of our bravery than perhaps had Cæsar when he had vanquished Pompey.

We rose about five, and started with our guns, etc. for a noted sporting place, some five miles distant. It was a clear frosty morning, and in the lightness and activity of youth, we briskly paced over our path, and leaped over the gates and hedges which intercepted the way.

Our sport, however, did not equal our expectation. We therefore walked two or three miles farther, where we bagged a few pheasants. We then called upon an acquaintance, with whom we remained until 6 P. M., and as dusk then began to make its appearance, we departed.

It happened that the places through which we had to pass in our return to the Primroses, were noted for their connection with witches, and other supernatural personages. Ruins of old castles, priories, convents and churches, were to be found in every direction, each of which was connected with many marvellous legends. In passing through a lonely spot, "Anchor Wood," we found it very dark. We had no light to guide us, save a few faint rays of the moon, which glimmered between the trees. As Bob was best acquainted with the place, I followed on his trail, Indian fashion, each having our guns carelessly resting on our shoulders. On we so walked without saying a word. I, thinking upon the anticipated amusement of the party which the Primroses were to give on that evening; and building—like all young minds do—beautiful castles in the air, and imagining fame and fortune in the future. In the midst of these pleasing though delusive reveries, I was startled, all of a sudden, by a terrified exclamation from my companion.

"What is that?" cried he.

"What do you mean?" I replied.

"I mean that tall white object which is standing in front, directly in our path."

I looked in the direction he pointed, and to my amazement I saw what he described. It seemed like a tall lady dressed in white, and she appeared to be awaiting our approach.

"This is surely the White Nun Mrs. Scroggins was telling us about last evening,"

whispered Bob, with a face like a white-washed wall.

I pretended to poh! poh! the conjecture; but I must confess the attempt was rather a failure. My courage was rapidly giving way. At last I said, doubting whether to remain or run, “I’d rather I had not ridiculed that legend last evening;” and with an effort to become philosophical, I added, “that we ought in our present limited amount of knowledge to treat these things at least with respect.”

“Oh, I wish you had then!” stammered poor Bob, whose teeth rattled together like a negro-minstrel’s “*bones*.”

“Suppose we call out, and ask what she wants?” I suggested.

“*You* do it.”

“No, I’d rather not.”

It was then agreed that we should call together, which was done; but no reply was returned.

Bob now suggested that we should discharge a barrel of each of our double-barreled guns obliquely toward the object, which was likewise done; but it met no better success.

“There is no doubt it is a spirit, perhaps the Nun in question, who is thus going to upbraid us for our disbelief,” whispered my friend again.

“Ah! I see her move! She is advancing—run,” I cried, flinging away my gun, and setting the example.

That was enough to make him follow. Away we ran over hedges, ditches, amid mud, and brambles, and water; a small river stretched in front, through which we could only now reach our destination. Cold and dark as it was, we did not hesitate a moment, but plunged in, clothes and all, and swam across. Ascending the opposite bank, we started off again, as fast as our legs could carry us, until we reached the Squire’s residence.

We entered, with our garments dripping with water, and our teeth chattering with cold, without our caps, guns, or game—with our eyes dilated from fright, and our faces pale with excitement. The family and guests had been waiting for us; and you may conjecture their astonishment when they saw our condition. Every mouth was accordingly opened with inquiries; but several minutes elapsed before we could reply.

At length I stammered that we had met a ghost, who looked like the nun Mrs. Scroggins had described. This only increased their curiosity, and with a little more delay I gave them a very incoherent narration of what had taken place.

Poor Jane! I saw a tear silently trickle from her eyes while I was pathetically describing our terror and our danger; and I fancied I saw Elizabeth at that moment giving Bob a secret but affectionate squeeze of the hand. All the others were, of course, amazed, and fully believed every word we said.

We then speedily changed our clothes, and (Father Matthew forgive me!) drank

a tumbler of good brandy and water, which was considered an infallible remedy against cold. After which we made our re-appearance in the parlor, feeling like true-born heroes just escaped from danger.

At this moment the clergyman of the village arrived. All of us observed something peculiar in his manner, and we inquired if he, too, had seen the nun?

"Why," said he, "while I was passing through Anchor-Wood, I saw what appeared to be a lady in a white dress. I was somewhat startled at this unexpected appearance, and I hardly knew what conclusion to arrive at. I thought at first I would return home, but on second consideration I determined to proceed. I did so, and to my great surprise and amusement, I discovered it was no lady at all, and that the illusion was nothing more than the moon's rays reflected from a pool of water!"

A roar of laughter, which might have been heard a mile distant, followed this disclosure. But no laugh came from Bob's mouth or mine. No poor mortals were evermore crest-fallen than we were. Any one might have pitied us, when they saw how wofully down in the mouth we became. I tried to be gay, to enjoy the joke, to alter the current of conversation—but it was "no go;" only made matters worse. Mrs. Scroggins made sundry cuts at my courage, Jane complimented my running, and the old Squire wanted to know if I usually swam with my clothes on? With mortification and anger and shame, I ran in desperation to my bed-room, never more miserable in my life. For a long, long time after, nothing gave me greater horror than to hear the slightest allusion made to the "White Nun!"

THE ISLE AND STAR.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

In the tropical seas
There's a beautiful isle,
Where storms never darken
The sunlight's soft smile.
There the hymn of the breeze
And the hymn of the stream
Are mingled in one,
Like sweet sounds in a dream.
There the song-birds at morn
From the thick shadows start,
Like musical thoughts
From the poet's full heart.
There the song-birds at noon
Sit in silence unbroken,
Like an exquisite dream
In the bosom unspoken.
There the flowers hang, like rainbows,
On wildwood and lea—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet isle with me?

In the depths of the sky
There's a beautiful star,
Where no yew casts a shadow
The bright scene to mar.
There the rainbows ne'er fade,
And the dews are ne'er dry
And a circlet of moons
Ever shines in the sky.
There the songs of the blest,
And the songs of the spheres,
Are unceasingly heard
Through the infinite years.
There the soft airs float down

From the amaranth bowers,
All faint with the perfume
Of Eden’s own flowers.
There truth, love and beauty
Immortal will be—
O, say, wilt thou dwell
In that sweet star with me?

A CANTER TO CALIFORNIA.[2]

To be very sure of what he is about to say, and to say it in the fewest possible words, are golden rules which every young author should inscribe, in letters of the same metal, upon the most prominent panel of his study. Had the Hon. Henry Coke done this when he stepped out of his stirrup, on his return from his Ride to California, he would have spared himself the painful throes which appear to have attended the commencement of his literary labor—would have spared his readers, too, the triviality and platitudes which deface some of the earlier pages of his otherwise spirited narrative of a most adventurous expedition. We reckon it amongst the remarkable and hopeful signs of the times, that young men of family and fortune voluntarily abandon the luxurious ease of home for such break-neck and laborious expeditions as that whose record is before us. Whatever the faults of the nobles of Great Britain, effeminacy is certainly not of the number.

It is, indeed, from no feather-bed journey or carpet-knight's tour that Mr. Coke has recently returned. Take the map, reader, and trace his route. From England to Jamaica, Cuba, Charleston, New York and St. Louis, the great and rising capital of the Western States. We omit the minor intermediate places at which he touched or paused. Thus far all was plain sailing and easy civilized travel. The rough work began when St. Louis was left behind. Across the wide wastes of Missouri territory, through the inhospitable passes of the Rocky Mountains, the traveler passed on to Oregon City and Fort Vancouver, thence took ship to the Sandwich Islands, returned to San Francisco, visited the gold diggings, steamed to Acapulco, rode across Mexico, and came home to England after an absence of a year and a half, during which he had been half round the world and back again.

Mr. Coke started from St. Louis with two companions: one an old college friend, whom he designates as Fred; the other "a British parson, whose strength and dimensions most justly entitled him to be called a pillar of the church." What the parson did in the prairies of the Far West does not clearly appear. He certainly did not go as a missionary, so far as we can ascertain from his friend's book, and indeed his habits and tendencies were evidently sporting and jovial rather than clerical, although we do catch him reading Sunday prayers to Mr. Coke, when the latter had the chills, and lay wrapped up in wet blankets on the banks of Green River, with a boxful of Brandreth's pills in his stomach. We regret to believe that instances *have* been known of parsons employing their time far worse than in an adventurous ramble across the American continent. Mr. Coke, nevertheless, thinks proper to veil his chaplain's identity under the heroic cognomen of Julius Cæsar, against which distinguished Roman, could he be recalled to life, we would unhesitatingly back the reverend gentlemen to box a round, wrestle a fall, or handle a rifle, for any number

of ponies the ancient backers might be disposed to post. A stalwort priest and a powerful was Parson Julius, and is still, we trust, if nothing has happened to him since Mr. Coke left him at the court of his majesty Tamehameha III., at Honolulu, on the eve of setting sail for the island of Owyhee. No better companion could be desired on a rough and perilous expedition; and although his careless friend manages to let his true name slip out before ending his volume, we will not allow that the slip affords grounds for regret, or that there is any thing in his journey of which, as a clergyman, he need be ashamed.

Considerably over-provided with attendants, horses, mules, and, above all, with baggage, the three friends left St. Louis. Their "following" comprised "four young Frenchmen of St. Louis; Fils, a Canadian *voyageur*; a little four-foot-nothing Yankee, and Fred's *valet-de-champs*, familiarly called Jimmy." The journey was commenced on the 28th of May, 1850, per steamer, up the Missouri. On the morning of the 29th a disagreeable discovery was made. Fils, the guide, had disappeared. The scamp had levanted in the night; how, none could tell. Drowning was suggested; but as he had taken his baggage, and had forgotten to leave behind him the rifle and three months' advance of pay which he had received from his employers, the hypothesis was contemptuously scouted. Consoling themselves with the reflection that his desertion would have been far more prejudicial at a later period of their journey, the travelers continued their progress up the Missouri (for whose scenery Mr. Coke can find no better comparison than the Cockney one of "Rosherville or Cremorne") to St. Joseph, which the Yankees familiarize into *St. Joe*. Here they were to exchange the deck for the saddle; and so impatient were they for the substitution that they actually felt "annoyed at being obliged to sleep another night on board the steamer." They had yet to learn the value of a coarse hammock in a close cabin. At last they made a fair start:

"*3d June.*—After much bother about a guide, and loss of linch-pins, fitting of harness, kicking and jibbing of mules, etc., we left the Missouri, and camped five miles from the town. We pitched our tents in a beautiful spot, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by a large wood. A muddy little stream ran at the bottom. To this (with sleeves turned up and braces off trying, I suppose, to look as much like grooms or dragoons as we were able) we each led our horses: no doubt we succeeded, for we felt perfectly satisfied with every thing and every body. The novelty put us all in excellent humor. The potatoes in the camp-kettle had a decidedly bivouacking appearance; and though the grass was wet, who, I should like to know, would have condescended to prefer a camp-stool? As to the pistols, and tomahawks, and rides, it was evident that they might be wanted at a moment's notice, that it would have been absolutely dangerous not to have them all in perfect readiness. Besides, there was a chance of finding game in the wood. If the chance had been a hundred times as diminutive, we were in duty bound to try it."

Playing at traveling, like playing at soldiers, is all very well when the campaign is brief. The raw recruit or amateur campaigner plumes himself on a night passed

upon straw in a barn. Give him a week's bivouacking in damp ploughed fields, and he sings small and feels rheumatic, and prefers the domestic nightcap to the warrior's laurel. Thus with Messrs. Coke and Company. They were in a monstrous hurry to begin gypsying. What would they not have given, a week or two later, for a truckle bed and a tiled roof? The varnish of the picture, the anticipated romance, was soon rubbed off by the rough fingers of hardship and reality. What a start they made of it! Mr. Coke is tolerably reserved on this head; but through his reserve it is not difficult to discern that, unless they had taken hair powder and a grand piano, they could hardly have encumbered themselves with more superfluities than those with which their mules and wagons were overloaded. Many who read these lines will remember the admirable and humorous account given by our lamented friend Ruxton, of the westward-bound caravan which fell in with Killbuck and La Bonté at the big granite block in Sweet Water Valley. Few, who have ever read, will have forgotten that characteristic sketch;—the dapper shooting-jackets, the fire-new rifles, the well-fitted boots and natty cravats, the Woodstock gloves and elaborate powder-horns, the preserved soup, hotch-potch, pickles, porter, brandy, coffee, sugar, of the amateur back-woodsmen who found the starving trappers dining on a grilled snake in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, and generously ministered to their necessities. With somewhat similar, but still more extravagant provision, did our Jockey of Norfolk, Fred, and Julius Cæsar, go forth into the prairie. Less fortunate than Ruxton's Scotchman, they failed to retain or enjoy what they had dearly paid for. Sadly altered was their trim, piteous their plight, long, long before they reached the Rocky Mountains. Disasters soon arrived, with disgust and discord in their train. At their first halting-place, five miles from St. Joseph, a pouring rain, pattering on their tent, forbade sleep; a horse and mule, disgusted by the dirty weather and foretaste of rough work, broke loose and galloped back to the town. These recovered, and the new guide, successor to the faithless Fils, having joined, they again went ahead. We may cull from Mr. Coke's pages a few of the impediments and annoyances encountered at this early period of the journey:

"Nothing could be more provoking than the behavior of our teams; each animal seemed to vie with its yoke-mate in making itself disagreeable. They had no idea of attempting to pull together, and all exertions on our parts were discouraged by the most vehement kicks and plunges on theirs. . . . The men were as incapable of driving as the mules were unwilling to be driven, and before we had traveled three miles the heaviest of our wagons was stuck fast. . . . . A doubt here arose as to which road we had better take, and I clearly perceived that our guide was deplorably ignorant of his calling, since in the very outset he was undecided as to which route we should pursue. . . . . *7th June.*—Started at seven. Roads worse than ever. Heavy wagon, as usual, sticks in a rut, and is nearly upset. Discharge cargo, and find it hard work to carry heavy boxes up the hill. . . . . My black mare, Gipsy, has run away. Take Louis, the Canadian, and go after her. Find her tracks in a large wood, and hunt the whole day in every direction, but are at last obliged to give her up."

Incidents such as these, and others still more disagreeable, were of daily

occurrence. Nothing could tame the wilfullness of the mules, or check the erratic propensities common to them and to the horses. The wagons, overladen, continually broke down. Indeed, so aggravating were most of the circumstances of the journey in this its early stage, and so few the compensating enjoyments, that we believe most persons in the place of Mr. Coke and his friends would have turned back within the week, and desisted from an expedition which had been undertaken solely with a view to amusement and excitement. With extraordinary tenacity of purpose the three Englishmen persevered. Their followers proved terribly helpless, and they were indebted to an old Mormon, whom they met upon the road, for the repairs of their frequently broken wheels. Here is the journal for the 12th June:

"Blazard (the Mormon) repairs our wheels. We three go out hunting in different directions. See the tracks and skin of a deer, also fresh tracks of wolves. Put up a wild turkey—horse too frightened to allow me to fire at it. Killed a large snake marked like a rattlesnake, and shoot a gray squirrel and two wild ducks, right and left, with my rifle. When we came home we made a bargain with Blazard, letting him have the small wagon for fifteen dollars, on condition that he took 300 lb. weight for us as far as the mouth of the Platte. We talk of parting with four of our men, and packing the mules, when we get to Council Bluffs."

This project was soon put into execution. There the travelers camped, at about four miles from the river; and Mr. Coke and Fred rode over to Trader's Point, crossed the Missouri, and called on Major Barrow, an Indian agent, who cashed them a bill, recommended them a half-breed servant, bought their remaining wagon and harness at an "alarming sacrifice;" bought of them also "forty pounds of powder, a hundred pounds of lead, quantities of odds and ends, and all the ginger beer!!!" They had previously sent back or sold several hundred pounds' weight of lead and provisions; so we get some idea of the scale on which the young gentlemen's stores had been laid in. By this time, Mr. Coke says, "we begin to understand the mysteries of 'trading' a little better than formerly; but somehow or other a Yankee always takes us in, and that, too, in so successful a manner as to leave the impression that we have taken *him* in." Besides buying their goods a dead bargain, the Major—a remarkably smart man, who doubtless thought that greenhorns capable of taking ginger beer to the Rocky Mountains were fair game—attempted to make money out of them in another way.

"The day cleared, and as we could not start till the evening, the Major proposed to get up a race. He knew of a horse (his own) that could beat any in our 'crowd.' He had seen him run a good many times, and 'just knowed how he could shine.' Fifty dollars was the stake, and 'let him what won take the money.' "

Fred volunteered to ride a fast little gray of Mr. Coke's. Three-quarters of a mile were measured on the prairie. The Major brought out his animal, greased its hoofs, washed its face, brushed its hair, mounted the half-breed upon it barebacked, and took his station at the winning-post. At first the half-breed made the running. Major and friends were cock-a-hoop; but the Englishman was a bit of a jockey.

“They were now about three hundred yards from the post. Fred had never used the spur; he needed but to slack the reins—away dashed the little gray, gaining at every stride upon the old horse. It is our turn to cheer! The Major begins to think seriously of his fifty dollars, when, in an instant, the fate of the game is changed. The little gray stumbles; he has put his foot in a hole—he staggers, and with difficulty recovers himself. The big horse must win. Now for whip and spur! Neck and neck, in they come—and which has won the race? ‘Well, sir!’ said the Major, ‘slick work, wasn’t it? what is your opinion?’ I might have known by this deferential question what his opinion was; but, to tell the truth, I could not decide which horse was the winner, and so I said. He jumped at this favorable decision on my part, and ‘calculated’ forthwith that it was a dead heat. I learned afterward that he had confessed we had won, and thought little of our ‘smartness’ for not finding it out. My little gray was thenceforth an object of general admiration; and the utilitarian minds of the Yankees could not understand why I was not traveling through the States with such a pony, and making my fortune by backing him against every thing of its size.”

Mr. Coke is a good appreciator of the Yankees, and so lively and successful in his sketches of their national traits and peculiarities, that it is to be regretted he does not talk rather more about them. His stay at New York he passes over in a couple of pages.

“I am not ambitious,” he says, “of circulating more American notes, nor do I care to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Trollope. Enough has been written to illustrate the singularities of second-rate American society. Good society is the same all the world over. General remarks I hold to be fair play. But to indulge in personalities is a poor return for hospitality; and those Americans who are most willing to be civil to foreigners, receive little enough encouragement to extend that civility, when, as is too often the case, those very foreigners afterward attempt to amuse their friends on one side of the Atlantic, at the expense of a breach of good faith to their friends on the other. . . . . I have a great respect for almost every thing American. I do not mean to say that I have any affection for a thorough-bred Yankee, in our acceptation of the term; far from it. I think him the most offensive of all bipeds in the known world.”

The English are perhaps too apt to judge a whole nation upon a few unfavorable specimens; also to attach exaggerated importance to trifling peculiarities. This latter tendency is fostered, in the case of America, by those relentless book-makers, who, to point a chapter and raise a laugh, are ready, as Mr. Coke justly remarks, to sacrifice a friend and caricature facts. In our opinion, Englishmen and Americans will like each other better when they see each other more. “All Americans I have met,” says Mr. Coke, “were agreeable enough if humored a little, and perfectly civil if civilly treated.” Brutes and ruffians (like good society) are the same in all countries. At Sacramento, Mr. Coke one day took up a newspaper to read an account of a Lynch execution which had taken place at four that morning.

“I was perusing the trial, when a ruffianly-looking individual interrupted me with, ‘Say, stranger, let’s have a look at that paper, will you?’ ‘When I have done with it,’ said I, and continued reading. This answer would have satisfied most Christians endowed with any moderate degree of patience; but not so the ruffian. He bent himself over the back of my chair, put one hand on my shoulder, and with the other held the paper, so that he could read as well as I. ‘Well, I guess you’re reading about Jim, aint you?’ ‘Who’s Jim?’ said I. ‘Him as they hung this morning,’ he answered, at the same time resuming his seat. ‘Jim was a particular friend of mine, and I helped to hang him.’ ”

The narrative that follows, and which is rather too lengthy to extract entire, is very graphic and striking—an excellent specimen of life in California. Jim, it appeared, was a “Britisher,” an ex-convict from the penal settlements, a terrible scamp and desperado. His offenses were many, but murder was the crime he suffered for. Here is the horribly thrilling account of his execution, as given to Mr. Coke by the “friend” who helped to Lynch him.

“It was just about daylight. They carried him to the horse-market, set him on a table, and tied the rope round one of the lower branches of a big elm-tree. All the time I kept by his side, and when he was getting on the table he asked me to lend him my revolver to shoot one of the jurymen, who had spoken violently against him. When I refused, he asked me to tie the knot so as it wouldn’t slip. ‘It aint no account,’ said I, ‘to talk in that way, Jim; old fellow, you’re bound to die; and if they didn’t hang you I’d shoot you myself.’ ‘Well, then,’ said he, ‘give me hold of the rope, and I’ll show you how little I care for death.’ He seized the cord, pulled himself in an instant out of the reach of the crowd, and sat cross-legged on the bough. Half-a-dozen rifles were raised to bring him down, but reflecting that he could not escape, they forebore to fire. He tied a noose in the rope, put it round his neck, slipped it up till it was pretty tight, and then stood up and addressed the mob. He didn’t say much, except that he hated them all. He cursed the man he shot; he then cursed the world; and last of all he cursed himself; and with a terrible oath he jumped into the air, and with a jerk that shook the tree swung backward and forward over the heads of the crowd.”

We are cantering rather ahead of Mr. Coke and his friends, whom we left at Trader’s Point, with a long trail before them. Their councils were already divided. The members of the triumvirate could not agree as to how many of their attendants should be retained. Finally, most of them were paid off and sent back. This was a very painful and arduous part of the journey. On the second day after leaving Major Barrow’s station, they reached Elk Horn ferry. It had been broken up by the Indians, and a raft had to be made, and the baggage taken across piecemeal. “The animals were not so easy to get across. Some of us were obliged to swim the river (which was sixty or seventy yards wide) eight or nine times, taking one horse at a time, or driving two or three by flogging and shouting behind them.” The musquetoes were in the ascendant; the rains heavy and frequent; the Sioux Indians, it was reported,

had received from the Pawnees intimation of the movements of the Pale-face band.

"All the party rather out of sorts," writes Mr. Coke on the 26th June. "Our two best men, Louis and Jim, are very unwell. Nelson, a most willing and hard-working fellow, is unused to the sort of life, and wants to turn back. As to Jacob, his utter uselessness is a constant source of provocation to me; and the parson's indifference, and Fred's fidgetty disposition, make the chapter of our miseries complete. The mules are not much better off than we are; five of them are suffering from severe back-sores, and all of them object strongly to carrying the packs; they frequently cast themselves in the night, and get their legs badly cut with the picket ropes. It seems after all doubtful how far we shall get. Some of us talk of going on alone."

Trials of temper are inseparable from expeditions of this kind, and here was a trio manifestly ill-assorted; one of its members rather fanciful and capricious, another too phlegmatic and easy-going, the third—Mr. Coke, could not be expected to set forth his own failings, but we suspect him of being a little irritable and hot-tempered, although evidently a good fellow, with plenty of pluck and perseverance. As yet, however, there was no break-up. The party kept together, often in straggling order, but usually reuniting at evening, to feed on rancid ham, mouldy biscuit, and such flesh or fowl as their rifles had procured them during the day. Nor were fish and reptiles despised when obtainable. Occasional attempts at angling were not very fortunate, the American fish being apparently unused to English flies; but sometimes a fine salmon or two were got by barter, from the Indians who had speared them. And a roast snake is by no means a despicable thing. Both Mr. Coke and the Parson—for whom we entertain an intense respect, as a man of few words but energetic action, a little tardy to move, perhaps, (a slight dash of Athelstane the Unready in his character,) but most effective and vigorous when movement was decided upon—went a snaking now and then. He of Norfolk seems to have been a fair shot at starting, and a first-rate one before he had half got over his journey, and he stalked the buffalo very successfully, shot snakes through the head, and contributed a large quota to the contents of the camp-kettle. The chaplain also was considerable of a sportsman, and ready with his rifle. Fat cow, tender loin, and juicy hump at times were plentiful in camp. Failing those delicate viands, all was made game of that offered itself to the wanderers' muzzles.

"*12th July.*—Shot two prairie dogs. Jim killed a hare and rattle-snake. They were all capital eating, not excepting the snake, which the parson cooked and thought as good as eel."

Following a band of buffaloes, Mr. Coke was charged by a bull, and awaited his onset, but waited a little too long. "My horse never stirred; I had no time for any thing but to take aim, and having fired between the neck and shoulder, I was the next minute, sprawling on my back, with the mare rolling over four or five yards beyond me. Recovering from the shock, I could not help admiring the picturesque group we presented; I rubbing my bruised limbs, and the buffalo looking on, half stupefied and astonished at the result of his charge." The contents of the rifle's

second barrel roused the bull from his stupefaction, and he moved off. Up came the unfeeling parson and followed the wounded brute, perfectly heedless of his friend's mishaps. Quite a man of business was this parson. Mr. Coke gives a description of his appearance in the prairies, on the occasion of his purchase of an Indian pony fourteen hands high. "He weighs fifteen stone, rides on a heavy saddle with a heavy pair of holster pistols, carries a very heavy rifle and telescope, a heavy blanket and great-coat, a pouch full of ammunition, a girdle stuck with small arms and bowie-knives, and always has his pockets crammed with *et ceteras*."

Not altogether the right costume for a stall in a cathedral, although highly appropriate upon the trail to California.

Incompatibility of taste and temper at last produced a split in the caravan. Fred went on ahead, expecting to march thirty or thirty-five miles a day. Mr. Coke and the parson kept together, proposing to limit their daily progress to twenty-five miles. It was much oftener sixteen or eighteen, sometimes only seven or ten. The men hired for the journey had become so mutinous and discontented, and, upon the whole, were of so little use, that to two of them a share of the provisions were given, and they were allowed to go alone. Two others marched with Fred, the fifth and last went alone, but occasionally joined company with Mr. Coke and the parson, who were otherwise without attendants, and who had eleven animals to drive and look after—"an awful number for two men," especially when they were unused to horse-driving and to the management of the abominably vicious, obstinate, perverse brutes of mules, which were constantly kicking off their loads, biting their masters, and straying from camp. The first day's march after the separation was the most unpleasant they had yet had. The rain fell in chilling torrents; a little black mule, the vixen of the party, kicked Mr. Coke to the ground; and a gray one, her rival in mischief, who bit like a dog, made a furious attack upon his calves. The distance accomplished was but six miles. There were worse times coming, however, even than these. The trouble occasioned by the mules and horses was soon diminished by the loss of three or four of them, strayed, stolen, or foundered. The country was barren and inhospitable, and destitute of game, and often grass and water were for long distances unobtainable.

"Our provisions are barely sufficient to last, with the greatest economy, to Fort Hall, even at the rate we are traveling now. Should the horses give up, it will be impossible for us to carry enough food to reach that station on foot. . . The only way to get out of the scrape was to lighten the burden of the pack-mules, by throwing away every ounce of superfluous weight. Turning out the contents of our bags on the ground, we selected such things only as were absolutely necessary to existence. What with lead, bullets, powder, geological specimens, and old clothes, we diminished our load so as to make one pack out of two, and left the ground strewed with warnings for future emigrants."

Sand, sage-bushes, and weeds uneatable by the horses, were now the chief productions of the country. Wood for fires was often lacking; raw ham is heating

and unsatisfactory food; the sun was blazing hot, and its rays were fiercely reflected from the sand. Mr. Coke lost his appetite, and suffered much from weakness. At last matters mended a little. They came to a succession of small streams; caught some trout, and obtained other fresh provisions; fell in with trappers, and with an express dispatch from Oregon to the States, escorted by twelve soldiers. These had come by the same road the Englishmen were about to travel, and the Boss, or head man of the party, furnished information concerning grass, water, and halting-places. From Fort Hall, he told them, they were still two hundred miles, and from Oregon nine hundred! A trifling distance in railroad-furrowed Europe, but oh! what a weary way in yonder arid wastes, with those fractious mules, and amidst incessant toils and hardships. "No one," says Mr. Coke, "can form any idea of the real length of *one* mile till he has traveled a thousand with pack-mules." By this time, for various reasons, the travelers had given up the idea of going straight to California, and had fixed upon Oregon as their destination.

"*October 1st.*—This month, please God, will see us through. The animals, I am sure, will not survive another. As for ourselves, we have but few provisions. The season, too, is getting late; and if we are out much longer, I fear we shall suffer greatly from cold. Already a blanket and a buffalo-robe are little enough covering for the nights. My buffalo-robe, which I spread over the blanket, is always frozen quite stiff. . . . Yesterday I met with a disaster, which distresses me exceedingly; I broke my pipe, and am able neither to repair nor to replace it. Julius has one, the fumes of which we are compelled to share. If this should go, (and it is already in four pieces, and bound up like a mummy,) I tremble to think of the consequences. In all our troubles the pipe is the one and only consolation. *4th.*—Oh, how cold it was this morning, and how cold it was in the night! I could not sleep for the cold, and yet I dreaded the approach of daylight, and the tugging at the frozen ropes which it entailed. . . . Our poor beasts actually cringed when the saddle touched the great raws on their backs; the frost had made them so painful. . . . It seems as if this sort of life was to last forever. Day follows day, without the slightest change."

Things got worse and worse. One after the other, the animals perished. By-and-by Mr. Coke found himself a-foot. They had nothing to eat but salt meat and salmon, and little enough of that. "Yesterday I tightened my belt to the last hole; we are becoming more and more attenuated; and the waist of my gigantic companion is almost as delicate as that of a woman." At last, on the 12th October, in rags, and with two mules alone remaining out of their once numerous team, but still of good courage and in reviving spirits, Mr. Coke and Julius reached the Dalles, a military post in Oregon, where they found Fred, who had arrived two days before them, and received a kind welcome and good treatment from the officers of the garrison.

After a few days' repose at the Soldier's House, as the post at the Dalles is called, the three friends, who had again joined company, boated down the Columbia. This was a rather amusing part of their expedition. The boat was manned by a Maltese sailor and a man who had been a soldier in the American army. The

only passenger besides themselves was a big officer of the Yankee Mounted Rifles, a regular "heavy," and awful braggadocio, who boasted continually of himself, his corps, his army and its campaigns. What were the Peninsular campaigns to the Mexican war? Talk of Waterloo! Look at Chepultapec. Wellington could not shine in the same crowd with General Scott. All this vastly amused the Englishmen. What was less amusing was the utter ignorance of seamanship displayed by the soldier-skipper, who, as part owner of the boat, assumed the command. They were nearly swamped by his clumsiness, and Mr. Coke, who has served in the navy, was obliged to take the rudder. The rudder broke, the wind freshened, the river was rough, the boat drifted into the surf and narrowly escaped being dashed to splinters on the rocks. They drew her up high and dry on the beach, lit a fire and waited for the storm to blow over. Wrangling ensued. The Yankee, who had got drunk upon his passengers' whisky, swore that, soldier though he was, he knew as much about boat-sailing as any midshipman or post-captain in the British navy. The "heavy" backed him, and the military skipper swore he would be taught by none, and wound up with the stereotyped Yankee brag, that "his nation could whip all creation."

"We had been laughing so much at his boasting that he doubtless thought himself safe in accompanying the remark with an insolent look of defiance. But what was his surprise when the parson, usually a most pacific giant, suggested that if Fred would take the Maltese, I the amphibious captain, he himself would with great pleasure thrash the mounted rifle, and so teach the trio to be more civil and submissive for the future. Whatever the other two might have thought, the 'heavy' was by no means inclined to make a target of his fat ribs for the sledge-hammer blows of Julius's brawny arms; and with a few remarks upon the folly of quarreling in general, and of fighting on the present occasion in particular, not forgetting to remind us of 'one original stock,' 'Saxon race,' etc., the good-natured 'plunger' effected an armistice, which was sealed and ratified with the remains of the whisky-bottle."

After his recent severe experience, it seemed unlikely that Mr. Coke would soon regret life in the prairies, with its painful alternations of bitter cold and parching heat; its frequent privations, hunger, thirst, fatigue, restive mules, hard labor, and scanty rest. During a seven weeks' passage between Fort Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands, on board the Mary Dare, a wretched little coal-tub of a brig, he and his companions actually found themselves vaunting the superior comforts of their late land-journey. Confined by constant wet weather to a cabin twelve feet by eight, without a mattress to lie on, but with a superabundance of fleas, rats and cockroaches, they blessed the hour when they first caught sight of the palm-crowned shores of the Sandwich group. Mr. Coke's account of his stay at the Hawaiian court is lively enough, but of no particular interest; and the sort of thing has been much better done before by Herman Melville and others. After the adventurous journey across the Rocky Mountains, this part of the book reads but tamely, and we are not sorry to get Mr. Coke back to North America. He and Fred landed at San Francisco. A long letter which he wrote thence, after a month's stay in the country, is here

reprinted, having originally been inserted in the *Times* newspaper by the friend to whom it was addressed. He adds some further particulars and characteristic anecdotes. His account of the diggings, both wet and dry, but especially of the latter, fully confirms the mass of evidence already adduced as to their incalculable richness.

"The quartz rock," he says, "which is supposed to be the only permanent source from which gold will eventually be derived, extends north and south for more than a degree and a half of latitude. At Maripoosa, a society, possessing several 'claims,' have established, at a great expense, machinery for crushing the rock. They employ thirty men, whom they pay at the rate of 100 dollars each a month. This society is now making a clear gain of 1500 dollars a-day. This will show you what is to be expected when capital sets to work in the country."

Some of the sketches at *table-d'hôtes* and gambling-tables are extremely natural and spirited. Mr. Coke and Fred, whilst at San Francisco, lived at El Dorado, the best hotel there; four meals a-day, dinner as good as at Astor's at New York, venison, grizzly-bear, Sandhill-crane, and other delicacies; cost of board and lodging eight dollars a-day—not dear for California. At the dinner-table they made some queer acquaintances; amongst others a certain Major M., whose first mark of good-will, after his introduction to them by a judge, (judges and majors swarm at San Francisco) was to offer to serve as their friend in any "difficulty" into which they might get. The judge suggested that the two English gentlemen might probably have no need of a "friend" in that sense of the word. The Major's reply will be our last extract.

" 'Sir,' said the Major, 'they are men of honor; and as men of honor, you observe, there is no saying what scrapes they may get into. I remember—it can't be more than twenty years ago—a brother officer and I were opponents at a game of poker. That officer and I were most intimately acquainted. Another bottle of champagne, you nigger, and fill those gentlemen's glasses. Very fine that, sir—I never tasted better wine,' said the Major, as he turned his mustaches up, and poured the gooseberry down. 'Where was I, Judge? Ah! precisely—most intimate acquaintance, you observe—I had the highest opinion of that officer's honor—the highest possible opinion,' with an oath. 'Well, sir, the luck was against me—I never won a hand! My partner couldn't stand it. 'Gad, sir, he *did* swear. But my friend—another slice of crane, nigger, and rather rare; come, gentlemen, help yourself, and pass the bottle—that's what I call a high old wine, you observe. Where was I, Judge? Ah! just so.—Well, my friend, you observe, did not say a word; but took it as coolly as could be. We kept on losing; they kept on winning; when, as quick as greased lightning, what do you think my partner did, sir? May I be stuck, forked end up, in a 'coon hole, if he didn't whip out his knife and chop off three of my friend's fingers. My friend, you observe, halloo'd loud enough. 'You may halloo,' says my partner, 'but if you'd had a full, sir, you'd have lost your hand,' (an oath.) My intimate friend, you observe, had been letting his partner know what cards he had by

putting out a finger for each one; and having the misfortune, you observe, to hold three when my partner found him out, why, sir, you observe, he lost three of his fingers.' "

Between his roguish friend and his ruffianly partner, the Major felt himself in a dilemma how to act.

" 'I think,' said the Judge, 'I have heard the story before; but, excuse me, I do not see exactly what relation it bears to these gentlemen, and your offer to serve them.' 'That,' said the Major, 'if you will give me time, is exactly what I am coming to.—Nigger, bring me a dozen cigars.—The sequel is soon told. Considering my duty as an officer, a friend, and a gentleman, I cut my friend, and shot my partner for insulting him; and if, you observe, these gentlemen shall honor me with their friendship, I will be most happy to do the same by them.' "

Whilst deprecating the good offices of this Yankee O'Trigger in the shooting or cutting line, Mr. Coke and his companion availed of him as a guide to an adjacent faro table, where the gallant Major lost eight hundred dollars with infinite coolness, drank a cocktail, buttoned his coat, and walked away.

As matter of mere amusement, Mr. Coke's last chapter is his best. It is crammed with diverting stories of "smart" Yankees and other originals whom he encountered in California. The whole book, although in parts a little drawn out, does him credit, and will doubtless be extensively read and well liked. For various classes it has features of attractive interest. The emigrant, the gold-seeker, the sportsman, the mining speculator, the lover of adventure for mere adventure's sake, will all derive pleasure from its pages, and occasionally glean from them a hint worth remembering.

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[2] A Ride over the Rocky Mountains to Oregon and California. By the Hon. Henry J. Coke. London: 1852.

HOMER.

BY TRUEMAN S. PERRY.

Upon the rocks, the wave-worn rocks of Chios,
Sat an old beggar—hoar and bent was he—
Still murmuring to himself, the lone winds drifting
His words, like leaves about a withered tree.

Patiently all the day had he been standing
Where pour the ways their turbid tides along,
Meekly had borne the coldness, and the rudeness,
The jeers and jostlings of the thoughtless throng.

And now at night no home or friend received him;
Few e'er had loved him, his nor cot nor hall,
For he had always walked apart from others,
A mark of marvel, or of jest, to all.

Men lightly heeded him, poor helpless dotard,
And few did note that face so high and sad,
And fewer yet gleaned up his muttered measures,
And many said the strange old man was mad.

Each bowing low, to gods that saw not, heard not,
He'd left the herd of folly, gain and pride,
When by its tender kiss, and kind low whisper,
He wist the coming of the even-tide.

Had he come forth to look on rock and wild-wood,
Bathed in the amber light of setting day?
Was it to watch the rain-bow glowing, fading,
In the light leapings of the silver spray?

Vainly did even and her fairer sister
Pour all their glories on his sightless eye,
Long had he ceased to mark the sun's hot splendor,
The wave's fleet sparkle and the cloud's rich dye.

Low on his shriveled palms he bows his forehead,
With beard white waving round his loosened zone,
While strains majestic from the ocean's bosom
Spake to the mightier stirring in his own.

The towers of Illion, and the Argive ramparts,
The keel-plowed sand he scans with inward eye,
And now he hears the sound of many myriads
Rushing along in thundering onset by.

Bright 'mid the serried spears he sees Peleides,
The sons of Atreus, Diomed's swift car,
The goddess-born, and Hector, and the Xanthus,
Rolling his red and spumy waves afar.

He marks the brief recoil, the fiercer onset,
The struggling waver of the deathful shock,
And hosts convulsed around each god-like hero,
Like storms impetuous torn by mountain rock.

His snowy hair streams wild, his withered bosom
Heaves as the troubled surges rise and fall,
And hot Promethean fire, intensely gathering,
Now blazing leaps from either sightless ball.

"And night came down and all the ways were shaded,"
Dark green the last hot footsteps of the sun,
Still sat the bard entranced with glowing visions,
His night ended, and his day begun.

And still he sat and felt the cooling night-wind,
And listened to the wave's untiring beat,
And sang of earth, and heaven, and hell, till morning
Recalled him, hungering, to the dusty street.

Sad was the hour that scourged thy spirit homeward,
While yet her pinions were untired and strong,
From those bright fields where she had found and tasted
The honied lotus, mighty one of song.

Loneness of soul, phantasies bright and wayward,
Neglect and sorrow, longings sad and wild,

Well didst thou prove, and faithfully bequeath them,
E’en to thy latest and thy meanest child.

O, pitied, jeered, adored! Time’s latest offspring
Shall turn with reverent heed those pages o’er,
Great with thy deathless thoughts—thy peerless glory
Shall brighten aye, till time shall be no more.

THE PAMPAS FIRED BY THE INDIANS.[3]

The sun had yet scarce tinged the horizon with the first dawn of light, when, with a body hot and unrefreshed, I issued from the door of the hacienda of San Jacinto, to enjoy the cool air of morning, and soothe my limbs with the clear, pure water of a rivulet that coursed past the rear of my last night's resting-place.

All was yet still around—none seemed to be stirring—and as I glanced over the extensive plains that extended on one side as far as the eye could reach, I could only discern by the misty light a herd of wild horses, as they swept along through the tall, wiry grass that arose above their shoulders. Buckling my pistol-belt around me, I threw my short rifle carelessly across my back, where it hung by its own strap, and rapidly proceeded to descend the steep gully, at the bottom of which the stream, one of the many that descend from the Andes, ran bubbling and boiling, as it glanced over its rocky bed. Uneven and stony, with the footing concealed beneath thick matted grass and small stunted brushwood, I found my task any thing but an easy one, and almost regretted that I had not gone round by the path used by the people of the hacienda. Yet, as I swung from rock to rock by aid of the rank herbage, I felt that the course I had chosen was most in consonance with that wild, reckless spirit that had conducted me over so many lands.

As I reached the bed of the gully, the sun showed itself above the horizon, and the misty haze that filled the deep valley was riven and dispersed in eddying vapor before the warm breath of day. The curtain risen, there lay before me a wide level space of the finest alluvial soil, over which, it would appear, the stream at times extended, when swollen with the melting snows of the Andes; but it was now confined to narrow limits in the centre, now and then extending into large water-holes, where the softer soil had been washed away, or a diverging bend of the stream had given more power to its waters.

The scene was calm, happy nature illuminated by the glow of a tropical sunrise, for it was December, and the sun had almost attained the tropic of Capricorn. But my uncomfortable limbs, twitching with the effects of numberless musqueto bites, would not permit me to enjoy, for any lengthened time, the beauties of nature; so, divesting myself of my apparel, I took my position on a flat rock in the stream, and plied my person with frequent showers of water that I cast over myself, by the aid of a large vessel I had brought from the hacienda.

At the spot where I stood, the stream nearly approached the opposite side of the gully to that on which the buildings were erected, and during a pause in my occupation, my attention was drawn to a rustling noise among the low brushwood that lined the face of the precipitous descent. They were times of danger and peril; vast numbers of Indians were known to be scattered over the pampas, and so daring

had they become, by a large accession of numbers from the tribes of the lower Sanquel river, that they had even taken and plundered several villages along the foot of the mountains, in the direction of the route to Paraguay. Accustomed to caution, therefore, the rustling sound was not passed unnoticed, but with a keen glance I scanned the direction whence the sound had proceeded; but naught told of the existence of any living thing, much less danger.

Again, therefore, I sought the comforts afforded by the cool water being thrown over my limbs, for I was afraid to trust myself into deep water, on account of the many venomous reptiles that usually infest the South American streams. Suddenly a cry of alarm startled me; I slipped from the stone on which I stood, and fell at full length into deep water beside me. As I fell, I felt a sharp twinge on my left thigh, and by the color of the water became aware that I was wounded. It was all the work of a moment, quick as thought; and when I turned my eyes to the spot whence I had first heard the rustling noise, there stood, in the very act of having discharged an arrow, and with bow yet elevated, an Indian warrior, with his war-lock ornamented with a few bright feathers, and his dark body entirely divested of clothing, with the exception of a deep fringed leathern belt, fastened round the loins, and descending mid thigh. Before he had time to draw another arrow from his quiver, and fit it to the bow. I sprang from the stream on the bank, seized my rifle, poised it, and fell on one knee close under a rock, which protected me from the aim of my enemy, and at the same time afforded full opportunity to try the effect of my rifle on his warlike form. But rapidly as he had appeared and attempted my life, he disappeared yet more quickly; he seemed to have sunk into the very rocks on which he had been standing; but my knowledge of the Indians made me well aware he had only concealed himself under the thick brushwood, which, although it would afford him shelter when in a crouching posture, yet would be no screen to him if attempting to leave the spot. So, reserving my fire, I merely covered the spot with my rifle, where I knew him to be, calmly awaiting the first good opportunity to try my aim.

At the furthest I could not be sixty yards from my enemy; the cry I had heard, and which had saved my life, proceeded from one of the rancheros, who had arisen, disturbed by my leaving the building, and followed to the edge of the gully to demand some orders of me. Not wishing to risk his neck in the descent, and considering the path too far round, he had composedly stretched himself on the edge of the precipice to await my return, amusing himself in the meanwhile by observing my motions.

Whilst so doing, his eye had chanced to alight upon the Indian, who had been concealed previously, in the act of discharging the arrow. The alarm had disturbed his aim and saved my life, the wound being only a slight flesh one.

The shout of the ranchero had aroused all within the buildings of the hacienda, and the face of the precipice was now crowded with numbers hurrying down to my assistance as they best could; among the foremost were my own companions of travel.

Each moment rendered the position of the Indian more critical; for on the arrival in the flat of the many that were now rushing down its sides, he would be exposed to a fire from which he would have but little chance of escape.

With the instinct of his race, the warrior of the pampas seemed fully aware of his danger, for, before any had reached half-way to where I lay, his dark body sprang from the cover that protected him, and with rapid bounds he sought to reach the summit of the gully. A fierce and prolonged yell told of his attempt, and several shots were fired, but ineffectually, on account of distance. I alone was within good shot; covered with the rifle, whose aim had been so often proved, I felt his life was in my hands; for a moment I hesitated—but the nature of my position overpowered all thoughts of mercy—the mouth of my piece poured forth its small sheet of flame, and before the sharp report had ceased to reverberate, the body of my enemy was tumbling, a lifeless mass, from rock to rock, forcing its way through the tangled, matted grass and brush-wood.

Congratulating friends, and startled tenants of the hacienda soon surrounded me, and the body of the Indian being dragged to the bank of the stream, two friendly Indians of the party pronounced it to be that of a powerful chief of one of the southern tribes, who were said to be committing the depredations in the villages under the Andes.

What brought the chief away from his tribe, and in the neighborhood of the hacienda, remained unexplained, until some of the guides who had been dispatched at the first alarm, to bring in the few horses that remained unturned out the previous night, joined the party, and informed us that they had seen three other Indians issue from the gully, some short distance down, and, mounting horses that had been in charge of two companions, dash across the plain with a led horse, in the direction of the mountains.

This news caused no inconsiderable stir amongst the motley assemblage, and we returned to the hacienda to decide what course we were to adopt.

Ten days previous, with three companions, all Englishmen, three guides, and four rancheros as attendants, we left St. Jago with the intention of proceeding by land to Buenos Ayres. The reason of our employing the rancheros was, that they had a short time previous accompanied a Valparaiso merchant from St. Fé to St. Jago, and had been most useful to him on the route. Absent from their own country they were glad of an opportunity to return, and we secured them for a comparatively small recompense.

The guides were the usual adjuncts to all travelers, and indispensable in order to pilot us on our way, and catch horses for us, when those we rode were knocked up. The previous evening we had arrived at the hacienda of San Jacinto, after having two days before descended from the Andes, whence it was distant some ninety miles.

A kind of station-house was here for the guides, where they changed: those who had conducted us across the precipices and defiles of those eternal snow-clad

mountains, giving place to others who were to conduct us to the settled districts of the Buenos Ayrean plains, where their services would be no longer required. It was also used as a place of refreshment, where the usual Pampa fare was to be obtained, with some most execrable peach brandy, and a little bad wine.

Several other houses stood in the neighborhood of the hacienda, inhabited by cross-bred herdsmen, almost as wild as the stock they were in charge of, and a few women their companions in the wilderness, and an odd child was also visible.

Several other travelers had arrived the same evening as ourselves, but none traveling in our direction, and no European. Having consulted, and the majority being of opinion that the Indians who had alarmed us were merely a scouting party at some distance from their tribe, it was resolved that all should proceed on their journey. Against this almost unanimous decision, one of our companions, a mercantile man from St. Jago, rebelled, and chose rather to return in company with the chief body of travelers, who were proceeding across the Andes, than face the danger of meeting the hostile Indians with our small force. Remonstrance to change his resolve was of no avail, so, as soon as fresh horses had been obtained, with my two companions and attendants I pursued my way, leaving all around the hacienda in anxious preparation to receive any attack that might be made on them by the Indians in revenge for the death of one of their chiefs.

Under the suggestion of the guides we refrained from at once striking across the plains the way our road lay, in order to deceive any one who might follow, and descending into the bed of the gully by the path, followed its course some fifteen miles before we ascended to the level plains, and struck into the Pampas across which our journey was to be performed.

When once on level soil we urged our horses to their utmost speed, and when two hours before sun set we halted to refresh ourselves, it was considered that a space of at least sixty miles divided us from the scene of the morning adventure. Around naught could be seen but the undulating bosom of the Pampas, as the tall, wiry grass that covered its face, bent beneath a slight breeze that fanned our heated temples.

The guides soon cleared a large circular space, for our night’s resting-place, of the parched grass, and a fire being kindled, a cup of coffee, with some dried beef and a few biscuits, revived our wearied frames.

In consequence of the circumstances of the morning, all the horses were retained and made fast to pegs taken from the Spanish saddles of our guides, who carried them for such emergencies.

Our course had lain eastward all day, and the sun was fast sinking to the western horizon, whence we had come, when an exclamation from one of the rancheros, who had risen to see to the perfect security of the horses, drew our attention to a point whither he directed our view, by a motion of the arm. Long and intense was the gaze, but our European eyes could discover nothing, till a telescope was obtained from the traveling case of one of my friends, which soon satisfied us that a

large body of horsemen were advancing rapidly along the very track we had come.

It was a moment of deep anxiety—what was to be done? Were we to wait and take the chance of its being a friendly tribe of Indians or travelers? We could not have a chance of escape on the jaded horses we had so hardly tasked during the day, so, from inevitable necessity, we determined, friend or, foe, to await them where we were. Rapid were the preparations made to fight, in case they proved to be enemies. The horses were saddled, some spare arms furnished to the guides, and rifles and pistols being looked to, each man beside his horse, and drawn up in line, we awaited the result. Nearer and nearer they approached; the lower edge of the sun had dipped beneath the horizon, and anxiously we prayed for darkness, when the guides pronounced the advancing party to be strange Indians. Still clear light remained, and onward yet they came. Their very number was appalling; sixty at least were in view, and as they bent forward over their horses, and urged them on, the wild gestures of their arms seemed to announce our doom, and to forewarn us that our bones would bleach on the wild Pampas of Central America.

It was no time, however, for reflection. Their yells sounded in our ears, and they advanced in a dense body within two hundred paces of the position we had taken. Then came a halt, and out from the main body rode a single Indian. The savage strode his horse without saddle or any other appurtenance than a raw hide strap, formed into a bridle, with which he managed his steed. His arms consisted of a bow and arrows, slung across his back, with a long hunting-knife and heavy tomahawk suspended from his belt; his followers were mounted and armed like their chief, none possessing fire-arms.

Slowly he rode forward some hundred yards nearer than his people, till he paused in a position where the rifle of any of the party could have ended his days. But we were in no position to commence hostilities, so we wisely refrained from such a useless sacrifice of life. We still had a hope that the tribe in whose presence we were, formed no part of that whose chief fell in the morning; and, in order to ascertain the fact, one of the guides addressed the chief in a *patois* of the Indian tongue, but—although the attempt was renewed by the two others, it called forth no response. He still continued calmly gazing at us.

Suddenly, as if actuated by a passing thought, he wheeled his horse round, and joined his followers. Then, indeed, his voice was heard, clear and distinct, and, from his commanding gestures, it was apparent that he exercised supreme sway over the assembled warriors. At his word the crowd dissolved, and keeping without the range of our rifles, they formed a circle around us. It was no time for indecision; so, mounting our horses, we formed a double line, back to back, each man with his rifle or pistols ready. Then, indeed, imagination alone can depict the fierce war-cries that issued from all around us, the rush of horses, and the cloud of arrows that threatened annihilation to all. One of my English companions fell from his horse at the first discharge. We returned the fire with some effect, and, as a last hope, each for himself, dashed fearlessly on the line as they closed upon us.

Darkness was just setting in, so our hope was to escape singly, and make the best of our way back to the hacienda, if successful. The rush was fearful. The bright knives of two enemies, on whom I dashed, glared in my eyes; but fire-arms again proved their superiority: one fell, and the stroke of the other but wounded my horse. Maddened with the pain of the wound it had received, the noble horse I rode plunged forward, and, at a tremendous speed, swept me in a moment beyond reach of a few stray arrows aimed at me.

Still, yet still, I had a chance for my life. I thought of my companions, but darkness hid every thing, beyond the space of a few yards, from my view. On, on I dashed, plunging the long spurs, with which my heels were armed, into the side of my willing steed. I could perceive, by the voices behind, that many were in pursuit, and after a mile or so had been passed over, I clearly discerned the voices gaining on me, and from an occasional stagger of my horse, ascertained, but too truly, that loss of blood was making him faint.

By this time it was completely dark, day having passed away with usual tropical rapidity, and my resolve was made. Throwing myself on my feet, I struck the noble brute that so far had saved me, and abandoned him to his own head. Relieved of my weight, I depended on his keeping on some distance before he could be overtaken by my pursuers. At the same time, placing myself on my face, I trusted to being passed over undiscovered—concealed, as I was, by the long grass. A minute had but elapsed, when at least a score of horsemen rushed past, on either side of me, inflicting no injury, but evidently urging, in the pursuit, their comrades by voice and gesture.

When their voices could no longer be heard, I arose from my reclining posture, and struck off at an angle from the course they had gone. I toiled, with difficulty, through the long pampa-grass, encumbered as I was, and had not proceeded more than a couple of miles, when voices again drew near, and I had to conceal myself as before. Once more they passed, but at some distance; and I then concluded they had overtaken my horse, and discovered the escape of its rider. This nerved me to further exertion, as I felt satisfied the strictest search would be made, particularly as I was known to be an Englishman—and in those wild regions that name is almost universally connected with wealth—so that, for the sake of plunder alone, no exertion was likely to be spared to effect my capture.

Onward, therefore, I forced my way, pushing aside the rank, dry herbage, and, attracted by a sudden bright glare, casting my eyes behind, the appalling fact was at once apparent, that the pampas had been fired by the Indians, for the purpose of destroying myself and any others that might have escaped the first onslaught.

To such a number of men as the attacking party consisted of, the firing of the long, dry grass would offer but little danger; for, before so doing, it is the habit of the Indians to clear a large space of the herbage, and every thing that would afford fuel for the flame, in the centre of this a safe retreat could be found until the fire had exhausted itself on all around, leaving nothing but the naked blackened plains. For a

single individual there seemed no hope that I could clear by unaided exertions, any such space as would afford a hope of safety; so, in despair, still onward I recklessly rushed.

The night was still and calm; but there the fire was to be seen, extending with fearful rapidity, as the expansion of the air by heat, swept its sparks over the surrounding grass, dry as tinder.

All hope seemed fled. I was apparently doomed to die a fearful death by fire, when, by the aid of the light yielded by the vast blaze, yet distant some miles, I discerned the carcass of the gallant horse who had so lately borne me from amongst my enemies. Further it was useless to fly; the relentless element would soon overtake me; so I determined to make here one more effort for my life.

The animal was dead, and it required but one look to assure me that he bore many marks of tomahawk wounds, inflicted by the Indians in their first moment of disappointment. Beside the body, also, lay a heavy weapon of that kind, and on seeing it, my mode of proceeding, to effect my safety, was resolved on.

With a case-knife I always carried about me, I cut or tore away the herbage and grass for a short distance round the body; but my utmost exertion enabled me only to do this to the extent of a few feet, when the nearer approach of the fire warned me to other things. So small, indeed, was the space thus cleared, that I felt satisfied it would be impossible to exist, without other shelter, when the fire surrounded me. That protection the carcass offered; so, seizing the tomahawk, I rapidly ripped up the body with that and my knife, and tore from the inner part the yet warm entrails.

The few minutes so occupied had brought the fire within a few hundred yards, and, as I crushed myself within the reeking carcass, and covered my exposed limbs with masses of the disgusting offal, I could scarce turn my fascinated sight from the appalling scene.

As far as the eye could extend, on either side, nought was to be distinguished but one bright mass of flame—some twenty feet high—above which hung, in dense clouds, dark black smoke; while, yet higher still, light white vapor floated and rose into the heavens. Around, all was as bright as day, and the long, wiry grass could be even discerned bending before the fearful element, as it advanced to annihilate. No breeze swept over the plains; but yet the fire roared and raged, as if hurled along before the breath of a hurricane. The fleeting instants of suspense that elapsed before the fire reached the spot where I lay, looked almost like long hours. My fate hung in the balance, and uncertainty was worse than death. Years have since passed away, but when lying on my calm and quiet bed, I yet start with alarm: the shadows of the past flit over my memory, and I fancy myself yet awaiting the moment that would enclose me in that fearful flaming sea. The agony of suspense was passed; fire was around, beside, within me, as I swallowed the hot, furnace breath of the atmosphere. Oh, God! my very vitals were dried up, and my brain seemed ready to burst, as my swollen blood-vessels distended to the utmost. Oh, thus to perish!—in the spring of life: friends, home, early days, for an instant crossed my mind Oh! but

to die by fire!—frightful, fearful!—“Oh, great God, save me!”

The struggle seemed over; although the fire could not reach my body, covered as it was, yet the intense heat seemed to destroy life, and for a time rendered me insensible. When consciousness returned, the fire was little more than visible on the horizon, and the cold and clammy flesh and entrails pressed upon my burning, parched limbs. A violent thirst actuated me, and in order to allay it, I was reduced to the necessity of cutting a large mass of flesh from the buttock, and sucking the blood and moisture therefrom; till then I could scarce breathe; the heated air I had swallowed so parched and dried up my mouth and throat, that the thick skin peeled off when touched by my tongue.

Revived by my application, once more my thoughts reverted to my position, and the chance of escape. It was improbable that the Indians would make any search over the plains till daylight made such comparatively easy, and up to morning I calculated on safety.

Of the locality I knew but very little, merely what had been learned from the guides; but of one thing I felt satisfied, that I should be sure to be captured if I attempted to return in the direction of San Jacinto. The guides had stated that for some distance to the southward, many deep gullies, with streams in their beds, ran out for a great distance in the Pampas, many of them in a straight line from the Andes, at the foot of which they commenced. This determined me to strike off in a southerly direction, guided by the stars, and endeavor to reach one of these before daylight would leave any stray Indian to discover me with little difficulty on the blackened, naked plains, where not even a rock for concealment existed.

But when I attempted to walk, I found I could do so with great exertion only; yet it was the last chance, so, abandoning my rifle and all other things of any weight, except my pistols, and a small junk of horse-flesh, I tottered along as I best could. Hour after hour I struggled on; morning came, yet nothing was to be seen but one black, scorched surface, as far as the eye could reach. Not a living thing was in sight, not even the hum of an insect enlivened the atmosphere; all was drear and desolate. Anxiously, from time to time, I glanced around the horizon, but friend and enemy seemed alike absent.

The sun had risen into the heavens, three hours had elapsed since daylight, when my sight was cheered by the distant view of a few shrubs and verdure, which, on a nearer approach, I found to be growing along the far side of a steep, narrow gully, at the bottom of which, as usual, ran a stream. The fire had burned up all on one side, but the water had effectually stopped its progress to the other, so here at last was a good cover afforded me.

The wants of nature were first allayed—I drank long and heartily, and, careless of all reptiles, actually rolled myself, clothes and all, in the bed of the stream. Hunger I did not feel, thirst alone had afflicted me, and in the course of my night’s journey I had sucked the piece of horse flesh till it was as dry as my scorched boots themselves.

No time was lost, when I had revived myself, in following up the course of the creek, now and again ascending to the edge of the plains, to ascertain if pursuers were in sight; but I traveled on, mile after mile, without seeing the glimpse of any living thing on the side whence I had a right to look for the Indians. All that side of the creek or gully bore evident marks of the late conflagration, which in no part extended to the side I was now on.

I was quite uncertain whither I was proceeding; I only felt satisfied that in some days I should reach the neighborhood of the Andes, by pursuing the course I had taken, and there I hoped to find some village or hacienda.

As day declined, however, I felt the calls of nature, and hunger made powerful demands upon me; but I had nothing wherewith to satisfy it. Throughout the day there had not appeared either horses or wild cattle, from which it was to be inferred that they had been driven far from the banks of the creek by the appearance of the fire on one side; so that thus the small chance of being able to surprise and bring down a wild calf, with my pistols, was taken away for the present.

Yet although at least thirty miles of ground were traversed from daylight to sunset, I partook of no nourishment but the cool water beside which I was traveling, and at night, overcome with fatigue, made my bed with some grass I had pulled, beneath an overhanging rock, without tasting food for twenty-four hours, notwithstanding my extreme fatigue during that period.

Long and soundly did I sleep, but the damp, cold air of morning chilled me, and disturbed those slumbers an hour or so before daylight, when, in order to infuse warmth into my limbs, and make some progress on my way, I pursued my path along the bed of the creek, without waiting for the rays of the sun to direct my steps. Again for weary hours, under a burning sun, I struggled on, till about mid-day nature became exhausted from sheer want of food, and I sunk, unable to proceed farther, at the side of the stream.

Starvation stared me in the face, and threatened my existence, with the same certainty the fire had appeared to do such a short time before; neither birds nor beasts showed themselves; roots there were none to be found, and again despair overshadowed my soul, when I observed a large water-snake issue from the stream, and leisurely trail its dark body along toward the crevices of some rocks near at hand. It was the work of a moment to hurl a large stone at it, which broke its spine, and a stroke of a knife finished the matter. I then deprived the animal of its head, in which I was aware any poison it possessed was contained, and collecting a few pieces of dry kindling, of which plenty was scattered along the plain, a fire was soon kindled, and the body of the Pampa snake being broiled, afforded refreshment to the exhausted traveler, such as he never had obtained from the primest eels of fatherland; intense hunger made the food, disgusting at other times, more than palatable on that occasion.

Invigorated by this food, after a short rest I pushed forward, taking with me the remains of the snake, all of which I had cooked in order to prevent the necessity of

kindling a fire, the smoke of which might attract the attention of the Indians, if in my vicinity. My caution still continued, and in most convenient spots where the ascent was easy, I still continued to seek the edge of the prairie, and carefully scan its surface. It was during one of these reconnaisances that I first caught sight of a scattered party of Indians, advancing at full speed along the plains, on the other side of the gully, close by its edge. Fortunately I was near to a buffalo track that had been formed by these animals to the water, and along this I crept on all fours, till I had gained some high thick grass, where I stretched myself in complete concealment.

Whether the Indians were a portion of the party who had attacked us I was not aware, but they seemed to take but a cursory view of the creek as they passed rapidly along; they did not at all descend to its bed; so I was in no danger of having my trail discovered. I could hear the tramp of the horses as they swept along over the blackened, parched ground; but I did not dare attempt to get a near view of them, lest their keen vision should detect my lurking-place. When they had some time passed, cautiously I arose, and scanned the horizon, to discover if any straggling child of the wilderness was yet in view; but it appeared the wearied traveler was alone in the scene.

My journey was renewed, but this time along the edge of the plain, as I feared lest the Indians might suddenly come up when I should not perceive their approach from the bed of the creek.

Another night, another day was passed, during which my only food was the remains of the snake I had grilled. The gully gradually increased in width, and a diverging branch of it, on the northern side, had intercepted the progress of the fire in that direction; so again, on both sides of the gully, nothing was to be discerned but the long waving grass of the plains, with, as I left the scene of the conflagration behind, occasional herds of wild cattle, and horses, which frequently allowed a near approach before they fled.

On the fourth day I succeeded in surprising and shooting a young buffalo, which, with many others, was standing in the water of the stream, to endeavor to preserve themselves from the myriads of flies and musquetoes that filled the air, and inflicted their stings without cessation. Although brought down by the first shot, yet I saw considerable danger from the remainder of the herd, who charged me, and I only saved myself by taking refuge on the summit of some steep rocks, in the side of the cliffs, which the enraged animals could not reach. A second shot dispersed the herd, and they fled up the side of the gully and across the plains till out of sight; whilst some thin steaks, cut from the flank of the prize I had obtained, fully rewarded success. When broiled and washed down with pure clear water, they satisfied appetite, and strengthened my frame for further exertion.

Taking some beef with me, I pursued my weary journey, yet my spirits did not fail; although at times my weary limbs flagged, hope was mine, and that buoyancy of feeling, and presence of mind, which had conducted me through so many trying

scenes, never forsook me on this occasion for a moment.

On the morning of the eighth day, I had reached a position close under one of the spurs of the Andes, and was following up a track that I had fallen across, and which I imagined might lead to some village, when my ears were saluted with the pleasing sound of mule bells.

Joyous, indeed, were then my thoughts, and when in a few minutes I joined a party of muleteers, conveying hides and tallow to the small town of San Julianna, my thanks were many and fervent to that Supreme Being who had preserved me through many dangers.

Having a few specie dollars about me, I procured every assistance from the party I had so providentially fallen in with, and afterward journeyed on to the town whither they were bound. Here, having obtained what ready money I required on one of my St. Jago letters of credit, I procured assistance, and set forward to the hacienda, where all my troubles had commenced.

On the way, at another hacienda, I fell in with two of the rancheros, both suffering from severe wounds received in our action with the Indians, but who nevertheless had escaped by the speed of their horses, and the neglect of all pursuit beyond a short distance, by the Indians, who seemed to have turned all their exertions toward securing the Europeans of the party. The other two rancheros, the guides, and my two companions, had not been heard of, and were supposed, as I myself had been, to have been killed in the attack, or to have perished in the flames.

A subsequent visit to the spot, and the calcined remains of seven bodies, satisfied me that my friends were no more; the Indians who had fallen seemed to have been removed, and all that now points out the scene of that bloody deed, is the raised mound that covers those of our party who there fell.

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[3] Bentley’s Miscellany.

TO ONE AFAR.

BY ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS.

This lovely morn—this lovely morn,
Ah! whither are thy footsteps straying—
Beneath what bowers of blooming thorn,
Art thou, in pensive mood, delaying?

This lovely morn—this lovely morn,
Ah! whither do thy bright thoughts wander?
What absent loved one dost thou mourn?
On what blessed image dost thou ponder?

This lovely morn, when all is fair,
And beautiful as Eden's bowers,
Why have I not thy tender care,
Thy smiles to cheer the lonely hours?

Why have I not thy kisses warm?
Why am I not beside thee walking,
And leaning on thy doating arm,
While all the woods, of love are talking?

But here, alone, I sit and kiss
Thine image, with the tears upstarting,
And watch, afar, my dream of bliss,
Like mirage of the waste, departing.

THE MASTER'S MATE'S YARN.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

In the year 18—, just as the U. S. frigate Constitution was about leaving Leghorn on a cruise, a large Italian ship arrived from Genoa, stripped of every thing valuable by a piratical schooner in the Gulf of Spezzia. Two English men-of-war and a Frenchman were lying in port at the time, and obtaining all the information they could from the master and crew of the plundered vessel, all four set sail on the same day in search of the daring marauder. Her usual fortune, however, attended the American frigate, for, on the morning of the fourth day after leaving port, she fell in with the fellow off the northern point of the Island of Sardinia; and after a long chase—in which the schooner was considerably cut up, the wind dying away to a calm—her capture was at last effected by the boats. After removing the remainder of her crew, a breeze sprung up at daylight, and the Constitution and her prize made all sail for the bay of Naples.

The evening after we passed the Straits of Bonifacio, a difficulty occurred between two of the elder midshipmen, which, but for the timely interference of an old master's mate, a great favorite in the ship, would have inevitably resulted in an exchange of shots on the first convenient occasion. The parties were bosom friends and near relatives, which, of course, made the matter more difficult to adjust; however, the mate was able to effect it, as, from some circumstances attending his own history, he had more influence with them both than any other man on board. In some untoward affair, long before he entered the service, he himself had killed his man, and although he never spoke of the encounter, it was believed by the mess that he bitterly regretted its occurrence. He had been unusually grave and quiet after the capture of the schooner, which was more noticed, for the reason that, in general, he was as ready-witted, frank-spoken a fellow as ever felt salt spray on his cheek. The truth was, he was one of that unfortunate class of seamen who, well-connected and educated with care, have, nevertheless, spent the best of their days alternately in ship's forecastles and drinking-shops, after having run upon some rock or other in their youth. It is a matter of notoriety that there are too many such men to be found afloat, but the peculiarity in Miller's case was, that at some period of his wild life he must have mustered resolution enough to overcome his passion for strong drink. To have seen him on the decks of the frigate, or at the mess, you would never have suspected that he had once sunk so low in the scale of creation, had you not been better informed by that sort of malice which is ever ready to hiss on the track of an altered man. As it was, I may mention that he had entered the navy through the

hawse-hole and worked his way up to a master's mate's berth, where, of course—according to the rigid rules of the service—he stuck. Great confidence was reposed in him by the quarter-deck, and not one of the mids but would have shared the last dollar of his pay, or fought to the last gasp for old Harry, if he had ever needed a friend at a pinch. His fine, off-hand way, and thorough seamanship, made him a great favorite with the men, as was once rather awkwardly shown when some trouble occurred in another frigate, on a former cruise. In fact, there was a degree of kindliness about the man, which, combined with his good looks and weatherly qualities, was well calculated to make him a general favorite—to say nothing of a tinge of romance which, it seemed, neither Neptune nor Bacchus could entirely wash out of him. No officer in the ship had the same dashing way of laying a boat along-side in a rough sea, or was better qualified to take charge of the deck on a sudden emergency; and although you might have heard nothing of him before this cruise, you soon felt compelled to yield the palm of seamanship to him, when you once caught his quick, unembarrassed glance, or heard his deep voice answering the quarter-deck on a dark night, in a squall, with a clear ring in its pitch, which the men used to say was worth a dozen trumpets. With all this, you felt that he ought to have been something more than a mere master's mate, never doubting by his ways that he had commanded crafts of some sort in his time. The truth was, that he had abused or slighted his opportunities; though having been well brought up, not all the wear and tear of a hard life in every part of the globe, together with the slough which he had waded through, could prevent the thing from shining out. Apart from his seamanship—of that class which embraced all varieties of crafts and services—he possessed a knowledge of books, and a strength of imagination, which made you wonder still more at the subordinate post he held in the ship. As Guy Willful, one of our mess, afterward expressed himself—"though we all knew Harry Miller to be a gentleman, it was not until that blessed night when I knocked little Dick Afterblock into the lee-scuppers, that we found out the pinch of diamond-dust in the mate's composition."

On the evening in question, after seeing the two friends shake hands, the party had seated themselves quietly round the mate, who had offered to spin a yarn that should last out the watch, when a voice from the forecastle sung out, that there was a large whale close aboard of the ship. Sure enough, there he was, close under the main chains, sending up a succession of regular old-fashioned spouts, for all the world, the true originals of those which every reflective reader will remember to have once viewed with wonder and awe among the prints of his spelling-book. These were attended by loud respiratory sounds, which were heard fore and aft the deck.

Old Ironsides was jogging along before a lazy wind, which barely kept the sails asleep; and the whale, after again expelling the vitiated air from his blow-holes, having nothing more attractive to engage his attention at the time, from a feeling of fellowship perhaps, kept way with the ship. Some old heads on the forecastle soon hailed him for "a finner," bound on his travels to the Ionian sea, and forthwith

predicted, at the peril of their eyes, that we should see him “down flukes” and off on a wind, before another bell had gone. There was little sea running at the time, and the moon shining fairly on his track gave us some idea of his gigantic proportions, which, to tell the truth, these same veritable Tritons were in nowise disposed to curtail. However, it was agreed among the mids, debating the matter in council with the mate, that from his broad flukes to the small triangular fin on the ridge of his back, and thence, from his spout-holes to the arch of his lower jaw, he ran not less than an hundred feet. It was also estimated that he would outweigh a drove of, at least, two hundred fat oxen. His age, they unanimously declared, was a question to be left to the learned professors. Even the bearded Nestors of the forecastle, wise as mermen in aught appertaining to the sea—albeit they claimed him for an old acquaintance—did not pretend to settle that point. He might have been fourscore-and-ten, or he might have blown brine from his nostrils, coasting undiscovered shores, long before the grand cruise of Columbus.

Mr. Willful, the reefer before referred to, took occasion to indulge in a lofty flight of fancy, as he announced his adherence to the opinion which measured the creature’s days by the scale of centuries.

“And I,” squeaked another, fresh from school, “whatever anguish of spirit it may cost me—‘sink or swim’—I avow myself of the same faith with the honorable gentleman whose eloquence has electrified the ears of these venerable sheet-anchor-men.”

“Come,” said Dick Afterblock, reseating himself on the spars, “keep a small helm, you featherheads, and let’s hear Mr. Miller’s yarn.”

The master’s mate was standing in the moonlight, seeming to watch the freakish light, as it danced far away in the whale’s smooth wake, or wandered among the barnacles on its rough noddle—or peered dubiously into the wide curvature of its nostrils—or showed the living eye on the crest of the weltering wave, twenty feet from where you looked to find it—or rode triumphantly on its flukes, or upon the ridge of its back-fin. You might have seen, then, by the stern, abstracted look of the man’s face, that his mind was busy with something, which you felt it was like groping in the dark to attempt to fathom. Then, as the midshipman spoke, the old weatherly look came back, slowly though, as if it cost him a struggle; and after a thoughtful turn or two on the deck, reseating himself upon the spars, he commenced —

“I was once, gentlemen,” he said, “cruising near Cape Musseldon, in command of an armed grab, in the service of the Sultan of Muscat, when, one squally morning, in a part of the Persian Gulf where the navigation is particularly intricate, we fell in with a large whale-ship, showing American colors. When we first made her out she had one boat down, waiting, apparently, for the whales to come up.

“Those seas were then famous feeding-grounds for the white whale, and although we felt sure there was a shoal close by, some wonder was expressed in the grab, at the boldness of the Yankee skipper, in sending his men off in the face of the

fresh squall then rising over the land. However, as we neared her the shoal rose, and they fastened. We could see him lower another boat, which pulled to leeward of the ship, when the squall struck the grab, and we lost sight of them all at once. The weather continued rough for several days, with fog and rain, and although I felt great anxiety for the safety of the ship and her boats, as we were almost embayed by banks and shoals, I heard nothing of their fate, until sometime after my arrival at Muscat."

Here the mate paused and walked to the rail to take another look at the finner, still close aboard, heading with the proud old frigate, and blowing away, from time to time, or lifting his sharp back half out, as if he had a notion to speak us. You could see the white spray, mingled with condensed air and mucus from his seething nostrils, rising, in two divergent branches, straight up from the shifting gleam of the soft swells, into the clear moonlight, from whence it faded, before you could wink an eyelid, into the greenish mass of foam to leeward of his track, between him and the ship. Two bells struck a moment after, and as the clang died away in the lee rigging, and your ear caught again the natural sounds of the craft, making her way through the water, the mate returned to his place and resumed.

"I was so thoroughly disgusted with the illiberal manner in which the British officers had acted in a late expedition against the pirates of the Gulf, and with the servility of Syed Seeyd bin Sultan, himself, to the agents of the East India Company, that I resigned my commission in his service when the cruise was up, and had already taken passage in a merchant dow, for Zanzibar, when the very whaleman I had seen in the Gulf, came into the cove of Muscat to recruit, and changed my plans in an unexpected way.

"I had been on the water that morning, in company with an Arab chief of high rank, following in the wake of Muscat Tom, a large finback, which haunted the harbor, coming in regularly at sunrise, and making an offing at night, for fear that the current, which sets in shore at certain seasons, might catch him asleep. He was as tame as a bull of the pastures, and we used to arouse ourselves watching the fishermen paddling after him, to pick up the fish which he killed, as he drove through shoal after shoal—his mouth gaping like the after-hatchway, and the pouch under his jaw as full as a herring-net. Had he lived in the old days, they had certainly set up his shrine and paid adoration to him, as he scared away the sharks from the harbor, and did no mischief, beyond the playful capsizing of a boat when it pressed somewhat too closely on his track. There is no doubt, gentlemen, that the ancients would have made a very respectable sea-god of him.

"It was rather a curious sight to see him lying at rest in the cove, spouting the brine in air, with the sun blazing on his back, while his gray pellucid eye moved sluggishly after you, as your boat shot past the angle of his jaws; or, stranger still, to watch him scooping up the affrighted fish in his bone-net, while the brine poured off of his enormous lips in two seething streams; and once and awhile, if you managed the thing right, you might catch a glimpse of his immense tongue, behind the long

hairy slabs of bone, licking his prey down by the scores. It made me feel rather antediluvianish, at times, I confess.

"However, as soon as we made out the starred flag at half-mast, in the offing, we left Tom to follow his game, and Halil, spreading out his turban to catch the breeze, while I plied the oars, we were speedily under her counter—a huge, lumbering ship of eight hundred tons, with six boats at the cranes, and ten short twelves mounted on a side, as a defence against the Toassemes. She was very deep, being full of sperm oil to the grindstone-tub; and although she was, as I hinted before, all in a lump, yet as her skipper had knocked his lubberly tryworks to pieces, set up his rigging, and crossed his lighter spars, besides giving her a fresh lick of tar and paint, she looked, as the Scotch quarter-master said of the fellow we fell in with off the Western Isles, 'just no that bad, for a tallow-strainer.'

"I offered my services to pilot her in to a berth, and we were civilly received by her skipper, who, to tell the truth, was not exactly the man I expected to find on the weather side of her quarter-deck.

"You must figure to yourselves, gentlemen, a long-sparred, well-built, Spanish-looking personage, dressed in a blue frock-coat, and spotless drilling pantaloons, and a sombrero as big round as the capstan-head, shading his dark face—the strip of crape round his hat fixing your eye at once, in connection with the ensign at half-mast, until you found that, besides losing a boat's crew on the day we saw her in the Gulf, his wife, who had made the voyage with him, had slipped over the stern one night in a calm, and been drowned, in spite of every effort to save her. The man's features, though somewhat roughened by continual exposure, and blackened by the sun, were as regular as if cut out of stone by some master hand, from the broad brow and aquiline nose, to the square jaw and finely modelled chin, fringed by a beard as glossy and wavy as our first captain's of the maintop. Every thing about him contrasted oddly enough with his ragged and slovenly crew, and the patched and greasy canvas over his head, until you would almost have sworn, from his mustache, the eye-glass at his button-hole, and the narrow strip of black ribbon, which fell across the snowy mouth of his watch-fob, that he was some whimsical Monsieur on his travels in the East. There was a courteous ease in his address, and a silver twang in his voice, which indicated, rather unpleasantly, that in spite of the bit of crape and the mourning flag, Captain Catherton had banished black care from his end of the ship. Somehow or other, I felt, after the first ten minutes' interview, that there was a lurking devil behind his smile, sweet as it was, and, with all his civil chaff, it was precious little he would have done to serve me in my wish to reach home, had he not chanced to want a mate to suit his purposes, in place of the man that was lost in the boat.

"As soon as he discovered that I had commanded the grab, he at once pressed me to take the chief officer's berth, remarking of the other five, that he would hardly trust them in charge of the deck, with the cargo he had under hatches.

"To tell the truth, I was glad of the chance at the time; for, besides that the place

was too hot for a Ghebir—the thermometer standing at midnight at 110° on the forecastle of the grab, then lying off the mouth of the passage between Muscat Island and the main land—I was anxious to leave the coast before a conspiracy, which I knew was forming to dethrone the Sultan, should explode. The cholera, too, was sweeping off the Arabs like flies, and in the very thick of it I had my life twice attempted on shore, for naught that I could conjecture, except that I had peremptorily refused to join the plot. So, as you may suppose, thinking to be on the open seas in a few days, I stepped into the mate's place at once.

"I found the people at odds with the captain, and all at sixes and sevens about the missing boat, which some of them seemed to think Catherton had lost by design. However, the more words I heard flying up the forecastle scuttle, the more I felt inclined at first to set this down as mere sea-babble, together with some story about Mrs. Catherton's death, which I could not get hold of for a spell.

"You see, the fellows had been hard at work on the last cruise, cutting in and trying out to their hearts' content, as the skipper had been very fortunate in finding white whales among the islands of the Gulf, where I have seen immense shoals of them myself going in among the passages to feed upon the eight-armed squids, which the pearl-divers, at some of the fisheries, dread almost as much as the sharks. The Tartar's boats had been very successful, and now that the ship was full and the anchor down, her crew were resolute to make amends for their precious outlay of labor, regular whaleman fashion, by grumbling at every thing abaft, and getting up an occasional quarrel with the boat-steerers—deeming it otherwise a hardship to turn out to their meals, or to a game of cards on their chest-lids.

"In fact they were altogether—excepting the second mate, the old carpenter, and a few old sea-dogs—as green a set as ever stared at an island of weed; and perfect torture it was, Mr. Afterblock, to see the lubbers crawl out of the forecastle to make a voyage to the scuttle-butt, or a long cruise, like so many tortoises, fore and aft the deck. Two score and more of young, able-bodied men they were, to be sure, strong enough, I dare say, to tow a raft of whales alongside in any latitude. But the mischief of the thing was, that instead of the oil getting into their joints and making them supple, it seemed to have soddened brain and limb, until it fairly went against your stomach to ask them a question, or to call them aft to hoist up a boat to the cranes. Of course I did not expect them to equal our dying top-men, or the nimble Arabs from Darra, of whom my crew were mostly composed in the grab—especially as the mates hardly knew enough to put the ship about. But, after having been twenty months at sea, I did look for them to know one end of the ship from the other; and considering the heat of the weather and the number of desperate wretches roaming in the harbor, it was not too much, you'll allow, to have them keep anchor-watch, or to wash down decks at daybreak."

"I wish, Mr. Miller," said Dicky, "that we had a few of the slowest of 'em here. Green's nigh to blue; and the higher you mount up in a squall, the sooner you've got to come down. Why, the lubbers would have blessed the service to their dying days,

for making men of them."

"Ay," resumed the master's mate, "I've seen the same thing again and again. However, the captain, who spent most of his time on shore, at the house of an old Parsee merchant, to whom he had letters from some port where he had touched in the Persian Gulf, checked me more than once, intimating that it was best to let them have their own way, until we got into the open seas again, which, he said—although I saw no indications of it—would be in a few days, as soon as he had finished some business which he had with the old Parsee. He had seemed all along to have something deeper in his eye, and, in fact, told me in confidence, the very next evening, that he had been offered a large sum in hand to land at a small port a short distance from Muscat, a beautiful Circassian slave of the Sultan's, named Zuma, and the departure of the ship was only delayed until the woman could make her escape from the castle. This gave me some uneasiness, as I had heard that Zuma had passed from the old Parsee's household into that of the Sultan; and apart from the difficulty of baffling the black eunuch who had charge of Syed Seeyd's harem, I dreaded being involved in the plot I have alluded to, to depose that monarch in favor of his cousin, whose father Seeyd had put to death with his own hand at some castle near Rostak. Moreover, I had good reasons for knowing that my friend, the Arab chief, Halil ben Hamet, who was deeply engaged in the conspiracy, was the favorite lover of Zuma. However, as it was Catherton's affair, of course I could do nothing but look about me the sharper, and see all ready to go to sea at the shortest warning."

At this moment some one interrupted the mate by calling out that the whale was off at last.

"Something must have *gallied* him," said the man; "yonder he goes, head out, like a channel-packet steaming against wind."

"It was Darby Rattlesnake's hanged ugly figure-head," observed the gruff captain of the forecastle, who was standing within ear-shot of the group—"d—n me, if he be'n't ugly enough to shear the whole coast of Greenland."

Having thus seriously hurt the feelings of the honest old tar, who was quietly looking out to windward, the petty officer winked at his fellows, screwing his own mahogany visage, polished as it was by the moonlight, into a miniature maelstrom of wrinkles, which commenced at the caverns of his fierce, pertinacious eyes, and wriggled gradually off at the tail of his beard.

The mate started up just in time to catch a glimpse of the whale's back, with the flukes in full play, and a long line of white water behind it. He was going at a tremendous pace straight in the wind's eye, and, while the mate followed him with his eye, suddenly plunged sheer down where the dazzle was brightest; and before the man could draw a second breath, had disappeared. It was impossible to say what had started him; but the old seamen declared that these large solitary whales always steer a course as duly as a ship; and that, having satisfied himself that the frigate was the Old Ironsides, and nothing else, he was now only making up for lost time,

in resuming his course. For my part, I thought it possible that, as he wallowed on his side, or raised his head from the hollow of a swell, his eye might have caught a glimpse of the canvas with the moonlight on it, as he was at one time so close to the ship's side, that a smart harpooner might have darted an iron into his back from the chains. Be that as it may, off he was, and as Miller turned from gazing on his long dim track, and the stir created by his sudden disappearance sank, an unusual degree of quiet seemed to settle down from aloft, over rigging, spars, boats and batteries, and indeed over every spot of light and shade on the frigate's deck. In the midst of this you could plainly hear the murmur of voices in the tops, and an occasional flap of the lighter duck, as some loftier sail stirred and was at rest again, like a living thing in a dream—while every shadowy port and silent gun on the spar-deck, appeared for the time, by the soft witchery of moonlight, the abode of peaceful repose.

The fact was, the breeze was gradually failing from aloft, and we were going to have a flat calm, as was easy to see from the hazy look of the sky where the land lay, and the sluggish heaves of the sea, growing shorter and shorter, as if to put us in mind of the far-famed bay to which we were bound; while, as you thought of this, something of the "*dolce far niente*" came over you, and walking across the deck to glance at the pirate schooner to leeward, it became difficult to connect the view with the stirring scenes of the chase, until the eye, aided by the night-glass, distinguished the ragged white streaks in the side of the prize, and turning round again, you saw the sentry at the dark hatchway, listening, as he shifted arms, to the groans which rose, as it seemed, from the very depths of the ship.

"There were only a few antique-looking dows," continued the mate, "the grab-brig and one Arab man-of-war moored in the gap where we lay, which, in my opinion—melted out of me, as I may say—is the hottest place in the round world in the same parallel of latitude; being shut in by a wall of glaring granite—two hundred feet high—on one hand, and a rampart of rough rocks—rising high above the Tartar's royal truck—on the other. You hardly felt a breath of air come on deck when you might; and it really seemed to grow hotter and hotter, as the disease spread in the town; the sky, all the time, like glowing steel by day, and so clear and close at night, that you turned away from the stars and the sickening light of the moon, longing, as you panted for breath, for the least mutter of thunder.

"However, it was some comfort that as yet the disease had not boarded the craft.

"The Tartar was on old ship, as rickety as a county bridge of our grandsires' times, though having been a regular tea-wagon in her best days, she had known little crowding and banging. There was still a deal of wear and tear in her leewardly black hull, though I couldn't say much for its model, which was as near like one of those large Pennsylvania wagons as might be, considering that one was rigged for crossing the seas, and the other the mountains. She had a respectable look, however, if it were only for her size, with her ten gun-ports on a side, her high rails, and a whale-boat on each bow, waist and quarter, except the larboard one, where the

mate's had hung. She was well sparred, her standing rigging being entirely new that voyage, and her ground-tackle of the very best. I noticed this from the first, not dreaming at the moment, that I should have greater cause to remember it afterward. She had two cabins between decks, both of which, as I understood, had been occupied by the captain and his deceased wife—the mates sleeping in the house under the poop, while the boat-steerers, as is the custom in these ships, messed in the steerage. The mulatto steward, who had been several voyages with the captain, slung his hammock in the sail-room. Since the unfortunate death of the lady, the after-cabin had been closed, the doors being locked, and the keys, as I was told, in the steward's possession. The long cabin in which we dined, and which was separated from the steerage by an unusually strong bulk-head partition, had two small sleeping-berths in it, and over each of which was a star of pistols. A number of boarding-pikes and ship's cutlasses were ranged round the mast, and a double stand of short muskets gave the midship bulk-head—set off as it was with a few *krungars*[4] and Malayan kreeses—a very warlike appearance. In the sail-room, which was partitioned off from the for'ard cabin, were ranged in order, in their sheaths, the instruments used in capturing and cutting up the whale, consisting of harpoons, long steel-headed lances, fluke-spades, two-edged boarding-knives, and heavy cutting-spades, all kept in excellent order. In showing these implements to me, the second-mate remarked that, as their legitimate work was done for that voyage, it was well enough to have them under his eye, particularly as there were several desperate characters in the ship.

"This second mate was an active, stirring young fellow, certainly an exception to the others. From him and the old Kennebunk carpenter, I afterward learned many particulars of the cruise, which were not set down in the log. The former, at first, appeared to regard me with some dislike, which was natural enough; coming unexpectedly, as I did—it was hard to tell from where—between him and the chief officer's berth, to which, of course, on the mate's death, he felt himself entitled. It was just as these jealous notions had worn off, and we were beginning to feel fair and above board toward each other, that the captain sent the steward up one evening, after supper, to say that he wished to see me below.

" 'Mr. Miller,' said he, in a low voice, as soon as I followed the mulatto down; 'there is a friend of yours in the after-cabin, who wishes to see you on particular business.'

"He pointed to the door as he spoke, and observing that it was open, and a light shining within, I entered at once; when, to my surprise, I found my friend, the Arab chief, Halil Ben Hamet, disguised as a fisherman, seated before a table covered with papers; his scimetar and a brace of pistols lying within reach of his hand. He saluted me after the Arab fashion, by taking my hand and placing it on his head; and perceiving that Captain Catherton had followed me in, I stood in silence, awaiting an explanation, which, to say the truth, I dreaded. However, his business with me after all was not exactly what I expected, knowing him to be one of the conspirators.

“It seemed that Halil had already reason to fear spies on his track, and anticipating some treachery which might involve the life of Zuma the Circassian, had made arrangements to remove her from the harem to the ship, on the night fixed for the rise. It was useless to gainsay him in this, as he had already settled the thing with the captain, and I knew that he was strongly attached to the female, for whose sake he had run repeated risks under the very eyes of the eunuch. Moreover, he had saved my life when I was beset by assassins near the old Portugese chapel; and I had been his confidant in his intrigue with Zuma, having more than once kept guard at the foot of the castle-wall, while one of the Sultan’s household, who was in Halil’s interest, had admitted him within a secret gate. Accordingly, as soon as he had opened his plans to me, I readily agreed to be at the small rift of sand under the castle an hour after midnight, on Saturday evening—this being Thursday—for the purpose of bringing off the woman; Halil having, by the help of some of his friends on shore, already arranged matters, so that—even if the plot should fail—the search for Zuma would be diverted in an entirely different direction.

“ ‘But, gentlemen,’ said I, in Arabic, looking at Captain Catherton, who understood something of the language, ‘we must look sharp. That black villain is as cunning as the old serpent himself, where women are concerned. He’ll have the ship searched from truck to kelson, if it were only for the chance of getting me in a scrape—depend upon it.’

“ ‘Well,’ answered the captain in English, while his dark face grew a shade paler by the lamp, ‘it’s worth some risk, and I am determined to run it. I’d go after the lady myself, only I think you can manage the thing better, knowing every nook of the cove and the ground about the castle as well as you do. Besides,’ he added, in a way which made me glance round the cabin—where, by the way, I had never been before—‘it’s a true love-affair; and by the rules of blue-water, you know, we’re bound to help them out.’

“ ‘I am ready,’ I replied, ‘to risk my life twice over for the chief, and to circumvent that accursed eunuch; but I don’t like involving the Tartar.’

“ ‘I shall sail on Sunday evening,’ interrupted he, with something of the manner in which he lorded it over the other mates. ‘The English frigate goes to sea to-morrow, as one of her lieutenants told me in the Bazaar this morning; we’ll take her berth as soon as she weighs, and the next day but one, we’ll be off with the land-winds.’

“ ‘Very good, sir,’ I answered, turning round to return to the for’ard cabin, while he went on to explain what had passed to the chief.

“How the latter came on board unperceived, even in his disguise, was a mystery to me, accustomed as I was, by this time, to the ways of the country. I had been on deck nearly all day, with my eyes pretty much about me, and the crew had strict orders to prevent any strangers coming into the ship without my consent, on account of the disease prevailing on shore. However, he might have been smuggled into the Tartar at night, and been on board more or less, for a week, for aught that I knew to

the contrary, as I had not seen or heard of him myself, since he made his last attempt to induce me to join the conspiracy, the very day on which the whale-ship came in. In fact, I remembered the moment I had leisure to think, that the canoe in which Captain Catherton usually paddled himself on shore, had been missed from the mizzen-chains for some hours a few nights before. I had been apprehensive that the chief would renew his solicitations for me to take part in the plot, as he seemed to set an unnecessary store upon it, having all along ascribed the late attempt upon my life as having originated with the Sultan; who, he said, had taken umbrage at my leaving his service in the hasty manner which I did. I knew this to be a mistake, for reasons which it is immaterial to mention; and, believing Syed Ben Seeyd, apart from his toadyism to the English, to be a wise and just prince, as the customs of the east go.

"I had always refused to have any concern in the business. I had now good cause for fearing that the scheme was about to explode on the heads of those who devised it, especially after the captain beckoned me back, and I found that Halil was to meet the ship at a point on the Arabian coast, where a brother of his commanded a fort.

"It was impossible to resist his appeal to assist him, with the scimetar, as it were, hanging over both their heads; accordingly, I pledged my faith to bring her off to the ship, provided she could get safely out of the castle, the captain undertaking to secrete her on board, in spite, as he said, of devil or eunuch. I could not help, however, renewing my caution to Halil, whom, Catherton said, he could conceal at the same time, if the conspiracy should be discovered.

"However, the chief appeared to be pretty confident, and our plans being settled, after drinking a glass or two of Muscadene, I made my salaam and went on deck. The night was as hot as usual, the land-wind blowing like a fire-blast, or as the captain—who had been in the Brazils, and who soon followed me up—said, like the breath of an *engenho*, during crop-time. In fact, in the silence of the harbor, the dim wall of rocks on either side of the passage seemed glowing with heat, until one almost fancied that he saw the very lights on shore dancing in the tremulous motion of the air, just as he had seemed to see the stones and bushes at noon; while every now and then, a bat, as large as a pigeon, wheeled past your ear, and some sort of sand-piper, common on that coast, sent up its whistle, in two mellow, plaintive notes, as if it were too hot for even the birds to sleep. Whether it was fancy or not, the place seemed to smell like a vast charnel-house, still as it was at that hour—the disease still spreading in the town, and having even boarded one or two of the Arab craft, as I knew. However, Catherton, I must say, appeared to stand it easily enough, sitting under the awning on the poop, with his broad breast bare, and a sheroot in his teeth. Boats were passing from the English frigate to the town, which was out of sight from where we lay, and after some remarks about her going to sea the next day, Catherton quietly asked me, if I had ever heard an opinion expressed on shore, respecting the beauty of Zuma, the Circassian.

" 'She is uncommonly handsome, I suppose,' said he, seeing that I hesitated to

answer his question.

" 'So report says,' I replied; 'though, as you may suppose, few can boast of having seen her face.'

" 'They say,' continued he, pursuing the subject, 'that she cost the sultan a round sum; for she is not his wife, as I understand from the old Parsee, but only his favorite slave. It is natural enough for her to hate him, as they say he has four wives already.'

" 'Why,' said I, getting into a gossiping strain myself, to relieve my mind of more serious thoughts, as it were, 'Syed Ben Seeyd is too strong-minded, and has too keen a sense of his own interests, to suffer any fair face of them all to make a fool of him. His last wife, the daughter of the Shah of Persia, he married, of course, purely from policy, though it is well known that he has no issue by any of the rest.'

" 'However,' said Catherton, 'he is likely to make short work with Zuma, if she should be caught in *flagrante delicto*, as the lawyers say; the sack, or the bowstring, or the scimetar, I suppose. But, do you your part in bringing her off, and I'll hide her from the eunuch, even if his eyes were sharp as the wise old Greek's, when he found out Achilles beneath his petticoats.'

"I was not surprised at language like this; for I had already discovered that Catherton had been educated above his present condition; it was rather something in his manner that struck me, quiet as it was, as if under an air of confidence—which the chief's business naturally created between us—he wished to get at something uppermost in his mind, without my suspecting aught.

"He said little more worthy of repetition, and after a while, I turned in, leaving him still smoking on the poop.

"The next morning he went on shore, as usual, after giving me orders on what he wished to have done in the ship. At daylight we commenced breaking out a portion of the cargo, to get at a leak—the ship having touched on a reef on the late cruise. The carpenter was lucky enough to find this, and after stopping it, the cooper and his mates were driving some of the old casks, when a difficulty occurred between a boat-steerer and some of the people. In putting an end to this, I found the fellows were determined to see the sort of man they had to deal with, some of them using mutinous expressions, and finally making a rush for the poop to rescue a rascally Portuguese, whom the mates had placed in irons. Driven for'ard of the mainmast, three or four of the worst of the scoundrels attempted to turn a gun inboard, when the second mate and I, well seconded by the rest, and the five harpooners, dashed in among them with the capstan bars, and after cracking a few crowns in true merchantman's style, drove the rest *pell-mell* down the scuttle. We then secured a few more of the ringleaders, and turned all hands to again, not a man daring to refuse work in a full ship, which, as the second mate remarked, showed that they had some dim glimmering of their own interests, after all. The English frigate went to sea with the first of the land-wind, and we began to weigh as soon as I saw that her anchor was a-peak. According to orders, I warped close to the mouth of the

passage, anchoring, with the stream, a little astern of the Englishman's old berth, and carrying a hawser to the rocks. This brought us ahead of the grab and the Arab corvette, and so near to the entrance as to prevent any craft which might come in from taking a berth so as to crowd us should we wish to tow out suddenly; nevertheless, we were still lying within the shadow of either shore, with an eye to the secret business which the captain had on hand.

"After we were all snug, I examined our stock of water, and found enough to last us to the Cape of Good Hope, or to St. Helena, as Catherton had said something of touching there. There was a strong prejudice in the ship against using the water from the wells of Muscat, and, accordingly, the captain had resolved, if the quantity was sufficient to reach a half-way port, to go to sea with the stock on hand.

"After dinner, while smoking our sheroots on the poop, the second mate, for the first time, spoke in very decided terms of the detention of the ship, dropping at the same time certain mysterious hints, which I determined that he should at once unravel.

" 'But, Mr. Parker,' said I, accordingly, in answer to one of those dubious remarks, 'Captain Catherton keeps matters pretty close, and to my notion, he is not exactly the man to answer a straight-forward question, even if you had made up your mind to ask it.'

" 'You may swear to that, sir,' answered he, coming near the point at once —'that is, to his having cause to keep things close. To tell the plain truth, sir, I've had my doubts of him, more or less, the whole v'y'ge; especially,' continued he, sinking his voice, 'since we lost the mate in the way we did—and since his wife's spirit has haunted the ship.'

"I scarce knew what to think of this, as the man spoke quite seriously, glancing warily round the poop, and dropping his voice to a whisper, which had something of genuine awe in its cadence.

" 'Come, come, Mr. Parker,' said I, 'no ghosts, if you please. We will leave them to the old carpenter and his crony. I should like to hear, though, how you lost that boat's crew.'

" 'Well, sir,' he replied, doggedly, 'as you please—but as for the spirit—'

" 'Pooh, pooh, man!—never mind that!—tell me how you came to lose the boat. We will have the spirit after supper, if you insist on it.'

" 'Why,' said he, with a sort of sigh, dropping the ghost with evident reluctance, 'I had to cut my line in that same squall, for it was in running down to pick up my boat that the ship lost sight of the mate.

" 'You see, sir,' continued he, after a pause, during which he looked me full in the face in a half shrewd, half wistful way, as I thought, 'it is best to begin at the right end of a tangled yarn, if you want to unravel it. Some of the boat's crew-watch heard a splash under the counter one moonlight night in the Gulf, and when the rest opened their eyes and went aft, the poop was empty, and the lady not to be found in

the ship. One fellow saw her standing by the head of the after-cabin stairs, when he went aft to strike the bell a moment before—another heard the splash—but when the boats were dropped, nothing was to be seen on the long, dazzling swell of the sea but the back-fin of a large blue shark, veering slowly round between the boats and the ship, as if he had missed his prey—except it were a gull asleep, with its head under its wing—or the fresh branches of a tree, drifting toward the mouth of the Gulf, on the current of the dry monsoon. As she was not to be found in the ship, it was almost certain that she had been leaning over the counter, watching the shark, perhaps, and losing her balance, had perished before she had time to utter a single cry—at least so the captain professed to think. However, it was the next day but one after that, just as the lookouts were going aloft at daybreak, we raised a large shoal of half-grown whales, crossing the ship's wake, about two miles off, between Gigot and the low island of Ippoo. It was a likely place to meet with whales coming down the Ippoo passage at this season, and as soon as the captain got a look at the spouts from aloft, we wore round at once. The sea was too rough to make them out from deck before they peaked flukes[5]; and as the ship was under single-reefed topsails at the time, he must have noticed the fresh squall rising over the land before he sent away the boats. To be sure, two forty-barrel bulls would have filled us up. And after the accident to the lady, every soul in the ship, as you may suppose, was anxious to see the tryworks hove in the sea, and sail made for home. Be that as it may, when the word was given to back the main-yard, instead of the captain sliding down a backstay, in his hurry to be first, Mr. Jinney, the mate, came slowly down the rigging, and kicking off his shoes, without a word, got into his boat. He steered to windward about a mile, allowing for the Tartar's drift, and then peaked his oars, paddling from time to time, to keep his place, head to sea—the wind fresh'ning all the while, and the clouds rolling together over the land, while the swells got up so fast between the high bluff of Gentoo on the larboard hand, and Divers' Bank on the other, that we could only see the mate and his harpooner, standing up on the lookout, when the boat rose on the top of a sea. I was looking every minute for the order to hoist the recall signal—as we use no 'waifs' in this ship—when the infernal whales rose close to the boat, and almost as soon as we knew they were up, the male was fast. The shoal 'squandered'[6]—some running toward Gentoo, and some coming down toward the ship. I was so eager to head off these last, when the captain sung out to me from the crosstrees to lower away, that I forgot all about the weather, thinking only of the fish, as you may easily understand, if you have any notion of the heat into which things of this sort put a whaleman. However, it was not until I had my whale spouting his last to leeward of the ship, that the squall came down on us sharp as a knife—cutting off the heads of the seas before it, and nearly swamping the boat, as we labored to keep her close under the whale's lee. After he turned up we kept head to sea, until the ship came driving down in the thick of it, with her three topsail-yards on the caps, and luffing up to the gust, brought us close under her lee, so that we managed to hook on and scramble inboard, just as the rain came down in a solid sheet.'

" 'You saw no more of the mate, then?' I asked, as he stopped short, jerking the stump of his sheroot into the scum which floated round the rudder, and staring at the birds which darted after it, and then at the Arab cruiser, in an earnest, yet vacant way, which showed that his mind, being full of his tale, or something at the bottom of it, took no more note of the craft, at the moment, than if she had been up the Ganges.

" 'No, sir,' he answered slowly, 'for it was thick and squally for a day or two afterward, and we had nearly lost the ship the same day, on a coral-reef. There was a grab-brig in sight to windward at the time, and we had hopes that she might have picked up the mate's boat, only that Captain Catherton swore that he saw the whale run it under before the squall shut them in; which, as the third mate, who was aloft at the time, afterwards said, showed that his glass must have had devilish sharp eyes.'

" 'Well,' said I, as he stopped short again, with a world of meaning in his sharp face, 'I commanded that grab, and I must say your ship was handled well to have steered clear that time. We saw no more of you after the squall struck us, and really it seems to me that Captain Catherton did the best he could under the circumstances; since if he had kept his luff, instead of bearing away before it, it's more than probable he would have lost two boats' crews, in place of one.'

" 'Very true,' said he, in a negative sort of a way; 'but then, I doubt the truth of the captain's report that the whale took the boat under. The third mate was on the topgallant-crosstrees, with his glass fixed on the boat, when they put their helm up in the ship, and he says that the fish never sounded at all. No man in his senses would have sent away a boat in such weather; and it was the very first time on the v'y'ge that the starboard quarter-boat—the captain's own—hung at the cranes, and the main-yard aback for a shoal of whales within half a mile of the ship.'

" 'He was fond of the sport, then?' said I.

" 'Ay,' he answered, 'he is famous for making short v'y'ges, and a bolder whaleman never went over a ship's side—though he wasn't bred to the work, either. He never let the chance slip before of having the first dash at a shoal, setting great store on a trick of his own, of pitchpoling a lance, that was very certain. He has killed two whales to the mate's one, for the v'y'ge—though his boat was oftener under the carpenter's hands—as he had a slap-dash way of laying on to a whale, which suited no other harpooner in the ship, but the wild islander who steers him.'

" 'He believed in the South-Sea-slogan,' said I, 'a dead whale, or a stove boat.'

" 'Just so,' he replied, apparently beguiled of deeper thoughts, for an instant, by a natural interest in his profession; 'and his boat's crew were all pretty much of the same creed. Two of the fellows we had in irons below belong to it; and more troublesome rascals are not to be found in the ship. However, the difference between the captain and the mate in their boats, was this: the one was too headstrong, the other too cautious. Once within dart of a shoal, the captain would have three or four fish spouting blood, before the mate could clear away his lance;

though Jinney was always more sure to get on to a single whale—an old schoolmaster, for instance—if you only gave him time; and he rarely had his boat struck. However,' continued he, recurring to the point which, I could see, troubled him most, 'I never dreamed that Jinney, cunning as he was, would have died in the strange way he did.'

" 'Why, Mr. Parker,' said I, glad to find him falling back to his starting-point, 'I have heard nothing, so far, to justify your suspicions of the captain. The ghost is out of the question, and as Catherton got along very well with his mate for two successive voyages as you say, I cannot see his motive for wishing Jinney out of the ship in the damnable way you point at.'

" 'Ay,' said he solemnly, 'but there was a motive—and a black one. Nothing will ever convince me to the contrary, but that the poor lady had foul play between the three of them—I mean her husband, the mate, and the mulatto steward.'

" 'The devil!' I broke out, staring him full in the face, with a confused remembrance of some strange thoughts of my own in my mind. 'What on earth put that horrid notion in your head?'

"The lines deepened on the second mate's shrewd face, and a doubtful look wrinkled his narrow brows, as his eyes watched mine, as if to fathom how far he might trust me in such a matter. It would not do, however, and I saw that he felt compelled to speak, at all risks, like a frank fellow, as he was, who had strong doubts of dark deeds done in the craft—he could not tell exactly how—and was taking the first good chance that turned up, of easing his mind. There was a look of honest trouble about his twinkling blue eyes, and beardless swarthy cheek, which, combined with his Yankee shrewdness—setting aside the stuff about the ghost—made me repeat the question in a sharper tone, as my mind again reverted to something I had heard before.

" 'The truth is, sir,' said he, 'I was convinced from the first, that Mrs. Catherton came on board against her will. Something seemed wrong between them from the start; for I remember, just after she was getting over her sea-sickness, I began to observe the traces of tears on her face, as she often came hurriedly up on the poop, when he was in the after cabin. It was even a matter of talk for'ard, before the blacksmith's forge was off deck,[7] that he treated her ill; and as this belief gradually worked aft, from *that* end of the ship, before we had harpooned a single whale, you may swear that it was true. I heard him, myself, from the sail-room, one morning when he made sure I was asleep in the house on deck, twitting her with her want of faith toward him, and telling her how smoothly she had carried it on for years, while he was at sea—she praying and moaning all the time, and calling on God to witness her innocence; while the very sound of her voice—to say nothing of her tears and her prayers—was enough to move the heart of a Turk to believe her. She could not abide the sight of the mate; and the worst of it was, he seemed to know well enough in his heart what it was for—in short, sir, I had sailed with Jinney before, and had ought to know him. As sure as every man's conscience is an inward comforter or a

scourge of scorpions in this life, according as he listens to its voice or not, so sure that man hated himself as he went about the decks. It was noticed by all hands that he never spoke to her, nor she to him, although she used to sit, for hours at a time, on the poop, with a book on her knees, watching, as we drove along, something you could not see in the wake of the ship, or it might be a gull, hovering over the track of foam; or a Mother Carey's chicken walking the sprays. All this time we were taking whales, and as the captain showed nothing of the tyrant in his usage of the crew, and the Tartar was a better found ship than I ever had the luck to have been in before, the people had nothing to grumble about, except the matters aft, which, to be sure, was no concern of theirs. Either Captain Catherton, or Jinney, or the mulatto, were always watching the poor lady on the sly, so that it must have been when the boats were off, and the steward at the braces with the shipkeepers, that she managed to stow away the letter that I found in my pea-jacket pocket nearly a week after she disappeared. It was addressed to some friend of hers on shore, and she must have watched until she discovered where the jacket hung, and risked the chances; for the letter was wrapped up in the blank leaf of a book, with a few words in pencil-mark on the margin, begging me to deliver it to the address, if ever I had an opportunity to do so. She was lost a week before I found the letter, and though it looks something like it,' continued he, while his blue eyes glistened, 'I'll never believe that she drowned herself, as she never complained aloud; but just grew thinner and thinner, day by day, until it was plain to the dullest head in the ship, that she was pining to death. It's my settled belief that she had other reasons for thinking her end was near, and that the spirit that haunts the ship is hers. But be that as it may,' said he solemnly, 'if Jim Parker ever lives to see the States again, he will travel to the ends of the earth to deliver the letter. Now, if there's trouble ahead, Mister Miller, thank God, I'm ready to meet it with a clear conscience.'

" 'Mr. Parker,' I said, still believing the story to be an exaggeration, in spite of the horrible twist he had given it; 'your counsel is safe with me; but if you'll take my advice, you'll say nothing more of the captain's wife, or the mate, until the voyage is up. If there has been foul play, depend upon it, it will come out.'

" 'Just so,' said he, 'and if you had not been the kind of man I take you for, I should not have broached a word to you, seeing that you are a stranger to me, and seem to have met with Captain Catherton before.'

" 'The truth is,' I answered, 'I have been haunted with such a notion, ever since I boarded the ship in the offing; but as I have repeatedly racked my memory in vain to account for the impression, I begin to think that we must have met in a dream, or that my mind has been misled by a fancied resemblance to some one else, whom I have forgotten. However,' said I, by way of a finale, 'if he has murdered his wife and the boat's crew in the way in which you suspect, depend upon it, he is as certain to swing in the wind, as a ship to her anchor, in a tide-way. In the meantime, it is best to say as little about the matter as possible—and you may as well turn the people too, and have the head-sails unbent.'

" 'Very good, sir,' answered Parker, and down the poop-stairs he went, while I dove into the sail-room.

"While the crew were sending up new sails in place of the old top-sails and courses—worn as thin as sere leaves, blackened with the sooty smoke of the try-works, and marked in fifty places, from the yard-arms down, with gurry—the captain came off, with the old Parsee in company. I, immediately, made my report to him of the difficulty which had occurred in the morning, which he seemed disposed to treat lightly, informing me in turn, that Halil Ben Hamet had gone ashore before daylight, and had arranged every thing for the escape of Zuma on Saturday night.

" 'The blow is to be struck,' he whispered, 'at midnight, and on Sunday evening we weigh.'

"He then went below, and in a few minutes afterward, as I stood in the gangway, overlooking the preparations for sea, the two came up on the raised deck, for the sake of the current of air, which was felt or fancied under the awning of the poop. They were both in high spirits; the captain laughing and making the best use of his Arabic, with an occasional fragment of Persian, which he had picked up in his cruises; while the grave, ghostly Parsee—whose thin, bloodless face, and attenuated figure, seemed to set the boiling-point at defiance—sat under the awning, cosily ensconced in a bamboo arm-chair, his back at a luxurious angle, his slippered feet nestling in a sort of carved stool, which wheeled from beneath, and the bowl of his crooked pipe resting on the hot, white deck. He had exchanged his high, purple cap, embroidered with white flowers, for another of lighter make and smaller dimensions, the peak of which overhung and contrasted oddly with his orange cheek; and as the men swaying on the buntlines, squinted oft at his collarless white tunic, and calm, passionless face, with the scented smoke curling up in blue wreaths from the thin mustache, to the gurgle of his hookah, you'd've almost thought the fellows took the old Tartar's poop for some odd corner of the eastern paradise.

"I was dreaming of some such thing myself, when I was suddenly startled by a half-smothered shriek from aft, coming, as it seemed to me, from the cabin under the raised deck. The mulatto steward, who happened to be passing along to the galley, dropped his basket of dishes with a crash, while Catherton himself, grew pale as death, sitting still on the poop, as it appeared, without the power to move a limb. The steward, however, without waiting to count the fragments of his dinner-plates, ran precipitately down the cabin stairs, while the second mate, who was standing near the break of the deck, speaking to the men on the mizzen-topsail-yard, slued half-round, turning as white as the canvas. Catching my eye, he stood fast again, continuing his orders; though both he and the men aloft, who heard the cry distinctly enough, were sufficiently startled to show what they thought of it. One great, clumsy fellow, slipping off the foot-ropes in his fright, when, doubtless he would have made a ghost of *himself*, had not a boat-steerer caught him by the breast of his duck-frock, and jerked him up on the yard again. For my part, seeing the

superstitious fears of the rest, and noticing the change on the captain's face, a strong contrast to his look a moment before, when he was carrying it off so pleasantly, I did not know what to make of it, thinking one instant of Catherton's deceased wife, and the next of the Circassian Zuma, who, it flashed upon me, might have been brought on board without my knowledge. In a few moments, however, the steward came up on the poop with the monkey clinging to him, and told the captain, that one of the mutinous rascals whom we had confined below, had worked off his irons, and breaking open a small slide between the steerage and the store-room, had frightened master Jocko into hystericks. I caught the second mate's eye seeking mine again at this; and Catherton called out from where he sat, to release the men, and turn them to with the rest.

"This was done, and nothing more said of the occurrence at the time, for a breeze suddenly sprung up, bringing in another of the sultan's cruisers, which had been in sight in the offing all day, with a fleet of dows in convoy. She was a heavy frigate, with an English name, which I have forgotten. She came to anchor on the flood, abreast of the palace at the bottom of the cove, while the great, clumsy dows, moored in the passage astern of the grab-brig.

"The Parsee merchant went on shore just after dark; and being engaged on deck until late in the evening, I had no particular conversation with the captain that night. Awaking from an uneasy sleep about midnight, I went on deck.

"The harbor was still as death. The hot breath of the land-wind had failed. Not a cloud was to be seen on the sky, where the moon and the stars shone with resplendent beauty. The heat was excessive, the least exertion causing the perspiration to stream from the pores. All at once, as I leaned over the quarter, listening to a stir which sprung up on board of my old brig, which had been dismantled and turned into a floating hospital, it struck me that I heard a low murmur of voices, proceeding from the galley of the Tartar. My curiosity being sharpened by the shriek, which had so confused Captain Catherton and the steward, and set Parker and I off on opposite tacks—he thinking of a ghost, and I of the Circassian—I walked slowly for'ard on the larboard side of the deck, anxious to know what was going on.

"I soon discovered that the two steerage cronies, the carpenter and the cooper, with the sable master of the coppers himself, were engaged in a solemn conclave. The two whites were great friends; though no two men could appear more unlike in person and character. The carpenter, a Kennebunk man, was short and thickset, as slow and heavy in his motions as an elephant, with a broad, solemn face, as beardless and bare of expression as a plain of sand, with the nose like a ruined obelisk, rising out of it; while the hooper of staves, as straight and thin as a lath, with sharp features, restless, ferrety eyes, and a nose like a cockatoo's upper mandible, was the very impersonification of an old blue presbyter, on a cruise. These two fellows were the chief manufacturers of the legends set afloat in the ship; nothing escaping the cooper's eyes and ears, which was deemed worthy of being

poured into the carpenter's brain, from whence, by the slow process of infiltration, it was given in its strength, drop by drop, as it were, to the crew. This I had learned from the second mate; and as the slide of the galley door was partly open on the side facing Muscat Island, as if to let out the smoke of their pipes, and of some mess the cook was coddling in his stew-pan, I could not resist the temptation of turning eaves-dropper for once, and accordingly, sat quietly down on the spars to listen.

"The man of chips was speaking, with the slow gravity of an oracle, and as his dull, dogged voice met my ear, I could not but think it fortunate that I chanced to light upon the party at the very moment I did.

" 'You think now, my lads,' said he, 'that you have made a prime v'y'ge, with forty-five hundred b'rr'ls sparm ile in the ship, and the tryworks down—you, Bungs, with a good *lay*[8] and no finger in the slop-chist—and the doctor, with his ten b'rr'ls of slush extra, besides his perquisites for washing the mate's clothes for twenty odd months—wait till the anchor's down in Bedford Bay, before you crow, my lads. For my part, unless some lucky chance, as you knows nothin' of now, turns up, I no more looks to see home in this ship than I looks for to see the new mate to turn missionary, or the skipper to kneel down to the sun with the old Parshee—and eyther aire a long way from my thoughts, I kin tell you. Isn't the ship haunted in the cabins; and ar'n't there two Jonases, at least, on board—and another that I knows of—not to speak of him that's gone to his reckonin', with murder on his soul, as sartin as we three be settin' here, as helpless as so many gonies with fish-hooks in their beaks.'

" 'What kin a man do, Chips?' answered the cooper, apparently much moved with this pleasant prospect of his crony's. 'If we stir tack or sheet, in the way you seem to pint, it's mutiny—and we all know what that leads to. If we makes a complaint to this here bashaw, or sultan, or whatsoever he calls hisself, ten staves to a whitlin', that the skipper, or the old yaller nabob with the Teneriffe-cap—as they say kin do a great deal here in his way—turns it all into gammon. If you, old head, can see through this traverse, why don't you say so at once—all among friends—instead of bullragin' a feller about a matter as he kin no more work out of than a suckin' whale kin stem a strong current?'

"Here I could hear him whiffing his pipe in high dudgeon, while the other, lowering his voice to a true sea-croak, answered him all the cooler; feeling his way, as I thought, to some plan of his own, which I was doubly anxious to get at, as both men, from their stations in the ship, had considerable influence with the crew.

" 'Thar be some things so dark, d'ye mind,' said the oracle, 'that no man kin see through 'em till the Lord's own time—and some as no man—not even them as is concarned the deepest—kin give a reason for, no more than you kin tell me why a whale always dies with his head toward the sun. As I takes it, this matter about the mate and the skipper's wife be of this sort.

" 'Hows'iver, this much be sartin—eyther we must git rid o' the two Jonases, which is left, or the old Tartar are a doomed craft—ship and cargo. Now, for the

steward—t'other one once out of the way—his hash is soon settled. I'd think no more of fetchin' him a clip with my adze than of strikin' a shirk with a head-spade. I mistrusted the villain iver since I fust sot eyes on the yaller frontispiece of 'im, with his two gray toplights shinin' like a cat's in the dark. He's as deep in as t'other, and without his reason, it may be—hows'iver, to the pint—look ye, I says there's only one man in the ship which can manhandle the bloody skipper, if he's once put to the stumps.'

" 'Dat be Frank, de man-o'-war-man, I reckon,' observed the cook.

" 'Or the Portagee,' said the cooper, 'or, if I'm to have a second guess, nearer the mark, the Kanacker, John Kapooley.'

" 'John Kapooley be d—d! and the rest, too,' said old Kennebunk, scornfully. 'I see it's all lost time, as the students say at Cambridge, to teach a nigger a logic, or a bung-driver to sarcumvent any thing but hoops, heads and staves,' he muttered, pushing the galley door farther open to empty his mouth, though, luckily, he did not see me, as I sat close abaft.

" 'I say, mates, there's but one man which kin help us in this quandary—and that's the new mate.'

" 'Why, Chips,' said the cooper, 'Lord love you, he's hand and glove with him you knows of. 'Taint no manner of use of countin' on him. He'd no more listen to our story than the old Turk at the paliss yonder. Besides, he's used to sailin' in other sort of crafts altogether, and sticks up his nose at us whalemen. He's jist the same sort as the Jonas hisself, and they two is bound to stick togither this cruise—blow high, blow low—till wind and wave parts 'em.'

" 'Dat bin 'xactly my notion, too,' said the black, 'him too much an out-an-out sailor to go agin de captin.'

" 'Well, Bungs,' answered the carpenter, 'it's many a long day since you've been to sea afore this cruise, and you speak accordin' to your lights, I dare say. As to the doctor, why I can't expect much better of him, seein' that he's not long out of the bonds o' iniquity. (The cook was a runaway slave.) But, you see, I've talked the whole matter over with Browning, and Shadduck, and Frank, the man-o'-war's-man, as stands for the whole o' the starboard-watch—and says I to them, says I, what's to come o' it, my lads, s'posin' we *does* get the ship out o' this blessed mess—a ghost aft, the cholery, the Turks and the tiffoons—and the bloody skipper runs away with her, craft and cargo, after all—and leaves us in some foreign port to go to grass with the greenhorns.'

" 'Why, where on airth could he run her to, I want to know?" said the cooper. "If her invoice were drugs and spices, now—or teas and silks, as in her old days, you might talk; but, as I take it, old head, it would be hard to find a market in any quarter of the world, barrin' Europe and the States, for sich a cargo of sparm ile as we've under hatches.'

" 'So you think, my lad,' retorted the carpenter, coolly, ' 'cause, old as you are,

you ar'n't up to half the deviltry afloat now-a-days.'

" 'Mayhap, now, you ha'n't forgot that old nob, with the powdered head and the long cue, which were as thick as three in a berth, with the skipper, at Pernambuke?'

" 'Lord love you, no, Charley,' answered his crony. 'I remembers him well enough, by reason of the half-doubloon which he give the boat's crew for pickin' up three of his niggers, when wild Frank capsized their canoe in the harbor.'

" 'Well, then,' continued Charley, 'Don Josey Maria were his name, and the richest senor he were, they said, between the *Recife* and the Rio.'

" 'Well, Chips, what then?' asked the cooper.

" 'Why,' answered the other, as coolly as before, 'it's my belief, growin' in me, the whull v'y'ge, out of things as has turned up, one arter another, that ship and cargo were as good as sold to that aire old Portagee, afore we left the bloody Brazil coast behind.'

" 'Why, Charley, man,' said the cooper, in a startled voice, 'sure, you don't mean to say that *now*, and you niver broached a thought of it afore.'

" 'Why, you see, my hearties, I were watchin' all along to see how the cat jumped, seein' that the skipper be nyther one to be skeared out of his course by a trifle, nor fathomed with a bit o' dry yarn like a pump-well. I'm cock-sure of it now—but, hark'e in your ears—one word from me, when we gits up with the Cape, will block his game, deep as he is, and sot that aire manhandlin', pirate-huntin' Mister Miller—as he calls hisself—at t'other one's throat like a Bingal tiger.

" 'Hows'iver, jist travel aft, Bungs, an' strike the bell, whiles the doctor hands out the grog and the prog—I reckon by that aire screechin', which aire none o' the pleasantest, that the cholery's set his claws on more o' the heathen.'

"I kept my seat while the man went aft and struck the bell, the dismal echoes of the rocks drowning, for a moment, the faint cries to which the carpenter had alluded. Just as the man came back three or four heads were thrust in succession up the forecastle ladder, and as many of the larboard watch clustered round the opposite door of the galley. The fellow who had broken into the cabin was among them, and recognizing the others as old hands, I sat close for a few moments longer, although almost despairing now of learning the magical word by which old Charley was to set the captain and I by the ears.

"However, little of moment was said at first—the talk turning chiefly on the heat, and the cholera, and the prospect of getting to sea. One fellow was beginning a story about the fever on the African coast, when suddenly the carpenter asked the captain's stroke-oars-man, about the ghost he had seen in the cabin.

" 'You see, mate,' said Kennebunk, 'the story they made up aft about the jackanapes be all in my eye; and if Frank, here, be of a mind, he can give us the rights of it.'

" 'That be blowed!' said the man-of-war's man in his wild way. 'If it weren't the monkey, with a table-cloth round him, as the steward said, it might have been a

ghost, or the devil hisself, for all I care. Pass the pannakin this way—here's sweethearts and wives, any how!—and no malice to the new mate, for the clout on the sconce with the capstan-bar.'

" 'Ay, ay,' rejoined the carpenter, 'you men-of-war's men are all of one mark; you know one another, meet where you may, jist as a shoal o' whales comes togither, arter a squanderin'.'

" 'B—t me!' said Frank, 'if ever I sot eyes on him afore he joined this ship, howsomever it may be with you, Chips.'

"Why,' said Charley again, 'may be I have, and may be I haven't—I'm not goin' for to say now. Only so much, d' ye see—he's the very man to take the old craft home, in case of any thing had happenin' to the skipper. If we *do* go to sea on Sunday, as is give out in the ship—what I want you lads of the larboard watch to do, is to keep a small helm till we once gits in the Cape latitudes. If the skipper lays her course for the Brazil coast, then—leave the rest to Charley Toppin.'

" 'Well,' answered Frank, 'we're all of one mind, Chips; and if the soft-sawderin', murderin', buccaneerin' thief tries his hand at that game, more than half t'other watch'll jine with us. You see, lads, fair play's a jewel, and I did promise the steward to say nothin' about what I seed in the after-cabin to-day—hows'iver, as all hands is concarned—and you all heerd the screach—why, sink me, if it's a man's part to keep back the truth:—Either the ship's haunted by the captain's wife's ghost—or else he's got a live missus stowed away in the cabins.'

"There was a regular burst of top-gallant oaths and exclamations at this, until the carpenter took the word in a sort of triumph.

" 'I knowed it—I knowed it—I told you all the same thing—and who was most ready to laugh at the spurrit but Frank—and now you hear him.'

" 'I only tell what *I* saw, shipmates,' rejoined the man-of-war's man; you may believe what *you* like.'

" 'But let's hear the rights of it, Frank,' said the cooper.

" 'Well, then, you see,' said Frank, after a pause, 'when I slipped off my irons and got into the pantry, looking for something to eat—for the rum dying in me made me as ravenous as a wolf—the thought comed into my head, somehow, to have a look at the Bluebeard-chamber, as we calls the after-cabin all along. I knowed the mates were busy on deck, and the skipper ashore—and I heers the steward go up with his dishes, afore I slipped back the slide—so, mates, I walks like a cat in a game-preserve, past the skipper's berth, through the for'ard cabin—and lays my hand on the nob of the door between. Sure enough it were locked fast, and I outs sheath-knife to pry back the bolt—and blessed if that very minute the lock doesn't turn from the inside. This here you see, sets me all in a tremble, and I stands still for a second, doubtin' what to do, and more nor half a mind to go back, as the thought of this here ghost of the carpenter's comes over me strong. Hows'iver, 'here's venture,' thinks I—and in I bolts. What with the deadlights down, and something

over the bulls-eyes, it were as dark as a dungeon at fust; but, as I feels my way in, somebody moves on the poop—the light shoots down in a stream—and I sees the wheel cabin pretty well, with a rack full bottles and glasses between the doors, and the two ship models we made on the fust cruise, standing on their ways, safe enough on the transom. I steps up to see what sort o' stuff might be inside the bottles, and never sees sign of monkey, nor nothing else, 'till I give a look in a big looking-glass, when blessed if I doesn't see the door of the starboard aftermost state-room open, and a woman in white standin' inside, lookin' straight at me. I slues round at this, and she gives the scream as some on you heerd—and vanishes in a jiffy. Well, mates, while I stands dumbfoundered at this, shakin' worse nor afore, the steward comes down the companion-way like a hot shot, and shoves me back into the pantry—and away he drives agin like mad. In less than a minute he comes back, quiet enough, with a tumbler of grog in his fist—and 'Here,' says he, 'take this down, and say nothin' to nobody about a ghost at all—and I'll lay it on the monkey.' I nods and swallows the stuff, and makes sail back to the steerage, where the third mate comes down a minute arter, and takes off the other chap's bracelets, and tells us all to turn to.'

" 'And now, mates,' said he, 'it's all Bible truth, jist as it took place; and whether it be a ghost or no, it looked wonderful white and thin—and as much like the poor lady, as if it were her picter, full size, and done by some great painter—you know.'

" 'The Lord have mercy on us!' exclaimed the cooper; 'the likes of that I niver 'spected to hear in this ship. But murder will out—and haunt the cabins and the poop it's sartain to do, as long as there's a Jonas left aboard.'

" 'Why,' said another, 'I've a notion to cut and run from this here cussed craft to-morrow.'

" 'And lose your ile?' suggested one fellow.

" 'And die of the cholery, among rig'lar heathens,' said the carpenter. 'No, no, Jack; I'll teach you a better way nor that. Ye see, lads, while the spurrit sticks to her end of the ship—'

"Here the ship's bell struck one, and I went aft at once. Not a soul was to be seen, though I walked up on the raised deck, and then straight down to the wheel, above which the clapper of the bell hung, without the least motion that I could perceive. I was puzzled myself, and as for the fellows in the galley, they never stirred for the ten minutes which I stood there, by the watch in the binnacle. At length, one of the boldest made shift to get as far as the mainmast, when, seeing me in my shirt-sleeves, he took fright and ran for'ard again. I then went below, more than half-inclined to leave the ship myself, from what I heard; but determined, nevertheless, to search the cabins myself, on the very first occasion before we went to sea.

"The next morning we went on bending new sails fore and aft, the captain going on shore in the canoe after breakfast.

“He had not been gone an hour, when a barge came off to the ship, with the Sultan himself, the Ouale[9] of Muscat, and a few officers of his household—among the rest my sable friend, Hadji Hemet, looking blacker than a *fetisheer*, under a new Syrian turban, with a jeweled *krungar* hanging at his girdle, and pearls of price in his ears. Though they took us by surprise, I had the sides manned, and the ship’s guns fired, and after showing Syed Ben Seeyd down into the cabin, where, to my annoyance, the steward was not to be found, at the request of the sultan—after apologizing for the absence of the captain—I showed him and his officers through the ship. He seemed particularly interested in the examination of the instruments used in capturing the whale, and paid great attention to the construction of the boats, asking many questions through the interpreter, most of which I left the second mate to answer. When we returned to the long cabin, the steward had the doors of the after one thrown open, the decks swept, and the dead-lights up. After partaking slightly of the refreshments prepared, and making some inquiry into the amount of capital invested in the whaling interests in the United States, the party went into the after-cabin, where their attention was immediately fixed on the two ship-models on the transom. While they were examining these, I tried the doors of the state-rooms. That on the starboard aftermost side was locked, the captain, as the steward said, having the key in his possession.

“I said nothing more at the time, knowing it to be the one which Mrs. Catherton had formerly occupied, and the mulatto, by his manner, seemed quite as well satisfied to be rid of the subject. In a few moments more, the sultan and his attendants went up on the poop, when I found the ship decked out in all the flags she could muster, and the crew rigged in regular liberty trim. We gave his mightiness nine cheers and a salute of twenty guns when he left: the last sight which I saw through the smoke, being the eunuch’s black face, looming, like a fiend’s, out of the barge, from under his checked turban.

“As soon as the men shifted and turned to again, I went down into the cabins, when, lo! the doors of the after one were closed and locked as before. I thought this a good chance to fall regularly foul of the steward, when the fellow closed my mouth at once, by saying in a submissive way, that it was Captain Catherton’s orders, after his wife’s death, that the doors should be kept closed. Of course, I could say no more.

“We went on with our work aloft, and being strong-handed, after taking in a few sheep and goats, were ready to go to sea by meridian, when in the very noon-day glare and piercing heat of the sun, the Soliman Shah, the Arab corvette, changed her berth also, finding the little strait too hot for her at last, with ten deaths on board of her the night previous, and as many more new cases in her sick bay.

“However, new life seemed to have inspired our men. They worked with a will, notwithstanding that the terrific rays of the sun beaming upon the awnings, or reflected from a thousand points of the rugged rocks, made the gap like a gigantic oven. The land-wind was rising when the captain came off, and the men, in running

up the boats for the night, broke out into a hearty song, the chorus of which opened the Arab's eyes and did one's soul good to hear, as if the prospect of getting to sea at last made them set the blue cholera itself, and all other evils which menaced the ship, at defiance. There was another meaning in this, in connection with what I had overheard the night before, which caused me to look narrowly at the face of old Charley who started the song, and those of one or two of the others, to see how far they were to be trusted, or feared at a pinch; when suddenly averting my eyes I saw that Catherton, who stood on the poop, was watching me narrowly, though he turned away the moment his eyes met mine, gazing, with a frown on his brow, from the ship to the frigate, as if something in the clamorous notes of the men displeased him. It struck me that, whatever his plans were, carrying it off in this way must seem natural enough to the Arabs, accustomed as they were to the ways of English seamen. He said nothing, however, even after listening attentively to my report of the Sultan's visit, turning the conversation upon the plan for bringing Zuma off to the ship.

"I did not doubt but that I should be able to bring her on board, but I feared that she could not be concealed should suspicion be directed to the vessel. I had watched the faces of the sultan and his attendants as closely as I could, and remarked nothing to alarm me. Syeed's demeanor was as mild and gracious as usual; nevertheless, knowing something of the policy in the East, I could not divest myself of the thought that we were watched. Hadji's black face, with the wiry mustache and the checked turban over it, seemed to haunt every dark corner of the ship as the day waned. Catherton, also, could not entirely conceal his anxiety. He had been taking his grog freer than usual for the last two days, and as he was by no means what is termed a hard drinking man, this tended, as I thought, to unhinge his faculties in some degree, and give his cheek an ashy hue foreign to its natural deep bronze. He smoked incessantly, the sheroot being never out of his mouth, and his frequent change of position, when every one else felt indisposed to stir after the decks were cleared, showed a degree of restlessness which, under other circumstances, would have been hard to account for. I thought it my duty, notwithstanding, to give him another hint of the danger he was running the ship into, and choosing my opportunity, accordingly spoke out pretty plainly.

" 'I tell you, Captain Catherton,' said I, 'you can have no idea of the means which that accursed eunuch has of obtaining information. He has spies every where —perhaps in this very ship, and I know him too well not to feel certain that, should any of the ship's company be found in any way implicated in the plot, you and I in less than an hour afterward would be tenants of the same dungeon, with a fair prospect of being kept prisoners for life, or perhaps put to death in some diabolical way.'

" 'Mr. Miller,' he answered quietly, 'I command this ship. Do you bring the woman off safely, and I'll stake my neck on the rest.'

"And without another word he walked down into the cabin. This was decided

enough, so I remained standing by the mizzen-rigging, endeavoring to forget my presentiments of evil by watching the motions of Muscat Tom, who had been cruising in the cove all day. By this time, though the sun was behind the mountains, it wanted still an hour and more of dark, when the second mate called my attention to the large flocks of birds flying confusedly in from the offing and disappearing among the rocks. A dirty, yellowish cloud suddenly obscured the air, making it still more oppressive, if possible, and causing you to wonder if the day was not nearer its end than you had deemed. The atmosphere was insufferably hot and oppressive, the little air astir coming from the land, like the breath of a furnace; you could see through the stifling gloom that the thin strips of haze were melting away from the peaks and small watch-towers in sight from our present berth: a swell, too, was getting up with the tide, and, presently, we could hear from seaward a low, indistinct, appalling sound—which every seaman knows full well—rising, stealthily, as it were, over the hum of living voices in the harbor. It was the moan of the Arabian Sea awakening from its long sleep, and the swell was the forerunner of the heavy surf which it sometimes sends in on the rocky coast, before a severe squall. All at once, as we were noting these ominous signs, the whale, with a flap of his flukes that was loudly reverberated by the rocks, threw half his length clear, and then setting his stem-propeller and side-paddles in play, commenced making an offing, slowly at first, but gradually increasing his speed, until, before he was out of sight, the water was all in a foam behind him. A moment after the gloom suddenly deepened, till Parker's face at my elbow seemed dusky as an Indian's—a few large drops fell upon the awning, and looking aloft we saw again, over our heads and to the north, the glaring, vivid blue sky with nothing between, as if the demon of the storm had flapped his wings at our mast-head, and then sailed swiftly away, to wreak his wrath on more defenseless heads. The land-wind, more like the breath of a flame than a current of air, coming as it did from the sandy plains of the interior, was less strong than usual; while the swell continued to rise with the tide, the water lapping with a dull splash against the whaleman's bends, and the low, aweing, ominous sound still falling upon the ear at regular intervals.

"When the captain came on deck, while the steward was setting the table in the cabin, we got our heavy anchors all ready to let go at a moment's warning, and secured our boats inboard, though the Arab frigate did not appear to take the alarm. In fact, Captain Catherton did not think it advisable, *under circumstances*, to send down his upper spars, while the heavy frigate rode to a single anchor, with boats towing astern, and royal yards across. As for the corvette, she was hidden in her present berth by Muscat Island.

"After supper, the land-wind died entirely away; the stars came shimmering through the blue ether; the haze settled about the granite peaks again, and, with the exception of the low, murmuring sound to seaward, and the almost imperceptible rise of the swell, the night bid fair to be as calm as the last.

"About nine in the evening I went below to get, if possible, a wink of sleep. I

had strong doubts of the weather, it being now near the time for the setting in of the dry monsoon, although I thought it probable that a day or two might pass before it took a decided change, having seen the same signs prove false tokens before in this very harbor, the land-wind sometimes filling the atmosphere with minute particles of dust, and the whale regularly making a stretch to sea at sundown for fear of the currents, which here, of all coasts in the world, are the most shining and treacherous. The dust-cloud, too, might have driven the birds to cover sooner than usual, and, in fact, the only sign to be relied on was the distant moan of the sea, reaching the ear it was hard to tell how, as there was not the least flutter of a breeze to be felt. The tide, too, which rises here about six feet, was higher than usual, and what with thinking of this, and of the stories I had heard about the captain, to say nothing of the heat and the adventure before me that night, it was long before I fell asleep.

"When I awoke, I knew, if it were only by the dull glimmer of the cabin-lamp, and the capers the rats were cutting along the deck, that it must be near the hour when Captain Catherton had settled to call me himself. Looking across the cabin to his berth I saw that it was empty, and feeling sure that he was on deck, I again closed my eyes against the light. However, the mood was past for the time, and between the smell of the oil, the rats and the roaches, and the captain, as I supposed, walking the deck over my head, I found it useless to close an eyelid. So, gentlemen, I lay wide awake listening to the tramp above, as of some one in a spell of deep thought, and watching the pranks of the long-tailed gentry as they manœuvred around the stands of arms on the bulkhead, or marched in squads under the berths; the boldest of them climbing up repeatedly into the foot of mine, and plumping down again when I stirred, as if they were bent upon rousing me out for some end of their own, which, as I afterward discovered, was for free admission into a cabinet of marine curiosities, which the mate, who was dead and gone, had been collecting for some scientific gentlemen of the Granite state. Where the rats came from should have been submitted to these same savants, when, as I heard afterward, they boarded every ship which come into Bedford Bay for months after the Tartar was expected home, inquiring after their curiosity-box, then lying snugly enough at the bottom of the cove of Muscat.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

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[4] Scimetars.

[5] Went down.

[6] Separated.

[7] This was only used early in the cruise.

[8] The crew of a whaleman are all on shares, or *lays*, according to their stations in the ship.

[9] Governor.

CARRIE.

BY LILIAN MAY.

"She hath laid her down by the crystal river,
To bathe in its waters of life forever."

We have lain the bud of our promise down
To rest in the darksome mold,
For the light within had flickered and flown,
And the pure warm heart was cold.

Now the crisping snow lies above her head,
And low is the wind's chill moan,
That ruffles the sheet on her narrow bed,
But the spirit afar hath flown.

The glorious dawn of immortal life
Gilds the hope of our joy above,
And the heavy grief of this bitter strife
Is sunk in the light of His love.

With a golden harp in her little hand,
An emerald crown on her brow,
She walketh the halls of the better land,
And hymneth a sweet strain now.

NELLY NOWLAN TO HER AUNT

AFTER HER VISIT TO A LONDON CHURCH.

BY MRS. B. C. HALL.

"My dear Aunt,—I have often longed to turn my pen to the paper, but no one, only the Almighty, knows how hurried, and bustled, and bothered I am, getting myself up to understand every thing, *or to make believe to do so*, which comes to much the same thing for a while anyhow, which I daresay you don't understand, and so best for you, Aunt dear!

"I'm with the lady still, and likely to remain, for she's both kind and helpless, and is well enough to do without a nurse, (she says,) though if I'm not *that* no one ever was. She's not fractious, poor dear! only humorsome, and does not care to stay long in one place—restless-like; I have my trials with her too in many little ways—I didn't want her to know I could read, because she might ask me to read prayers and things contrary to my religion, but unfortunately, I said I could write, and that let her *into it*—she was 'cute enough to know that I must read *first*.

"We were a while in a place, they call it by the name of Bath; it's a mighty unnatural city, where the *could* water comes up out of the earth in a continued boil, and you wouldn't see a carriage with a pair of horses in a week's walk, for it's the men are horses there and draw the sick creatures, that bathe in, and then drink, the hot water, up and down the hills, and you'd think it a holy place, for every second gentleman you meet is a priest or a minister; yes, indeed, they must be a mighty delicate set of gentlemen in England, for there's a power of them in Bath. My mistress never meddles with my religion, only folds her spectacles in the Bible and leaves it in my way—but I take no notice. I can hardly expect you to believe me, but the water comes as I tell you *hot* out of the earth; there must be a fire under it *somewhere*; but who can tell *where* that fire is, or *who* looks after it? The inhabitants, I'm sure, live in greater terror of an explosion than they *let on* to the poor innocents that do be looking after their health; and maybe that's the reason they fill up the town with the Clargy to keep all quiet; sure it's them we send for ourselves when any thing unnatural is going on; if you mind[10] when the underground noises were heard in Castle Croft, they sent for his Reverence Father Joyce at once, and kept him ever so long about the place, and no one heard a stir of noise since! so maybe, the holy men are useful that way in Bath, to keep down the spirits of the waters in their right place.

“I told you my lady was fidgetty-like, and she very soon got tired of Bath and would come to London. Now, dear, I’ll leave it to another time to say what I’ve got to say about London—and remember, sure if I wrote for a hundred years, I could not *insense* you into what it is, or what it is like. Aunt, it’s full up of people! underground, overground, high up, down low—people—people in misery and sin, people in plenty and pleasure; it’s never still by day or night, for at night, the very breathing of such thousands and thousands of people, is like to stifled thunder; it’s full of a pale withered-up sort of life in one place, and it is blooming like a fresh May morning only a stone’s-throw from the same, in another; it’s a city of contradictions—it’s the grandest place upon the face of the earth, if it was only for the multitudes of living immortal creatures it contains, and it’s the meanest place in the universe:—they make money out of the very scrapings of the streets!—and, bless your kind heart! it’s yourself that would be troubled to see the people driving on, and on, and on forever, without rest, and all so solid like. And, aunt, but it’s lonesome to be surrounded by such thousands of people without knowing one of them from Adam, only all black strangers, no one to bid you good morrow morning, or say, God save you; for their manners are not our manners; they’re a fine, kind-hearted people, but they’re mortal fearful you should think so. The first lodging we were in, I thought to be very kind and mannerly to the mistress of the house, and so when I met her the next day I dropped her a curtsey—and says I, ‘The top of the morning to ye, Ma’am;’ well, instead of returning my civility, she told my mistress I’d insulted her; you see they’re an unaccountable people, but it’s not *that* I wanted to write about. Aunt, dear, I know you’re anxious about how I get on with my ‘*duty*’ and I took your advice and resolved to walk in my own way, and when I told my mistress I’d like to get leave to go to my duty, she told me she was well satisfied with the way I was going on, I was doing my duty perfectly; so I thanked her for her good opinion, but said I wanted to make a clean breast, if I could find out a proper Clergy to make it to; and then she smiled her faint, quiet smile, just for all the world like a thread of moonlight, and said, she understood now that what I meant by ‘duty,’ was going to the Priest, to confession, and gave me leave to go next Sunday to first Mass. So I got my instructions where to go and set off with a light heart. To be sure it did me good to enter a place of my own worship again, and the music was just wonderful—only they made me pay a shilling for a seat, think of that! but I’d have paid ten, if I had it—to get in, my heart warmed so. And the tears came to my eyes, when I see the fine men serving on the altar and such fine blessed candles—all wax. And the *rale* bowing and turning; and little boys in their little albs that keeps all the saints’ days, running about the streets, the darlings, in all sorts and kinds of mischief. Oh, I was so delighted, and so thankful, and the music and the velvet, and the painted windys with the sun shining through them, and the beautiful things, put me a-past all judgment—if I could have had you there just to see what a picture it was! But by ’n by, I heard one of their reverences in the pulpit, though I was so bewildered I never saw him go there, and I said to myself, ‘Mass can’t be half over yet,’ think-it was soon for the *sarmint*[11],—and then I thought again may be it was

the difference of the country, and looking round I saw all the ladies had crosses on their Prayer-books, and that set me right again, for I was sure none but ourselves would have that. Then the organ and the little boys in their little albs began again; and I was fairly transported, for never had I heard such music—not *singing-music*, but *talking-music* it was. Oh my heart beat quick with joy, to think how I had got into the right place, and how in the very thick of a nation of heretics, there was every thing natural-like in my own faith. I cried down tears of joy, and indeed others did the same. Then another priest—a fine man intirely—got up into another pulpit, and gave us I must say a fine *sarmint*, I never could desire a better—and it's the truth I'm telling you—he spoke of fasts, and saints, and gave out the services on next saints' days—and reminded us of confession. Oh, aunt darling, don't you or Father Joyce think bad of it if I say—and it's thrue as if they were the last words I should write in this world—that no holy priest of Rome could pay greater honor to the saints than himself; or insist finer on confession and fasts, or bow with more devotion to the altar; I don't care who gainsays it, but he was a fine man. Oh glory! says I, aint I in luck? aint I blessed? aint I happy? and I thought to myself I'd make bould to ask a fine grand ould waiting gentleman, who carried his head high, and was all over fine: I asked him where I could get spaking with any of their reverences? and he said some of *the sisters* were in the vestry then, as they were going to change the *hour of vespers*, and, indeed, he *was* mighty civil, and said if I wanted to ask a Christian question I might wait there, and he took me near the little room where they keep the vestments, and presently a fine, grand lady came out, and I heard her complain how she caught cold *at Matins*, and one of their reverences came out and bid her good day by the name of '*Sister Mary*,' and then the grand ould waiting gentleman bustled on bowing (not to the altar, but to the lady), and called out for Lady Jane Style's carriage. I had a great mind to call out 'Whist,'[12] for I thought it no way to be shouting for carriages at the open door of a holy place. Well; one young priest passed, and another, backing out and making obadience to their *Shooparier*: and then came two more ladies—'sisters,' no doubt, and then another priest. Oh! how my heart would have warmed to them, only they seemed somehow only half way, and at last the *Shooparier* himself came, and I thought any one could see he was the *rale* thing; he was the very stamp and moral of Father Joyce, and no cardinal could be more stately—there was a lady, sweet-faced and gentle-looking with him, but when I fell on my knees and asked to speak with him she smiled and went on!

"He bid me stand up, and asked what I wanted.

" 'To make a clean breast, your reverence, whenever it's convanient to you, night or day. Your time is mine, holy father, and I would not delay you long, for I've kep' watch over my thoughts and actions; though, for all that, I'm a *grate* sinner.' I spoke as *purty* as ever I could to the kind gentleman; well, he asked me if I wanted to be a *sister*, and I said, No—I'd no inclination for a Nunnery, good or bad; and then, 'My good girl,' he says—quite solid-like, 'what is it you *do* want?'—and something quare came over me, at the changing of his countenance; and I makes

answer, ‘May be your reverence would tell me the time for giving it: and as I like to be prepared and do the thing *dacent*, would your reverence tell me the *charge for absolution* in this town?’

“Now, aunt, I put it to you, could any thing be purtier, or fairer spoken than that? but his white cheek flushed—he turned on me in anger, only he could not hould a black look for a minute, and he says—

“ ‘Do you take me for one of the blind priests of Rome?’

“ ‘Indeed I did, sir,’ I made answer, ‘*how could I help it*?’ the words came to my lips quite natural—though my heart was beating with what I can’t tell, to think of his speaking that way of the holy fathers, and he treading as hard as ever he could on their heels—and then the look of pity he threw on me!

“ ‘Poor creature, poor creature,’ he says. ‘You come, I see, of a benighted race.’ Well, I was bothered. He walked gently on, and the very sweep of his coat, from head to tail, had a priestly swing with it; and then he turned back and looked at me so gently. ‘Have you been often here?’ he says. Well, I gave him another courtesy, but not so low as the others.

“ ‘No, sir,’ I answered, (I did not ‘your reverence’ him that time,) ‘and I wont trouble you again.’

“ ‘You do not trouble me,’ he says. ‘I only wish you trod in our paths.’

“ ‘I’d rather keep to my own, sir; and then I’ll make no mistakes.’ Well, he was a quiet gentleman, for he smiled at that. And he says again, ‘I would like to question you a little;’ and he was going on only I stopt him. ‘Question Father John Joyce, if you plaze, sir; I’ll give you his address—he always answered for me, and always will, that’s my comfort.’ And the name of my own blessed priest gave me strength. ‘He always answered for me,’ I repeated, ‘and for my people; he knows what he’s about, and will scorn to mislead any poor girl—it’s too bad, so it is, to be situated this way, that I can’t tell the differ between a holy priest and a protestant minister.’ Well, that settled him, as I thought it would; and he walks right away, and the pale beautiful lady in black, that had been leaning against a pillar like a *statute*, takes his arm; and the stout goold laced old gentleman beckons me on, not crossly. So I says, ‘Which of the sisters is that?’ And he gave a chuckle of a laugh: ‘That’s his *wife*,’ he says.

“ ‘Oh! holy Moses,’ says I, ‘look at that now! HIS WIFE!’ And I thought of the candles and crosses and bowings; and all the saints he ran over; and the little boys in the little albs, and every thing so like the right—and yet the wrong; ‘his *wife*, and he a PRIEST! let me out of the place,’ I says, ‘for it’s a sin and a shame; neither one thing nor another; all a delusion; let me out;’ and then I stopt. ‘Maybe he’s not a priest at all!’ I inquired, looking at the stout old gentleman, ‘and if he’s not, what is he?’

“ ‘I’ll tell you, young woman,’ he answers, and he makes believe to whisper; and then it came on me like a flash of lightning, that I had got into neither the one

nor the other, but into a *half-way house*!

" 'And have you none of them in Ireland?' he inquires.

"Now, aunty, dear, that bothered me as much as any thing, how that stout old gentleman knew I was Irish. I never told him so, and I am as well dressed as any English maid can be; you would not know me, (though I was always so nice,) I am so improved; and yet he says, 'Have you none of them in Ireland?' and I answered quite proudly, '*No, sir; we've the rale thing there!*' and that settled *him*. I saw he was ashamed of himself, and of all the goings on—creeping, creeping toward our holy church, and yet purtending to talk of its blindness; yet we ought to be content, for if they're let to go on as they're going, it's asy told where they'll stop; *for the time's coming*, as I heard at Moorfields, where every thing was to my satisfaction, and I found the *rale* priest at last, though not so fine a man as our own dear Father Joyce, the heavens be his bed! and may he and the holy saints keep sin and heart-sorrow from you, my darling aunt! you who watched over me with as much as a mother's love. It's the spring-time now, and I often dream of the Bohreens, and the wild-bird's song, and then again I feel as if the whole shadow of the mountain was over me like a shroud; but it isn't long that lasts—as the song says—

" 'Hope will brighten days to come,
And memory gild the past.' "

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[10] Remember.

[11] Sermon.

[12] Silence.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

I knelt beside a little bed,
The curtains drew away,
And 'mid the soft, white folds beheld
Two rosy sleepers lay;
The one had seen three summers smile,
And lisped her evening prayer;
The other, only one year's shade
Was on her flaxen hair.

No sense of duties ill performed
Weighed on each heaving breast,
No weariness of work-day care
Disturbed their tranquil rest:
The stars to them, as yet, were in
The reach of baby hand,
Temptation, trial, grief, strange words
They could not understand.

But in the coming years I saw
The turbulence of Life
O'erwhelm this calm of innocence
With melancholy strife.
"From all the foes that lurk without,
From feebleness within,
What sov'reign guard from Heaven," I asked,
"Will strong beseeching win?"

Then to my soul a vision came
Illuming, cheering all,
Of him who stood with shining front
On Dothan's ancient wall;[13]
And while his servant's heart grew faint,
As he beheld with fear
The Syrian host encompassing

The city far and near.

With lofty confidence to his
Sad questionings replied—
“Those armies are outnumbered far
By legions at our side!”
Then up from starry sphere to sphere
Was borne the prophet’s prayer,
“Unfold to his blind sight, oh, God!
Thy glorious hosts and fair.”

The servant’s eyes, bewildered, gazed
On chariots of fire,
On seraphs clad in mails of light,
Resistless in their ire;
On ranks of angels marshaled close,
Where trackless comets run,
On silver shields and rainbow wings
Outspread before the sun.

I saw the Syrian bands ere noon
Led captive through the land,
And longed to grasp the prophet’s robe
Within my feeble hand,
While my whole soul went out in deep
And passionate appeal,
That faith like his might set within
My babes’ pure hearts its seal.

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[13] 2 Kings, 6th chapter, 14-18 verses.

THE FIRST AGE.

By H. DIDIMUS.

(*Continued from page 360.*)

BOOK THIRD.

SECTION I.

Again ten circles have passed, and thrice ten circles of the earth about the sun; and the boy who proffered grapes, and the infant folded in a mother's warm embrace, have grown to manhood. The young earth, like young life, passed through many a change in thrice ten years and ten; and, from its teeming loins sent forth a still increasing multitude to worship the great First Cause. Upon every hill an altar smoked; and knowledge, with power to command the laws to which all matter is subdued, had not wholly passed from among the sons of men. Not yet were cities built, nor language confounded, nor the land parceled out among hostile clans, to be worried and made desolate; but the herd and the chase still supplied the simple wants which luxury has debased. In all the arts of that rude time; to run; to cleave the briny sea, a strong swimmer; to throw the spear; to draw the bow, certain of its mark; to know the signs which divide the day and fix the watches of the night; to call each tree and flower, beast and bird, by the name which Adam gave; the youths were well instructed, and poured a flood of joy into hearts which marked, from year to year, their growth in excellence and in strength.

SECTION II.

The youngest, Ariel, his mother most loved; for he was mild of temper, and of a make which would have shamed the Apollo, cut by hands skilled to search out the hidden springs of manly beauty, and cunningly transform the ideal into a reality, to stand forever a wonder before the eyes of men. His auburn locks, parted on either side, fell thick, and rested upon his shoulders; and upon his brow, fairer than woman, sat intellect, softened and refined to express the hopes and sorrows, the sweet delights and bitter ills, which God gave a heritage to Adam and his seed when he drove out the sinning pair from Paradise. Tall, he stood like a cedar upon Lebanon. His eyes, large and lustrous, in color his mother's and heaven's, seemed ever dreaming of a life which, cradled upon earth, had elsewhere its happiness; and the long brown lashes that veiled their intenser light, shadowed with melancholy a

face which else had been too bright. In childhood, he wept over tales of that fair land lost by his first ancestors; and sought on every side, through the sombre wood, and along the flowery mead, and up the streams to their sources amid the valleys of the hills, for some trace of a glory half-extinct which might lead him onward to its walls, guarded by flame; then, weary and sad, he would stand by the sea, and look out across its waters, and strain his eyes to find a new earth, and catch a glimpse of that strange fire which, under the rule of night, mellows the waves, and makes their path more enticing than the walks of Arcady the blest, or the garden in which Italia's poet subdued Ruggerio to a witch's love. Thus found by his mother, after long search, he would rest his head upon her knees, and repeat his hopes and disappointments, while she, softly chiding, wiped his tears away. Growing toward manhood, he, unwillingly and slow, now doubting and now believing, put off his childish faith, and sought for and found a rest more perfect, and more noble far, than that paradise which fled before the knowledge of evil and of good.

SECTION III.

Tubal, the eldest born, was mightier than his brother. Less tall, strong, he stood like Hercules leaning on his club. His lusty shoulders seemed made to bear the weight of any ill which time and the first sin might engender to crush the sons of Adam; and his foot was firmer than the rock. Within his broad breast, capacious, the wildest passions, love and hate, and jealousy and ambition, raged and crouched obedient to a will which held them bound, nor loosed its hold but to fulfill its purpose. His hair curled close, nor played in dalliance with the wanton air. His eyes, blacker than the night which covered Egypt when the chosen were oppressed, burned fierce; and within their depths lay hidden cunning, and power, and the determination to complete what cunning prompts and power may well perform. His nostrils swelled with triumphs not yet won; and on his lips, compressed, and on his swarthy brow, courage had stamped its signet. He loved the chase, and the boar pursued beyond the mountains which barred his father's steps, and rose a barrier never passed till he burst through to conquer new fields, boundless, and rich in all the wealth of his rude life. Action was his rest; and to him plain fact was beautiful enough, nor sought he, in vain imaginings, to work out of strong matter kindred unto himself, forms of excellence which live only in a poet's brain, to curse the possessor. His father loved him, for when a boy he drew his father's bow, and threw his father's spear, laughed at fatigue, and scorned the pleasures of quiet contemplation which, with his brother, stole half the days away. In him was small obedience, even from his birth; self-willed, he threw off his mother's hand as a steed of high mettle, untamed, flings at the bit; and thus he grew, a Titan in his passions as a Titan in his make.

SECTION IV.

The morn had ushered in a new year, when Tubal and his brother went forth to worship upon the neighboring mountains, and offer up a sacrifice in

acknowledgment of mercies past, of mercies present, and of mercies yet to come. From the sea a mist rolled inward, and covered all the land, and covered the forest wide, and crept up the hill-sides, and hung about their tops, and curled over, descending like a glory, to be lost in the space beyond. Bathed in cloud, seeing their path dimly, they walked hand in hand, loaded with gifts of the chase, and of the vine, and pure water, and sweet-scented wood. Ariel found a new beauty in the thick vapor which shut out the heavens, and so stilled the song of the trees that, listening, he believed he could hear the very mist singing, as it moved onward upon its errand of fruitfulness and health; but Tubal saw power, and felt his strength grow within him, and, invigorated, stood erect, and trod more proudly the earth which he claimed as his own. As they ascended the higher grounds, and climbed the steeps which led upward to the temple they had chosen, the cloud grew thinner, and the light increased, and they halted, silent, and bowed their heads, and pressed their lips to the mountain-side, and kissed God's foot-prints—there seen, clear and radiant, as they are now to be seen impressed, eternal, upon the granite which, in the far North, lifts its head a mark to the returning mariner, who—far out upon the ocean—hails the beacon with all the joy of home. Then rising, they mounted quickly to the summit, round, and fair with its own flood, and standing, gazed. Gazed upon the cloud spread out beneath their feet, a vast expanse of silver water, covering land and sea; gazed upon the hill-tops which rose above the flood, as isles sleeping upon the bosom of a quiet lake; gazed upon the heavens, serenely blue, over-arching all; and gazed upon the sun, red and huge, struggling with the mist, till its rays, released, flashed upon the isles, and lighted up the heavens, and so wrought that the deep cloud, mastered by their heat, broke from its fastenings, and rolled in masses, and, rifted, opened cavernous, and showed, first the crowning tufts of the forest-trees, and then the lower boughs, and then the plain, reeking with moisture, and then the sea, bright and dancing, until the last wreath of feathery vapor ascending, vanished.

SECTION V.

"For this, it is enough to have lived; thy works, O God, are wondrous fair!" said Ariel.

Tubal, turned away, silent; and casting his offerings upon the ground, threw up the heavy sward in piles high and broad, which he fashioned into a rude altar; then covering it thick with wood, found near at hand, he called unto his brother, and together they laid upon it the chase, the grapes, and the branches sweet-scented and laving, prayed.

"We thank thee, Father, for thy mercies past, thy mercies present, and thy mercies yet to come."

"I thank thee for strength," said Tubal.

"I thank thee for the comeliness of this earth," said Ariel.

"Give me power to rule my fellow-men."

"Give me knowledge to win thy love."

“Give me honor, and obedience, with fear—”

“Give me humility, and trust, with faith—”

—“and may my will be a law unto many.”

—“and may my walk be good in thy sight.”

“Father, I thank thee for these limbs; this body, so perfect in its make—”

“Father, I thank thee for this life, so full of all excellence—”

—“clothe it with majesty.”

—“clothe it with purity.”

“Grant that I may live in the speech of generations far removed.”

“Grant that I may live in the hearts of generations far removed.”

“Bless, O God, my purpose.”

“Bless, O God, my father.”

“Strengthen, O God, my hands”—

“Strengthen, O God, my mother”—

—“so that they may well perform what thou hast given them to do.”

—“so that she may well perform what thou hast given her to do.”

“And accept, O God, these gifts, the fruit of thy bounty, by us acknowledged and adored.”

SECTION VI.

Upon the brothers, thus ending, a light, greater than the sun, fell suddenly and smote them blind; and as they lay, prostrate with excessive dread, they heard a voice, soft as the movement of a gentle wind, saying, “Even as ye have asked, ye shall receive;” and then came silence, and darkness with the light of day; and slowly rising, fearful, they found the altar, with its gifts, all consumed. And where the altar stood, a glowing pool of metal burned, and hissed, and bubbled, and ran down the hill-side a thread of fire. Tubal, curious, doubting, with cautious step drew near; and as the metal cooled, and changed from white to red, from red to black, observed it narrowly, and beat upon it, and found it malleable, and broke it, and took it in his hands still warm, and held it out in triumph to his brother.

Such was the birth of iron; and in the air, above, beneath, on either side, far off and near, came music, and the brothers listened, mute with wonder, to a song prophetic of the metal and its uses.

SECTION VII.

Clink, clank.

The crackling of flame, playing with the air that fanned it, swept past.

Glowing, flashing.

Not speech, but sounds inarticulate, in strains wild, sturdy and noble as their subject, filled the ears of Ariel and his brother, to be interpreted as we interpret the voices of matter, miscalled dumb.

Clashing, clanging.

And there was a rushing to and fro of many feet, while the furnace roared with a pouring as of breath in hot haste.

Bubble, bubble—muffled, dull and deep.

The anvil rings, and blow on blow is given.

Sharp and quick.

Then the forging, and the grinding, and the filing, and the whetting, with the shock of blade on blade, till the clatter of that smithy, mingling and dividing, mellowed, rose sweeter than the notes fabled of the sun, when he with his first rays smote upon the head of Memnon in wonder-loving Egypt; or the song heard by the wandering Greek hard by Charibdis, enticing the listening mariner to his death.

Aha! aha! thou hast found a new life, and a new action, greatest of metals.

Who are ye, who thus welcome me with a hymn of glory?

We are the light, the eldest born, begotten in love, in love to endure forever.

We were present at thy beginning, and saw the hand which moulded thee with fire.

We saw the joy of thy young days, and acknowledge thee a child of God, like unto ourselves.

We know thy offices, and the laws which rule thee, liquid or congealed, obedient to God's will.

In the depths of the earth wert thou engendered, and didst dwell in darkness for this hour.

From the center didst thou spring upward, and wert poured through all the veins of matter, to strengthen and complete.

But now thou art born into a new life, and art appointed to build and destroy.

Another, mightier than thyself, shall shape thee, and thou shall be his bondsman until thy work is done.

In the furnace and at the forge shall thy true worth be tried, and every good by heaven blessed, by thee be multiplied.

Then sing the praise of iron; the sturdy and noble iron—

Clink, clank;

Glowing, flashing;

Clanging, clashing;

Sharp and quick;

With the grinding, and the filing, and the whetting, and the shock of blade on

blade; while the clatter of the smithy ringing, cries, it is mine to civilize.

SECTION VIII.

The brothers hastened from the mount, and descending, bore homeward the new-found metal with dances, and with shouts, which called Erix and Zella to meet them, and to listen, with growing eyes and a faith equal to their own, to the marvelous tale of the light which fell from heaven, and their blindness and the voice within them, and the altar burned, and the molten pool, and the strange wild music which they heard, until a knowledge entered into them of the gift they had received.

"Father, my prayer is answered," said Tubal, and quick, to make his knowledge sure, the four built up the first rude forge, and piled it high with wood, and put fire to it, and, as it burned, cast in the metal, which they watched until it reddened and flashed, coruscating. Then Tubal drew the metal forth, and beat it between two stones, and flattened it, and, twisting, gave it ever new forms, while Erix, with Ariel and his mother, stood admiring, and reasoned of its uses. And thus did Tubal work with cunning and with strength, from day to day, until he had won the skill to fashion the metal to his will; to arm his arrows and his spear, and devise new weapons for the chase. He soon found out the way of beating iron upon itself, nor lacked the wit of many inventions to aid his labor; and the ponderous sledge wielded by his arms, black with soot, from morn to eve resounded along the heaving sea, which knew no heavier din when, long after, Vulcan forged beneath Ætna. His tribe stood around him thick, and wondered at his work, and learned of him; and when, as time rolled on, the elders told his story to their sons, they called him the father of all who worked in metal.

SECTION IX

Ariel went dreaming on his way; nor sought to rival his brother at the forge, nor questioned the right which he assumed to rule among his fellow-men. He acknowledged his brother's worth, and knew him to be the completest man to meet the stern necessities of life—to lay deeply in that new age a strong foundation upon which others were to build, for good or ill, through many a revolving year, the politics of the earth. To himself it was given to see the future in its action; and it passed before him so distinct and bright, that Zella, sitting at his side, oft turned away with fear, as his tongue grew eloquent over a tale of greatness and of sorrow still hidden within the womb of time. Thrice blessed is he who knows his work and does it; who learns in early youth that the practical is the only good, nor chases phantoms, till, the harvest past, he turns a poor gleaner upon another's steps, and begs from bounty what should be his of right. But Ariel had other hopes, not willed, but given for a purpose, to which he was bound as the winged chorister is bound to the melody which springs unbidden from its throat. He lived in the ideal, and strove to grasp the mysterious laws by which the world within acts upon the world without. The soul's own greatness to all of God's labor a greatness gives, which lesser spirits

never know; and the soul's beauty is poured upon all matter, as the setting sun, in ripe October, pours a purple flood of departing light upon the gorgeous landscapes of my native North. This Ariel knew; and when he listened to the voices of the sea, of the wood, and of the lesser herbage, growing; to the sighing of the air, and the creaking, and the grating of bough on bough, rocked by the wind; he believed that all were parts of one great hymn, whose interpreter was within, and, combined, would a language give more perfect to express the soul's griefs and joys, the loveliness and magnitude of God's labors, than that which Adam, articulate, invented.

SECTION X.

Thus Ariel mused, and in his walks under the silent moon, watched close, to catch the notes which rose from every point of earth; and sitting with his mother, to whom he opened his whole heart, talked of this wisdom. And thus, one quiet eve, when the star which ushers in and leads off day's hours, then called God's love, now changed to the queen in Paphos worshiped, was just dipping beneath the western hills, and the wind slow rising set outward to the sea, these two, the mother and the son, went forth to drink new draughts of the knowledge he had found, and kept hidden from all else save her whose soul was like unto his own. She leaned upon his shoulder as a loved support, and they passed, mingling in sweet converse, along the wooded paths to the stream which flowed noiseless, and now dark beneath the forest shades, close by the bank upon which she had rested from the chase, and with Erix recounted the endless good with which heaven had blessed the earth.

"This water, so silent, yet speaks."

"In sadness," said Zella.

"For the day and for the night it has a several voice."

"And does the sorrow which comes to us, a heritage of Eden, fall also here?"

"Mother, the star now hidden behind the western hills, its sister orbs, this earth, this wood, and water running, all speak to the soul according to its wisdom. Has sadness no beauty; grief no love? As darkness follows light, so joy and sorrow interchange, to make life perfect. This marvel of our God, in which strength and weakness strive to one end, were incomplete, did not thy tears, like fallen rain glittering in the sun, give brightness to the smile that hastens to drive thy tears away. In matter is to be found the sure interpreter of God's will, and the purpose for which he made such excellence of earth and sky, with man, the chiefest excellence of all; and I watch to catch the secret which unlocks this knowledge, and will give to me, and to thee, my mother, the fullness of that glory which in the beginning was breathed into Adam, a living soul!"

SECTION XI.

As he spoke the wind sighed deeply along the silent stream, and the reeds there

growing upon its sedgy bank gave forth sounds multitudinous, separate and commingled.

“List, mother!”

The symphony, at first low, scarce audible, dying, sprang to life again, and rose in notes æolic, flooding the air.

“It is this, mother, this that I would win; the common language of every created thing.”

We are the wind, whistling, piping, sounds melodious in the ear of night.

And there was a rustling as of forest leaves; and a murmuring, as of water running; while from the reedy grass came other voices,

Shrill and clear.

We are they with whom God wrought, in his six days of labor.

Then the swelling, round and full,

Sliding, springing,

Turning, beating.

Streams of pleasure,

Without measure,

And the movement quick and pure,

Now increasing,

Now diminishing,

Now combining,

Now resolving,

In sweet concord antiphonal, said that they were harmony.

“My prayer is answered, mother; for I have found the bond which binds heart to heart.”

Then Zella laid her head upon Ariel’s bosom, and in very gladness, wept; and confessed that life and death, her evil and her good, no longer were a mystery.

We are the law by which all things live, and move, and have their being.

And Ariel put out his hands, and plucked, and blew upon the reeds; and again the wind sighed along the silent stream; and again the grass there growing, waving, gave forth other sounds;

Brighter,

Higher,

More ecstatic;

Fiercer, fiercer, fiercer yet;

As if a Titan had strung his lyre to a new creation, or the fingers of a god swept the strings.

It is finished; and to man is given the art to rule the airs of heaven.

They turned, while yet the sledge fell heavy by the beating sea, and Erix wound a horn of joy, calling, then wound, then called, and wound and called again, and the echoes answered, calling;

[*Conclusion in our next.*]

I THINK OF THEE.

I think of thee, at twilight's hour,
When the last sunbeam sinks away;
When night-birds sing in every bower,
And herds and herdsmen homeward stray—
When all is beauty, all is peace,
When sorrows, cares, and sadness flee,
Then my lone heart finds sweet release,
In happy thoughts, dear one, of thee.

I think of thee, when dawning day
Calls forth all nature's freshened throng,
When sporting lambkins skip and play,
And birds pour forth their joyous song—
When every eye with hope is bright,
And every heart is light and free—
When nature wakes from nature's night,
Then, dearest, then I think of thee.

THE ARABS AT AMBOISE.

On the right bank of the Loire, close to one of the stations of the rail-road from Orleans to Nantes, which transports the traveler in a few hours from the centre of civilised France to the heart of Brittany, and all its wild traditions and druidical mysteries, stands an ancient and time-honored town—important in the history both of France and England, during a series of centuries—a town beloved of Anne of Brittany and of Mary Stuart, the scene of stirring and romantic adventures without number, all of which have paled before the interest it has excited of late years as the place of captivity of a great chief, and, within a few weeks, as forming a rich part of that spoil which the immense possessions of the house of Orleans is likely to furnish to the present ruler of the French nation.

Tourists on the Loire know the charming town of Amboise very well; and none ever missed, in days of yore, visiting its fine castle, whose high walls are bathed by the noble river. This pleasure has, however, long been denied them, for the captive whose misfortunes have excited so much sympathy throughout Europe, and whose "hope deferred" is still destined to "make his heart sick," the ill-fated Abd-'el-Kader, with his followers, are still detained there, and likely so to be, in spite of the "*I would if I could*" of his supposed struggling friend, the nephew of another great prisoner of days gone by.

Amboise, a few years since, was a smiling, lively little town, and the castle was a pleasure-residence of the last king; the gardens were delicious, the little chapel of St. Hubert a gem, restored in all its lustre, and the glory of artists and amateurs. All is now changed: a gloom has fallen on the scene, the flowers are faded, the gates are closed, the pretty pavilions are shut up; there are guards instead of gardeners, and a dreary prison frowns over the reflecting waters, which glide mournfully past its towers.

If you pause awhile on the bridge of Amboise, and look up to the windows of the castle, you may, perhaps, see one or other of the captives seated sadly and motionlessly, or it may be slowly pacing along a high gallery which runs from tower to tower, but it is rare at present that the dispirited inhabitants of those dismal chambers have energy to seek even such recreation as this, and the traveler may drive through Amboise twenty times, without having his curiosity to see Lord Londonderry's *protégé* gratified.

The writer of these pages happened to be in the neighborhood when Abd-'el-Kader was transferred from Pau, the birth-place of Henri Quatre, in the Pyrenees, to this once gay château on the Loire, and was amongst those who witnessed the arrival of the party.

The evening was very chilly and misty, and but few persons had been tempted to

linger late by the river side; the attention, however, of those who had not yet "betaken them home," was attracted by a steamboat full of passengers, coming from Paimbeuf, which stopped beneath the walls of the castle, and gave a signal apparently understood by a guard of soldiers, which had been loitering on the shore. The arrival of the steamer was immediately communicated to the governor of the castle, and much unwonted movement ensued.

A rumor of something remarkable soon spread throughout the town, and a concourse of people came hurrying over the bridge, in order to be present at the expected landing of prisoners of importance. There was no attempt to repress this curiosity, for no rescue was evidently feared; a double line of soldiers was, however, formed, and in silence and gloom a sad procession was soon formed of no less than eighty-two individuals, men, women and children, all covered with large mantles of white wool, of a fashion unseen in this part of the world since the great Saracen warrior Abd'eraman was driven back from Touraine by Charles Martel; the strangers thus attired took their way from the sandy shore of the Loire to the precipitous ascent of the dark towers before them.

These captives were the Arab chief Abd-'el-Kader, his mother, one of his brothers-in-law, his uncle, a patriarch of ninety, whose long, white beard fell to his girdle, and four of his wives. Following them came a train of attendants, all prisoners, and all sharing their master's sorrows and mischances.

The heavy gateway closed upon the new guests, and the inhabitants of Amboise, somewhat awe-struck and impressed with pity, returned mournfully to their respective domiciles, no doubt thanking Heaven that they were denizens of free and happy France, generous, valiant, honorable and victorious!—alas, how long to remain so!

From that time a new amusement was provided for the pleasure-loving natives of the pretty but dreary old town, which still wears the characteristics of the past in its acutely pointed roofs, crowned with quaint belfrys, its arches spanning the streets, its antique chapel of St. Florentin, its *palais de justice* transformed into a barrack, and its little Château du Clos-Lucet, where, tradition says, Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, passed the last years of his long life, and where he died.

Many a summer evening was henceforth spent by the citizens on the bridge, their pastime being to gaze curiously up toward the walls and windows of the castle; for, wandering along the terraces, which hang in mid air, might then be frequently seen, like a gliding spectre, the majestic form of an Arab, wrapped in a white *burnous*, with solemn steps pacing to and fro, unobservant and indifferent to the curiosity which he excited.

Compassion for these unfortunate strangers suggested, even amongst those in whose charge their safety was placed, alleviations to their griefs. The Arab servants of the chief were allowed to seek provisions for their repasts in the town itself, accompanied merely by a soldier, who did not molest them. All who applied for permission to behold Abd-'el-Kader were admitted to the castle precincts, and were

introduced to his presence. At first he probably felt amused at the novelty of this proceeding, but at length he became annoyed at the persevering curiosity which left him no leisure for reflections, however doleful. His spirits, too, in the course of long months of hopeless anxiety, gave way, and he at length refused to be exhibited as a caged lion, to make sport to the inquisitive.

Not alone in the early stage of his captivity, but ever since he became their neighbor, the ladies of Amboise, with continuous kindness, showed their benevolent feeling both to him and to the females of his suite and their children. Delicacies from their kitchens, and little useful presents were showered upon the poor captives, who received the attentions in the spirit in which they were given.

One instance of consideration gave particular gratification to the Emir. Madame de Villeneuve, the *châtellaine* of Catherine de Medicis' lovely castle of Chenonceau, so well-known to tourists, and so often described, sent Abd-'el-Kader a magnificent plant, a native of his own valleys of the Atlas. It is related that the Emir on receiving it burst into tears. He sent back the expression of his gratitude in the following characteristically poetical words:

"Too poor to offer you in return any thing worthy of your acceptance, not possessing even a flower that I can call mine, I will pray to Allah that for the love of his servant he will one day bestow Paradise upon you."

Some time after this, the health of the Emir having suffered from confinement, he was allowed to ride on horseback in the neighborhood of Amboise, and the first excursion which he made was to the Château of Chenonceau, where his presence, no doubt,

> "Made a little holyday,"

And his visit has added another *souvenir* to the list of those illustrious and interesting personages who have made the romantic retreat of Diana of Poitiers and her rival famous for all time.

Abd-'el-Kader used often to be seen at his devotions at the rising and setting of the sun. He is accustomed to prostrate himself in an angle of that very iron balcony from whence, in the days of the Medici, the conspirators of Amboise were hung as a public example to traitors. Leaning against the stone wall, he remains absorbed in his orisons, and tells his beads with the fervor of a prisoner and an exile.

The numerous portraits of him to be seen in Paris, particularly popular since Lord Londonderry's letters have made his fine, melancholy, majestic face familiar to the world. He is little more than forty-five, and has a countenance which, but that Eastern countenances deceive, one would feel inclined not only to admire, but to trust. It is hard to say whether the French would do right to confide in it, but certain it is that he is the object of deep admiration. His large, mournful, gazelle eyes, his calm, beautiful mouth, and his rich, jet-black beard, have gained many a heart, both male and female; but his misfortunes are too interesting, too romantic, too *piquants*

to be lightly parted with, and the French will probably keep the lion still caged as an object on which to exercise their sensibilities, unless indeed, the dispossessed owners of Amboise should take his place.

Sometimes the Emir would appear on his balcony accompanied by the ladies of his suite. One of them is said to be still young and very handsome. This is the report of a young Frenchman, whose patient curiosity was rewarded on a happy occasion, when the veiled fair one withdrew the envious screen of her beauties one day, imagining that she was unobserved, that she might the better gaze upon the fine river, and feel the soft breeze of an evening in June upon her cheek. Occasionally some of the children of the captives may be seen playing round their parents, as they stand motionless, looking from their high position. These little captives are of all shades, from white to ebony hue, and are by no means so silent or so still as their elders, for they clamor and climb and twist about upon the parapets in a manner quite startling to those who are watching them from below.

Some time ago the Bishop of Algiers, passing through Amboise, stopped to pay a visit to the Emir; he exhorted him to resignation—alas! what else could he preach?—and received the same answer as the illustrious prisoner always gives to those who seek to console him.

"I gave myself up on the sole condition that I should be conducted to Alexandria, in order to go to Mecca, where I desired to finish my days. The promise was given me: I ask for nothing further and I rely on the justice of Allah."

The bishop said prayers in the exquisite little chapel of the castle already mentioned, as so beautifully restored by the unfortunate Louis Philippe, and which is in itself the most perfect specimen of art ever beheld, with its marble pictures of St. Hubert's miracle, its elaborate doorways and vivid glass painting, rivaling the antique. A pretty little sentimental service was got up, of which the Arab captives were made the heroes, numerous prayers being addressed to Heaven for their welfare, both of body and soul. Probably the prisoners really felt grateful for the attention, even though neither the priest nor the shrine had relation to their own belief.

One of the suite, the oftenest seen in Amboise, was the butcher, Ben Salem, who officiated for his tribe, and whose office was looked upon as a solemn one. He had a fine muscular figure, with an intelligent and handsome face, and was upward of six feet high. When he immolated an animal he might be said, as has been apocryphally reported of Shakspeare, to have

> "Done it in high style, and made a speech."

About a year and a half ago poor Ben-Salem was found a drowned corpse, in the Loire; he is supposed to have perished while bathing, but the writer recollects at the time, to have heard it whispered that despair had caused him to commit suicide.

The attachment of the Arabs to their chief is intense; an instance of this excited

immense interest in Paris some time since. A young man who had belonged to Abd-'el-Kader, was detained at Toulon, from whence he escaped, but instead of endeavoring to regain his own country, his sole desire was to behold his chief once more, and to die at his feet. He arrived at Amboise, no one knew how, having traversed France to its centre, and there, his clothes in tatters, his feet bleeding, and fainting with hunger and fatigue, he was overtaken, secured, and forced back again to his prison at Toulon, without having gained the object of so much energy and resolution.

How could the most severe guardians of the safety of France drive back such a servant from his master?

In the month of August, 1850, a party of the Arabs received permission to return to Africa. After extraordinary struggles between their love of country and of their master, forty men, women, and children, consented to profit by this clemency. Their parting was, however, a scene of desolation, agonizing to witness.

The railroad was to take back these sons and daughters of the Desert partly on their way, and a carriage filled with pale emaciated women, holding their children in the folds of their ample garments, bore them from the castle walls. The men pursued their journey on foot, a cart containing their wretched goods followed, and the patriarch of the tribe accompanied them to the station, where he took leave of them with sighs, tears, and exhortations, mixed with embraces. At the last moment a young woman, who was probably related to the patriarch, lost her presence of mind entirely—her veil thrown back in despair, she cast herself upon his bosom, concealing her face in his venerable white beard, and uttering cries that melted the hearts of the bystanders to hear.

One feature of this parting was remarkable; a young peasant woman of Amboise had been the wet-nurse of a little Arab child, and was now to take leave of the helpless infant whom she had tended till, from a half dying plant, it had become strong and healthy, and full of life. For more than a quarter of an hour the mother of the babe and its nurse remained in an agony of grief, mutually embracing and consoling each other, while the innocent object of their care wept for company. At length the poor sobbing Frenchwoman tore herself away, and the train moved off bearing away forever her cherished nurseling and its grateful but sorrowing parents.

Many of the children in Abd-'el-Kader's suit died soon after their arrival, and the influence of the moist climate on all the attendants was felt severely by persons accustomed to go half clothed and with naked feet. The sisters of charity of Amboise and the medical men had many mournful scenes to go through, as the little Arab burial-ground, near the "Gate of Lions" of the castle, attests but too clearly.

The health of the Emir himself has, it is said, of late given way, and he has had to deplore the loss of several of its nearest friends. The tenderness and feeling shown to these *conquered enemies*, proves, it must be confessed, that there is no want of kindliness in the hearts of at least the *country people* of France, whose impulses are generally for good, as we have every reason to acknowledge in the

charitable promptitude and active benevolence shown to the unfortunate survivors of the Amazon, by the whole of the inhabitants of Brest from the highest to the lowest.

AT THE WATER'S EDGE.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

There are little innocent ones,
And their love is wondrous strong,
Clinging about her neck,
But they may not keep her long.

Father, give her strength
To loosen their grasp apart,
And to fold her empty hands
Calmly over her heart.

And if the mists of doubt
Fearfully rise and climb
Up from that river that rolls
Close by the shore of time;

Suddenly rend it away,
Holy and Merciful One,
As the veil of the temple was rent,
When the mission of Christ was done.

So she can see the clime
Where the jasper walls begin,
And the pearl-gates, half unclosed,
Ready to shut her in.

So she can see the saints,
As they beckon with shining hand,
Leaning over the towers,
Waiting to see her land.

Saviour, we wait thy aid,
For our human aid were vain;
We have gone to the water's edge,
And must turn to the world again.

For she stands where the waves of death
    Fearfully surge and beat,
And the rock of the shore of life
    Is shelving under her feet.

ARAB AND CAMANCHEE HORSEMEN.

The admirable skill of the South Americans as horsemen is everywhere acknowledged, and has been described by many writers; the following account, however, by Mr. Darwin, is so truthful and spirited, that it conveys the best idea of their exploits:—

"One evening a 'domidor' (subduer of horses) came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travelers. A troop of wild young horses is driven into the corral or large inclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse which as yet had never felt bridle or saddle. I conceive, except by a Guacho, such a feat would be utterly impracticable. The Guacho picks out a full-grown colt; and as the beast rushes round the circus, he throws his lasso so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground the Guacho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle so as to catch one of the hind legs just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front. He then hitches the lasso, so that the three legs are bound together; then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw. This he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong, fastened by a slip-knot, the lasso which bound the three together being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The Guacho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present—otherwise the trouble is much greater—he holds the animal's head whilst the first puts on the horse-cloths and saddle and girths, the whole together. During this operation, the horse, from dread and astonishment at being thus bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and till beaten is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment he throws his leg over the animal's back he pulls the slip-knot and the beast is free. The horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop. When quite exhausted, the man by patience brings him back to the corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is let free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome.

"In Chili, a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot; for instance, on a cloak

thrown on the ground; or again, will charge a wall and, rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely reined by a fore-finger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, and then made to wheel round the post of a veranda with great speed, but at so equal a distance that the rider with outstretched arm, all the while kept one finger rubbing the post, then making a *demi-volte* in the air with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round with astonishing force in the opposite direction. Such a horse is well-broken; and although this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise. It is only carrying that which is daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is checked and caught by the lasso, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence many men have been killed; for if a lasso once takes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the races are managed. The course is only two or three hundred yards long, the desideratum being, to have horses that can make a rapid dash. The race-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind quarters. In Chili I was told an anecdote, which I believe was true, and it offers a good illustration of the use of a well-broken animal. A respectable man riding one day met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse, which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man on his good and fleet beast kept just ahead; as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it, and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home." Animals are so abundant in these countries that humanity is scarcely known. Mr. Darwin was one day riding in the Pampas with a very respectable "Estanciero," when his horse being tired, lagged behind. The man often shouted to him to spur him, when Mr. D. remonstrated that it was a pity, for the horse was quite exhausted, he cried: "Why not?—never mind. Spur him—it is *my* horse!" When, after some difficulty, he was made to understand that it was for the horse's sake that the spurs were not used, he exclaimed with great surprise: "Ah! Don Carlos *qui cosa*!" The idea had never before entered his head.

In this country the powers of horses in swimming are but little tested, but in South America the case is different, as shown by an incident mentioned by Mr. Darwin. "I have crossed the Lucia near its mouth, and was surprised to observe how easily our horses, although not used to swim, passed over a width of at least six hundred yards. On mentioning this at Monteo Video, I was told that a vessel containing some mountebanks and their horses being wrecked in the Plata, one horse swam seven miles to the shore. In the course of the day I was amused by the dexterity with which a Guacho forced a restive horse to swim a river. He stripped off his clothes and jumped on its back, rode into the water till it was out of its depth;

then slipping off the crupper he caught hold of the tail, and as often as the horse turned round, the man frightened it back by splashing water in its face. As soon as the horse touched the bottom on the other side the man pulled himself on, and was firmly seated, bridle in hand, before the horse gained the bank. A naked man on a naked horse is a fine spectacle. I had no idea how well the two animals suited each other. The tail of a horse is a very useful appendage. I have passed a river in a boat, with four people in it, which was ferried across in the same way as the Guacho. If a man and horse have to cross a broad river, the best plan is for the man to catch hold of the pommel or mane, and help himself with the other arm."

The Turkoman horses are most highly prized in Persia, and are regularly trained by the Turkomans preparatory to their plundering expeditions. Before proceeding on a foray, these wild people knead a number of small hard balls of barley-meal, which, when wanted, they soak in water, and which serves as food both for themselves and their horses. It is a frequent practice with them in crossing deserts where no water is to be found, to open a vein in the shoulder of the horse and drink a little of his blood, which, according to their own opinion, benefits rather than injures the animal. It is confidently stated, that when in condition, their horses have gone one hundred and forty miles within twenty-four hours; and it has been proved that parties of them were in the habit of marching from seventy to one hundred and five miles for twelve or fifteen days together without a halt. During Sir John Malcolm's first mission to Persia, he, when riding one day near a small encampment of Afshar families, expressed doubts to his Mehmander, a Persian nobleman, as to the reputed boldness and skill in horsemanship of their females. The Mehmander immediately called to a young woman of handsome appearance, and asked her, in Turkish, if she was a soldier's daughter. She said she was. "And you expect to be a mother of soldiers?" She smiled. "Mount that horse," said he, pointing to one with a bridle, but without a saddle; "and show this European Elchee the difference between a girl of a tribe and a citizen's daughter." She instantly sprang upon the animal, and setting off at full speed, did not stop till she had reached the summit of a small hill in the vicinity, which was covered with loose stones. When there, she waved her hand over her head, and came down the hill at the same rate at which she had ascended it. Nothing could be more dangerous than the ground over which she galloped; but she appeared quite fearless, and seemed delighted at having the opportunity of vindicating the females of her tribe from the reproach of being like the ladies of cities.

The *Shrubat-ur-Reech*, or *Drinkers of the Wind*, reared by the Mongrabins of the West, are shaped like greyhounds, and as spare as a bag of bones, but their spirit and endurance of fatigue are prodigious. On one occasion the chief of a tribe was robbed of a favorite fleet animal of this race, and the camp went out in pursuit eight hours after the theft. At night, though the horse was not yet recovered, it was ascertained that the pursuers had headed his track, and would secure him before morning. The messenger who returned with this intelligence, had ridden sixty miles in the withering heat of the desert without drawing bit. These animals are stated by Mr.

Davidson, to be fed only once in three days, when they receive a large jar of camel's milk; this, with an occasional handful of dates, is their only food.

The fullest and most interesting account of the Arab horse has been written by General Daumas, and its value is greatly enhanced by containing a letter on the subject, written entirely by the celebrated Abd-'el-Kader, and a very remarkable document this is. According to this high authority, a perfectly sound Arab horse can, without difficulty, travel nearly thirty miles daily for three or four months, without resting a single day; and such a horse can accomplish fifty *parasangs*—not less than two hundred miles—in one day. When Abd-'el-Kader was with his tribe at Melonia, they made *razzias* in the Djebel-amour, pushing their horses at a gallop for five or six hours without drawing bridle, and they accomplished their expeditions in from twenty to twenty-five days. During all this time their horses ate only the corn carried by their riders, amounting to about eight ordinary meals. They often drink nothing for one or two days, and on one occasion were three days without water. The Arabic language is very epigrammatic, and the Arabs assign the reasons for instructing their horses early in these proverbs: "The lessons of infancy are graven in stone; but those of age disappear like the nests of birds." "The young branch without difficulty straightens itself—the large tree, never!" Accordingly, the instruction of the horse begins in the first year. "If," says the Emir, "the horse is not mounted before the third year, at the best he will only be good for the course; but *that* he has no need of learning—it is his natural faculty." The Arabs thus express the idea, "*Le djouad suivant sa race.*" The high bred horse has no need of learning to run! The esteem of the Arab for his horse is conveyed in the following sentiment of the sage and saint, Ben-el-Abbas, which has been handed down from generation to generation: "Love thy horses—take care of them—spare thyself no trouble; by them comes honor, and by them is obtained beauty. If horses are abandoned by others, I take them into my family; I share with them and my children the bread; my wives cover them with their veils, and wrap themselves in their housings; I daily take them to the field of adventure; and, carried away by their impetuous course, I can fight with the most valiant."

General Daumas thus describes a combat between two tribes, drawn from life, for he enjoyed many opportunities for witnessing such scenes:—"The horsemen of the two tribes are in front, the women in the rear, ready to excite the combatants by their cries and applause: they are protected by the infantry who also form the reserve. The battle is commenced by little bands of ten or fifteen horsemen, who hover on the flanks, and seek to turn the enemy. The chiefs, at the head of a compact body, form the centre.

"Presently the scene becomes warm and animated—the young cavaliers, the bravest and best mounted, dash forward to the front, carried away by their ardor and thirst for blood. They uncover their heads, sing their war-songs, and excite to the fight by these cries—'Where are those who have mistresses? It is under their eyes that the warriors fight to-day. Where are those who by their chiefs always boast of

their valor? Now let their tongues speak loud, and not in those babblings. Where are those who run after reputation? Forward! forward! children of powder! Behold these sons of Jews—our sabres shall drink their blood—their goods we will give to our wives!' These cries inflame the horsemen—they make their steeds bound, and unsling their guns—every face demands blood—they mingle in the fray, and sabre cuts are everywhere exchanged.

"However, one of the parties has the worst of it, and begins to fall back on the camels which carry the women. Then are heard on both sides the women—on the one, animating the conquerors by their cries of joy—on the other, seeking to stimulate the failing courage of their husbands and brothers by their screams of anger and imprecation. Under these reproaches the ardor of the vanquished returns, and they make a vigorous effort. Supported by the fire of the infantry who are in reserve, they recover their ground, and throw back their enemy into the midst of the women, who, in their turn, curse those whom just before they had applauded. The battle returns to the ground which lies between the females of the tribes. At last, the party who have suffered most in men and horses, who have sustained the greatest loss, and have seen their bravest chiefs fall, take flight in spite of the exhortations and prayers of those bold men who, trying to rally them, fly right and left, and try to recover the victory. Some warriors still hold their ground, but the general route sweeps them off. They are soon by their women—then each, seeing that all is lost, occupies himself in saving that which is dearest; they gain as much ground as possible in their flight, turning from time to time to face the pursuing enemy. The conquerors might ruin them completely, if the intoxication of their triumph did not build a bridge of gold for the vanquished, but the thirst of pillage disbands them. One despoils a footman—another a horseman: this one seizes a horse—that a negro. Thanks to this disorder, the bravest of the tribe save their wives, and frequently their tents."

Before 1800, no political mission from a European nation had visited the court of Persia for a century; but the English had fame as soldiers from the report of their deeds in India. An officer of one of the frigates which conveyed Sir John Malcolm's mission, who had gone ashore at Abusheher, and was there mounted on a spirited horse, afforded no small entertainment to the Persians by his bad horsemanship. The next day the man who supplied the ship with vegetables, and who spoke a little English, met him on board, and said—"Don't be ashamed, sir, nobody knows you—bad rider! I tell them you, like all English, ride well, but that time they see you, *you very drunk*." The worthy Persian thought it would have been a reproach for a man of a warlike nation not to ride well, but none for a European to get drunk.

A touching incident is mentioned by Mungo Park as having occurred whilst he, friendless and forlorn, was pursuing his weary journeyings far in the interior of Africa. The simple narrative tells its own tale of accumulated misery:—"July 29th. Early in the morning my landlord observing that I was sickly, hurried me away, sending a servant with me as a guide to Kea. But though I was little able to walk,

my horse was still less able to carry me, and about six miles to the east of Modibor, in crossing some rough, clayey ground, he fell; and the united strength of the guide and myself could not place him again upon his legs. I sat down for some time beside this worn-out associate of my adventures; but, finding him still unable to rise, I took off the saddle and bridle, and placed a quantity of grass before him. I surveyed the poor animal as he lay panting on the ground, with sympathetic emotion, for I could not suppress the sad apprehension that I should myself in a short time lie down and perish in the same manner, of fatigue and hunger. With this foreboding I left my poor horse, and with great reluctance I followed my guide on foot along the bank of the river until about noon, when we reached Kea, which I found to be nothing more than a small fishing-village."

Torn with doubt and perplexity, heavy of heart and weary in body, the unhappy traveler returned westward to Modiboo, after two days' journeying in company with a negro carrying his horse accoutrements. "Thus conversing," says he, "we traveled in the most friendly manner until, unfortunately, we perceived the footsteps of a lion quite fresh in the mud near the river side. My companion now proceeded with great circumspection, and at last, coming to some thick underwood, he insisted that I should walk before him. I endeavored to excuse myself by alleging that I did not know the road, but he obstinately persisted; and after a few high words and menacing looks, threw down the saddle and went away. This very much disconcerted me, for as I had given up all hopes of obtaining a horse, I could not think of encumbering myself with a saddle; and taking off the stirrups and girths, I threw the saddle into the river. The Negro no sooner saw me throw the saddle into the water than he came running from among the bushes where he had concealed himself, jumped into the river, and by help of his spear brought out the saddle, and ran away with it. I continued my course along the bank, but as the wood was remarkably thick, and I had reason to believe that a lion was at no great distance, I became much alarmed, and took a long circuit through the bushes to avoid him. About four in the afternoon I reached Modiboo, where I found my saddle; the guide, who had got there before me, being afraid that I should inform the king of his conduct, had brought the saddle with him in a canoe. While I was conversing with the dooty, and remonstrating with the guide for having left me in such a situation, I heard a horse neigh in one of the huts, and the dooty inquired with a smile if I knew who was speaking to me. He explained himself by telling me that my horse was still alive, and somewhat recovered from his fatigue." The happiness with which Park met his lost faithful steed may be conceived, for in him he had one friend left in the world.

Another lamented victim to African travel thus touchingly laments a grievous misfortune which befel him. Returning from an excursion to Kouka, Major Denham writes:—"I was not at all prepared for the news which was to reach me on returning to our inclosure. The horse that had carried me from Tripoli to Mourzuk and back again, and on which I had ridden the whole journey from Tripoli to Bornou, had died a very few hours after my departure for the lake. There are situations in a

man’s life in which losses of this nature are felt most keenly, and this was one of them. It was not grief, but it was something very nearly approaching to it; and though I felt ashamed of the degree of derangement which I suffered from it, yet it was several days before I could get over the loss. Let it, however, be remembered, that the poor animal had been my support and comfort—may I not say, companion?—through many a dreary day and night—had endured both hunger and thirst in my service with the utmost patience—was so docile, though an Arab, that he would stand still for hours in the desert while I slept between his legs, his body affording me the only shelter that could be obtained from the powerful influence of a noonday sun: he was the fleetest of the fleet, and ever foremost in the race.”[14]

Captain Brown, in his “Biographical Sketches of Horses,” gives the following interesting account of a circumstance that occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. “In one of the violent storms that often occur there, a vessel was forced on the rocks, and beaten to pieces. The greater part of the crew perished miserably, as no boat could venture to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter came from his farm to see the wreck, and knowing the spirit of his horse, and his excellence as a swimmer, he determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance, and pushed into the thundering breakers. At first both disappeared, but were soon seen on the surface. Nearing the wreck, he caused two of the poor seamen to cling to his boots, and so brought them safe to shore. Seven times did he repeat this perilous feat, and saved fourteen lives; but, alas! the eighth time, the horse being much fatigued, and meeting with a formidable wave, the gallant fellow lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. He was seen no more, but the noble horse reached the land in safety.”

Lieutenant Wellstead relates an adventure in his travels in Arabia, which illustrates the importance of being well mounted in that wild land:—“On my return from Obri to Suweik, contrary to the wish of the Bedouins, who had received intelligence that the Wahhábis were lurking around, I left the village where we had halted, alone, with my gun, in search of game. Scarcely had I rode three miles from the walls, when suddenly turning an angle of the rocks, I found myself within a few yards of a group of about a dozen horsemen who lay on the ground, basking listlessly in the sun. To turn my horse’s head and away was the work scarcely of an instant; but hardly had I done so when the whole party were also in their saddles in full cry after me. Several balls whizzed past my head, which Sayyid acknowledged by bounding forward like an antelope; he was accustomed to these matters, and their desire to possess him unharmed, alone prevented my pursuers from bringing him down. As we approached the little town I looked behind me; a sheikh better mounted than his followers was in advance, his dress and long hair streaming behind him, while he poised his long spear on high, apparently in doubt whether he was sufficiently within range to pierce me. My good stars decided that he was not; for, reining up his horse, he rejoined his party, whilst I gained the walls in safety! The day before Sayyid came into my hands he had been presented to the Im’am by a Nejd sheikh; reared in domesticity, and accustomed to share the tent of some Arab

family, he possessed, in an extraordinary degree, all the gentleness and docility, as well as the fleetness, which distinguish the pure breed of Arabia. To avoid the intense heat and rest their camels, the Bedouins frequently halted during my journey for an hour about mid-day. On these occasions Sayyid would remain perfectly still while I reposed on the sand, screened by the shadow of his body. My noon repast of dates he always looked for and shared. Whenever we halted, after unsaddling him and taking off his bridle with my own hands, he was permitted to roam about the encampment without control. At sunset he came for his corn at the sound of my voice, and during the night, without being fastened, he generally took up his quarters at a few yards from his master. During my coasting voyages along the shore, he always accompanied me, and even in a crazy open boat from Maskat to India. My health having compelled me to return to England overland, I could not in consequence bring Sayyid with me. I parted with him as from a tried and valued friend."

Among the North American Indians the Camanchees take the first rank as equestrians; racing, indeed, is with them a constant and almost incessant exercise, and a fruitful source of gambling. Among their feats of riding is one, described by Mr. Catlin, as having astonished him more than any thing in the way of horsemanship he had ever beheld; and it is a stratagem of war familiar to every young man in the tribe. At the instant he is passing an enemy, he will drop his body upon the opposite side of the horse, supporting himself with his heel upon the horse's back. In this position, lying horizontally, he will hang whilst his horse is at its fullest speed, carrying with him his shield, bow, and arrows, and lance fourteen feet long, all or either of which he will wield with the utmost facility, rising and throwing his arrows over the horse's back, or under his neck, throwing himself up to his proper position, or changing to the other side of the horse if necessary. The actual way in which this is done is as follows: A short hair halter is passed under the neck of the horse, and both ends tightly braided into the mane, leaving a loop to hang under the neck and against the breast. Into this loop the rider drops his elbow suddenly and fearlessly, leaving his heel to hang over the back of the horse to steady him and enable him to regain the upright position.

The following very singular custom prevails among the tribe of North American Indians, known as the *Foxes*. Of this Mr. Catlin was an eye-witness: "When," says he, "General Street and I arrived at Kee-o-kuk's village, we were just in time to see this amusing scene on the prairie, a little back of his village. The Foxes, who were making up a war-party to go against the Sioux, and had not suitable horses enough by twenty, had sent word to the 'Sacs' the day before, according to ancient custom, that they were coming on that day, at a certain hour, to 'smoke' that number of horses, and they must not fail to have them ready. On that day, and at the hour, the twenty young men who were beggars for horses were on the spot, and seated themselves on the ground in a circle, where they went to smoking. The villagers flocked round them in a dense crowd, and soon after appeared on the prairie, at half a mile distance, an equal number of young men of the Sac tribe, who had agreed

each to give a horse, and who were then galloping them round at full speed; and gradually as they went around in a circuit, coming nearer to the centre, until they were at last close around the ring of young fellows seated on the ground. Whilst dashing about thus each one with a heavy whip in his hand, as he came within reach of the group on the ground, selected the one to whom he decided to present his horse, and as he passed gave him the most tremendous cut with his lash over the naked shoulders: and as he darted around again, he plied the whip as before, and again and again with a violent 'crack,' until the blood could be seen trickling down over his naked shoulders, upon which he instantly dismounted, and placed the bridle and whip in his hands, saying, 'Here, you are a beggar; I present you a horse, but you will carry my mark on your back.' In this manner they were all, in a little while, 'whipped up,' and each had a good horse to ride home and into battle.

Mr. Catlin gives an interesting account of his faithful horse "Charley," a noble animal of the Camanchee wild breed, which had formed as strong an attachment for his master, as his master for him. The two halted generally on the bank of some little stream, and the first thing done was to undress Charley, and drive down the picket to which he was fastened, permitting him to graze over a circle limited by his lasso. On a certain evening, when he was grazing as usual, he managed to slip the lasso over his head, and took his supper at his pleasure as he was strolling round. When night approached, Mr. Catlin took the lasso in hand, and endeavored to catch him, but he continually evaded the lasso until dark, when his master abandoned the pursuit, making up his mind that he should inevitably lose him, and be obliged to perform the rest of the journey on foot. Returning to his bivouac, in no pleasant state of mind, he laid down on his bear-skin and went to sleep. In the middle of the night he awoke whilst lying on his back, and, half opening his eyes, was petrified at beholding, as he thought, the huge figure of an Indian standing over him, and in the very act of stooping to take his scalp! The chill of horror that paralyzed him for the first moment, held him still till he saw there was no need of moving; that his faithful horse had played shy till he had filled his belly, and had then moved up from feelings of pure affection, and taken his position with his fore feet at the edge of his master's bed, and his head hanging over him, in which attitude he stood fast asleep.

When sunrise came the traveler awoke, and beheld his faithful servant at a considerable distance, picking up his breakfast among the cane-brake at the edge of the creek. Mr. Catlin went busily to work to prepare his own, and having eaten it, had another half-hour of fruitless endeavors to catch Charley, who, in the most tantalizing manner, would turn round and round, just out of his master's reach. Mr. Catlin, recollecting the evidence of his attachment and dependence, afforded by the previous night, determined on another course of proceeding, so packed up his traps, slung the saddle on his back, trailed his gun, and started unconcernedly on his route. After advancing about a quarter of a mile, he looked back and saw Master Charley standing with his head and tail very high, looking alternately at him and at the spot where he had been encamped, and had left a little fire burning. Thus he stood for some time, but at length walked with a hurried step to the spot, and seeing every

thing gone, began to neigh very violently, and, at last started off at fullest speed and overtook his master, passing within a few paces of him, and wheeling about at a few rods' distance, trembling like an aspen leaf. Mr. Catlin called him by his familiar name, and walked up with the bridle on his hand, which was put over Charley's head, as he held it down for it, and the saddle was placed on his back as he actually stooped to receive it; when all was arranged, and his master on his back, off started the faithful animal as contented as possible.

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[14] Narrative of Travels in Africa, by Major Denham.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier. New York: Redfield. 1 vol. 12mo.

We are glad to see an elegant American edition of these humorous ballads. In England they have long enjoyed a wide reputation. Their authorship, though vehemently debated, has not yet been settled, although the honor is now considered to lie between Theodore Martin and Professor W. E. Aytoun, the editor of Blackwood's Magazine. Bon Gaultier, whoever he may be, is an universal satirist, whose sharp things are steeped in a riotous humor that leaps all bounds of conventional restraint. The general idea of the work is a parody of the various styles of contemporary authors, and a caricature of manners and persons, and this is executed with great felicity of imitative talent, and in a spirit of such wild glee as to take away the offensiveness of its occasional malice. The Spanish Ballads, amid all their elaborate buffoonery, are grand imitations of Lockhart's celebrated translations, evincing uncommon command of energetic expression, and a keen perception of the chivalrous spirit of the originals, and indicating in the writer a ballad talent almost equal to that displayed by Aytoun in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers." The American Ballads are gross but laughable caricatures, in which gouging, spitting, bragging, and drinking, are made leading national characteristics, and the government of the country represented as residing in an aristocracy of the bowie-knife. The following, from the American's Apostrophe to Boz, contains an inimitable antithesis of sentiment.

> Much we bore and much we suffered, listening to remorseless spells
> Of that Smike's unceasing drivelings, and those ever-lasting Nells.
> *When you talked of babes and sunshine, fields, and all that sort of thing,*
> *Each Columbian inly chuckled, as he slowly sucked his sling.*

The best of the American ballads is "The Death of Jabez Dollar," originally published in Frazer's Magazine, and founded on a newspaper report of one of our Congressional affrays. The caricature is so broad that the most patriotic American can hardly take offense, and we quote it as a splendid specimen, in versification and sentiment, of the heroic in ruffianism;

> The Congress met, the day was wet, Van Buren took the chair,
> On either side, the statesman pride of far Kentuck was there;
> With moody frown, there ate Calhoun, and slowly in his cheek

His quid he thrust, and slaked the dust, as Webster rose to speak.

Upon that day, near gifted Clay, a youthful member sat,
And like a free American upon the floor he spat;
Then turning round to Clay, he said, and wiped his manly chin,
"What kind of Locofoco's that, as wears the painter's skin?"

"Young man," quoth Clay, "avoid the way of Slick of Tennessee,
Of gougers fierce, the eyes that pierce, the fiercest gouger he.
He chews and spits, as there he sits, and whittles at the chairs,
And in his hand, for deadly strife, a bowie-knife he bears.

"Avoid that knife! in frequent strife its blade, so long and thin,
Has found itself a resting place his rival's ribs within."
But coward fear came never near young Jabez Dollar's heart;
"Were he an alligator, I would rile him pretty smart!"

Then up he rose, and cleared his nose, and looked toward the chair,
He saw the stately stars and stripes—our country's flag was there!
His heart beat high, with savage cry upon the floor he sprang,
Then raised his wrist, and shook his fist, and spoke his first harangue.

"Who sold the nutmegs made of wood, the clocks that wouldn't figure?
Who grinned the bark off gum-trees dark—the everlasting nigger?
For twenty cents, ye Congress gents, through 'tarnity I'll kick
That man, I guess, though nothing less than coon-faced Colonel Slick!"

The Colonel smiled—with frenzy wild—his very beard waxed blue—
His shirt it could not hold him, so wrathy riled he grew;
He foams and frets, his knife he whets upon his seat below—
He sharpens it on either side, and whittles at his toe;

"Oh! waken snakes, and walk your chalks!" he cried, with ire elate,
"Darn my old mother but I will in wild cats whip my weight!
Oh! 'tarnel death, I'll spoil your breath, young Dollar, and your chaffing—
Look to your ribs, for here is that will tickle them without laughing!"

His knife he raised—with fury crazed he sprang across the hall—
He cut a caper in the air—he stood before them all:
He never stopped to look or think if he the deed should do,
But spinning sent the president, and on young Dollar flew.

They met—they closed—they sunk—they rose—in vain young Dollar strove—

For, like a streak of lightning greased, the infuriate colonel drove
His bowie blade deep in his side, and to the ground they rolled,
And, drenched in gore, wheeled o'er and o'er, locked in each other's hold.

With fury dumb—with nail and thumb—they struggled and they thrust—
The red blood ran from Dollar's side, like rain upon the dust;
He nerved his might for one last spring, and as he sunk and died,
Reft of an eye, his enemy fell groaning at his side.

Thus did he fall within the hall of Congress, that brave youth;
The bowie-knife hath quenched his life of valor and of truth;
And still among the statesmen throng at Washington they tell,
How nobly Dollar gouged his man—how gallantly he fell.

The miscellaneous ballads in the volume are very numerous, and in all varieties of the ballad style. Moore, Bulwer, Macaulay, Tennyson, Hunt, and other poets of the day, have some of their most popular lays felicitously parodied. Bon Gaultier must be a poet, or he could not so completely catch the very spirit and movement of the poets he caricatures. Among the best of these ballads are those which exhibit the contest for the laureatship, and the mockery of Tennyson's style is especially ludicrous. "A Midnight Meditation," purporting to be by Bulwer, represents that fascinating novelist as admitting, in soliloquy, the essential falsehood of sentiment which characterizes so many of his writings. He is exhibited as drinking in inspiration from London porter, and holding sweet coloquy with himself on the success of his numerous shams. "I know," he says,

"I know a grace is seated on my brow,
Like young Apollo's with his golden beams;
There should Apollo's bays be budding now:—
And in my flashing eyes the radiance beams,
That marks the poet in his waking dreams.
When as his fancies cluster thick and thicker,
He feels the trance divine of poesy and liquor.

"They throng around me now, those things of air,
That from my fancy took their being's stamp:
There Pelham sits and twirls his glossy hair,
There Clifford lends his pals upon the tramp;
There pale Zanoni, bending o'er his lamp,
Roams through the starry wilderness of thought,
Where all is every thing, and every thing is naught.

"Yes, I am he, who sung how Aram won

The gentle ear of pensive Madeline!
How love and murder hand in hand may run,
Cemented by philosophy serene,
And kisses bless the spot where gore has been!
Who breathed the melting sentiment of crime,
And for the assassin waked a sympathy sublime!

"Yes, I am he, who on the novel shed
Obscure philosophy's enchanting light!
Until the public, wildering as they read,
Believed they saw that which was not in sight—
Of course 'twas not for me to set them right;
For in my nether heart convinced I am,
Philosophy's as good as any other bam."

This last line really hits the truth of the matter, and raises Bon Gaultier into the class of interpretative critics.

The style of Leigh Hunt is familiarly known, and the exquisiteness of the following parody can be generally appreciated. It is worthy of Hunt himself, and might have been written by him in one of his cosiest dallyings with the "well of English undefiled." The argument is that an impassioned pupil of Hunt met Gaultier at a ball, and thus declares the consequences:

"Didst thou not praise me, Gaultier, at the ball—
Rare lips, trim boddice, and a waist so small,
With clipsome lightness, dwindling ever less,
Beneath the robe of pea-y greeniness?
Dost thou remember, when with stately prance,
Our heads went crosswise in the country-dance;
How soft, warm fingers, tipped like buds of balm
Trembled within the squeezing of thy palm;
And how a cheek grew flushed and peachy-wise,
At the frank lifting of thy cordial eyes?
Ah, me! that night there was one gentle thing,
Who, like a dove, with its scarce-feathered wing,
Flattered at the approach of thy quaint swaggering!

"There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease—
A crispy-cheekiness, if so I dare
Describe the swaling of a jaunty air;
And thus when swirling from the waltz's wheel
You craved my hand to grace the next quadrille,

That smiling voice, although it made me start,
Boiled in the meek o'erlifting of my heart;
And, picking at my flowers, I said with free
And usual tone, 'Oh, yes sir, certainly!' "

The Duke of Wellington is known as the "iron" duke, and Gaultier gives us a "Sonnet to Britain" by him, which justifies the title. It is one of the most original things in the volume, and very worthily concludes it:

"Halt! Shoulder arms! Recover! As you were!
Right wheel! Eyes left! Attention! Stand at ease!
O Britain! O my country! Words like these
Have made thy name a terror and a fear
To all the nations. Witness Ebro's banks,
Assaye, Toulouse, Nivelle and Waterloo,
Where the grim despot muttered—*Sauve qui peut!*
And Ney fled darkling. Silence in the ranks!
Inspired by thee, amidst the iron crash
Of armies in the centre of his troop
The soldier stands—unmovable, not rash—
Until the forces of the foeman droop;
Then knocks the Frenchman to eternal smash,
Pounding them into mummy. Shoulder, hoop!"

We commend this volume very cordially to our readers as one of the best things of the kind in English literature. It appears to us better even than the Rejected Addresses, in the richness and breadth of its humor, and in the poetry of its mirth. Whoever may be the author, it is evidently the production of one capable of writing excellent serious poetry of his own, as well as parodying that of his contemporaries.

Pynnshurst, his Travels and Ways of Thinking. Charles Scribner. New York.

We are indebted to the publishers for an advanced copy of this eminently clever and readable work, which, we venture to predict, will at once secure to its author a distinguished and distinctive place among American writers. We are not aware that he proposes to attach his name, to what is, we believe, a first production in the book form, though he is already favorably known to the public as an occasional writer; and we therefore abstain from mentioning it, though very sensible that the book would neither detract from the name, nor the name from the book.

It is a work almost *sui generis*, as, indeed, is in our opinion the genius of the author; for that he has genius is undeniable. It is not a novel—not a romance—not a

book of travels—not a half-theological, half-controversial, all-indecent, tract in the guise of any one of the three. But it is a fine tissue of humor, wit, adventure, pathos, and description, woven into just enough of active and moving story to create a living interest—it is, in short, the seeings, thinkings, and in some sort, perhaps, the doings, of a clear-sighted, enthusiastical traveler, at once a man of the world and a scholar, with the eye of an artist, the tongue of a poet, the heart of a mountaineer over "at home among the rocks," a bit of a Pantagruelist withal, who has seen much, pondered much, learned much, and has much to say about many countries, many things, and many people, which and who are really worth being seen, thought, and heard of.

Of the style of his romance and incident our readers may judge from the scene in his preface, wherein the narrator becomes acquainted with his hero, Hugh Pynnshurst, and we think it cannot fail to impress them with an idea of his power; although power is not, we think, so decidedly his forte, as quaint humor, and shrewd, original, bold-spoken and fearless appreciation and criticism of men, books, and things.

"One day, on the Faulhorn, I met a person who looked like a countryman, saluted him and passed by. We were on the edge of a precipice, walking upon a level road about seven feet wide. On one side was the perpendicular rock; but, at its outer line, the road shelved abruptly to the edge of the precipice which hung over an awful chasm three hundred feet in depth.

"There was snow a foot deep upon it. I heard one half-muffled cry, and turned to see what I trust never to see again. He had walked too near the outer edge, and the snow had slipped from under him, and in an instant he was three feet from the line of the level, and slowly, slowly, the snow was yielding to his weight, and slowly, but ceaselessly, he slided toward the brink, carrying the white mass with him.

"Not any other cry escaped him; but he raised his wild, black eyes to mine as I stood opposite him. There was beauty on his face, but it was white, white with horror.

"A yard, perhaps, of space was between his feet now and the edge, and his hands were griping convulsively at the rock left bare above him, at the cold and slippery stone; and without pause, but yet more fearful for its slowness, it went on, as you have seen the wreathe upon the house-top sliding downward at the noon-day thaw.

"I had a large Scotch plaid, and setting my staff in a crevice, and held firmly by my guide, I cast the end toward him, and as his foot passed the ledge, he caught the fringe.

"In the moment's pause, I noticed his position. One leg was cramped up under him; one foot hung over the deep; the lips were set so firmly, and were so white, that I could barely see their line. Only the large black eyes kept their awful look on mine; the hands had burst the gloves in their terrible gripe upon the fringe; the fringe was sewed upon the plaid, and as I looked, it parted!

“I closed my eyes, and sickened, and fell back upon the snow.

“When I recovered from my stupor, my guide was filling my mouth with *kirschenwasser*, and the stranger was standing at my feet. His face was still colorless; a face of ineffable pride. But as I rose wonderingly, he took off his hat and said in a sweet voice a few simple thanks for the service I had rendered him. In my terror, I had not noticed that, as the plaid-fringe began to give way, my guide had gotten his rope loose and had thrown it to the stranger.

“It was thus that he was saved; and it was thus that an acquaintance began between us, which soon ripened into an earnest friendship. They are scraps from his experience that you will find here.

“This is all the preface which I have to offer. If you like it—Well! If you like it not—Well! Peace be with you! and may your lives be as long and as tough as that of our ‘*last* relic of the Revolution’ who has died eleven times a month, ever since I was born, and continues to renew the phenomenon weekly, up to date. Hail, and farewell!”

A fair estimate may be formed of the quaint and peculiar blending of something nearly approaching to sublimity and pathos with queer characteristic drollery, which is one of our author’s peculiarities, from

“The Impressions of Hugh Pynnshurst.—Nature.

“He had very few impressions.

“The feeling of immensity so much talked about came not to him; the waves never looked like mountains, nor their intervals like abysses.

“One storm they had, but it impressed him nothing like a storm in one of the grand, old forests on the shore; the wind was too free to act as it pleased; the ship only creaked; the cordage merely whistled, and there were gay, noisy songs from the sailors, and loud, rough bellowings from the officers, which added nothing to the dignity of the scene.

“Not like the mystic stillness that falls upon the land, when the horizon begins to darken the first frown of the storm. When the birds are hushed in the forest, and the aspen leaf ceases to quiver, and the pall of the tempest spreads slowly over all.

“And then the shiver, as the first breath sweeps along the sky, and the low, far sound of the thunder gives warning of its approach; and the fierce excitement as the tempest comes sounding on, marshaling the armies of the clouds, increasing fast and loud the roars of their artillery; then the first shudder of the forest as the blast of the strong wind strikes it, and the mighty trees bow down, and rise again, and toss their huge arms, battling with the blast.

“These were the storms that thrilled him. He could moan with the moaning wood; he could struggle with the strong oak’s struggling; he felt himself o’erthrown, as the lightning crushed it to the earth; and when the calm and the silence had

followed, he could say to his pride of heart, ‘Thou seest how vain and how feeble is the might of the creature when it warreth with its God.’

“For the rest, he wondered that it did not make the porpoises dizzy to turn so many somersets; and when the hawks caught Mother Carey’s chickens, and brought them on board to eat them, he noticed that the little things were very fat, and presumed that but for their fishy taste, they would be very good in a pot-pie.”

Our limits warn us to quote no further, though we would do so willingly, and leave us only room to say that if this book do not make its mark, we cannot conjecture the reason why.

Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century. By Arsene Houssaye. New York: Redfield. 2 vols. 12mo.

This volume gives the most vivid picture of the manners, morals, and government of France during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV., and the whole of that of Louis XV., we have ever seen. It enables the reader to understand the real character of that *Ancien Régime* which was overthrown by the Revolution of 1789, and exhibits a state of society bereft of all moral vigor, licentious, lazy, impudent, debilitated, dissolute, without religion, without shame, without any depth of passion, and superficial even in its wickedness. The author of the sketches, himself a Frenchman without much austerity of principle, glances lightly over his themes, bringing out with a certain French refinement of perception and phrase all the piquant littlenesses of his subject, and, a wit himself, taking great delight in making his readers familiar with the wit of others. He has sacked all the many memoirs of the time for materials; has selected with a nice tact all their stimulating matter, without burdening his page with their trash; and, before attempting the task of composition, evidently familiarized his imagination with the persons and events he describes, so that they moved before him picturesquely, enveloped in their own peculiar atmosphere. The result is quite a dramatic exhibition of kings, princesses, ministers of state, royal and noble mistresses, authors, poets, comedians, actresses, philosophers, artists, atheists, and *savans*, discriminated in their kind from all others, yet still agreeing with the radical principles of human nature, as those principles were combined in the Frenchman of the eighteenth century, and in a court in which virtue was a jest, vice a distinction, infamy a fashion, and marriage vows as false as dicers’ oaths. The sketch of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour of the Crebillons, of Buffon, of Cardinal de Bernis, of Mademoiselle Clarion, of Sophie Arnould, of the Duc de Richelieu, (the universal rake,) of Dufresnoy, Marivaux, Dorat, Poson, Fontenelle, and La Fontaine, are representative of the whole. The society described is pretty well summed up by Crebillon, as consisting of “ruined gentlemen living upon their neighbors, rich actresses living with ruined gentlemen.” To an American, the most remarkable thing in the whole representation is the easy

suspension of all moral rules whatever in this "good company." Before he gets half through the book he almost forgets that there is such a thing as duty, or religion, or morality, or glory, or any thing but five senses, in human nature. He feels that the whole structure implies a frightful amount of misgovernment and oppression at home, and of scandalous mismanagement abroad, that France is given up to the plunder of roués and harlots, but the style of Arsene Houssaye is so smooth, and his epigrams so airy and keen, and the felicities he quotes so sparkling, that the whole representation seems to justify itself, and to exhibit quite a delightful scheme of government, "with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm." Indeed, though the book is invaluable as a picture of a defunct social state, it becomes tiresome at last with all its brightness and novelty, and the necessity of some affectation at least of noble sentiment is painfully felt to relieve the monotony of its brilliant baseness—some smiting sentences, here and there, to rend the gauzy veil that these flippant libertines have spread over the pandemonium on which their delicious palace of pleasure is built. The Louis the Fifteenth, whose court these volumes describe, is the same Louis whose death was thus announced by an eminent priest to the mob of courtiers who had shared with their monarch the pillage of France: "Louis, the well-beloved, sleeps in the Lord!" "If each a mass of laziness and lust sleep in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?" is Carlyle's fierce answer.

A Legend of the Waldenses, and Other Tales. By Mary B. Windle. William Moore: Philadelphia.

We take some reproach to ourselves for having omitted to notice the third edition of this very unpretending but very agreeable little volume, which has been on our table for some time past, from the pen of an accomplished lady contributor to many of our monthly magazines. It has decided merit in itself, and gives promise of yet more when the fair writer shall wield a more exercised pen. The style is graceful and pleasant, though occasionally marred by an incorrectly formed and inharmonious word, such, for instance, as "Huguenotic," where the *ic* is superfluous as to sense, and ungrateful as to sound. The descriptions of scenery are fresh and vivid; the characters often well conceived and forcibly drawn, and the incidents and conversations quite up to, if not above, the ordinary standard of historical romance.

The story which we like the most is that styled "The Lady of the Rock," a tale of the trial and execution of the most unfortunate, though not the worst, of kings, Charles the First; who was, in truth, a martyr to principles which he undoubtedly believed to be true, and who died, rather because he would not yield prerogatives which were behind the age in which it was his unhappy fate to live, than because he grasped at powers unused by previous monarchs, or unauthorized by the then constitution. In this very able sketch the characters of the discrowned king, of the stern fanatic, Cromwell, of the serene and stately Milton, are delineated with rare

truth and fidelity, and with a vigor which is equaled by few contemporary novelists. This tale, above any other in the volume, leads us to believe that the authoress might be successful were she to try her hand in a wider field of historical romance; should she do so, however, she must avoid, as in the tale called "Florence de Rohan," wandering too far from the truth of actual history of well known personages; for it is an absolute rule of historico-romantic composition, that, although events and actions, which never really occurred, may be legitimately ascribed to real personages, provided they are in character and keeping with time, place, and person —real events, and real actions, if related at all, must be related as they occurred. In a word, that although it is allowable to add, it is forbidden to detract aught from the truth of history.

This little volume, which, by the way, is dedicated to Mr. Herbert, is very elegantly got up and tastefully bound in gilt muslin by Mr. William Moore of this city.

A Hand-Book of the English Language, for the Use of the Universities and Higher Classes of Schools. By R. G. Latham, M. D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is hardly necessary to say to any of our readers interested in the history or analysis of the English language, that the author of this learned and able volume is the latest and the best authority in the matter of which it treats. The preface to the present American edition asserts but the simple truth, when it declares that "Dr. Latham now takes rank among the ablest Ethnologists of the age, and that few have been more successful in unraveling the difficulties that involve the origin and formation of the English tongue, in its connection with our early history as a people. He has brought the labors of all who have written upon the various ramifications of the Indo-European languages, to bear upon the elucidation of our mother tongue, with an acuteness of criticism and a breadth of view, that distances all his predecessors or contemporaries in the same field." It may be added also that Dr. Latham's method and style are in pleasing contrast to the wavering, uncertain, choose-for-yourself-between-two-ways manner, characteristic of many philologists. His analysis penetrates to the core of the matter, and processes and results are stated with an austere condensation of language, which is jealous of one useless word. As a work wherein to obtain definite ideas of the history and grammatical structure of our language, we do not know its equal.

Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat-Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships

under command of Sir John Franklin. By Sir John Richardson, C. B., F.R.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The interest, so general all over the civilized world, felt in every thing which relates to Franklin's Expedition, will command for this volume an extensive circulation. Sir John Richardson's account of his long voyage is especially valuable for the large amount of information it gives respecting the climate, the physical geography, the plants, and the Indians of the regions he visited. He has the accurate observation of the man of science, with something of a humorist's eye for character, and his details of his winter quarters among the Chepewyans is quite amusing as well as instructive. Throughout the volume there is an entire absence of pretension and exaggeration, and every page adds to the reader's first favorable impression of the author's modesty, energy, and intelligence.

Essays from the London Times. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is the first of a series of volumes, to be published under the general title of "Appleton's Popular Library," and to include some of the best miscellaneous works of the day. The size is convenient, and the general execution very elegant. The present volume is a good beginning. It consists of essays, selected from the literary department of the London Times, and the production, we believe, of the author of "Caleb Stukely,"—a powerful novel which appeared some years ago in Blackwood's Magazine. The style is bold, clear, decisive, end business-like, and the matter very attractive. The essay on Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton is full of information which must be new to a majority of readers, and evinces a complete mastery of the subject. Not less interesting are the essays on the Orleans family, beginning with the profligate Regent of that name, and ending with the late King of the French. The infamy in the family's annals is brought startlingly out. The successive children of the house seem, to use an expression of old Dr. South, "to have been, not so much born, as damned, into the world." The essays on Southey, Chantrey, Keats, and Ancient Egypt, are likewise excellent.

GRAHAM'S SMALL-TALK.

Held in his idle moments, with his Readers, Correspondents and Exchanges.

The present number we are proud of—and not caring who knows it—we tell you, reader, that in our opinion Graham for May, is THE GEM OF THE MONTH. The illustrations are excellent and appropriate; and as we are not the engraver, we feel that there can be no impropriety in saying this. The leading plate, "The Bavarian May Queen," in artistic excellence, we know, will not be equaled this month by any plate in any other Magazine—and Devereux's exquisitely finished engravings in the body of the book, may be compared with any that appear elsewhere without much fear upon his part.

The printing of these wood-cuts, by Mr. Jacob Young, our pressman, entitles him to the designation of the best pressman in Philadelphia, and those who deny or doubt his right to this appellation, may try to beat the work, before they question the ability of the man. But there is "no use of *talking*," reader—the book is before you, and it is for you to say how you like it—and if in debt—to *pay for it*. That you may do so, we send a *bill* this month, for which please remit *by mail*. Now do not lay aside the book without first *booking* up.

SNOOKS "wants to know" *why*, there is always so much gold "in the *hands* of passengers" whenever a California steamer arrives? "Why they don't put it in their pockets or their trunks, or have it in patent safety-belts?"

We suppose it is, to have it ready to subscribe for Graham as soon as they step on shore! That is our solution. But there are other theories.

Enterprising Editor. Mr. Grab, can you *do* a small note to-day?

Grab. No!—the gold is all going to England, and the California steamer brings very little.

Editor. Oh!—but there's "4,000,000 in the hands of passengers!"

Grab. Ah!—*that* makes a difference—2 per cent. a month is the rate on this!

"Can such things be—and overcome us?" asks an astounded country editor. Yes, brother—but such things don't come over Graham.

LOVE LETTERS.—A perfect shower of perfumed billets, with the odor of violets and roses fresh upon them, has fallen upon us since our last; and we can almost fancy the sunny faces of the fair writers in all their witchery before us. Well,

Graham *is* a happy rascal: he labors from early morn to dewy *Eve*—ah, now the charm's dispelled—if she had never tasted the forbidden fruit we should have been in Paradise with all these beautiful girls, and instead of reading their delicious love-letters on this spring morning, we should have been crowning their fair brows with flowers, and talking—talking!—singing Love's own music to them, under "the greenwood tree." We are mad about it.

The editor of the Evening Bulletin, who confesses to the writing of his editorials up in the fourth story—in a dingy apartment, insufferably close, recently closed a long editorial upon summer-houses, walks in shady lanes, and roses, with the cry "a-lass—a-lass!" Considering that the man is married, he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Did anybody ever write a piece of bad poetry, without sending it to some unfortunate editor, with the *story*, that "numerous friends urged the publication—some of them critics, too—or the writer would never have thought of it?" An answer is requested.

A CERTAIN RULE.—The man who pays for his paper, never grumbles about it. It is your fellow who never pays, and who is afraid the editor will stop it, who is your loud critic. Borrowers, though—*they* are the boys. "Neighbor Jenkins, why don't you make the editor say something about the next President? If *I took* his paper—I'd *stop it*."

“THE SOLITARY HORSEMAN.”

This cut was not “designed” expressly for Graham, or we should mention it, but it is designed to illustrate the “*dodge*” by which our traveling agents are eluded by parties who have received Graham on trust.

The trials, tribulations, and rude encounters of our traveling agents, induce us to say: *Don’t wait any longer*, but mail the money you owe us—have the letter registered—and, above all, SENT TO US AT ONCE.

We send bills in this number to those who ought to *foot* them, to enable us to maintain the present superior style of Graham, and we hope that none will be so poor as to fail to reverence our claim. Come—we give you a good book for the money!

The following lines are worthy of being treasured in every heart. We put them on record for our myriad of readers.

BEN ADHEM’S DREAM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,
And in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "the names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" Ben Adhem asked. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low
But cheerly still. "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's led the rest.

THE MUSIC OF THE RICH.

TENOR.

BARITONE.

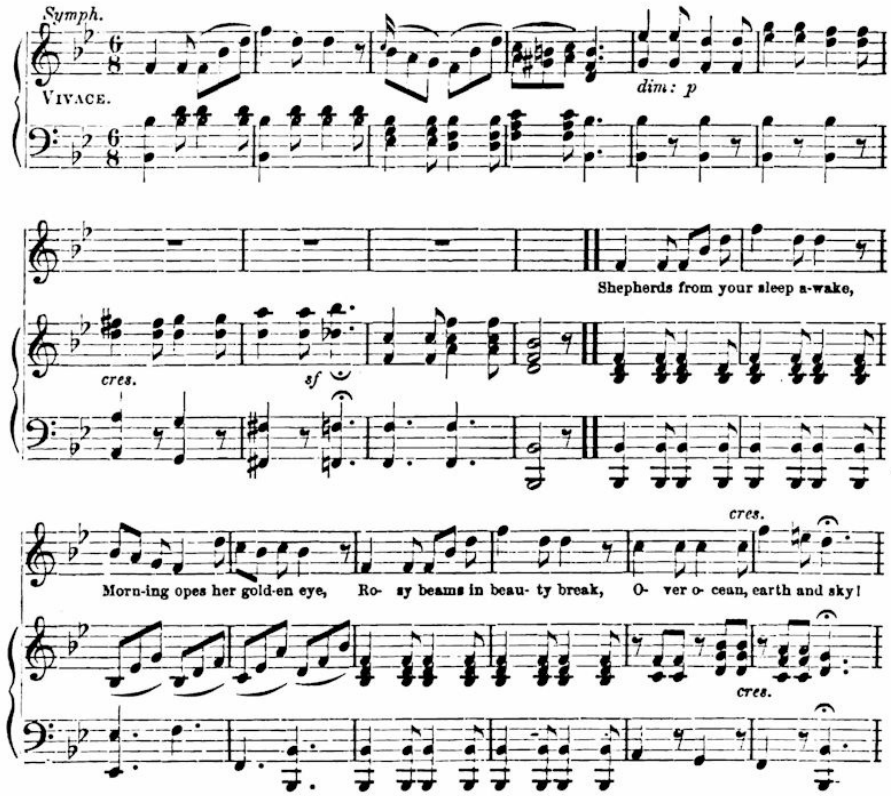
THE MUSIC OF THE POOR.

The Shepherd's Song.

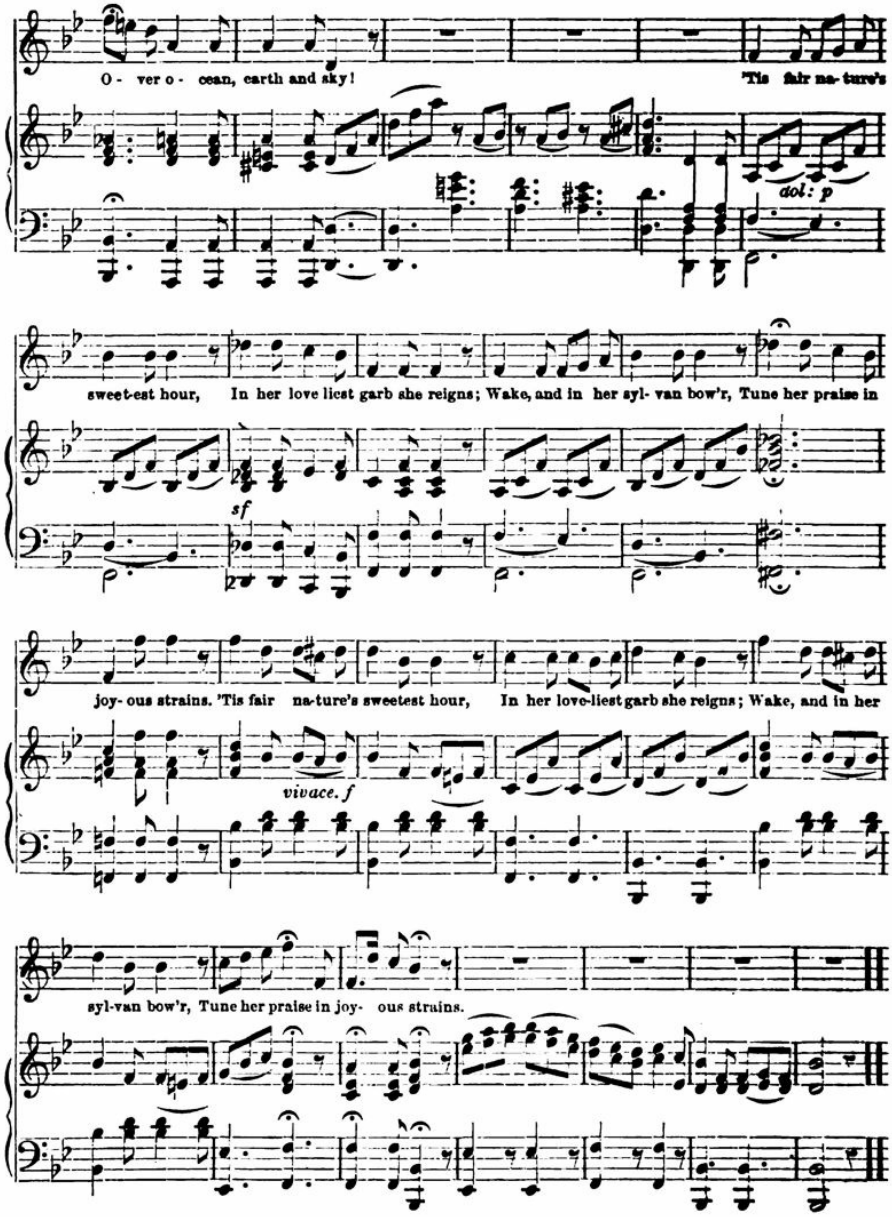
COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE BY JOHN ROLAND.

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

Publishers and Importers of Music and Musical Instruments.



Shepherds from your sleep awake,
Morning opes her golden eye,
Rosy beams in beauty break,
Over ocean, earth and sky!
Over ocean, earth and sky!



'Tis fair nature's sweetest hour,
In her loveliest garb she reigns;
Wake, and in her sylvan bow'r,
Tune her praise in joyous strains.
'Tis fair nature's sweetest hour,
In her loveliest garb she reigns;

Wake, and in her sylvan bow'r,
Tune her praise in joyous strains.

2.

See! the lark with early note,
Soars above the flow'ry lea,
As he pours from warbling throat,
Songs of cheerful melody.
Why should we, to cots confined,
Wile this beauteous hour away?
Love may loose, but not unbind,
Charms that shepherds find in day.

3.

Lead our fleecy flocks away
To their pasture in the dell;
Blithe our songs, our hearts are gay,
Shepherds' joys, oh who can call?
Not the prince, who restless sleeps,
On his couch of silk and gold;
Nor the slave whom av'rice keeps,
In your city's narrow fold.

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.

In the article *EMINENT YOUNG MEN.—NO. II., Stewart Adair Godman*, death date of 1795 for Samuel Godman may be inaccurate based on additional information given in its following paragraph regarding death as occuring when his son, born 1796, was still a young child. Present day genealogical websites have discussion regarding birth and death dates of individuals in this family.

page 478, have here there Commissioners ==> have here their Commissioners
page 548, useful presents where ==> useful presents were

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol XL No. 5 May 1852* edited by George R. Graham]